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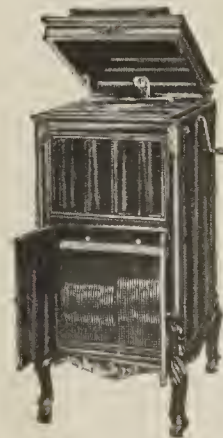
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VOLUME 85

(Vol. 85 is a separate volume)
January to December

1916

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

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FOREST AND STREAM

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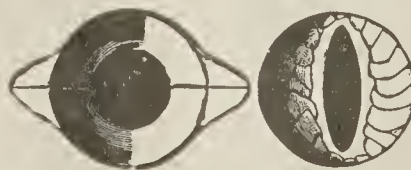
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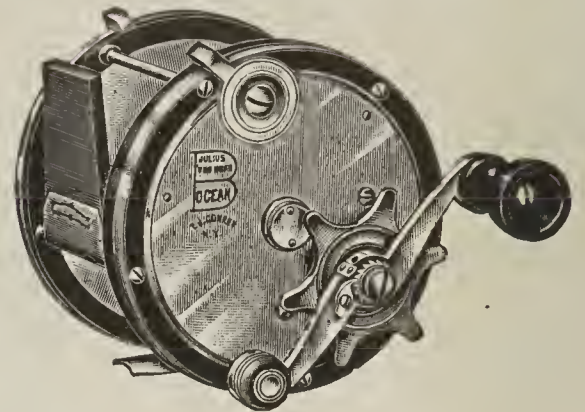
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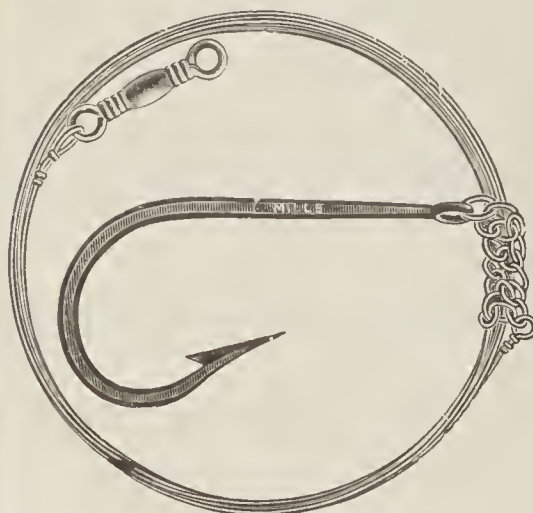
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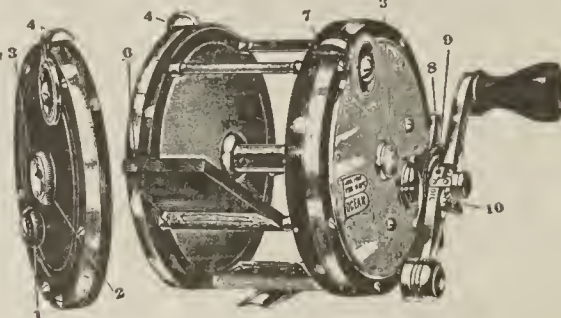


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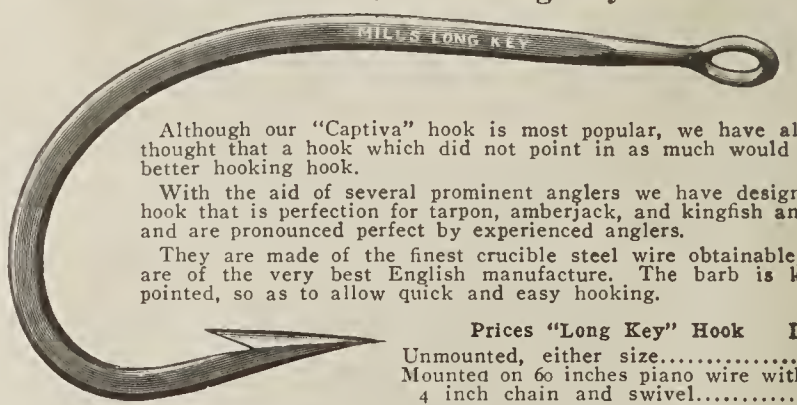
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21 Thread	.80	1.60	3.20	4.80
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33 Thread	2.10	4.20
36 Thread	4.50

We can supply the above in either green or natural color.

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Although our "Captiva" hook is most popular, we have always thought that a hook which did not point in as much would be a better hooking hook.

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Unmounted, either size.....\$1.00
Mounted on 60 inches piano wire with 4 inch chain and swivel..... 4.50

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FOREST AND STREAM



VOL. LXXXVI

JANUARY, 1916

No. 1

The King Moose of the Minnesota Woods

How Huge Bulls Battled for Supremacy While two Alert Campers Sat Silently in a Canoe Watching an Unusual Contest

By C. H. Lockwood.

(Original Drawings by the Author)

THE year 1915 found Minnesota the only State in the Union where the average

big-game hunter could legally stalk his majesty, the "bull moose." True, for the first time in twelve years, Wyoming allowed moose hunting on a limited scale, the experiment being, that fifty bull moose may be killed in the whole State under \$100 licenses, instead of an indefinite number during a limited season. In Minnesota every hunter who purchases a big game license is permitted to kill and ship, within the State, one deer (buck or doe) and one male, antlered bull moose.

Just why Minnesota happens to be the only State where moose-hunting is permitted by law, is perhaps largely a matter of circumstance. When the average reader thinks of moose-hunting, it is safe to suppose that his mind reverts either to Maine, or New Brunswick, for the reason that certain writers have made the Maine woods and the New Brunswick forests famous in literature. On the other hand, while Minnesota probably possesses equally as many moose as Maine, yet, it has never been written up extensively in either the national or the local press; and there are thousands of people in central and southern Minnesota who know very little about the numbers of moose roaming the wilderness country throughout the northern part of the State.

It is encouraging to note that while Minne-

sota has at the present time a goodly number of moose, she is also in a fair way to protect and increase these animals, rather than see them destroyed or diminished. What is known as the "Superior Federal

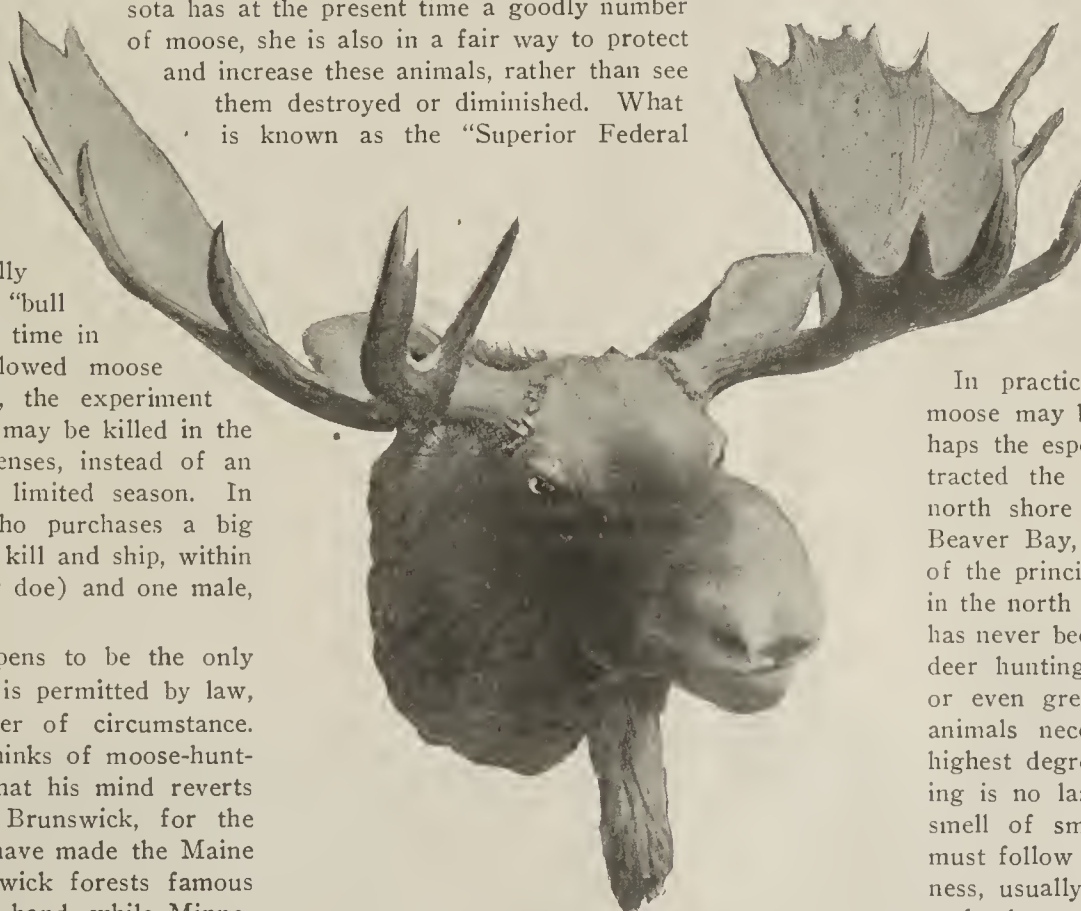


Photo By Coombs, Bangor

Forest and Game Preserve" is a tract of land comprising nearly two million acres, in northern Cook, Lake, and St. Lewis counties,—a natural breeding grounds for the moose and a haven of refuge.

The Game and Fish Commission of Minnesota has been practically reduced to the authority of one man, the acting secretary, Mr. Carlos

Avery, of Hutchinson, Minnesota. The most important work lately connected with the big game protection theory in Minnesota, was the making of game wardens out of all the Federal and State, fire and forest rangers. These men are now clothed with authority to make arrests for game law violations, and they are of particular service within the big "Superior Preserve."

In practically all of the northern counties, moose may be found in fair numbers; but perhaps the especial locality which has annually attracted the most moose hunters is along the north shore of Lake Superior. Grand Marais, Beaver Bay, Chicago Bay, and Lutson are some of the principal stopping points for moose hunters in the north shore country. While moose hunting has never been as popular a sport in Minnesota as deer hunting, yet its possibilities are as great, or even greater, and the pursuit of these big animals necessarily brings forth some of the highest degrees of sportsmanship. Moose hunting is no lazy man's job, for, being shy of the smell of smoke, and the sound of axes, one must follow his quarry back into the real wilderness, usually over rough trails, where the pack sack plays an important part in transporting the necessities for the hunter, and, where brawn and muscle may mean success or failure.

One of the most popular methods of moose hunting is what is commonly known as "moose calling." Whether the deceptive call is made in imitation of the calling of a cow moose in mating time, or, is an imitation of the lowing of a bull moose, is a point upon which not all moose hunters will agree. In connection with

this theory it may not be out of place to here relate a little personal experience bearing on this subject.

Imagine two campers on a lonely lake in the moose country. It was in October, night settled, and the moon shone forth over the black tips of the balsams. Over the lake the damp fragrance from the cedars was particularly noticeable to the occupants of a birch bark canoe, which glided through the darkness toward a bunch of islands in the far end of the lake. On a long, wooded island lying close to the shore of the mainland the two canoeists landed, and taking up suitable positions, prepared for what might be a long wait. Mackinaw coats were pulled tightly about the neck, for the chill of the October night was noticeable, and rifles were leaned against convenient trees.

The two campers were hardly well seated in their position, when from the distance sounded a peculiar, harsh grunt, unmistakably the voice of a bull moose. He was evidently trailing the woods in search of cows, for at this time of year the mating season was well on. Here, an excellent opportunity was presented for the hunter with a birch bark trumpet.

Although the Minnesota game laws prohibited killing bull moose before November, yet there was no law against calling them, and it was for this purpose that the two campers had come out into the chilly night.

It is well here to state that there had been considerable campfire pow-wow as to what is the real attraction which draws a bull moose to an artificial call. It was argued that modern fiction writers and some well known artists lay especial emphasis on the act of the cow moose sending forth her alluring appeals through the wilds, being the seductive signal for the male moose to come forth. Also it was argued, on the other hand, that certain natural history books diagnose the hunter's appeal through a birch bark horn as an attempt to imitate the lowing of a bull. During said discussion it was brought out that bull moose are sometimes attracted by sounds other than the usual trumpet of birch bark, for instance, whacking a tree with a dry shoulder blade of a moose, thus imitating the challenge of a rival. Personal experience seemed to have shown these campers that in early mating season the cows take to the thickest woods, usually bordering lakes, and here they try in every way to elude

the bulls, which were frequently heard as they went searching along the trails for the cows, uttering as they travelled, a hoarse, grunting sound. At this time the thickest woods favored the cows, as they had some advantage in slipping between the trees, where the bulls were slightly impeded by their antlers. Of course eventually it was almost impossible for the cows to escape the bulls, and this without calling. Nature has placed under the hair of the hind feet on every cow moose, high up between the hoofs, a musk gland. When a moose or deer runs, spreading the hoofs, the scent is more noticeable—thus can dogs, as well as bull moose, follow the trail of moose or deer.

So it happened that after being assured that a bull moose was in the vicinity the would-be moose callers were somewhat perplexed to know whether to imitate the seductive alluring call of a cow, or the battle language of a bull.

"We must decide upon a plan of action," said the older camper, known as "Pardner Jack."

"Then," answered his companion, "let the trumpet roll and shoulder blade method be dispensed with, on account of its commonness and let us, in a case of necessity, try the powers of the plain, unadulterated, human voice. Let said sound be one little known in the list of human or animal vocal accomplishments, and perhaps we may see how highly the curiosity of a bull moose is developed. At this season, any sound which might indicate the presence of the female is likely to be investigated. Whether the bull believes it to be a cow, whether he thinks it a rival bull in possession of a cow, a lone bull wishing a fight, or just curiosity not to let any part of his search for cows escape him, is in our case a matter for experiment."

Just as the bull was in the act of uttering one of his grunts, when his ears were partly dulled by his own voice, Pardner issued the call. It was, as suggested, a peculiar sound, which I will not attempt to describe. Its only effect was that the bull ceased his grunting, and then followed a long spell of silent waiting. At last, just as the two watchers were about to despair of their efforts, there came the sound of threshing antlers, a challenge sent ahead by the approaching bull.

In the moose country are what is known to woodsmen as "rubbing poles." These small trees, situated in swamps or other likely places

where moose travel, are easily detected by the fact that the bark is skinned off to the height or seven to twelve feet from the ground. The use of these certain rubbing poles is habitual with the males during the rutting season. The object seems to be to peel off any loose velvet, and as a signal place to work themselves into anger, thereby challenging all foes within hearing. No rival bull seemed in the immediate neighborhood, for the challenge went unanswered, until Pardner again sent forth a peculiar sort of a groan. This caused the moose to cease his attacks upon the tree and he could be heard approaching through a swamp.

Of particular interest to the two campers as the bull approached was the different tones uttered from time to time, and which if written language could express them might sound something like ee-unh—repeated at varying intervals, accents on last syllable. The voice, however, graduated from a deep, guttural bass in the distance to a higher, softer key as he drew nearer, until when but a short distance away the sounds were barely audible except to what he evidently believed was a listening cow. He seemed quite eager in his approach, for, to secure a cow without battling with a rival must have appealed to him as a real luxury. It might be added that his approach seemed entirely in accordance with gallantry and attention of the natural male animal trying to woo the female. He did not seem to need any loud, luring cow-moose call to attract him to a possible trysting place; but that his ears were wonderfully well developed to catch the slightest sound, also that his sense of direction was remarkably accurate was here shown. As he came to hard ground his footfalls were scarcely audible except for an occasional pebble loosened by his hoofs. Then even these sounds ceased and it developed that he had become suspicious and stopped. He was completely veiled by the overhanging foliage and for what seemed an age he stood there silently waiting. So far as his presence could be detected by eye or ear it might as well have been mere imagination. At such close quarters the moose caller's vocal art is generally useless, but often the breaking of a branch or the swish of a paddle is all that is necessary to bring the animal to sight.

Just as Pardner was in the act of putting the finishing touch to his experiment in moose calling, there came to our ears from far back in the woods the rasping of heavy antlers. The challenge of a rival bull, who had evidently been attracted from a considerable distance, was





quickly answered from beneath the near shore, by a bellowing roar that was a sound to inspire one with a deep feeling of appreciation for the handy trees which might form a retreat in time of need. The roar of a bull moose is a sound which it is safe to say is seldom heard by the ordinary camper. It is used only when two rival bulls meet in battle. The roar of the near moose was answered by a coughing, bellowing challenge from the approaching rival and as the two moose hastened to meet in combat, in that moment all Nature seemed at a stand-still. The woods vibrated with ear jarring volumes of harsh voiced, open defiance. A porcupine in his tree ceased to feed, the woodmice beneath the dry leaves were as still as death, and the two campers marvelled at the wildly powerful notes which two rival bull moose could deliberately unroll from their spacious chests. It is a sound which the pen can but feebly express, yet to Pardner and his pal, it seemed like a cross between the lion's roar and the obstreperous whinny of a mule.

Mid sounds of breaking sticks, grunts of rage and hatred, mingled with clashing antlers, two very nervous campers made their way down to the shore line of the island, from whence they could get a better view of the mainland. It was only a short stone's throw across the waters, and squatting down among the big boulders they listened to a battle of the monarchs. Finally the sounds led downward toward the lake. One bull was evidently forcing his adversary to the water. At last, out into the moonlight came the dark forms of the giant bulls. One came unwillingly, being literally shoved down a steep bank and prodded into the lake. Whether the cooling water affected his fighting ardor or not, was never known, but at this stage of affairs he evidently considered that he was justified in retiring. With a vicious shake of his antlers he plunged into the lake and swam away into the darkness.

He passed so close to the two campers that Pardner Jack nervously fingered his 38-55 rifle,

but the wind was right and he passed on, to nurse his wounds, if any, on distant shores, while the two campers witnessed, as viewed by the light of the moon, a most amusing sight.

Walking down to the lake the victorious bull looked out over the water in a most puzzled and expectant way. In the distance his rival was swimming, defeated. For a moment he cocked his big ears in that direction; then, turning his antlered head he looked for the object of this unusual attraction. For several moments he stood immovable, vainly listening for some sound which would analyze the situation. The breeze was favorable to the watchers and over the lake a graveyard stillness pervaded, which they were careful not to break. Dim, black hills showed down the lake shore, and fleecy mists moved out of the gloom and floated before the moon. Fragile stems of white birches and tag alder made a faint tracery of detail in the foreground, while beyond, in the deeper gloom, rose the taller trees, the pines and firs. Ragged cedars, spiked balsams, age worn hills, crowned this wilderness. It was indeed the world of the moose, and, as the big animal looked out over the lake, suddenly his keen nostrils seemed to detect the presence of man. With a loose-lipped, rattling snort he wheeled, the bushes parted before his antlered, proudly carried head, and there disappeared from view, truly, a king of the Minnesota woods.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The 12th of August was the opening day for the grouse-shooting season, but this year there has not been the usual rush to the Yorkshire moors and to Scotland. Many of the large shootings, especially in Scotland, have not been let, and even where proprietors have been successful in securing tenants they have had to accept considerably lower rents.

In order to prevent overstocking of the moors, which is apt to result in damage being done to crops by the game and also in the spread of disease

among the birds, the House of Lords introduced a bill to open the season earlier than the established date, but it did not become law. Lord Lovatt, speaking in the House of Lords, said that the total grouse rents of Great Britain amount to nearly a million pounds sterling (\$4,866,500) per annum, and "over and above that amount spent by strangers, who are often foreigners, is probably an equivalent sum. The rental per acre of grouse moors is often ten times as much as the rental per acre for grazing."

It is said that in an average year about 2,000,000 grouse are killed, and at a time like this when prices of meat have risen so considerably it would be wrong to allow such a supply of food to be wasted. Moreover, in many instances wise and charitable arrangements for the disposal of the birds have been made, the King, for example, having given orders that all game killed on his own moors, with the exception of that required by the Royal household, shall be distributed among the naval and military hospitals.

In regard to the suggestion that the curtailment of shooting might result in an unusual number of birds to prey on farmers' crops, it is perhaps of interest to state that complaints of such damage in Yorkshire have been rare. Grain-eating birds like the pheasant and partridge are not preserved to so large an extent as grouse. The grouse keep closely to the great tracts of heather on the moors and offer little or no menace to farm crops.

BIG GAME IS SAID TO BE PLentiful.

Duluth, Minn.—Although chickens and partridges afforded but little sport this year because of their scarcity, big game hunting has been more than ordinarily good.

It is claimed that deer and moose are more plentiful than for years, and that while the wolves are more plentiful than for many years also, the lack of snow on the ground gives the antlered game plenty of opportunity to get away from the beasts that menace them.

Morning in the Blind

By William Starr.



I AWOKE with a start. My mind was keenly alert, and seemed to be immediately conscious of the cause for this untimely awakening. Yet, it seemed but five minutes since I had crawled, shivering, into my bed and lay there, warmly bundled up in numerous friendly blankets, listening to the moan and the shriek of the northwest gale as it swept fitfully down upon the house, rattling the windows or gleefully slamming a loose shutter. The gale was still blowing with unabated fury, still rattling the windows, and still slamming the loose shutter, and the half spent moon was still shining just as it had been when I dozed off to sleep. But with the aid of the moonlight, that streamed in through the south window. I was able to make out the hour as nearly five. Hastily I switched the lever that put the alarm out of business. I am not particularly noted for an early riser, yet, when important plans, such as those for this morning, demand an early rising, my mental alarm clock usually does the waking without the aid of the mechanical one I always have near for insurance.

With a few warm things wrapped around me and my feet covered with warm woolen socks, I proceeded to wake the rest of our party.

"Get up, Searls!" I whispered loudly, giving the bed clothes a shake as I spoke.

"Ugh—All—all right," he managed to articulate with one eye showing sleepily from beneath the covers.

"Come, Frederic. Get up, Dick," I voiced with more vigor, for valuable time was passing.

Feeling that I had done my duty, I hurried into my hunting clothes. Golly! that sweater

were filled with heavy decoy bags and guns, while our pockets bulged with shells. We must have borne a decided resemblance to a band of desperate house-breakers, effecting a "get away," as we sneaked along, trying not to wake the family.

Outside, our warm clothes felt good; but we were agreeably surprised to find that it was not as cold as we had expected. The wind was indeed sharp, but it blew fitfully, and even now seemed to be diminishing in its force.

An eager little party we were, as we plodded our way across the frozen plowed ground. It was still night, although we could see the promise of coming day in the glow of the eastern sky. We eagerly looked forward to the day, so close at hand, and the fortunes it would bring for us.

During our journey across the point field, we made, or rather re-made, our plans for the morning. Searls and Dick would stay on this side of the cove, using the old blind at Cedar Point, while Fritz and I would take the canoe over to the sand-bar, where the old second tide run used to be. Here we would have the advantage of the elaborate blind we had built the day before and also the advantage of seeing the ducks long before they reached the sheltered cove, from the open waters of the Bay.

The blind chosen by Searls and Dick also had its advantages, for it was located higher up the cove, where the ducks were known to feed. When the ducks, seeking shelter and better feeding grounds, come in, they are more likely to choose a stopping place higher up in the cove than one at its very entrance, unless they are induced to circle back at the sight of the decoys. Fritz and I, for our parts, hoped that they would decoy to us, for if they refused to decoy, most of our shooting would be done while the birds were traveling with aeroplane speed over our heads. When we finally reached the shore we divided the decoys, and with enthusiastic wishes for good luck, we parted company. Fritz and I loaded the heavy bag of decoys in the bottom of the canoe, with our unloaded guns, and presently we were battling against a rather vicious, choppy sea, which the gale was capable of stirring up over the short width of the cove.

"Well, we've got an early start this morning, all right," I remarked, as I forced the paddle back through the short steep waves.

"Yes, and it's a good thing we have," Fritz answered. "You remember last time we went out—how they started coming in while we were setting out the decoys?"

The glow in the eastern sky had spread itself over the heavens and replaced the pale, uncertain light of the moon with the gray light of early morning, when we finally slid into the calm strip of water in front of our blind.

I directed the course of the canoe as Fritz set out the decoys. Most of them were placed in little groups of twos and threes, fairly near the shore, while several were anchored at a



greater distance, in order to attract the notice of incoming ducks the sooner. One lone fellow, adorned with the brighter coloring of the male, we stationed down the shore to the south at a considerable distance—out of gun range. In this

position, he could be seen by ducks coming from the head waters of the cove, or by those which might fly high over land and then circle out our way.

We landed in a little muddy pocket, a short distance from the blind, where an abundant growth of high marsh grass and rushes furnished a satisfactory concealment for the canoe. Hastily, we made our way along the sandy shore to the blind, leading our guns as we went, and eagerly searching the western sky for early arrivers.

Our blind was situated in the middle of a narrow strip of sand, which connected the bit of wooded land on the south—formerly an island—with the mainland on the north, and separated the quiet reaches of the cove from the broad waters of the bay. The location was well chosen, not only because the incoming ducks usually sought this means of entrance, but also because in fairly calm weather decoys could be placed outside as well as inside the cove.

We had rebuilt the blind the day before; and were really quite proud of it. If the art of trench building has progressed so remarkably in recent times, then why shouldn't the art of blind building also progress? Both contrivances are made with the same end in view—to kill. The blind consisted of a fairly large pit, dug in the sand, with the aid of our paddles. Around the edge, in the loose sand thrown up, we planted a varied assortment of drift-wood and small bushes, filling the interstices with dead reeds and marsh grass. The bottom was well covered with a deep layer of marsh grass and dead leaves, in order to protect our feet from the cold, wet sand—the thermal condition of your feet have a lot to do in the making or marring of a December morning's gunning.

With the thrill of anticipation keying our senses to their highest pitch, we squatted in our blind and awaited the coming of the ducks. I kept my eyes continually searching the sky to the west, while Fritz kept a close look-out for ducks which might drop down upon us from up the cove.

The thin veil of clouds in the east began to take on the most gorgeous shades of pink and yellow as they were set ablaze by the rays of the still invisible sun. The shadows now were gone



felt good; and the felt boots were not they snug and warm—a great combination for cold weather. I could now hear various noises from down the hall, which told me that the others had at last sufficiently aroused themselves, and were also dressing. Finally, after a search all over the house for Dick's rubber boots, we stumbled along the dark hallway, on tip-toe, while the floor creaked loudly under our heavily shod feet. Our arms

and we could clearly see the shore way up the cove. We strained our eyes eagerly for any signs of Searls and Dick, and were gratified in the sight of the little dark objects that bobbed up and down in front of their blind; they too were ready. The gale was gradually dying. Only occasionally now a vicious gust sent a shower of sand in our faces.

The sun was now beginning to show itself in the east, and we could already feel the pleasant warmth of its light. What a wonderful morning it was, we thought, both lost in the glories of the sunrise.

"Mark!" whispered Fritz, in a tense tone, as he ducked his head low under the wall of the blind. I followed his example, at the same time searching the sky for the cause. A sudden sound of rapid wings in front followed by a long splash told us that we had been taken unawares in the midst of our reveries.

"What are they?" I whispered to Fritz, as he peeked cautiously through the twigs in front.

"Two blackheads—big ones too—out of range beyond the decoys. They must have seen us as they came in high over our heads, and circled back. They look frightened, all right. There they go! straight up the cove to the other blind."

My ears were keyed for the sounds I hoped to hear. Bang! Bang!

—silence — Bang!

"I'll bet Searls' double brought them down," I said, as I looked eagerly towards the other blind. "Mark! he's coming right at us—they got one, all right. Try a shot as he goes over—he's having

"But I know how blame hard it is to shoot overhead. You are usually all cramped up and the birds are traveling about twice as fast as you think they are.

If they wore tail feathers a rod or two long, a fellow might bring down a few of those once in a while to cheer him up. I would rather let the other fellow waste his shells on overhead shooting," I chuckled, well realizing my own failings. "The boys have the old duck skiff, and one of them is out retrieving their bird," remarked Fritz. "Isn't it a shame that Nick has never been trained to retrieve ducks; he retrieves everything else from an oyster-shell to a nail-keg, yet no one has found time to initiate him into the rudiments of ducking; and he won a prize as the best example of Chesapeake Bay retriever at the fair, last fall." "Look out!" I cried. "Get down low. Here comes a bunch of four up the shore from the south. I think they're coming in—yes, now they're turning—Get low!" We both ducked lower, as the high whistling sound of rapidly moving wings approached. Now they were overhead—now out in front. Quickly but cautiously we raised ourselves, bringing our guns into position and throwing off the safeties. Swish!— They came broadside, preparing to light—and then we woke the quiet morning air with our cannonading. "Good shot!" I cried, enthusiastically, as Fritz dropped one of the fleeing pair. Now three lifeless bodies floated out beyond the decoys; and for yards around we saw the water strewn with wads and tiny feathers.

"That's a pretty fair start," laughed Fritz, as he jumped from the blind, and volunteered to do the retrieving—but I was not at all satisfied. "Yes, pretty good for you; but how many did I get?" "What are you kicking about? You got the second one," Fritz answered, as he ran along the sandy beach toward the canoe. This knowledge, doubtful as it was, at least cheered me considerably, because I had given him credit for the whole killing. Maybe I did drop the second one, after all. If a baseball umpire had been on the scene he

would have been at some loss to make a decision, for our guns had sounded simultaneously, before the duck dropped,—very dead—out in front. He would probably have decided in favor of Fritz, as Fritz is acknowledged to be a very fair wing shot, while I am—well, I get one once in a while.



Of course, while Fritz was manoeuvring around in the canoe, a flock of twelve or more big fellows sailed over, just out of range, and, seeing the canoe headed up the cove; later they circled and flew high overhead back to the broad water. "Isn't that always the rotten luck?" I said, when Fritz returned proudly exhibiting, for my approval, the three husky birds. "The biggest bunch always comes in when you are fooling around in the decoys, or when you go down the shore to round up a cripple."

The sharp bark of Dick's sixteen focussed our attention to the boys across the way, and we craned our necks to see what was happening. Dick, we could see, out at the water's edge, waiting, evidently, to put the finishing touches to a cripple. Bang! There, he got it.

The ducks were now coming in fairly frequent intervals—for the most part, in little flocks. Fortunately for us, they decoyed on our side unusually well. The moderating of the wind made it much easier for them to come down to us; and they seemed to prefer our side of the cove. Only at long intervals the guns of Searls and Dick proclaimed that they were still on the alert. But we had plenty of excitement on our side, during the course of the morning. On one occasion, a flock of six "whiffers" came in, and after our guns had pronounced their fate, none left.

I always hate to kill these gay little birds; they are so beautifully clothed and so full of sport. I much prefer to sit behind a blind and watch them at play—watch with amused interest the queer games they play, and listen to them talk to each other in a language which they actually seem to understand.

When well cooked they are the most delicious game bird we have; and consequently much sought by the

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a terrible time with the wind, so don't aim too far ahead." Bang! went Fritz's twelve, with a roar that made my ears sing. Bang! Bang! Bang! as he pumped away at the thoroughly frightened bird, speeding away to the south along the shore.

"Pretty poor, eh?" laughed Fritz, as he blew the smoke from the barrel and refilled the clip. "You ought to have had that one," I remarked.

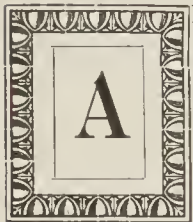




The Lure of Trap Shooting is Irresistible

It is a Sport That is Bringing a New Army of Red Blooded Men and Women into the Ranks and its Future Was Never Brighter

By Fred. O. Copeland.



FEW weeks ago a letter came to me from the hand of an old old friend and in it he assured me he was greatly elated at having shot at fifteen clay targets and broken them all with a gun he had picked up at random in a sporting goods store.

Shortly after I had assured him of my joy at his success a second letter was received and his heart was "full of sad" for he had been out to a gun club where things are done in a business-like way and had broken but half his birds, nor could he lift the average as long as he stayed. It developed that in the first instance he had stood near the trap and in the second case the targets jumped way out there sixteen yards and hardly could he get his gun and himself together after each shot before it was his turn again. But, mind you, he assured me he was going there again and find out why he could not hit more than fifty per cent. and I secretly suspect why things seemed so hurried. Little he dreams he has entered the fold, come home to the trapshooter's roost, and will go again and again till we hear him speak out in terms of trapshooting, calling the trophies, "junk," saying, "I slobbered that second bird when only a piece fell out, and don't that number two trap sling a rank angle."

Easy, indeed, is it to miss the Blue Rocks unless one knows of the little things that count. Do you know how small a circle of seven and one-half chilled pellets you are throwing out there where they should collide with the target? If you shoot in as good time as you ought to, to be consistent, a fourteen inch ruler is long enough to measure the pattern's spread. The usual gun stock is but a fraction over fourteen inches in length, it would not look over large hanging out there in the air. I fell to thinking this same thing over a few years ago and with the help of two other worthies to mark the distance the targets broke by standing well to one side and facing at right angles to the fast fifty yard straightaways, we soon had the distance on a tape line.

Measuring the same distance from a paper target I shortly had a pattern nicely on the paper

when we all moved forward to scan the records. Three scared faces was the result. It is true the clay targets with which the distance had been gauged were broken in as fast time as that of a most hopeful and perspiring professional on a July day when the man from the other company is one behind, going strong and hittin' 'um hard. Assuredly one illuminating thought shines high and clear as a result of this little experiment. Both eyes must be kept open, not only because you can see better, but because it brings out all your natural pointing instinct and by the same sign eliminates the personal error of the "one eye" artist. Pointing alone can enable a man to so unerringly follow a sharp quarter-



Good Health One of the Leading Symptoms.

ing target that he is unaware that he has led it nor can he explain how he kept his gun moving. At sixteen yards' rise a man is not aware of leading a target but at the extreme distance, the twenty-three yard mark, he is quite conscious of lead, and the careful judgment necessary to cut down a fast quartering target at this distance brings with it the highest degree of pleasure. Considering the fact that all the great Interstate classics are run on the distance handicap system there is too little of this shooting at the usual gun club.

We have all read what the best weapon for breaking clay targets is like in all its four and now five types, i. e., double barrel, pump, auto, single barrel trap and in these last days over and under barrel gun. Many shooters are continually trying to better their shooting mechanically by an ever changing array of guns. It seems rather a pity to tell a gun good-bye that has brought home even one trophy that is dear to

your heart. It costs no more to buy a gun at the factory where you can be properly measured for it than the one that comes off the pile in the store. "Try-guns" are now being demonstrated at shoots by trade representatives. The stocks of these guns can be veritably moulded to any face or shoulder, and my word for it, in either case your line of sight will not be allowed far from the neighborhood of one-quarter of an inch over the breech, the place it should be. As you and your gun season yourselves together there springs up a friendship that is ever lacking in the often-change artist.

Many are the times I have heard a man say, "I can't follow the trapshooting game. Why, the only time I tried it I shot only twenty-five loads and you should have seen my shoulder—it was black and blue from,"—and they will point all the way from their wrist, up the arm, over the shoulder and down as far as the waist.

"So was mine, the first time," you remind them, "but if you had had a length of stock that fitted you you would have soon acquired the trick of taking the recoil with your arms and in fact whole body, and could shoot all day till you sickened of it and never show a mark or feel any lameness."

The average stock is much too short; many would be surprised to know they could shoot a fifteen inch length. Some of us like two little ivory sights on our guns and we get laughed at a good deal about it, but it is we who laugh the loudest.

"You never see those sights when you shoot, do you," they'll say. "Of course I never see them or I could never hit anything," I answer, "but I can tell you this—at the end of a long hard day's program when the light is bad and I may be a little careless, they do seem very comfortable nicely lining my gun for me just before I call for my target."

Because dense powder makes me snort like a draught horse is no reason why no one else should use it. A man will learn more about the relative merits of powder in a season of steady attendance at the traps than he will in a lifetime gunning for upland game. In a one day's program of two hundred birds he may do more shooting than in the full season after live birds

and he will make no mistake if early in the game he ties up to one brand and one load for he will always know where he is at in that particular and just how much it will spring his arms. Far and away the most men use a bulk powder. To me it is more fragrant, more wholesome to inhale and I like to remember the three dram load of the brand I use holds the world's record at the extreme distance! surely it is good enough for me at sixteen yards.

Unless you are unlike the most of us you drifted into the game among your acquaintances, your friends, who did all they could to help you along and you have lost no time in learning about the different money divisions, systems of handicapping and methods of awarding prizes. Pay most of your attention to learning to handle yourself in a squad, for there comes a time when you go to a strange far off place to cross guns for valuable prizes and while your guests will do everything in reason for you the Interstate Association rules will be enforced to the last letter. The jokes and laughter of the moments before the program starts will not be carried to the score. You feel that intense tingling sensation that affects you when the last ball game of the series is about to begin but now it is intensified a hundred fold, for you are to be a contestant and perhaps you will be Queen of the May and your name will appear in the Village Gimlet as the man who annexed the tallest silver joram. It may develop later on that it is quadruple plate, but at the moment it will surely be sterling and very heavy for its size. If it should prove otherwise later we need say nothing about it.

Enter your name for the full program at once, for the earlier you get started the earlier you get through. By so doing you will get into better squads and save a lot of fretting and wait-

ing at the very end of the day. I have noticed the majority of men watch their squad mates break or lose their targets. I believe there is much to be said in keeping your eyes off the fortunes of the rest of the squad. Through chance the last three birds thrown may all be right angles and in spite of all you can do you look for your target in the same place, yet you are scared to death lest it be a fast left quarter. If you had kept your eyes off all those targets you would be looking for the target anywhere and be properly keyed to the necessity of landing on it. There will be plenty of opportunity to watch others in action during the long waits for your squad to be called again.

With all the queer look of things you can depend on this; if you are used to shooting from a platform or higher elevation than the trap level you will need to hold higher on your targets when shooting from the ground, and, of course, hold lower when the conditions are reversed. In either event your gun should allow you to see your bird clear. Old hands at the game prefer to get their feet on Mother Earth but they size up these conditions in the first event, consequently the scores of the seasoned ones suffer less than those of the new hand who will have to fish for his birds longer. Frequently a target taking a certain angle will baffle a shooter every time it shows up. It was not so long ago that a man was shooting in a state some distance from his usual stamping ground when a mild quartering bird began to get away from him till it seemed as though every target he called for took the same dreaded course. Things went badly and at last he flinched terribly on one of these same targets. To his great surprise the target was blown out of the air. The mystery was explained. He eagerly waited for it to show up again and

you may be sure it did the very next time when, holding higher than his judgment told him was necessary, the bird was cleanly cut down. The actor in the above sketch was the writer of this little article and confidence was restored to an extent that allowed him to carry off a beautiful silver cup, the first of a list of valuable prizes awarded on the last two events of the day. Sheer luck is not always at hand or so timely as it was in this instance and such a target must be fished for, although I admit it is very hard to do when you are pointing exactly right on a high per cent. of all the others.

After you have taken away from this beautifully clean and refreshing sport such elements as the love of handling a beautiful weapon, the primitive glee of smashing something, the joy of good fellowship, there still stands preeminent the fact that in this sport almost alone a man must stand on his own legs. Neither friendship, politics, nor creed can help a man once he stands alone on the position mark at the score. It is one little team of nerves, wits and the fibre of clean living against another, and victory or even a good showing brings an individual a very high degree of pleasure. Only three leaves have been torn from the calendar since a man dropped but one target out of five hundred. What a sight it must have been! How some of us look forward to attending some of the classics where such things come to pass. However these things may be, we are sure of the fact that we can go to the local gun club on any sunny afternoon, tired out with a hard day's work and give our nerves such a complete change that perfect balance is restored. Few will believe this scientific fact till they have tried and found that the truth rings true.

A Convert to the Twenty-Eight Gauge

By Lucien C. De Hart.

From a wide experience of wing shooting—during about three decades, north, south, east and west and many interesting talks with sportsmen, relative to the merits of different styles of shot guns, I have thought that a short letter on the practical experience recently, with the smallest bore shot gun, might prove of some interest to your readers, those who are fond of the greatest of all hunting sport, with the trusty bird dog—and a good gun. Up to very recently I was disposed to regard anything smaller than a 16 gauge gun as a popular fad, until a good friend put into my hands a pretty little 28 gauge double barrel. I was quite out of hunting trim, not having handled a gun for several years. My eyesight was rather questionable, owing to the fact that I had recently decided to lay aside glasses and try the naked orbits again in brush shooting at the ruffed grouse, as I had often found the lenses a decided nuisance.

My first outing was to a favorable cover, for the birds, but not for the hunter. It was on the side of a mountain where the climbing was difficult. I shot many holes in the air. I had forgotten how to shoot or the gun was not the kind, or both. One week later I swung off to a different territory with more level cover. The first opportunity to try the gun and gunner for that occasion, was on a nice covey of quail. I

had concluded that as the gun was well choked and a small bore to boot, almost as much precision was necessary as in rifle shooting. When the quail flushed the first bird up was selected as the target and killed with a quick crossing shot. As the birds flushed wild and rushed by me, a second bird was also killed and fell within fifteen or twenty feet of the first. Of course, I did not wish to count two scratches in such rapid succession and followed the birds. Out of seven shots I managed to bag five birds.

The setter picked up a good trail and worked it out into a pasture, pointed in a small clump of birch and the bird arose to the left of my position and raced toward the side of the mountain six or eight rods away. As I turned completely around the shot offered was a left crossing, at about thirty paces. The bird was followed for a fraction of a second, until the exact line of flight was gotten, then the gun was swung to about a two foot lead. At the crack of the gun the bird dropped its head, indicating where connection was made, and dropped like a brick. As we started toward hunting quarters, the sun was just dropping behind the hills. A staunch point was made in a thicket of tall birch. A woodcock flushed and swung off to the right. Just as soon as the side step had been executed a quick shot was made

through the tree tops and dropped Mr. Timberdoodle in mid flight as the one and only member of his tribe seen this season. By that time I was simply fascinated with the 28 gauge. In reality it was about the best brush shooting of which I had ever been guilty. The record for a later hunt with the same gun was six birds bagged with eight shots, all in thick cover save one bird. Grouse shooting is essentially a thick cover sport, hence with only four and a half pounds of gun to handle it may be readily seen what enormous advantage is had in the scoring process. In my experience, and I am a very hard hunter, every ounce of extra gun metal lowers a man's chances in the bagging stunt. In the thickets the little gun can be manipulated with as much ease as a well balanced walking cane. With a hunting coat pocket full of 28 gauge shells—of 14 grain of infallible powder and five-eighth ounces of shot I caught myself repeatedly feeling for cartridges that I thought I had lost. In the many years of wing shooting I have tried many guns, most of them excellent shooters of their type, but as I grow older and do not feel like lugging so much metal, I chance upon "a popular fad" with which I can tramp all day and not notice the weight, besides doing better shooting than during earlier periods, with more of the strength of youth.



The Normal Fishing Position With a Single-Handed Trout Rod

American and English Fly Casting Methods : : Contrasted : :

Review of One of the Latest British Authorities — By One of the Best Known American Angler-Writers

By CHARLES ZIBEON SOUTHARD



Position at the end of Backward Switch with a Single-Handed Trout Rod Notice the Left Hand

AMERICAN fly fishing anglers have a great treat in store for them in the most readable and interesting book from the pen of Fred. G. Shaw, F. G. S., entitled "The Complete Science of Fly Fishing and Spinning."* The author is an Englishman whose previous works on fly fishing, for both salmon and trout, are better known at home than abroad. It is unfortunate for American anglers that heretofore such has been the case because everything he writes about "the gentle art of angling" is always worthy of careful consideration and it is also decidedly instructive. This new book of his is by far the best and most complete that he has written along the lines of angling literature. It deals with the subject, which its title discloses, in a masterly manner; and for the angler, young or old, who really desires to know it is full of valuable information, suggestions and good advice from cover to cover.

As fly fishing is far from an exact science, owing to its nature, it is not strange that differences of opinion should exist between the lesser as well as the greater exponents of the art; and it will hardly do, in most cases, for any one angler to say arbitrarily, "that this is right or that is wrong."

In the case of this new and splendid book the reader must, in all fairness, remember that conditions on English trouting waters are vastly different from our own and that the angler fishes them for an entirely different species of trout. Indeed the differences between the conditions (as well as the species of trout) found in England and those in this country are so marked that one can say

in very truth that there are two distinct schools of angling; one English, the other American. In England the native trout is the brown trout (*Salmo-fario*) while we in America have the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*); they both belong to the Salmonidae family but each belongs to a different genus; therefore, their traits and habits are unlike in many ways and the methods used to capture the different species necessarily must vary.

Mr. Shaw probably voices the English angler's point of view when he says, "Play your fish from the reel if possible;" while in this country the successful and experienced angler would say, "Play your fish with a hand-held line in preference to the reel." Again, the English way of placing the reel on a single-handed rod with the handle to the left is diametrically opposite to

the American way, which is to place the handle to the right; and this is because, here, anglers generally fish with the hand-held line. Which is the better method to pursue can hardly be called a vital question because after all the conditions govern, or should govern, both the practice and actions of the angler at all times if he would be successful. I can fully appreciate Mr. Shaw's contention as to the use of the reel and the way of handling the line so far as English waters or like waters are concerned, where weeds and water grasses are plentiful and one is fishing for the brown trout; but I do not believe such methods are the best or are well adapted for our American waters.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to the different methods of casting for salmon and trout and there are no less than twenty-four

finely executed plates illustrating these methods. Mr. Shaw is generally conceded to be the "pioneer of the stiff wrist theory" and he certainly has developed it to a nicety in all of its different phases. There is, however, even among English expert anglers themselves, some difference of opinion as to this method of rod control and no less an authority than Frederic M. Halford, says, "I venture to suggest the best performers do practically all of their work with the wrist." The author, on the other hand, is evidently fully convinced that his method of controlling the rod when casting is the right one; and he thoroughly believes in the *rigid non-flexible wrist* when casting with either a single-handed or double-handed rod. Without any doubt Mr. Shaw is a past-master of the art of casting with the rigidly controlled wrist and this can be plainly seen by



Backward Switch of the Single-Handed Trout Rod as the Line Leaves the Water.

*The Complete Science of Fly Fishing and Spinning by Fred G. Shaw, F. G. S., London—The Macmillan Company. Over one hundred illustrations and cuts. (See Forest and Stream announcement on another page.)

simply looking at the inserted cuts, where he is shown in the act of casting with the two different rods.

This "rigid wrist" method, however, although it has been tried, is not the one in general use in this country by anglers when trout fishing with a single-handed rod. And we, who use the "flexible wrist action" in casting (which method has been used now these many years with most efficient results) will be, I fear, very loathe to make a change and admit that our method is wrong per se, even after reading understandingly that most lucid, interesting and instructive chapter, entitled, "Mental Control of the Muscles When Learning to Cast."

In this enlightened age who can tell? It may be that after all Mr. Shaw's method of "rod control" involves a basic principle hitherto undiscovered; and which is far superior to the generally accepted principle of the one now in use and that we are mistaken in our position. Should time prove such to be the case, American anglers will, I feel certain, gracefully acknowledge it and in a spirit of real sportsmanship.

I note that Mr. Shaw follows very closely along the line of other English writers when speaking of the wet and the dry fly method of fishing, when he says:

"Many excellent fishermen confine their fishing to either the wet or dry fly method, but while the most successful fisherman generally will be he who is in reality the master of both, *there can be no question as to which method of fishing requires the greater skill or affords the more delightful and interesting pastime.*"

Perhaps there is "no question" in England as to the real merits of the two different methods of fly fishing but in this country there is a "decided question and a logically established conviction," that neither method is the superior of the other but that both require great skill and that, here as in England, the "tail does not wag the dog." In the chapter on "Wet Fly Fishing, etc.," under the heading "Striking" I find the following:

"In wet fly fishing up-stream the fly at which the fish rises is near the surface. The motion of the fish, or perhaps the fish itself, can be seen, and the strike may, therefore, be made either at the time the rise is seen or the touch felt. When, however, the fly is well below the surface, as in wet fly fishing downstream, the first intimation the fisherman gets that a trout has taken one of



The Galway Cast With a Double-Handed Salmon Rod—After the Back Cast Has Been Made and After the Body Has Turned Forward Again, But Before the Right Foot Has Been Brought Forward.

his flies is the pluck or pull at the fly. In most cases this pluck in itself is quite sufficient to hook the fish, and, therefore, in so many as eight out of ten, the hooking of a fish with a wet fly down-stream cannot be claimed as being due to any skill or quickness in striking; while in at least eight cases out of ten the fish hooked with a dry fly or wet fly up-stream may be fairly claimed by the angler as due to his skill in striking. An immediate strike when the fly is taken by the fish below the surface of the water is seldom advisable; and equally is it true that an immediate strike is in nearly every case advisable if the fly be taken when floating on the surface."

If this is a correct statement about the methods and results of striking trout on English waters, and I have no reason to question it for a moment, then in a great measure American anglers can understand why dry fly fishing in England is considered to possess superior skill and, therefore, is a more "delightful and interesting pastime." Such, however, is not the feeling among the great majority of anglers in this country, who are wet fly anglers: and this includes as well the anglers who use both methods. It is undoubtedly because here the skilled and experienced wet fly anglers do not fish their fly

or flies "well below the surface" nor do they delay the strike until a fish has plucked or pulled their lure. One of our most noted wet fly anglers, Henry P. Wells, very aptly said when speaking of striking trout many years ago: "Not that the angler is to rely in the *slightest degree on feeling the fish*; his eye, and his eye alone, is his guide."

There also is another reason why wet fly fishing in America differs from that of England. Here, as I have already stated, our native trout is *Salvelinus fontinalis* while in England the native trout is *Salmo-fario* and for this reason alone the method of striking must be different if success is to follow the angler's efforts. This is made almost imperative because all salmo trout, like the salmon, having taken a fly, whether submerged or on the surface, hold on to it for a perceptible length of time; while on the other hand *Salvelinus* trout expel or eject the fly instantly.

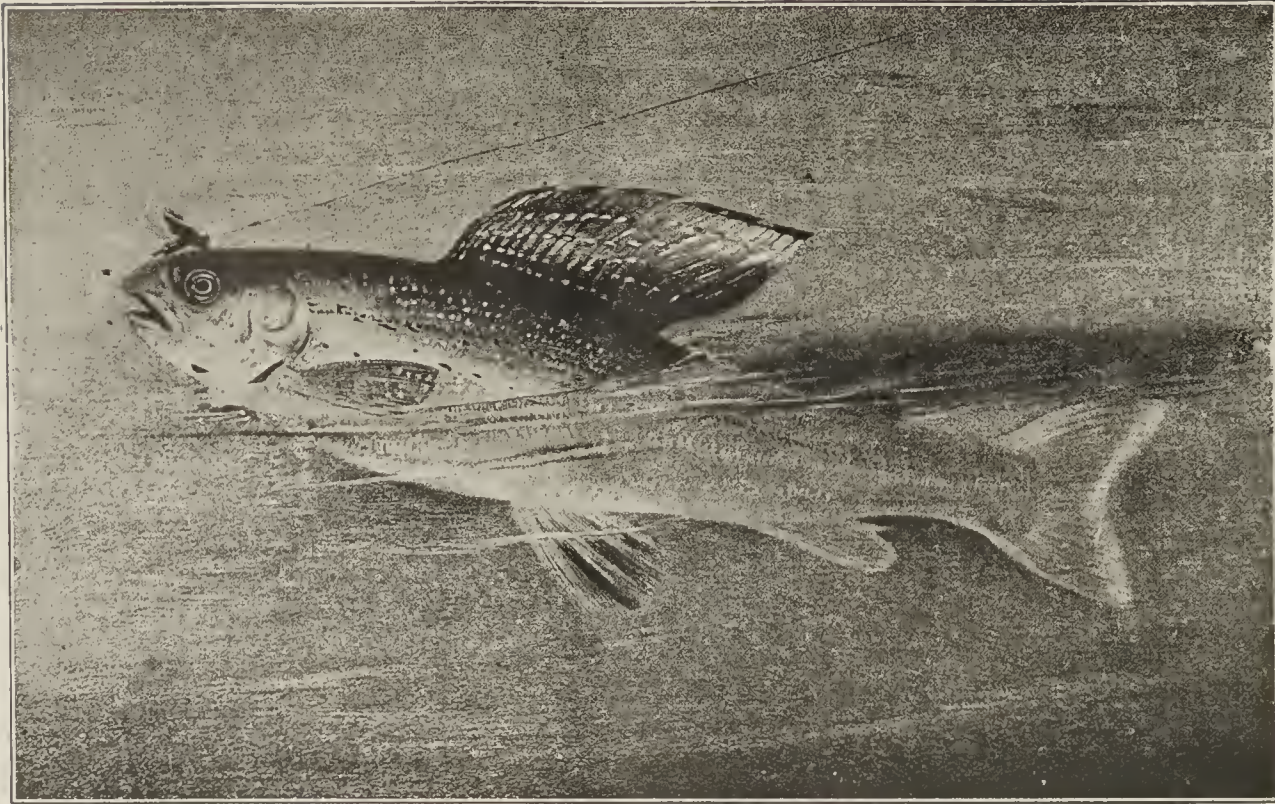
With the possible exception of one point, the correct way to handle a single-handed rod, American anglers will appreciate that such differences as exist between our methods and those across the water are due almost entirely to conditions and the species of trout peculiar to each country.

This new book for fly fishing anglers is a most valuable one, both from the practical as well as the scientific standpoint, and all anglers who have any desire to improve their art cannot afford to be without a copy. It contains twenty-one chapters, an appendix and index; also one colored plate, sixty-one plates in black and white and twenty-nine diagrams. Of the twenty-one chapters, eleven are devoted to Trout Fishing and the use of the Single-handed Rod, seven to Salmon Fishing and the Double-handed Rod, one to Trout and Grayling, one to New Zealand as a Fishing Ground and one to Fishing in Canada.

The chapters on salmon are especially fine, interesting and instructive and can be accepted without reservation by anglers as the very best that has been written instructively about this noble fish. Although no chapter lacks interest I would call the attention of my brother anglers, and particularly the younger contingent, to the chapters entitled, "The Senses of Trout and How They Affect the Fisherman," and "Axioms, Notes and Theories, Grayling Fishing."



The Galway Cast With a Double-Handed Salmon Rod—After the Body Has Turned Away from the Water and Before the Right Foot Has Been Brought Forward.



From an oil painting by A. D. Turner.

Montana Grayling. (*Thymallus montanus.*)

The Flower of Fishes—The Grayling



The Discovery of a New Range of this Most Beautiful of all the Finny Tribes,
With Associate Studies From the Writings of Various Authorities



By Charles Bradford.

"I may, peradventure, give you some instructions that may be of use even in your own rivers."—Charles Cotton, *The Compleat Angler*, 1676.

THE grayling has some few points of dispute about its origin, its classification, its artificial distribution and its natural range, and in clearing these disputed questions there should be no unpleasant argument indulged in between the interested anglers and ichthyologists; this for two good and sufficient reasons; one: scientific knowledge requires experiment, study and time—"Rome wasn't built in a day"—and, two: because the unraveling of mysteries in nature and the explaining of nature's secrets constitute a delightful pastime to the sincere mind, and in no way afford excuses for boisterous quarreling.

Much of the unpleasant argument that is indulged in in these undecided points in natural history emanates from one or both of the participants in the dispute making positive statements without actual knowledge to substantiate their declarations, instead of their using the terms "I think," "I surmise," "I believe," "I imagine," "I conclude," etc., in instances where actual knowledge is lacking.

An angler says he caught a brook trout (*Salvalinus fontinalis*) east of the Rocky Mountains, and that this species is indigenous to the streams east of the Rocky Mountains—this in direct con-

tradition to the decisions of the authoritative ichthyologists. Another angler replies that his brother fisherman is in error—that he did not catch a true brook trout (*Salvalinus fontinalis*); that the specimen taken was of the Dolly Varden trout species. Then angler number three casts his argumentative fly—he declares angler number one is in the right, that his fish was a true brook trout, a specimen of artificial introduction (planting) by the United States Fish Commission in the streams east of the Rockies. What species the scientists would prove the specimen to belong to is not known, but, one of the three arguers is in the right so far as the classification is concerned, and while one or two of the disputers must be in the wrong in this particular, all are wrong in their way of argument. Each should use the terms "I think," etc., until the scientific proof is in hand.

No honest theory, piscatorial or otherwise, expressed by an honest man should be openly denied. If the theorist is sincere he will say he "thinks" this and that, until the authoritative mind actually settles the question, and if the theorist's opponent is equally honest and serious he will "think" in expressing his opposing views and not make positive denials before the scientific result is announced.

Why should anybody, expert or neophyte, take offense at a new theory? Rather he should be pleased at the discovery, and encourage pleasant and studious discourse—gentle and uplifting discourse such as Father Izaak and his pupil en-

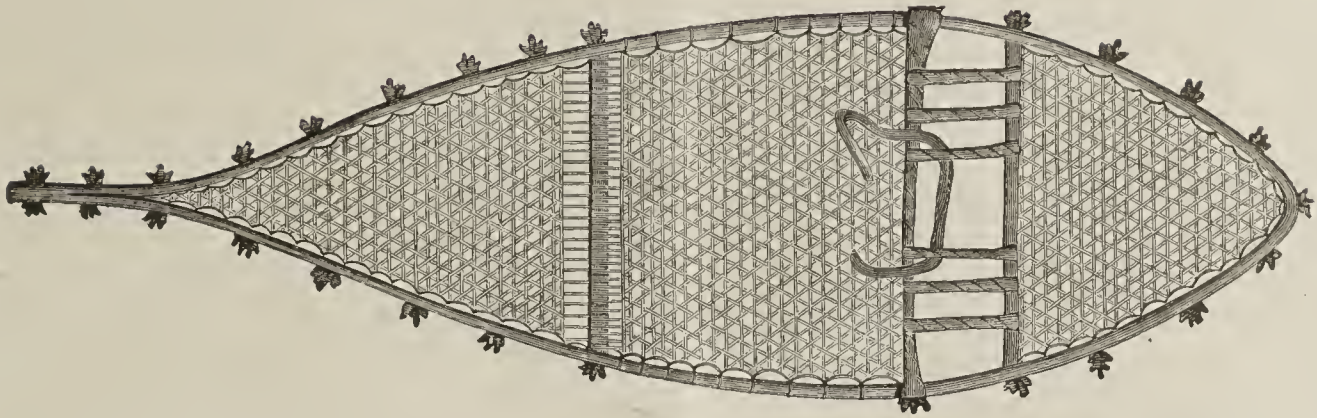
gaged in as they "stretched their legs up Tottenham Hill * * * toward Ware * * * that fine fresh May morning."

The amusing result of the maladministrative dispute between the two boisterous, unenlightened, profess-to-know-it-all arguers is: in the end both usually find themselves in the wrong. "Look before you leap." "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." "There are two sides to a story." Don't explode half primed. The arguer should say he thinks, or imagines, or believes or hopes, etc., when he doesn't really know, and his opponent shouldn't forget to use one of these terms in denying the expressed views unless he knows what he is talking about.

"One of the charms of angling," says T. E. Pritt, "is that it presents an endless field for argument, speculation and experiment." True, as Mr. Pritt says, the field of argument—at least quiet, honest argument—is one of the charms of the gentle art, and Mr. Pritt might have just as wisely included fishes as well as fishing in this charming argumentative field.

In concurrence with the foregoing deductions I will here introduce for pleasant discussion two new lively subjects concerning the grayling—one being imparted in the theory of a brother angler who declares that the grayling, the most beautiful finny species in the world, "the flower of fishes," is a hybrid of the brook trout and the brook sucker, and the second subject being supplied by another angler who, contrary to the

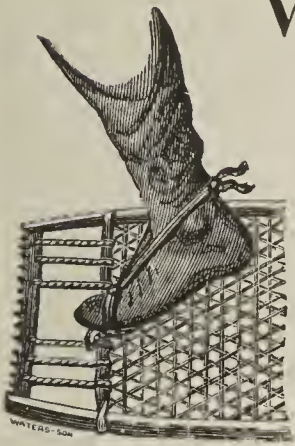
(Continued on page 772.)



The Long Home Trail Under the Flashing Northern Lights

It Was a Thousand Mile Pull Across the Arctic Wilderness, But This Little Band of Determined Men Came Through Safely Although Handicapped by Lack of Proper Equipment

By R. J. Fraser.



WE were novices; we were green—had it been otherwise this tale would not be worth the telling. Also, we were strangers in the land, and, contrary to our fond expectations and preconceived impressions of the great corporation whose old Scotch hospitality and assistance to wayfarers have become traditional, we

were taken in. Later dealings with the "Company" and a closer intimacy with many of its officers have formed everlasting comradeships sufficient to banish all prejudices raised by that first trying experience. The six greenhorns shall always esteem the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, bar those responsible for that torture-ridden trail to Oxford House. To the Company this explanation is due for throughout my experiences in the Hudson Bay country I personally encountered but this one instance of "raw-dealing."

We were "tenderfeet" when, on that dreary morning, we left our good old ship and watched it disappear into the snowstorm, homeward bound through the ice-laden waters of the Bay. Yes, we were tenderfeet when we landed in the Company's land. But we were cripples all when we had fought our way out of it. I trust that readers will accept this,—my apology for the prelude.

The home trail! None but the exile or he whom duty or necessity has sent into the far-away places can fully sound to its depths the joy in the word "home." Nearly a thousand miles of snow wastes lay ahead of us,—from the icebound shores of the Hudson Bay to the end of steel near Winnipeg. The way for us stretched over frozen muskegs and frost-stilled winding streams, broad billowy-drifted lakes whose farther shores were dim,—a single, shallow rut haunted by the gaunt gray wolf and trod by few

other than the brown-skinned lords of the wilderness, winding across miles and miles and miles of snow. But for us it was the home trail!

To forty-eight below zero did the mercury drop when on a February morning we left the time-worn buildings of historic Fort York and set forth on the first leg of our journey—three hundred miles to Oxford House. This was the dreaded stretch that had no house between and the veteran trippers cursed it and called it the toughest trail in the Nelson River country. Dogs we had, three teams of them, and long-legged, lanky drivers, full-blooded hunters of the Swampy Crees. The head guide was a French half-breed, Geordie Gibeault from the Churchill River, a gray-haired driver of many teams. A crooked legged Indian by the name of Wastiss picked the trail and showed, when we least wanted it, a wonderful capacity for endurance and speed. Of the fifteen dogs ten were lame from the start. One team had just returned from a southern trip to Fort Severn and had been starving for six days on the way. The husky has marvellous recuperative powers. Team number two had already been to Oxford House and back with the mail packet, three weeks on the road, and the dogs had broken a new trail through virgin snow. During the five days in which they rested up at York the huskies were employed in hauling firewood for the post. The third team was in better condition but would accompany us to Oxford only, where it belonged. Their crippled mates were destined to make the four hundred mile "mush" straight through to Norway House, at the head of Lake Winnipeg, the first post at which we expected to obtain relays.

There were six of us and three were sailors. Bates, the cook, before he took this trail, had snowshoes on his feet but once. George Oleson, a Canadian Swede, nicknamed "Quiet George," was the only one with any experience in winter travelling in the northern wilderness. To his magnificent finish the successful ending of the Lonesome Trail is due.

The snowshoes and the moccasins supplied us by the Company's factor were warranted to cripple all who wore them, veteran or greenhorn, and to them we laid most of our suffering.

Footgear and clothing which we had ordered

in the fall were sold over our heads, and when the time came for our departure none of these necessary articles was forthcoming. Instead, the culls, rejected by even the poorest Indians about the post, were offered us and we had no choice but to take them. We were in the factor's hands and in the Company's land.

The factor himself stood by and watched us trail out from the post, smiling scornfully at the inexperienced Bates' efforts to adjust the snowshoe thongs. He laughed in derision as we bade farewell. "In three days you'll be riding on the loads," he said. "In five you'll be on the back trail to York."

The predictions of disaster were true in part only. In three days' time some of us were on the toboggans, but there never was even a word of turning back.

Ten days' rations were carried for ourselves and eight only for the dogs, which for the last two or three days must travel with empty bellies, for the loads were already overweight. Tents, on account of their weight and bulk, were prohibitive, and comfort must be sacrificed for speed. We made open camps all the way. Baricades of felled trees held back the piercing north wind and spruce brush gave us beds. Overhead was the hard winter sky, whose myriad scintillating stars were dimmed at times by the fitful splashes of the Northern Lights. When it snowed we buried our heads in the bags and slept the warmer for the deep, white mantle, that falling overnight, completely covered men and dogs. When wood was plentiful—which times were rare—a huge fire was built to leeward. It burned for an hour or two. Then, supper eaten and clothing partially dried, we pulled on all our extra wraps and crawled feet first into the bags. Sleep was fitful at the best and after a night of alternate naps and shiverings we welcomed the sharp exercise of the early morning start.

At half past three, six hours before sunrise, we were aroused by the sound of the guide's axe biting into the iron-like frozen spruce. It was rising time.

"All up, boys, all up! It's thirty miles or bust to-day!"

But not until the crackling fire had begun to throw the sparks and cinders over bag and blanket did we stir. It took some courage to crawl out of the warm eiderdowns; the spruce "feathers" were now nicely smoothed out and "sleep after toil was sweet." Facing the frosty air of the early morning was always a trial and getting onto one's feet a painful exertion, the overtaxed muscles and cold-tautened cords bitterly complaining. But, once erect and in front of the blaze, the heat had an easing effect and cramped limbs soon supplied.

The tea pail was on the fire and after we had each drunk a mugful of the scalding beverage and hastily devoured a bannock we turned to help the natives with the dogs.

"You watch your fingers, sir," advised Old Geordie. "Dis harness will freeze them on you afore you know it."

True enough was Geordie! Most unpleasantly true! Lashing or unloading the toboggans was a painfully disagreeable task. The hard, rough rawhide was kinked and stubborn with the frost. Knots refused to answer to benumbed fingers, which were nipped with shooting pains as one after another the tightened nerves were shocked by every little contact with the frozen thongs. Handling lashings and snowshoe strings—or, even dunnage bags and blankets—froze and blistered the finger tips with a sensation and affect akin to burning. Each day they were thus nipped; each morning the Guardian of the Snow Trails greeted us with his cruel, freezing hand clasp.

The Indians whose winters since childhood had been spent at such tasks seemed no more hardened to the exposure than we "greenhorns" were, though they endured in silence. They knew that each morning and evening this painful hour must come.

When two of the toboggans had been loaded and lashed we returned to the dying fire for a last warm up of fingers and toes.

"You best take Wastiss and go on ahead," advised Old Geordie. "We'll soon catch up to you with the dogs. He can take you over the trail in the dark all right."

Nothing loath to get into action once more we told Wastiss to pick the trail, back through the stubborn willows onto the river from whence we had dragged our leaden feet the evening before. The crooked-legged guide slipped his feet into the lashings. Twisting his axe into the folds of his many colored sash and shouldering his gun, he stepped over the barricade of trees. Then the seven of us, muffled to the eyes, left the feeble glare of the graying fire and in close file plunged into the perfectly dead stillness of the winter morn, an hour before dawn.

The guide turned to the westward and the never-to-be-forgotten trail was once more resumed.

With no light but that from the dimming stars overhead, we plodded on. All we could see on either hand was the hazy silhouette of the straight spruce woods against the slowly, very slowly lightening of the winter sky; all that was to be heard was the regular swish! swish! swish! of the snowshoes as they sank, rose and glided through the feathery snow. The sense of feel was most in demand, the shoes falling into the invisible, packed impression of those before. The strengths of other senses

were merged into this one, until gradually the eye began to pierce the heavy gloom.

Fifteen minutes tramping and the rapid pace had warmed us through and through. With the hot blood again in throbbing circulation our spirits were rekindled. We loosened up neck wrappings, and rolled up the face and ear coverings of our woollen caps, the better to rid them of the frozen moisture from our breath that was slowly freezing to the skin.

Slowly the gloom began to lighten and we straightened up to see again and take notice of each other. We were a row of hoar-covered ghostly figures silently plodding ahead under a



Inured to the Long Winter of the North.

canopy of starry-studded blue. Our now uncovered ears could distinguish far behind the tinkle of bells, a hoarse, muffled command, accompanied by a medley of howls. Uniting all was the frosty glide of heavily laden toboggans. The sleigh dogs were on our trail and the whole caravan was again in motion. Thoughts of companionship loosened tongues and again our spirits rose. After all we were not quite alone in this vast wilderness of snow. It was in moments such as these that we forgot aching limbs and tortured feet, and the long grim trail ahead of us.

Another hour and the sun burst forth, a golden red and yellow, through the scraggy tops of the avenue of spruces. A snowbird twittered a welcome. A fall of powdery snow close by told

of a shaken bough and with a whirr of awakened wings, a jay flew by and ahead to arouse his sleepy mates. The "herald of breakfast" we called him and knew that our feathered friends would be on hand. Unconsciously each man quickened his pace. It was during this short hour before the winter dawn that we were truly glad,—glad that we were living, glad that we had red blood in our veins.

The breakfast fire was roaring breast high when the steaming dogs and hoar-covered drivers bore in sight and halted beside the trail. Scant ceremony and but little time was given to this morning meal. In less than an hour we were on our way again and the steady grind continued. Lunch was merely a repetition of the other meals, eaten in haste and silence.

In February, north of fifty-three, the traveller sees less than seven hours of daylight and some days when the snow fell deep on lake and river the progress was painfully slow. In the great spruce woods it was deeper and the tired, panting dogs struggled belly-deep until several of us plunged ahead and broke a better trail. "Keep ahead of the dogs" was ever our aim, but it was easier, oh so much easier, to fall behind and tread in the cleaner path made by those before. Some days the tally showed but twelve to fifteen miles—thirty must be our average. But the short days were often far too long and the long ones fiendish torture. Several hours after dark the weaker travellers would stagger into the radius of the fire-lit circle, stumble over the windbreak and fall exhausted on the boughs. Again, on the broad stretches of the open muskegs, where nought but stunted juniper grew, the guides would strike a heartbreaking pace and add mile after mile to the day's run till shelter and fuel had been reached.

We were three days out when Bates and Jamieson quit and we had to lash them on the loads. The terrible snowshoe trouble—the "mal de raquette"—had taken them in its deadly grip and they could do little but curse and groan. The unaccustomed exercise had brought it on. Starting with the toes the sharp pains crept up through muscles and sinew until reaching the groins they stabbed with the viciousness of knife thrusts. Two days on the sleds brought them relief and partial recovery and then it was Percy's turn. An hour and a half after dark he staggered in among us. What little energy he had left was being expended in fruitless cursing—the snowshoes, the country and the Company being impartially served. His right leg was so swollen that the trouser had to be slit to give relief. This, the seventh night on the trail was the coldest we experienced and there was little sleep for us under the souging pines. The fearful grind was telling.

An hour after sunrise we came to and crossed the Deer River. The climb down and up the banks was a painful struggle for the cripples and the sleepless night had already wrought havoc with the party. All that day progress was painfully slow and that night in camp with but twelve miles to our credit we gloomily discussed the situation.

With pain-racked bodies stretched before the blaze we reviewed the progress of the four eventful days. Eager and expectant, exultant in the thought that at last we were leaving that ice-bound waste, we had started on our way. Confidence in our ability to win out was not lacking

—though we knew there as a full month's tramping ahead.

"You'll have four solid weeks of mushing," said the experienced men at the post.

"What of it?" we had retorted. "At this game the time will pass very quickly."

"Nearly a thousand miles of snow to cross before you reach the railway. And you're green, every one of you," the factor had added. We recalled the conversation at the post the day before we left. The bitter thoughts that now rose with the remembrance of the man who had so cruelly outfitted us banished for the time our pains and aches. Our futile curses were hushed by Oleson, heretofore the quietest member of the party, by his terrible threats of punishment. Then, exhausted in mind and body we fell into restless sleep.

The next two days were repetitions of the preceding ones, except in that we made fair progress. We were now but thirty miles from Oxford House, the present goal of our aims. Our ultimate haven was still a three weeks' journey away but Oxford House offered a place of rest and recuperation. The thought of its comparative nearness aroused us little as in our sorry state we could not hope to cover the remaining distance in less than two days' time. For a day past the trail had been well defined and even hard in places where it had been travelled by the Oxford Indians.

"On the other side," said Old Geordie, at the breakfast fire, "we'll have a fine, hard trail. Factor McNab leaves for Norway House on the twentieth, with four light teams to get a load of freight. He'll be travelling just a day or two ahead of us."

"Light teams, did you say?" exclaimed Jamieson and an eager light crept into his tired eyes.

"Uh, huh. Just their grub and blankets and two days' dog food. Plenty houses and fish between Oxford and Norway House."

"To-morrow is the twentieth," said Bates, "and we must sleep again this side of Oxford." His keen disappointment was echoed by his fellows.

Jamieson spoke again, after a moment's deep consideration. "It's dead certain not one of us six can make the post to-night," he said, "but an Indian, Wastiss for example, could do it easily and hold McNab's dogs till we got in."

"Yes, can't one of you get there to-night, Geordie?" we eagerly asked of the guide.

"May be. But they'll no try. Factor did not say to meet Mr. McNab. I ask them."

In low tones the Indians discussed our sudden proposal while we impatiently awaited the outcome. But all we obtained was an exhibition of the stubborn independence of the Company Indian. No inducements offered could make them depart from the regular routine of travel planned at the start and threats only brought forth surly retorts. The situation was brought to a climax by Oleson "The Quiet," who again astounded us with speech.

"I'll go!" he exclaimed, rising abruptly and tossing his mug across the fire. "The trail is plain now and I think I can get to the post before morning. There'll be a moon to-night, and if I can finish on my hands and knees, well—I'll ride to-morrow."

Too eager to have him succeed we did not

stop to consider what risks our comrade might run. As we limped about, busied with preparations for a quick start in pursuit, the Swede, without more ado, disappeared among the towering spruces.

Big huskie Oleson was without doubt the fittest of the six to undertake the extra striving. The reserve strength which he now found at his command was surprising to himself. The hot blood surged to his brain as for a moment or two he balanced his chances of a win. He could not fully realize the great call that would be made upon his staying powers before the day was through,—he only knew at all costs he must win. So he steadied himself. The rush, with which in his first enthusiasm he had started off, gradually settled to a more rational gait, and he swung along easily but with a power that belittled the effort and carried him forward at an even pace with the relentless precision of a machine. After five miles through the bush the trail led onto a narrow stream and he followed



Typical Conditions at Any Northern Hudson Bay Post.

its intricate windings until the sun was overhead.

Gradually the two lines of trees began to diverge—the river was widening and soon he would be on Oxford Lake. When, an hour later, he reached the mouth of the stream, gray clouds had begun to scurry across the leaden sky. Snowflakes fell and quickly increased in volume. A heavy squall was approaching from the northward.

"I've got to face it," muttered Oleson, half aloud, as the cruel white cloud bore swiftly down upon him. It snarled in his ears and the hard, sharp flakes bit into his tired eyes. But he bent his head and bore into the storm. It buffeted him relentlessly. Sight was denied the man and only by the feel of his snowshoes on the harder ridge of snow could he keep to the beaten track. Again and again he was hurled aside and plunged into the softer depths. But as often his circlings brought him back to that narrow frozen pathway.

Weakness and hunger—for in his haste he had neglected to put food into his pocket—were fast making a madman of him. The wilderness trail was bringing the primitive fighting instinct uppermost and he knew now that he would struggle till he dropped. Now and again as the dread thoughts of failure pierced his tiring brain he would gasp forth a savage oath. The next moment his teeth shut on a stifled groan caused by an added twinge to his tortured muscles. "I've got to make it," he muttered, over and over again. "I've got to make it. God knows I'm trying. But, if I fail, those skulking Indians behind will never go back to tell about it."

When the storm broke it left him breathless and half stunned, and a heavy toll had been exacted of his strength. During the battle with the squall little headway had been made and the gathering gloom of approaching night was fast blotting out the landmarks of the farther shore.

The twilight hours were well gone when the first outlying buildings of the post rose dark and silently before his anxious gaze. The trail was harder now and met his staggering footsteps with a painful jar. He stopped and swayed to keep his balance and failed to suppress a groan as his stiffening feet were wrenched from the cruel lashings. He had not the strength to kick the snowshoes from his path but stumbled over them, cursing them afresh. The stumbling trot into which he broke did not increase his speed. That was beyond his power now. The first shack he came to was dark and empty but he beat feebly upon the door till the sleigh dogs, scenting a stranger, raised their wolfish howl. Then, a few yards distant from him a door swung wide with a frosty creak and a heavy beam of light shot forth across the path, blinding him with its sudden brilliance. With a cry that was half a sob the big man covered his burning eyes with his mitts and stumbled across the step. There Factor McNab caught him and closed the door on the wolf howls and the cold and blackness of the winter night.

The story of how the others covered those thirty torture-ridden miles is overshadowed by George Oleson's achievement. We camped again at the mouth of the river where the Swede had encountered the storm. Crossing the lake most of us discarded our snowshoes and stumbled along in the wake of the sleds. One minute we were on firm footing, the next floundering in the untrodden snow. That afternoon the last man trailed into the post, exhausted by pain and fatigue—almost on the point of collapse.

Factor McNab's kind hospitality can never be forgotten and his generous accommodation and the solicitude for our welfare did much to lighten the rest of the journey. He went so far as to delay the departure of his dogs while we recovered strength and spirits. Then to Oleson was given the pick of the teams.

The most dreaded stretch of that lonesome trail was over and the rest of the journey, first to Norway House, and thence down the hard, wind-packed surface of Lake Winnipeg to Gimli, was comparatively uneventful. At the latter place we forsook snowshoes and dogs and bade farewell to the Indians and their snow trails.

Without a backward glance we boarded an "accommodation" and were quickly carried over twin trails of steel to the homeland in the south.

How to Make an Ideal Minnow Box

A Few Directions Following a Plain Diagram, That Will Settle the live Bait Question for the Permanent Camp

By "Black Bass."

EVERY black bass and pickerel fisherman has had trouble in keeping minnows alive during a whole day's fishing, especially in the hot summer months when the torrid rays of the sun kill them off a great deal faster than they can be used.

There are pails and pails; some we have to dip over the side every ten minutes or so, others we must pump air into at little longer intervals, but each one is equally troublesome, and in each one the small fish continue to die off despite our best efforts, until the majority of us have given minnow fishing up in disgust, and chiefly for the reason that they can not be kept alive for any length of time.

Numberless times have we run across conditions when we feel sure that had we only had minnows with us we should have made a great catch of fish, for we had tried everything else in vain, and as minnows were the only things left to try we naturally came to the conclusion that they were the only things that would have been successful, and very likely we were right.

But we did not have minnows with us at the time, and why? Because it is almost impossible to keep them alive until the time we wish to use them. Perhaps we could have gotten them there well enough, but we knew it would be all sorts of trouble to keep dipping them over the side or pumping air into the pail and interrupting our casting every few minutes just for the sake of one chance in ten that they would come in handy should the bass not be taking anything else.

But suppose we had a minnow box that we could place the minnows in and let them shift for themselves until such a time as we thought was proper to use them, or not use them at all and let them go at the end of the day's sport just as lively as they were when first caught?

Through considerable experimenting we have managed to conceive such a box as this, and although it will not help in transporting the minnows to and from the body of water to be fished, it will certainly keep them alive for any number of hours after once arriving there. It retards the boat somewhat in its rowing qualities because it has to be towed over the stern at all times, but even so, should the fisherman be all alone in the boat, it will help to keep the boat steady while casting down a shore before the wind, by acting as a sea anchor and keep the boat headed in the right direction.

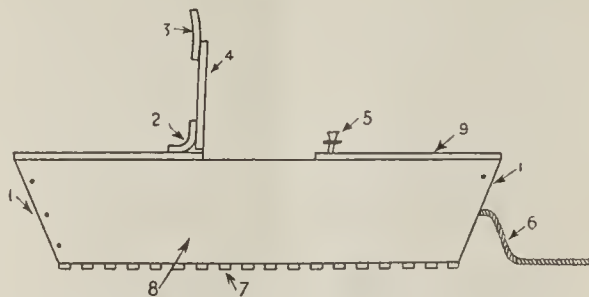
Minnows breath oxygen the same as animals on land, only in a more rarified form, after it has been filtered and thinned out by passing through the water. Under the circumstances then it stands to reason that if they are put in a pail in the boat the oxygen is soon entirely used up, the same as it would be in a close room containing several human beings. At first they begin to suffer, get sick, and then, if not relieved by pouring in fresh water or pumping air into the pail, they die from suffocation.

In other words, it is a very delicate mixture

of oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen that enables a fish to breathe properly, and for this reason, the combination being so hard to maintain, that minnows do not live very long in a pail.

The only solution then is to use a box that will allow them to live in their natural element but at the same time be at hand when wanted.

Like a great many other things, after experi-



- 1—Insert end.
- 2—Leather hinge—one on each side of cover.
- 3—Leather hasp—to fasten cover.
- 4—Cover—or door.
- 5—Wooden button or a bent nail.
- 6—Tow rope.
- 7—Slats to form bottom—over which wire netting may be placed if desired.
- 8—Plain board side.
- 9—Top of box— $\frac{3}{8}$ inch pine.

menting with a great many complicated contraptions, the simplest of them all has proved to be the most successful, for the box is composed of nothing but wood, tied to the stern of the boat and thrown overboard to take care of itself. In a way it is on the same principle as a well in a boat, but it has the advantage of not

retarding the boat's progress so much, and it can be used with any kind of a boat. Whereas, if such a box is not used one must search for a boat with a well in it (rather scarce as a rule) or put the minnows in a pail, when the difficulties spoken of are met with.

Secure two pieces of $\frac{7}{8}$ inch pine board, 18 inches long and six wide. Saw off the ends at an angle so that the lower edges will be fourteen inches in length. Put ends and the cover on made of the same material, leaving the bottom open.

Make a door in the top by sawing five inches out across the middle, which may be fastened with stiff leather as hinges and a bent nail to serve as the hasp. On the bottom place small strips of wood with the edges a little more than an eighth of an inch apart. Do not use wire netting unless it be placed on the outside of the small strips, as the minnows will fight against it and kill themselves.

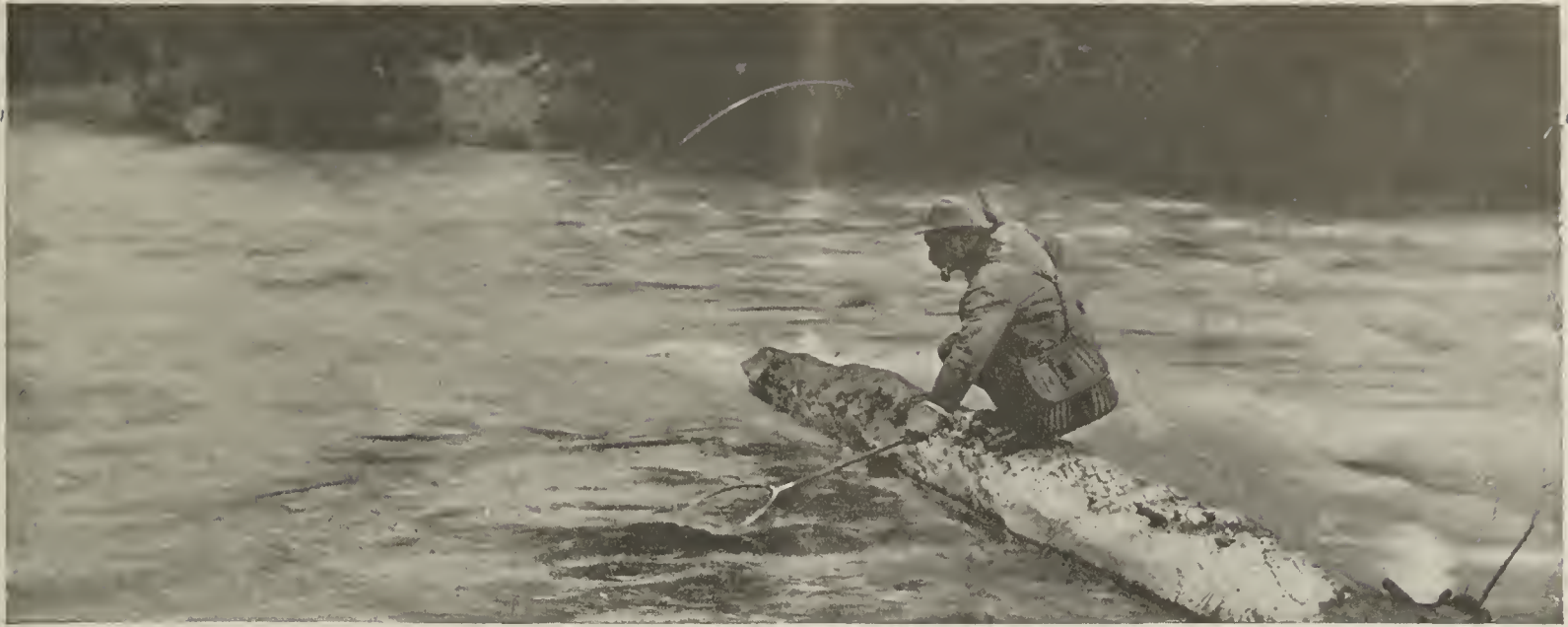
In one end bore a small hole and run a heavy line through, knotting it on the inside. This will serve as the tow rope.

It is best, if possible, to use yellow pine, the specific gravity of which is such that it will allow of the completed box, if made after the above specifications, to float with just one inch out of water, which will give upwards of fifty minnows ample room to thrive well in the five inches below the surface.

SAVING THE DUCK HUNTERS' AND ANGLERS' MUSCLE.

What the automobile is to land transportation, the outboard motor boat is proving to be to the duck hunter and fisherman. There is no "John Henery" outboard motor, but none of them costs more than the ordinary mortal can afford. Many improvements have been made on these motors for the coming season and will be noted in *Forest and Stream's* columns during the next several months.





Upon a Small and Slippery Log He Poises Precariously.

George Certainly Must be Talked To before It is Too Late

He is Drifting Into Habits That Require the Firm Remonstrance of a Good Friend

By Dan C. Rule, Jr.

I SHALL talk to Thompson "like a father." While remaining broad-mindedly open to conviction, I shall present my own arguments with such convincing fairness that dear old George will hardly try to refute them; but if he does try to refute them I shall beat them into his stubborn head with a fence rail. Although, as I said, I shall listen to argument.

In the first place, I shall point out to George that while he is fishing for bullheads, to which he is but distantly related, he is heartlessly neglecting his own immediate family. George—or any other rod-swishing maniac—having planned a fishing foray for the morrow, sets the really important part of his alarm clock for 3 A. M. George does not intend personally to arise at that dank hour; he is not so inconsiderate of himself. He wishes merely to arouse Mrs. George at three, in order that she may have ample time to prepare a lamp-lit breakfast and a fried-chicken lunch. George himself graces the occasion at four; pushes back his chair and crumples up his napkin at four-thirty; and at four thirty-five has grabbed his lunch basket, tenderly pocketed or shouldered his fishing tackle; has complacently explained, "Wish you were going, m' dear! But it's just three of the boys, y' know—" and has bolted into the dawn.

His return, occurring sometime before the midnight meeting of the clock hands, is marked by scarcely a greater amount of sociability. "Naw! Three little ones. Lost a big bass. Whopper. Dead tired. Crazy to git t' bed." Thus charmingly, generously, lovably George places his estimate upon the relative attractions of the "lee of Bass Island" and the family circle.

So accustomed is he to abandoning that family circle temporarily, that he has become quite reckless of his risk of leaving it permanently. Upon a small and slippery log spanning a torrent, he poises precariously, that he may make a mighty cast into a promising pool. He consorts with rattlesnakes and copperheads, strid-

ing heedlessly through tall grass and brush that he may be early at "the backwater just below the dam." With infinite hospitality he allows mosquitoes to partake of his red blood in exchange for malarial inoculations. And, most dangerous of all, he sits for hours in a sloppy rowboat, apparently unconscious of the cold rain that is drenching him into soggy chilliness. He announces, next day, that he is nod feelink so very bad, bud is bothered wid a cold id the head. I fear that some day Pneumonia will take George firmly by the hand and lead him upstairs to bed.

These perils to earthly life do not, most unfortunately, constitute the most serious phase of George's fishing mania. George's moral character is beginning to look frazzled and mistreated. It really does have a lot to contend against. For one thing, George is drifting into what we may charitably term misuse of ejaculations. I regret to say that I have heard him wrap a trout-fly around an inaccessible willow limb. Others have told me, with expressions of awe, of the time he dropped his casting rod overboard, two miles off Eagle Island. The philosophers claim that fishing is a pursuit of perfect placidity—and it is, sometimes. Again we find it exasperating. I offer this bit of wisdom in extenuation of George's really reprehensible, but not entirely unforgivable, eloquence.

In another way, also, he refutes the angling philosophers—those agreeable but fatuous gentlemen who claim that fishing inclines a man to all the paths of peace, and makes him thoughtful for the feelings of others. I wish that the philosophers of the trout-fly, from Walton down, could hear George upon the subject of the war in Europe: "I say lettum fight it out! Awful muss, of course—arms and legs and heads two feet thick on the ground—but I always did claim that the European waters, from the Tiber to the Thames, are sinfully over-fished. After this rumpus is over, mebbly a man can go over there

and get a bite twice in the same year. Good thing, war is, in *some ways*. Got to admit *that*."

I do admit that. Also I admit with sorrow that this fiendish habit of fishing is subtly, but with horrifying sureness, transforming honest old George into a specimen of the urban or barber-shop variety of liar. He does not lie for the purpose of self-glorification. He does it, I think, because he has the not uncommon idea that prevarication is expected of any member of the fishing fraternity. Falsehood is, with him, a sacred duty. It leads him into pitiable extravagance. For instance, I have had the pain of hearing him earnestly affirm that upon one occasion, being in the northern wilderness and, besides, destitute of bait, he bought his Indian guide's left ear for sixty dollars—and caught trout a-plenty! Such misuse of the imagination is dangerous.

Yes, I cannot blind myself to the distressing truth that the evil effects of angling are slowly ruining both George's business prospects and his moral character. As George is a retail coal dealer, he might, I admit, get along without any moral character; but without business prospects—that is another matter. As George's friend, I cannot much longer stand mutely by and see his life ruined by a six dollar casting rod and a pail of minnows. I must remonstrate with him against this waste of time, not counting his neglect of his family and his indifference to his spiritual welfare. I am happy to say that I shall soon have a good opportunity to speak to George. He has invited me to spend a week with him, fishing for bass in Willow Lake. And I have invited him to spend the following week with me, fishing for channel cat at Arrow Lake. After that, it is possible we shall go over to old Peter Squire's and have a try for "muskie" in Grand River. Some evening when the conditions seem just right—good catch, pipes going, comfortable camp-fire—I shall show George whither he is drifting. I shall talk to him like a father.



It's Always Fair Weather When Good Fellows Get Together—Even Without a Stein on the Table!

An Ideal Vermont Paradise for the Hunter and Angler

By William H. Spear.

NIGHT is closing down upon the mountains. Seated by an old fashioned fireplace, patterned after those in vogue a century ago, we are watching the fire shadows play in weird phantasy about the room. The glow of the huge back logs form the only illumination to-night of this hunting lodge on the verge of a Vermont wilderness. How cheerful it is! What a contrast to life in town or city!

Richardson Lodge is the ideal paradise of the hunter and the angler alike, and its owner, George Richardson, is one of those whole-souled, genial hosts, who has spent a life-time in close touch with nature and her surroundings, and who built this great, roomy hunting lodge, at the foot of Mount Bromley, that he might the better entertain his friends, among whom he numbers some of the most eminent men of the country, who came here for recreation and to get into touch with the great heart of nature, and view with delight the marvelous scenery, which from this point spreads away, a glorious panorama, mile upon mile, mountains rising above mountains, as far as the eye can see, sweeping a horizon of more than seventy miles, and embracing in the view seventeen townships, four counties and two states. The scenery is Alpine in its magnificence, bearing out most notably the description in contrast:

Alps on Alps still rise,
The lofty home where storms and eagles
On their pinions roam.
Still round their heights
The magic colors fly,
Of morn and eve imprinted
On the sky.

A sunrise viewed from the porch of Richardson Lodge has set into ecstasies some of the most noted artists and poets of the nation, and eminent painters who have seen the view have lost themselves in contemplation of its charms and have repeatedly declared it a picture to which no brush of painter or pencil of artist can do justice. It simply carries one far away from self. It is awe-inspiring.

More than seventy-five years ago the timbers of this quaint lodge were laid, but recent years have modernized its external appearance. From its broad piazza it is no unusual sight to see wild deer feeding within a stone throw of the building, but they are never fired upon from there. It is a rule of the lodge that deer upon the premises are immune from injury, even in the hunting season, and the rule is kept inviolate.

One can but note in entering Richardson Lodge the quaintness of its furnishings. Simplicity rules in all things. The furniture is made of yellow birch, cut upon the mountain close by, selected for its natural contour and adaptability for the pieces of furniture to be made. It is noted in the chairs, the tables, the stands, the settees and even the bedsteads. Of these latter there are six, each capable of accommodating two people. They are in the upper part of the building, which is partitioned into three large rooms, each room having a dormer window, looking toward the sunrise and the splen-

did view across the valley, to the tiers upon tiers of mountains beyond.

A spacious kitchen adjoins the main rooms and these comprise a sitting room, a hallway and a large dining-room, each furnished with homemade rustic furniture, with the yellow bark of the birch still upon it, as shown in the pictures of the porch and interior of the lodge shown herewith.

It is in the cozy living room, however, with its broad and roomy fireplace, where, as twilight shadows come, and the fire-lit back logs glow, that real comfort comes to one, and the cares of life are forgotten and one lives in close touch with the ideal.

Bromley Mountain, towering high above the lodge, is a primitive wilderness. Eight hundred acres of this great mountain tract, owned by M. J. Hapgood, of Peru, Vt., was deeded by him to the state of Vermont as a free gift reservation, with the proviso that not a stick of timber shall ever be cut upon it, but for all eternity it shall remain as it now is, a primeval forest, the home of the black bear, the bob-cat, the deer, and innumerable bird and mammal life. Hapgood is another of those nature lovers which the soil of the Green Mountain state seems to rear so prolificly. He owns the greater part of this region. He is a member of the Vermont Legislature, a man of broad philanthropy, and a most ardent champion of everything that conserves nature and the Nature Folk.

Along several of the runways of this moun-

tain section, hunting camps have been built, and Richardson or Hapgood own most of them. Roaring Branch Brook is one of those grand trout streams with which this whole region abounds so plentifully.

One morning before breakfast I caught 65 good sized trout on this stream and caught them on worm bait. The middle of November the hunting season on deer opened, and all over the mountain ranges of the state, deer were hunted and shot. They have been very plentiful here this season, and the hunters found them a ready prey to their marksmanship.

All over this region young spruce trees are springing up. Wherever the seed of the large spruces fall or blow, there the young trees come

up, and the result is a re-forestation of many sections that have for years been cleared land. Many of these clearings have, within the past three years, been completely covered with a thick growth of these young spruces. Some of them will be cut off to provide Christmas trees.

To the nature lover, the man who delights in the primitive, and loves to get close to the heart of Nature, this region offers opportunities unsurpassed. There are to be found among these mountains, game of all kinds, from bear to squirrels. Foxes are plentiful; raccoons abound on all the mountains, and wild cats are frequently killed by the hunters. Many a night I have lain by the campfire, and heard their cries from the depths of the forest.

Scomberomorus Cavalla

Otherwise The Cero—A Fish That Will Jump Six Feet in the Air To Grab the Flying Bait—But Look Out for Sharks!

By Samuel Warry.

THE Caribbean mackerel until 1911 was supposed to be a non-migratory fish. They are very much like the gulf king fish (*Scomberomorus Regalis*) and are known now to range together as far north as Cape Hatteras. The cero (*Scomberomorus Cavalla*) has greater depth of body and will weigh at least a third more than the king fish of the same length! It has a dark blue back and a pale blue belly, while the king fish has light blue back and light brown or nearly white belly.

October is the best time for cero fishing on the Carolina coast, although some cero are caught during September and they continue to run till the middle of November.

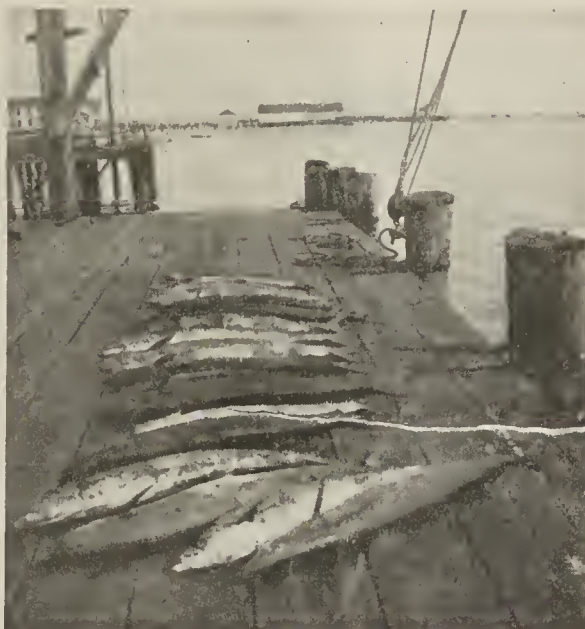
A friend of mine who lives in Morehead City wrote me about the cero fishing at Cape Lookout. He said "it was great sport," and as I knew he did not become enthused over any ordinary fishing, concluded that catching cero must be worth while. Five years ago I fished at Lookout for Spanish mackerel and bluefish, and at that time the cero was only known as an "elusive rascal" in these waters. The fishermen did not know how to catch them.

I understand there are more fish, and a greater variety of fish, shipped from Morehead City to New York than from any other place along the coast. One fish company bought, packed and shipped, 19,000 pounds of cero in one day. 1912 was an off year for fishing there, as the natives tell about it, and very few fish of any kind were being caught when the cero (elusive rascals) arrived. "Necessity,—scarcity of other fish"—mothered the idea of inventing some means to catch the cero. Purse nets, haul nets and gill nets were tried, but no cero were caught. One company spent \$6,000 in putting down a pound net, said to be the largest one ever erected, which was located about the middle of Lookout bight, five miles from shore. A few cero were caught in the pound, but these were usually inside a few 300 to 600 pound sharks. Needless to say the considerable work of hoisting out a shark of this size and opening it to get a 40 pound cero which the shark had swallowed made the fishing unprofitable.

I was informed that as many as 130 sharks weighing from five to one thousand pounds each were removed from this net in one day. Many

of the sharks taken from the pound had hooks in their mouths. They had been feeding on the bait attached to trout lines, still fishing.

The cero is wary of any object, moving or stationary, except its prey. They follow the



A Three Hours' Catch of Cero—19 Fish Weighing 460 Pounds.

bait continuously, their principal food being the small transparent minnow which runs in large schools in deep water. Their method of feeding is to get under a school of bait and rush up through it with mouth open wide. If the bait is near the surface, cero will frequently get up such momentum while ascending that they often come out of the water for a distance of ten to thirty feet.

Every known means for catching fish was tried out, but still the cero was an uncaught fish. All kinds of tackle were used! one hook, two hooks with a mullet bait. The cero would steal the mullet and, if he was hooked at all, it would be on the outside of his mouth.

This was the beginning of the end, for not knowing how to catch a cero, after finding out that they would take the mullet bait, it was necessary to learn how to attach the hooks to this bait so the cero could not steal it without getting caught. At last, four hooks were enclosed in the bait, making a string of hooks about a foot

long, with the points turned in all directions. This was the trick. It was only a question of strong enough tackle to hold him. The market fishermen use a three ply 27 strand cotton line and, of course, haul in the fish as fast as they can. There are times during the cero season when these men catch \$50 and \$60 worth of fish daily. It is their living. The sportsman will use a sixteen strand line, fourteen ounce rod and a reel with a drag limit of thirty-five pounds.

I was out several times with the market fishermen and sportsmen too; I noticed that only about half the strikes were landed and it seemed to make little difference how adept a man was in handling the cero, whether he was using a hand line or rod and reel, he would succeed in getting only about half the strikes to the gaff.

He may make a hundred foot run toward the boat or go in the opposite direction. You must be on the alert constantly, because the very moment there is any slack in your line, he's gone. The king fish is not nearly as sportive as the cero, neither do they grow as large.

I have caught tuna around the Coronado Islands and the kelp beds in the Pacific Ocean off San Diego, and I have caught tarpon in the Caloosahatchie River in Florida. That is real sport,—real expensive sport. I like it all right, but find that a man with limited means can not afford to follow it very long.

Cero fishing appeals to me because it is something new on the Atlantic Coast. It is get-at-able, economical and comfortable sport. For \$50 I can have two weeks of excellent fishing, good living, pay my railroad fare and incidentals from New York to Morehead City and return.

Thirty-five to forty cero is an average day's catch to the boat during the month of October.

The largest cero caught during the season of 1915 weighed 52 pounds, and measured four feet nine inches long. Several were caught that weighed 45 to 47½ pounds. The largest king fish weighed 31 pounds and was four feet one inch long.

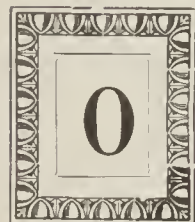
The first cero I saw landed weighed 26 pounds. This fish, for a small one, made more trouble and required longer time to land than any fish of its size that I was ever in contact with. We were trolling with two lines out, about six miles per hour. A slight jar of the lines caused me to think that they were being dragged over the back of a shark but there was nothing visible along the lines at this time. Immediately there was a strike at both lines, one of the baits was knocked into the air at least ten feet and a fish came out of the water after it, catching the bait and, with a long sweep of the rod, this cero was hooked while six feet above the surface of the sea. We did not know that each line had hooked a cero because the lines were crossed when the bait was knocked out of the water. Thirty minutes later the dorsal fin of a shark was seen cutting the water toward our cero, and the next instant a terrific tug on both lines caused us to swear, for we knew what had happened.

Slowly the lines came in. Not a word was spoken until, bur-r-r, out went both lines for 50 feet, when Bill says, "I got him yet." A few mad rushes and more tangles in the lines; then the boy gaffed a 26 pound cero. As the end of the other line came in I was surprised to find the head and part of the body of the larger cero on the hooks. The shark had taken about two-thirds of this fish, cut the cero in two as clean as it could have been done with a sharp knife.

Remodelling The Springfield Rifle

The Sportsman who has Ideas of his own can Make Many Changes to Suit his Individual Taste —The Joys of Creating a Gun That is Your Own in Style and Pattern

By E. F. Watson.



OUR great American rifle manufacturers give us generally in material and workmanship the best lines of rifles in the world for the money; yet sportsmen frequently complain that the smoothness of operation and the little detail points are far from

the standard they would like to have set. How many of us find it necessary to work over the rifles which we purchase, even though we pay a high price for an extra finished weapon; in almost every instance that finish is on the outside, and does not extend to the inside works and to giving a rifle the smoothness of manipulation which is so greatly desired and so seldom attained in the factory product. I know of only one of our great companies that finishes its rifles so that they cannot be made to work smoother by the purchaser.

The average woodsman or farmer takes very little care of his weapons and all of us have seen rifles which have killed a great deal of game slowly rusting away because the owner fired a shot a month or two previous with smokeless powder and entirely neglected cleaning the barrel. The woodsman and the farmer, however, with their one rifle each, are not the men to whom the large arms companies must look for the greatest sales of their products. Many city men who have a longing for the woods which can only be gratified a short period each year, take great interest in their weapons and dream, perchance too much, of the time when they will be able to use a favorite rifle in securing some coveted trophy. It is this class of sportsmen that buys the largest number of arms, that is willing to pay a good price for a superior weapon, and, as the city man has not the advantage of being outdoors and familiarizing himself with hunting conditions as he would like to, he must needs take advantage of every improvement in firearms to get his proper share of game.

Rifles are made along certain standard lines and though distinct improvements may be pointed out in the lines and design of their arms the companies are extremely slow in adopting them, even when they know that such adoption will meet with the approval of the vast majority of sportsmen.

In European countries, up to the beginning of the present war, efforts seem to have been made to meet the wishes of the sportsmen, doubtless because they belonged to the wealthier class, were able to pay for what they wanted and insisted on getting it. I have in my collection a Peterlongo Mauser, such as is used frequently in Africa for hunting the largest game. It has a forearm extending to the muzzle, weighs eight and one-quarter pounds and its recoil is about fifty-two pounds, but I can safely wrap my thumb over the tang in front of the high comb and not get

my nose knocked off when the rifle is fired; the cost of this rifle is on a plane with its kick. We have our army Springfield and a friend of mine, who is used to a Sauer Mauser, tenderly rubbed his nose after firing the Springfield for the first time and felt to see if any blood was trickling down. The Springfield stock, from trigger to buttplate, is twelve and five-eighth inches long, while it should be about thirteen and one-eighth to thirteen and one-half inches. I am unable to figure how long a man's head should be to enable him to rest his cheek on the comb in such a way as to help steady the rifle. It seems as though the comb ought to be over one-half inch higher than it is. In shooting the Springfield without modifying the stock my finger nails, no matter how closely they were trimmed, would cut my chin. The Springfield rear sight is doubtless perfection from a military standpoint, but I



A Remodelled Springfield Pattern.

cannot get out of my head the thought that military rifle sights should be designed for long range shooting and, also, for quick short range shooting under adverse light conditions, such as a hunter encounters. Soldiers are dressed to be as nearly invisible as possible, just as game has protective coloring. Most hunters prefer rear sights like the Lyman or Marble, and one who would use a black front sight like our Springfield would be badly handicapped. Why should not the Springfield be equipped with a front sight having a bead which could be seen? Ivory would be too delicate, but a sight with a gold or silver colored bead might be made strong enough to answer all purposes.

I have quite a collection of modern rifles and do not believe there is one of the entire outfit as it originally came to me, with the exception, perhaps, of a little .22 calibre No. 7 Remington which some of your readers may remember has the very long, full pistol grip, and a .22 high power Savage, with pistol grip and Lyman sights. The No. 7 Remington rifle is no longer manufactured and it is a pity, for its stock and general outlines are extremely graceful, the comb being of sufficient height to enable the rifle to be held with great steadiness, despite its very light weight. Probably the price asked for it, \$18 for a .22 single shot, was too much. It was necessary with all my rifles, except the .22 Savage high power, the .22 No. 7 Remington and the Peterlongo Mauser, to polish the actions, lighten the trigger pulls and work them over in various ways in order to obtain the greatest rapidity of fire of which they are capable and to get the

smooth and perfect trigger pull which is so desirable.

There would be just one objection to our arms manufacturers making perfect rifles. The vast army of gun cranks would be obliged to devote their energies to something else than kicking and perfecting their arms, and so a great deal of pleasure would be lost to us.

The first thing I do with a new rifle is to find out that it is accurate by means of lead plugs, micrometer measures and shooting, then the favorite sights must be put on, the working parts made satisfactory, and any improvement in the outside finish which suggests itself is quite likely to be carried out. If the rifle is of the high power class it is fired with a short range load with a metal patched bullet to see if by any happy chance it will shoot at twenty or twenty-five yards with the same sighting as with the

heavy load. Once in a great while one gets hold of such a rifle and its advantage to the big game hunter in giving him a chance shot at grouse without making much noise is apparent.

The reason a metal patched bullet is selected is because if one uses a lead bullet he may find his rifle shooting inaccurately with the metal patched bullet high velocity load, unless the rifle be carefully cleaned with a scratch brush before the heavy load is used. It is inconvenient to carry a rod and scratch brush in the hunting field, especially when a good part of such field is set on end. A Marble-Brayton auxiliary cartridge or a supplemental chamber is also obtained, selecting one, if possible, that uses a pistol cartridge with metal cased bullet. An odd thing I discovered with my .22 high power Savage was that a very light load with a lead bullet does not shoot the same as the .22 long rifle cartridge when used with the Marble-Brayton auxiliary cartridge. At a short distance the .22 long rifle with the auxiliary shot to the same point at twenty yards as the high power load without any change in sighting, while the short range load in the regular shell required the sights to be changed considerably.

The modifications one can make in a Springfield are almost without limit. The illustration is of a remodeled Springfield on which has been substituted a thirty inch barrel chambered for the .30 Newton cartridge. Mr. Newton ground out the bolt head and the magazine, as that was necessary to handle the different size shells. The stock is the original Springfield stock remodeled and a fine pistol grip of proper shape has been

added. It will be noted that the forearm has been left as long as possible. If the comb of this rifle could be made higher and if the stock was lengthened one-half inch the arm would be greatly improved. The lengthening of the stock is a simple matter which one can do himself or get a gunsmith to do for him at slight expense.

Some will question the advantage of adding six inches to the length of the barrel, and possibly they are right; however, you will notice the rifle has Lyman sights, that the distance between them is long, and as my friend Pope, who is a great hunter as well as crack shot, remarked with a smile, "With a long barrel you don't have to shoot so far."

With the exception of checking and a pistol grip almost any owner of a Springfield can remodel his rifle along the lines shown, although it will bother him to properly fit and glue thin walnut strips between the barrel and forearm. This space is disclosed when one takes off the upper wood hand-guard and you can cut up the hand-guard to make the strips.

I have remodeled a Springfield recently, the only articles required being a small plane, wood rasp, wood file, various grades of sandpaper, saw, hack saw, screw driver, punch, sharp jackknife, and linseed oil. Furthermore, I lengthened the stock by sawing it in two near the butt-plate and using three pieces of belt leather, each one-eighth inch thick. When nicely finished this belt leather looks like the beginning of a Silver's recoil pad. You will need a hand drill, two drill points, a countersink and four long slender screws to extend through the sawed off part of the stock and the leather fully an inch into the main part of the stock. You had better let the gunsmith fasten the forward end of the forearm to the barrel with a screw unless you have a drill, tap and screw of the right size. If you take off the Springfield rear sight be sure to first drive out the concealed pin that holds the base of the sight. The barrel inside the sight base is not browned and finishing that is a job for the gunsmith. If you like an open sight leave on the Springfield sight for it is the best of its kind.



These Are the Weapons That Were Pointed at Our Grandfathers to Enforce the Demand, "Money or Your Life."

The Hunters of Men

By S. Allen, Charing Cross, London.

The old-time footpad, the highwayman of the 17th century and early 18th, was as proud of his trade and as careful of his weapons as the most fastidious modern sportsman. Dick Turpin did but follow the fashion of his class in sporting magnificently mounted shooting-irons, for in Continental Europe as well as England, the pursuit of Monsieur Moneybags was both exhilarating and profitable.

Proof of the above may be found in the three aspects of the two highwaymen's "Toby" flintlock pistols shown. The first group shows a superbly decorated French "Toby" from the Fontainebleau district. It is unlikely that the silver decoration will show in reproduction, beyond

the finely worked butt plate but it extends throughout the whole length of stock, and half the length of the barrel.

In the second and third groups the position of the two pistols is reversed, the Frenchman being the lower. The English "Toby" with its grotesque silver mask on butt is a type well recognized and coveted by collectors. The silver nameshield (second group) bears the monogram of the original sporting "hold-up" to whom it belonged and whose nefarious methods of living it assisted. The "mask" is held by a screw and is removable. Frequently it conceals a hollow receptacle in the butt for the hiding of ill-gotten specie or jewels.

Outdoor Recreation for Middle-Aged Men

DR. SAMUEL G. DIXON, Pennsylvania State Commissioner of Health, declared in a recent talk on health that middle-aged men have kept themselves fit and helped business boom and cities grow by taking regular exercise. The Commissioner points out that this is the age of the middle-aged man, and that not only are they men who a generation ago were sitting about reading and playing golf, but they are mainstays of the movement for temperance.

Dr. Dixon says:

For all that has been said to the contrary, this is the middle-aged man's day. You can talk of the early recognition of competence, of youthful success, and what does it all mean but that a man reaches middle age with more years of successful endeavor behind.

A generation or so ago a business man who devoted himself assiduously to golf or tennis

probably would have lost his credit at the banks and have been looked at askance by his business associates. Nowadays there are thousands of successful middle-aged business men who regularly devote a certain portion of their time to rational exercise. This is fortunate as conditions have changed, our cities have increased in size and environment of business is more restricted. Our grandfathers had much open air life thrust upon them; to-day, it must be sought.

Cheeks bronzed by exercise in the open air stamp many a middle-aged man as a devotee of rational sports. College athletics probably are responsible for a share of this improvement, and public health teaching and a struggle for individual efficiency for the balance.

The man who has succeeded young is more jealous, perhaps, of his physical powers than one

who has plodded on to a middle-aged realization of his hopes.

There is a movement for temperance on the part of unnumbered thousands of middle-aged men. Temperance in eating, in the use of alcohol and a rational indulgence in exercises which will keep up the physical poise. There are hundreds of country clubs to-day where there was one twenty-five years ago, and it is the middle-aged men, and not the youngsters, who most persistently frequent them. It is well that this is a growing movement, for it will aid in offsetting the increasing mortality from degenerative growth.

The pressure of life and the struggle for existence is growing keener and it behooves the man who has reached the noonday of his life to give serious consideration to his physical well-being if he wishes to hold his place in the harness.



The Moose—and A Moral

A CONTRIBUTOR in this issue refers to a fact that may have escaped the attention of the average sportsman. That is, in only one State in the Union was it permissible during the season of 1915 to hunt moose under a general license. Minnesota was the State in question. True, Wyoming for the first time in a dozen years permitted the killing of a limited number of moose under special license of \$100, but from facts at hand it does not seem that the maximum limit was reached. Maine, a name that has been almost synonymous with moose for nearly a century, has enacted a closed season law. Thus the greatest game animal of America is under almost universal protection. This means only one thing. Moose have been killed off so rapidly, or rather so regularly, that the danger point has been reached and to perpetuate the species it has been found necessary to cease hunting them.

A different state of affairs prevails over the northern border. In New Brunswick more than one thousand moose are shot every fall, without apparent effect on the remaining supply, and in Quebec the hunting is good. This latter state of affairs, while attributable of course to good game legislation, is not due entirely to this fact, for the hunting laws while stringent are yet liberal enough to give the ordinary hunter a chance at game. Judging from what has happened in the United States, the Canadian Provinces, now that they have to bear the double hunting burden, will become a little more strict in the issue of licenses and other provisions and perhaps may be inclined, as the shortest way to accomplish a desired result, to increase the cost of big game hunting privileges.

It is something of a shock to realize how quickly game disappears in the absence of wise legislation, or through the operation of shortsighted legislative policy. But the game of America need not disappear for generations to come if proper attention is given to its conservation. For instance, it is stated that more deer are shot east of the Mississippi in the supposedly thickly settled portion of the country than in the west, and even in New England, with its comparatively dense population, deer are actually increasing. The same should hold true with all manner of fur, fin and feather.

The time has come, brother sportsman, when you yourself must take more interest in these matters that are near your heart. The politician, with here and there an exception, is not particularly concerned in game legislation, and to the average public this whole great question of preservation and protection of our native game is a closed book. Fortunately signs of awakened responsibility are apparent everywhere in the ranks of sportsmen and others who love the great outdoors and its inhabitants. It is well that this is true. Otherwise the game schedules of a dozen years hence would show blank spaces

opposite the names of even the commoner varieties of wild life. It is possible, as has been demonstrated many times, to exterminate such a prolific and garden species of game as the cottontail rabbit.

A Word About Forest and Stream

AN open season with bounty attachment should be declared on Rumor, that "Jade of a Hundred Tongues." We were called upon last month to make official denial for the Remington Arms Union-Metallic Cartridge Company that it had changed hands and had gone into war munition business exclusively. We did not anticipate then that occasion would arise requiring us to make denial of rumors affecting our own business, but reports have reached us of late that stories are current to the effect that *Forest and Stream* had changed hands, that the paper is to be consolidated or merged with another publication.

To all such reports unqualified denial may be made. *Forest and Stream* has not changed hands; the paper is not to merge with any other and we trust that it will for unnumbered years in the future continue to carry its message of good cheer and information to its growing list of friends in all parts of the world.

We appreciate that people generally are not interested in our own affairs other than as they result in a good publication each issue, but now, while presuming on the patience of the reader and taking up space that belongs rightly to him, we may add that the year 1915 was one of the best in the long history of *Forest and Stream*. The subscription list is growing at a rate that brings joy to the accounting and editorial heart. We trust that the same can be said of all of our excellent contemporaries. There is room for them all and the work which must be carried on by *Forest and Stream* and the allied outdoor press grows more necessary and more important as the years go by. Speaking for itself alone, however, *Forest and Stream* looks forward to 1916 with higher hopes, based on certainties, than ever before.

In substantiation of which, and in closing, we have only to say that the guaranteed issue of *Forest and Stream* in February will be 25,000 copies. Judging from the rush of new subscriptions, the succeeding months will show a regular and rapidly growing gain.

To the good friends, old and new, who have made this possible *Forest and Stream* extends its heartiest felicitations, and wishes for every reader a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Outdoor Conveniences at the Front

THE English outdoor papers are assuming a very familiar aspect to the American hunter and fisherman these days. Their columns are filled with advertisements of outdoor equipment and articles of convenience that have long been in use on this side of the water. These advertisements, however, deal with war, and not with sport. They are being published for the man at the front and in the trenches, or for his friends at home who are concerned with his comfort. Thus we read of reindeer sleeping bags, pneumatic mattresses, a long list of handy camp nic-nacs that the outdoor man needs and

of dozens of other camp conveniences. They are largely adaptations of American ideas, for until the war broke out the English sportsmen had little use for anything of the outdoor material that so delights the American sportsman, the explanation being, of course, that the Englishman, in his home environment, at least, never gets far from a friendly inn or base of supplies. We have an idea that had proper attention been given the matter, some of our larger American firms could have developed an immense business in England on supplies of this kind.

The English outdoor papers contain also sharp and saddening reminders of the desperate conflict now waging, in their description of inventions designed for the purpose of making it possible for one armed man to fish or shoot successfully. It seems like mockery to talk of sport in connection with the dreadful catastrophe that is deluging a whole continent with blood, and yet nothing brings home to us more clearly an idea of what is going on over the water than to realize that thousands of good fellows—the very flower of the earth and the kind of men that are duplicated in our own camp companions and hunting associates—will return from that conflict, if they return at all, crippled or disabled to an extent that will prevent all future participation in the joys of active outdoor life.

Nyctea Nyctea

APPROPRIATE to the season is the cover design of this issue. The Snowy Owl is not a regular visitant in these latitudes, but he does appear occasionally as a winter migrant. Probably the number of pictures of him that go out with this month's *Forest and Stream* exceed by far the number of actual specimens in the United States, if not in Canada. The Snowy Owl is an Arctic dweller. He is often whiter than shown on the cover but our authority for coloration in the instance at hand is Audubon himself. *Nyctea nyctea*, for that is how naturalists have classified him, is unlike most of his tribe for, as Wilson observes, he hunts by day as well as by twilight. Nuttall makes record of the same fact and notes that he skims aloft, reconnoitering his prey, which is commonly the white grouse or other birds of the same genus, as well as hares and small animals. On these he darts from above and rapidly seizes them in his resistless talons. At times he watches for fish and condescends to prey upon rats, mice and even carrion.

While the Snowy Owl is seen in temperate latitudes only during unusually hard winters we have an idea that he is not driven from his regular habitat by the cold, but rather because he is forced to follow his prey or find a substitute for it. There are other reasons also, which involve some of the strangest and most mysterious phases of natural history. Space will not permit going into this topic, but several authorities, notably among them William Cabot, have written charmingly on this subject of the balance of nature and what lies behind seemingly unexplainable facts—as for instance the occasional appearance of the Snowy Owl in our own latitudes.

The statistics on the deer shooting season, says the "Grand Rapids Press," show that the hunters averaged about one-half a deer and one-tenth of an acquaintance apiece.



The Secret of Flight in Birds

By B. C. Tillett.

IN spite of our great progress in the realms of science, the map of human knowledge has many barren blanks upon it still. Our latest notable science—aviation—is the realization of many dreams, and Icarus to-day would use no treacherous wax to cement his wings. But, with all our advances, we know very little about the flight of birds; there is still much that is incomprehensible about it. "The way of an eagle in the air" which puzzled Solomon, is still a puzzle to modern men of science.

How often have the evolutions of that volti-geur the sky lark excited our admiration and wonder as:

"O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
O'er the cloudlet dim,
O'er the rainbow rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!"

Yet how still more wonderful are the performances of the larger soaring birds. How can we explain the easy unconcerned sailing of the gull, gliding abreast of a ship travelling twenty miles an hour?

Now it will swing to one side, now to another, now visibly lifting in the air, with no apparent wing-beat, nor anything more than an occasional twist or jerk, as if in adjustment to some conditions at which we cannot guess. But more wonderful still is the spectacle at which Solomon was compelled to marvel: that of an eagle circling with apparently motionless wings, and in still air yet rising as it circles to immeasurable heights.

The most patient and careful student of avine aeronautics, men who have recorded countless observations of the flying powers of kites, eagles, vultures, and other such soaring birds, are driven to confess that they cannot explain the phenomena they have so carefully and constantly studied. Darwin, exact observer as he was, has very little to say about the flight of birds; he remarks that "almost every year one or two land birds are blown across the whole Atlantic from North America to the western shores of Ireland and England." But we are not so sure that they are merely blown across, for it seems more than probable that they exercise volition, and desire the long journeys they take, though wise enough to sail with favorable winds.

Naturalists are pretty well agreed that birds—and indeed other animals—know where they want to go and how to get there. As Paracelsus said, "I see my way as birds their trackless way." Big aerial hosts of migrating birds pass over wide stretches of land and sea every spring

and autumn; many at any rate of the smaller birds, at such an altitude as to be invisible to us. Often times flights of wild birds have been noticed at night time by their whistling calls overhead, flights of such numbers that their course has been observed for hundreds of miles. As yet, even in these days of aviation no one has been up to watch them in their flights for though it is possible that in the future aerial observations may be established, no ornithologist claims to have hung himself up in an observation cage between heaven and earth. Naturalists have remarked upon the shiftless drifting movement of small eddying clouds of green plover, looking as if they strove to form themselves into that consistent wedge kept so strictly by the wild geese. The geese are most perfectly disciplined and drilled, so that the wedge seems really to give faith to that old fiction, of the wing of one bird, resting on that of another to impart solidity to the whole. There is a solidity, but we need not doubt that there is a perfect freedom of individual wing-movement, too.

Divers theories have been framed to account for this symmetrical figure in which these wise geese fly, but recondite theories are not needed. All show us, whether the passage of ship or torpedo through the sea, or of flying machine through the air, that the wedge is the shape for cleavage. If we wish to split a block of timber the wedge is the shape we select for the cleaving iron. So this the wise geese take to cleave the air.

Among several theories concerning bird flight, perhaps the most familiar is that of "ascending currents," but the experience of aeronauts has taught us that the wind is far more constant in the higher levels of the air than near the surface of the earth, where the varying contours of the land throw it into devious currents. One of the latest writers on the subject, Mr. E. H. Hankin, seems to support the doctrine of "ergaen," that is, of some property in the atmosphere which enables a bird to take energy from it by means of which we have at present no conception. Mr. Hankin has had exceptional opportunities of observing the flight of birds, especially in India, and he finds that soaring birds generally avoid known ascending currents, as tending to upset their stability. But, after all, the observed phenomena in relation to the wind are contradictory, and birds often seem to soar best when the air is to our senses, motionless; as when the cigar smoke puffed into the air gives no indication of movement and when a feather, floating from the plumage of a soaring bird, continues to float, unmoved by any noticeable currents of air, while the bird from which it dropped continues without any wing movement to circle and rise.

The mystery remains with us, but Mr. Hankin believes that the "soarability" of the air depends in some unknown way on the sun's action. He rests his case on two facts, namely: first, that birds do not appear to be able to soar or to use the atmosphere for flight in any of its higher forms until the sun has been up for a more or less definite period of time; and secondly, that he thinks he has traced a constant relationship between sunlight in the air, or sun-glare, and the power of birds to soar. The time in the morning at which various species of birds begin to soar is practically constant for each species under like conditions, and at similar seasons. As a rule it seems that those birds soar earliest which have the least weight to lift in relation to the wing surface.

It is abundantly clear that we have much to learn concerning the flight of birds, and everything recorded about it leaves our knowledge incomplete with a large and ragged margin of suggestions, guess-work or vague generalizations.

MULE DEER OR BLACK TAIL DEER.

Larch Wood, Mont., Dec. 8, '15.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Can you give me an opinion on the following question: A says there is no difference between the so-called mule deer and black tail deer of the Badland and Rocky Mountain region. B says they are different deer.

Please set us right, and oblige a subscriber.

D. W. B.

[A is right. The so-called mule deer and so-called black tail deer of the Badlands and the Rocky Mountain region are the same species. Black tail is the vernacular name, referring, of course, to the black paint brush tip of the deer's tail. Mule deer is the book name, given from the long ears. There is, however, another deer in the northwest coast region called black tail deer, but it is never seen in the Rocky Mountains or in the Badlands of the plains. It is quite different from the mule deer, especially in the character of the tail and of the ears. Any good natural history will set you right on this point.—Ed.]

WILSON ORNITHOLOGICAL CLUB.

Notice has been sent out by T. L. Hankinson, secretary, that the Wilson Ornithological Club would hold a meeting December 28 and 29 just past at the Ohio Archaeological Society, State University, Columbus, Ohio, with the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

A business meeting for December 28 at 4 P. M. and one in the evening, at 8 P. M., were announced.

The Wilson Ornithological Club is known to all ornithologists for much excellent work, and especially for its publication of *The Wilson Bulletin*, in which much interesting bird news appears. Dr. Lynds Jones, of the Spear Laboratory, Oberlin, Ohio, is the editor of the *Bulletin*.

Interesting Facts About Turtles

A Little Nature Study by a Scientist that will Interest Old and Young Naturalists Alike

By Randle C. Rosenberger M. D., Professor of Hygiene and Bacteriology, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.



FOR a great many years I have taken a great interest in the land turtle. I have at the present time a number (36), some of which I have had for at least seventeen years. To most people they are ugly and repulsive, as the head, when fully protruded and extended, looks like a snake and furthermore their clumsy method of progression does not add anything attractive.

A yard in a city, fifteen feet by twelve feet, formed the "farm" for a great many years (15). Here they have been watched, their habits and characteristics studied with the greatest interest, and a number of points observed seem too interesting to remain unrecorded.

Any one can easily recognize, as a rule, the male and the female—the former being larger and flatter, while the female is slightly smaller and the shell more dome shaped or convex.

One of the interesting points about turtles is their great variety of foods. They are, as a rule, good scavengers, eating all kinds of decomposing and putrefying materials; beef, or in fact, any meat is eaten. I have seen them eat the flesh of birds and of moles; and, while earthworms are relished by them, any worm or grub is taken. Worms from shellbarks and ordinary maggots are gotten rid of in a hurry. Blackberries, May apples, cherries and mulberries, tomatoes, cucumbers, and one vegetable eagerly eaten by my stock is green sugar corn, either raw or cooked. In the spring when they first come out of the soil and food is not plentiful in their pen, I have bought canned corn and they certainly have made it disappear very quickly. Beetles and tumble bugs, potato bugs, either in larval or mature forms, are destroyed.

Toad stools, especially the large flat pink ones, white and yellow ones, are eaten, while I have seen them pass a black toad stool by several days unnoticed.

Occasionally when a female drops an egg on the ground it is quickly eaten by the others. Ordinary hens' eggs are eaten and a great relish enjoyed hugely by them is thick sour milk. I have placed a quantity of this milk in two or three places in the pen and in five minutes it is surrounded by the turtles, just like flies on a lump of sugar. The scrapings of limberger cheese have also been eaten!

A piece of butter which had been upon a platter in the ice box for months was placed before them and this was eaten in due time. Crab apples and canteloupe are enjoyed by them, but watermelon is not so eagerly gobbled up like the canteloupe. I was surprised one morning, when I found one of the large turtles had caught and disemboweled a very large toad which I had in the yard. I have seen turtles eating at eleven o'clock at night, when one would think they would be resting.

They prefer the shade and at certain times during the day, if the sun is very hot, they retreat under the logs which I have for a shelter. During rain they are very active and move about with heads and necks outstretched enjoying the shower bath hugely, and evidently on the outlook for worms, just as some birds, after or during a shower. The youngest of turtles I have ever had (several weeks) seems to take to the same food as the adults.

The Laying of Eggs.

This is one of the most instructive things that I have ever watched. Invariably they chose in my yard a situation with a southern exposure when desiring to lay. In only two instances was an eastern exposure observed and once a western. Part of the yard being a cement walk we could sometimes observe the female making motions as for digging the nest. Sometimes for a half a day she would remain stationary and with her back legs commence to work for this purpose. Lifting her to the grass plot, in a short time she would commence to dig. First with the left hind foot she would remove a little dirt and pile it upon her left side; then with the right hind foot and pile the removed dirt upon the right side. This would be repeated again and again, probably for hours, until the proper size hole (and depth) was obtained.

Egg laying does not always occur during the day time, as I have observed one or two digging away past midnight. Sometimes they will have dug for about an inch or so and then not make any more progress downward. In these instances, they have met with obstructions, like a small stone, which they cannot remove. I have, with a pair of forceps, removed the obstruction on several occasions with the turtle still in situ, and after a minute or two she resumes her work.

The nest or repository is about three inches in depth and about an inch and a half or a little more in width. When she has it finished, she discharges her eggs into it. When the egg is deposited in the hole, she is not just satisfied in dropping it, but she reaches down with her hind leg and places the egg horizontally and covers a little dirt over it. Then the second egg and the remaining eggs are all treated similarly, and when the last one is deposited and placed, she commences to fill up with the dirt that remains. This she puts into the hole with an alternate right and left leg until all is filled in.

After it is all done, she pats it with both her hind feet together, and then with her body raised and lowered pats and smooths over the place where the eggs are buried. Then she leaves it and never looks after it, as the sun now plays its part in hatching the eggs. The eggs are whitish in color with a semi-elastic shell, about the size of a pigeon egg.

The number laid by a turtle varies; I have seen three, and on one occasion I have seen eight

laid at one sitting. I have also observed one turtle laying its eggs, covering them over, and a little later (a day or two), another female dig in the same place, remove the eggs, and lay her own in this doubly dug repository. Once a female dug six hours and laid four eggs; another dug several hours, the hole measured two inches across and three and one-half inches in depth, and she laid eight eggs within a half hour.

Not all eggs hatch out but in the instance where eight were laid, I had the pleasure of seeing six little baby turtles come out. Other eggs which were laid in a hole dug with a western or eastern exposure, never came to anything. I have dug carefully into these nests but I have always come upon decomposing eggs.

The eggs are usually laid in June, but once I saw an egg lying on the ground in October (1913) when the temperature was 63 degrees.

I saw one deposited on the ground in July; I buried this in soft earth, marked the spot, but nothing ever came of it.

The young turtles hatch out in three months and I include some dated observations to show the hatching period.

One batch of eggs was laid June 20, 1908 and hatched out September 10, 1908.

Another lot was laid June 13, 1909 and hatched out September 20, 1909.

On June 4, 1911, two turtles laid eggs but nothing resulted, while a third laid eggs July 12, 1912, and a fourth laid two eggs August 29, 1915.

Three turtles laid eggs July 20, 21, and 23, 1913, some of these were eaten by other turtles, but no young were hatched out.

As mentioned previously, digging of nests may occur during day or night, and one turtle June 4, 1910, laid eggs between 7 and 9 P. M.; another during a heavy rainstorm, finishing the process by covering over with mud. One dug six hours and laid four eggs.

The most interesting egg laying I ever witnessed was on June 18, 1912, the turtle commenced to dig at 6 P. M., and was still busy at work the next morning at 8 o'clock, June 19, 1912. Five days later, June 24, 1912, a second turtle dug these eggs out and deposited four of her own and covered the nest up. These were hatched out September 6, 1912.

Personally I do not believe that the turtle digging out the previous batch of eggs was vindictive or mischievous, but that the ground seemed soft and easily worked, therefore, it took advantage of the spot.

The young turtles when they make their emergence at the end of three months are dark in color and quite active. If you place one on its back at this time, it will arch its head and neck and come around to its normal position. The "shell," of course, is quite soft but in about three years the "shell" really becomes hardened,

though some clear portions of the shell, around the edges, are still soft. The color of the shell gradually changes to that usually seen and the head and soft parts are mottled, speckled or of a solid color. I have two in my collection where the head and neck are solid yellow.

I believe it is possible that eggs laid late in the summer may hatch out the following spring, as I have noticed the small size of the turtles coming out to be too small for those that would be in their second summer.

As to the date of hibernation it is usually late in October. I usually dig the soil up, make it loose so that they can bury, and then when they find their place, cover them over with dry leaves, and with an old carpet or canvas thrown on top of these. The depth they go down is not deep and in the spring when they peep out of their holes, if the leaves are scraped off, the depression in which they have been passing the winter, is just the depth of the animal. That is, the hole or depression is not more than three inches in depth.

If any one "places" the turtles in soft earth in the fall for their winter sleep, care should be taken to have the "heads up" as I have noticed many a time when turtles did not come up in the spring, that, digging around the place, I would come across the empty shell or putrefying remains "heads down."

Some seasons when the weather has been very moderate, even after they have been buried, I have known the turtles to come out even in November.

As a rule, they emerge in April, sometimes the middle of the month, but as early as April 6th they made their appearance. If the weather does not stay warm they again go back to their retreats.

Mating commences almost within a day or two after their emergence. The males are quite persistent in their love making, biting at the female, etc., and on two occasions I have seen the scale removed from the shell of the female and blood ooze from these surfaces.

It is interesting to see the males fight among themselves. They raise themselves as high as possible, and lunge and bite and snap at each other. In getting away from his opponent, the beaten one will beat a hasty retreat, and retract his front feet or back feet as occasion demands and "glide," not run away. Running away is slow as compared to this turtle propulsion. It is not a slide, it is really a darting, forward glide. Just recently (1915) I saw one male maltreating another in which the second fellow had all parts retracted, and was being snapped at, pushed and actually rolled over on his back by his opponent.

I have never known a land turtle to bite, but have often seen them open their mouths wide and hiss or draw in their breath with a hissing or sighing sound.

Some people have turtles in their cellars, believing that they catch rats and mice. I tried keeping some of mine in the cellar for two seasons, in the winter time. They kept up a constant walk, exactly like a caged beast. I gave them meat, vegetables and water, but on no occasion did they take the proffered food. In the spring, I found several of them dead. I be-



Forest Fire on Cresco Heights, in the Mountains of Pennsylvania.

Protecting Pennsylvania Forests From Fire

By J. A. Seguire.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The November *Forest and Stream* is unusually interesting.

Here in the Pocono Mountains, the hunters' and fishermen's paradise, is a little Association formed nearly thirteen years ago by a few men for the sole purpose of protecting the forests from the ravages of fires.

It is only now beginning to get that support from the public, which, had it been received ten years ago, a different story might be told today. This association is the Pocono Protective Fire Association of Monroe County.

The president is W. A. Hoopes, Pocono Manor; the secretary is Dr. Wm. R. Fisher, Swift-water.

There are now two hundred and twelve members, which shows a rapid growth from the membership of thirty, three years ago.

The enclosed card was sent to me by the secretary in September. It shows a forest fire in the mountains above Cresco as photographed by

lieve that these turtles died, because they were exhausted from wandering around and around during their time of hibernation. I also believe that this "unnatural hibernation" led them to refuse all food.

Perhaps if a turtle is kept continually in the cellar and it has a chance to dig and bury itself in the winter time, it may live for quite a while, coming out each spring.

Regarding the catching of rats and mice in cellars, I believe that rats and mice might be kept away by the noise made by the turtle making its endless march around the cellar, but doubt whether a turtle could catch a rat or a mouse.

In my yard I had a galvanized iron pan, three feet in length by two feet in width, by three

a local photographer, H. Schnackenberg. Note the adaptation of the verse from Geo. D. Pratt which appears with illustration on the front cover of *Forest and Stream*.

Your editorial, "Effective Conservation Work," is a splendid endorsement of the efforts of the P. P. F. A. in appealing directly to the sportsmen of the State. Though there are a great many hunting and fishing clubs throughout Monroe and Pike counties it has been impossible to awaken the members to a proper sense of their responsibility in this matter.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that I find *Forest and Stream* lending its influence in the great work.

I am sending my November copy to Dr. Fisher and enclose the price of another copy.

You are privileged to use the post card in any manner you see fit and I am sure the secretary will be glad to furnish you with any information you may desire.

Cresco, Pa., Nov. 16, 1915.

inches in depth, for water. In this the turtles would enjoy themselves, drinking from the edge with heads submerged; or, with the entire body submerged for sometimes as long as several hours, and even for a whole day. Even in the country where I now have the "herd" I have a small dish in which they can just get in and they certainly appreciate a "bath."

Occasionally one can see a turtle dragging another one along, the first one having the second fellow's hind leg between his shell. This has probably been the result of a scuffle.

The trick of a turtle righting itself, when it happens to fall from a log or from some other cause and landing on its back, is well known. I have helped a couple of very large females right themselves after they tried for several hours, this being due to extreme convexity of their shell.



The Index Book of Nature

By Old Camper.

UNTIL the snow comes the book of nature lacks an index. You may walk for days in succession through familiar fields and woods without suspecting the existence all about you of scores of timid wild creatures, whose habit is to sleep by day, or who retreat noiselessly at your approach to places of cunning concealment. It is marvelous at what a distance the slight vibration of the ground under the human foot can be detected by the delicate, fear-quickenened senses of the little inhabitants of the woods and fields. I sometimes fancy that they can hear me coming almost as far away as a boy can hear a train of cars when he kneels down and lays his ear to the rails. If, therefore, you live in a thickly settled part of the country, where the wild creatures are few in number and constantly harrassed and terrified, you will be apt to think—until the snow comes—that your neighborhood is entirely deserted by the wilder small birds and animals. You never see them when you take your rambles, nor is there any evidence to the unaccustomed eye that they have been there before you.

As a matter of fact, however, these suburban and much traversed sections of country are still peopled, as a rule, by a goodly number of their former small inhabitants. As a proof of this fact, take a walk two or three days after the first considerable snowfall of the winter. You will be astonished to find that this apparently soundless and motionless wilderness, this little desert of scrub oaks and pines, is fairly populous with small and active folk, who have plainly recorded their goings and comings on the

soft, white surface of the snow. Your supposedly blank book proves to be a volume of most varied and interesting contents, of which a comprehensive index lies before you. In all directions you behold the telltale, wandering pathways of birds, squirrels, foxes, skunks, and mice. In certain spots it would almost seem as if there had been a carnival, a sort of winter fair or congress of sports, to which all the wood folk of that section had flocked, so numerous and varied and intricately interlaced are the tracks of the birds and four-footed creatures. Such a medley of claws and paws! See, here is the path made by a whole bevy of quail, as they crossed the little clearing, "bunched" and huddled together, so that their entire track is scarcely six inches wide. The snow is trodden into a kind of fine lace-work where they passed. They were probably on the run, as the quail seldom moves about at all save in a perpetual fright and haste after the brooding season is over. It is wonderful, for instance, how fast they will run before a trailing dog, keeping him on a constant crouching, gliding trot for fifteen or twenty minutes, before he finally overtakes them along the hot scent and "points" them or puts them to flight. These birds were not pursued, but they were running, as may be seen from the occasional scrape of an extended and balancing wing, and the length of the stride, where one of the bevy has for a moment strayed a little out of the file. I suppose no sportsman would think it worth while to go gunning in these well-scoured woods, so near the factories and the back yards of the little houses where

the operatives live; yet it would be no small sport to locate that bevy of birds with a good dog, scatter them in these fairly open scrub oak patches, and try a few stirring shots upon the wing, as the singles and doubles whirred away.

A fox has been across the bit of clearing, too—possibly in pursuit of the quail, as his delicate, clear-cut track parallels theirs. Think of a fox prowling about within a bowshot of the outermost factory of a city of 100,000 inhabitants! not coming there by venturesome chance, but dwelling in the vicinity the year round, safely and snugly housed beneath some splintered ledge of rocks. He has this distant reward of his temerity, that there are, as it were, two strings to his gastronomical bow—the wild creatures of his natural domain, and the henyards and chicken coops of the mill hands, under the very shadow of the encroaching brushwood. One good, fat hen will go as far as six quail or forty mice, be it remembered, and one such catch means two or three days of plenty and ease for Reynard in his burrow under the rocks.

You may know a fox trail in the snow by its linear exactness. Every footprint is directly in front of the preceding, as if Reynard walked simply on two legs, set in the middle of his body, behind and before. How he manages to keep four feet so perpetually in line is a mystery. It must be with the same cunning, conscious intent as the Indian, who also makes as narrow and linear and inconspicuous trail as possible through the winter woods, and if he has occasion to come back that way, returns in his own foot-taps, and so simply reverses the record.

In strong contrast with the cramped and timorous track of the quail is the bold, free, snow-scattering stride of a solitary old ruffed grouse cock, who, confident in his years of survival has been abroad this very morning, and has but recently crossed the clearing, at right angles to the quail, as the freshness of his track shows.

He does not proceed long in a straight line, but zigzags from bush to bush, and tuft to tuft, either for variety and amusement, or in search of food. He moves with freedom and boldness, but travels slowly and with many leisurely pauses. If we should follow his devious trail for fifty rods or so no doubt we should hear him burst into thunderous flight far ahead and out of sight, for he is too old and experienced a bird to be caught within gun range of a man, whether the man come stealing on like a hunter or not. Once let a ruffed grouse attain to years of discretion—say two or three of them—and I will trust him, particularly if he be a male bird, to outwit the sportsman in any locality. So far as guns and dogs are concerned, he will survive to a ripe old age; but I am not so sure of his ability to contend against the meager nourishment afforded by much-trodden, cleared, and stripped suburban woods, where scarcely a berry or any wild fruit ripens, that is not already marked and appropriated in advance by some factory boy or girl.

Everywhere among these scrub oaks and pines the white carpet of the woods is intricately patterned and traced by the tracks of the long-tailed wood mouse and the hardy, cold-defying red squirrel. Here and there you will see a little brown-mouthed burrow in the snow, where some squirrel has mined for a pine cone, dragged it up, and devoured the edible part on the spot, scattering the coffee-colored chips about him as he eats. Chipmunks, apparently do not venture forth in the winter, unless some unusually warm and spring-like day rouses them from their nap and calls them forth for a bit of lunch to tide them over until April, but the red squirrel is abroad at all seasons and in all weathers. I have seen him breakfasting in the hemlocks when the thermometer registered ten degrees below zero, and often in a driving snowstorm his welcoming, cheery chatter would startle me.

For a greater part of the winter the short-legged skunk continues his diligent predatory wading through the snow. You will find plenty of his dot-like tracks in these suburban woods. He is a mighty hunter, and a mightily persevering one, despite his dumpy, Dutch build and abbreviated legs. In the snow his trail looks like a succession of black-spotted dice cubes, laid side by side, so short and positive and ploddingly repetitious are his steps. It seems ridiculous that such a creature can toil through the woods, and seize such swift prey as partridges and rabbits. Yet he does it, by virtue of his marvelously keen senses, the silence and stealthiness of his approach, and the lightning-like quickness with which he makes his final spring.

We are fortunate if we find any report of the rabbit or hare in this snow record. Between the hunters and the foxes and the boys with their snares and traps, there is little chance for these delicate creatures to survive. Perhaps, however, we may find where the last hare in the woods has leaped timorously across the moonlight on his broad, furred snowshoes. What a conspicuous trail he leaves—each padded hindfoot half as broad as a man's hand. But how he can skim over the surface of the snow, while other smaller-footed creatures sink and flounder in it! If he escapes his many winter enemies, he may thank his snowshoes and his protective gift of speed.



These Boys Are in the Preparedness Class.

BOY SCOUT ARCHERY CLUB.

Here is a photograph of what is the foundation of the Boy Scout Archery Club of Chattanooga, Tenn., which now numbers twenty-five. Not only that, but nearly every boy who watches the contests between these boy archers wants a bow and arrow.

The education of woodcraft is not complete without a knowledge of archery. It is too bad that this ancient sport has been allowed to go on the downward road as it has. The Boy Scouts find it essential to some of their best games.

By planting this noble sport into the coming citizens of our country the Boy Scout Movement hopes to do much to revive the interest in archery.

It takes the place of the gun in the way of creating interest not only among the boys but grown up folks as well, and is not near so dangerous, and at the same time trains not only the eye but the mind and muscle as well.

The Scout Movement is an advocate of the protection of wild animal life. The gun and especially the modern shot gun is an irresistible weapon of wholesale murder. It is through this and poor sportsmanship that America has lost so much of its best game animals.

BUGS, BUTTERFLIES AND BEETLES.

By Dan Beard.

"Is there a boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
'I like the woods and swampy places
More than stiff shirts and whitewashed faces?
I love all bugs, fish, worms and mice
Live outdoor things I think are nice;
To follow Dan on walks and hunts
Will make a man out of a dunce.
And 'tis for this I say to you
Go buy his book, and read it through.'"

Dan Beard stimulates boys to go out into the woods and fields to develop a love of the beauties and a curiosity concerning the mystery of nature, to observe and understand the ways of living things. The man who does this is the

man of whom parents are glad to hear as they realize that his books must be of more real value to their boys than are the common and multitudinous stories of athletics and crude adventure.

Dan tells the boys in his own inimitable way of the fun and value that is derived in making a collection of insects. If the boy has this book, whether he is in the suburbs, the far country, the mountain or the seashore he will be happy; he will have plenty to do. It is not only in the summer that fun may be had with the little winged and armored creatures, for in the winter some of the most fascinating discoveries of cocoons and insect life may be made.

The especial aim is to tell the boy the value of a collection of bugs, butterflies and beetles, the habits of the most important members of the different tribes, and the best methods of capturing and preserving the specimens. Making this collection will be the most useful one a boy can make. The birds are the friends of men—collecting their eggs and shooting them may well be considered a crime—but the bugs are usually enemies, they ravage our gardens, poison our orchards, and kill the proudest monarchs of our forests. Let all boys read this book, become impregnated with the divine fire, and take sides with the birds in a relentless war upon the army worms, the gypsy moths, the potato bugs, and all the rest of the host of pillagers that prey upon our food, our lumber and our flowers.

300 illustrations by the author. 8vo. Cloth net \$2.00. Publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A CORRECTION THAT SAVES MONEY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In my contribution in your last issue in re "Fishing License" you made the fee \$10. It should have been as sent, \$1.10, for the combined hunting, trapping and fishing license. Commissioner Pratt's idea simply is to add the anglers of the State to the list of those who now pay the \$1.10 fee for hunting and trapping.

Albany, Dec. 6, '15. JOHN D. WHISH.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD

ASHOKAN POSSIBILITIES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There are in Great Britain to-day more than two hundred reservoirs which are stocked with trout and with certain rules and regulations as to the size and number of the daily catch and for a small daily or season fee are open to the public for fishing. If these very particular Englishmen will allow fishing and stocking with trout in their city or village reservoirs and after many years' study on the subject find the water is much purified by the introduction of the trout, it seems to me we Americans might and ought to give some thought to this subject. We all know our streams and rivers and especially our mountain streams in which we do our trout fishing are growing smaller yearly on account of the wooded slopes being cleared by the lumberman's axe. I would suggest that we start with the largest reservoir in America—I think in our own State of New York—and fed by many trout streams—in fact, some of them being the best in the State. I refer to the "Ashokan" in the Catskills which when filled will be nearly ten miles long and several miles wide. This beautiful sheet of water is surrounded by the highest peaks in the Catskills and there is a beautiful State road around the lake, 37 miles in circumference. A State or city trout hatchery could be established near this great reservoir and the fees from the fishermen for the privilege of fishing would much more than pay for the stocking. It would be a well paying investment for the State or city. There are at least twenty thousand fishermen in New York State, many of whom would be willing to pay ten dollars a year for the privilege of fishing and many who would gladly pay one or two dollars a day now and then.

One hundred thousand dollars is a very conservative estimate of the yearly fees each year after this great reservoir is stocked with trout in size from one to five pounds, which would be possible in a very few years. In the stocking I would suggest the brown trout be the species as they grow very rapidly and attain a large size in a few years and as has been proven are much more hardy than other species. The trout used for stocking purposes should be six inches or over on account of the larger fish eating the fly

or fingerlings. A set of rules as to the number and size of the daily catch would have to be established and the mode of taking, which on nearly all of the English reservoirs is by the fly, with a limit of ten fish a day for a rod, and fish must be at least ten inches in length. Trout in this natural trout water and with a great abundance of feed should and would grow very rapidly and with several fish of two pounds I am sure a fisherman would be very well pleased with his limit of ten fish. The rules could be established after this great reservoir is stocked and I am certain this could be brought about if some of the influential fishermen of the State would take up this subject with the help of the many fishermen it would only be a few years when this great water would be giving pleasure to thousands of New York State anglers, as it is accessible by train or auto. Let us all put our shoulder to the wheel and push the plan along.

ROY STEENROD. Liberty, N. Y.

CHEERFUL CHAT FROM CORONADO, FLA.

Coronado, Fla., Dec. 1, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There is some excitement—though gentlemanly and sportsmanlike—at the Bridge. It began with Judge Holworthy's throwing his hat into the ring, and serving notice on Captain Slavens and the other old timers, that he was out for the fishing championship at Coronado this season. It's the general opinion of the wisecracks that the Judge has taken a pretty big contract. It is conceded that Captain Slavens, who now holds the championship, isn't going to give up without a struggle, and then there are such veterans as Scott, Beatty and Lason and Pryor. Schwartz of Pittsburgh, Colonel Damaree of the Atlantic House, Streight and Roy and Parsons, and Dunbar, and a dozen more that might be named, all out for the same high honor. Captain Slavens won his present high position by catching a jew fish that weighed three hundred and eighty-five pounds—not the largest ever caught here by any means—that one weighed five hundred and five pounds and measured seven feet in length—but the largest caught in recent years, and he has no end of smaller jew fish, sharks, swordfish, bass, sheepshead and smaller fry to his credit.

Sheepshead fishing has been uncommonly good, and the railing and draw piers of the bridge, Detweiler's dock and other coigns of vantage alongshore have been lined with anglers, white and black, male and female—for the colored man and brother is an ardent fisherman and gets his share of the spoil. Bass fishing in the Atlantic surf on the south side of the island has also been excellent, and scenes like the one depicted in our engraving are very apt to be met with in any morning's stroll from Mosquito Inlet to Shell Mound. The bass fisherman as a rule is not gregarious and likes to get off by himself to indulge in his favorite sport. In bass fishing Colonel Damaree, of the Atlantic House, and a select coterie of true fishermen from every section that center there can probably show the biggest bags.

C. B. TODD.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

On page 710 of the December *Forest and Stream* you have an illustration that recalls volumes of sporting boyhood days of fifty years ago. It certainly does look like "Pot Hunting" to the present day sportsman—but to the boys of those days it was not so considered. The proudest day of my life, when about fourteen years old—was when armed with my little muzzle loading rifle and accompanied by my halfbred setter dog, and only eight bullets for the rifle, I brought home seven grouse, all shot through the neck or head and my eighth bullet still in the gun. I shall keep this picture, because it so accurately recalls my youthful hunting days.

V. E. S.
Fayette, Ia., Dec. 8, 1915.

CARIBOU IN MAINE.

Augusta, Me., December 10, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Replying to your request that we give you further information which we might receive regarding the presence of caribou in this State would say: Yesterday we received a communication from Earle Hughey, Lowelltown, a northern Franklin County guide, stating that about a month ago he saw a fine bull caribou about four miles from Lowelltown.

M. H. HODGDON,
Secretary, Com. In. Fisheries & Game.

THE WHITE PINE FOREST.

We do not know how many centuries the White Pines have shared their divided glory of sunshine and shade, of rain and snow, of calm and storm, and the rise and set of sun. The grand patriarchs have spread their breadth day and night in the mountain ranges and in the valley plains. They have sowed their seeds so that their fruitage would not perish from the earth, and every seed sowed was nature's highest expression of freedom. The seeds that wrought miracles—that gave mankind all there is of perpetual and beneficent force—the fruitage that build homes for humanity, and founded nations with its industries.

Right and wrong exists in the nature of things. Man has inflicted injury upon his fellow-trees with his tools, and other bad actors added burdens to the trees. The burdens of the trees increased for ages—then the science of Forestry came as a holy dawn to liberate the struggles of the trees.

We must teach the world that the consequences of greed and ignorance cannot be avoided. The progress of the forest-kingdom depends upon man to place greater value on the trees. He gives a greater value to mankind and country, when he gives the trees their rights for preservation. The trees are the levers for convenience, for the use, and the elevation of man and industry.

Let us give the highest prophecy to our White Pines; let us help to spread the younger race, so that their seeds will bear fruits, and extend the perpetuation of their race.

AGNES L. SCOTT.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PROPER CANOE DIMENSIONS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

For the past 20 years, I have been using a canvas or bark canoe on my trips in the woods.

To those who have toiled all day in the teeth of a gale it makes a vast difference whether the canoe is one that responds quickly to the push of the paddle and slips through and over the seas or has to be fairly lifted by main force to make headway.

A canoe to be satisfactory must not only be seaworthy, easy to paddle, capable of carrying a good load, but also light in weight that it may be portaged with the least effort.

From lack of trees of a suitable size and because it is less durable than the canvas, the bark canoe is rapidly disappearing from all but the more primitive sections of the country. Its running qualities, owing to a less even surface, leave much to be desired and the sole advantage it has is lightness, though a canvas canoe built to last only as long as a bark might be just as light. A canvas canoe will endure more scraping on sharp rocks than a bark, but the latter can be easily mended with pitch.

As to weight, builders have probably made canvas canoes as light as possible to retain their shape in hard use, but in regard to form, there is a wide divergence even as between boats of the same length and apparently designed for similar service. This is more noticeable in the handling than to the eye of one not a boat builder.

Last fall, I had a 15 ft. 50 lb. canoe that appeared to carry its width further forward than aft; this gave it buoyancy in rough water and

did not seem to interfere with its running qualities under the paddle. One of the Canadian builders has had very good reports, especially, as regards speed, from some large canoes built with the rocking chair or curved keel.

The man who uses the canoe most, often has not sufficient means to carry out experiments with several models, but takes that which he believes to be the best from catalogues that often fail to give definite form lines and explanations of why their canoes are built as they are.

It is possible that tank tests of the actual power required to drive the different models when loaded might not show great variation, but as the motive power of paddling is small compared with sail or engine, the least advantage or disadvantage becomes a very important factor in the 10,000 strokes of the day's work for the man in the canoe.



Mic Mac Pattern of Birch Bark Canoe.

Possibly some of your correspondents may have made experiments and can give interesting results of the effect of hollow lines, etc., or, the disadvantage, if there is any, in the model of the bow and stern of the Mic Mac canoe here shown.

LIVINGSTON E. JONES.

TRANSLATION OF THAT INDIAN SIGN.

In the November issue of *Forest and Stream* an esteemed correspondent submitted for translation a notice published in the Indian language, which he had copied on a trip through northern Quebec. The sign he had found to be one of many printed on linen and tacked on trees at the beginning or ends of portages.

Forest and Stream published the notice just as our correspondent had copied it, and asked if any of the learned readers of this journal could furnish a free translation, at the same time giving an inkling as to the message conveyed in the notice.

Deputy Minister Hon. E. M. Dechene, of the Department of Lands and Forests of the Province of Quebec, has kindly furnished the necessary translation and his letter which follows, is very interesting, as showing the thoroughness of the campaign which the Province of Quebec is conducting for the suppression or avoidance of forest fires. Mr. Dechene writes:

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I will endeavor to explain the *raison d'être* of the signs and also give you a translation.

We have in this Province a very large area,

more or less timbered, but which is inhabited only by our Indians; the major part of this area is to the north; it is impracticable to police it with fire-wardens as the expense would be excessive, therefore, we arrange with the factors of the Hudson Bay Company's posts and the missionaries who pay an annual visit to these remote parts, to enjoin the Indians to protect the forests, as it is in their own direct interests so to do. As an aid to this object we distribute posters on linen, by means of the Hudson Bay Company; and the missionaries and the Indians tack them up at ends of portages, and in places where people pass most frequently.

We have three distinct tribes of Indians, so find it necessary to have the posters made out in three different dialects; the one you quoted in *Forest and Stream* happens to be in the Montagnais dialect.

Herewith I give you a free translation of the poster quoted:

Protect the Forests.

My children, the King relies upon you to assist him in protecting the forest against fire.

If the Indians will do this, then the King says that they will all profit by such action; they will be helping themselves.

The King thinks that if the forests burn, the Indians will suffer and be sorrowful, for the wild animals will desert their places of abode, and the fish will be scarce in the lakes and rivers.

My children, the merchants and the missionaries of the Church are all assisting the King already in the good work of guarding the forests from fire—you also will help and follow such a good example, and this is the wish of the King.

I, who call myself, JULES ALLARD,
Guardian of the Forests.

WINTER BIRDS AND OTHERS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

How many of the readers of this magazine have ever tried feeding the winter birds?

I have no doubt a large number have, for the movement for the protection of wild birds has spread over a large area.

I had always wanted to do something for their comfort but never had a very good chance until last winter, when my wife and I came into possession of a house and a small piece of land. The land wasn't very valuable as it was tilted up on a 45 degree angle, but it had a number of white pine trees of good size, also a number of apple trees and it joined some land with quite thick woods on it. We both thought it would be a fine place for birds, for just across the river from us a friend of ours has a bird table and feeds the chickadees every winter. One of the first things we did was to put up a shelf across one of our dining-room windows. I made it about six or eight inches wide and put an edge around it so the wind wouldn't blow the food off quite so easily.

We didn't put any food out, until it got to be quite cold, then we tied pieces of suet in the apple trees and put large bones that had some meat on them, on our shelf. The chickadees soon found the suet in the trees and it wasn't long until we had four or five coming to our shelf. They continued to come until about nesting time when they left us and went to keeping house. They were in the apple trees every day this summer but never came onto the shelf until

November 5, and since that they have come every day. There are ten or twelve this year.

I kept watch of the shelf one Sunday and I don't think there was five minutes all day when there was not a chickadee on it, eating or driving the others away.

There are two white breasted nut-hatches that come daily for food, and also a downy woodpecker has made a number of calls. One day we had a surprise when a red breasted nut-hatch came onto the shelf. We had seen him on the apple trees but didn't expect he would visit us. He is a regular visitor now and drives the chickadees off while he eats. The chickadees can drive the white breasted nut-hatches and seem to scrap a great deal among themselves.

Sometimes there will be four at once and as many more in the tree waiting their turn.

We give them suet, bread, and doughnuts.

It is surprising how short a time a doughnut will last; the birds eat all of the brown first, then eat the rest. The nuthatches prefer the doughnut to suet, altho they eat both. When my wife goes out to put a fresh doughnut on top, the chickadees will alight on it and allow her to bring the doughnut within six inches of her face.

One chickadee sat on the edge of the shelf and scolded at her, while another sat on the doughnut she held in her hand.

The red breasted nut-hatch almost alighted on the doughnut she held, but didn't quite dare to. One of the chickadees is minus its tail. I suppose that shows how near he came to being caught by a cat.

There is quite a flock of English sparrows here in the village and one day while we were eating our dinner and watching the chickadees eat theirs, they appeared and started to drive the other birds off the shelf, I took my .22 and shot at one but didn't kill him. We didn't see them again for three or four weeks; then a single one came into the yard, I got my .22 again and he didn't go back to tell the other fellows about it. Shooting a few of them or even shooting at them a few times, seems to discourage them and they cease to bother the other birds. One morning a flock of partridges came into the apple tree nearest the house; there were three in it at on time and there were others in some of the other trees. Last spring I put out some bird houses built according to the government specifications but none of them were occupied this year. In our maple tree we discovered a red-eyed vireo's nest and we enjoyed hearing his song. This summer there were quite a number of scarlet tanagers seen. Partridges were plenty this fall; last summer I saw two fine partridge nests and knew of two others. I don't think any one makes a mistake in taking care of the birds. If you wish to learn more about what can be done with birds read Mr. Bayne's book, "Wild Bird Guests and How to Entertain Them."

GEO. H. MURPHY.

A FOREST AND STREAM TROPHY WINNER.

Duxbury, Mass., Nov. 15, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

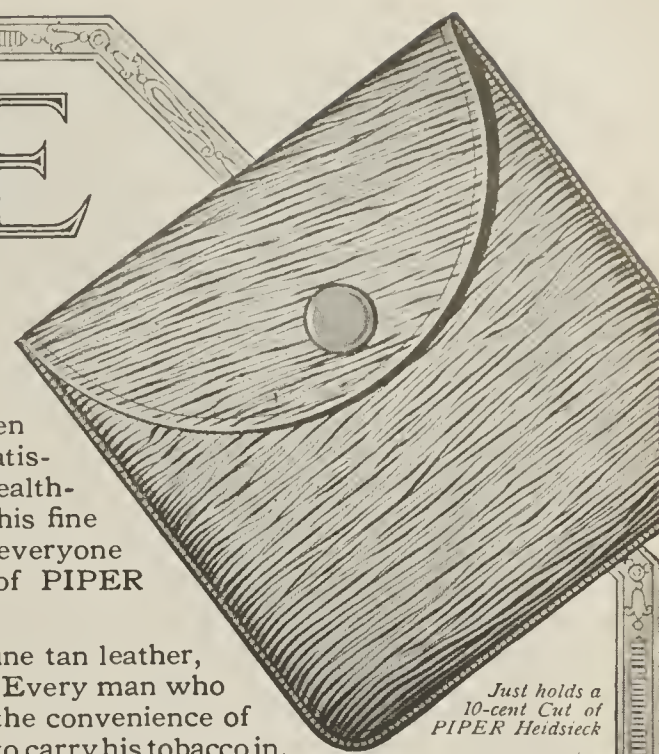
M. A. D. Thomas, proprietor of Milford House, South Milford, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, presented me with the Silver Cup presented by *Forest and Stream* for having caught the largest trout for the season of 1915. The

trout weighing 2½ pounds was caught September 25 at Allisons. He was caught with a number 10 Grizzly King fly. The fishing in this lake system, "Liverpool Chain of Lakes" was very good indeed as good as seventeen years ago when I first went there.

I might add that in the first seventeen years spent at the Thomases I have had wonderful fishing. In the year 1910 I caught a trout in the same waters weighing 4 pounds 4 ounces.

ROGER SPALDING.

A student of fish culture says that two pounds of new born eels will yield in three years about six tons of edible fish, worth a thousand dollars.



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WISCONSIN DEER SEASON.

Madison, Wis.—That the number of deer killed in Wisconsin this year was less than one-half the number killed in 1914 is evident from the record now being made up in the office of the conservation commission.

The number reported to date for the season recently ended is 2,700, but reports yet to come, Commissioner Barber said, probably would bring the number above 3,000, all bucks, of course.

The record for 1914 was 7,375, bucks and does. The total in 1913 was 6,969; in 1912 it was 5,853.



March 9th 1904.

Mr. A. J. Crandall,

Dear Sir:

The lines which seem extremely fine came to-day for which I beg to thank you.

Your courtesy has however, placed me in a dilemma. For years past I have been applied to by various parties for permission to use my name or that of Rip Van Winkle with my picture. I have invariably declined so I cannot without offending others (some of them friends) comply with your request.

I shall, however, be pleased at all times to send to you for my lines and will most cheerfully recommend them to others.

Thanking you for your courtesy, I am

Sincerely yours,

THE GRAYLING.

(Continued from page 752.)

views of the authoritative naturalists, declares the grayling is not only indigenous to the States of Michigan and Montana, but is also found in the streams of the State of Colorado.

The theory of the grayling being a hybrid of the brook trout and the brook sucker, I think, is quite new, though years ago the theory that the grayling was a cross between the brook trout and the whitefish was frequently advanced.

As to the statement that grayling are found in Colorado waters I will leave this to the United States Fish Commission and other authoritative bodies, for I confess I have had no direct experience in seeing the species in the Colorado streams.

Writing me from Colorado Springs, Colorado, D. W. Moore says:

"In talking of one of my trips in the White River country to some of my friends who also visited that section, the grayling was mentioned. In the course of conversation one of the gentle-

men said he understood that the grayling was a cross between a trout and a common sucker. I told him he was wrong, that such a condition was impossible, as I know the two fishes spawn at different seasons. Besides, I said to my friend, they do not resemble each other. When he told me he knew other persons that were of the same opinion as his own I concluded to see what I could find in practical literature relative to the subject. 'Americana' says: 'Grayling, a fish of the family Thymallidae much resembling a slender salmon of fifteen or eighteen inches in length, and usually included in the salmon family. Some of the species of the single genus thymallus are known. All are inhabitants of northern regions, in rapid streams or where the water is clear and cool, and the bottom is sandy or pebbly. Its habits are similar to those of the trout, except that it spawns in the spring time. Its flesh is excellent, with an odor and flavor, when fresh, of wild thyme. It is caught by fly-fishing, about the same as trout are caught with the artificial fly, and is a favorite with anglers.

Two species are known in North America, each so limited and scattered in distribution that they are regarded as modified relics of a preglacial circumpolar species. The Arctic grayling or poisson bleu (*T. signifer*) of the fur hunters inhabits only the Mackenzie basin and rivers in Alaska. The more southerly and familiar grayling (*T. tricolor*) is restricted to certain streams in northern Michigan, where it is almost extinct and seems almost incapable of recovery by fish-cultural methods; and to Montana. These fish are distinguished from trout and salmon by the large size of the dorsal fin, and by their grayish hue, with half-a-dozen deep blue spots on the fore part of the abdomen.' I have never seen an article in literature stating the fact that we have grayling in our Colorado streams. I have caught them in at least three waters—the Yampe, the Elk, and the White River."

"Americana," according to Mr. Moore, identifies but two species in North America—the Arctic (Alaska) grayling (*Thymallus signifer*) and the Michigan-Montana grayling (*Thymallus tricolor*)—while Professor Jordan and Professor Evermann, the latter gentleman being ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, separate the Michigan grayling and the Montana grayling and record three instead of two species in American waters—the Arctic grayling (*T. signifer*), the Michigan grayling (*T. tricolor*), and the Montana grayling (*T. montanus*).

Jordan and Evermann: "The graylings agree very closely with the Salmonidae in external characters and in habits. They differ notably in the structure of the skull and the presence of epipleural spines on the anterior ribs. The parietal bones meet at the middle and separate the frontals from the supraoccipital bone. The conventional statement that the graylings are intermediate between the whitefishes and the trout is not borne out by the skeleton. The family contains one genus and about five species, all beautiful fishes of the rivers of cold or Arctic regions, active and gamey and delicious as food. The French call the grayling 'un umble chevalier' and say he feeds on gold. 'And some think he feeds on water-thyme, for he smells of it when first taken out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do that the smelts smell like violets at their first being caught, which I think is a truth' (Isaak Walton). And St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, calls the grayling 'the flower of fishes.' Body oblong, somewhat compressed, not much elevated; head rather short; mouth moderate, terminal, the short maxillary extending past middle of the large eye, but not to its posterior margin; teeth slender and sparse on the maxillaries and lower jaw; vomer short with a small patch of teeth; teeth on the palatines; tongue toothless or nearly so; scales small and loose; dorsal fin very long and high; caudal well forked; air bladder very large; pyloric appendages fifteen to eighteen. Three species, all very closely related, have been recognized in American waters. The Arctic or Alaska grayling is known from the Mackenzie, Kowak and other rivers of Alaska, and is said to abound in most clear cold streams even to the Arctic Ocean. The Michigan grayling is known from various streams in the southern peninsula of Michigan and from Otter Creek, near Keweenaw, in the northern peninsula. It was formerly very abundant in the Au Sable and Jordan Rivers, and other streams of northern Michigan, but through the destructive and wholly inexcusable methods by which the lumbering and logging operations have been carried on in that region these streams have been ruined and the grayling practically exterminated. The Montana grayling is known to occur only in streams emptying into the Missouri River above the Great Falls, principally in Smith or Deep River and its tributaries, in the Little Belt Mountains, in Sun River, and in the Jefferson, Gallitan and Madison Rivers and their affluents. Like all other grayling it prefers cold clear streams of pure water, with sandy and gravelly bottoms.

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The spawning season of the Montana grayling is in April and May. The average size of this fish is ten to twelve inches in length and a half pound to one pound in weight."

Dr. James A. Henshall: "The Montana grayling is fully the equal of the brook trout or red-throat trout in game qualities, putting up as good a fight, and often leaping above the surface when hooked. It takes the artificial fly, caddis larvae, grasshoppers, angleworms and similar bait. The best artificial flies to use are those of peacock herl, or yellow-bodied flies, as: Professor, Queen of the Water, Oconomowoc, and Lord Baltimore; or, Grizzly King, Henshall, Coachman and the like. Small flies should be used, on hooks Nos. 10 to 12. Grayling may be taken from May to November, the best time being in the summer."

Charles Hallock: "The generic name thymalus is derived from Thumallos, the Greek term for thyme, from the impression the Greeks had that the fish possessed the odor of this herb. The artificial breeding of the grayling was successfully carried on twenty years ago (1863) by Mr. Kauffer Royal, fisherman in the Garden of the Royal Veterinary School. Frederick Mather and Seth Green, our eminent pisciculturists, have

both bred the grayling successfully by the artificial process."

The artificial propagation of the Montana grayling was begun at Bozeman, Montana, in 1898, and, under the able direction of Dr. Henshall, the superintendent of the fish hatchery of the United States Bureau of Fisheries there, has proven very successful.

Professor Milner: "There is no species sought for by the anglers that surpasses the grayling in beauty. They are more elegantly formed than the trout, and their great dorsal fin is a superb mark of beauty. When the well-lids were lifted, and the sun-rays admitted, lighting up the delicate olive-brown tints of the back and sides, the bluish white of the abdomen, and the mingling of tints of rose, pale blue, and purplish pink on the fins, it displayed a combination of living colors that is equalled by no fish outside of the tropics."

Fred Mather: "The grayling has all the fins of a trout, * * * while its crowning glory is its immense dorsal * * * nearly three inches in length by two high * * * with eighteen to twenty rays dotted with large red or bluish tints surrounded with a splendid emerald green, not seemably represented by the painter's art; it is that changeable shade seen in the tail of the pea-

cock. But, you want to see him come in on a line, with his fins all standing, and your eye will then give you a better notion than all the cold-blooded descriptions could ever do."

Eugene McCarthy: "The grayling should be mentioned in connection with the Salmonidae. Unfortunately, its habitat is confined to a very limited area of country, and it is, therefore, known to but comparatively few anglers. Primarily it is a native of the rivers and streams of Alaska, but, it is found also in some of the streams on the west side of the Yellowstone Park, and in the rivers of northern Michigan. In Michigan, however, it is being rapidly exterminated by anglers, and to a far greater extent by sawmills. It is beyond question one of the most beautiful fish found in the United States, not even excepting the male Sunapee trout. Its color is a brilliant, purplish gray, the sides of the head having bright bluish and bronze reflections. The fins have alternate rows of rose, dark, and green colored lines or spots. It is impossible to describe properly the beauty of this fish; it must be seen to understand Nature's painting."

No doubt Dr. Henshall, who has had great experience in breeding the Montana grayling, or, Mr. Hallock, who has written so extensively and so well on the three grayling species; or, Mr. Mershon of Saginaw, Michigan, who has creel the Michigan grayling for many seasons; or, Drs. Jordan and Evermann, the recognized modern authoritative ichthyologists, could, if they would, enlighten us as to the species Mr. Moore says he finds in Colorado, and tell us how it originated in Colorado and how long it has been there. Perhaps Dr. Henshall's artificially-bred Montana grayling has been introduced in Colorado; perhaps this species or the Michigan species is indigenous to Colorado—has been in this State's waters for years and escaped the notice of our naturalists; or, perhaps it has been lately propagated there by Nature—its spawn adhering to the webbed feet of wildfowl and carried from other States to the Colorado streams.

Mr. Moore's contention and the comments I here make, will, I hope, encourage others to discourse on the subject—if their discourse be pleasant and gentle as well as studious—and since the ichthyologist has been well cared for in the foregoing paragraphs I will conclude my contribution with a brief guide word for the angler:

In Montana grayling fishing may be enjoyed in the tributaries of the Smith or Deep River in the Little Belt Mountains, and in the upper parts of the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson Rivers. Excellent spots are near the upper canyon of the Madison, and in Odell, Red Rock and other creeks at the head of Red Rock Lake, the sources of the Jefferson.

In Colorado try the Yampe River, the Elk River and the White River, where Mr. Moore says he caught his grayling.

In Michigan try the well-known streams of the northern peninsula, where the grayling has of late years been allowed to save itself from extermination and increase in numbers owing to the decrease in logging and milling caused by the wasteful lumberman neglecting to plant as well as profit from the trees he destroyed. The after-growth of timber affords sufficient protection for the grayling, and since the millman's sawdust no longer clogs the streams and ruins the spawning grounds and as the Forestry Commission will protect the sheltering foliage of the future there is hope of saving "the flower of fishes"—that has the sweet odor of water-thyme, the tints of the rainbow, and the rays of the violet and the rose.

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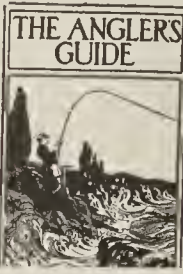
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TUNA CLUB PROPERTY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Of the death of Dr. Charles Frederick Holder, it well might be said that the Tuna Club of which he was founder formed his funeral pyre; for on the morning of November 29, the club house of that world-famous angling organization burned to the ground in a fiercely destructive fire which wiped out the pretty little island city of Avalon. Nothing is left behind; the priceless medals, mounted record fish, all records, are gone. The club house probably will be re-built eventually, but it never can be the same with these old, familiar friends gone. The cottages of C. G. Conn, the Dorans, Tom Potter, in fact, everyone connected with the club, went with it; all the larger hotels. The scene to-day is that of complete devastation. Of frame construction, the ramshackle buildings fairly leaped into air in at least, a spectacular fire. The aquarium was saved, and wharves, freight sheds and a few water-front structures, owing to hard work by the Banning boats.

The Tuna Club was celebrated wherever

anglers gather; its club house was a show-place, and its steadily increasing collection of record fish attracted a lively interest even among those not addicted to angling. It is hard indeed to see how this loss to the sport of scientific angling can be replaced even by a newer and better club house.

PETERS' VICTORIES.

High General Average at Muncie, Ind., Nov. 17, was won by Mr. C. A. Young, using Peters shells, score 144 ex 150.

At the Lincoln Park Gun Club, Chicago, Nov. 20, on the occasion of the Du Pont Base Ball Players' visit, High General Average was won by Mr. J. R. Graham, who scored 97 ex 100 with Peters shells. On the following day when the famous base ball squad visited the Chicago Gun Club, Mr. H. W. Cadwallader was high over all contestants, 99 ex 100, also shooting Peters shells.

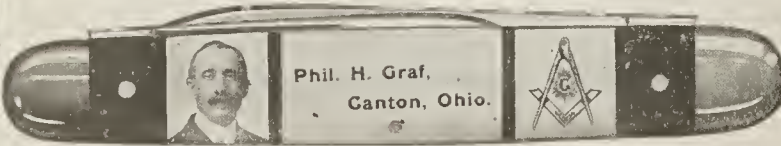
High Amateur and High General Averages at Lincoln, Ill., Nov. 23-24, were won by Mr. A. C. Buckles of Lake Fork, Ill., score 221 ex 250, with Mr. Roy Gayle a close second, 220 ex 250, both gentlemen using Peters shells.

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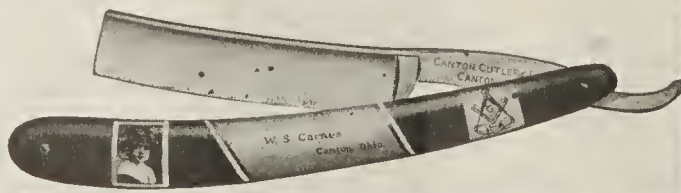
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SI VAD Box 13 CEDAR FALLS, IOWA

A HUGE NORWEGIAN TROUT CAUGHT BY AN AMERICAN.

A correspondent very kindly sends us a cutting from a Norwegian paper, *Tidens Tegn*, of November 8, in which is figured and described an enormous trout. He is good enough also to send a translation of the letterpress, which runs as follows: "An Enormous Trout, Caught by an American Millionaire in Norway.—We reproduce a picture of a king among trout, which has recently been caught in the Olden River in Nordfjord by the multi-millionaire and artist, Mr. W. H. Singer, Jr., of Pittsburgh. It was caught on a fly, and took Mr. Singer a good hour to land, and it weighed well and truly a good 22 kilos (50 lbs.). It is not only as a sportsman that Mr. Singer has for the last fifteen years visited this country. Through his excellent pictures of Norwegian mountain, fjord, and dale, he has succeeded in making his countrymen in America better acquainted with ours, and his pictures find a ready sale there. Mr. Singer decided yesterday to extend his visit to Norway over the winter—on account of the war."

Our correspondent asks whether, supposing the weight to be accurately recorded, this trout does not set up a record. Putting in another proviso, that it really was a trout (*S. fario*), we should say that it certainly does. We put in this proviso because there seems to us something salmon-like about the picture. The tail looks as if it had a "wrist" to it, a point which anglers who have had to tail out salmon and big sea trout will appreciate. It would, however, be rash to offer a definite opinion on the strength of a not very clear newspaper reproduction of a photograph, in which the position of the eye, shape of jaw, etc., are very imperfectly to be made out, and we hope that the fish was a trout as diagnosed. Presumably it has been preserved, in which case the question (if there is a question) will no doubt be definitely settled. Salmon have of course been taken for trout before, especially in autumn, one historic specimen being the 23-pounder found dead in the Thames and thought for a long time to be the chief of all Thames trout. It was set up, and is now, we believe, in the museum at Weybridge. That fish had not even the merit of being a belated Thames salmon. In his account of it some years ago, Mr. J. E. Harting showed that it was probably a derelict specimen from some fishmonger's slab.

Fifty pounds would, of course, be a colossal weight for any trout, whether of fresh water or of the sea, but it is not perhaps beyond the region of possibility. Our correspondent gives details of another very big one which weighed 40 lbs., and was caught in 1889 by the late Mr. Mitchell, C. B., Consul-General at Christiania. This, he says, "was taken at the head of the Bandak Vand many years before it became the tourist route to the West Coast and before steamers were seen there. This fish is well remembered by the inhabitants of Triset, where Mr. Mitchell was staying." The British Isles, so far as we know, have never produced a trout so big, but the huge ferox caught by Mr. Muir, of Inistrynich, on Loch Awe, in 1866 came very near it, being 39½ lbs. That fish, which formed the topic of an interesting correspondence in the *Field* not so very long ago, was preserved, but the case unfortunately perished in a fire about ten years back. The famous trout from Loch Stennis (29 lbs.) holds the second place so far as this country is concerned, and that from Lough Owel (26 lbs.) the third. The Loch Stennis trout was one of the estuarine type. A sea trout of 50 lbs. would be perhaps less remarkable than a brown trout of that weight. There is, we believe, a specimen of the bull trout type in the Natural History Museum collection which weighed 40 lbs., and there seems no reason why bull trout, which rival salmon in their normal growth, should not occasionally equal them in their abnormal weights. Probably Norway has some very big sea trout on record.—*The Field*.

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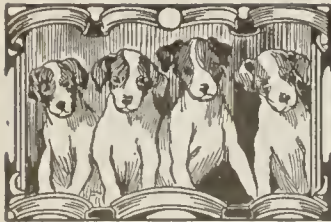
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Three Stakes—Amateur Derby, All America Amateur Championship Stake and Semi-Professional All Age Stake. Derby and Champion Stake only open to amateurs, winners and second series dogs on the big circuit barred. Purses \$100.00 in each stake; divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Cups to winners. \$7.50 to nominate; \$7.50 to start. Semi-Professional All Age Stake. Purse \$250.00; divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. \$10.00 to nominate; \$10.00 to start. All the other big circuit handlers barred. Post entries can be made in all stakes on payment of \$5.00 additional. Entries close December 18th, 1915. For information and particulars address

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TRAP SHOOTING



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

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Interstate Association for the encouragement of Trapshooting was held at the Association's office with The Corporation Trust Company, 15 Exchange place, Jersey City, New Jersey, on Thursday, December 2nd, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

The roll-call showed the following members represented in person:

United Lead Company by Evans McCarty; Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company by A. F. Hebard, T. A. Marshall and J. Leonard Clark; E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company by T. E. Doremus, and L. J. Squier; Winchester Repeating Arms Company by F. G. Drew; The Hunter Arms Company, Inc., by T. H. Keller, Jr., Parker Brothers by W. F. Parker; The Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Company by Paul North; American Powder Mills by Murray Ballou; Hercules Powder Company by J. T. Skelly and Edward Banks; The Western Cartridge Company by H. E. Winans; The United States Cartridge Company by C. R. Babson and O. R. Dickey.

The Lefever Arms Company, the Selby Smelting and Lead Company and the Ithaca Gun Company were represented by proxy.

Messrs. J. S. Fanning, H. A. Keller, Neaf Apgar, H. E. Posten and T. L. Briggs were present by invitation.

The secretary presented and read a copy of the notice of the meeting, together with proof of the due mailing thereof to each stockholder of the Association at least two weeks before the meeting, as required by the by-laws.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the minutes of the last meeting were approved.

Messrs. Thos. D. Richter and Henry S. Rosenthal (neither of them being a candidate for the office of director) were appointed inspectors of election and duly sworn.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of the directors by ballot in accordance with the by-laws.

The report of the president for the past year was presented, read and ordered to be filed.

The secretary's detailed report for the past year was presented and ordered to be received and filed.

The financial report of the treasurer for the past year was presented and ordered to be received and filed.

The annual report of the manager was also presented and ordered to be received and filed.

The polls having remained open the period prescribed by statute, were ordered closed and the inspectors presented their report in writing, showing the following persons, stockholders of the Association, had received the greatest number of votes:

P. D. Beresford and J. R. Wettstein of the United Lead Company; A. F. Hebard, J. Leonard Clark and T. A. Marshall of the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company; T. E. Doremus, C. A. Haight and L. J. Squier of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company; J. T. Skelly and Edward Banks of the Hercules Powder Company; T. H. Keller, Jr., of the Hunter Arms Company, Inc.; F. G. Drew, H. S. Leonard and W. R. Clark of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; W. F. Parker of Parker Brothers; C. R. Babson and O. R. Dickey of the United States Cartridge Company; W. E. Keplinger and T. H. Keller of the Peters Cartridge Company; Paul North and J. H. Webster of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company; A. H. Durston of the Lefever Arms Company; F. W. Olin and A. J. Norcom of the Western Cartridge Company, Murray Ballou and E. B. Drake of the American Powder Mills; W. B. Stadtfeld of the Selby Smelting & Lead Company; George Livermore of the Ithaca Gun Company; John R. Turner and Elmer E. Shaner.

The chairman thereupon declared that the above named persons were duly elected directors of the Association.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the United Lead Company's resignation from membership was accepted.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the Black Products Company of Chicago was elected to membership and "The Sporting News" and "Sporting Goods Dealer" of St. Louis, and the "American Shooter" of Baltimore, were elected to honorary press membership.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the secretary was directed to file with the records of the Association for the purpose of reference, following papers:

- (1) List of stockholders entitled to vote at this meeting.
- (2) Proxies presented at the meeting.
- (3) Notice of meeting and proof of mailing thereof.
- (4) Inspector's oath and report.
- (5) President's Report.
- (6) Secretary's detailed report (for the past year.)
- (7) Secretary's data covering the Association's work for the past year.
- (8) Treasurer's Financial Report of Assessment Fund.
- (9) Treasurer's Financial Report of Registered Tournament Fund.
- (10) Manager's report.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, a meeting of the new board of directors for the election of officers, etc., was directed to be held at 1 P. M. this day.

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No further business coming before the meeting, upon motion, duly made and seconded, the same adjourned.

The Directors' Meeting.

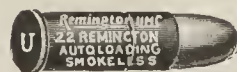
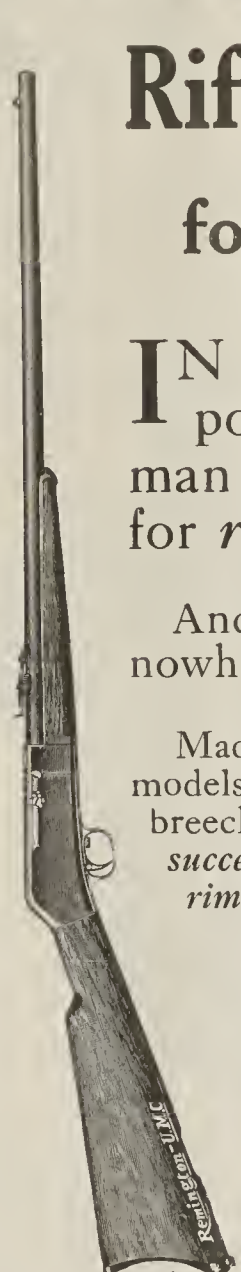
The meeting of the board of directors was held at 1 P. M. The meeting was called to order with F. G. Drew acting as chairman and E. Reed Shaner acting as secretary.

The following officers were elected to serve during

the ensuing year: President, T. E. Doremus; vice-president, C. R. Babson; secretary, E. Reed Shaner; treasurer-manager, Elmer E. Shaner.

The minutes of the directors' meeting held December 3 and 4, 1914, at Jersey City, and August 18, 1915, at Chicago, Illinois, and those of the several mail votes taken during the year, were duly approved.

By special permission, C. T. Summerson, of New York, addressed the meeting and requested the Asso-





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ciation to interest itself in a gun club he was forming and which will have shooting grounds in Van Cortlandt Park, New York City. It was explained to Mr. Summerson that the Association, as an organization, could not interest itself in the proposition and that the proper way to handle the matter would be to take it up with the members of the Association as individual concerns.

The Tournament Committee presented a plan covering a change in the distribution of that part of the Registered Tournament Fund allotted to Registered State Tournaments. The matter was discussed at length and, by resolution, adopted. Briefly outlined, the plan calls for the forty-eight States to be placed in four classes, namely A, B, C, and D, and for the Association's contributions to State Tournaments to be made in accordance with this classification. Each State Tournament in Class "A" will receive \$250; each State Tournament in Class "B" will receive \$225; each State Tournament in Class "C" will receive \$200; each State Tournament in Class "D" will receive \$150.

By resolution, it was decided to set aside \$2,000 of the Registered Tournament Fund of 1916 to be expended for trophies to be given to all new gun clubs, or re-organized gun clubs which have not been shooting for twelve months prior to the re-organization,

which have affiliated themselves with their respective State Associations.

By resolution, it was decided to continue in 1916 the same general Registered Tournament policy as was in force in 1915. By this ruling, with the exception of State Tournaments, Leagues of Gun Clubs and Special Organizations, all applications to hold Registered Tournaments carrying requests for contributions must be made on or before February 15th, and no application will be passed upon before said date.

By resolution, it was decided to print in booklet form the official averages of 1915, the booklet to contain a brief digest of 1915 records, Grand American and Subsidiary Handicap data, and other matter of interest to the trapshooting fraternity in general. This booklet will be distributed gratis to gun clubs holding Registered Tournaments and to other interested parties.

By resolution, it was decided to present a trophy to the winner of the High Amateur Average of 1915.

By resolution, it was decided to allow women to compete at future Grand American Trapshooting Tournaments.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the directors' meeting adjourned at 4:45 P. M., to meet the following day at 10 A. M., at the Hotel Astor, New York City.

The adjourned meeting of the directors was called to order at 10:40 A. M., December 3rd, with President Doremus in the chair. New business was at once taken up where left off.

By resolution, it was decided that, in addition to the high gun trophies now awarded in the Grand American Handicap, yardage trophies shall be provided for each yard mark, said yardage trophies to be competed for only by contestants that are allotted the same particular mark, and that no contestant shall be eligible to win more than one trophy.

Letters pertaining to trapshooting matters in general, received from Messrs. M. D. Hart, Richmond, Va.; H. R. Everding, Portland, Ore.; Chas. L. Ulmer, Lisbon, N. D.; D. D. Slater, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Frank J. Ray, Dickinson, N. D., and C. H. Ditto, of Keithsburg, Ills., were read, ordered to be filed, and the secretary directed to extend the thanks of the Association to the several gentlemen for the interest taken in the welfare of the sport of trapshooting. By resolution, it was decided that one make of trap and one make of target only shall be used at the Grand American Handicap Tournaments in 1916 and 1917.

By resolution, it was decided that the Grand American Trapshooting Tournament in 1916 shall be given during the week commencing with August 20.

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260 pages of Guns, Skates, Snow Shoes, Fall and Winter Sporting Goods.

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NEW YORK



By resolution, it was decided that regular entries for the Grand American Handicap of 1916 must be made on or before Saturday, August 5th, 1916. This is one week earlier than heretofore.

By resolution, it was decided that in 1916 the Grand American Trapshooting Tournament shall be given at St. Louis, Mo.; the Southern Trapshooting Tournament at Memphis, Tenn.; the Eastern Trapshooting Tournament at Philadelphia, Pa., and the Western Trapshooting Tournament at Omaha, Neb.

Inasmuch as no applications were received for holding the Tournament, it was decided, by resolution, not to give a Pacific Coast Trapshooting Tournament in 1916.

The following committees were appointed to serve during the year 1916:

Tournament Committee—J. T. Skelly, chairman; F. G. Drew, T. H. Keller, Jr., J. L. Clark, L. J. Squier, R. W. Clancy, H. E. Winans.

Trophy Committee—A. F. Hebard, chairman; W. R. Clark, C. R. Babson.

Gun Club Organization Committee—T. H. Keller, Sr., chairman; L. P. Smith, Edward Banks.

The committee to allot handicaps for the 1916 Grand American Handicap will be announced later.

After discussing matters of no particular interest to the general public, the directors' meeting adjourned to meet at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1916, during the week of the Seventeenth Grand American Trapshooting Tournament.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION, E. Reed Shaner, Secretary.

Manager's Report.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 24, 1915.

To the President, Officers and Members of The Interstate Association.

Gentlemen: I herewith submit my report as manager for the year 1915. The statistical data, giving operations in detail, will be found in the reports of the treasurer and secretary.

The following excerpt from my report of 1914 applies fully to this year: "The season has been unquestionably the most successful in the history of the Association—more contestants participating, more targets being trapped and more money being divided in the purses than during any previous year." Could a more gratifying report be presented? What makes this year's showing more emphatic is the fact that baseball and other high class pastimes suffered severely from the industrial lull which prevailed the land over during almost the entire year. In no locality did the blight of depression affect trapshooting to any material extent. This showing clearly indicates the popularity of the sport under the guidance of our organization.

The amended trophy plan, whereby the winners could make their own selections of prizes, proved to be a most popular custom and met with universal favor. It was unquestionably a step in the right direction. Though the idea entailed more general work and bookkeeping than was expected, the results attained justified the extra work placed upon the Pittsburgh office. While the season was in its infancy a plan was evolved whereby the work of this department was kept up-to-date. There were times, however, when our orders for trophies almost swamped the New York manufacturers from whom they were purchased, but, through increasing their engraving force, they were able to keep pace with the demand with slight delay. Nine hundred eighty-three (983) trophies, not including thirty-three (33) awarded at the Handicap Tournaments directly given by our Association, were distributed in all sections. They are permanent testimonials to the efficiency of The Interstate Association and its methods.

The change made last year whereby all applications for Registered Tournaments carrying requests for contributions had to be filed by February 15th was also a step in the right direction. It enabled us to make a proper, fair and unselfish award of the Registered Tournament Fund. It also permitted us to arrange a satisfactory list of tournaments with virtually no conflicting dates. At the outset some opposition developed against this plan, the objection coming from clubs which, though aided in past years, thought they should

be given preference in this year's allotment of the fund. Compliance with their demands would have been discrimination against deserving clubs which had not been favored in former seasons. While contributions could not be made to all, no worthy club was refused registration under our "Old Policy." A few clubs may not yet be reconciled to the new method, but there is every reason to believe that they will fall in line, for, as the season progressed, there was an evident decline in opposition to the new plan. My observation of the situation leads me to suggest a continuation of the present plan in order that clubs which held tournaments this year under our "Old Policy" can be



A Good Indian—Chief Bender, a Great Baseball Pitcher, One of the Squad of Baseball Trapshooting Stars Recently Touring the Country.

given contributions next year. Of course, clubs that received contributions this year cannot expect to receive first consideration in 1916. This plan will enable us to make an equitable assignment of the Registered Tournament Fund, but owing to the amount at our command each year being limited, it will require more than one season to accomplish this result.

Grand American Trapshooting Tournament.

Our members are so familiar with the success of this stellar event, that it is needless for me to call attention to the fixture. Its magnitude overwhelmed the trapshooting world. Imagine almost one thousand contestants taking part, and the trapping of three car loads of targets, and a fair idea can be formed of this wonderful tournament. Its like has never been known on the planet. Consummation of this big event without a hitch is a tribute to the thoroughness of organization in all departments. I want to go on record as saying that the marvelous success of this tournament was largely due to the loyal support given the management by the office force, which cheerfully worked all day and late into the night to perfect the many details essential to its proper operation. Only

those on the inside can form a reasonable estimate of the tremendous task of conducting this stupendous event.

The tournament was held on the lake front in Chicago and the largest gallery in the history of the recreation assembled during the five days it was held. It is estimated that 25,000 people witnessed the main competition. The location was a most fortunate one as it brought trapshooting to the notice of thousands who had never witnessed a target thrown from a trap. Undoubtedly a lasting impression was made on many visitors and the sport will surely gain from this grand demonstration.

While I am harping on an old string, now that the Association has accomplished its object and produced the world's greatest sporting fixture, I think it is time to call a halt on the scope of the Grand American Handicap and establish methods that will tend to minimize instead of maximize this event. Although I have so stated in more than one of my previous reports, I would again state that in my view it should not be the ambition of the Association to make the Grand American Handicap the largest, but the best in existence. In my opinion, we should not cater to quantity, in preference to quality, and that we should not cheapen America's blue ribbon event by reducing it to the level of a show. I am not alone in this stand as several of this year's contestants expressed to me their belief that the event was tiresome and that the sport was detracted from by the massiveness of the tournament. One man aptly styled it "a round up." True, many sportsmen were highly enthused over the colossal affair and heartily congratulated the Association on its success, but I am confident a reduction in the entry list and a return to five traps would meet with the approval of a majority of the contestants who annually take part in this great event.

I would reiterate that there is no intent nor need to change the system, but to make the conditions more rigid. I feel confident that this would meet the views of the best sportsmen, who would rather fail nobly contesting under difficulties than win what might possibly degenerate into a barren honor, where conditions were such as to induce a multitude to compete, no matter how much outclassed.

I hope our members will appreciate the fact that my sentiment is uttered with all sincerity and that I have nothing but the best interests of the Grand American Handicap at heart, devoid of any selfish consideration whatever.

The Future.

The outlook for 1916 could not possibly be better. At this time all that seems necessary is adherence to those methods which have carried us along so finely to the present time.

In Conclusion.

I again tender our members my hearty thanks for their unflagging support, and in this I include our honorary press members for their unremitting courtesy and encouragement.

Very respectfully submitted,
ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

President's Report.

New Haven, Conn., December 1, 1915.

To the Members of The Interstate Association.

Gentlemen: The reports you will receive from the secretary and the treasurer-manager will cover thoroughly the condition and the year's work of our Association and I am quite sure that all our members will be satisfied that the past year has been a successful one.

It is unnecessary for me to go into details covering the Grand American Handicap Tournament and Subsidiary Tournaments given by our Association during the past season, as a complete account of the accomplishments in this direction will be found in the secretary's report, as well as a full account of conditions as apply to Registered Tournaments given by the many gun clubs throughout the country.

It is not my intention to make any recommendations involving further changes in our present policy, or to make any suggestions that will in any way disturb the very pleasant conditions now existing.

During the past three years certain radical changes

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in our policy have been adopted and we have been working along these lines with such splendid results that in my opinion it is to the best interest of the sport of trapshooting and the work of The Interstate Association to continue our present policy, thus giving further opportunities to thoroughly test its many good features.

Certain it is, there has been a splendid improvement in conditions generally applying to the work of our Association.

I have to say that the past year has been a most pleasant one as president of your Association, due to the many courtesies extended to me by all the members and the thorough and complete manner in which the many details of our work have been handled by our treasurer-manager, and our secretary.

I desire to thank the members of this organization for their hearty co-operation throughout the year, also to thank our honorary press members and their representatives for their valuable assistance, always cheerfully given, and which has proven a great help in the direction of promoting interest in the splendid sport of trapshooting.

Yours very truly,

F. G. DKÉW, President.

SYNOPSIS OF THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION'S REGISTERED TOURNAMENT WORK IN 1915.

Contributed to Registered Tournaments	\$23,900.00
Different trapshooters who took part in Registered Tournaments	8,140
Tournaments Registered	333
Applications refused	76
Tournaments Registered under "Old Policy"	104
Tournaments contributed to	229
State Tournaments Registered	42
Tournaments Registered in Canada	11
Reports received up to November 24th	332
Reports not yet received	1
Tournaments cancelled and not counted	11
Applications received	456
Applications received for which we requested a change of dates, in order to avoid confliction, and not heard from afterward	36

PINEHURST'S COMING TOURNAMENT.

Pinehurst, N. C., December 13, 1915.

There is every prospect that the ninth annual mid-winter Handicap Target Tournament to be held at the Pinehurst, N. C., Country Club, January 17th to 21st, will be the biggest shooting event of the year. Never before in the history of shooting in this country has there been anything like the amount of added money provided for this event—\$2,750. This in addition to sterling trophies covering the entire program.

This is a great deal more than was provided even for the Grand American; the Eastern, Western and Southern Handicaps did not approach it.

It is already manifest that there will be a record entry. Many of the leading amateur shots of the country are here now practicing daily. There were a dozen hard at it this morning, including entries from as far North as Nova Scotia.

The Interstate Association Trap Shooting Rules will govern all points not otherwise provided for.

Note that Section 1, Rule 11, of the Target Rules, relating to bore of gun, is not in force at this tournament. The regulations will be:

No guns larger than 12 gauge allowed; weight of

guns unlimited; black powder barred; targets will be thrown about fifty yards; price of targets (two cents each) included in all entrances.

The standard bore of the gun is No. 12, and in the handicap events all contestants will be handicapped on that basis. Contestants using guns of smaller bore must stand on the mark allotted to them.

The management reserves the right to select two (2) cartridges from each contestant (to test the same for proper loading), the selection to be made at any time when a contestant is at the firing point.

The Country Club reserves the authority to postpone any event, or cut out a portion of the program, on account of bad weather or other important causes, if in the judgment of the management such postponement is necessary. In this case, weather permitting, the shooting will begin where it left off, at 9 a. m. sharp the next morning.

Ammunition, etc., can be shipped to Pinehurst, North Carolina, care of the Pinehurst Gun Club.

"Shooting Names" will not be used at this tournament or sent to the press.

There will be no practice shooting allowed before the regular scheduled events are shot each day, nor will there be any preliminary events shot. Contestants are requested to make entries for the entire program each day.

Extra sweeps will be held each day after the regular program is finished if conditions permit.

In case entries are so numerous that events cannot be finished until late in the day—thus keeping the Cashier back with his work—a branch of the Cashier's office will be opened that night in The Berkshire Hotel, where the winners of money can secure the amounts due them, or they can obtain same at the shooting grounds next day.

Each contestant at the time of making entry for the Preliminary and Midwinter Handicap will be required to state his average in order that the Handicap Committee can act on as near absolute knowledge of the contestant's ability as it is possible to obtain.

The Handicaps contestants receive for the Preliminary will not govern in the Midwinter Handicap. New handicaps will be allotted for the Midwinter Handicap.

Ties that are shot off in the handicap events will be at 25 targets per man, and the original distances contestants stand at will govern.

The management reserves the right to reject any entry.

Shooting for price of targets only, will be allowed by Professionals only.

High Professional Average at Indianapolis, Ind., November 23, was won by F. K. Eastman, who scored 141 ex 150 with Peters' "steel where steel belongs" shells.

At Miamisburg, Ohio, November 25, High Amateur Average was won by Ed. Cain of Dayton, 95 ex 100, closely followed by Ike Brandenburg of Dayton, 93 ex 100, both using Peters' shells. C. A. Young of Springfield cleaned up the program of 100 straight without a miss, also with the "P" brand.

High Amateur and High General Averages at Dallas, Texas, November 25, were won by W. H. Bertrand of Dallas, 130 ex 150; Phil Miller was second with 129, and S. L. Hassell, Jr., third, 127, all using Peters' factory loaded shells.

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MORNING IN THE BLIND.

(Continued from page 747.)

hunter who knows. The city sport, out after a big showing, may be disappointed with a meagre string of these fluffy little birds; but wait till he has them cooked!

How we hated to leave, but we realized that the morning flight was about over, and the occasional single that would come in, at rare intervals during the middle of the day, would hardly be worth waiting for. So we piled our dozen birds and our guns in the bottom of the canoe, and after the decoys were captured, wound up, and bagged, we set out, with happy hearts, for the opposite shore.

We arrived in time to join Searls and Dick, who were coming along the shore from up the creek.

"How many?" shouted Searls, as soon as we were within speaking distance. "You two ought to have a hundred or more, judging from the racket you made. Most of them were so scared by the time they reached our side that they wouldn't decoy worth a darn. We only got four. Dick got two—a blackhead and a whiffler. I got two blackheads; and then we both got a merganser."

We hadn't many ducks, but they were a lot to us boys, and we were all very happy.

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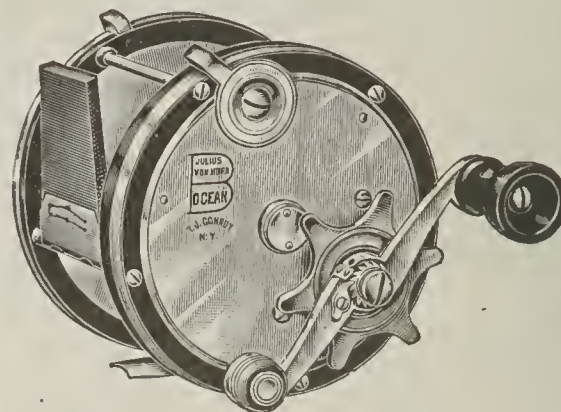
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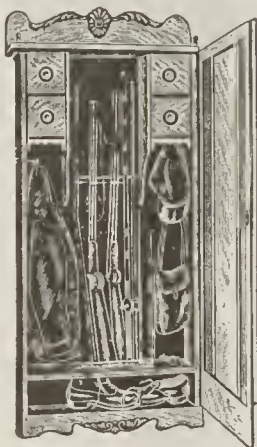
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THE MARKET PLACE

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For February, 1916

FOREST AND STREAM.

*The Forest beckons gently
With a thousand finger-tips;
Or, like a girl, inviting
With sweetly smiling lips.*

*The Stream invites the sportsman
To its bosom, broad and gleaming,
For fish and ducks and other game,
Or merely idle dreaming.*

*But when it comes to make a choice,
Between one or the other,
Blest is the man who gets the chance
Of taking them together.*

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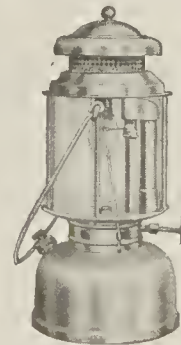
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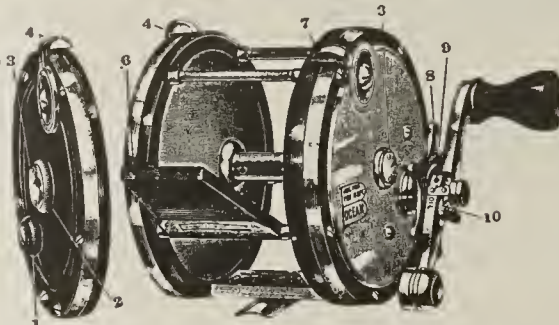
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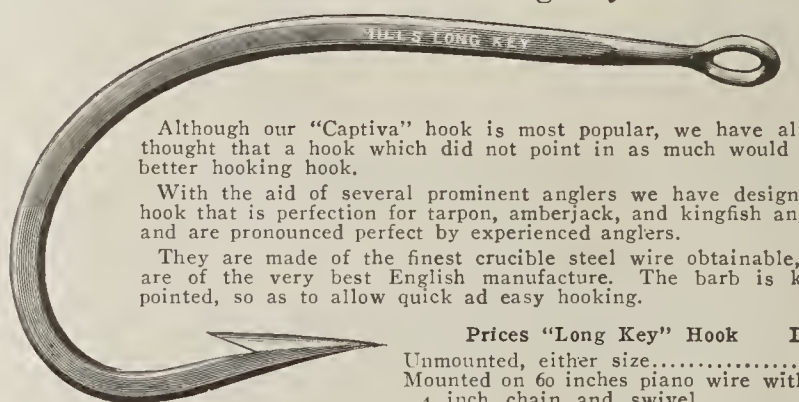
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	Length in Feet.			
	150	300	600	900
6 Thread \$1.20	\$2.40	\$3.60	
9 Thread	\$0.60	1.20	2.40	3.60
12 Thread	.65	1.30	2.60	3.90
15 Thread	.70	1.40	2.80	4.20
18 Thread	.75	1.50	3.00	4.50
21 Thread	.80	1.60	3.20	4.80
24 Thread	.88	1.75	3.50	5.25
27 Thread	1.90	3.80
30 Thread	2.00	4.00
33 Thread	2.10	4.20
36 Thread	4.50

We can supply the above in either green or natural color.

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Prices "Long Key" Hook Dozen
Unmounted, either size.....\$1.00
Mounted on 60 inches piano wire with 4 inch chain and swivel..... 4.50

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Fishing Tackle Exclusively -- All Grades



VOL. LXXXVI

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 2

The Metamorphosis Of A Greenhorn

In Which He Is Constrained to Journey to A Strange Country and Enters Into A New Conception of Outdoor Life and Its Beneficent Influences—A Story In Three Episodes.

By W. H. Bentley.

Chapter I.

BILL, it may be well to explain, though not actually farm-bred had spent a considerable part of his boyhood days as a tiller of the soil. Having arrived at maturity and being controlled by a well recognized law of economics, he plowed his last

furrow, turned his back on the farm and joined the great army of those who, gathered in large communities, toil in the interstices of enormous piles of brick, stone and cement by day; and at night, like certain aborigines of the far southwest, retire to swarming galleries within huge, cliff-like structures, to eat and to sleep.

Very naturally, therefore, in his later years he pleurably recalled the care-free, bygone days when a black skunk skin enriched him to the extent of a dollar or more, though the acquirement of the pungent article of trade uniformly resulted in his banishment to the woodshed till the other members of the family again became accustomed to having him within range of their nostrils; when the carcass of a trapped woodchuck was good for a five cent bounty from the family treasury, and if that of a young one, five cents additional for its table value; when, having blazed away with the family shot gun, he was able to pick up a partridge, quail, rabbit or squirrel with which he immediately scampered home; and when, having discovered a nest of wild bees, he found the results of attempting to secure their honey so disappointing, not to say distressing, that he did not grudge the halo around the head of John the Baptist who, according to un-

doubted authority, was able to gather sufficient apiarian treasure continuously to sustain life.

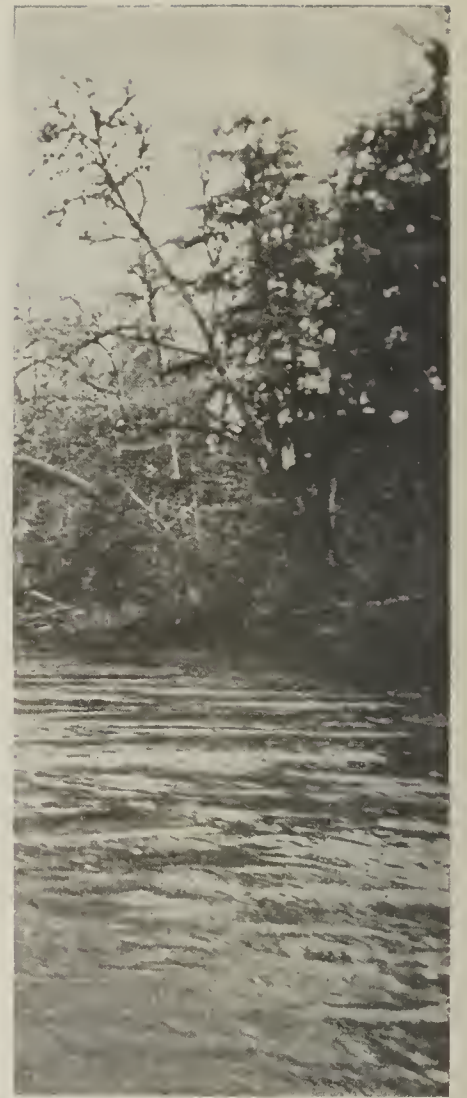
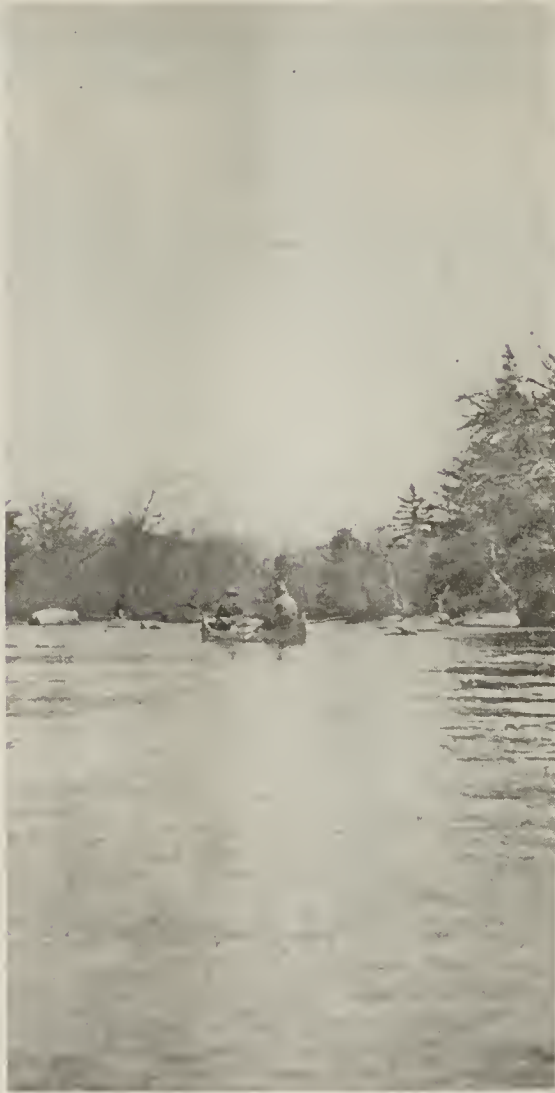
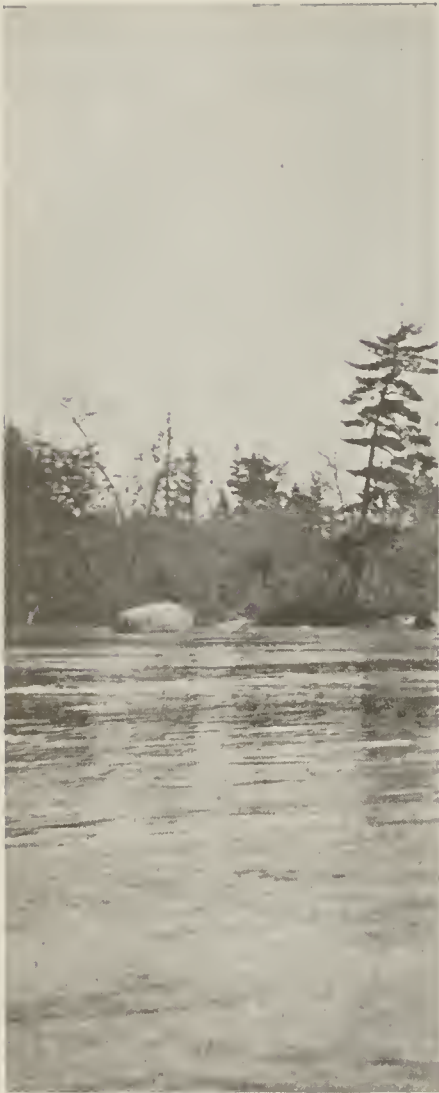
It will readily be understood, especially by those whose early days were spent on a farm more or less remote from settled communities, that the amount of game destroyed by Bill was



The Amount of Game Destroyed by Bill Was Not Likely to Raise Serious Concern in the Minds of Those Responsible for Its Conservation.

not likely to raise serious concern in the minds of those responsible for its conservation if, indeed, there were such in those days. His skill as a marksman was not of an order to disturb the holders of duly established records, while the trustworthiness of his fire arm was subject to more or less controversy. Either from inherent truculence or resentful of inconsistency in its loading, it had acquired the habit of vigorously kicking; and possibly because of the indifferent quality of ammunition employed and lack of care in storing it, also exhibited a certain slothfulness in discharging itself commonly designated as "hanging fire." Not infrequently its contents were peppered into an inoffensive tree top or stone wall, some seconds after the squirrel or rabbit whose demise it was intended to bring about, had removed to a less dangerous locality.

In addition to being chargeable with display of these questionable points of conduct, it was confidently asserted by those with an assumed knowledge of the finer features of fire arm construction, that its barrel failed to conform to the geometrical requirement that to be straight, it must coincide with a line representing the shortest distance between its butt and muzzle. If this was true, it logically followed that the most threatening member of the weapon conformed in some degree to the design approved by the late Baron Munchausen, for shooting ducks located round the circumference of a circular body of water. It is well known that that celebrated sportsman asserted he once secured at a single discharge of his gun, all the ducks feeding on the shore of a pond of that contour, by bending the barrel to correspond to a segment of a circle



There Was a Peculiar Enchantment in the Silent Trip That Bright October Morning That Lulled Bill's Senses and Deadened Them to Recollections of the Past.

of the same diameter as the pond. It is not denied that the theory of ballistics involved in the Baron's practice lacks general acceptance; but if he was actually as successful as he asserted, it follows, in view of the opinion of the fire arm experts, that Bill's weapon though eccentric in conduct, exhibited at least one of the features considered essential for *all round* shooting.

Notwithstanding these insignificant variations of the shot gun—in reality an old, muzzle loading musket—from conventional construction and performance, its area of efficiency was sufficiently remarkable to deserve mention. If, on being held at a reasonable distance from the wagon shed, it was discharged at the end of that shot scarred structure, fresh shot marks were likely to be discovered at each of the four corners thereof as well as at the peak and along the sill. It was even contended by some zealous supporters of its virtues, that a number of shot entirely missed the shed and spent their force in space at either side: which contention, if supported by proof, would establish a still greater range of efficiency than it has been thought wise to claim at this time and place. This peculiar trait, though considered of doubtful value by a certain class of sportsmen, to a considerable extent probably offset the irregularity asserted to exist in the contour of the barrel, and enabled Bill to bring down game that, had the barrel been geometrically accurate, he probably would have missed.

It may be proper to add that the old musket after long years of service, rounded out its career in accordance with the most approved

traditions, by bursting itself in remonstrance of a probable overload at the hands of the over-ambitious Bill. This act of self destruction was made complete by the separation of all but a small portion of the barrel, from the stock, and its total disappearance into space. Though the unharmed and astonished young Nimrod made diligent search all about the scene of the disaster, he was unable to discover the missing member; and fearful of being chided for the loss of a valued family asset, apprehensively started homeward carrying the corpse of the stock to exhibit as proof of the accuracy of his explanations relative to the incident.

In addition to these diverse accomplishments as a youthful hunter, Bill had also whipped the Neversink—East and West branches—Beaverkill and Sundown streams, in his boyhood days. Once in after years, too, he somewhat surpassed the efforts of Simple Simon, in lunging from a launch with a boat hook at a sleeping dog fish; whereupon, his aim being poor the hook met with no greater resistance than was offered by pea green sea water, and he instantly did a "spread eagle" on the surface of the calm sea; but was presently rescued and hauled back into the launch by a friend who had recovered the harpoon, and inserted its hooked extremity into the rear of Bill's trousers.

In view of his bucolic tastes, his early environment, and the sporting experiences just disclosed, it is a natural conclusion that he would be inclined to favorable consideration of any proposal involving an excursion into nature's undisturbed domains. Such, indeed, was the case, though his

desires did not comprehend anything more ambitious than resorting to the primitive conditions of camp life, merely for the recreation and physical rehabilitation thereby to be obtained, but to every such proposal, hindrances of an economic nature that he could not well overcome uniformly presented themselves, and he therefore arrived at the conclusion that he should never be able to extend his experiences in that direction. Eventually, compelled by the dictum of a medical practitioner inclined to substitute hygienic and dietary measures for the administration of selections from the pharmacopoea, he found that a prospective pleasure had developed into a stern necessity; and in a state of some uncertainty sought out his friend Aeneas who, on a certain occasion had referred to him as "not such a bad skate when you come to know him well," and communicated to him the suggestion of the medical authority. To what extent the solecism of his friend rehabilitated Bill's character, is not known; but that it indicated the existence of somewhat intimate relations between the two, is reasonably clear. Friendships, it is well understood, are not uniformly logical. Bill, for instance, was somewhat sentimental, while Aeneas was intensely practical; and in many other respects also their characters were antithetical. Nevertheless, for some occult reason they got on well together and even acquired a certain regard for each other. When, therefore, Bill concluded his disclosure of the situation Aeneas bluntly demanded:

"Well, you're going, aren't you?" Then he forestalled Bill's answer by adding:

"Of course you're going, and I'm going too. I'm warranted sound, kind and true in all harness and good wind, and don't need any liver tonic; but it's my play time and I'm just aching to wallow round in the backwoods. I know a hunting camp down East that's jammed from floor to roof with antidotes to whatever ails you, and we'll strike out for it as soon as you can get ready."

"I'm ready now," returned the impulsive Bill. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Get me?"

"Sure thing," assented the astute Aeneas who, no doubt, being fully acquainted with the temperamental failings of his friend, had tactfully adopted the course most likely to dispel further consideration of economic problems that so uniformly appeared to oppose an affirmative decision.

It is not contemplated either to philosophize on the weakness of human nature or to extol any particular school of medical practice, in this simple narrative. The remedy prescribed in Bill's case is common to most schools and widely accepted as of tested value in certain cases. It is at least certain that it at once began to exert an influence over Bill. As he opened the street door and left the house of his friend, the autumn air held, he thought, an odor of spruce and pine and withered fern. Amid the din of street traffic he fancied he detected the distant rush of water round the boulders of Sisson's brook; and mingled with the cries of "Wuxtra" that reached him from the corner below, there seemed to be carried the strident notes of the blue jay and the raucous cry of the crow. The shadows of tall buildings that fell upon him, to his transported mind were like those cast by the tall poplars, beeches and oaks of Bacon's woods through which he had hunted gray squirrels so long ago that it seemed as if he were then living in another world; and if the dull concrete of the walks appeared strangely soft and yielding, it was because his feet were tracing the old "cross-lots" path that terminated at the camping spot on the blueberry barrens, to which his thoughts had many times reverted when the annoyances of mo-



I Guess Your Liver Will Sit Up and Take Notice After a Few More Meals Like That.

notonous, daily occupation were unusually numerous and exhausting.

In justice to the simple minded Bill, it may consistently be urged that others than he often lapse into the subconscious state in which he existed on his departure from the home of Aeneas. "The call of the wild" is alluring even to those of sound liver, steady nerves and normal digestion; and he in whom it does not arouse a devouring enthusiasm, is perverted and deserving of pity. The instinct in man that leads him to seek companionship with nature, was inherent at creation, and will not be eradicated till long after grim commercialism has robbed all her solitudes

of their products, and completely exterminated the fauna that still inhabit them.

So it came about that a few days after the conference between the two friends, they stepped from a train to the platform of a small station well within the confines of that great sanitarium and sportsman's paradise known as the "Maine Woods." The day was yet young—so young, indeed, that as Bill inquisitively gazed about, only the station and the dim outlines of a potato shed not far away, came within his range of vision. Stars twinkled in a cloudless sky, and the sharp chilliness of a late, October frost was in the air.

"Well, Bill, we've reached the environs of that secluded retreat the pill man advised you to look for," announced Aeneas as he dropped his luggage to the floor.

"If these are merely the environs, the retreat itself must be a complete vacuum," commented Bill. "There's seclusion enough right round here to meet any requirement I know of. Has a pretty good smell, though, hasn't it? Nothing drug shop-y about this kind of medicine: pretty good for the appetite, I guess. I shouldn't mind if I had a little snack with coffee on the side, right now."

"Ye-ah," assented Aeneas, "but you'd better get your mind off on another subject—poetry, political economy or something in that line. It's a far cry to breakfast: 'bout three hours and a half counting the buckboard ride and the paddle up-stream."

"So!" ejaculated Bill. "Poetry is good, Aeneas; but it has its limitations," he continued. "I enjoy certain kinds of it at times; but when all your ribs are rattling against your spine, a nice broiled chop, or a couple of poached eggs on toast or browned sausage, or—"

"O, shut up!" exclaimed Aeneas, with more fervor than unction. Then, as his ears caught the sound of an approaching vehicle, he announced:

"Here comes the buckboard. Grab your stuff and climb in;" a command he himself proceeded to obey along with his companion. Three hours later they stepped from the buckboard into the



Cautiously Turning His Head He Observed Aeneas Similarly Accommodated in the Second Canoe.



The Irresistible Impulse of the Average Amiable Greenhorn to Shoot at Small Objects Is Not Easily Discouraged.

decayed, yielding sawdust that composed the surface of an old mill yard somewhere along the banks of the West branch, and watched the brisk transfer of their baggage by the expectant guides, into the two canoes in which they were to conclude the journey to camp. A minute or two later Bill gingerly took his seat on a cushion at the bow of one, not however without some apprehension of disaster; rested his back against a thwart; extended his legs, and was then shot out from the bank by the deft paddle strokes of the guide with a smoothness and celerity that astonished him. Cautiously turning his head he observed Aeneas similarly accommodated in the second canoe that silently glided along at the rear.

There was a peculiar enchantment in the silent trip up the West branch that bright, October morning, that lulled Bill's senses and deadened them to all recollections of the past. Like a disembodied spirit he seemed to be crossing the borders of another world wherein was suggestion only of perpetual delight. As the canoe swept on to the soft, rhythmical accompaniment of the dipping paddles, his mind acquired a state of deep content. For a time he found interest in the long, wooded arcades through which he passed, that were here in shadow and there flecked with the divided sunlight that dropped from the now thatchless roof on timbered walls and liquid floor. Soon the walls retreated and became dim: deep, lengthening shadows shut out the vista before him; the dip—dip—dip of the paddle grew strangely faint and fainter still; light faded from his vision; and back to the tireless guide, in the deep stillness of the forest, there was wafted a sound that has caused many a tired Pullman traveler to plot murder in his soul and to wish for the day: the rasping, villainous cadences of a chronic snorer.

For a half hour longer the canoe silently glided ahead, past undercut banks from which doomed

trees still tenaciously rooted, leaned far out over the water; round sharp bends that stubbornly maintained the tortuosities of the channel; past miniature coves sprinkled with lily pads, and along the well washed edges of tiny, natural meadows gray with a crop of coarse, withered grass. Still the recumbent figure in the bow anomalously murmured, gurgled, strangled, and gasped like the proverbial soul in torment, though blest with the peace of profound repose only broken at last by the shout of Aeneas, as the two canoes almost together touched the shingle of the sloping bank before camp.

"First call for breakfast in the dining car," he facetiously yelled at the torpid Bill who, roused to consciousness by the uproar, rose to his feet and gazed about in a manner that indicated both the surprise and momentary confusion of a rude-

ly wakened sleeper. Quickly recovering himself, he stepped from the canoe, seized a share of the luggage, and under the unrestrained chaffing of his friend joined the little procession that was headed for camp but six or eight rods away. Presently, seated on one of the long benches either side of the dining room table, he attacked a substantial breakfast of deer meat, fried potatoes, biscuit, doughnuts and coffee, and so strangely hearty was his appetite and so reckless was he in satisfying it, that even the stolid Aeneas was moved to comment:

"There," he said as they left the table and retreated to the easy chairs in the big room in which a cheerful, open fire was burning; "I guess your liver will sit up and take notice after a few more meals like that." Whereupon Bill uneasily examined the contents of his suit case to satisfy himself that his supply of artificial digestants had not been overlooked in the packing.

(To be continued.)

WILD LIFE IN A BIG CITY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your January cover, showing two snowy owls, was interesting. Few city readers ever see such forms of the wild life but it is interesting to note that even in this big center of population, with eight million people living within a radius of twenty miles, one runs across evidences of the presence of the wild in nature. Thus on January 16th while walking about dusk in Riverside Drive Park, I saw perched on a limb only about ten feet above the pathway, a very good specimen of the screech owl (*Megascops asio*). After looking at him for a few moments I tapped on the trunk of the tree with a cane and the owl with the noiseless, velvety flight peculiar to the species, sailed to another bush about fifty feet away and perched himself on a limb. I have an idea that he lives by day in the great stone buttress that forms a supporting wall of the park driveway. By the way, have any of your readers noted the scarcity of sparrows in New York this winter? The starlings also seem to have deserted us. Is the automobile responsible for the disappearance of the sparrows or have they merely shifted to another locality?

OLD CAMPER.

New York, January 17, 1916.





Like a Mantle of Charity, Snow Had Fallen, Softening the Rugged Lines Into Curves of Beauty.

Written on the White Pages of the Newly Fallen Snow

The Trained Eye of The Nature Lover Quickly Reads the Hieroglyphics Left in the Night by the Small Fry of the Woods—A Fascinating Study for all Outdoor People

By Will C. Parsons.

THE Olentangy had been almost bank full when old Boreas blew the charge. Down from the nor' east howled his legions, fettering the stream with icy manacles.

Then, the water had rapidly receded, leaving the shores strewn with massive, angular cakes. Followed, a freeze.

Over all, like a mantle of charity, snow had fallen, softening the rugged lines into curves of beauty; and spreading out a virgin-white page for the wild folk to write upon.

This, the shy ones had done by night. In the light, their hieroglyphics appeared—a plainly written record to the eyes of the nature lover.

Man also had been abroad. Down the center of the stream—now a level roadstead, ran the tracks of a sled. It had been drawn by one horse that walked slowly.

The driver had trudged behind, halting once to examine some musk-rat sign on the hither bank. The man had been after a load of drift-wood for, where the runners had struck a bit of drift, a stick had been shaken from the load. The end of the wood showed where the keen ax had recently bitten deep.

A dog, rather large, judging from the record he had left on the white page, had accompanied his master, but had left the river to forage in the underbrush along shore. His paw prints showed plainly as he had sniffed at each suspicious looking lurking place.

That the dog had found a prowling cat, seems strange, for the felines prefer to hunt by night. There had been a chase, and the dog had nearly had his quarry when a friendly young sycamore proved a haven of refuge. The claw marks on the tree, and the wild gallop of the pursued animal told their story. The dog had circled the

tree, and had then sat down. He was a mongrel, for, after fooling his time away, he had galloped away to find the sled without having guarded the quarry until the man could have come up. That the master had started was evident: that the dog had come to him in a cringing manner was also apparent.

A rabbit, crouching in a warm nest of leaves beside a stump, had heard the commotion, and had taken a few short hops from his form leaving four prints as the record of his speed. Then he had seen the dog and the tracks became *three*. He was still going, this time by easy lopes. The dog had seen the cotton-tail, had turned sharp in his tracks and had given chase.

The three dots were further apart; the four pursuing paw-prints pointed to the fact that the canine was going "full speed ahead." Out in the middle of the stream, the man had stopped, turned and viewed the chase. That the rabbit was safe in a hole under a big beech tree, was written as plainly as print. The plodding horse, the plodding man and the, now, plodding dog, pass out of the book as characters.

Turning over a new leaf, the mouse has written the short story of his comings and goings, from the little round tunnel mouth under a bunch of grass, across a snow patch, and into another dark and warm hole that ran down through the snow, and then under the roots of the herbage. His writing was fine as a lady's and as plain as copper print.

But why those leaps toward the end of his journey?

Ah, the sweeping print of a crow's wing tells the story. The black rascal had struck from the air and—missed. Now from a fence post near the corn in shock, he sounds his alarm cry,

and fifty of his brethren take sable wing, scolding as they fly, because of a dinner interrupted.

Turn another leaf. Here, where the ripples show open water, and where the gurgle of the stream strikes the ear, a mink has jotted down a short chapter in Nature's book. A few fish scales, a little red on the near ice, and a set of tracks from a bunk of drift to the riffle and back again. That is all, but these show one of the never ending tragedies in Nature: the fight to the death to fill the empty stomach—the survival of the fittest—the fact that each of the wild folk preys upon something smaller, weaker than himself.

Still another page. Here sparrows and juncos leave the record of their work upon the weeds in search of seeds and their hoppings over the snow, gleaning the precious morsels that have been jarred from their husks above.

Under the protection of the rail of a fence, a red squirrel has sat gnawing a butter nut. Then he has gone up a slanting tree to seek his desert. Here, in a spot sheltered from the wind, he has begun to chisel out another dainty. He has been there some time, for his warm little body has melted the snow, clear down to the wood. But something, a hawk perhaps, has been descried by Red's keen eyes and Fluffy-tail has bolted. It is all written there, even to the evidence of the abandoned nut.

Down in the hollow, a bit of bloody fur appears. This is the work of an owl. He has struck from the air; the brush of his wings shows plainly his labored flight, as he arose with his dying quarry. Another tragedy in Nature; she is full of them!

Now, the only signs of bird life that come to the ear are the caws of crows, mellowed by dis-



A Virgin White Page for the Wild Folk to Write Upon.

tance; the shriek of the blue-jay; and the tapping of the spotted woodpecker, as he sidles up a rotten stub. On the next page, is seen where the farmer has bridged a small run with planks. Also a tile drain comes out near, water running merrily from the red tunnel. About is the deep snow; but close to the run is figure after figure showing the wild folk have found a non-freezing fountain, and have taken advantage of it. Rabbits have tramped the place like a lot of sheep in a barn yard. Crows have stalked about, dragging their claws, and making miniature troughs in the snow with their tails. In places their breasts have hollowed the white, and then come the cuts in the virgin covering, showing that wings have been resorted to, since Jim hates to get in "over his boot tops." A fox squirrel has signed the trail book here, with his four dot manual and has gone back to the nest in a big hollow walnut, after washing his face and paws, and drinking his fill.

A small flock of turtle doves, wintering where the stock is being fed, whistle down to slake their thirst, and then dart away, fearful of the

watching man. That explains some unfamiliar foot-prints about the laughing water.

Another page shows a regular rabbit highway; a beaten path going toward a definite goal. There is nothing in this highway that shows the rather erratic movements of Bre'r Rabbit when he is just "Projectin' around." The tracks prove that there is some business mighty urgent, somewhere at the end of that trail. Following, one sees an old hay-bailer; in it is the last bale of alfalfa the farmer did not think to remove. The track ends here, and beneath the hay, the little busy feet have trodden the snow into icy hardness, and the bale has a great semi-circular hollow gnawed into it. Poor little cotton-tails; they have had to stand on their hind legs to feed. Some of them have jumped for mouthfulls! Then, branching from the main line, the furry little scamps have written "good-bye" as they hopped away to holes under the hay stacks, or snug retreats beneath the friendly barns.

A small, dark object, rapidly moving over the snow from the cover of a fodder shock proves to be a mouse, writing his short letter in the

snow. A swoop, a squeal, and a sparrow hawk, that has been hovering above, sails away, his warm victim clutched close to the feathered stomach of the captor. Still another tragedy!

A gray mass slowly turning and drifting, proves to be a bundle of tumble weed on the march, and looking across the field one sees the beautiful traceries of the weeds against the white.

Along the brook, the ice has been deftly moulded by Jack Frost. Of one foot log, he has fashioned a giant's comb, by means of pendant icicles. Jack's borders of lace and filigree are superb!

And now, fat pointer Queen comes galloping, quartering a field covered with low blackberry bushes. The wind has swept most of the snow away, but in a grass clump, hide six Bob Whites.

See, the pointer has winded them; she slides into an awkward "set." The man approaches, stirs the grass with his foot, and follows, a roar and six little chaps burst from cover and dart to safety in the far away tangle.

The book is closed.

A Few Shots at Random

By an Occasional Contributor.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT in the current Scribner's, tells us about that Quebec moose hunt and his unusual experience with a big bull which persisted in charging him, and which had to be shot in self protection. A mighty good hunting story it is, too, with the added reflections and observations of an accomplished field naturalist. The writer happened to be in Northern Quebec himself at the time of the Colonel's encounter, and the news of it soon reached us, via the grape vine telegraph that transmits news in the wilderness. I believe that every Indian in Quebec knew of the circumstances before the story leaked through to civilization. Dave Howe was out with me—Dave, a mighty moose hunter of Maine, who has been in at the death of a hundred or more of these animals, but who, now transplanted, is acting as the warden for the Bras Coupe Fish and Game Club. "How about it, Dave?" I asked

when the narrative had been told us. Dave thought a moment, then visibly and perceptibly reduced the supply of choice plug which a departing affluent fellow club member had bestowed on him, and replied, "It may happen—once in a life time. I had the same experience and wrote it up for *Forest and Stream* a couple of years ago." When I returned to New York I went through the files and sure enough he had, in the issue of February 21, 1914.

Dave's theory is that an unwounded moose which will charge a man is crazy—"plum bug," as he expressed it, or locoed, as they say on the plains. But the loco weed is not indigenous to Quebec, unless we put the habitant's home grown tobacco in such botanical classification.

The moose has always impressed people by reason of his bulk, if nothing more. Away back in seventeen sixty something the Duke of Richmond imported several moose to England in the

hope of perpetuating the species in the British Isles. Gilbert White, in his *Natural History of Selborne* records having examined the dead body of one of these specimens, and among other things writes: "What a vast tall beast must a full grown stag be! I have been told some arrive at ten feet and a half." And if you happen suddenly to see one towering over you while you are seated on the leaky bottom of a bark canoe some dark afternoon of a Quebec fall day, you are apt to agree with the estimate of the good Vicar of Selborne. —

The catalogue of a Fifth Avenue book dealer just out contains an interesting item in the form of the first edition of the first English sporting work, printed in 1486. It is known as the "Book of Saint Albans—The Bokys of Haukyng and Huntynge with other plesuris dyverse as in the Boke Apperis and also of Cootarmuris, a Nobull Werke," and described as the first edition of the rarest and most interesting book in the English language, and the first of the very long line of English sporting works. It is also the first printed English Armorial, and the first printed

(Continued on page 799.)

THE DEN

Unfortunate the sportsman who does not possess one, but *Forest and Stream* has opened a cosy one here where everybody may meet and talk over experiences.

Conducted by Dr. Samuel J. Fort and Associate Contributors.

UNFORTUNATE the sportsman who is minus a "den." Be it large and pretentious, or smaller but none the less comfortable and cozy, this is the place where sporting gear accumulates, trophies of the chase are displayed, and much incense is burned to the Goddess Nicotine. Here, too, friends may meet without disorganizing the family arrangements, put their feet on the mantel piece and swap experiences.

This particular Den belongs to the whole family of *Forest and Stream* readers, the latch string is out at all times, and meetings take place regularly each month.

Over the fire-place, which is large enough to accommodate a six-foot black-log, in gleaming letters are the words "Forest and Stream," three words pregnant in meaning to every red blooded sportsman taken separately or together, standing also as the title of a journal which for nearly half a century has stood for clean sport and sportsmanship—a journal which has wielded a mighty power throughout the land in conserving the remnant of our forests and game, and which has done its share, possibly a little more, in creating a wholesome attitude towards this conservation, upon the part of neutrals and those actively resisting the efforts of thoughtful men to bring about different conditions.

It is a pleasure to render this tribute to *Forest and Stream* at a time when a concerted effort must be made by all those who are interested in helping make the fight for saving our game. Let us never forget that *Forest and Stream* was the first of the leading journals devoted to field sports, to come out and demand laws prohibiting the sale of game. No lady-like request—far from it. A bold, ringing clarion call that has brought results, evidenced by legal restrictions along this line in forty-six States.

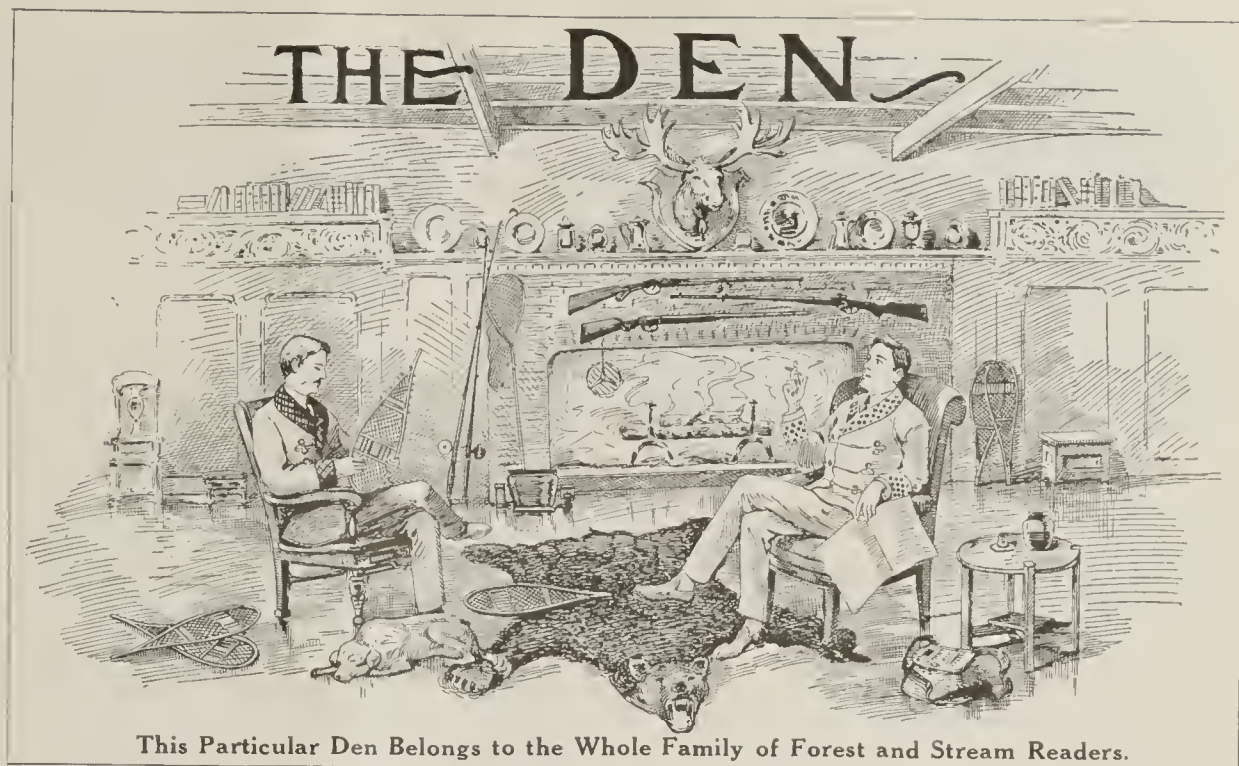
No more pertinent article has appeared recently than that to be found in the November and December issues, "Let us restore American Wild Life." It is commended to every reader who is interested in the matter not only of saving game but saving wild life in general.

If some of our millionaire pacifists would donate a few million dollars of their surplus to this great work, while it would likely make America a still better prize for some war-like country to take a fall out of, we could very well run a chance so long as our coverts and wild places were filled with their proper inhabitants.

Remember what a howl of protest went up when the 10-gauge shot-gun was eliminated from trap-shooting? The same howl will go up if the 12-gauge follows its predecessor, but can any one offer a legitimate reason why the 20-gauge should not be adopted as the general utility shot-gun?

There seems to be a-plenty of reasons in favor of this change, what are the objections?

It is confidently asserted that 500,000 men en-



This Particular Den Belongs to the Whole Family of *Forest and Stream* Readers.

gage in the sport of trap-shooting, which if true is highly important inasmuch as such a number would be a strong argument against the alleged high cost of living. The suggestion is ventured at this point that more men have given up trap-shooting in the last five years because of the expense, than have joined the ranks during the same time.

Here again is a highly important matter if it is correct, for while the recruits may be numerous, they don't stick, simply because it is a losing game from start to finish, for any man not able to break at least 95 per cent.

While on this subject another suggestion seems pertinent. Why can not the small-bore rifle be used for flying targets? It is not an impossible feat to perfect a trap to project a target suitable for breaking with a .22 caliber bullet, neither is it a difficult job to provide a back-stop for protecting the surrounding country. The shot-gun is a weapon, the use of which unquestionably makes a man conversant with the general manner of shooting and an expert would have less trouble in learning to use the grooved barrel than the man who has never fired any kind of a weapon. But the rifle is and should be the National weapon. We teach the soldier how to shoot rapidly and accurately, using disappearing targets, or by shooting at stationary targets and penalizing by loss of points for shots fired before or after a given time.

The general idea of this method of training is to teach quick and accurate alignment of sights upon a given object or to cover a certain zone with a rain of bullets. Practice at moving targets with a small-caliber rifle is just as good training for the higher art of using a high-powered military rifle as can be supplied with any other weapon except the military weapon itself, and if the army of trap-shooters now existing in this country were as expert with the .22 caliber rifle as they are with the shot-gun, much of the work required in placing a volunteer army in the field would be accomplished already.

For ordinary practice with the .22 caliber rifle, there are several models, which when equipped with proper sights, fill the bill and may be used up to 100 yards with excellent results. It is doubtful if the usual model of so-called target

rifle would suffice for shooting at moving targets, simply because these models have been built for the purpose of making close groups in the prone position. The sights suitable for target shooting are not the best for moving objects, except it be a disappearing target, so it is likely if we go into trap-shooting with the rifle, the repeating models will come into their own.

It has been stated that the repeating rifle is not as accurate as the single-shot and so far as the tubular magazine is concerned this may be true, the successive shots taking off a bit of weight at each shot and possibly disturbing the balance, but this need not interfere with shooting at moving objects any more than appears when using a repeating shot-gun with full magazine. No one has ever complained that the loss of two or three cartridges from the magazine has been responsible for a missed shot. The great desideratum in this style of shooting will be found to be the rear-sight and so long as one uses a sight like that turned out by the Lyman people, there need be no difficulty in finding and hitting the object whether stationary or moving.

February is the "Hunger Moon" of the Indians, and this month demands a supply of feed for the birds. Not alone for the game birds but our winter residents as well. A piece of suet nailed to a tree will be found a source of interest to the feathered tribes on our lawns and to the owner, if he or she will take the trouble to watch it with a pair of glasses.

The number and variety of birds visiting the free lunch every day will be surprising to the uninitiated. Bread crumbs and bird seeds may be placed in rude shelters mounted on tall posts, and the hungry little fellows will soon find the supplies and return regularly for their meals. Wherever a covey of Bob White use, scatter wheat and cracked corn, and if Bre'r Rabbit visits the turnip patch or the celery bed, let him have his share without protest.

If the sparrows become a nuisance, buy an old .22 caliber rifle and shoot them with shot-shells. It is hardly necessary to warn against shooting such cartridges from a good barrel, any more

(Continued on page 823.)

Waterfowl of Manitoba and Saskatchewan

With a Few Remarks and Observations on the Hunting of Prairie Chickens as Now Practised

By J. D. A. Evans.

The waterfowl of Canada West, are extending flight into latitudes removed from the footsteps of man. Yet opportunity for sport is still provided in agricultural domain of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

In the hinterlands of Canada, the winged tenantry arrive in early spring. Several varieties of the wild duck do not extend flight into uninhabited territory northward. These birds known as "domestics," furnish good sport in the open sea-



son commencing October 1. The "foreign" ducks feed in Manitoba and Saskatchewan during return flight southward. An average autumn witnesses the following species:

The blue bill; gadwell, a bird of extreme speed flight; butterball, a delight of the epicurean;

streams and consists of boat and "hide" if reed patch or rice grass is prevalent. Toward the close of season when early frost takes tenure of the waterways, decoys in close adjacency to willows or other growth are utilized. During the second week of November, waterfowl migration approaches; occasionally this departure may be extended a few days. A huge financial outlay for the sport is not necessary. Necessaries are a seaworthy boat and clothing which does not evoke the ridiculous. Many sportsmen have yet to learn the characteristics of simple garb, and appear at shooting grounds in most grotesque costume. Numerous of the Nimrod fraternity have preference for the camp life; however, in the majority of localities, good accommodation at reasonable price is obtainable at farmers' homes in the vicinity.

The yellow pouched pelican will be seen occasionally. A quartette of the goose family, Russian, grey, laughing and wavey are visitants in spring and autumn, en route to and from nesting places far northward. The swan has almost deserted former haunts in its annual peregrination, an odd specimen perchance being observed on flight from northern wilds. Many waterways contain the bittern; likewise the mud hen and coot. The loon is not of general distribution, yet occurs in plenitude on some waters. Blue and sandhill crane may be noticed amid reed beds of larger lakes; the last named variety may be taken on stubble fields during late autumn. Every lake and slough is patronized by the snipe of a trio of species; the golden plover ten-



Is It Safe?—Yes, Come On In, the Water's Fine!

saw bill; wood duck; blue teal, also red, green, white winged varieties; mallard, green and red head; spoon bill; likewise a white duck classed as of rare observance; few occurrences of this visitor are, however, recorded.

The duck shot usually follows the sport through a trio of mediums: rising, flight, decoy. The first named is adaptable to rivers and

ants the prairies, and toward end of August has usually taken departure.

The provisions of Manitoba and Saskatchewan game laws, furnish adequate protection for the annual bird visitants. In every district of the Provinces, guardians are appointed, and stringent penalties are enacted for infringement of legislation. Residents of cities and incorporated

towns are required to procure permit at cost of one dollar. Persons not domiciled within the territory, must obtain license for which a fee of twenty-five dollars is chargeable.

The advent of a progressive attitude into confines of unoccupied territory, creates transformation. Canada West is fitting example of such prowess; its fur bearers have migrated northward; the ornithological features are retained to a certain extent as illustrated by the prairie chicken yet continuing its haunts amid the settlements of agricultural domain.

Within recent years, many within the sporting arena conceded that preservation of the prairie chicken could alone be obtained through measure of close season for several years. Then dissentient voices arose above the clamor; legislative enactment toward foreclosure did not transpire. There were at the time, and are yet, certain factors contributory to diminution of the birds of which to-day large flocks are in general distribution. During the early years of Canada West history, prairie fires occurred annually in spring time and were responsible for much destruction of eggs and young birds. In this present decade, depredations of the crow and weasel are not absent among the nests.

The prairie chicken is not of easy prey to the gun. Hence many alleged "sportsmen" are adherents of a fraternity the ideas of whom are confined to procedure recognized in prairie parlance as "pot hunting," the main tactics of which consist in entering a field by means of wagon, buggy or automobile, and thus frustrating the chicken from taking wing until the hunter is within close range. A most improper and unsportsmanlike system, one to which every discouragement should be tendered. Yet this procedure is yearly practised; it should be prohibited by stringent penalty. The individual by whom the sport of chicken shooting is valued from its highest aspects, invokes the service of the dog, and especially so during morning and afternoon hours, when birds retire into grass or scrub in the vicinity of feeding grounds. Toward expiration of the open season, October 1-15, chicken are in strong feather equipment, necessitating heavy grade of shot, numbers two and three, of first class utility. Game laws limit a per diem bag to twenty birds; an excess of one hundred chicken may not be taken during the season. For sportsmen non-resident in the territory, license fee of twenty dollars is enacted.

During September, Manitoba Field Trials are an event of importance. Entries from many leading handlers of the United States, contribute greatly to the program, which occurs at Arnaud, twenty miles south of the City of Winnipeg. The Province of Manitoba has dispatched several animals of local ownership, to participate in trials of United States clubs.

FROM FOREST AND STREAM'S FOUNDER.

Washington, D. C., December 15, 1915.

Dear Friend Editor:

I hasten to send you congratulations on your great success in revamping our *Forest and Stream*. To-day it is a much better make up mechanically and artificially than it was at the outset.

I keep very well, physically, but I am constantly reducing weight. CHARLES HALLOCK.

A FEW SHOTS AT RANDOM.

(Continued from page 796.)

book containing English. It is modestly priced at twelve thousand dollars.

While perhaps correctly described as the first English sporting book—although it really is not the first book in which Englishmen first saw their language in print, it is not by any means the first book on sports ever written. When it comes to that Homer himself was not such a bad sporting writer, and going back further yet, is it not true that descriptions of sport and natural history furnished the first written evidence of man's intelligence? How about prehistoric man and his carvings and painting of animals, so charmingly touched on by Professor Osborn in his new book on the "Man Of The Stone Age" and in Professor Sollas' volume, "Ancient Hunters?" Prehistoric authors, however, were not writing sporting books; they were simply setting down the anything but dry routine of their everyday life.

How George Raymond, who died recently at Morristown, New Jersey, would have loved the book of Saint Albans. He possessed what was without doubt the finest library of books on sport and outdoor life in America. He told the writer a few years since that he intended to keep on collecting as long as he lived, and the private catalogue which he issued for his friends revealed what a treasure house his library—a separate building constructed solely for the purpose of housing his collection—contained. This library will be a gold mine if it ever comes on the market. That is the worst part of making a collection, for if the books are not bestowed specifically by will, the courts usually order the executors to sell them. Still, what would the rest of us do if chances like these never offered?

Everybody has seen the little side baskets which are placed on motor cycles in order to give the rest of the family a chance of an occasional outing or spilling. Popular Mechanics now tells of an improvement in the way of a side basket which can be unscrewed and used as a canoe. This thing, it says, is attached to the main jigger by means of "winged nuts." A very good description by the way, both as to equipment and otherwise for the crew.

The old steel rod does not enter much into the poetry of angling literature, but it does most of the prose work in actual fishing life. Perhaps the steel rod looks a little bit dilapidated as you go over it now. It ought to, from the amount of work you make it do in the summer season. A little shellac dissolved in alcohol, a little venice turpentine and lamp black makes a good varnish to finish up the outside, but repairs are so cheap that the best thing to do is to send it back to the Bristol company and receive in return what looks like a new rod. The writer has one of these rods which he has been using for a dozen years, and with which he has caught at a low estimate a thousand bass, not including a lot of trout and some big pike, going as high as 26 pounds. Don't get indignant at this seeming slaughter, for by far the greater number of the fish were returned to the water uninjured and still fighting. Yet that rod to-day is about as good as it ever was.

The Grayling In Michigan

Why and How "The Flower
Of Fishes" was Exterminated
—Doubtful Whether any
Are Left in That State

By W. B. Mershon.



Photo by W. B. Mershon

I HAVE noticed the reference to me in Mr. Bradford's article on the grayling. Some years ago I gave *Forest and Stream* an article on the grayling. It was illustrated with the last grayling pictures I ever took, and I guess the pictures of the last grayling.

I am certain that the Michigan grayling and the Montana grayling are different. I have caught both of them. We have repeatedly planted the Montana grayling here in Michigan, and never yet knew one to live through the second year after planting, and thousands of them have been put in our old Michigan grayling streams. Furthermore, the condition of these streams are practically the same as when the Michigan grayling was the only fish therein, except that now brook trout and the rainbow trout are in them.

It is quite generally believed that with the advent of the brook trout, a fall spawner, that the grayling, a spring spawner, met its doom. Undoubtedly the brook trout did have a lot to do with the extermination of Michigan grayling, but another thing that probably had its influence too, was the flooding of the streams by the lumbermen. The grayling lived in a sandy bottom stream. The Upper Au Sable, the Pere Marquette, the Little Manistee, the Black, the Sturgeon and a dozen more noted grayling streams, all sandy bottom, yellow sand streams that flowed through the jackpine plains in the northern part of the lower peninsula of Michigan. These sands were shifting. The grayling did not lurk under the bank like a trout but liked the open places. You would find them more often in a pool in the center of the stream than you would in a hole under the bank.

Now the spring time was the time the logs were run by the lumbermen, the head waters of these streams would be dammed and once a day or once every two days when a sufficient head water had accumulated, the dam would be suddenly opened and the logs would be swept on their way down stream toward the main booms within reach of the saw mill. This flood would sweep the logs for several miles and then subside and leave them until another flood picked them up and carried them farther on their way. The gouging out of the sandy bottom with the onrush of the saw logs, cutting out in some places and covering up of others by the rush of water, unquestionably destroyed the spring deposited spawn of the grayling.

The last grayling that I, or any of my friends,

took was on the Black River on June 3rd, 1906. The year previous we had taken forty grayling from that same locality, a party of six or eight of us fishing for a week. We had not expected to get more than half a dozen grayling even that year, we were on a trout fishing expedition.

From reading Mr. Bradford's article one would get the impression that grayling were still to be found in the lower Michigan streams. I do not believe there is a single one left any more than there is a passenger pigeon. There is a stream in the Upper Peninsula that we have known contained a few grayling for a good many years. We who have had this knowledge have hardly dared breathe it for fear it would be fished to death and the last of its race, the gentleman of all fish—the aristocrat of our streams, would banish forever. A more delicious pan fish never grew, provided it would jump from the stream into the frying pan. In other words, it wanted to be used very soon after taken. It would not keep like a trout for it soon lost its delicious flavor.

We always used small flies and had to play the fish delicately as it had a very tender mouth, and it rushed and leaped and sideways darted with its great dorsal fin as an inverted centerboard and sent a thrill to the angler's nerves.

Now if logging destroyed our Michigan grayling and Montana grayling are the same, why is it that they will not now thrive in our streams that the logging is now past? If they are the same, then it must be because of the brook trout which were introduced into these streams that formerly were natural grayling streams and contained no other fish. Fred Mather told me as far back as 1876 that he had never been able to raise Michigan grayling artificially. He said: "A grayling will die in water if the temperature reaches 72." Another thing I never yet caught a grayling that weighed two pounds, and I have caught hundreds and hundreds of them. I have had a number that would weigh one and three-quarter pounds. I have weighed them time and time and again. So when people talk of two pound grayling, or over two pounds, I have made up my mind that they were guessing at it.

Warburton Pike, whose "Barren Ground of Northern Canada" is a classic and first told the world about the great quantity of wild life in the barren lands, died recently in England. He went from British Columbia to England, hoping to be of aid to the mother country.



It Puts the Fisherman Wherever He Wants to Go.

The Purr of the Little Outboard Motor

Hunters and Anglers Have Found That it Increases Their Range While Saving Endless Hours of Paddling or Rowing

JUST about ten years ago, the first portable motor ever seen in this country was shown at a hotel in Detroit, Michigan, the property of a French traveler who had brought the motor from Bordeaux. Its appearance excited considerable interest among builders of gasoline motors, most of whom saw a big future for a motor of that type, to be constructed on improved lines.

This first motor had a vertical cylinder and as might have been expected was both complicated and cumbersome. Several initial efforts to produce a lighter and simpler type of outboard or portable motor, were more or less unsuccessful, until one manufacturer specialized on the type and produced what was probably the forerunner of the exact models of portable motors on the market to-day.

The growth of this particular type of motor has been almost phenomenal. The improvements have been rapid and radical. The popularity of the portable motor has been established in less time and on a more solid basis than perhaps any other novelty of a similar class. To-day, there are more than twenty different makes of portable motors and, for the most part, they are all reliable and will do what their manufacturers claim for them.

The popularity of the portable motor is due to its adaptability. The average motor boat enthusiast is likely to lean toward a portable motor even though he may have a standard in-board engine installed in his pleasure cruiser, speed launch or runabout. The portable type is used as a tender and is often more extensively employed for attachment to small light open rowboats for fishing, hunting and "pottering around." Its popularity has frequently led to misapplication of its limits. The concentration of from 2 to 5 h. p. within reasonable weight limits and on a general design of compactness, does not lend itself to robust construction. In the matter of speed, the portable motor is the equal of any other type of marine power, but they should not be employed on boats of heavy build and extreme breadth of beam nor on boats that are intended for heavy-duty purposes, al-

though there is an inclination to impose conditions of this sort simply because the motors will frequently stand up under a strain they were never intended to provide for.

In the earlier models, the sole idea was to apply power in detachable form and in a portable design, so that the boating enthusiast might have at his command a mechanical pair of oars and enjoy the pleasure of boating, fishing and hunting on the water, without the severe muscular strain necessary to the use of oars. The need of power of this sort was more particularly felt by vacationists whose muscular exertions were generally limited to vacation time. But the adaptability of the portable motor to all kinds of boating requirements soon created a much wider field than was originally anticipated. The result of this has been a constant tendency to improve the type, to expand its field and to build it in a variety of sizes and designs. It is questionable whether this tendency has not carried the portable motor beyond its practical limitations. The main idea at first, was to build this type of motor within a weight limit that would permit of its being carried by the tourist or vacationist in a suitcase. The design has been extended to a horse-power scale that over-steps the bounds of portability, so that there is to-day a number of so-called portable motors weighing up to 150 lbs. to 200 lbs. net and requiring a load capacity of more than the average man is capable of. Still, there is a growing demand for a detach-

able type of motor without reference to its portability that undoubtedly justifies the building of that type in sizes up to 5 h. p. and even more.

In successive years, the portable motor has been improved and developed until to-day it seems to have reached as nearly a point of perfection as the laws of mechanics will permit. Some of the best known models on the market are equipped with high-tension magneto built into the flywheel of the motor, practically insuring a water-proof ignition system. Others are constructed on an adjustable bracket so that they may be installed or attached to boats of unusual stern-model, the propeller of the motor being adjusted to almost any position in the water that will allow of its operation. In other designs, detachable brackets have been produced so that the motor may be attached to the bracket itself and the latter appliance adjusted to fit almost any shape or model of boat. In other models, a reversible propeller may be had, controlled by a lever operating in a ratchet-guide so that without changing the direction of the motor, its effective power may be exercised in different speeds forward or astern or the propeller thrown into neutral position.

On nearly all the different models on the market, a simple spin of the flywheel is sufficient to start the motor and excite the magneto ignition system. There has been an insistent demand for a portable motor that would be practically self-starting, either by an electrical or a ratchet-spring device, and most of the boating magazines are now featuring a motor of that description equipped with a pull-starter by means of which all cranking of the flywheel is done away with.

Then there are two-cylinder portable motors from 2 to 5 h. p. furnished with gearless propeller shafts and still others with a variety of devices and appliances, all of which are aimed at flexibility of operation, simplicity of action and permanency of service.

In a broad and general way, the portable motor may be regarded as a reliable, convenient power plant. Its popularity is established, it has "come to stay" and its uses are broadening with each boating season.

Two facts should be kept in mind by the prospective purchaser of portable motors. One is that quality in this matter as in all other things of life is the foundation of price and that the manufacturers of outboard motors are too keenly alive to competition not to recognize that prices must be regulated by quality. You cannot get something for nothing in an outboard motor, any more than you can in other things that you have to buy. Still the price of the most expensive motor is so small comparatively that none need be deterred from the ambition to possess one.





Looks Like the Real Wilderness, but Spots Like This Are to Be Found in Hundreds of Localities Near Cities.

Week End Camping Trips Are Possible For Everybody

In This Article the Author Tells How Easy it is to Find Spots Near Cities Where Cheap Shacks may be Erected and Good Fishing Found—A Few Pointers for Beginners

By Black Bass.

EVERYONE needs a certain amount of relaxation from business cares and worries and all seek it in various ways, but of them all the best is perhaps the week-end-fishing-camping trips; something that is possible to all of us, and by the use of a little thought it can be made a permanent feature of our lives.

A short distance from almost any city a lake can be found, on the shores of which it is possible to secure a small plot of ground on which a camp may be built, and withal a very cheap one. We use the word cheap advisedly, as it is only cheap in a monetary sense, giving us large value in fresh air and health.

Several years ago we discovered how to make these week end trips a permanent thing and not the exception, as is the usual case, and the total expense was very close to two hundred dollars—very cheap when we stop to consider all the years

of enjoyment and good fishing we have derived from it since.

Our camp is twenty-five feet in length, fifteen broad and sloping from six feet on the sides to ten in the center, under a peaked roof. It contains three iron single beds ranged in a row across one end, a table at the foot of the center bed, shoved close up against it to be as much out of the way as possible, one rocker and two straight chairs.

In the corner near the door stands a small iron stove, which, eked out with an alcohol gas stove for use in the hot summer months, is all that is needed for cooking and heating no matter how cold the weather.

Although the boards composing the walls are but seven-eighths of an inch in thickness, albeit well notched together, we have spent nights of zero weather there with a good coal fire going and felt no discomfort, although in any sort of a camp in the woods a night cap is advisedly worn. There is a deathly chill to the air on the

very cold winter nights out in the virgin woods that will manage to creep in through the very stoutest of walls and roofs, and it is best to be on the safe side and be well protected from it.

In the summer time, however, there are other things to contend with, primarily mosquitoes. And for protection against these pests we tack netting over the windows and have a long length of it draped over the door. Necessarily there are one or two that get in even then, but a slap or so over the spot on which one of them alights soon renders the camp free of them, for they will not enter after the light is once extinguished, and when the few that are in are killed sleep will be sweet and dreamless, something that we can not always boast of in the crowded city.

We each have a boat of our own which we keep well out from shore at permanent anchorages, getting to them by the use of an old scow which is drawn well up on the beach during the week.

This is advisable, as a well made boat that



Sometimes It Is Possible to Form Little Clubs for Week-End Vacations.—Rest After Toil.

would be light enough in weight to be practical as a fishing boat would be soon pounded to pieces by the surf during heavy storms if left on the water's edge.

For a buoy there are several things that can be used to good advantage. Perhaps the easiest of them all to secure would be the butt of an old pine tree with the bark shaved off and with a number of coats of heavy paint plastered on it. This is good because it will, if kept well painted each year, last as long as the boat itself. The paint will prevent it from becoming rotten by the action of the water and so becoming water-logged.

If one wishes a buoy to float high out of the water, however, a log will not do. They are often made of cork, but the price of these is rather staggering, too much to pay to throw a thing into the water to rot. The next best thing is no doubt a small oaken keg, a whiskey keg for example; they ride well in the water and do very good service. There is not a little care attached to their use though. It is necessary to paint them very carefully and keep them in that condition. During the winter they can not be left to dry out, but must be filled with water and kept in a damp place, otherwise they will be warped out of shape by spring, and useless.

Another thing that makes a serviceable buoy is an empty powder can. The lead cork in one end (the only opening) can be rendered water tight by screwing it into some white lead which is then allowed to dry before the can is painted, for painted it must be as the thin coating of enamel already on it will not prevent its rusting.

Take two pieces of heavy galvanized wire at least an eighth of an inch in thickness and just long enough for the two ends to meet when placed around the can in two of the grooves near each end. Bend back an inch of each end at right angles, then bend this inch double around a large nail so that an eye is formed. Do this to all four ends of the wires.

Obtain two iron stove bolts two inches in

length, place wires around can, run bolts through the eyes and draw tightly together with pinchers.

Take another length of wire, length to be determined by size of can, and after forming a loop in the center, fasten both ends around the bolts. The loop in the center of this wire is to be used to fasten the anchor chain and boat chain to the buoy. By using just the one loop in this way the boat will ride very easily, the buoy turning with each lift of the bow of the boat, and at the same time there is a complete chain running from the boat to the anchorage, which is not the case if anchor chain is fastened to the bottom of the buoy and the boat chain to the top. When the latter method is used the buoy has to stand the direct strain between the boat and anchor, which will make it fill with water through condensation much quicker than is the case when the former method is used.

Always use a chain for a permanent anchorage, as a rope is sure to wear out somewhere along its length during the summer, and as a rule, just as the storms of fall arrive, it will part and one is lucky if the boat is not ground to pieces like an eggshell on some rocky point before it is finally thrown high and dry on the shore by the high running waves.

Just such an experience the boss went through one fall because he did not have foresight enough to realize that a rope, no matter what its thickness or fineness of quality, can not stand the constant yanking of a boat for any great length of time and not unravel.

A good chain always gives one a sense of security entirely lacking when a rope is used. One feels that no matter how hard the wind is blowing, no matter how furious the storm may be where we are, we know that the boat will be in its allotted place when we arrive at the camp on the following Saturday. Somewhat battered and weather worn to be sure, but never the less it is still whole, which it is very likely would not be the case if a rope were used. And when one stops to consider that the prices of the

rope and chain are very similar it seems strange that a rope should ever be selected as the preference.

A good landing place can be made with very little trouble and expense, although this is a sort of luxury, for the shore itself is generally considered good enough; still it is a luxury that will be appreciated after months of yanking the boat up on the shore every time one wishes to land.

It is often possible to find a number of logs floating on the surface of any lake at odd times while casting around the shores. Select three or four of these and tow them to the landing place. (If they be small perhaps more will be necessary; at any rate they must be buoyant enough to support the fisherman's weight when fastened together.)

Nail strips of planking across each end with heavy spikes. Re-enforce with a length of chain across each end of the logs (which of course must be lying parallel with each other) and fasten by placing a spike through a link of the chain into each log.

On the shore end more chain can be used by spiking to the middle log and around a stake driven into the ground on shore. It can then be anchored out in the water by the use of a huge rock or number of rocks on a short chain.

When completed this will answer the purpose of an expensive regularly built dock, and as long as we are not to be there during the week to take care of it we do not care how many storms and high winds toss it about, for no matter how much grinding against the shore it has to undergo it will still be there when we want it.

This feature of every thing being fastened securely in place so that we may always feel sure that it is in the spot we left it, so that we may not have to go chasing over the entire country side to assemble our effects that may have drifted away, and generally do drift away under other circumstances, is one of the decided comforts of these hurried week-end trips. For if we wish to get the late afternoon and evening fishing we have no more time than is necessary to get our actual fishing outfit collected, row out after our boat, get settled comfortably and start after the fish.

Minnnows are always a good thing to have on hand, no matter how the fishing is being done, they always come in handy at some time or other.

It is possible with proper care to keep them in first class condition during a whole summer, and in a place from whence they may be taken at any time one desires.

The first thing to do is to locate a small stream, generally emptying into the lake not far from the camp. If there are no pools of two or three feet in depth, then one can be easily dug out by the use of a spade, or it is often possible to build a small dam with rocks so that the water will be of the required depth.

Make an oblong box, six feet long and three wide, preferably of one inch pine. Cover the bottom with heavy galvanized wire netting. Cover both ends with the same wire, but supplement it with some of very close weave, so that the minnows may not get through.

The whole top of the box can serve as a door by placing heavy galvanized iron hinges along one side and a hasp and padlock on the other, or if great strength to keep out intruders is de-

sired, a hasp and padlock may be placed on each end.

Now place the box lengthwise of the stream to such a depth that the water will a little more than half fill it, and fasten down by placing heavy rocks on the bottom.

A box of this order will accommodate a great number of minnows for a long while. A few bread crumbs may be thrown into the box occasionally, but as the minnows are living under almost normal conditions very little food is necessary; they get their natural food from the water constantly running through the box from end to end.

This box may also be used for crawfish if a closer weave is used for the bottom net. Cover the bottom with sand and place a few more smaller stones in advantageous positions. Lean a large stone on a small one so that the crawfish may crawl under and they will thrive just as well as if in their natural homes.

Worms may be kept by burying a barrel half in the earth and filling it with earth. They will live fairly well under these conditions. But the very best method is to fill a small keg with moss well broken up, not packed in, but thrown in loosely. Distribute the worms evenly through this and they will live for months with practically no feeding at all. Keep the keg as far as possible in a cool, damp place and the moss will retain its moisture for an indefinite period.

When taking the worms out in the boat do not place them in dirt; use a small pail and place some of the moss in it, or grass will do as well for a short while if kept damp. When using grass it is not necessary to distribute the worms, put them on top and they will work their own way to places of vantage.

This may seem like useless trouble to keep a mere worm alive, but it must be remembered that bass like all their food lively, so it is absolutely useless to fish with dead bait.

In the spring time, before the season opens and before the boat is placed in the water it should be painted and caulked well, for a leaky boat is an abomination and not to be tolerated if a dry one can possibly be procured.

More misery, worry and hard work will ensue

from a leaky boat than from almost any other one thing that a fisherman has to do with. It is always on the mind and one can never be quite free to set their thoughts on fishing alone, which is absolutely necessary if a good catch of fish is to be the result of the day's work. It seems that the only time that a leaky boat needs bailing is when the fish are biting at their best, and we must needs stop fishing and throw the water over the side, not only losing time, and precious time too, but scaring all the fish that may be in a neighborhood of a hundred yards or more.

For caulking mix putty and white lead together until it makes a good stiff dough, and after scraping off all the old paint and pulling out all the old caulking, fill all the cracks with it, supplementing it with cotton, or tow (which by the sailors is called "oakum," being simply unraveled manila rope) in the larger cracks. Soak the cotton in linseed oil which has been thickened with a little white lead.

Fill up the cracks pretty well with the cotton and then finish it with the putty and white lead, forcing in all that is possible without pushing out the cotton on the other side.

We all like to know the reasons for doing anything, and the reason for the above method is just this:

A heavy dough like this will stay comparatively soft long after the outer coating of paint is applied, for two or three weeks in fact, so that when the boat is placed in the water the wood will swell before the caulking is altogether dry and hard, consequently forcing it into every nook and cranny that may be remaining, and when it does finally dry, as it will eventually, the boat will be absolutely water tight.

After the boat is thoroughly caulked it should receive a first coat of paint, applied the same day as the caulking if possible. This should dry for one week, when the second coat may be put on. After this has dried for at least three days the boat may be placed in the water.

There are several boat builders that claim a boat should be placed in the water on the same day the second coat of paint is applied, but this is a foolish thing to do, as the paint must "set" for several days first or all the second coat will be washed off entirely in a very short time.

So far as we know there are no perfect paints to be used on boats in fresh water. There are a number of them made for use in salt water, but they do not seem to work out well in fresh. Their specialty seems to be the prevention of barnacles, but as the barnacles of fresh water are soft and easily gotten rid of we do not have to have a paint for their prevention.

For two years we used a very fine quality of copper paint, but it peeled to such a great extent that it was soon discarded entirely, and we began to cast about in desperation for a paint that would do the work that we wished it to do, i. e., to last one complete summer, keep the boat water tight and not peel, for the caulking will not keep it altogether water tight without the aid of good paint.

One year we decided to mix a paint to our own liking and see if it could not be done so that it would last better than the professionally mixed paints. After some thought we secured the following ingredients, mixed and used that year and every year since with a great deal more satisfaction than any used before.

Twelve and a half pounds of white lead, two



Rather Pretentious in Everything But Rent.

quarts of unboiled linseed oil—best quality—a quarter pound of lamp black and a quarter pint of drier.

This made a beautiful pearl gray paint, somewhat rough to be sure, but one that lasted longer and stayed harder than any we ever used.

Turpentine should be avoided as a plague for fresh water paint, for if used the water will crack and peel the paint in two weeks or less.

As to a desirable color for a boat every one has his own fancy, most every one deciding in the end that to please his own sense of color scheme is the only thing that figures, but experience will teach us otherwise. Perhaps it were foolish to imagine that we could not catch as many fish in a white boat as we could in a gray or green one, but it is so nevertheless. The very best color to paint a boat if we wish to make universally good catches of fish is pearl gray.

Although a light green will seem to jibe better with the general color of the water to one looking down at it, it must be realized that a fish is looking from underneath up at the sky and clouds, and the most natural color of the clouds is a decided gray.

Therefore, a gray boat will prove to be the best "sneak" boat of any, and when the sun is shining a "sneak" boat is certainly the only one possible.

Bass are not fools by any means; they know just about as well what a boat is for as we do ourselves; at least, they know that it is a human agent of destruction, and the ways and means employed it is not necessary for them to figure out to make them turn tail and vanish, except in still fishing, when they do not seem to be quite sure as what the nature of the object on the surface may be—a raft of logs, an overhanging cliff or what not.

This is proved by the fact that bass may be caught again and again directly under a boat that is stationary, when if it be drifting along the shores it very seldom happens, much less when the oars are being used.

Occasionally, to be sure, bass are caught close to the gunwale, but this only happens as a rule when they have been so interested in following the bait that they have had no eyes for anything else, and so come rather close to the boat before they are aware of its proximity. Even then they generally see the boat at the same time the bait is seized and, through their being undecided as to just what to expect, a very half hearted strike is the result.



The Women of Your Family Will Get as Much Enjoyment Out of These Little Trips as You Do Yourself.



The Southern Mountains Present Vistas of Real Beauty When the Rhododendrons Burst Into Bloom.

The Uncaught Trout

It is a Pretty Wild Country This, Up Under the Shade of the Smoky Ramparts But Beautiful Beyond Compare

By Donald Gillis.

THE rain clouds had passed, but the saturated slopes of the Great Smokies sent the storm water upoaring over the rocky bed of the Raven and filling the narrow valley with its clamor. Brimful, the little river in the forest ran discolored from bank to bank, dirty brown even to its foam churning against mossy boulders. On its flood came debris of driftwood and broken twigs, and overhanging rhododendrons sprinkled on it white petals tinged with rose. No time or place is this for the snowy-winged Coachman. Neither for Beaverkill, Quill nor Golden Spinner, and Palmers and Hackles would be but part and parcel of the tawny tide. Perhaps a Silver Doctor might make a flash to lure a rainbow from his rock-roofed domicile out into the wet to see the traveler with the silver raiment and the blue umbrella. But not likely. Substantial citizens stay at home in bad weather and cuss the administration for the short crop of grasshoppers. And fingerlings are not worth while. To-morrow may be another day. We will go to the dwelling of Nix and watch the chickens go to roost in their armored tree.

This isn't any war story in disguise. The roost tree is really iron-clad. Old ploughshares, crippled axes, fragments of stoves, rusty chains and broken locks are suspended by wires from the limbs. You might think this was a gallows tree where a hardware store had been lynched. But Mr. Nix is no lyncher, neither is he insane. Furthermore Nix is no stage name. The irons are where they are merely to protect the chickens from the winter's cold. Every intelligent person knows, or ought to know, that iron attracts cold. Therefore, when chilly air comes to assail the sleeping fowls the irons are there to absorb it. The cold makes for the dangling irons and is swallowed alive and the chickens are saved. Whether the iron digests the cold and is then ready to absorb some more is a matter for discussion by chemists. Me, I am no chemist. I do not even know the physiological effect of fly oil on fish.

Tomorrow comes indeed another day. The

mist rises slowly from its wet bed and makes skyward where we feel but do not see that the sun is shining clearly. The Raven has largely clarified over night, but it is still murky. Not for another day will it regain its sparkling clearness. The better fishing will be further on, up further where the clay road ceases to cling to the bank and generously shed its red surface into the protesting stream. The best fishing is always further on, I have noticed, in any stream. So we hoof it for a couple of miles while the sun comes into view and warms up this fragment of the U. S. Some fishermen preach early rising, breakfast by lamp-light and beginning work at dusky dawn. Not for me. I am for union hours in beginning the day, a good meal and a pipe by the kitchen stove. The habits of fishes are not the same in all streams. In some waters they rise early, but up Raven way they don't get busy until the sun shines good. Raven is a long, long way from the feverish activities of cities; the Raven is a good provider of grub, so why this early rising by prosperous trout?

We go up where the river is smaller and also more rapid and rocky. Rock cliffs hang over it and big trees lean over dark pools behind house-size boulders. A tangle of rhododendron on each side keeps us in the stream, and casting must generally be overhead. The water comes swift and waist deep except where it spreads thin and shimmering over a slanting table of yellow quartz. Most people never think of there being mountain streams in the South yet in Western North Carolina there are the highest mountains east of the Mississippi,—23 of them higher than Mt. Washington and 64 over 6,000 feet high. And mountains and plenty of rain are apt to ensure trout streams, aren't they? At any rate there are plenty of them between the Blue Ridge and the Smokies. I have caught mountain trout in South Carolina where the white water crashes over the State line with a waterfall.

It is a pretty wild country this, up under the shadow of the Smoky ramparts. Rainfall and a Southern latitude make for profuse growth of vegetation, and altitude produces climatic conditions that add a variety of Northern flora. The forests of poplar, chestnut, oak, pine and hardwoods climb up and up to the dark balsam domes. The sun shows clearly the great mass of Mt. Guyot, the high peak so overgrown with underbrush that few others than timber cruisers have troubled to ascend it.

This was the Indian country. Here it was that the Cherokees lived before the Government moved them to Indian Territory in 1846. Up stream a young fellow is fishing with a crooked pole. Slender and straight and brown hued the wild surroundings might make you fancy him an Indian. He is an Indian. Some of the Indians refused to go West and hid out in the woods and after much negotiation they were allowed to remain and the United States provided them a reservation. Lower down their cabins are scattered along the Oconaluftee, and at Yellow Hill is the Government school. There are about a thousand Indians in this section.

Having arrived where the water comes down crashing and flashing, slipping darkly by undermined ledges, sparkling in swift runways and lying brown in deep pools it is to be expected that one will stop talking and go to fishing. Among my flies is one with a gold banded body and smoke colored wings. Wickhams Fancy meets the tastes of trout hereabouts. I am talking now of dry fly Wickhams; I never used the wet fly variety of this gilded deceiver. I have used the wet fly Professor and it was good; of the dry fly Professor I can cheerfully say that I never knew of anyone who ever took a trout with it. Now I am even with this flaring winged imposter for the false expectations it has often raised in me.

This started out to be a story about fishing, with a shadowy hint of how a large rainbow that lies under a submerged rock broke the tip of my \$1.17 department store rod, but the story must stop, because no trout lies under that rock. Sad to say, few trout lie under, around or near any rock anywhere in the Raven. Lo, the poor Indian, beats up walnut bark and poisons the fish to save the trouble of angling for them. Is it any wonder that a man who killed an Indian in this neighborhood a while back fell asleep while his trial was in progress?

Coyote Hunting as a Sport and as a Necessity

The Elusive Little Wolf of the Plains is a Real Pest to Advancing Civilization, and it is Absolutely Essential To Keep Him Down

By John W. Davis.

THE readers of *Forest and Stream* who have hunted coyotes with hounds can understand the pleasure and excitement that goes with the game. It is up hill and down, and look out for holes, but be in at the finish if you possibly can make it.

Of course there is considerable risk and expense attached to game, but if our chickens and turkeys are to be saved something has to be done once in a while to lessen the number of depredations. When a man comes in from a day's hard work, only to find that the coyotes have taken the finest gobbler, four large turkey hens and about twenty-five young ones, all in one short day, he does not feel that the coyote is a benefit to society even if he does catch a few jackrabbits and gophers.

Looking at it from the purely mercenary side, I believe a good stiff bounty, on coyote scalps in Nebraska, which we do not have now, would go a long way toward decreasing the losses from this source. It would then be worth the while of the persons who could find the time to do so, to get out and get them, either with hounds or by hunting single handed.

Contrary to general belief, the coyote question is really serious here in western Nebraska. Thousands of dollars worth of poultry, chiefly turkeys, as the "little dogs" seem to like them best, are annually destroyed. Then there is the large number of young calves and sheep which are cut off from their mothers and killed. I think if estimates of the losses were made they would be surprisingly large, as I know of several hundred dollars loss in this immediate locality.

Now farmers as a rule would be hard put to it to take a day off and start out with their hounds and horses for a day's hunt. And, of course, this means that fresh horses would have to be used, which many would not have. But for those who can take a day off once in a while, and who are interested enough in the sport to pay the necessary price to get a pair of good hounds, or else get a pair of hound pups with good breeding back of them, and *train them well* they would afford their owners many a day's fine sport.

There is just one difficulty about hunting with hounds. The country as it is being fenced up, makes it increasingly difficult as the years go by to follow the hounds and as serious a pest as the coyotes are, people are bound to object when their fences are torn down, and not only that, the fences are too much of a delay. Of course, there will probably be some open country left in which hounds could be run, principally up in the big hay meadows for which this country is famous.

Now this is where my hobby comes in. I believe there is no finer sport than to take my old

Winchester, some fine, quiet, sunshiny day, and, starting up the wind or quartering with it, say, "This is the day I get a coyote." You may say that I display undue confidence when I say this.

A coyote is an animal of certain habits, and if these are watched and noted, and your hunting done accordingly, you will get him.

He never goes over a hill without first taking a long careful survey of the other side. He depends on his nose to bring the scent of any possible danger to him, so he does not look much in that direction, but for that very same reason he does keep a very sharp lookout down the wind. That is why I prefer to work quartering across the wind. In this way he will not get your scent and at the same time he will not be so apt to look directly your way. And if he catches a chicken, he will seldom run to exceed a half a mile with it, up the wind.

Unless he is frightened, a coyote will not move over the ground very fast, traveling along with a kind of a "double shuffle," so if when you are about the place and happen to see one loafing around, get the gun and go after him if you can get there in thirty minutes or less. As



you cross each rise or hill, crawl up in the grass like a snake, take off your hat too, it shows too plain, and look carefully over all the country you can see within six or seven hundred yards. He won't stand still long and when he moves you can see him, and plan to get within easiest range possible under the circumstances. It's bad to miss one and let him get away, because he will be so much harder to get the next time. Better take an hour longer if necessary, and down him with the first shot.

When I am going out for a real coyote hunt, I go prepared to stay all day, taking a lunch along, and just loaf around, sitting down once in a while, and practicing sighting on gopher mounds. Then when I crawl over a hill and see Mr. Coyote I am used to the light and feel confident of making a hit, and the lying prone position is the only one in which to make a long difficult shot. There is another great advantage in taking a prone shot. Being down in the grass, neither you nor gun more particularly, are very much in evidence, and if the first shot goes wild, and there is always that possibility, the coyote

is not apt to run far without turning to look back. Then is the time to get in the finish shot.

I had a practical demonstration that this method is a good one. I had sighted a coyote making for a heavy cane brake, and I had to shoot at long distance and quick. There was a stiff south breeze blowing and I was on a low sand hill. The coyote was down in the bottom of the valley. He stood almost squarely broadside to me looking over his shoulder to try to locate me. Firing from down in the grass I just grazed his chest, I had allowed too much for the wind. Instead of running, he jumped back and continued to try to make out what it was that was after him. That time I gauged the wind correctly. If that shot had been made standing he would have been gone like a flash, and there would have been another wise coyote.

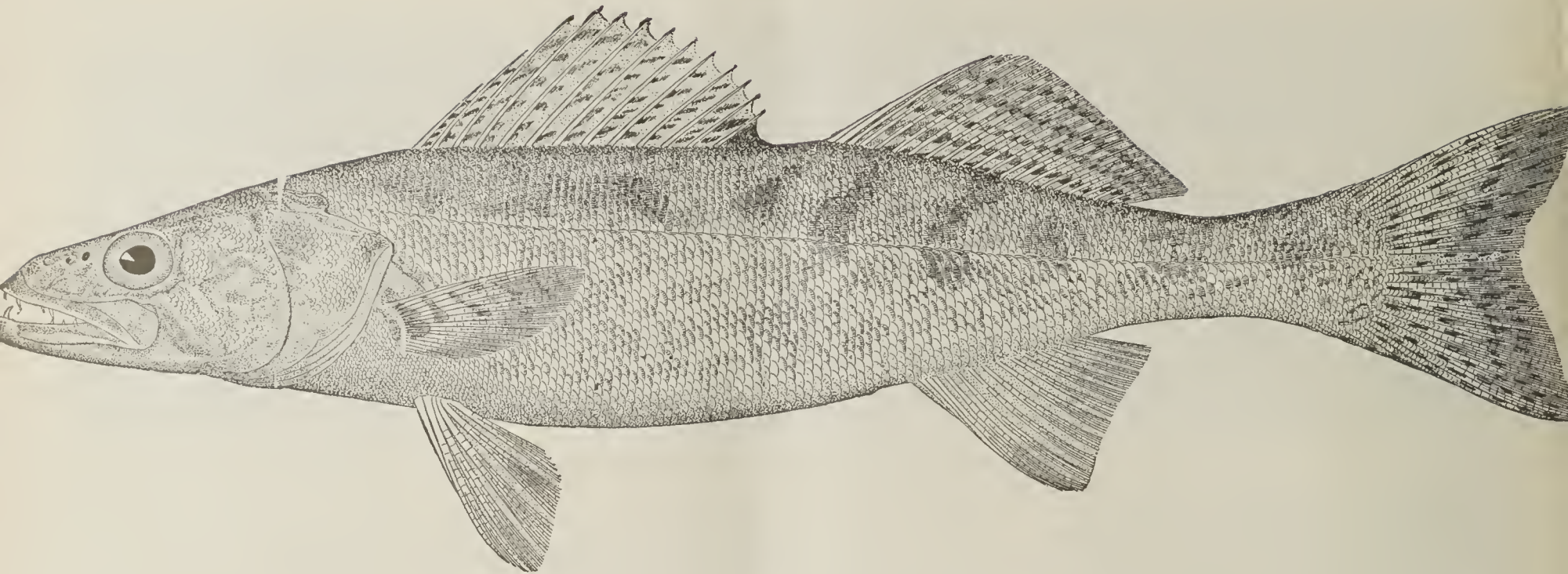
There are many old wise ones around in any community that have been shot at before and let get away, and these are the ones that it will take the very best kind of work to get. I never carry my gun over my shoulder. It's much too conspicuous that way. I prefer to carry my rifle in my hand, "at trail."

When closing in on one to get a shorter range, I wait until he has passed over a hill. Then is the time to run in on him. In this way by careful work I can keep a rise between him and myself and get up to the desired range. This necessitates some pretty strenuous running sometimes, all the more reason for a steady prone shot.

Whenever the question of what rifle to use comes up, there is some lively discussion, and each man is sure his idea is the only one. I have notions too on the subject.

For hunting in hilly country where there will be a good back stop for the bullets, and where it is as sparsely settled as here, stock is the main thing to look out for. My ideal of a good coyote gun for such a locality as this is a Government rifle (30) with a telescope, using soft point bullets. I fail to see how they could get away from that. Of course, in settled country a 25-20 is as big as is safe to use. But power and lots of it is what it takes to kill a coyote, and for this reason a higher powered rifle should be used wherever safe.

The chief point in favor of a bounty on coyote scalps is this: They are much easier killed in the summer time, but summer shot hides are not worth much, if anything. Therefore, the hunter is out his time and the expense for cartridges, which with a high power rifle is considerable. With a bounty, coyotes would be picked off in the summer months, and five dollars apiece is some better than fifty cents or a dollar. This is taking it for granted that the bounty should be five dollars for old ones and two and a half for young ones.



The Wall-Eyed Pike (*Stizostedion Vitreum*).

With the Bass and Pike of Leech Lake in Minnesota

One of Forest and Stream's Favorite Contributors Tells of a Vacation Spot Where the Angler May Revel In the Best of Sport

By J. A. L. Waddell.



IT is a long time since you have published anything of my writing. My professional work having steadily become more exacting and absorbing, I have had but little time for sport. I shall proceed to give your readers a short description of a fishing trip of mine this season at Leech Lake, Minn., where my old friend and sporting companion, Mr. L. D. H. Russell of Kansas City, had been spending a month or more. Early in July I had promised to join him, if I could arrange to get away, and he had written me to the effect that the fishing was fine; consequently, soon after the first of August I took train for Walker, which, as can be seen from the accompanying map, is located about five miles to the northward of the extreme south end of Leech Lake. This is quite an accurate map, the small squares thereon representing miles. For many years there has been a tradition to the effect that the shore line of the lake and its islands totals some five hundred miles; but a study of the map shows this to be a fallacy, for a rough scaling indicates somewhat less than two hundred miles, allowing liberally for the general irregularity of the shore.

The usual depth of water is from ten to fifteen feet, although there are said to be several very deep places, in a few instances over one hundred feet. It is this unusually large area of shoal water that makes the fishing so good, because the fish of the lakes in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Canada frequent the shallows where the weedy bottom affords food for both themselves and their prey.

There are some curious facts about the fish-

ing in the Minnesota lakes—in truth the same remark will apply also to that of lakes in other states and provinces—for in one chain of lakes there will be found only two or three kinds of fish, while in a near-by chain there will be other kinds. Very few lakes contain all the kinds that are to be found in the district in which they are situated. For instance, two decades ago the Elbow-Mantrap chain of half a dozen lakes contained only, as far as I could ascertain, muscallonge, yellow perch, and rock-bass, while in the neighboring Crow Wing chain were found black bass, rock bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, great northern pike, croppies, and, unless I am mistaken, pumpkin-seeds and blue-gill sunfish, but no muscallonge. Again, a small land-locked lake over the divide from the eleventh Crow Wing lake had in it an immense number of one-pound small-mouth bass and nothing else, unless it were a few rock bass. Some seven years ago, I am told, the Elbow-Mantrap waters were stocked with large-mouth black bass, which have thriven well and which apparently are killing off the muscallonge, presumably by eating the fry or the eggs. In Leech Lake (so named from the great number of large leeches that used to infest it, and of which there exist still quite a number) one finds the great northern pike, the wall-eyed pike, the yellow perch, and the rock bass, all of which are taken with the rod, besides the white-fish and the tulaby, which are obtained only by netting. Occasionally a muscallonge is caught by trolling- spoon, and in winter a few are speared through the ice. The latter fish are nearly always large, thirty pounds being an ordinary size, and some specimens reaching the limit of forty-five pounds. It is said that occasionally a few black bass are caught in the lake, and that

there are some mud-cat and eel-pouts. When I was there we encountered every day a number of dead fish on the surface, consisting mainly of tulaby or white-fish with once in a while an eel-pout or a wall-eyed pike. No one could properly account for the large numbers of dead fish. Some said they thought the Indians killed them in their nets; but there was very little netting being done when I was there—in fact, I was always on the lookout for Indians with white-fish to sell, but could find none.

The tulaby, I think, is elsewhere called the "cisco," although the few of the latter that I used to run across in times past appeared smaller than the Leech Lake tulaby. It is said that this fish is inferior in flavor to the white fish and is very full of bones.

Why there are not more muscallonge and black bass in the lake is a puzzle to me, for there are plenty in some of the waters that connect therewith.

Upon my arrival at Walker at 5 P. M. on Tuesday, August 2, much to my disgust, I found that my dunnage bag, which I had checked through from Kansas City, did not come in on my train—and in truth I did not get it till thirty-six hours later. As it contained all my outing clothes, my slicker, and practically all my paraphernalia, excepting toilet articles and fishing tackle, I was in a bad way. I had the choice between losing a day's sport or borrowing clothing. By adopting the latter method and purchasing a few articles I was able to join a party bound for Bear Island without detaining them more than a few minutes.

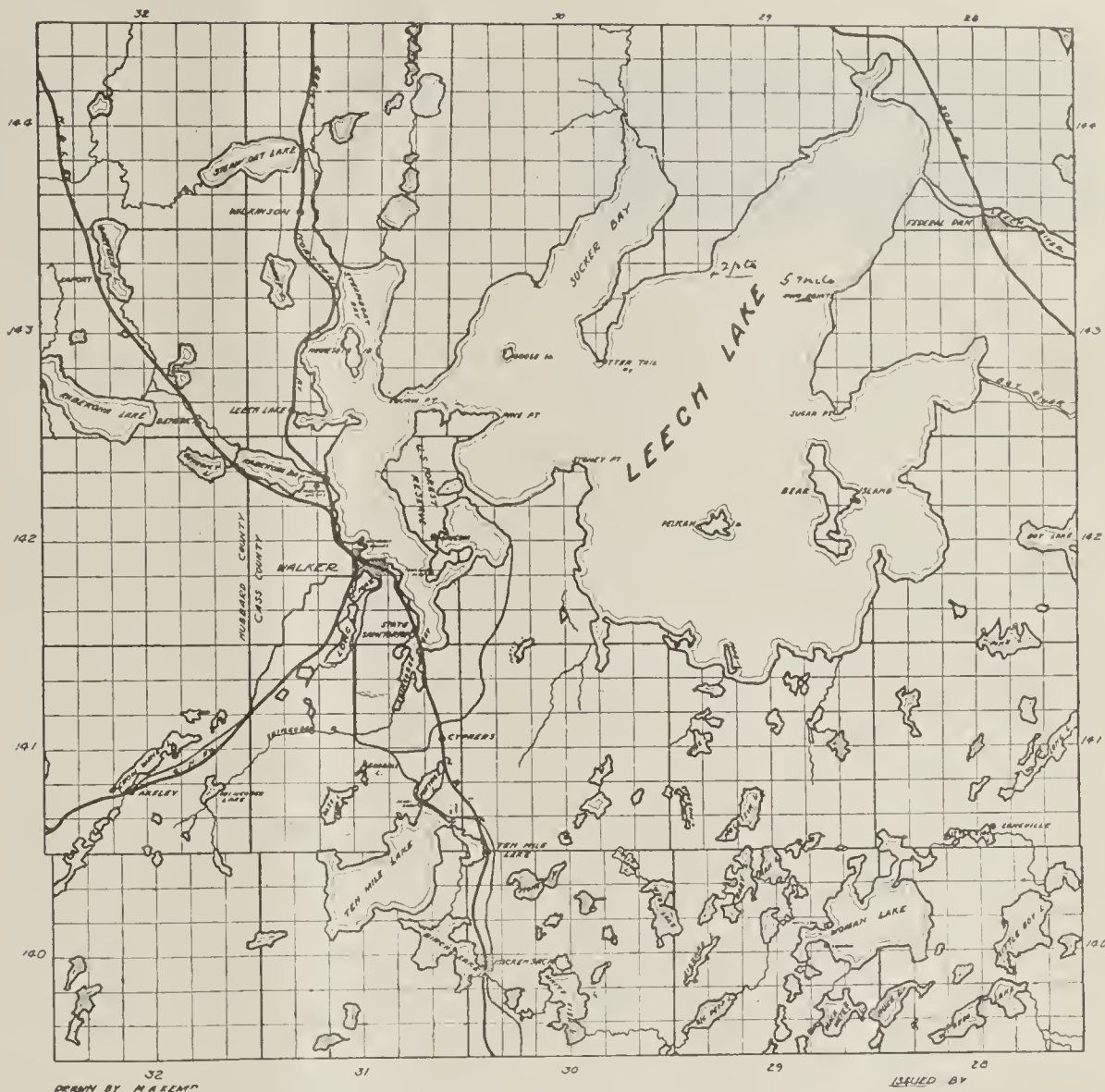
While on the subject of delayed baggage, I would state for the benefit of my fellow sportsmen that it is far better for one, if it be prac-

licable, to carry all his impedimenta with him in the Pullman car, even if by so doing he causes inconvenience to both the traveling public and himself; for the failure of railroad companies to transport baggage promptly is by no means an uncommon occurrence. On several other occasions I have had an outing partially spoiled in this way. It is exceedingly exasperating and productive of strong language when dealing with railway officials.

Our trip to Bear Island was made in the motor boat of Alec Alexander, a very pleasant, accommodating, and agreeable guide. He took half a dozen skiffs in tow, leaving most of his passengers at the south end of Bear Island and proceeding with the remainder to their summer residence near the mouth of Boy River.

We started fishing about 10:30, Russell and I with Silas Swim, the boatman, universally known as "Si" occupying one skiff, which by the way was a trifle small for two heavy fishermen. Fortunately, though, Si is a light weight, which tended to reduce somewhat the overload.

As a boatman Si cannot be beaten at Leech Lake—or, for that matter, anywhere else that I have ever fished. I had him every one of the thirteen days that I spent at the lake; and in all that time he never uttered an unpleasant word, and he was just as interested in the catch as the fishermen themselves. When he failed to take in a fish that one of us had brought to his reach, he was far more disgusted than the disappointed fisherman. He never once complained of the hard work, although the hours we spent on the water daily were from twelve to fourteen, and notwithstanding the fact that the wind was often strong and the waves occasionally high. He knows his business thoroughly, and can locate with great accuracy the best fishing grounds for the varying conditions of season and weather. He is a good oarsman, and, although properly prudent, it is not afraid to face a storm when it becomes necessary to do so. He is strictly honest in all his dealings, and would not pilfer anything, even to a fish-hook. As not all of the other boatmen of Walker have his perfections, any sportsman who secures his services may deem himself fortunate. Chris Swansson, the boat-builder, who occasionally takes out sportsmen in one of his 18 foot skiffs with motor attachment, is also in every particular an excellent guide and oarsman. He employs power for traveling to and from the fishing grounds, but rows for the fishing. His charge per day for personal services and the use of his boat is \$5 while Si asks \$3 for himself and his skiff. By employing them both, three or even four sportsmen can fish at very reasonable expense. The outboard motor, under favorable conditions, can propel its boat some seven or eight miles per hour, but with a skiff in tow only five or six miles per hour. On that account it is best not to use such an outfit when going to fishing grounds more than twelve or at the very most fifteen miles distant from the starting point, but to charter instead a real motor boat that can make ten miles per hour with a string of skiffs astern. There are a few boats on the lake that can make considerably better time than even this, but they are too fast for the tows, which the high speed is liable to swamp. With the outboard combination we found it practicable to go to Otter Tail Point or Stoney Point, but no



Map of the Leech Lake Region, Showing Best Fishing Spots.

further, for with a head wind and a towed skiff the progress was slow.

But to return to the fishing at the south end of Bear Island—all the skiffs had fair luck in the forenoon, then we met for lunch a little after twelve. As there were two ladies in the party, it was an especially pleasant one. Alec had gone to the trouble of taking along a large plank table which he had left at the luncheon ground before proceeding on his voyage. The fare provided by the hotel is excellent,

After luncheon fishing was resumed, and everybody seemed satisfied with his catch. Russell and I together landed between 40 and 50 fish, my biggest being an eight pounder and his one that weighed nearly fifteen pounds. They were the great northern pike, commonly called pickerel.

There is a difference between the two fishes that is hard to determine. The great northern pike is a hard fighter; and pound for pound it is probably as game as the muscullonge. It is known to attain as great a weight as forty pounds, and there are unconfirmed rumors of still heavier specimens—most of which, of course, escaped capture. The largest I ever caught was a twenty pounder, but I once saw one that weighed thirty-two pounds. Curiously enough, there was hanging alongside of it a thirty-two pound muscullonge, together with several other large fish of both species. That catch, with which, by the way, I was in no wise concerned, afforded me a rare opportunity to contrast these two fine fishes. If I remember correctly, the great northern pike was the darker of the two,

the lengths for fishes of the same weight were about alike, the general outlines varied slightly, and there was a difference in the shape of the head and the distribution of the teeth. As I am speaking of something that occurred some two decades ago, I cannot vouch absolutely for the correctness of my recollections. Perhaps some of your readers will be good enough to provide more reliable information on this point.

But to return to the difference between the pickerel and the great northern pike—my experience leads me to believe that the former is darker and somewhat longer for the same weight than the latter and is by no means as gamey. Ordinarily, I understand, the true pickerel seldom exceeds three pounds in weight, although there are said to be records of ten pounders. Here again some further information from your readers would be appreciated by the fishing fraternity.

Our catch the first day was pretty equally divided between great northern pike and the wall-eyed pike; and this ratio held good for most of the days that I spent on the lake. By choosing the ground and the manner of fishing one can readily alter the said ratio; for by trolling in deep water close to the bottom one catches mostly wall-eyes, and by fishing in shallower water and close to the weed beds the great northern mainly are taken. Occasionally one catches a yellow perch; and some of these are quite large. I took one that tipped the scale at two pounds. There are certain places on the lake well known among the boatmen where the perch are numer-

(Continued on page 824.)



The Fool and the Gun

“WHEN a majority of the landowners of the state have cause to feel that the mere presence of game on their land is a menace to the safety of their stock and themselves, there is not likely to be any great rush to increase this game.”

Thus writes a valued farmer correspondent of *Forest and Stream* in an article published elsewhere. He quotes at length from the recent publication in an agricultural paper of standing, complaining bitterly against the carelessness of some hunters, and citing injury to animals and the narrow escape of human beings as well, from flying bullets fired from high-power rifles.

As in every other question, there are two sides to this one, but we are afraid that the farmer's side has not been given the attention it deserves. The man who will carry and use a high-power game rifle in a thickly-settled community is a fool, and a dangerous one at that. Means should be taken to prevent him from menacing life and property, but unfortunately this is difficult to do, unless at the sacrifice of the convenience and legitimate recreation of the far larger majority of sportsmen who keep within the bounds of the law and within the restraints of common sense. The question involves more than that, for as our correspondent points out, it has to deal with the preservation and future supply of game, and in this particular the farmer is a leading factor. Incidents such as those which have been referred to are not tending to make relations between the farmer and the sportsman more cordial, but are leading to a point where open hostility is frequently in evidence.

The fool and his gun, needless to say, are responsible for this unhappy discord. It should be possible for the farmer under modern laws and conditions to regard the raising of small game on his acres as a source of profit quite as certain of yield as his other products. We do not mean altogether that the farmer will go into the game breeding business in order to become a game seller, but an acreage that possesses a fair quantity of small wild game is an attraction that legitimate sportsmen will bid well for during shooting seasons. This may be regarded as a plea for the sportsman with money as against the sportsman without money, but if things go along as they have been going in the more thickly settled states, we will soon face a condition where the farmer will prefer to see all the game destroyed rather than expose his interests to jeopardy, and as a natural sequence, a cure from the farmer's standpoint will be complete only when there is no game left.

Perhaps the conservation commissions and sportsmen's associations of various states can work out some solution of a situation that just now appears to be approaching a critical point. The quicker such efforts are made the better it will be. Our sympathy is with the man with the gun and especially the sportsman of moderate or

small means. He is not by any means powerless, for his influence in legislation is great. But our sympathy, while extended to the class named, is not withheld from the farmer, who has been long suffering under provocation. It is too bad that a closed season cannot be slapped on the fool with the gun. Some day an enlightened public opinion will take his license away from him, or refuse him one altogether. That is a reform the accomplishment of which everybody will welcome.

The Albino Deer in Nature

THE usual reports of the killing of “albino” deer are circulating in the daily press, with the literary embellishments that always accompany such stories. Thus we read of giant “phantom” deer, the “ghost buck of Jones' Mountains,” etc., etc. As a matter of fact the stories have all the thrills that attach to the usual ghost narrative, and no doubt timid people, unacquainted with the woods, go to bed after reading these tales of a winter's night, the wind howling outside meanwhile, with a well developed accompaniment of creeps and shivers that the stories are designed to produce.

Now an albino deer is a rather rare freak in Nature. So is a white blackbird, or any other off-color specimen of wild life. But albino deer exist, as do white blackbirds, and white blackberries for that matter, and there is reason to believe that by selective methods of breeding the white color could be increased, for a white deer is only an ordinary deer, just as a black fox is an ordinary fox, although the black fox has been made to breed true to color.

In its long career *Forest and Stream* has published many accounts of the killing of albino deer and the taking of albino specimens of other animals. But we have never to our knowledge published an account of an albino deer that surpassed in size or prowess the ordinary run of his own species. As a matter of record, the albino deer is, if anything, usually under-sized. It would require too much space to go into a dissertation of the whys and wherefores of the albino freak in Nature, but the illustrations which are published on another page showing a few specimens taken from pictures previously appearing in *Forest and Stream*, may give a better idea of what the albino deer is in real life. Note that the pictures show animals of common size only, and even under-sized.

It will add to the interest of this discussion if some of the readers of *Forest and Stream* who have come in contact with “albinoism” will send something for publication in future numbers. If possible, the article should be accompanied with illustrations.

Hudson's Bay by Rail

Hudson's Bay has long been the northern goal of the hardy sportsman tourist. It has been, in fact, the *ultima thule*, the Northwest Passage, of the outdoor man possessing time and means to reach the real wild places of the American continent. The recent construction of the Canadian transcontinental line has taken a little of the danger and difficulty out of the Hudson Bay trip, for the sportsman voyageur can step from the train at a good starting point over the Height of Land and follow the down-rushing tumultuous rivers to the Bay itself, with

the assurance of finding a comfortable Hudson Bay post at the end of his journey. Time was when visitors to these posts were so infrequent as to create astonishment, but latterly the tide of travel has largely increased and it has been said jokingly that Hudson's Bay sooner or later would appear on the list of summer resorts.

And this possibility is nearer realization than imagined. The Hudson's Bay Railway via Winnipeg to begin at La Pas, some hundreds of miles to the north, is now within 200 miles of completion, and during the past summer 800 workmen were employed at Port Nelson, the terminus, in constructing breakwaters, harbor facilities, etc. It is expected confidently that part of the 1917 Canadian wheat crop will go to Europe via Hudson's Bay but no one puts the actual date later than 1918. This astonishing feat of railway construction will, it is predicted, involve economic consequences of vast import, but it opens to the sportsman tourist a field confined heretofore to only the hardiest and the wealthiest of outdoor men.

Still the change is no less striking than that which has taken place in Africa, where one now rides in modern sleeping-cars through the great and supposedly inaccessible game fields about which so much has been written. But let not the reader excite himself with the idea that even though he may be able to go to Hudson's Bay in a Pullman car, he will see it all. The new terminal is at least 800 miles northwest of Moose Factory, the southern point of the Bay, and several hundred miles from the northern shore. The Bay itself is probably 600 miles wide at the point where the railway will touch its shores.

A vast and practically unknown country comprising many thousands of miles of virgin and for the most part, barren regions, lies between the Bay and the nearest point of contact on the west. This will prove to be the last big game field of the American continent, for over it rove the bands of barren land caribou, the musk-ox, and other sub-Arctic fauna. Nothing but rich mineral discoveries will ever induce railway construction through this region, which with its multitude of lakes and myriad wild fowl must stand as it is now, a veritable *terra incognita*.

The Dog

WHO can look on the picture of a good dog without a thrill? What memories of pleasant excursions afield, of purple dawns on upland pastures, the pungent scent of fallen leaves, the golden glow of autumn sunsets and soft, cool winds, a picture by that master of all animal painters, Osthaus, brings to mind. From the dim and shadowy past, when man himself had risen little above the brute creation, the dog was his chosen friend and companion. That is the best compliment that man ever received, or ever will receive. A man that a dog likes is a man that human beings can like, and as a corollary the man that likes a dog is a man worth knowing.

Every dog cannot be a champion. Neither can every man be President, but he can be just as good a man, and so a dog without championship honors, be he faithful and honest, is as good a friend and as well worth having as the bench or the field winner. If you are fortunate to hold the affection of a friend like this, you are indeed to be envied for you have passed a test based on an honest deduction.



The Calls and Cries of Birds

By B. C. Tillett.

IT would be both interesting and useful if some competent naturalist would compile a work dealing carefully with the various calls and cries of birds. Scattered references there are, of course, in most of the works on ornithology or natural history generally, and some authorities have sought to prove that the origin of the notes of birds can be traced to the noises with which the singers have always been familiar. Darwin put on record his belief that there is always the severest rivalry between the males of many species to attract the females by their singing. Young males in their first essays show hardly a rudiment of the future song, and continue practising for ten or eleven months till at last they are able to "sing their song round."

Some social birds, Darwin remarks, apparently call to each other for aid and as they flit from tree to tree the flock is kept together by chirp answering chirp. During the nocturnal migrations of geese and other wild fowl, weird sonorous clangs from the van may be heard in the darkness overhead, answered by clangs in the rear. These vibrant and clangorous cries in the darkness, and sometimes during storms, have given rise to various quaint superstitions. In some districts in England the miners refrain from whistling out of respect for the invisible whistlers whose cries are believed to give warning of some impending catastrophe. Not long ago a body of miners refused to descend a colliery because of mysterious noises which they ascribed to the "Seven Whistlers." Moncure Conway says that the ill-omened "Seven Whistlers" or "Seven Plovers" of English superstition, are said to have been Jews who assisted in the crucifixion. The rippling whistle of the whimbrel has gained it the name of "The Seven Whistlers" and we find the poet Wordsworth speaking of the old man:

"He the seven birds had seen that never part,
Seen the seven whistlers in their nightly rounds,
And counted them."

Baring Gould describes a flock of brant-geese "barking like aerial dogs" and that noisy bird, the gadwall, has such a loud and singular call that it is specified as "strepera." Birds "beating the air with their obstreperous beaks."

Ideas differ as to the notes of birds; thus Laplanders love to hear the note of the hooper, or whistling swan, which they compare with the sweetest tones of a violin. The few men of England greatly dislike the sound as being, they believe, a sign of cold weather, lack of fuel, and dearth of work. I have heard the name Gabriel Hounds associated with the whistling of wid-geon or teal as they flit from their habitats to

their feeding grounds—a passage to and from always made under cover of darkness.

The clamor of curlews recalls to mind how, many years ago, on rainy nights I used to hear the bewildered "sickle-bills" flying above the glare of town lights, during their autumnal migration. One stood thrilled by the sharp key whistling note of the dunlins flying among them; and when the knot and the godwit, and now and again an unfamiliar note sounded on the ear, some folk would shake their heads, and think of the spirits of the night.

The notes of some birds approach being ludicrous. Some say the woodpeckers laugh. By some the woodpecker is called the yaffil, having reference to the repeated high notes of the bird.

"The skylark in ecstasy sang from a cloud,
And chanticleer crow'd, and the yaffil laughed
loud."

Kingsley, too, in his blessings on the South wind, wrote:

"O blessed yaffil, laughing loud."

Birds can be taught various tunes, and unmelodious sparrows have been taught to sing like linnets. It is rather strange that only small birds properly sing, and that birds which sing well, as for instance, the nightingale, the black-cap, the thrush and the skylark are not decorated with brilliant colors or other ornaments.

Naturalists have been puzzled to decide whether the many strange cries and notes uttered by male birds during the breeding season serve as a charm or merely as a call to the female. The nightingale when nesting utters a croak exactly resembling that of a frog, but at no other season of the year. There is a charm in the soft cooing of the turtle-dove, but the same cannot be said of the screams of the macaws, and the gobbling of the turkey-cock.

Mimicry plays a large part even in many of our most familiar bird songs, which reminds us, that there are still many unexplored or only partially explored tracks, in the vast realm of natural history in its innumerable branches.

RABIES AMONG COYOTES.

For several years past outbreaks of rabies among coyotes have been noted in parts of Washington, Oregon, and Northern Idaho, chiefly in a region surrounded by natural barriers which tended to confine the outbreak. Nevertheless, the existence of this disease having become known it has caused a good deal of alarm in the infected districts. Domestic animals and human beings have been bitten and people were even alarmed for the safety of their children on the roads to and from school. It is said that the

disease has now extended into northern Nevada and northern California, and is becoming really alarming. The fact that the dissemination of the disease is occurring through the agency of coyotes makes it difficult to meet the situation, for the extermination of the coyote in any district has proved quite impossible.

Last year the Forest Service undertook to fight the disease by employing hunters to make war on coyotes in the national forests of certain localities, but the situation now seems to call for a more comprehensive campaign. A special fund of \$125,000 was appropriated last year for the use of the Biological Survey in the eradication of harmful animals, both in the national forests and upon the public domain, and from this fund a special allotment has been made to fight the rabies. The Forest Service, the Biological Survey, and the State Board of Health are working together to meet the situation in California. Modoc and Lassen Counties have been put under quarantine by the State Board, which has appointed forest rangers as inspectors in Modoc County.

The spread of this infection is daily assuming a more serious aspect. Reports from the University of Nevada covering the period from April 5 to October 15, 1915, show a record of twelve persons bitten by coyotes and nineteen persons bitten by dogs. Examination of the brains of fifteen coyotes, five dogs, one calf and one other animal, April 5 to September 23, show all positive for rabies except two which were negative. Examination of the brains of eighteen coyotes, November 1 to 26, show fourteen positive for rabies, three negative, and one, owing to the condition of the brain, not determined. There are numerous reports of coyotes deliberately attacking people, which the normal coyote is too cowardly to undertake. The loss of live stock has been severe.

The State authorities of Utah are very anxious to have the work of the Survey for that State concentrated along its western border in order to prevent so far as possible the spread of the dread disease into Utah.

The Biological Survey has increased its hunters to fifty and has purchased traps and poison, and the public is to be enlisted in the campaign which will be led by the Biological Survey officials and the forest rangers.

EXPLAINS WHY DEER SHED THEIR HORNS.

The following explanation, which is in answer to a hunter's inquiry, is given by Charles H. Eldon, taxidermist of Williamsport, Pa. The explanation is quite interesting and will explain a fact not generally known.

The shedding of the horns indicate the time when the season of selective attachment should close. Deer, moose, elk and caribou shed their horns. Deer and elk in their wild state shed their horns some time in January or February, but, in captivity, a little later.

It requires about thirteen weeks for an elk or



Pure Albino Deer—A Specimen That Many People Have Seen in Forest and Stream's Exhibits at Sportsmen's Shows.

a deer to grow his horns and then one month more is required for the hardening. The horns grow inside a tough skin, which in appearance resembles coarse plush of a brown color. When in this condition they are said to be "in the velvet." The new growth of horn loosens the old horn and in time causes it to drop off.

The horns are built up by the blood. The veins pass through the burr of the antlers and as the antlers near their full growth the burr gradually tightens on the veins until the flow of blood is entirely shut off. Up to this time the velvet is very sensitive, even to the slightest touch.

The animal now begins to realize once more his returning strength and he will thresh his horns through the brush, in this way tearing off the velvet and leaving them bare and keen.

The shed horns are eaten by wood mice, porcupines, squirrels and other gnawing animals; and the deer themselves aid in consuming their own horns, chewing them and eating them. There is doubtless some substance in the horns which aids digestion or satisfies a natural craving.

The abnormal growth of horns is caused by the "velvet" being punctured. The bone process then grows out of the punctured places, thus forming new points.

There is a dispute as to the location of the scent that is given out by the deer.

It is located in the foot. If the hoof is separated, a little pocket is found containing a pasty substance, the odor of which resembles that of rank cheese.

This substance works out on the hoof and leaves its scent on the ground. If a deer is hard pressed by hounds he will take to water and running in it for some distance the odor will be so thoroughly washed out of the hoof that no scent will be left on the ground and consequently the dogs will be unable to follow.

DEATH OF DR. D. G. ELLIOTT.

Daniel Giraud Elliot, zoologist and explorer, died on Wednesday, December 22nd, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was born in New York City, March 7, 1835. Dr. Elliot was eminent as an authority on birds and mammals and as an explorer in many lands. He was distinguished the world over, and was often spoken of—and fitly so—as the Nestor of American ornithologists.

His travels had covered Europe, Asia, Africa, Palestine, Asia Minor, a great part of the United

States and Alaska, and South America. When sixty-one years old he led an expedition into the interior of Africa for the purpose of collecting zoological material for the Field Museum of Natural History, and two years later, for the same purpose, led another in the Olympic Mountains of Washington. In 1899 he was with the Harriman Alaska Expedition.

Dr. Elliot was a tireless worker, and the author of a multitude of volumes. Among the best known of these were his splendid monographs in imperial folio, illustrated by hand-colored plates, on various groups of birds and mammals. To sportsmen, the best known of these are those on the Grouse, 1865; New and Unfigured Birds of North America, 1869; and the Pheasants, 1872. Still more familiar are the octavo volumes "Shore Birds of North America," "Gallinaceous Birds" and "Wild Fowl." Besides his bound volumes, he was the author of several hundred papers in scientific publications. His last great work was "A Review of the



A Partial Albino Specimen From Maine.

Primates," to which he devoted years of research, in the course of which he traveled around the world to study the scattered material.

Dr. Elliot had held many positions of high importance. He was Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and member of many learned societies. He had been ten times decorated by European governments in acknowledgment of his labors in natural science. He had been Curator of Zoology in the Field Museum of Natural History, in Chicago, and at the time of his death was one of the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. He was one of the founders of the American Ornithologists' Union, was long President of the Narrows Island Club, and a member of the Boone and Crockett Club.

Dr. Elliot was a keen sportsman as well as an eminent naturalist. It had long been his practice each year to visit Currituck County, in North Carolina, for the duck shooting. There he spent as many hours in the blind as most of the younger men, and killed as many ducks. When he was stricken with his last illness he had made arrangements to go South on a duck shooting trip. In person Mr. Elliot was tall and slim, and

possessed unusual dignity of manner; yet this dignity was so serene and gentle and his nature was so kindly and friendly that he was deeply loved by all who knew him well. His death removes a well known figure in science and in New York City that will be sadly missed.

THE OWL A FRIEND OF MAN!

As a matter of fact, our various species of medium sized owls are of vast importance to agriculturists everywhere throughout the country, for they destroy millions of mice, rats, weasels, and other mammals, which eat up, in the course of a year, thousands of tons of grain and other farm produce; and were these animals not kept down by such birds as the owls, they would, in some parts of the country, eat the farmer and agriculturist out of house and home, compelling him to seek other employment for a livelihood. Indeed, it would be an excellent thing to not only encourage such owls as the barn owl for example to breed and multiply in the neighborhood of large farms, but also to introduce and protect the bird, in such localities as it does not normally occur.

"The Barred Owl," says Audubon, "is a great destroyer of poultry, particularly of chickens when half-grown. It also secures mice, young hares, rabbits, and many species of small birds, but is especially fond of a kind of a frog of a brown color, very common in the woods of Louisiana." So far as this report goes, the sportsman has nothing in particular to hold the barred owl up for, and in these days they probably do not kill as many young chickens as they did when Audubon lived, and whose observations, by the way, were largely confined to Louisiana, where, so far as my experience carries me—and I've kept chickens in Louisiana—there is a flightless, featherless, black owl that will get away with more chickens in one night than a whole family of barred owls will in the course of two or three months.

Taking everything into consideration, then, with respect to the habits and food of owls, as such matters affect the welfare of man, it is perfectly safe to say, in truth, that upon the whole these birds are good friends to our race in the long run, and fully deserving of our protection and encouragement. To persistently destroy these birds would be a grievous error, as in practically all cases where man has upset the balance of nature, it has generally reacted, in boomrang fashion, by giving him a fearful rap for his pains.—DR. R. W. SHUFELDT in *Wilson Bulletin*.



An Example of Ordinary Albinism.—Pure White Specimens Are Rare.

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South to understand that no game birds can be brought into this State at the present time on which our season is closed. In the case of ducks, geese and brant, the same prohibition will apply after Jan. 10, 1916.

Under the law game seized is presented to various public institutions, and already donations have been made to the Presbyterian Hospital, Roosevelt Hospital, Polyclinic Hospital, Ophthalmic Hospital, Salvation Army, Lincoln Hospital, Volunteer Hospital, St. John's Home, St. Malachy's Home, and as further game is seized it will be distributed to other institutions.

EDMUND GALLAGHER, Division Chief.
Conservation Commission, New York, Jan. 8, 1916.

NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.

By Edward T. Martin.

The quail season just ended in California closed as disappointingly as it began—at least as far as the central part of the state is concerned. Limit bags since the first two days have been rare and the places where shooting has been so poor as to hardly justify a trip out with dog and gun very numerous.

What is true of quail shooting likewise applies, but in a lesser degree, to waterfowl. At times on the baited ponds there has been plenty of ducks but except on very stormy days the flight has been late. There has been much after-dark shooting in direct violation of both state and Federal law and few arrests. Said one such gunner, "From just before dark until an hour after I have at times shot until my gun became so heated the barrels would burn my hand. The birds worked well also on moonlight nights. Violating the laws? Oh, yes. I know it. What's the use of kicking? Everybody does. Might be arrested? Haven't seen a game warden this year around the ponds where I shoot."

The talk back awhile was "wait until we get a good old fashioned storm. Then there will be plenty of shooting." Well, a great storm out of the North finally did come and with it lots of birds. Bay, lakes, ponds, marshes, all were full of them but the real good shooting lasted only while the wind blew and the rain fell, then it was back to the same old thing except that great flocks set on the bay sunning themselves. These were chased by launches, hunted at night, caught in gill nets and so persecuted that they went somewhere and are there yet. The game authorities were in a measure powerless to prevent these frequent violations of the law. Before the season opened, owing to some tangle with the state liability-for-injuries law it was deemed necessary to refuse reappointment to some four or five hundred half way wardens, men wearing the star of a deputy and authorized to make arrests but receiving no compensation other than a certain sum for every case where their evidence led to conviction. With these out of commission all the work was thrown onto about seventy regularly appointed and paid wardens, obviously an inadequate number. Of the seventy, less than a dozen were assigned to duty in San Francisco and Alameda counties with 50,000, perhaps 75,000 shooters licensed, and unlicensed, to keep tab on, besides the greater part of San Francisco Bay to watch. Is it any wonder violations are many and arrests few? The Commission should double or treble the force of wardens, and to raise the necessary money either



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spend less on fish or increase the shooter's license fee.

There is an old wreck sunk in a shallow part of the Bay several miles from the nearest land around which the gulls, coots and cormorants feed. Half of this is above water when the tide is out and the first day of the storm here is where the writer stationed himself, his decoys set under lee of the wreck and watched what was going on in nearby waters. Within sight of his field glasses were four great flocks of canvas and blue-bill. Tens of thousands in all. A careful estimate of the nearest made by counting some and guessing at the rest put the number of ducks in it at over 11,000—"a million" one man said but he was only talking. There were twenty

blinds along the shore line within easy sight. From these during the several hours before the storm forced us to run for shelter perhaps all told a dozen shots were fired. While not a duck came to my decoys. They were well educated and knew where safety lay. And this is why shooting on quail and on ducks has been so poor this year above all others. The birds are better educated this year than last and will know more another year than now and I for one am glad of it.

A subscription to *Forest and Stream* is about the best gift that you can make a friend, and in proportion to the pleasure received, the cost of a presentation subscription is almost nothing.

TAMING WILD GEESE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Instances are frequently given of how birds will appreciate the friendship of human beings once they know they are safe from harm. Even humming birds and geese would respond to this protection. One of the most remarkable cases of bird conservation in Canada is that of Mr. Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Essex County, Ontario, who several years ago enticed a number of Canadian geese by decoys to settle on his pond. He did not shoot them, but on the other hand, did his best to encourage them to stay.

The first year he had 6 geese; the second, 30 and the third, 150. The next year he couldn't just count them, but he said there were "five acres of geese." This year there were from 1,000 to 1,500 geese, and he had fed to them some 300 bushels of wheat. Only the limit in the supply of wheat limited the number of geese, apparently.

Next year, Mr. Miner expects to be able to induce wild swans to come. Then he counts on naturalizing and acclimating them in the same way as was done with the wild geese.

J. A. MACDONALD.

"GAME LAWS AND GUN TOTERS."

"You are possibly aware that conditions making for safety, freedom and the pursuit of happiness in the open country, are generally assumed to far exceed similar privileges to be enjoyed in the city. We are urged to hie ourselves away to the 'tall timber,' become a back-to-the-lander or anything else with a rural setting, in order to escape the dreadful consequences of noise, smoke, contamination of the multitudes, or sudden death from disputing the right of way with a high-speed motor. Some of us who live in the open country are becoming less sure that some of the factors of safety which we are assumed to enjoy are not slipping away. The reason for my present anxiety will appear in the following narration:

"This happened in an adjoining town within the last ten days. So far as is now known, the life of a horse and a man was at issue. The man was in his field gathering potatoes when the crate he was using at his side was pierced by a high speed rifle ball. Thinking an attempt had been made upon his life he made a hasty exit from the field. Not far away a horse had been grazing in the usual manner in a field near the farm buildings. Later it was observed in great pain, and an examination showed a bullet wound in the hip. It was removed for possible treatment to a veterinary hospital but was found beyond help. As near as can be determined these two incidents occurred at about the same time. Curiously enough, no one seems to have heard a gun discharge. Needless to say, the community is somewhat wrought up.

"Naturally enough, incidents of this sort make a man's blood boil a little, and if he has any equipment above his collar button he is likely to question the use of a burdensome system which will permit or encourage a man to tote a gun at any season. Any man with common sense knows there is no game worth hunting in New York State. The above incident occurred in a thickly populated community. What right has the law to turn loose an ignoramus with a Winchester that will kill far beyond the reach of its sound of discharge? The horse is dead; who will pay for it? If the farmer had been killed, would the State compensate his family and the community? In licensing these ill-bred marauders, the State should assume an obligation.

"Then tell us, please, what reason there is for game protection anyway? We are impertinent enough to ask what would be left of this whole game business if the politics were squeezed out of it? Will some one who is 'on the inside,' give us a statement showing an economic return from game in this State? After deducting the

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cost of the system from the food value of game products (excluding possibly fish) is there a profit? That is the only basis to consider it on. The business has no sentimental associations to be given credit. In light of the above incident, they cannot be considered. Why protect game? Who ever heard of farmers wantonly killing game? A short time ago, a farmer was 'pinched' for killing a skunk out of season. He should have engaged the local game warden to watch his henroost and thus have avoided the disgrace and fine. The farmers produce and care for what game we have, but the other fellow comes along with the privilege to kill.

"A lot more could be said, especially as regards the nuisance of hunters and their destruction of fences, walls, gates, etc. With a sufficient number of farms posted, could not the hunting nuisance be abated entirely?"

The above article was noted in the "Rural New Yorker" for December 11, 1915, and similar articles, many of them much more violent in their language, are seen almost every week in one or another of the farm papers. The fact that such articles are written and published and that there seems to be a sound basis for writing them is the great reason why the game in this country is disappearing. When a majority of the land owners of the state have cause to feel that the mere presence of game on their land is a menace to the safety of their stock and themselves there is

not likely to be any great rush to increase this game.

The game of the country has been regulated by and in the interests of the "gentleman hunter" for many years, and if these same gentry do not reform themselves and relax some of their "dog in the manger" attitude they are in great danger of finding themselves regulated in a most uncomfortable manner. In many communities at present public opinion is ready or nearly ready to put a stop to all hunting and to demand (and get) trespass laws providing for jail sentences without the alternative of fine. Such action would be hard on many of the farmers, but harder still on the "automobile bandits," most of them members of associations of one kind or another, who are furnishing the grounds for complaint.

The game situation would be greatly relieved by the enactment of the game breeding law that is in force in Indiana. Under the terms of this law farmers could see some return from the breeding of game on their land and the individuals that escaped would greatly increase the stock of game in the community. Breeders' license and tag laws seem to be framed with the intention of withholding the permission they

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seem to give. Very few persons will take the trouble necessary to unravel the red tape incident to breeding game for pleasure or profit in New York State at present. Also, those in authority seem not inclined to permit the fullest use of permissions given by the present laws. For example, I wish to engage in the raising of ruffed grouse for my own pleasure. We have a considerable area of fair grouse cover now and are improving it every year. Under section 159 of the game law the Conservation Commission has power to permit me to take ruffed grouse for propagation purposes provided I file written testimonials from two well known scientific men, pay a license fee of one dollar and furnish bond in the sum of two hundred dollars that I will not use the privileges of the license for improper purposes. Further, on payment of a license fee of one dollar and (at the option of the Commission) with or without a bond I may receive a license to keep these grouse for propagation purposes. I may sell these birds at any time for propagation purposes and may ship them under permit issued by the Conservation Commission. I am informed that the second license mentioned above will be issued and that I may breed ruffed grouse if I can find some one who is able to sell and deliver the birds to me. I have not recently asked the Commission in regard to the first mentioned permit but am informed from other sources which seem to be correct that such a license is issued only to certain persons who are by law exempt from paying any fee or giving a bond.

The pheasant is a beautiful bird and easily domesticated. If the laws of the state were framed in accordance with reason or sound business principles a large number of the farmers in this vicinity would raise one or more broods of these birds each year and let them go free in the fall. They will not bother with the formalities now demanded.

ALFRED C. WEED.

DUCK HUNTING IN ONTARIO.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There are in all probability a number of readers of this magazine, who are familiar with and have shot over the rice beds of the well known Rice Lake adjacent to Lake Ontario. A visit to this locality is well spent, whether it be summer or fall, as there are many attractions to interest both the disciple of Isaac Walton and the devotee of the gun.

The lake, I believe, is approximately twelve or thirteen miles in length, and four miles at its widest point, dotted here and there with pretty wooded islands, unspoiled by the axe excepting in rare instances where cottages have been erected. There are many deep bays, extensive marsh and back channels, so attractive to the single canoe man who can potter about from dawn to dusk, through rice bed and bog, always protected from open water that may become impassable owing to high winds. Canoes constructed on Rice Lake, are built flat on the bottom, which allows the occupant considerable leeway with calisthenics without evil results, but woe unto the man who tries a hard shot to the right hand without well bracing his knees as he is liable to have his ears filled with mud from a quick plunge in the vegetation. I have had the pleasure of shooting and fishing in this district for the past



A Judge Can't Smoke

in the courtroom — but he's going to enjoy his tobacco just the same. He gets a good, juicy chew of "PIPER" — that's the tobacco — *real* tobacco — rich and mellow — and chewing it gives him calmness — "the poise that comes from rumination"! When you chew

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six years, in the months of September, October, and November, and for the life of me it is hard yet to decide which month is preferable. September brings with it the green unharvested rice, yet unspoiled by canoe travel, the bog hunting for black ducks, wood duck, teal, mud hens, and several species of rail. All the bird life runs riot on the southern migration, thousands of red winged black birds feeding on the rice yet in the milk, countless numbers of barn swallows congregating for the migration, tiresome to the eye with their darting back and forth over the rice in search of insect life. Black and white, myrtle and yellow warblers all busy at their daily occupation of sustenance. What a pleasure

and rest to just sit idle on the canoe thwart, watching and studying nature's offerings. If one grows weary of the steady push and paddle in bog hunting, there is always the green bass and lunge to be obtained in the numerous channels, both by skittering and trolling.

Then we have October with its change of foliage tinted by frosts, intermingled with many shades of greens; the changing of the rice stalks from green to straw color, accentuated by cloud shadows. With it comes the advance guard of wild fowl, red heads, canvas backs (not numerous), lesser and greater scaup, pintail merganser, coot, all eager for their favorite foods, wild celery, rice, and fish life. All eyes are cocked heav-

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enward watching the aerial flight of the air hosts in their formation of Vs, single lines, and bunches, drifting in from the north, high up, the first comers, all looking for the same thing—food. Out comes the heavy underwear, leather vests, green mackinaw coats, and mitts, rubber moccasins, as this is canoe work. Decoys are overhauled, new lines and weights attached, and we are ready for business.

Each day advancing brings further flight of fowl, in accordance with weather variations, all the principal feeding grounds are rafted with many kinds of ducks, diving and feeding, standing on tails, wings flapping, small flocks constantly arriving and leaving. One can hear the guttural call of the lesser and greater scaup, with it the whining mewing, the redheads feeding call. Water splashes everywhere, and down wind floats the celery tops pulled by the feeding fowl. I can venture to say there are many who when witnessing a scene of this nature have scratched their heads and wondered how the dickens they

were going to get at 'em! Cold hands, lame shoulders, cramped legs, are forgotten in anticipation of the morning's sport; the only thought is—will the ammunition hold out, we hope so; come what may, rain, sleet, or snow, there the enthusiast sticks with a cramp in his neck from stooping and watching.

November arrives like a lion, stripping foliage, freezing rice bed, and bog, and closing back channels. Wild fowl are departing daily, left only are a few scattering bunches of scaup, merganser, black ducks, and fish ducks, except our old November friend, the whistler, with his inbred and disastrous habits of seeking company and hugging the hard shores for gravel, much to his undoing. Now, Mr. Canoe man, be careful! Jack Frost has driven you to the open lake; your friend, the rice bed in time of stress, is blown flat, your canoe is thin, and the ice knows no mercy, making a good shot on whistlers sometimes costly; but how well you are repaid in locating a big bunch of whistlers at their old habit,

gravelling. Any old blind seems to do—in fact you can't stop them coming, provided they are really interested. In they come, with wings set in a crescent, all agog at their wooden brothers, beneath. How fine the drakes look with the sun on their black and white plumage. So even November appeals with its bluster and fury, leaving behind pleasant memories to linger while open waters are closed in the hands of winter.

R. N. DANA, JR.

GAME IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Hendersonville, N. C., Jan. 7, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The shooting season is nearly gone and I have practically nothing to report, as far as I am personally concerned, in the matter of shooting game.

It is true I have been handicapped in not having had the time to train my setter dog. Others have shot quite a number of partridges (quail), having good dogs and getting out some distance in the country to where birds are fairly plentiful. I have had some hard tramps hunting deer and grouse. I was unfortunate in getting out when the woods were very dry and once during a very high wind. A deer could hear every step one made for quite a distance.

Quite a number of deer were killed in the mountains and they are on the increase; this because of the Vanderbilt and Toxaway properties almost joining and containing over 120,000 acres of timber lands are protected, with several smaller properties adjoining that are also under same protection.

I rather think deer were killed on these properties without a permit, but no doubt many deer feed outside these boundaries.

Ruffed grouse are getting rather scarce unless one goes far afield. I have so far bagged but one.

This is my favorite bird, largely so because of its many qualities as a game bird. One can never tell in advance what a ruffed grouse may do; and he will most certainly give you a surprise if you are not constantly on the *qui vive* while on the hunt for him. Knowing this by many years of experience I put "grouse" on my mind and keep it there when out grouse shooting. Here is the experience I had when I shot the only one I have shot at so far this season.

My youngest son joined me several weeks ago at Lake Toxaway and after an early breakfast one morning we started for the north point of Little Pisgah Mountain—a mountain of about 4,000 feet altitude. On the north end we were told a large number of grouse had been seen by a young man some days before.

To reach the place we had to tramp about seven to eight miles, going up through what is known as the Horseshoe Cave and then walking round the west side of the mountain's top. We swung round to the north end and climbed down into a little old field. It was here we were to fill a bushel basket with pheasants (grouse). When I saw the place I told our little guide that who ever saw grouse there recently must have seen them in rainy weather, and he said that was so. It was. There was no cover for the birds and nothing to feed on and the field was as bare as a woolly dog when newly shaved in hot weather.

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Where I've Found the Longest Day Too Short.

THE ANTICIPATIONS OF AN ANGLER

By CHARLES D. DAVIES

I long to stand beside the curling streams,
Where brothers of the angle make true their
dreams.

Dreams that are born when old King Frost
Holds in his icy grip the brooks and water
course.

I long to greet the coming of the day
When sleet and snow no longer stay,
And the sun kissed earth shall usher in the
Spring,

When robins sing and blue birds whistle on the
wing.

I long to hail the coming of the time
When, with rod, and reel, and silken line,
I'll ply the "gentle art" o'er rift and pool,
Where the monarch of the brook holds kingly
rule.

With what delightful memories I seek
The Willowemoc or the far famed Neversink,

Or the swift Mongaup which affords good sport,
And where I've found the longest day too short.

So, in pleasing fancies, I will take my way
And list to what the mountain brook may say,
While standing on the flowery bank without a
care,
Hoping some unsophisticated trout to snare.

With expectation strong I fish a "rise,"
I cast, with wings erect, a "coachman" fly,
A whirl, a tug, swift runs the singing reel,
With gentle hand I bring a "native" to my creel.


But we must wait with patience for the day
When balmy spring shall break the winter's stay,
And the "Red Gods Call" and our dreams are
brought about
As we lure the speckled beauties and the rainbow
trout.

But we were there, and the view amply repaid
us for our climb and tramp.

Mountains upon mountains reaching up to 6,-
000 feet and over, as far as the eye could reach,
and the valley below with little farms dotted
about here and there. The east side of Little
Pisgah is very rough and rocky, with cliffs all
along that slope. I determined we would go
down these cliffs, and through the roughs, in
hopes of finding some grouse. We worked our
way down and through some likely places for
grouse, but "nary one" did we see; and by the
time we got back to our trail at the foot of the
Horseshoe Cave my young dog had gotten pretty
well disgusted and gave it up. We stopped by a


clear little stream and ate our lunch, and then
turned back towards the lake and supper.

In passing down an old road crossed by a
stream lined thickly with kalmia and rhododen-
dron, I sat for a moment on a log that had fallen
across the road, took out my pocket handker-
chief, laid my gun across my lap, and blew my
nose. Now it so happened that a grouse was
about fifteen feet behind me, quietly waiting for
me to go on home. This sudden "schoo" was
not to his liking and he rose with the noise of a
full grown covey of quail and made for some
part of the thicket best known to him. But I
discarded that handkerchief,—having no further
immediate need of it—and still having grouse on



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my mind, my little No. 16 Fox took its place and I covered him ere he was forty yards away, with satisfactory results. He made desperate efforts to go on and my son told me he saw him try to light. So I told him under that tree he would be found dead, and so it proved.

My experience has been that a hard hit grouse, or quail, that attempts to light in a tree, always falls under it dead; and I have had this to happen with other birds.

This was the only grouse we saw and the only one I have had a shot at this season.

But I am expecting other experiences with these noble birds yet before the season closes.

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The Reporting Pointer.

More About The Reporter Hunting Dog

By Lucien C. De Hart.

In reading the interesting account, in the December issue of *Forest and Stream*, by "An American Observer," I called to mind just one specimen of an American reporting pointer. Many years since in one of the far Southern states there was a well known and very popular pointer with the above noted characteristic. The dog was owned by a near relative of the writer, it was, therefore, my privilege to shoot over this valuable reporter frequently. The theory that I formed at the time to account for the reporting trait in an ordinarily bred and trained pointer was that his master was an exceedingly slow hunter, nearly always away behind whenever there was shooting just ahead of the great dog. Then, too, the dog had been hunted a good deal by "the boys." As the pointer was naturally a rapid, close hunter, he seemed to have acquired the reporting habit after becoming tired of long waits on his points. At all events that theory seemed very reasonable at the time.

My first acquaintance with the reporter's accomplishment was while riding horseback across a sedge field one afternoon, in company with the dog's owner. We had been busy discussing some current topic, when suddenly I looked up and asked: "What has become of 'Brick'?"

"Oh, I daresay the old chap has found a covey of quail just over the ridge; don't be uneasy, he will come to find us for the shooting."

Then we halted to fill our pipes. "Look back over your shoulder." As I obeyed I had the first sight of the tactics of a reporting pointer. "Brick" was coming straight towards us. He held himself in a sort of half crouch. As soon as he had gotten his master's attention, the tail began to wag—and "Brick" seemed actually to smile, probably because his stunt was recognized at once.

"But just hold on a minute, old fellow." The dog waited patiently, wagging his tail all the while; then we followed. "Brick" seemed to step more gingerly as he advanced. By that action the master suggested: "He is now very close to the birds." Sure enough the dog stiffened into a very handsome point. I do not recall ever

having seen a dog do the pointing act more gracefully than "Brick" did. A large covey of some eighteen or twenty birds flushed and three fell to our guns. The birds were retrieved very nicely, and then "Brick" hastened on to follow up the covey.

Another valuable trait of this accomplished dog, was in correctly marking the flight and alighting place of the covey flushed. It did not seem necessary for him to spend much time nosing around for the scent; he simply walked right into that pleasant aroma.

It has been thought that almost any quietly disposed pointer, one that is staunch and possessed of a good accurate nose, can be trained to report. The first and most important lesson would be in teaching the dog that he must not flush the birds. There is about as much difference in dogs, relative to the flushing, as there is among the guns that do the shooting. Some dogs seem to have an innate dread against flushing, while there are others that seem to be more or less jealous less the master will flush the covey before the dog is given a fair show. It is, therefore, quite reasonable to conclude that a dog with the former disposition may be readily trained to report. When the point is first made and the gun is quietly approaching from the rear of the dog (provided, of course, the dog has been trained to obey readily) by some signal to attract the dog's attention and then quietly beckon him off from the point. Then allow him to return. Such practice with an intelligent dog, it is reasonable to suppose, would soon result in a first rate reporter. The conclusion is arrived at by recalling just how "Brick's" withdrawals were made. It was doubtless reasoned out in his own way, "I have found the birds down in this hollow; the hunters cannot see me. I had best draw away quietly and tell them where the next shooting is to be."

I was very much interested in the "American Observer's" article. From what I know of the superior intelligence of American bird dogs I firmly believe that, with proper care in handling and training, the reporting stunt can be acquired.

ABOUT INVISIBLE LEADERS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Referring to the so-called invisible fishing lines, mentioned in recent numbers of *Forest and Stream*, my experience may be of interest. I am using a gut substitute, purchased from the manufacturer in Glasgow, Scotland, and known as Tellarana Nova, and Tellarana Fibra, the latter, the single strand variety, Nos. 4 and 5, both trout sizes, testing 7 and 4½ lbs. respectively, can be bought in Glasgow, for 36, and 24 cents per coil of 40 yards. It owes its invisibility to the fact that unlike gut, it shows no reflected light, when wet.

My experience with it is confined to last season, when I used a No. 4 Tellarana Fibra leader about three months, using it every week during that time. At the end of that period it appeared as good as new, no signs of wear or weakening being visible. I then lost it, by reason of my line (a tapered one) breaking. The line had been in use for several seasons and was doubtless weakened thereby. A savage strike from a heavy salmon trout snapped it not far from the leader. I then recalled what H. P. Wells says about testing your tackle. But regrets were vain—a fine fish lost, and I will never know how long that leader would have lasted. I have tried three other brands, all English, but did not like them. They proved to be soft and flimsy when wet, more like a silk thread. Hardy Bros., Alnwick, England, in their catalogue say of gut substitute: "The material is twisted silk, dressed with gum. When the gum washes out, as it is bound to do in use, the real character, twisted silk, is seen."

I think that may be true of some of the brands I tried, but not of the Tellerana goods, for, after three months' use, I could see no change in its character. But it is more flexible when wet than gut, but not enough to lessen its casting qualities. I am in no way interested in the sale or manufacture of these goods, but am giving my experience with it, in the hope that some of my brother anglers will also give it a trial and publish the results. To be sure this test is not conclusive, but it does give grounds for further trial.

F. D. OWEN.

Roseburg, Oregon, December 15, 1915.

WOLVES IN MAINE.

Augusta, Maine, December 14, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Referring to your request of some time since that we send you information regarding any reports that the Department may receive of the presence of wolves in this state, I beg to say that Hon. W. H. Sherman, Bar Harbor, who was a member of our State Legislature in 1913, had a somewhat thrilling experience with a wild animal while on a vacation trip in Washington County this fall, and it has been suggested that possibly the animal was a wolf. The story of his experience was published in the "Bar Harbor Times," December 11. I am writing Mr. Sherman to-day asking him to send you a copy of the paper containing the account of his experience.

Trusting this matter may still be of interest to you, I am,

Very truly yours,

HARRY B. AUSTIN,

Chairman Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

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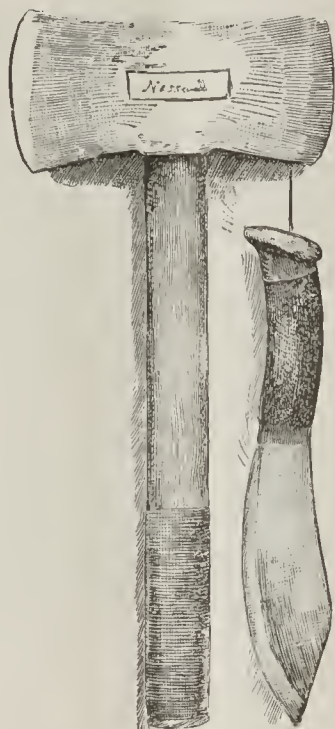
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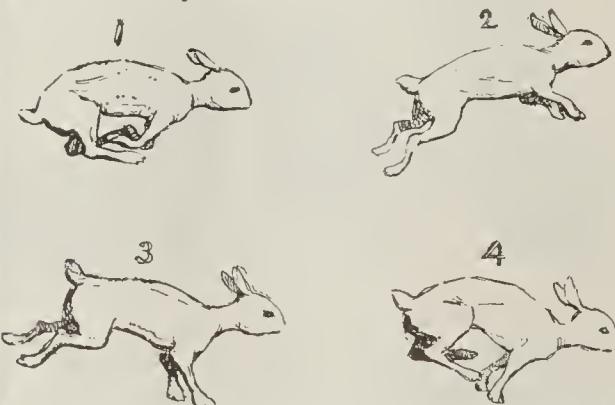
Conducted By Old Camper For All Campers.

THIS is Nessmuk's Corner. It has been named, appropriately, we believe, in memory of the greatest woodsman who ever wrote for *Forest and Stream*—a man who brought more joy into the ordinary living experiences of every-day people than any who preceded or who have followed him. The purpose of this Corner is to serve as a medium of communication, information and the swapping of experiences of outdoor people. It will be confined not alone to hunting and fishing, but in a larger sense toward increasing the joy and comfort of the growing body of men and women who seek the outdoors for recreation and health. If you have any troubles or tangles growing out of your experiences, bring them to The Corner and we will endeavor to untrouble and untangle 'em. If you have had any curious adventures or have hit on some short-cut way of accomplishing things, let The Corner know about it, and the more "cur'ouser" the story the better.

Please remember that this is your Corner. The great army of *Forest and Stream* readers can keep it going only by contributing to it, for while "Old Camper" may be able to stand up for a time under the burden of writing questions to himself and answering them, The Corner would quickly fizzle out under one man's editing.

We do not want our friends to work for nothing, so we have decided to go over the list of queries or "how to" articles sent in each month and award to the best or mayhap, to the two or three best, a copy of Nessmuk's "Woodcraft" as a prize. "Old Camper" desires to say here that he will do the judging and awarding, foreseeing thereby a great and growing unpopularity for himself, but will promise to follow the course of life of the late lamented Bill Jones, whose tombstone bore the proud boast that "he done his d—nest; angels could do no more." Make your contributions short and to the point and if they require little illustrations send diagram or photo with the copy. Beginning next month we hope to let our friends run this department themselves. It is up to you, Mr. Reader of the *Forest and Stream* family, to think of something and contribute it for the coming issue.

Amateur Naturalist—The best way to explain why a rabbit makes a three-foot mark in the snow is to answer by illustration as below:



Sometimes the rabbit leaves four tracks but as a rule he humps himself according to the above moving-picture, drawn in lead pencil.

Conservation.—Shelters for quail are easily

constructed. Anything that will keep off the snow and allow food to be thrown on the ground will do. Even something as simple as shown in the little picture on page 823 has proved efficacious. Brush piled against a rail fence is also good and if you want something more elaborate, your own ideas will suggest them. Always remember that you must build the shelters where the quail will find them or in spots that they frequent. The State Board of Fisheries and Game of Connecticut have contrived what is well called "The Ideal Quail Shelter." This has been illustrated once or twice in *Forest and Stream*.

Anxious.—It is not likely that you will be caught out over-night on your winter tramps, but if you are, you need not freeze to death, and the shelter illustrated herewith is good even in summer. The picture explains itself and if when you get such a shelter built, you will build a "Nessmuk"

(Continued on page 823.)

THE NORTH WIND.

By Paul Brandreth.

A wild wan sky of broken cloud
Sweeps o'er the withered fields;
The North Wind whistles through the wood
And clangs its brazen shields.

From dawn to dusk, from dusk to dawn,
I hear it tramp on high,
The cold dead leaves it harries far
With loud and mournful sigh.

It harries far, it harries near
And snow-flakes gather fast;
The petals of the autumn rose
Are whirled upon the blast!

'Tis even thus the winds of change
Blow o'er the fields of strife;
'Tis even as the snow-flakes fall
That life succeeds to life.

FOOLISH LEGISLATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Chatham, Mass., Jan. 12, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am sending you a clipping from the Boston Post of December 31, which I wish you would find a place for in the *Forest and Stream* just to show the people what kind of men we have to make our laws. Now if the men are no better than the laws they try to make for us, then God help us and the game that we have been fighting for for the last thirty years.

CHAS. F. HOLMES.

The clipping to which Mr. Holmes refers is as follows:

Legislation to give hunters practically carte blanche to hunt on any person's property anywhere in this state during the open season as long as such hunting is not done on property closer than 200 yards to a dwelling, is provided for in a bill which was presented for the consideration of the Legislature at the State House yesterday.

The bill, which was submitted by Representative Odlin of Lynn, provides it is figured, for the elimination of the private game preserves and reservations and virtually turns the thinly settled districts into free hunting grounds. Under the bill this result is obtained by providing that hunters who hunt on private property outside of the limits prescribed cannot be proceeded against either under the civil or criminal laws.

A FEW LINES ABOUT LINES.

It is something to have conducted business honorably and successfully for nearly a century and certainly it is something to be proud of when at the end of that time a firm stands so far at the head of all similar organizations that its products win gold medals at world exhibitions and are meeting with a larger sale and distribution based on merit alone than at any previous period in the firm's history. All this can be said of the Ashaway Line and Twine Company of Ashaway, R. I. The company makes no boasts not does it resort to spectacular methods of attracting attention. Its lines sell because they are the best. They are used officially by many of the great fishing clubs of the world and with them almost every world's record either in angling proper or in casting tournaments, have been made. Something of all this is told in a beautiful illustrated booklet which the company has just issued, under the title which heads this article and it contains, beside information about fishing lines, much interesting matter in the way of "fishing charts" which tell of the different species, their habitat, the equipment to use in catching them, the kinds of fish, the bait, the season, general remarks, etc. It will pay any reader of *Forest and Stream* to write for a copy of this booklet which will form an addition to any angler's library.

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A limited number tied for sale one dollar each. At 217 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"Do you love a beautiful woman?"

Are You in Love?

WHAT a silly question: Of course you are. Everybody is. With men it's a fad. With women it's a regular life job. Falling in love is the oldest of the recognized indoor sports. How old is it? Well, a wise old Buddhist, who sat all day with his legs and fingers crossed—said that it was older than the hills—older than man. He said that the big lizards used to feel it—also the sponges and the little invertebrate worms.

And the greatest love of all—greatest because the most frequent, the most obstinate, and most ineradicable—is the love of SELF. This is a truly wonderful love, because it never wavers, never changes, never dies. And then, look how cheap it is! If you happen to love a beautiful lady, it immediately runs into theatre-tickets, taxis, bon-bons, suppers, night-letters, gardenias. But if you love no one but yourself you are saving money, every day—every hour.

Whom Do You Love?

RATHER a hard question to answer, that. Hard because folks love so many different kinds of people and things. But most people (no matter how mean and selfish and nasty they are) love some one. Some men love a blond and blushing debutante with long curly locks. Some women love a brunette artist, writer, or musician, with a pale, porcelain brow and a black, tawny mane. Some folks—nearly all of us in fact—love a smiling old lady, with white hair, a wrinkled forehead and a pair of funny gold spectacles. Some love a wild boy at college; some love a dark little girl at boarding school—while some misguided people spend all the wealth and bounty of their love on a mere motor-car, a stuffy club, a picture gallery, an inbred dog, a gloomy library, or a silly bag of golf clubs.



"A little dark girl at school"

A Potion for Love

THE sordid part of love lies in the way that folks try to bribe it. They know that men and women are human—that their love can be bought—or commanded—with gifts. Now here is the greatest wonder of all—a thing more miraculous than love itself. It is that there is one thing that will pry love out of anybody. A sort of universal, modern love potion. It is really twelve things in one. It should be administered along about the first of every month. It never fails its wonders to perform. It works just as well with young girls as with mature women; with college boys as with grown up married men. It works with debutantes, artists, writers, old ladies (with those gold spectacles, through which there gleams that saintly look so peculiar to mothers) motor cranks, dog fanciers, book-worms, plethoric club-men, futurist picture buyers, and even with the most hopeless golf perverts. But, (and here is another miracle) it also works with the vast and swarming army of people who love nobody but themselves. Indeed, it teaches them to love new Gods, to be untrue to themselves: to love Gods that are really worth loving.



"It works well with young girls"

Are You a Lover?

IF you are, and if you aren't ashamed of it, why don't you get into step with this spirit; remove two of your favorite dollars from your little roll, and give the object of your affections (even if it's yourself) this modern love-potion. Send along those two miserable dollars of yours to 443 Fourth Avenue, New York, and secure Vanity Fair for her, or for him—or for your selfish self—for the rest of 1916.

P. S.—For the few benighted souls who may still be lingering in outer darkness, let us say:

Vanity Fair is one of the newest successes in the magazine field. It is published monthly at 25 cents a copy or \$3 a year. It is a mirror of life, original and picturesque; informal, personal, intimate, frivolous, unconventional, but with a point of view at once wholesome, stimulating and refreshing.

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GREAT FISHING OFF THE FLORIDA COAST.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Just outside of the mouth of the St. Lucie Inlet, in the Atlantic Ocean, there has been keeping a school of Spanish mackerel, of a width of about a mile, and over four miles long, whose individuals in number no one has thus far attempted to estimate, but nearly every fishboat, cruiser and launch, for twenty miles of coast line, above and below the Inlet has been taking toll of this school, without lessening its numbers.

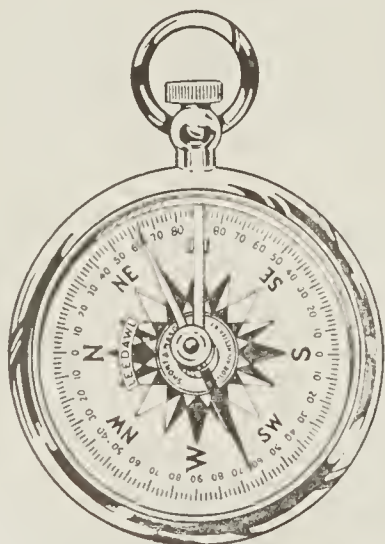
The fishing has been done in motor boats with crews of three to a boat, one to steer the boat and two to fish, with lines about ten feet long, to which is attached a squid hook, and the work of fishing has been to throw out this squid, haul it in and take the fish off the hook and repeat, all day long.

The fish run in size from one pound to five pounds in weight, and the boats have been bringing to the fish houses, catches running from 900 to 2,300 pounds per boat, the catch depending entirely upon the staying powers of the fishermen. An immense school of porpoises found the school of mackerel and scattered them. Never in the recollection of the fishermen of twenty-two years experience here, has such a large school of the Spanish mackerel been known along this coast of Florida. But this large school insures a catch of a few in the St. Lucie waters for weeks to come, and you can imagine my feelings, chained to the office, with important papers in a big bankruptcy case that had to be prepared, and no time to go fishing, until I got this work done, and now the porpoises have scattered the school.

Stuart, Florida. W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

"LEEDAWL" COMPASS.

Fishermen, hunters, pedestrians, motor-cyclists, automobilists, travelers, tourists, boy scouts, campers, sailors, woodsmen, in fact, almost every one appreciates a good compass.



No. 228

The trouble has been that good compasses cost too much for many to afford and cheap ones were "trash."

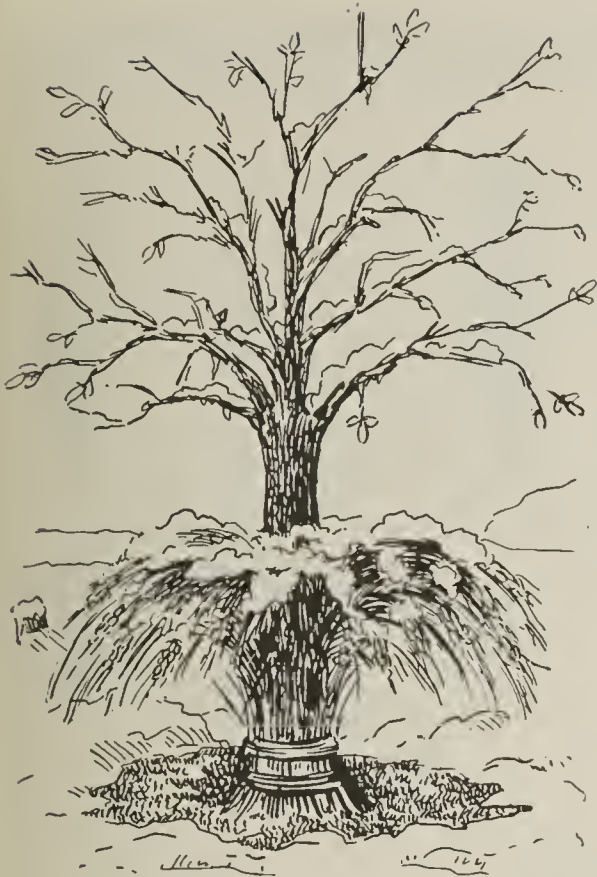
The "Leedawl" Compass solves the problem of a guaranteed compass that will last a lifetime and is within the reach of everyone.

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Or sent postpaid for three new subscriptions at \$1.00 each.



NESSMUK'S CORNER.

(Continued from page 820.)

fire—which means a fire built in the front of three or four logs stacked up on top of each other leaning against two posts driven in the ground, so that the heat is reflected into the shelter—you can keep warm and probably sleep comfortably all night—if you do not let the fire go out.

A valued contributor to *Forest and Stream* some years ago designed a large artificial fly that he named the "American Ambassador" and which



has a singular appropriateness in these grilling times of war. *Forest and Stream* will appreciate very much if some of its expert fly-tier readers will tie some samples of such a fly and submit them to us. Three or four are wanted and we will gladly present a copy of the "Angler's Workshop" by Perry D. Frazer to those who will do us this favor. Tie the flies on as large hooks as possible, or one might be tied on a large hook and another on a small hook.

CANOEING.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.
NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division:—William H. Neal, 718 W. 178th St., New York, N. Y., by Claude S. Da-Costa; John W. Price, 849 St. Nicholas Ave., New York, N. Y., by Herman H. Heye.

Central Division:—C. C. Langhner, 1207 Beechwood Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa., George G. Wedd, 314 So. St. Clair St., Pittsburgh Pa., R. B. Steiner, care of Steiner & Veogtly, Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa., and Alan Bright, 127 Roup St., Pittsburgh, Pa., all by Harry Bright.

Western Division:—Maurice E. Bosley, 750 Junior Terrace, Chicago, Ill., by R. F. Abercrombie; Lee C. Hoover, 1026 Ridge Ave., Rockford, Ill., and Paul E. Fernbach, 1709 So. West St., Rockford, Ill., both by H. F. Norris.

DECEASED.

Atlantic Division:—1512 (Life No. 78), Daniel A. Nash, 17 State St., New York, N. Y., died November 28, 1915.

6319, R. Paul Stout, 404 Market St., Bethlehem, Pa., died August 25, 1915.

Eastern Division:—645, N. C. Nash, 1 Reservoir St., Cambridge, Mass., died October 10, 1915.



A Nessmuk Shelter Tent—It Would Make a Good Winter Feeding Shelter for Quail, Too.

THE DEN.

(Continued from page 797.)

than it should be to warn against shooting smokeless powder from the same barrel. Both will ruin any barrel of .22 caliber no matter how much care is taken to clean it.

Sparrows will drive off the song birds, unless themselves driven away or killed outright. This month is a good one to pursue a crusade against these pests, getting rid of them before the migratory birds begin to return. Don't forget the bird boxes. If you can't make them, buy them. You can not have too many and while they may not all have tenants the first year, more will come in time until your trees are noted harboring places for feathered visitors, delightful summer companions even though they did not more than pay their rent by their destruction of garden pests.

It Gets Them

3-in-One makes a trap spring quick and hold hard—it gets the pelt. 3-in-One prevents rusting, clogging, slow action. Also, the faintly delicate odor of

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is very attractive to fur bearing animals—seems to draw them better than bait. This is attested by expert trappers who have tried it to their profit. 3-in-One also keeps guns and knives from rusting—makes boots, belts and leather equipment soft, pliable.

Don't go trapping without 3-in-One! Sold in sporting goods stores, hardware, drug and general stores: 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (1/2 pt.) 50c. Also in Non-Leak Handy Oil Can—just fits the hip pocket—3 1/2 oz., 25c. If you cannot find these cans with your dealer, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One for 30c.

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About 600 pages, 58 portraits of fowl, 8 full-page plates, and many vignette head and tail pieces by Wilmot Townsend.

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WM. H. MARTIN
LAGRANGE, TENN.

Is now ready to try out your Derby and All-Age
prospects.

WITH THE BASS OF LEECH LAKE.

(Continued from page 807.)

ous; but the rock bass seem to be rather scarce, and there are not many places where the fishing for them is specially good.

On Thursday there were not enough fishermen on the lake to warrant getting up a party to go any great distance from Walker, consequently a sportsman named Dr. Hart and I went with Si in his skiff due east across the lake to a short canal leading to the Indian settlement named on the map "Onigum," and then north to a very small thoroughfare leading to the lower end of the bay that lies between Pine Point and Stoney Point. On the way we caught a few "snakes" (small pickerel or great northern pike), and after we left the thoroughfare we made a good catch of pike as we rowed toward Pine Point, where we fished a while and then retraced our route, stopping to fish two or three times over any ground where we had good strikes. If I remember rightly, our catch that day was 43, and there were a few good ones in the bunch. The weather was warm and fine, but there was not enough wind for truly good sport.

On Friday we joined a small party and got a tow from Alec's motor boat, as he had business at the east end of the lake. He stopped on his way back and took us into town. We made a large catch of good fish, a number of them weighing as high as eight or ten pounds each.

On Saturday Si and I negotiated for a tow by Swansson to the Narrows, marked on the map "Squaw Point," and thence we fished along the shore for some four miles with fair results, then crossed to Goose Island, which is a favorably known fishing ground. We picked up a few fish there, but it was nearly dead calm, hence we soon gave it up and returned to the mainland and fished over the same ground as in the forenoon. Towards evening a thunderstorm with heavy wind and rain overtook us, and forced us to flee for safety to the Indian landing at Squaw Point, where we ran the skiff ashore and turned it up for a shelter. In that way and by wearing our slickers we escaped a bad wetting. Swansson had agreed for a consideration to call for us near Squaw Point about 6:15 P. M. so as to tow us to Walker, but the wind discouraged him. Fortunately for us, Alec came along and took us in, thus saving Si a heavy pull. I have forgotten the number of fish we took that day, but think it was not far short of forty.

On Sunday nobody but myself cared to go fishing; and as I wanted to experiment on the perch with my six-ounce Leonard fly rod (in my opinion the best all-around fly-fishing rod ever made), Si took me over to his house, which is located on the south shore of the arm of the lake that lies due east of the town and some three miles distant. Using his net, we secured a good supply of minnows, and with them I caught a dozen perch and a few small pickerel; but there was no wind at all, and the sunshine made it uncomfortably hot. Si and I both wished to hook a big fish on the Leonard rod—he in the expectation of seeing me break it, and I so as to show him that I could land a large one without doing so. In times past it has caught some good fish, among others a five and one-half pound rainbow trout, a five pound lake trout, and a four and three-quarter pound Dolly Varden. The best I could do was to land a three pounder,

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which the rod handled without receiving any injury.

About noon we went to the house, where I taught Si how to cook "picked-up fish," using most of the perch for the purpose. We had an excellent lunch, after which we trolled along the east shore as far as the railroad trestle, then north to town. The catch that day was 26, half perch and half snakes.

On Monday, Russell, Mr. Avery of Kansas City, and I took Swansson's power boat and Si's skiff and went to the south end of Minnesota Island, due north of Walker. We fished with poor success along the east shore of Steamboat Bay, then went back by power past Squaw Point and through the Narrows and fished the ground that I had tried a few days before, catching only a few. Next we went by power to Goose Island for luncheon; and while it was being prepared by the boatmen Avery rowed me around the island to try the fishing, which was only fair. After luncheon, though, there sprang up a 'light breeze, and we managed to make a good catch, leaving rather early for Pine Point, from which we trolled along the shore to the Narrows and then went home under power. The total catch that day for the three rods was between 80 and 90, and we secured a number of large-size, great northern pike.

On Tuesday the same three sportsmen went directly to Otter Tail Point in the same manner, and fished there till five o'clock, making a big catch in spite of the fact that there was not enough breeze. We found the best fishing to be at the point itself and along the west shore for a mile or two. At times, though, the sport is good on the east side of Otter Tail Island. By the way, the map shows Otter Tail to be a peninsula, which is not the case, as there is a little lake with short thoroughfares some two miles to the north of the point. I tried the fishing in this lake on one occasion by casting in the weed beds, but had no luck worth mentioning. However, it was not a fair test, as there was not a breath of air stirring, and the water was like glass. My son, Everett, some two or three years ago had fair sport in this small lake, which is really a portion of the large one.

(To be continued.)

NORTH DAKOTA

"High Penetration and Killing Power"

I can cheerfully recommend them both as being satisfactory in every respect."

Charles Brewer, Fargo, Secretary of the North Dakota Game and Fish Board of Control, writes: "For a number of years I have used Remington guns of different grades, and Remington-UMC shells. I find them an excellent combination, possessing high penetration and killing power."

Charles Brewer

O H I O

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Harry R. Comstock, Tiffin, well-known Ohio sportsman, President of his local gun club and Vice-President of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League, writes: "Have used nearly all makes of shotguns, doubles and repeaters, but maintain that when I want to make the best score at the traps or on ducks, I always pin my faith to the good old Remington Pump Gun and 3½ drams of powder in the Arrow or Nitro Club shells. With this combination my gun will consistently better 76%, an average I have never been able to make with my other guns. This speaks for itself."

Harry R. Comstock

OKLAHOMA

"That Steel Lining Sure Makes a Difference"

so hard that a man has to hunt cover. When other guns hang and clog with sand my Remington is always for duty, and in seven years has never hung, stuck, or failed to fire a shell. I never shoot any other than Arrow or Nitro Club shells. I find them more uniform, and I think a harder shooting shell than lining sure makes a difference."

E. V. Fisher, of the Capital Gun Club, Oklahoma City, writes: "I have been using my Remington Pump Gun at every tournament and locally, for the past seven years, and I honestly believe it is better to-day than when it left the factory. I never saw a gun like it. In hunting along the Canadian River, sand at times blows so hard that a man has to hunt cover. When other guns hang and clog with sand my Remington is always for duty, and in seven years has never hung, stuck, or failed to fire a shell. I never shoot any other than Arrow or Nitro Club shells. I find them more uniform, and I think a harder shooting shell than lining sure makes a difference."

E. V. Fisher

OREGON

Attributes Success To Winning Combination

attribute my success to the Remington-UMC combination."

Henry F. Wihlon, champion trapshooter, Gresham, writes: "I have used a Remington Pump and Nitro Club shells for the past two years, and find them very satisfactory. I won the State Shoot in May, the Interstate Championship, the Honeyman State Championship, and Chingren trophy. I attribute my success to the Remington-UMC combination."

Henry F. Wihlon

PENNSYLVANIA

"100 Per Cent. Perfect"

Red Ball combination. Your creation of the hammerless, solid breech, bottom ejection Pump Gun puts into the hands of sportsmen the best Pump Gun ever made, either for trap- or field-shooting, while the uniformity and effectiveness of the Arrow and Nitro Club shells make them the standard shotgun ammunition of the age. To try this combination means that the consistent user will always stick to it, and the better he becomes acquainted with your goods, the more he will be pleased with his choice. I consider Remington arms and ammunition as nearly 100% perfect as it is possible to manufacture, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend them."

C. A. Jobson, of the Lock Haven Gun Club, Lock Haven, writes: "The first and most important step along the route to success in shooting is the selection of the gun and ammunition, whether it be for big game hunting, trapshooting, or target practice—all that is, or can be desired, is found in the Remington-UMC Red Ball combination. Your creation of the hammerless, solid breech, bottom ejection Pump Gun puts into the hands of sportsmen the best Pump Gun ever made, either for trap- or field-shooting, while the uniformity and effectiveness of the Arrow and Nitro Club shells make them the standard shotgun ammunition of the age. To try this combination means that the consistent user will always stick to it, and the better he becomes acquainted with your goods, the more he will be pleased with his choice. I consider Remington arms and ammunition as nearly 100% perfect as it is possible to manufacture, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend them."

C. A. Jobson

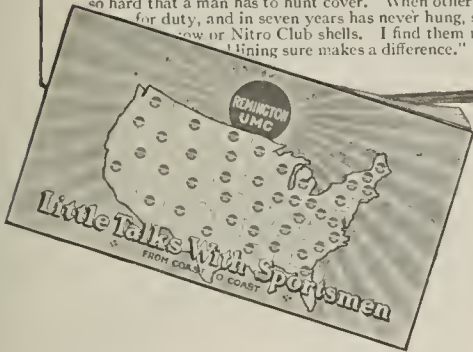
RHODE ISLAND

Handles All Makes of Shells

would do this."

Arthur S. Lippack, of Providence, writes: "I have been using one of your Pump Guns for the last two years, and think it is the finest duck and trap gun I have ever owned. During this time I have used all kinds of loads and makes of shells, and have never found one that your Pump would not handle. I have owned three other makes of pumps, and have never had one besides the Remington that would do this."

Arthur S. Lippack



Pages 18 and 19 for Instance — Do You Want Them All?

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TRAP SHOOTING



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

Women May Now Shoot In The Grand American Handicap

By Peter P. Carney.

Progressiveness—that is the watchword of the Interstate Association of Trapshooters.

One of the real reasons for the wonderful growth of trapshooting in this country in the last two years is the progressive policy of the Interstate Association. And in its recent annual meeting the association as reported in the January issue of *Forest and Stream* decided to place on its statute books some new regulations that are sure to aid in the further broadening of "the sport alluring"—as trapshooting is known to its devotees.

- 1—Classification of States for championship purposes.
- 2—Appropriation for the resurrection of defunct gun clubs and to assist new organizations.
- 3—Permitting the entry of women in the Grand American Handicap.
- 4—Broadening of the trophy principle for the Grand American Handicap.
- 5—The early closing of entries for the Grand American Handicap.
- 6—Excellent placing of Grand American and subsidiary handicap tournaments.

The first three are, without question, the most important bits of legislation. The most radical is the letting down of the bars to women, and hereafter the "Dianas of the Traps" may shoot in the trapshooting classic to their hearts' content.

This change had to come. Women are demanding their place alongside of the men every day, and while some days things don't break so well for them they eventually land. They want to vote and are succeeding very well in their efforts; they wanted to compete in track athletics and swimming competition and the

Amateur Athletic Union couldn't see the necessity for many years, but they do now, and women have all the privileges in athletic competition that men have. And now they have succeeded in winning their way into the national trapshooting classic. This is only fair because the entries of women shooters have for years been accepted in the State tournaments and championship shoots.

At the Grand Handicap in Chicago last summer there were at least 50 women trapshooters present and they threatened to run a blue ribbon event of their own if they were not allowed to enter the Grand American in the future. It is only a matter of time when there will be a Grand American Handicap for Women. And as one of the fair Dianas said, "believe us we will be there with bells on." And they will. It wouldn't be surprising to see upward of 100 women trapshooters in the St. Louis championship competition.

The States will be apportioned off in four classes according to the trapshooting activity, fourteen States being placed in each four classes, A, B, C and D. The money donated by the Inter-State Association to the State championship matches will be apportioned out to each class in this manner: Class A, \$250; Class B, \$225; Class C, \$200, and Class D, \$150. This will form a good basis for other trapshooting changes in the future.

The sum of \$2,000 was set aside for the purchase of suitable trophies to be given to new clubs and to those gun clubs that have fallen by the wayside, but which can be revived by a little work. This is an important step and one that will lead in the amplification of the process of building and reviving gun clubs.

The decision to close the entries on August 5th for

the Grand American is a wise move. This is one week earlier than usual. It is absolutely necessary to close the entry list earlier because of the increased number of entrants. With 400 or even 500 entrants the list could close 10 days before the championship, but with the continual increase of entries and changes in conditions a change was necessary in the handling of the entries. In the Grand American in St. Louis the amateur with the highest average will be awarded a trophy. This is something that has been overlooked for years.

Trophies numbering 1016 were given by the Interstate Association last year to the clubs conducting registered tournaments and \$23,900 were expended by the association in assisting the clubs to develop the pastime. Nearly every sport has suffered somewhat during the past couple of years because of various conditions, but there has been no slump in trapshooting. It is the only sport that has gone forward. In no locality in the United States did the blight of depression affect trapshooting. This clearly indicates the popularity of the sport.

There were 333 tournaments conducted under the supervision of the Interstate Association last year and the reports from 332 of these show that 8,140 trapshooters participated and that 4,814,260 targets were broken. This is the greatest number ever broken in Interstate Association tournaments, but this number is only about one-half of the number of targets broken, for there are hundreds of gun clubs holding shoots who do not affiliate themselves with the Interstate organization. This gives one an idea of the growth of the sport. Pennsylvania led in the number of registered shoots with 38. Florida, Nevada and Rhode Island were the only states who did not conduct State Championships last year.

In the 332 shoots the average number of contestants were 47 amateurs and 7 professionals, and the average number of targets broken was 14,500. That's smashing 'em a few.

Chicago had 839 entries and 25,000 spectators. St. Louis wants 1,000 entries and 50,000 spectators—and St. Louey is hustling right now.

The Highest Yearly Amateur Average on Record
The Official
High Amateur Average
For the Year 1915

Was Won by Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, of Lexington, Ky.,
Using

Peters Shells

He Shot at 2800 Registered Targets, Broke 2731;
Percentage .9753

The wonderful record of Mr. Henderson in 1914, when he won the **Four** great amateur honors, is still fresh in the minds of the shooting fraternity. In that year he captured the Grand American Handicap, the Single Target and Double Target Championships of the United States and the High Amateur Average. His performance in 1915 is therefore but the continuation of a marvelous and thoroughly consistent record, made possible by ammunition of superlative quality.

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of the United States High Amateur Average (Official)
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"The gun that you built for me about thirty years ago seems to work as well and shoot as well as it did the day it left your factory, while other guns here of other makes that have only been in use for from three to ten years look badly worn and some of them not fit to use. The mechanism of my gun shows no wear, the joints fit perfectly and every piece is in its proper place except the short wide-headed screw that holds the front end of the trigger guard as indicated by arrow shown in cut enclosed. Can you supply a screw to fit this place? If so, please forward me one by first mail enclosing bill for the same, and I will remit just as soon as I can learn the price of the screw. My gun is a twelve-gauge F Grade."



Respectfully, DR. S. P. NASH, Decatur, Texas, Dec. 3, 1915.

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BULLETIN.

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 1, 1916.

Following herewith is the official Interstate Association list of Amateur and Professional trapshooting averages for 1915, with names of contestants, total number of targets shot at in Registered Tournaments, total number of targets scored, and percentages.

The averages for single targets for both Amateurs and Professionals are based on a minimum of 2,000 targets, as per The Interstate Association ruling to that effect.

The averages for double targets are computed on The Interstate Association Tournaments only, and they are based on taking part in two Tournaments as a minimum, as per The Interstate Association ruling to that effect.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION.
E. REED SHANER, Secretary.

1915
Averages for Single Targets.
AMATEURS.

Name and Address	Sh.	At	Bk.	P.C.
Henderson, Woolfolk, Lexington, Ky.....	2800	2731		.9753
Huntley, S. A., Omaha, Neb.....	3900	3775		.9679
Wright, Frank S., Buffalo, N. Y.....	3455	3333		.9646
Troeh, F. M., Vancouver, Wash.....	2050	1975		.9634
Ridley, Wm., What Cheer, Ia.....	2300	2215		.9630
Holland, D. J., Springfield, Mo.....	2000	1923		.9615

Jahn, John R., Davenport, Ia.....	2100	2019		.9614
Richardson, A. B., Dover, Del.....	3480	3329		.9566
Behm, Walter S., Easterly, Pa.....	4285	4098		.9563
Cramer, F. A., Custer Park, Ills.....	3480	3328		.9563
Foord, Wm. N., Wilmington, Del.....	2805	2680		.9554
Newcomb, Chas. H., Philadelphia, Pa.....	4600	4385		.9532
Heil, Allen, Allentown, Pa.....	2750	2618		.9520
White, J. Potter, Watertown, S. Dak.....	3440	3274		.9517
Hummel, Chas., La Porte City, Ia.....	3590	3415		.9512
Ford, O. N., San Jose Cal.....	2830	2690		.9505
Painter, Geo. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.....	2050	1948		.9502
Noel, John H., Nashville, Tenn.....	2950	2797		.9481
Tolen, W. H., Ft. Dodge, Ia.....	3390	3209		.9466
Bell, Jas. W., St. Louis Mo.....	3450	3256		.9437
Coburn, C. D., Mechanicsburg, O.....	3625	3419		.9431
Apperson, Edgar L., Kokomo, Ind.....	2355	2219		.9422
Cochrane, W. H., Bristol, Tenn.....	2280	2148		.9421
Teets, Brian, Northumberland, Pa.....	2710	2553		.9420
Crothers, E. K., Bloomington, Ills.....	2900	2729		.9410
Knox, J. E., Convey, O.....	2030	1908		.9399
Fish, Geo. N., Lyndonville, N. Y.....	2455	2307		.9397
Bellinger, H. N., Memphis, Tenn.....	2800	2628		.9385
Edmonson, C. A., Clayton, Ind.....	2305	2163		.9383
French, A. J., Watertown S. Dak.....	2350	2204		.9379
Frink, John S., Worthington, Minn.....	3920	3668		.9357
Henline, C. D., Bradford, Pa.....	2225	2081		.9352
Hall, G. T., Loami, Ills.....	2000	1868		.9340

Chamberlain, A. E., New Haven, Conn.....	2070	1933		.9338
Campbell, A. H., Memphis, Tenn.....	2050	1914		.9336
Billmeyer, Frank, Cumberland, Md.....	2500	2334		.9336
Prior, Toney, San Francisco Cal.....	2430	2267		.9329
Shoop, Harry B., Harrisburg, Pa.....	4345	4052		.9325
Young, Jesse S., Chicago, Ills.....	2780	2591		.9320
Cochran, Geo., Rodfield, Pa.....	2200	2048		.9309
Barrett, J. M., Atlanta, Ga.....	2100	1954		.9304
Koch, F. C., Phillipsburg, O.....	2500	2326		.9304
Martin, John G., Harrisburg, Pa.....	5495	5111		.9301
Morgan, R. D., Washington, D. C.....	3190	2966		.9297
Severn, Wm. B., Philadelphia, Pa.....	2005	1863		.9291
Varner, E. W., Adams, Neb.....	2690	2497		.9282
Ogilvie, Harry, Lindsay, Cal.....	2750	2552		.9280
Kautzky, Joe, Ft. Dodge, Ia.....	2840	2633		.9271
Remy, B. P., Indianapolis, Ind.....	3030	2809		.9270
Austin, J. T., Monroe, La.....	3000	2781		.9270
Buckles, A. C., Lake Fork, Ills.....	2210	2043		.9244
McKelvey, C. E., Seattle, Wash.....	2400	2218		.9241
Connor, A. C., Springfield, Ills.....	4200	3881		.9240
Nash, Chas. H., San Jose, Cal.....	2225	2052		.9222
Warren, J. K., Birmingham, Ala.....	2350	2167		.9221
Gayle, Roy G., Lincoln, Ills.....	2000	1844		.9220

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Waggoner, C. L., Diller, Neb.....2100	1936	.9219	Fell, Robt. G., Philadelphia, Pa.....2075	1752	.8443	Schwartz, Ben., Houston, Tex.....4275	3982	.9314	
Ivins, A. L., Red Bank, N. J.....2015	1855	.9206	Tuckett, Geo. J., Bay Side, L. I., N. Y.....2030	1705	.8399	Cadwallader, H. W., Decatur, Ills.....5350	4967	.9284	
Rains, R. C., West Frankfort, Ills.....2000	1841	.9205	Fouts, J. E., Fonda, Ia.....2790	2343	.8397	Fox, T. H., Lynchburg Va.....5050	4678	.9263	
Stevens, C. T., Zanesville, O.....2050	1886	.9200	Castle, E. H., Charles City, Ia.....3540	2970	.8389	Le Compte, C. O., Ashville, N. C.....3600	3331	.9253	
Corfield, W. E., Utica, N. Y.....2520	2318	.9198	Remy, Frank, Anderson, Ind.....2355	1968	.8356	Gross, D. D., Kansas City, Mo.....4200	3886	.9252	
Stewart, N. B., West Fairview Pa.....2200	2023	.9195	Penrod, J. E., Pitcairn, Pa.....2000	1663	.8315	Apgar, Neaf, New York, N. Y.....6195	5731	.9251	
Dodds, J. F., San Diego, Cal.....3795	3489	.9193	Schuyler, W. H., Kittanning, Pa.....2000	1660	.8300	Darton, W. B., Portland, Me.....5735	5300	.9241	
Rosebery, F. U., Baltimore, Md.....2655	2439	.9186	Derrich, Geo. W., West Haven, Conn.....2080	1718	.8259	Higgins, W. D., Minneapolis, Minn.....3200	2953	.9228	
Putnam, S. W., Fitchburg, Mass.....2160	1984	.9185	Bitterling, J. C., Allentown, Pa.....2375	1926	.8109	Stevens, H. H., Lavalette, N. J.....4555	4199	.9218	
Nelson, Carl F., Rawlins, Wyo.....2150	1974	.9181	Amerman, R. D., Scranton, Pa.....2050	1607	.7839	Barber, R. R., Minneapolis, Minn.....3875	3567	.9205	
Calhoun, J. F., McKeesport, Pa.....2150	1969	.9158	Remy, Mrs. B. P., Indianapolis, Ind.....2630	2035	.7737	Willis, L. D., Wilmington, Del.....2300	2114	.9191	
Mellon, Frank, Pittsburgh, Pa.....2150	1968	.9153	McClarren, Wm., Ebsenburg, Pa.....2050	1544	.7531	Slear, E. Fred, Collingswood, N. J.....2610	2398	.9187	
Hinshaw, E. C., Spirit Lake, Ia.....3290	3007	.9139	Remy, Mrs. Frank, Anderson, Ind.....2155	1601	.7429	Barr, J. M., Indianapolis, Ind.....2400	2203	.9179	
Hood, H. C., Pittsburg, Kans.....2150	1965	.9139	PROFESSIONALS.			Hardy, A. H., Denver, Col.....2200	2014	.9154	
Glanville, Dean, Mason City, Ia.....2100	1918	.9133	Spencer, Chas. G., St. Louis, Mo.....5620	5480	.9750	Bovee, D. W., Kansas City, Mo.....3450	3154	.9142	
Rimmerman, R. W., Burton View, Ills.....2500	2283	.9132	German, Lester S., Aberdeen, Md.....4550	4433	.9742	Joslyn, W. A., Wilmington, Del.....2565	2338	.9115	
Clark, Jr., Jay, Worcester, Mass.....2308	2308	.9122	Reid, L. H., Seattle, Wash.....2550	2482	.9733	Fanning, J. S., New York, N. Y.....4960	4518	.9109	
Blunt, J. A., Greensboro, Ala.....2350	2143	.9119	Young, C. A., Springfield, O.....3415	3319	.9718	Hill, W. G., Portland, Me.....3780	3431	.9076	
Vanderhoof, W. W., Watkins, N. Y.....2105	1919	.9116	Killam, Art, St. Louis, Mo.....5520	5364	.9717	Knight, Chas. H., San Francisco, Cal.....2845	2580	.9068	
Sidebotham, Frank, Philadelphia, Pa.....3300	3008	.9115	Gibbs, H. D., Union City, Tenn.....3000	2898	.9660	Chamberlain, W. R., Columbus, O.....2500	2264	.9056	
Koyen, A., Fremont, Neb.....3390	3090	.9115	Clark, Homer, Alton, Ills.....3880	3743	.9647	Willett, W. F., San Francisco, Cal.....2000	1808	.9040	
Speer, John S., St. Marys, Pa.....2175	1982	.9112	Crosby, W. R., O'Fallon, Ills.....4050	3906	.9644	Ford, G. H., Chicago, Ills.....4280	3867	.9035	
Bender, F. S., Lansdale, Pa.....2275	2072	.9107	Taylor, John R., Newark, O.....3755	3620	.9640	Carter, Geo. L., Lincoln, Neb.....3640	3270	.8983	
Clinger, Geo. W., Milton, Pa.....2095	1908	.9107	Lewis, Bart, Auburn, Ills.....2625	2528	.9630	Morris, E. B., Portland, Ore.....2050	1841	.8980	
Graham, S. O. S., Baltimore, Md.....2070	1885	.9106	O'Brien, Ed., Florence, Kans.....4300	4131	.9606	Kirby, H. N., Kansas City, Mo.....2050	1839	.8970	
Godcharles, Fredc. A., Milton, Pa.....2270	2062	.9083	Storr, E. H., Richmond, Va.....2375	2281	.9604	Jones, W. S., Pittsburg, Pa.....5790	5177	.8941	
Hickman, M. D., Durant, Okla.....2300	2089	.9082	Hawkins, J. H., Baltimore, Md.....7265	6943	.9556	Hammond, W. M., Wilmington, Del.....6900	6242	.8929	
Plum, Fred, Atlantic City, N. J.....4115	3729	.9061	Graham, J. R., Ingleside, Ills.....6720	6419	.9552	Hyer, C. W., Minneapolis, Minn.....3725	3325	.8926	
Riehl, A. A., Tacoma, Wash.....2000	1809	.9045	Kreger, Geo., Redfield, S. Dak.....2040	1947	.9544	Bowman, Wm. M., Denver, Col.....3500	3124	.8925	
Rebison, L. J., Peoria, Ills.....3000	2713	.9043	Bills, F. G., Chicago, Ills.....3730	3558	.9538	Batchelor, J. W., Kansas City, Mo.....3000	2665	.8883	
Wilkes, Thos., San Francisco, Cal.....2200	1989	.9040	Hirschy, H. C., Minneapolis, Minn.....2825	2690	.9522	Dickey, O. R., Boston, Mass.....5910	5220	.8832	
Dorton, H. C., Fonda, Ia.....2130	1920	.9014	Ammann, A. H., Pectone, Ills.....4150	3950	.9518	White, W. P., Pittsburg, Pa.....2600	2292	.8815	
Dearing, Geo. L., Shelbyville, Ills.....2450	2204	.8995	Goodrich, C. E., Atlanta Ga.....3900	3710	.9513	Lincoln, R. F., Indianapolis, Ind.....2405	2104	.8748	
Shauver, Fred, Nettleton, Ark.....2350	2114	.8995	Poston, H. E., San Francisco, Cal.....5480	5209	.9505	Scholl, S. S., Pittsburg, Pa.....2000	1748	.8740	
Eyre, Harry, Philadelphia, Pa.....2100	1887	.8985	Somers, A. A., Delta, Pa.....2495	2368	.9490	Sibley, A. E., Boston, Mass.....2610	2267	.8685	
Bartlett, E. L., Baltimore, Md.....2205	1979	.8975	Huff, Walter, Macon, Ga.....4900	4650	.9489	Lewis, Jas. K., Little Rock, Ark.....2150	1859	.8646	
Yearous, A. L., Eagle Grove, Ia.....3450	3090	.8956	Hinkle, J. R., Oklahoma City, Okla.....4975	4721	.9489	Haight, C. A., San Francisco, Cal.....2095	1800	.8591	
Binns, O. H., Logansport, Ind.....2350	2100	.8936	Gilbert, Fred, Spirit Lake, Ia.....6840	6490	.9488	Squier, L. J., Pittsburg, Penn.....2250	1919	.8528	
Oliver, V., Philadelphia, Pa.....3465	3094	.8929	Wade, L. I., Dallas, Tex.....2695	2557	.9487	Young, H. E., Sheridan, Pa.....2050	1734	.8458	
Mackie, Geo. K., Lawrence, Kans.....3680	3283	.8921	Maxwell, Geo. W., Hastings, Neb.....5240	4964	.9473	Holoday, O. J., Indianapolis, Ind.....2060	1739	.8441	
Muncy, N., Iowa City, Ia.....2850	2536	.8898	Marshall, T. A., Chicago, Ills.....2770	2622	.9465	Pratt, J. F., Philadelphia, Pa.....3300	2782	.8430	
Northey, Harry G., Waterloo, Ia.....1822	1887	.8887	Barre, J. W., Louisiana, Mo.....2250	2129	.9462	Simmons, E. E., Minneapolis, Minn.....3075	2576	.8377	
Wadsworth, 3rd, D., Auburn, N. Y.....2480	2199	.8866	Glover, Sim, Rochester, N. Y.....2805	2653	.9458	Keller, H. A., New York, N. Y.....3370	2807	.8329	
Ebberts, John, Buffalo, N. Y.....3455	3061	.8850	Reed, R. C., San Francisco, Cal.....2430	2295	.9444	Garland, J. C., Pittsburg, Pa.....2050	1692	.8253	
Goodbar, J. B., Memphis, Tenn.....2360	2089	.8851	Morgan, E. J., Salt Lake City, Utah.....4010	3782	.9431	Flannigan, Dave, Minneapolis, Minn.....4030	3308	.8208	
Lampright, C. E., Algona, Ia.....2590	2284	.8818	Kirkwood, H. C., La Grange, Ills.....2275	2143	.9419	Lewis, L. R., Atglen, Pa.....3550	2898	.8163	
Lyman, G. W., Varina, Ia.....2640	2328	.8818	Sked, O. S., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....2350	2213	.9417	Doremus, T. E., Wilmington, Del.....2750	2207	.8025	
Kcnvalinka, Joe, Mason City, Ia.....2350	2069	.8804	Chapin, G. H., Brookfield, Mass.....3320	3125	.9413	—1915—			
Larsen, L. C., Kansas City, Mo.....2450	2155	.8795	Kennicott, Harrison, St. Louis, Mo.....4770	4490	.9412	Averages for Double Targets.			
Corson, J. L., Waterloo, Ia.....2550	2237	.8772	Worthington, H. L., Baltimore, Md.....2880	2710	.9409	AMATEURS.			
Foster, Sam S., Mason City, Ia.....3050	2668	.8747	Guptill, R. D., Watertown, S. Dak.....2150	2023	.9409	Name and Address	Sh. At	Bk.	P.C.
Den, J. C., North Platte, Neb.....2760	2414	.8746	Holohan, P. J., Portland, Ore.....3250	3056	.9403	Dering, Guy V., Columbus, Wis.....150	135	.9000	
Schilling, Mrs. Ada, San Jose, Cal.....2430	2116	.8707	Dickey, J. E., Minneapolis, Minn.....3725	3501	.9398	Huntley, S. A., Omaha, Neb.....150	130	.8666	
Fisher, J. F., Titonka, Ia.....2590	2255	.8706	Daniel, E. M., Lynchburg, Va.....3860	3626	.9393	Henderson, Woolfolk, Lexington, Ky.....150	126	.8400	
Lawrence, Dr. E. P., Lincoln, Ills.....2250	1956	.8693	Head, J. L., Moberly, Mo.....2620	2461	.9393	Noel, John H., Nashville, Tenn.....150	118	.7866	
Lagerquist, C. R., Manchester, N. H.....2150	1866	.8679	Cumberland, L. W., Columbus, O.....2650	2485	.9377	Ball, G. W., Bridgeport, Ills.....150	114	.7600	
Ford, E. G., Philadelphia, Pa.....2550	2204	.8643	Welles, H. S., New York, N. Y.....5210	4877	.9361	Connor, A. C., Springfield, Ills.....150	112	.7466	
Burnham, Fredk., Martinez, Cal.....2080	1783	.8572	Banks, Edw., Wilmington, Del.....3950	3692	.9346	Goodbar, J. B., Memphis, Tenn.....150	102	.6800	
Fontaine, J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.....2350	2008	.8544	Stannard, W. D., Chicago, Ills.....5030	4701	.9345	Raup, W. J., Portage, Wis.....150	97	.6466	
Willey, P. H., Dansville, N. Y.....3715	3171	.8536	Donnelly, H. J., Oklahoma City, Okla.....4250	3909	.9338	PROFESSIONALS.			
Melrath, E. B., Philadelphia, Pa.....3500	2966	.8474	Eastman, F. K., Indianapolis, Ind.....4080	3806	.9328	Spencer, Chas. G., St. Louis, Mo.....100	82	.8200	
Wilson, J. W., McKeesport, Pa.....2025	1712	.8454	Holohan, Guy E., Los Angeles, Cal.....2675	2495	.9327	Doremus, T. E., Wilmington, Del.....100	65	.6500	





GEO. L. LYON, Champion.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHIEF HAS PASSED.

George L. Lyon, of Durham, N. C., is dead, as announced by the signal fires built at Albuquerque, N. M., January 11, 1916. The spirit of one of the very best of the Okoboji Indian Chiefs has passed to the happy hunting grounds. Yet Chief Bull Durham will live in the memory of the tribe until generations have come and gone, until a sufficient number of years have passed that the falling of the seared and withered leaves, dropped by the winter blasts will make a comfortable covering to his grave and memory. The Great Spirit will welcome Chief Bull Durham to the realms of the happy hunters. His many acts of kindness on this mundane sphere have been placed to his credit, hence there is much due him in the happy hunting grounds.

Popular here, popular there, hence the sunny smile, winning manners, and most pleasing personality of George L. Lyon, will constitute him a star guest in the realms where men are weighed up for their true worth and their welcome extended accordingly. We have lost a valued Chief and close friend. The Great Father beckoned and he has gone to that land from which no warrior returns. He has gone from our ranks and council, but never from our hearts. Until the next regular meeting of the tribe, this tribute from the High Chief will represent the sorrow and grief of the tribe as an entirety.

In witness hereof, in deep token of our respect, sympathy, regret and esteem we, the tribe of Okoboji Indians, inclusive of squaws and papposes, assure the family of Chief Bull Durham, that in this their hour of grief and trouble, we sorrow with them. Hereunto is fixed the official seal of the Okoboji Indians.

TOM A. MARSHAL, High Chief.

Chicago, January 12, 1916.

PASSING OF A FAMOUS TRAP SHOOTER.

George L. Lyon, world champion trap shooter and twice a defender of the title, died December 11 in St. Joseph's Sanitarium at Albuquerque, N. M.

George L. Lyon was born in Durham, N. C., February 3, 1881. His mother was Miss Mary Duke, a daughter of Washington Duke, founder of Trinity College, and a sister of James B. and Benjamin N. Duke of New York City.

Mr. Lyon attended Bingham (Mebane) School and took two years of academic work at Trinity College. Early in life he developed skill in target shooting and later won world-wide distinction as a crack shot. He long was identified with the Quail Roost Gunning Club, a bird hunting reserve located twelve miles from Durham. Many New York and Philadelphia bird hunters make yearly pilgrimages to this reserve.

Mr. Lyon established a claim to distinction as an expert marksman in September, 1911. He bested Leslie German, at Atlantic City and earned the world championship title at inanimate target practice. They tied with 179 out of a possible 200, but the championship trophy finally went to Lyon.

The Maryland professional challenged the victor for a meet on the grounds of the du Pont Gun Club in Wilmington. On May 4, 1912, Lyon again came out the winner. In 1915 he was challenged to defend the trophy. The meet was held at the New York Athletic Club,

Travers Island. One hundred and forty-three participants were listed. Lyon climaxed his career by smashing two records. He retained the championship title and won the preliminary event. Chief Bull Durham Lyon was the title that fastened itself upon the North Carolinian because of his feat.

By reason of his supremacy as a target shooter Mr. Lyon was selected to represent America at the Olympic games in the summer of 1912. The event was held in Stockholm, where Lyon captained a team of twenty select marksmen from this country. About this time he also was in the employ of the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company. Membership in seventy-four different sporting clubs and social orders is an index of his attachment to the pursuit in which he excelled. He was a member of the New York Athletic Club.

By inheritance and personal accumulations Mr. Lyon's estate is valued at a half million dollars. Washington Duke, his grandfather, pioneer of the tobacco industry, willed him a choice block of stock in the American Tobacco Company. A widow and three children survive him.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We will thank you to announce in the trap department of *Forest and Stream* that the committee which will allot handicaps to entrants in the coming Grand American Handicap is made up as follows:

Jas. W. Bell, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.; Ray E. Loring, Marseilles, Ills.; Geo. K. Mackie, Lawrence, Kan.; Guy V. Dering, Columbus, Wis.; John H. Noel, Nashville, Tenn.

We feel confident that our expectations of this committee will be realized.

Yours very truly,
THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION.
E. Reed Shaner, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please be kind enough to state in the trap department of *Forest and Stream* that the directors of The Interstate Association have reconsidered the action taken by them at their annual meeting and have ruled to give a Pacific Coast Trapshooting Tournament this year. We will, therefore, be pleased to receive applications from clubs in Pacific Coast territory that desire this event to be held under their auspices. All applications should be sent to The Interstate Association, 219 Coltart Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., on or before February 10th.

Yours very truly,
THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION,
E. REED SHANER, Secretary.



NORWOOD JOHNSON,

Amateur trapshooter of Pittsburgh, who is usually in evidence at National events. In business life Mr. Johnson is a director of the Carnegie Company. In the field his specialty is the ruffed grouse and his hobby is the propagation of game and the preservation of wild life.



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"THE TRAPSHOOTER WHO NEVER MISSES."

The trapshooter who never misses has been discovered. He lives in Atlantic City, N. J., having taken up his residence in the Jersey seaside resort on January 4. Night in and night out, from sunset to sunrise, no matter whether the atmosphere is clear and calm or if a gale is blowing 60 miles an hour, this expert fires at ten targets a minute at a 30 yard rise—and he never misses.

Of course he isn't human—he's an electrical trapshooter. And take it from us he is "some" trapshot. He's the best in the world. Also the biggest. This expert shooter is made up of 3,000 electric lights—and the sign is the largest electrical sign in the world. It advertises the powder of the largest powder company in the world.

This is the first time any arms or powder manufacturer has advertised the sport of shooting in an outdoor display. The increasing scarcity of game and the stringency of game laws is bringing trapshooting forward as a sport in leaps and bounds.

This mammoth sign measures 50 by 90 feet. The shooter is 21 feet tall. The trap boy or puller is 18 feet 6 inches tall. The sign is the creation of George Frank Lord. It is on the Million Dollar Pier and can be seen miles away.

The sign is remarkable in every way. It is worth a study. The first operation shows hundreds of electric light bulbs of green, forming the grass, then the trap appears, then the gunner, followed by the puller, who throws the lever and the target is released. The gunner takes aim, fires, and the target is shattered. The picture disappears and the sequel flashes underneath the shooter in thousands of lights.

The shot gun held by the "trapshooter who never misses" is 18 feet long and the target which he fires at is 15 inches in diameter. When the shot reaches the target and smashes it the sign is at its best. Hundreds of the smallest electric bulbs flash up and it looks for all the world like a real target breaking into smithereens when hit. It is the most wonderful electric sign in the world and was erected at a cost of \$100,000.

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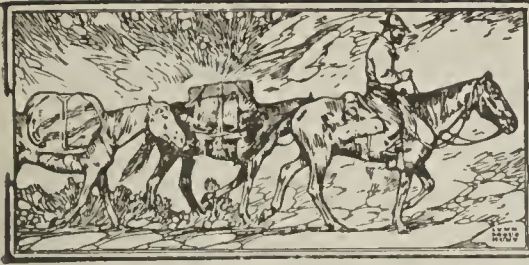
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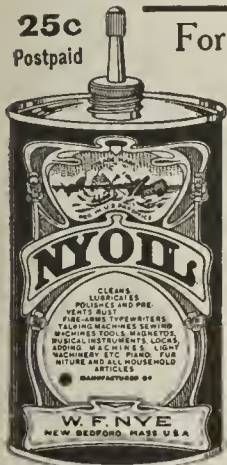


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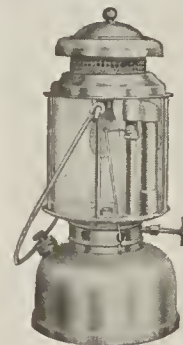
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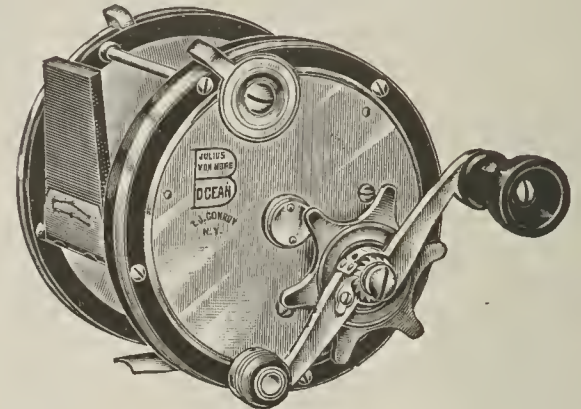
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VOL. LXXXVI

MARCH, 1916

No. 3

Florida Furnishes Good Wild Turkey Hunting

But a Knowledge of the Birds and Some of their Elusive Tricks is Essential in Getting Even a Fair Shot—
Incidents of a Successful Christmas Hunt

By Osceola.

D OUBTLESS there have been other hunts just as good. Many more successful as to size of bag but for downright satisfaction to one greenhorn on a turkey hunt I maintain this one deserves recording. We had planned a short trip down the river after breakfast and to try some of the bayous for greenheads and black mallards, as we call the mallard and black ducks, but just as we had the open launch ready a severe squall came up, the wind having been southwest and with a dash of rain veered northwest and on a falling tide we were certain to draw a blank unless we went much farther than we had planned and so miss our promised turkey dinner.

I was invited to Tom's to help eat a fine young gobbler he had shot when we had been out Christmas eve day and Frank was to dine at home on a turkey hen shot also by that same Tom—Frank's brother—and a mighty hunter after turkeys he is, although not at all a good wing shot. He says, "Let 'em be in a tree or on the ground and they are mine, but no flying for me." With a dog to find and flush them he is almost certain to hunt one down and shoot it from the tree by a steady stalk, and that is no mean achievement, let me announce to the public, for a more wary bit of flesh and feathers than that same old turkey I know not to travel this corner of the universe.

Should they scatter without being located, as frequently happens when the dog runs on them in the thickly wooded swamps, then Tom goes off for an hour or two and returning ties up his dog, that is not too well broken, a skinny, undersized pointer of right good breeding and no bringing up,—as your well groomed sportsman

would maintain—and with the bone from the second joint of a hen turkey's wing such beguiling and entreating notes are wafted down the glades and across the open piney woods that it seems almost impossible for a young bird to keep away,



Truly the Grandest Game Bird of the Continent.

and the old hen just knows it to be one of her youngsters and drops down *right there*. Now that does seem like taking a mean advantage of the bird, perhaps, but so few hunters get just the right curl to the "putt" or the rounding to the "Turk" that few indeed ever become really expert at calling. I might write several chapters

on good and bad turkey calling, with lots of yarns on "almost getting that old gobbler" or "somebody must ah skeered him off," usually the excuses of an indifferent hand (mouth) at the turkey bone.

Well! that's some digression from our duck hunt, but it has some bearing as we may find later.

By the time the weather had settled and we had digested our mail with a brief look at the last note on the Ancona and Why the Dardanelles were yet closed and Where the Ford party would eat Christmas turkey, our mid day meals were ready and we decided to try a brief quail hunt afterwards, feeling sure none of us would enjoy a hard hunt.

We were all three ready about 2 P. M., Tom a little indifferent; the ground being wet he claimed he had on light shoes and would get his feet wet, which we knew was bosh, for a fisherman who usually has wet feet all week. If it had been a hunt for turkeys he would have changed shoes for boots mighty quick or gone with the light shoes.

We struck out the Newport road to the edge of the "Quarters," Frank and I taking the low ground bordering the "head" leading down into the branch, while Tom kept to the higher land and moved on. Fanny soon showed birds at hand and I yelled for Tom, but it was blowing a half gale and he was too far off to hear and we saw no more of him until we reached home.

At the rise Frank missed the chance of a shot; I drew feathers but we failed to find. Most of the birds had gone deep into the swamp, so we followed a single one marked down. Again Frank failed to get in a shot and I pocketed the bird. It was too thick for him even to see the



(Photo Courtesy Geo. McIlhenny)

I Just Glimpsed Two Turkeys Away Across the Open Woods.

bird. Fanny now made a fine point just over a fallen tree in a quite open bunch of young pines and I tried to give Frank the shot, but waiting a half second too long a pine cut him off and I scored another bird—a good long shot as I had waited for him until I knew something was amiss and blazed away. Seventy steps to where we picked up the bird. After flushing a single and missing, we crossed the little branch and failed to locate two we had seen fly that way and then hunting the intervening open piney woods we crossed Rattlesnake branch and by being too eager or the wind too strong Fanny flushed a covey we had known to use thereabouts and so we only marked down a single bird, the others flying away from us and behind the thicket.

Going around outside the thick undergrowth to join Frank where we judged the other birds to be, I just glimpsed two turkeys away across the open woods making for the branch, probably 200 yards distant and close below the road. Calling quickly to Frank, he struck after the birds, taking the dog, while I ran as fast as a big dinner and sixty years would permit, for the far side of the branch to locate the birds should the dog flush them.

I did not know the lay of the land, as I had thought, and struck the branch too low down and saw nothing more of Frank and the dog until I was ready to go home two hours later. Frank's story relates that the dog took the trail at once and before he caught up she had flushed the birds and he missed seeing them. He soon after heard a turkey "call" but having rather poor hearing failed to locate it, tied up the dog and hurried back to where he expected to find me, whistling repeatedly. Returning to the dog and not seeing me, he took the west side of Rattlesnake branch for a quarter of a mile, crossed the branch and went up an east prong of the same for another quarter, working as carefully as possible.

Again Fanny flushed turkeys. This time he saw two birds, one at long range, the other took

to a tree and by careful stalking he knocked it out dead at sixty yards and started for home.

My yarn unwinds as follows: After waiting a half hour or more at my stand, hoping against hope that a bird might come back my way, and give me a wing shot or settle in one of the big pines I had selected for it, I decided Frank had either gone on above or returned down the other side of the branch and that my best chance was to go it alone. Passing up Rattlesnake I saw how I had erred in taking a stand too far down and for the next quarter mile I traveled unwittingly the ground over which Frank had recently hunted, but I went on further before entering the thick timber along the branch and worked along up stream carefully examining all big pines and bays.

I finally went out into the open piney woods on the east side of the branch an eighth of a mile or more above where the east prong joins the main branch proper, and as it proved not over three hundred yards from where Frank was hunting. I had not taken over twenty steps into the open when I saw a turkey fly up into a small pine sapling and another on the ground calling briskly; then down flew the bird from the tree and both seemed to "put" at a great rate and again a bird flew up into another sapling and they were headed directly my way. Of course I was not standing all this while but had dropped into the high grass at sight of the bird.

Now I make no claim of being a turkey hunter—can't call them, and don't often get one located in a tree—but I thought, "Surely this is the old man's chance." For several weeks we had repeatedly been advised of a big bunch of these birds "Up Rattlesnake branch" and from the many loud "putts" and the flying about I felt sure I had the entire flock in front of me; fourteen was the last count we had received, and I was figuring on a double or possibly two at one crack. Now, I was close down by a pine and some low gall-berry bushes for a blind. I feared to raise up but I could hear the many

loud calls continued and felt sure they were still coming on my way.

Suddenly all was quiet; that was suspicious; could they have seen me? I thought not. My old brown hat surely blended well with pine straw and brown leaves and I had not moved. I waited five minutes, ten or more it seemed, and then slowly peered through the bushes, carefully trying to avoid any quick movement. Presently I espied two birds distant perhaps 150 yards, one up on a fallen log, the other close by, both with heads well up and alert. While still watching them I heard a voice close behind me say, "What you doing here?" and there stood Ben, another of Frank's brothers, who was out for an after dinner stroll without a gun and had happened onto me. I quickly got him under cover and explained the situation and to my surprise found the two birds about as before.

Ben is also an expert at turkey calling but failed to get a response that time. We dared not look out again and after waiting perhaps ten minutes Ben crawled to the branch, advising me to come on and try to stalk the birds from the rear, as they would be sure to go back to the river swamp to roost. I, however, decided to take my chances right there. I knew I was a poor hunter of turkeys, if they came to me I believed I could get them and so waited on. Now I failed to see the birds after again waiting and then looking out and soon thought I could just hear a faint calling from the branch lower down, so I crawled to the thick timber and selecting a blind behind some low scrub palmettos stood up and waited.

Tom had often advised me to keep down while watching, but I concluded I would never be able to see these birds unless I was up and from my stand could see well across the branch, as well as out into the open woods. Soon I heard clear and repeated calling and had I been able to call no doubt might have enticed them right up to me. It seemed scarcely a gunshot distant to the birds but just out of sight in some thick bushes. Surely one would show a head and give me a shot! Again a good long silence. Too long, I thought, and my nerves were getting on edge. Then well out in the open piney woods among the tall broom-grass I heard two or three distinct "putts" and after two or three minutes of racking waiting I saw a head, neck and breast high up in the grass and far through the saplings almost abreast of me.

I knew it to be a long shot and thought it my only chance, for I surely would not be able to crawl through the thicket and get in ahead of them. Carefully I brought up my gun but down went the head, while I guess my heart jumped two or three extra beats as I waited and then up came a head and neck just ahead of where I had seen it. My gun was already up and I aimed just where the neck appeared to join the wings and at crack of gun a fine big bird went sailing off amongst the saplings and on down and high over the branch out of sight. I waited for another bird to show up, never moving—only reloading—but not a feather stirred.

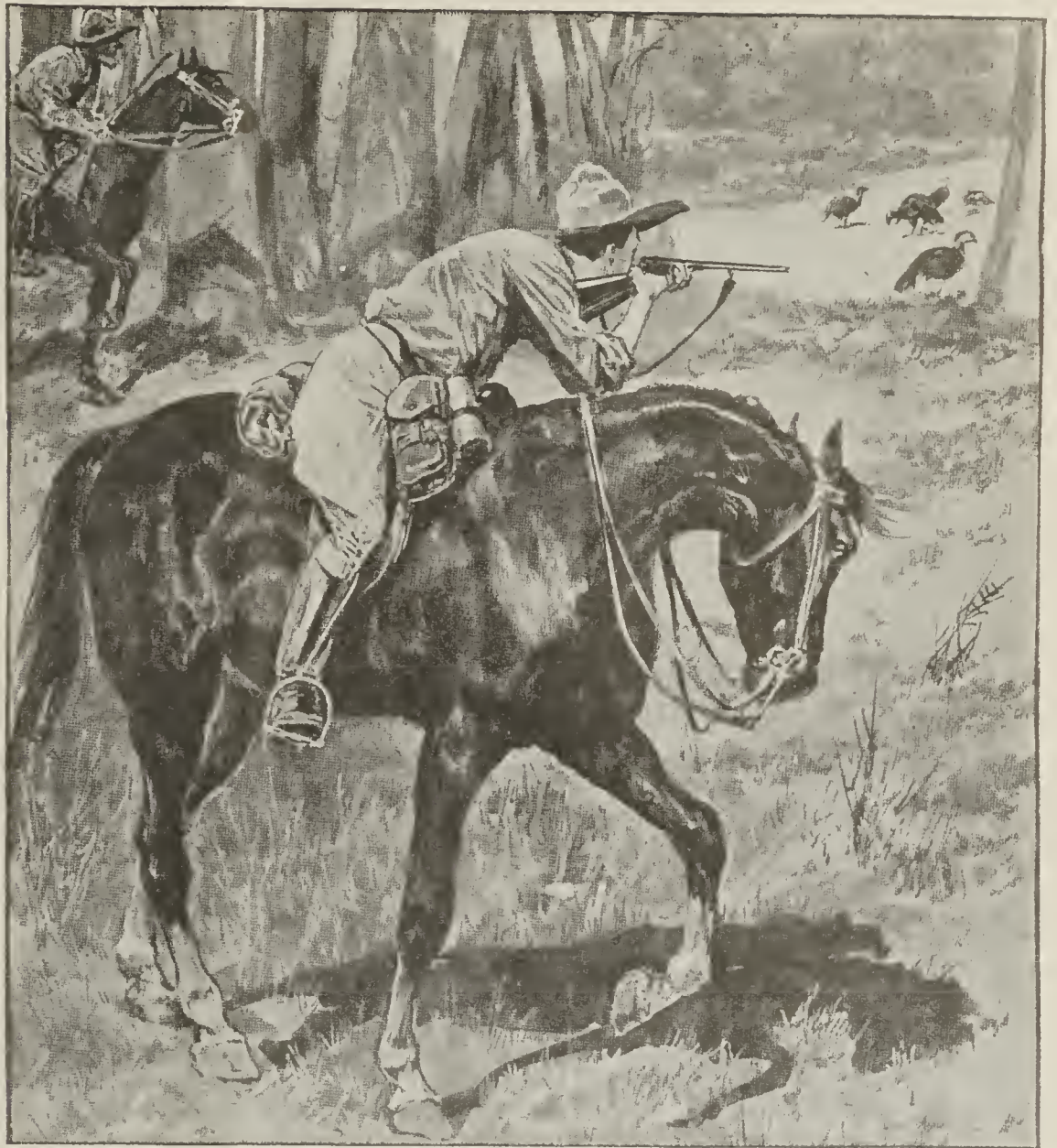
It looked like a sorry ending of a rare good time, for I had immensely enjoyed the whole hunt and thought I might expect a better climax. However, I was no novice in missing long shots and not one to lament, but *where* was that *other* turkey? The grass was high and it might sneak off but why not fly with the other bird? And I

still waited. Full five minutes I stood hoping once more against hope for another shot and then Frank appeared well out across the open woods, a turkey slung down his back and I stepped out and called several times before getting his attention and waving for him to wait I went over to step off my shot, as an excuse for the miss, to be sure, and had gone about two-thirds of the seventy-four steps when up went my wounded bird from where she had been hiding since I fired and had not moved a foot. There were the feathers as we afterwards found.

I saw she was hit hard and thought to see her come down but she gathered strength and I had to tumble her with another shot.

Frank was some surprised to see this performance until we each had told our tales of the hunt, and then we concluded that he had shot one of the two I had first seen while we were after quail and that my bird was of another lot that had been scattered earlier and probably was one that he had heard yelping when he had returned for me; it being so soon after the dog had flushed, those birds would not be calling so soon after an alarm.

Both of our birds were young hens and mates to a T; each weighed eight pounds and were fine handsome birds. It was a good ending to a fine hunt, we both agreed as we stroked the glossy bronze backs, sitting down by them on the brown grass, each fellow declaring it just rounded out a mighty good Christmas day and when we reached home and found Tom with no game, we gloated some and boasted right loud of *our* turkey hunt, knowing how many times he had beaten us at the same game.



A Method Followed at One Time in the Southwest, When Turkeys Were More Plentiful.

On "Getting Lost"

The Best Thing to do, Beside Keeping Your Head, is to Shut Your Eyes And Try to Swing the Horizon Right Again

I often think how easily one can stray from camp, and if without a compass, be lost in the wilderness. While hunting on Lake Superior, one autumn some years since, I endured such an experience, and the bitterness of it has always remained fresh in my memory. While passing over the corduroy road of thirteen and a half miles which lies between the town of Ontonagon, Michigan, and the Minnesota copper mines, my attention was allured from the road by the melodious whir-r-r-r, whir-r-r-r of a brace of partridges. Stepping aside into the thicket, I followed as fast as possible the retreating sound, and after a tedious tramp through briers and swamp, I finally brought them to bag. In the excitement of the chase I had given little or no heed to the path or to the clouds that were fast gathering overhead. Starting back into the direction I supposed the road, I travelled, it seemed to me, double the distance that would have revealed it, but no familiar path did I find—in fact, I was amazed in discovering that I was back on the same ground on which I had started. There was no reason in the thing, no reasoning against it. The points of the compass had been as clear in my head as if I saw the needle, but the moment I was back all seemed

to be wrong. The sun, which occasionally revealed itself, shone out of the wrong part of the heavens. I climbed one of the tall trees, but the very stillness of the landscape on which I gazed seemed to mock me. I was not a novice in woodcraft, and could follow a trail readily. I examined the bark of the trees to see which side was the roughest, and then singling out a number, judged of the point of the compass the majority leaned, and plunging into the thicket, made another and another attempt. I well knew the danger of losing my self-control, and sitting down on a rotten log, I covered my face with my hands, and waited until I felt calm and self-possessed again. I have no idea how long it was, but when I arose the sun was nearly obliterated by the clouds, which soon began to discharge their contents, in sympathy for my ill-luck, and to reach my destination I must make all speed.

I immediately struck a "bee line" in the direction which my reveries had designated as the right path, blazing the trees with my hunting knife as I hastened along. Soon I espied an opening, and dashing onward, what was my joy to find the old corduroy road, which never looked more welcome in its life.

J. Mc.



Turkey in the Snow—A Favorite Way to Get Them in Sections Where the Snow Falls Is to Track Them Down—It Requires Both Skill and Endurance, But the Lady Won.

My Hunting Camp, Where Rolls The Aroostook

Loving Inventory of a List of Possessions That, While They do not Measure Much as Wealth Goes, Represent Untold Value in Good Times Had and to Come

By Henry D. Atwood

BY memory's light I see the old shanty on the secluded stream, the rippling waters of which flow by its open door. The fading sunlight glimmers over all and lends a glamor to the scene; and again I look around upon the familiar interior of my autumn home. with its peeled spruce log walls and cedar shingled roof. The door is wide open, and faces on the water. Two windows in front and two in each side admit the sunlight and the air. Again I read on the door the notice forbidding the kindling of fires in the woods and forests, in these words: "*Il est fait defense de mettre le feu aux forets et aux terres boisees,*" from revised statutes of Maine—a notice most needful, for a fire once started it is impossible to extinguish.

Within the shanty, upon the front wall at the left of the door, hang a number of towels and a match-safe. On a shelf repose the water pail and basins. Hard by is the kerosene can, and beneath the shelf is a box of evaporated cream, essential for our morning's cup of coffee. Nearby is another ten-gallon can and a mouse trap, for the field mice are very troublesome here; these are in juxtaposition to a cracker can and several empty bottles, a box of nails, a rusty lock and key—for there is no treasure to lock up; a hunter's treasure is always in heaven—also a large funnel and a lantern, with a box of flor fina Key West cigars.

On the side walls hang a caribou's antlers, coupled with a small saw, a drawing-knife and a bit, with birchbark horns for calling moose—which rarely come—and another lantern, by means of which, like Diogenes, we can look for honest men by night or day. On the floor are stored cans of bacon and chipped beef, cocoa, tomatoes, baking powder and brisket beef. Whoever once partakes of the latter will feel the fibres running through his being for weeks afterward. It is hardly too much to say that the strands of that beef could be woven into rat-lines that would answer for a seventy-four gun ship.

Farther on, suspended from the wall, hang a looking-glass—for we are all careful of our toilets here—some hunter's belts, with overcoats and shirts. Beneath the shelves, against the wall, repose the paddles of the canoes, some barrels of potatoes and sugar, with boxes of canned peaches and sugar corn, for we are well provisioned here to stand a long seige if driven to shelter by the inclemencies of the season or the incursions of bears and other barbarians. Also observable are a pair of rubber boots, a hunter's pack and a huge chest, which excites my curiosity, and upon opening which I found a pineapple cheese, like the last rose of summer,

within its capacious recesses. Some toilet soap, from which I inferred that some of the gentler sex might occasionally visit this abode; next thereto are Capt. Joseph's alligator grip, towels, whiskbroom and toilet articles. Beyond these is another box, with my extension bag and 30-30.

Over the bed rests a mosquito netting, not needed now. Oh! that refreshing bed, after the day's tramp is over—albeit made of spruce timber, with implacable and unimpressionable mattresses, seemingly of cast iron, but replete with heavy blankets, and breathing balmy odors from its balsamic fir pillows—making it an inestimable blessing to the wearied mortal.

Above the bed, and shelf, lie a sweater, a pair of slippers, my cleaning rod, cardigan, cigar case, flannel night shirt, and a bottle of renovating bitters, which carefully treasured, insure an effective eye opener in the morning.

On the opposite side of the room are two more beds of similar make and capacity and methinks I can still hear Capt. Joseph sighing upon them, as the protuberances strike his marrows. At the foot repose a tote bag, another pair of slippers—for we came well provided to slip around easily—and on the wall depend a couple of ammunition calendars, which are to a large extent responsible for bringing a steadily growing influx of visitors to the woods of Maine. One look at them excites admiration; a second a desire to secure a gun, and a third render a man insane and irresponsible for his actions; and he will never recover until he has had a dose of medicine, which can only be secured by taking a trip to the regions of spruce gum and game.

Also there may be observed coats for all social events, towels and pajamas, and upon the floor are sundry pails, tin cans, etc., all attesting to the care and efficiency of the owner of the camp in providing for the wants of his guests. On the side wall, opposite to that whose belongings have already been noted, may be found in suitable array the various culinary articles belonging to the camp, which I will not now undertake to enumerate as the list is long, and my time is brief.

Beneath the front window at the right of the door, is a box of dry cedar kindling, always kept well filled and a huge pile of split pine, more rubber boots and a variety of kettles and cans, all making a camp equipment as perfect as the most exacting tenderfoot could require. And then there is the stove—a relic of the past, made in 1884—which still in its old age dispenses heat, boils water, cooks the pancakes, fries the bacon and venison, and under the full influence of the split pine, roars with a mighty voice and does efficient service, despite the ravages of time and the rust upon its joints. Then there is the

never-to-be-forgotten tea kettle, that dispenses such refreshing drinks, and the long dining table, at which a dozen can be seated. The camp sometimes held twenty—and what mahogany is better or has better and more companionable guests or better fare when set out with its plate of venison done to a turn, its hot cakes and its maple syrup? The remaining furniture consists of five chairs and some long benches. An addition some eighteen feet long, in the rear, makes a convenient retiring room for women or other invited guests.

Such is the camp as I see it; and now a few words for its occupants! *Imprimis*, Capt. Joseph is a man under forty years of age, six feet tall and of stalwart frame, with coal black hair and beard and dark eyes. As a sailor he is A1; as a sportsman, none keener than he—and none more ready to do his share at cleaning, cooking, mending, tending fires, etc., and tidying up everything in and about the camp.

His good mother, however, viewing him as somewhat too youthful and inexperienced to go upon a long and hazardous hunting trip, had impressed upon him before his departure that he was to look to his companion *du voyage* as a sort of mentor. For, in her anxiety for his welfare while absent, she desired to know what kind of man his companion was; whether he was sober-minded and of no bad habits; if he took no needless risks, etc. To this Capt. Joseph replied that his companion had been around the world; had visited England twice, and was as good a man as could be found in the whole country to travel with. "Very well, then, Joseph," said his mother, "you must do just as he tells you while you are away, and then you will doubtless get along all right."

Joseph did not remember to inform me of this proof of his mother's confidence until after I had been at the camp for some time; and after that I kept him busy as well as I could in mending my clothes and cooking such refectations as suggested themselves to me, including the compounding of beverages of a beneficial nature and due potency.

Joseph was an old friend of mine, and many pleasant hours had I passed with him on the range with the rifle and at the trap with the gun, and possibly I may have imposed upon his good nature a little. But I know when he reads this he will forgive me for the sake of auld lang syne, if not for the sake of another trip in the days to come, when I shall again be his mentor, if not his guide, in the woods of Maine.

For myself, I have but a word to say, for I am not a vain man, although getting somewhat bald-headed. I like and have liked a dog and gun ever since I was a dozen years old.



Golden Club (reduced size) for either surface or deep water trolling after lake trout, muscalonge and salmon; belly, leaf gold; back dark red orange and gold stripes; along the sides three stripes of orange, green, purple wool; fins black, edged in red; tail chocolate, brown tip.

Silver Shiner (reduced size) for either surface or deep water trolling after lake trout, muscalonge pike and salmon; belly, leaf silver; back dark blue green and silver stripes; along sides three stripes of purple, green, blue; tail brown, edge in cream; fins black, edge in gray.

Silver Shiner and Golden Chub

New Minnows for Surface or Deep Water Trolling After Big Lake Trout, Togue, Muscalonge, or Salmon

(In the April number of Forest and Stream the author will describe and illustrate Nature Flies.)

By Louis Rhead.

FROM different sections of this country, Maine, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Lake Keuka in Northern New York, there have come requests for a nature lure in the shape of a shiner minnow to take the place of natural bait; big enough for trolling in deep water after large game fishes running up to fifty pounds weight. To meet such a demand, it was necessary to make numerous trials to overcome certain difficulties, the greatest of which is to get a bait equally good for use at the surface and at the bottom. I succeeded at last in producing what may be seen on this page—a silver dace or shiner, and a golden chub, constructed in various materials round a single powerful hook five inches long—making the lure measure from nose to tail-tip six inches and a quarter long, over one inch deep from belly to back.

Three sizes can be made, from nearly seven inches down to three inches. Each minnow is made in two parts, the back of cork wound in dark blue and light green raffia grass, reinforced with silver tinsel. The belly is a solid strip of hard, heavy wood, cut to shape, covered over with real leaf gold or silver, which is varnished to retain its lustre.

Running along the middle body are three strands of bright blue, green and purple wool, well bound by strong silver wire. The side fins are cock's hackles and the tail made of turkey's tail feather cut to shape.

In the illustration, anglers can only judge the form of this minnow; the beauty of color and truth to nature of this lure are impossible to describe. The parts are so constructed and put together as to make the minnow swim upright, and glide through the water when trolled, exactly as if it were living bait; in addition it has a buoyancy to float naturally wherever the sinker takes it, and not drop lifeless at the bottom. With

this lure it has been found necessary to conform to the varied methods now in use in different localities for deep water trolling, and a short description of these methods may be useful, along with the diagrams, to show how the minnow is attached to the line and the best way to capture these large game fishes.

Various Methods of Trolling for Lake Trout.

Spinning and trolling are chiefly carried on in large lakes where trout do not rise to the fly. The lake trout come to the surface very early in the spring, immediately the ice melts, and the angler trolls for him on or near the top of the water, the fish taking the lure viciously, but rarely jumping in the air.

The proper tackle for surface trolling consists of a twelve-thread Ashaway cotton line to which is attached a strong four-ply three-foot gut leader. On the leader you fasten one or two buckshot six inches apart. Use a good multiplying reel and an eight ounce rod, not longer than eight feet. If the trout run big the large size shiner is most seducing. It all depends upon the locality which bait is best, the silver or gold, though I think they will strike viciously at both.

The deep water troll requires more elaborate tackle than that used in surface fishing. Attach a cone-shaped sinker to the end of the reel line, from three to sixteen ounces in weight, the size being dependent on the character of the bottom and the style of fishing preferred. If the bottom is jagged in shape, the line should be strong and the sinker comparatively small. The same holds good on smooth bottoms when fishing "slow and far off"; if you prefer fishing with a short line, the sinker must be heavy. Few trollers use a rod; the line held in the hand makes you more sensitive to the slightest touch of the lead on the bottom, which you must feel as your boatman rows slowly and regularly along. At the same time, a rod is much more valuable in playing the fish. Three feet above the sinker attach a strong single or double-twisted leader (the average

weight of fish that are feeding should determine its strength) and two other leaders placed above the first, from six to ten feet apart, the distance to be judged by the depth at which the lake trout are taking the bait. Place swivels wherever needed, and let your sinker line be three feet long, and weaker than the reel line, so that in case of getting snagged among the bottom rocks you will only lose the sinker. Above all things have the boatman row slowly along and with a cadenced movement. The secret of success is proper speed, the right depth, and place. As a rule begin fishing late in the afternoon till dark.

Trolling for Muscalonge.

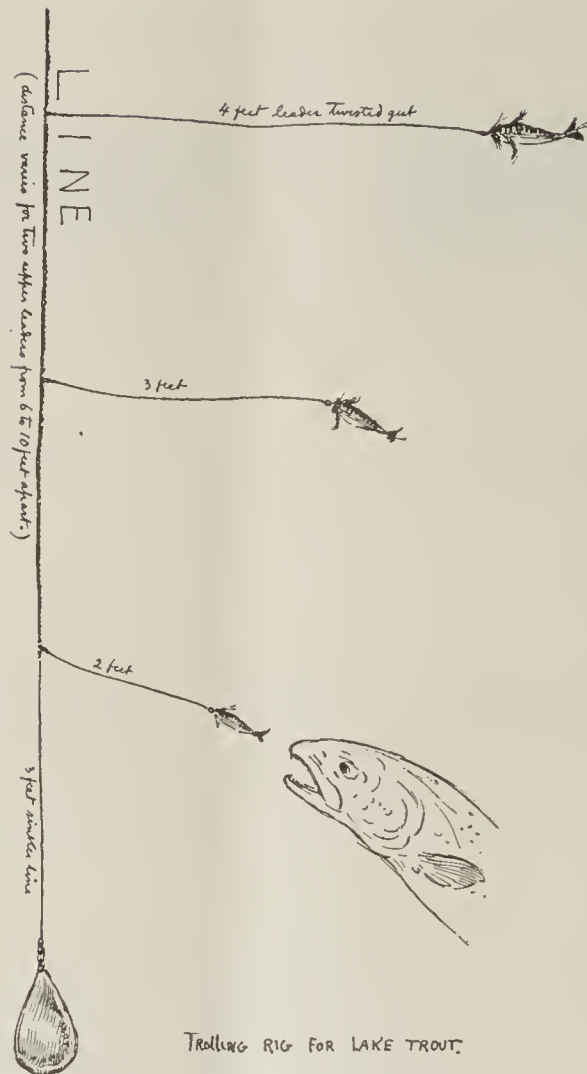
From among the many methods I have chosen the following as best suited to these new minnow lures. For some reason or other the muscalonge is supposed to not be ready for live bait (minnows) until the fall. In the clear and swifter waters of the upper Ohio and its tributaries the muscalonge lies in the deep pools during summer and fall, where it is often taken by still fishing, but with these minnows it will be necessary to troll with a sinker light enough to be slowly trolled, similar to the methods practiced on lakes, at various depths according to time and season and where the fish are known to be. The best months are September and October, and the most favorable hours are early morning and late afternoon, though on dark and cloudy days with a brisk wind, the middle of the day is just as favorable.

For short casting, row slowly along in water from five to ten feet deep, and cast the minnow as near as possible to the edge of weed patches, reeling in again very slowly. When the wind and current are just right, it is a good plan to drift while casting. As soon as the fish strikes, and is well hooked, the boat should be moved to deeper, more open water by a skilled boatman, and care taken that the line is kept taut in order to lessen the chances of the fish taking to the weeds. The minnow may be trolled along the edges of the

channel, just outside the weed patches, from a moving boat, with a line of thirty to fifty yards. The tackle may be same as used for lake trout, though many anglers troll with hand lines of heavy braided linen, but the use of a rod is of much greater service in playing large fish, should you succeed in getting them. A fish of such excellent game qualities deserves treatment of a better kind.

The range of these three splendid game fishes is so wide as to be impossible to give even a short list of places. Both lake trout, togue, salmon trout may be caught in any of the thousands of big lakes throughout the northern hemisphere. The Pacific salmon does not take the fly, but magnificent fishing may be had in the salt water of Monterey, Santa Cruz and Carmel Bays where the method is to troll in thirty feet of water with smelt bait, of which this minnow is an excellent imitation. Fish of fifty pounds weight are frequently caught and their game qualities are equal to the salmon of eastern waters. The muscalonge is well distributed throughout the Middle West and Canada, and is a worthy brother to the salmon.

If anglers will only give these nature lures half the effort they expend on live baits they will enjoy sport enough to please the most fastidious. A small amount of good judgement as to where to get them, how to get them, when to get them, and with what to get them, is certain to succeed, even better than with live bait—very surely than with artificial lures heretofore tried. There is no need for this big minnow to be made to revolve or spin—it glides along, or can be made to suddenly dart just as the living shiner or smelt would do in its natural habitat.



Distance Between Lines from Six to Ten Feet—
Leaders Are Four, Three and Two Feet—
Note That the Sinker Is Attached by
a Weaker Line.

To repeat what was stated in a previous article—"make a lifeless object a living thing," make the bait act alive by the ingenious manipulation of your line. If you are familiar with deep water fishing you will know of many little dodges used when live bait fishing. Do the same with these lures—in fact, imagine you are using a live bait—force the fish by your ingenuity to think the same, then it will go for it quick.

I do not believe a spoon attachment of any make or size will add to this minnow's usefulness, though I know many anglers place spoons along with their live bait—which, by the way, is more often dead. For that reason they have to make it spin. But this minnow swims along as if alive, and the brilliant sheen of the gold and silver bellies are sufficiently attractive.

Finally in placing this giant minnow before brothers of the craft, I claim for it to be a kindly, sportsmanlike lure, in place of what one of my correspondents terms "those murderous grappling irons offered to the multitude which should be relegated to the use of municipal morgues." No one living can feel more grief than I at the loss of a very large fish. Last season I played a four-pound trout for half an hour, wilder than a captive wolf, in leaps and lunges, when I fairly screamed with pain to see my leader snap like a bow-string on his last leap for freedom. Two days following I got it safe ashore, slowly and carefully working, till thoroughly exhausted to slide it on the sandy shore.

While making an examination of the contents of its stomach I found nine hooks in various parts of its body, only on two of which were artificial flies.

Eatable Fish for Our Inland Streams and Lakes

Millions of Dollars are Expended Annually in Making Improvements For Navigation, but Nothing for Purification

By Percival Fassig.

Do we owe it to the coming generations to keep our streams stocked with eatable fish? In the majority of our inland streams, especially in the manufacturing and mining districts, you find very few fish of any kind. It is the exception for a man to take a mess of good fish from one of these streams within a reasonable length of time. And often when he does, the flavor of the fish is such that they can not be eaten. The government and many of the states spend millions of dollars in propagating fish, but our inland streams are almost "fishless."

In the first place, many of our rivers and creeks are so filthy that good fish do not mature readily—in fact, die. Now, practically all of the larger rivers are under the jurisdiction of the government—this includes many of the smaller streams tributary thereto. Millions of dollars are expended each year in making improvements on those rivers, but scarcely a penny finds its way to the purification of their waters. Cities, particularly the small ones, run their sewage and the mills, factories, and coal mines discharge poisonous liquids into the rivers. It is not uncommon to find oil and grease floating on their surfaces. In fact, almost all kinds of refuse finds its way into our streams.

There is absolutely no need for this state of affairs. There is not a city, town, or village that could not take care of its refuse without dumping it into the rivers. No city should be permitted to run its sewage into any stream, and the states and government should co-operate in putting a stop to the practice. Under present conditions, those officials in charge of the river improvements should be required to assist in preventing the contamination of the waters. While we are improving rivers at immense cost, let us have every benefit to be derived therefrom. Anyhow, the money spent on river improvements brings us mighty little in return.

Congress should pass an act that whenever the government has a river under improvement the state or states through or along which the river flows must make it a punishable crime for anyone to dump, throw, or discharge any matter (which should include everything likely to make the water unfit for domestic use) into rivers improved or under improvement. The many government employes connected with the improvements should be required to use every effort to abate the nuisance. States should be held responsible by the federal government for

the contamination of navigable rivers or their tributaries.

This would give, in time, fit steams for fish; it would also help solve the water-supply problem for many towns. And this brings us to the distribution of fish from our hatcheries. At present, our congressmen have too much authority in this matter. It seems that even this minor branch of the public service is used to further the political ambitions of our lawmakers. Distribution should be left entirely in the hands of the bureau of fisheries, and allotments made only after careful study of the conditions in each specific case. Haven't we men big enough mentally to see the folly of our present methods? Isn't it time to call a halt on the use of government money to re-elect congressmen and other officials? What are our public seed, fish, and documentary distribution and the promiscuous franking privilege as carried on at present, but a wanton waste of government money?

Now comes the question, would the benefits to be derived from such fish propagation offset the cost. At present, large projects have no terror for us. Why? Simply, because we go ahead and do without considering the consequences. That method is all wrong, and especially so in public business. Every detail should be carefully studied before action is taken on any important subject. The benefits to be derived from purer water can not be estimated; and the benefits from fresh fish to those living inland would undoubtedly be worth the cost—it would really be a godsend. It would also promote a mighty good sport.



The Red Man Showed Himself a Game Conservator, and His Game Protection Was Based on Economic Reasons.

What We May Learn From the Indian

He Protected the Game on Which he Depended and Practiced Methods of Economy in Hunting that American Sportsmen may well take to Heart

By George Bird Grinnell.

SPORTSMEN think of the American Indian as a great hunter, and indeed he was so. For, though many Indians were agriculturalists and all to greater or less extent consumed the natural fruits of the earth, yet animal life in some form constituted the chief sustenance of all.

The tribes of the forest and of the interior captured mammals and birds by means of snares and of the bow and arrow. Those who dwelt near the seashore and along the larger rivers caught fish, and the coast tribes also gathered shellfish in great quantities. All these things they ate fresh as caught, but they also dried them, thus making provision for the future at a time when circumstances might not admit of their securing this food. All this is well known.

What is not so well known is that the Indian—at least in his communal hunting—was extremely systematic and carried on these hunts according to established law.

The Indian was intensely patriotic and to him the tribal welfare seemed more important than almost anything else. He gave much thought to the wellbeing of his fellow-tribesmen. Since his subsistence and that of his tribe depended on securing the wild animals that we call game, it was for the greatest good of the greatest number of his people that this game should not be wasted—that the supply should be made to go as far as possible. The red man showed himself a game conservator, and his game protection was based on economic reasons—those that should lie at the foundation of all game protection. A familiar example of his communal hunting methods was that practiced in the buffalo hunting on the plains, which was in use not so long ago but that many men still remember it.

When the young men sent out as scouts to look for game returned to the camp and reported that buffalo had been found, the tribe moved toward the region where they were. Yet caution was needed here, for buffalo were readily frightened and caused to stampede, and such a stampede

would alarm all the others. The flight of one herd would frighten another and as this ran it would start others, until all the buffalo in the neighborhood were racing away in headlong fear. Often they might run so far as to take them quite out of reach of those who needed them for food. It is evident that the Indians did not wish this to happen, and for this reason individual hunting by members of the tribe was forbidden. When the chase took place all were to be present. The conduct of the hunt lay with the chiefs, who gave directions as to how it should be made, and these orders were carried out by one of the soldier bands—organizations of young warriors—on whom among the plains tribes fell the duty of policing the camp, preserving order, and seeing that the instructions of the chiefs were carried out.

This custom of buffalo hunting was so well understood and observed that the laws governing the hunt were almost never violated. Very rarely it might occur that some young, thoughtless and harum-scarum warrior or group of young men might for fun run a buffalo or a little group of buffalo before the order had been given for the hunt. Such infractions of the law were severely punished. An occurrence of this kind took place many years ago in a camp of the Cheyennes, when a young white man who had married into the tribe, Tall Bull—afterward chief of the Dog Soldiers, and killed at Summit Springs—and one other, chased buffalo in violation of orders. All three young men were so soundly quirted by the soldiers that they never forgot the chastisement.

The hunt was systematized in order that every man in the tribe might have an equal chance with every other man to secure the food he needed. The hunters gathered at a designated point and all started in the chase together. In front of the long line of naked men—each provided with his swiftest buffalo horse, carrying his strong bow and furnished with plenty of arrows—rode the line of the soldiers, who constantly checked those who were over-eager and tried to push to the

front, and kept the line in order. Just in front of the soldiers rode their chief, and not until he gave the word were the hunters at liberty to put their horses to their full speed and each one do his best. This word was commonly not given until the brown herd before them was about to turn in headlong flight. I have described the details of such a hunt in my book on the Pawnee Indians.

The Indian was a savage, and a skillful hunter. Knowing how to hunt, and believing that wasteful destruction of the animals on which he subsisted might in the future bring suffering and want to him and his, he protected the beasts on which he depended and practiced methods of economy in hunting that American sportsmen may well take to heart.

In some other ways the Indian saved the game and taught a lesson of thoughtfulness.

In many parts of the wooded country each family of Indians possessed its own territory for hunting and for trapping, and other members of the tribe did not trespass on this ground. To do so would have been a serious violation of tribal customs—the taking of food or fur which belonged to another person. Such a violation might occasionally be punished by death, though it was more likely that the injured person would punish the one who had robbed him by working magic or witchcraft against him, and so bring misfortune upon him.

Family ownership of such hunting grounds and respect for such ownership were not confined to any one portion of the country, nor to any one tribe, group of tribes, or linguistic family. It was and is practiced among the Algonquins—Chippewas—among the Athabascans—Chipweyas—and among the Eskimos. No doubt many other tribes had the same custom, which, however, does not seem to have prevailed among the buffalo Indians of the plains. An interesting paper, dealing with the family hunting territories and social life of the various Algonquin bands of the Ottawa Valley, has been written by Dr. F. G.



He Thought Also of the Welfare of His Descendants—He Regarded Himself As the Custodian of the Wild Life That Surrounded Him.

Speck, and the matter was long ago noted by others.

On these family hunting grounds their owners exercised great care to protect the food animals and the fur; and they taught their young people—now growing up and to follow them in control of the hunting and the trapping—never to kill animals to such an extent as to reduce the breeding stock. In this matter they were almost as careful as is the white farmer as to his domestic herds. The territories were regulated wisely. Close count was kept of the game, so that the owner of the hunting grounds knew just about

how many of each kind of animal it held. This number regulated the killing. The beaver and other fur-bearers were watched and kept account of and only a certain proportion was taken. No hunter ever destroyed all the inhabitants of a beaver house. Moreover, after certain portions of a man's hunting ground had been hunted for one year, these portions were often allowed to remain undisturbed the following year.

The Indian took these precautions in behalf of himself and his immediate family, but not alone for these. He thought also of the welfare of his descendants—those who were to come after him

in the future, generations which he himself might never hope to see. In other words, he regarded himself as the custodian of these hunting grounds, which he was to occupy and use for the period of his life, and then to hand down in as good condition as he had received them, to his children, who in turn would pass them on to their children, and so on to the end of time. The practice closely parallels the view that the Indian took of the ownership of the tribal lands, of which he regarded himself merely as the life tenant. His feeling as to land occupancy I have explained in another place:

"According to his view neither the tribe nor any member of it has in any piece of land rights other than the right to occupy and use it, the individual for life in common with his fellows, the tribe forever to the exclusion of unfriendly peoples. In the past the old people occupied this land, hunted over it, gathered fruits from it, or cultivated it; and as they passed away the same operations were performed by one generation after another; and after those now occupying it shall have passed from life, their children and their children's children for all succeeding generations shall have in it the same rights that the people of the past have had, and those of the present possess, but no others. The land cannot be sold by the individual or the tribe."

Such a broad view of the game that is in our land we sportsmen ought to take. But the white man with his acquisitiveness and selfishness wishes to secure everything for himself and is not willing that his fellows shall have the same chance that he has. The feeling, while common to civilized humanity, is not altogether to its credit. It would be far better were we all to share the sentiments expressed by one of our best sportsmen and most famous men, Colonel Roosevelt, who said, "Wild beasts and birds are by right not the property merely of the people alive to-day, but the property of the unborn generations, whose belongings we have no right to squander."

Teaching the Young Idea How to Camp

A Movement, Nation Wide, That is Familiarizing the Coming Generation With the Great Outdoors

By Allen Samuel Williams, of the Camp Directors' Association of America.

Before 1886 if boys wanted to camp they had to do all the camping; now it is done for them. Camping for boys is now become a full-fledged institution in the scheme of outdoor life in America and so far as several hundred camps that are publicly known is concerned it is highly organized. After camping for boys proved successful from the triangular view points of the boy the parent and the promoter, organizer and director—and in most cases owner,—of the camps, as a natural sequence in these feministic days camps for girls followed. To-day it would be hard to tell these camps apart, excepting that the boys wear flappers on their legs where the girls wear bloomers. Equipment and activities are alike. Before outdoor sports and life were shared by girls with their brothers the fashionable feminine attitude of mind was to shriek at sight of a toad or the apparition of sudden death. To-day the naturalized girl camper ten-

derly picks up a milk snake, properly calls it a *Lampropeltis doliatu triangulus* and takes it back to camp in her off stocking. As for emergencies—she scientifically saves a life in a canoe upset and counts it all in the day's work. On hikes girls often stand the elemental hardships better than the boys.

Until March, 1911, there was no organization among the directors of organization and privately owned camps for boys and girls excepting some inter-camp athletic leagues but out of a boys' camp exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show of that year at the Madison Square Garden was organized the Camp Directors' Association of America.

The President is George L. Meylan, M. D., Physical Director of Columbia University; Vice-President, Professor Edward M. Healy, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; and Secretary, Mr. W. W. Thomas of 142 Bruce Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Monthly meetings of the Association are held at the Berkeley School, Seventy-second Street and West End Avenue, and the sixth annual banquet will be held Saturday evening, March 18th, at the Hotel McAlpin. At nearly every meeting valuable papers are read by members with a questionnaire following. The rapid development of the Boy Scouts of America has multiplied summer camps for boys so rapidly that it must be hard for even national headquarters to keep track of them. While most of these are small some of them include hundreds of campers on their rolls for the ten weeks of the camping season. The commercial phase of this summer population in the woods is one of some importance because of the equipment and supplies provided which in many of the private camps is elaborate and costly. The commissary provides a nice new volume of business for wholesalers and retailers to whom trade in summer is welcome. The Camp Directors' Association of America has definite aims and ideals and stands for the advancement, elevation and betterment of organized camping for the young mentally, morally and physically. The extensions of this new phase of outdoor life will within ten years reach an aggregate that cannot now be clearly foreseen but it will be a vast new interest.

The Manistique and Walloon Lakes

A Michigan District for Those Who Don't Want to go too Far Into the Real Wilderness

By E. S. Whitaker.

SOMETIMES the angler takes much satisfaction in looking over and replenishing his used outfit, thinking of what it has brought him in days that are past, and of the pleasure he will have with it in the days of his coming outings. Here and there are favorite flies that have done their full duty, are frayed and useless now, but kept as reminders of some noted capture, and recall to mind the incident with such startling vividness that it is almost as keen as the original. So, as the days approached the first day of August, and I was getting my house in order for a three months' sojourn in northermost Michigan, and noting what was needed, many bright days were recalled when my prized seven ounce Wheeler fly-rod that I have used for thirty years did such excellent service. This nine foot leader with its three bass flies was trolled slowly through the deeper part of a little spring fed pond, in the heart of the Adirondacks, and much to the surprise of my guide caught twenty-two trout, the smallest weighing $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds and so on to the largest that weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; the nicest string of trout he or I had ever seen. And that sadly mangled old Coachman was in the jaw of the $8\frac{1}{2}$ pound pike that kept me busy last year for at least thirty minutes until brought to my landing net with but little of his masterful fighting capacity left. And that Professor proved the enticing morsel that enticed a gamey and active three and one-half pounds small mouth black bass to capture, and made a splendid fight to get away from, but couldn't, and the little rod got full credit for its splendid work when at last he reluctantly came to boat.

And so over many years my thoughts are carried, and many pleasant faces are brought to mind, by simply looking over my tackle box; and although most of my associates of earlier days have passed to the great beyond, yet they bring pleasant days back to my mind as thus one by one recalled to active memory. The old rod was a present from two of these old friends, one now no more, and each of us caught bass with it the first day it was used.

A Mr. Wheeler who had a little shop at Vermont and made hand made split bamboo rods was its maker—and truly he did good work. Whether now living or not I do not know—but certainly good was his work. Mine is the only one of his make that I have ever seen, but I shall be glad if there are any who possess one of his old timers will give their address to *Forest and Stream*. "By their works we shall know them" is very applicable to a first class rod maker. When the time came I went North and across the Straits and on to McMillan where I was met and taken to Manistique Lake by Gilbert Fyrie with his automobile in time for a good dinner at Fyrie's Resort, where I was cordially greeted and made to feel at home. In a few days I had my 11 foot canvas boat upon the lake and daily when not raining took a longer or shorter row and a tramp through the woods. The few cottages in the vicinity were occupied as also a

new one built for Dr. Bon, and two families were in tents on the lake front. During the season a number of former patrons as well as some new ones were visitors at the lake, and enjoyed their stay as well as the weather permitted. Many wall-eyes and perch were caught, and a few pike, but the bass were few. The usual time for the "bloom" to fill the water is during August, but this year it lasted far into September, and, after it had cleared up and one could expect bass to be "on their feed," heavy winds and much rain kept those who would otherwise be looking for them at home about the fire where it was far more comfortable. Killing frosts occurred as early as the latter week of August, and but very few really pleasant days occurred during September and October.



The Leap of the Black Bass.

Late in August the Fyries received a telephone call from Newberry requesting them to serve a fish supper for about seventy (70) on a certain evening. They caught in two days over one hundred pounds of wall-eyes and large perch, and on the evening specified served an elegant supper which was enjoyed by the Masonic fraternity and invited guests from various parts of Michigan, who had been engaged in laying the corner stone for a new temple and drove out sixteen miles from Newberry in automobiles, and expressed themselves as much pleased.

The amount of wall-eyes, perch, and pickerel that were taken out and sent to Chicago by the local fishermen during the early season reached many thousand pounds, at sixteen cents per pound. Happily this is now over, as a law prohibiting the catch for sale went into effect during the latter days of August.

There are many fish in the lake and they will now have a chance to increase.

A friend asked me to make a visit at Walloon Lake and as I had never been there I went to Petoskey and by suburban train to this lake and spent three or four days there, and was pleasantly surprised. A small steamer making a trip over the greater part, I took passage and having

a fine day was well repaid in seeing all the resorts and beautiful shores that are plainly shown, and very interesting. The outline looks like five separate lakes bunched together with small passages between. Nestled among the surrounding hills, and with principally wooded shores, it is quite picturesque and during an ordinary season when the numerous cottages and summer resorts are full it must prove very attractive. The head of this chain is only a short distance from Lake Michigan, and many go over the trail for a day's outing. As Petoskey is only thirty minutes' ride from the foot of the lake it daily gets its share of excursionists for pleasure and for shopping. Indeed Walloon is almost considered as a suburb of the city. The name is of Indian derivation and while signifying great bear most of the people believe that this lake was known as Bear Lake. The water is quite deep in many places, and has the beautiful greenish blue color of the ocean. There are a number of nice resorts.

On my return to Manistique I made exhaustive inquiries as to the derivation and meaning but locally could find nothing authoritative. I questioned Judge Fead who was sure I would be successful if I wrote to Judge Steere of the Supreme Court, but this was the reply: "I held court at Manistique in Schoolcraft County for a number of years and, as in your case, my curiosity was aroused upon the subject, but what superficial investigation I made failed to result in anything definite or satisfactory. The name was first known to the whites as applied to the river flowing through that country and entering into Lake Michigan (the outlet of Manistique Lake). It was, however, called Monistique and so appears on all the earlier maps which I have examined. When they came to incorporate the village which grew up at this mouth of the river this name of Manistique was adopted, and has since been applied to the river, village and lakes of which you make mention. I was not successful in finding any explanation or definition of the name in any books available, and, resorting to the "oldest inhabitants" both Indian and French, got nothing satisfactory. The French said it was an Indian name, and the Indians said it was a French name, neither being able to give its origin or meaning. It would be my impression that it is probably a distorted Indian word with French spelling. I then appealed to W. E. Barnwell of the Public Library of Cincinnati, who gave this reply. "In regard to 'Manistique' authorities differ. The usual definition is 'Vermillion River,' others give 'Lost River,' and 'Island in the River,' so you can take your choice. The word is Indian with French spelling." The University of Michigan could throw no light upon the subject. Personally I could find no reason in giving it the name of Vermillion as it appeared to me to have more of a yellowish appearance. I trust that some reader of *Forest and Stream* may give information more definite.

Late in September and during October is my favorite time for bass fishing, but the weather was so disagreeable I fished very little. A three and one-half pounder was the finest I caught and gave me much genuine sport. When the woods were dry enough I enjoyed walks through them, but there was an absence of animal and bird life very noticeable. I saw a few deer tracks but no deer. Partridges were only occasional, the heavy rains appear to have destroyed the broods. The red squirrels were very plentiful.

GAME BAG LIMITS IN THE UNITED STATES

These Maps Show at a Glance What the Different States are Doing in the Conservation of the Better Known Varieties of Game

IT is difficult, even after reading so excellent and complete an authority as "Game Laws in Brief" to fix accurately in the mind just how all the states have legislated on the subject of game conservation, but the maps printed below, as prepared by the Biological Survey at Washington, and reproduced in *Forest and Stream* through the courtesy of the Department, visualize game law conditions throughout the country. Note that 13 states have placed close seasons on quail; note also that although separated by only imaginary boundary lines adjoining states allow quite liberal bags. So also in the matter of other game, bag limits vary widely. So far from showing the undesirability of Federal regulation even of migratory game birds, the map is an argument in favor, if not of national control, at least of some better adjustment between states. But remembering that our game laws are being tinkered at by something like eight or ten thousand state legislators annually, the wonder grows that conditions are no worse.



Little Deeds of Thoughtfulness Like This Should Be a Part of Every Hunter's Creed.

servation Commission. In Vermont the doe law was suspended during the season of 1915.

Map 2—The shooting of all kinds of ducks is permitted throughout the United States during the open season, with the exception of the wood duck in certain States.

Daily limits as shown on the map range from 10 in Maine and Oklahoma to 50 in Georgia. The limit in 7 States is 15, in 1 State 18, in 12 States 20, in 1 State 24, and in 13 States 25, while Oregon and Washington prescribe weekly limits only.

Weekly limits: Washington, 20; Oregon, 30 in 7 consecutive days; California and Michigan, 50.

Seasonal or yearly limits: Oklahoma, 100; Florida, 300. Limits on the number in possession at one time are prescribed in 14 States: Idaho, Nevada, New Jersey, and New Mexico, one day's bag; Missouri, 25; Colorado, North Dakota, and Washington, 30; Indiana, 45 (for 3 or more days' hunting); Minnesota, 45; Iowa, Nebraska, and South Dakota, 50; Illinois, 60.

No limits are fixed in Kentucky, Maryland (except in two counties—Garrett, 6 a day, and Cecil, 25 a day on certain species), North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia (except on Back Bay, 35 a day), and West Virginia.

Map 3—Shaded areas show the 13 States in which the season on quail is closed for several years or indefinitely. In Oregon the counties of Coos, Curry, Jackson, Josephine, and Klamath are the only ones open for quail shooting, and in Utah shooting is permitted only in the counties of Carbon, Davis, Garfield, Iron, Kane, Salt Lake, San Pete, Sevier, Uintah, Utah, Washington and Weber.

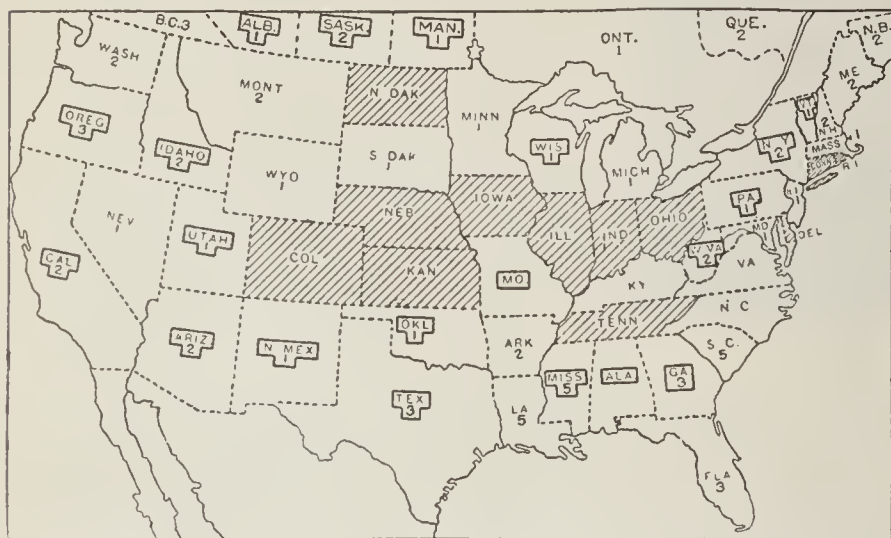
Daily bag limits as shown on the map range from 4 a day in Massachusetts and Vermont to 25 a day in Alabama, Arizona, Georgia, and South Carolina. In Maryland special daily limits are provided in 4 counties: Garrett, 6; Baltimore, 10; Calvert, 12; Cecil, 6. In North Carolina, limits are prescribed in only about a dozen counties.

Weekly limits: California, 20 mountain quail, 30 valley quail; Pennsylvania and Washington, 25; Oregon, 10 in 7 consecutive days.

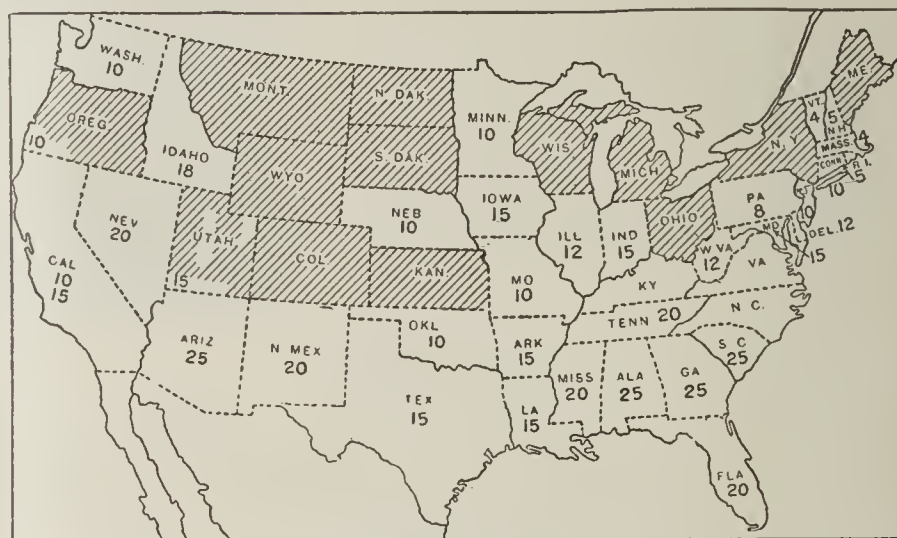
Seasonal or yearly limits: Massachusetts, 20; Connecticut, 36; Pennsylvania, 40; Long Island, 50; West Virginia, 96; Oklahoma, 100; Florida, 300.

Limits on the number in possession at one time are prescribed in 9 States: Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah, one day's bag; Missouri, 15; Iowa, 25; Minnesota, 30; Illinois, 36; Indiana, 45 (for 3 or more days' hunting); Nebraska, 50.

No limits are prescribed in Kentucky, Rhode Island, or Virginia.



States and Provinces which permitted deer hunting in 1915, protected does throughout the year, and limited the number of deer which may be taken by each hunter



Bag limits on quail in 1915.

Map 1—Deer hunting was permitted in 36 States in 1915.

Shaded areas show the States in which there was no deer hunting.

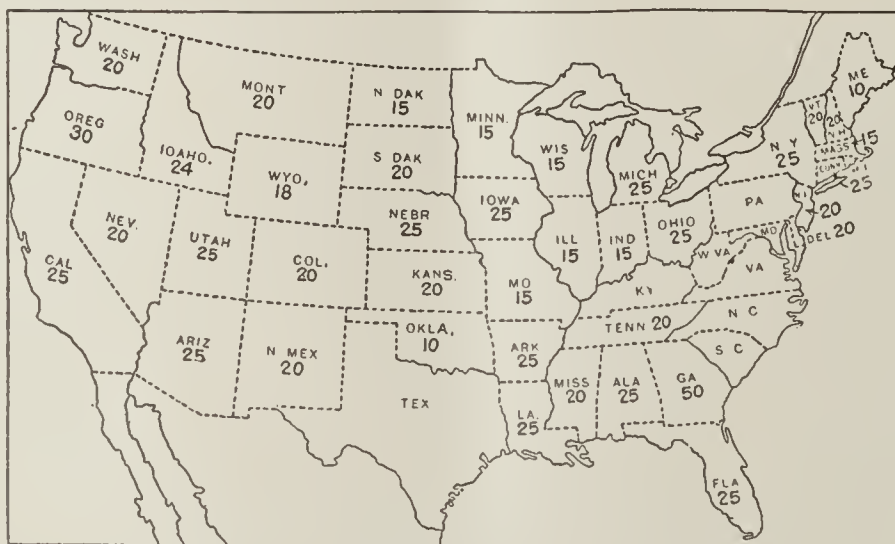
Inclosed names indicate the States which protect does at all seasons.

Figures indicate the number of deer allowed each hunter during a season.

In Alaska the limit is 3 and in the eastern half of Maine and the southern half of New Hampshire 1 a season. In Alabama, Mississippi, and Missouri the limit is 1 a day, and in Louisiana, 2. In North Carolina limits are provided in a few counties only. No limits are provided in Kentucky or Virginia.

The law of New Mexico requires that deer killed must have horns; Utah, that the horns must be visible above the head; Pennsylvania, that the horns must be 2 inches above the hair; New York and Vermont, that the horns must be at least 3 inches long, and in West Virginia that the horns must be 4 inches long.

In California, does and spike bucks, and in Wisconsin bucks in the velvet, or in the red, blue, or spotted coat, as well as does, are protected. In Louisiana, does are protected during the first month of the open season as fixed by the Con-



Bag limits on ducks in 1915.

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Overnight, Almost, Autumn Drifts Into Winter, and We Rise in the Morning to Gaze on a New Outdoor World.

The Metamorphosis Of A Greenhorn

As Days Grew Into Weeks the Influences of a New Environment Brought About a Gradual Conformation To the Ethics of Camp Life and Camp Practises

(Continued from February *Forest and Stream*)

By W. H. Bentley.

Chapter II.

THAT the somnolent character of Bill's arrival at camp somewhat belied his previous enthusiasm, cannot be denied; but it may be urged in extenuation that he was but a greenhorn, and in addition, subject to some temporary weakness of the flesh. At the same time, to present the truth, he entertained certain adverse views on the taking of big game, especially deer, that a lack of moral courage prevented him from disclosing, since he was well aware that they were out of harmony with the spirit and practice of the community of which he was about to become a member. He was not so dull as to lack appreciation of the inconsistency of his position in this respect, inasmuch as he took fish, the smaller game animals and birds, whenever opportunity was presented; and beyond question, therefore, his views were inspired rather by mere physical revulsion than by fixed principles. It was with considerable reluctance he had included in his luggage a rifle of approved design and construction, only on the insistence of Aeneas who had even threatened the abandonment of the trip, if the small, cheap camera that constituted Bill's only offensive weapon were not supplemented by one more conventional and effective; but in yielding the point he mentally re-

solved not to make practical use of the instrument so unwillingly acquired.

But if Bill's enthusiasm did not at first extend along the lines specifically approved by Aeneas who, as a persistent hunter was fairly successful in adding to the trophies suspended from the pole at the end of the camp, it was none the less genuine and substantial over the simple experiences and incidents of the days spent in tramping the great woods, and in acquiring a collection of small and indifferent photographic negatives, after the manner of the average amateur in that art. As the days grew into weeks, the influences of the new environment brought about a gradual conformation to the ethics of the camp, that even Bill himself could not deny, and of which the observant Aeneas eventually took full advantage.

"Now, Bill," he gravely announced as he tossed a couple of fresh sticks of wood on the andirons of the open stove, and settled back in his chair for the evening, "you've played horse with your uncle as long as he will stand it. You came up here with a pair of city legs, a grouch in your grub basket, and one or two tom-fool notions; and I let you go your own gait. Now you can tramp like a moose and eat like a river driver; and I'll be hanged if you haven't got to hunt like a man. I won't allow you to disgrace yourself and constitute a standing reflection on the character of my associations, any longer.

To-morrow you are going to tote that new gun of yours and show me how well you can use it, or I'll blow that little, black box you've lugged round all this time, into punk wood, with a 30-30 slug. You hear what I say?"

"Very well," assented the wavering Bill. "I'll admit there appears to be a sort of kick-back in my notions that I don't exactly understand. I've arrived at the point where I believe I must have two natures: one that came down to me from Adam, and the other, one that my good, old daddy tried to thrash into me. It looks now as if he didn't thrash hard or frequently enough to do a good job, and the natural one has cropped up to the surface. I don't know which will be at the top to-morrow; but unless I do another mental flip-flop I'll lug the gun."

"Reguar Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of cuss you must be," commented Aeneas. "I'm not up on psychological phenomena; but if there's a sure operation that'll whack common sense into a person's cranium, I'd like to own the patent on it. I know a whole lot of people that need that operation, and once in a while maybe I need it myself. Anyhow, it appears to have been effective in your case; and I'm glad to extend my congratulations and to welcome you into this society of congenial spirits. You'll recall I once said you were not such a bad skate on close acquaintance, and I guess the rest of the crowd will agree with me."



On One or Two Rare Occasions, Wind and Weather Being Right, the Greenhorn Had a Chance to See Living Moose in Their Real Environment—His Education at This Time Had Not Proceeded Further Than the Camera Stage.

The permanency of Bill's conversion seemed assured when, the following morning, he struck into the trail through the pines at the rear of camp, behind the efficient guide who, with a businesslike air loped along at a gait that kept Bill so well occupied in noting the inequalities of the way as represented by boulders, snags and soft spots, that whole herds of deer but a few rods distant would have escaped his notice. The necromancy by means of which the guide was able entirely to ignore the movements of his feet and devote his whole attention to eager observation of the forest on either hand, was a subject to which Bill gave considerable study, especially when, the toe of his shoe having come in contact with the free end of a stick apparently hinged in the soil at the other extremity, the foot to which the shoe belonged swiftly began to describe an arc of a circle coincident with that described by the free end of the hinged stick, that clung to the shoe with irresistible pertinacity. A movement of this character obviously elevated the leg after the manner of a pump handle; but Bill, not being secured at the base by bolts or clamps after the manner of the pump itself, uniformly succumbed to the law of gravitation and with much vehemence and precision sprawled at full length on the ground. The omnipresence of such hinged sticks was also a source of considerable wonder on the part of Bill, his attention having been forcibly directed to not less than six in the course of a single half-day.

Turning sharply from the trail a half mile from camp, the guide whom Bill familiarly addressed as Steve, stopped and solicitously eyed his charge who, if the truth were known, was

glad of the opportunity afforded to relieve his heaving lungs.

"It's likely," said Steve, "I'll see deer to-day that you, bein' behind, won't git sight of. If I think there ain't no chance o' your gittin' a shot, I won't bother to say nothin'. If I see one on the move goin' where I think you can git a crack at it, I'll let you know fast enough; an' o' course, if I see one standin' still I'll beckon to you. For a ways you'd better keep pretty clost behind me. When we git to where the woods is more open, you can work off to one side and maybe git a shot at one that I couldn't see. After we've been out a few times so you know the woods some, you can go ahead yourself."

To this explanation of the *modus operandi* to be observed Bill gravely listened, but with some misgivings as to his ability to discharge the implied obligations resting on him. Nevertheless, he resolved to maintain the courage necessary for sighting and discharging his rifle in the proper direction if game were sighted; and if a deer were thereby brought to ground, to make the best of an accident he was not yet entirely prepared to consider a fortunate one. In the frame of mind indicated by this resolution, he resumed his place at the rear of Steve and worked up considerable interest in observing that alert and active individual, whose every movement disclosed the experienced hunter. The confidence exhibited in his alertness and implied in his initial explanations to his charge did not, however, appear warranted by the outcome of the morning's efforts; for the noon hour found the two seated about the lunch fire five miles from camp, without having had occasion to interrupt the continuity of their progress through the unbroken forest, in actual practice of the guide's instructions.

"Well, I guess I'll git the fire goin'," remarked Steven, when the spot selected for lunching was reached. "I always like tea for lunch, an' don't feel as though all the trimmin's was in if I don't git it. Besides, when it's as late in the season as this, a fire feels pretty good when you ain't movin' 'round. I've built a fire many a time when I was out alone and didn't have no tea to bile; jest for the company of it. Some folks wouldn't think there was company in a fire; but there is for me."

With those who roam the woods, there is no necessity of arguing as to the genuineness of Steve's sentiment. Company in a fire! Of course there is. If an analysis of the properties of burning wood *per se* to supply the place of things sentient be asked, the narrator hereof has no knowledge of the psychological operations of the mind that make it receptive to such a sensation, from which to draw material for reply. The proof is rather of the empirical order, and with that doubters must be satisfied. If accumulative evidence of this kind be wanted, Mr. Doubter, put the question to any man who, having wandered miles from camp with rod, axe or gun, has sat down alone in the solitude of great woods to satisfy the gnawings of an appetite that began to clamor long before its usual time of need; and if the evidence be not forthcoming the narrator is but a poor observer and his views are not worth consideration.

For a half hour after lunch the hunters smoked and talked, loafing around the embers of the dying fire. Then the guide re-packed the sack he carried at his back; brought water from a nearby brook to quench the last, live coals; announced the course for the afternoon and



Following Through the Woods That Disclosed As the Hunters Proceeded, a View for a Considerable Distance Ahead.

started off. Bill thereupon took up his rifle and followed the white, swaying flour bag as it moved off into the woods that, growing more open as the hunters proceeded, disclosed a view for a considerable distance ahead. The slanting shadows of the trees indicated mid-afternoon when Steven halted, and as he nervously ran his fingers through his thick, curly hair, exclaimed:

"Tarnation take it! I don't understand why we don't run across a deer. There's plenty of 'em in the woods, but they don't appear to be hangin' round where we be. If you ain't tired yet, we'll foller 'long this ridge a little farther'n I was expectin' to. I Swanny! I'd like to see you have one hangin' before we start for camp."

Scarcely ten minutes after this expression of anxiety on the part of the guide, he again suddenly stopped, raised himself on tip toe to take an extended but cautious view down the side of the ridge, and then squatting low, stretched his left arm toward Bill without turning his head. The latter stole forward at the silent summons, and shaking with excitement stopped a little at the rear of the squatting guide.

"See! Jest by that little cedar," he whispered to Bill, without for a moment shifting his gaze. "Git a bead on him, quick!"

Bill's vision flashed to the spot indicated, and there stood a live, wild deer. Instantly there fell upon him that mysterious spell under the influence of which the mind becomes oblivious to the opportunities of the occasion, and apparently loses all function except that of absorbing, resistless curiosity, while the eyes fixedly stare in wondering astonishment. From a strap at his back hung a camera, and in his hand he held a loaded rifle. There stood noble game not seventy-five yards away; and yet, with a vacuous mind he merely gazed as a young infant gazes at a lighted lamp.

Those who haunt the wood for game will understand these symptoms. The malady is well recognized as peculiar to the greenhorn. From

the days of Nimrod the Mighty to Roosevelt the Strenuous there have been many sufferers from "buck fever." An attack commonly ends as soon as the object that produced it disappears from the view of the staring eyes; but before that stage was reached in Bill's case, there came this antipyretic from the restless Steve who, without turning his head, disgustedly hissed from the corner of his mouth:

"What in thunder ails you? Why don't you shoot? You'll never git a better chance."

This stinging remedy stirred Bill's sodden brain like the roar of a cannon firecracker. Immediately a comprehension that he was actually alive and that a duty was laid upon him, surged over his thickened intellect; but the secondary phase of the disease with which he was stricken came upon him; and as his flesh trembled and his knees knocked together, he managed to gasp out this intelligent inquiry:

"Wha-Wha-Wha-er-er-a-a-a-?"

When Steve first directed Bill's attention to the deer, it stood nearly facing them, its body as it fed being partly protected by the limbs of the dwarf cedar against which its right shoulder brushed. In Bill's infantile condition he did not

notice whether it was a buck or a doe. As he gave utterance to his desires in the manner just described, the animal moved forward a step and raised its head. Even to Bill's dull comprehension it was apparent that the movement was one of suspicion if not of actual alarm; and he realized that if he were to prove himself a hunter he would have to act quickly. Raising his rifle to his shoulder as he squatted at Steve's side, he sighted along the barrel; but at which portion of the anatomy of the deer to aim, could not decide. At that juncture a second dose of antipyretic was administered by the exasperated guide:

"Take him behind the shoulder, quick!"

The muzzle of the rifle wandered in eccentric curves from the ground to ten feet up the dwarfed cedar, as he endeavored to place the sights on the spot Steve indicated. Once, he lowered it to assure himself that the deer was still there. Glancing at Steve he noticed the nervous play of the fingers on the trigger of his rifle, and began to suspect that if that deer were to escape he might expect a shot behind his own shoulders. Again raising his rifle he managed momentarily to line the sights on the brown-covered ribs of the deer, and with a mighty effort to pull the trigger.

As the rifle spoke the deer convulsively sprang forward, bounded obliquely up the ridge, and disappeared behind the tops of a spruce windfall; but not before Steve with astonishing quickness, had sent a bullet from his rifle at the bounding animal. As he darted forward toward the butt of the windfall, a brown form in deliberate movement became vaguely visible beyond the barricade of branches, whereupon he roared at the bewildered Bill:

"Pop it to him! Pop it to him! Don't let him git away."

Moved by this impetuous injunction, Bill sent two or three bullets at the obscure target, and then sped down the hill. Approaching the windfall, he met the deer face to face as he came round the tangled, dead branches, and again was seized with an attack of the fever from which he had previously suffered;





The Deer Bounded Obliquely Across the Ridge to Disappear Behind the Tops of a Spruce Windfall.

for though the majestic animal stopped and made no effort to escape, Bill returned its gaze in infantile curiosity without thought of the rifle he carried in his hand. At that instant Steve's rifle cracked and the deer dropped at Bill's very feet.

"Aye Golly! exclaimed the guide as he strode toward the carcass. "I never seen anything like that before."

"Like what?" inquired the wondering Bill.

"Why, don't you see," returned Steve. "You've shot off both his horns; and it's a blame pity, too, for you don't often see a nicer head'n that. I've seen one horn shot off before; but I never knowed both of 'em to go."

"No wonder he was so delib'rate when he went round them tops," he commented as he bent to open the chest cavity of the carcass. "See there. You fetched him almost on top of the back, jest behind the shoulder. The bullet went clean throuh him and came out low underneath. You see we was pretty well above him. I wonder he went as far as he did. It's surprisin' how you'll run acrost one now and then, that doesn't know he's dead. He's one of the big-necked, round bodied kind, an' he ain't so old neither. I can tell that from his face—it's so brown. The old ones git gray in the head. Wait till we find them horn—that'll tell how old he was."

Tracing the course of the buck as he passed behind the windfall, they carefully searched

for the missing horns that Steve found with little trouble. Returning to the carcass he kneeled and held the detached members against their respective stubs, and sadly shook his head.

"Too dumb'd bad," he lamented. "They're splintered too much to fix 'em. As fine a four year old as ever I see. His head was jest perfect—big, nubby horns; brown face and a bustin' big neck. But it ain't no good for mountin' now. That's hard luck." Then, as he dropped the detached horns and rose to his feet, he went on:

"I always think it's best to keep firin' at a deer till he's down; that way you don't stand so much chance o' losin' him. I knowed you hit this one the first shot, but o' course couldn't tell how far he'd go. That's why I hollered to you to keep poppin' him; but I wish't I hadn't now. Them shots through the windfall was what spoilt the horns, an' they wasn't needed. He couldn't a gone ten feet after he poked his head round them tops. I needn't a put that bullet through his neck, either."

The loss of the head that, to say the truth, gave Bill little or no concern at the moiment, was compensated for by the plump, fat carcass which weighed according to Steve "not a mite less'n two hunderd." Starting to dress it out he observed for the first time that Bill's knees still persisted in keeping up a rapid tattoo against his trousers legs, and smilingly inquired:

"Give you the jim-jams, did it? It's funny

'bout that. I've seen it a good many times. You'll get over that one of these days. You don't appear to be so set up over your first deer as some sports I've seen."

"I'm just wondering how well pleased I am," confessed Bill. "Not so long ago I didn't think I could pull a trigger on a deer; but now that I have done it, I am beginning to feel squeamish over it."

"O, that's it, is it?" rejoined Steve. "Well, I've worked out that point this way, an' I can't see no holes in the way I figger. Deer has got to die sometime jest like everything else: that's certain. If they wasn't shot they'd die of old age, an' that ain't so easy as gittin't shot. After they git old they grow weak and thin because they can't eat well, and then, likelier'n not the foxes git 'em an' worry 'em, or along comes a bear an' takes 'em in. Almost any way you look at it they don't die peaceful, an' a bullet's a darned sight easier on 'em than a gang o' foxes or a bear is."

Bill was unable to controvert Steve's logic, and accordingly remained silent. By the time the carcass was dressed and suspended he regained composure; and when, a few minutes later Steve led off on the return tramp to camp, Bill even turned with a touch of carnal pride to take a look at the trophy hanging there in the shadows of the deep woods.

(To be continued.)

THE FUN OF IT ALL

The Size of the Bag does not Measure the
Real Joy of the Hunt.

By Sumner Crosby

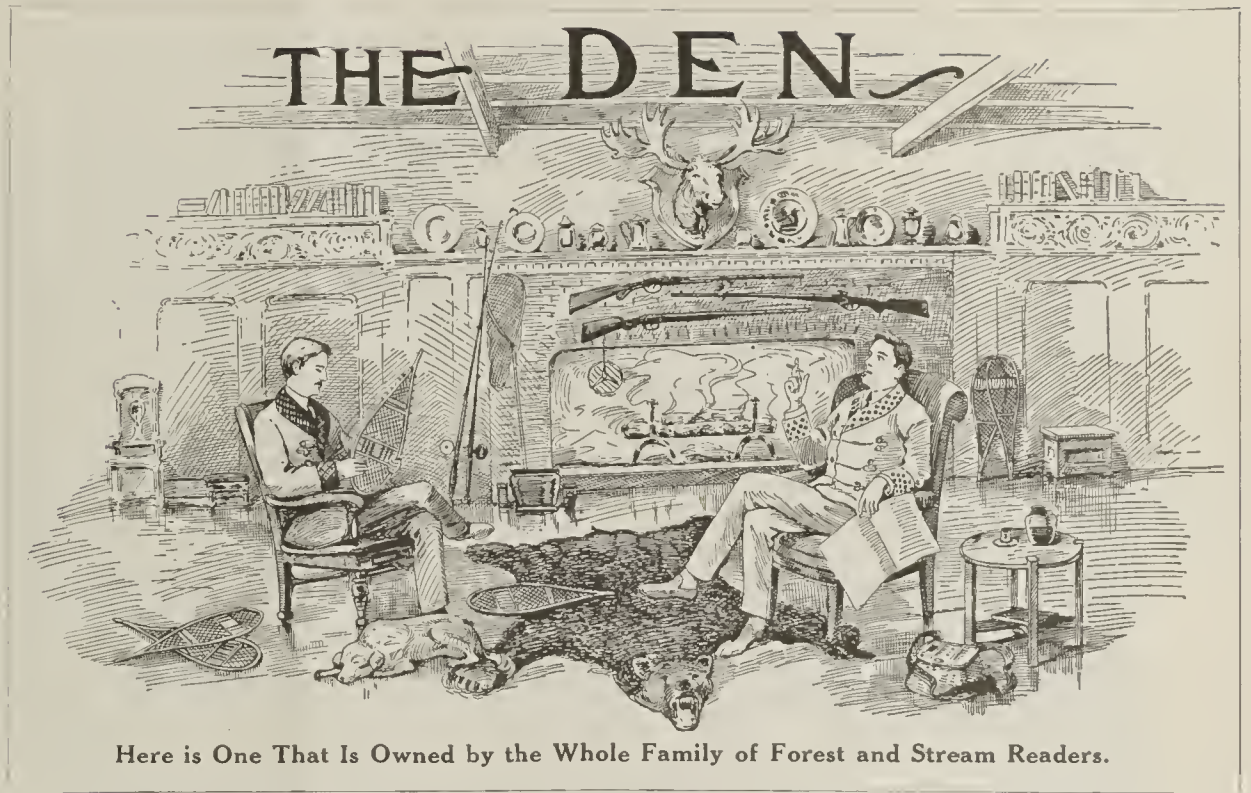
ANTICIPATION, realization, reminiscence; and the greatest of these is—realization! No doubt, for that is the supreme moment; however, that moment may be actually lived but once. With what joy and how many times has the same moment been lived in anticipation, and how unlimited the number of times it will be lived as an assured fact, either in pleasant reverie, or as your contribution to the company of good fellows. Did all of the joy lie in realization, then a sportsman's happiness were abridged indeed.

Many of us will confess to dreams of a sportsman's paradise in which we have pictured ourselves. What sport, could we sally forth with our modern equipment into the vast game preserve that this country comprised a hundred years ago. How many of us have not at some time exclaimed, "Just once I would like to shoot all I wanted to."

There are numerous sportsmen who have at some time been in such favorable circumstances as to shoot themselves tired. Let such a shooter tell of the day he got just right in the line of flight, and how they came along so fast that there was no time to chase the cripples, and he had to shove his gun overboard every once in a while to prevent burning his fingers.

You may have exclaimed: "Some morning's shooting. Say! but wouldn't I like a chance like that!" As a matter of fact, judging from your own experience, you did not know there were so many birds; but as you revolve the tale over in your mind, doesn't it gradually dawn upon you that that was not the real sport you thought it was? There was no eye straining wait, no nerve bracing period of uncertainty after the flock swung in sight, no special satisfaction in retrieving the pair you caught so neatly with your right and left, and no period of admiringly smoothing the ruffled feathers while anxiously scanning the horizon, with the oft muttered: "It's a perfect morning, I ought to get several shots before the tide turns."

The shooting he described was not true sport after he had taken toll from the first half dozen flocks. After that he was not receiving full measure of enjoyment for the great sacrifice he was exacting from Nature. The weasel destroys an entire flock of fowl, but it would not do so could it reason; and man is a reasoning animal. Perhaps he wanted to bring down more birds than the occupants of the other boats, but the day of contests for the greatest number of kills is of the past, and such questions of prowess may readily, and had better be, decided at the traps. One shot was as like its successors as peas in a pod. There was no individuality, no distinguishing feature to entitle it to a lasting niche in his memory. We fully appreciate those things only that we procure by our own specific



Here is One That Is Owned by the Whole Family of Forest and Stream Readers.

endeavors, and we know that the greater the endeavor required the greater the appreciation. The acquiring of the coveted object is a transitory pleasure; however, add some special circumstances under which we succeeded and it becomes a permanent possession and a joy forever.

Moreover, did you note the animation that same brother sportsman displayed when the conversation drifted to the upland and to grouse, and he related how a certain old cock had a habit of fooling him; the one that used to hang out on the side hill near the large cedar swamp and would dart into the swamp without rising above the scrub? He declared war on the old chap and pulling on his hip waders, painfully and laboriously forced his way through the swamp and routed out the enemy by a flank movement, and how even at that his Royal Highness made such a quiet getaway that he fell at sixty yards if an inch. Which tale did he seem to enjoy relating the most; and which struck the more responsive chord in his audience?

And remember, your equipment plays no mean part in the day's pleasure. If you question this recall some shoot that you joined at the last moment; a friend loaned you one of his guns, a good one too, but it did not feel just right, and you did not enter upon that hunt with the usual zest; there was something lacking. As a gun lover it may be that you had a gun made for you, a twenty perhaps; anyway it is the child of your imagination, the embodiment in steel and walnut of your idea of the right gun for you. In the privacy of your den you have taken many a snap at the door knob and the clock dial, and in every case it has come to a dead center. Now you are off at last, and not to aim at hypothetical grouse.

As you stroll along the woodland path you are happily conscious of the slender grip in your right hand, and with the velvety black tubes poised at ready you cast many a fond and admiring glance at your new pet. In fact that is just what you were doing when that pair got up and—Glory Be! you made a double!

Perhaps you did not get another shot on that walk; but you came home radiating contentment,

the long desired opportunity arose and your choice was vindicated; the little gun was not found wanting, and for many moons whenever your gaze rests upon the twenty there will arise a vision of an incident that will bring a sparkle to your eyes and relax all lines of worry.

Did you ever figure out a trip for the weekend afternoon? First you would go over by the swamp, then you would follow the brook road for a mile until it reached the Mill Pond; of course you would take a peek in there, for on two never to be forgotten occasions you have found duck in it. Well, they were not there this time, but you felt quite smart watching two muskrats building a house; and then you went over to the deserted farm and there, down in the further corner of the decaying orchard, they went up; six of them. You were very much occupied for the next quarter of an hour and when you emerged from the scrubs there were three of those large brown birds in the lining of your coat. You were, of course, very disconsolate and unhappy as you leaned against the rail fence and filled your pipe preparatory to the hike for home. At this same time in more favored circumstances there may have been brother sportsmen accompanied by gun carriers and beaters whose bag ran into the dozens, but their cup of happiness had absolutely nothing on yours, for yours was running over.

You and I both know men who take their guns each morning and sally forth to this or that cross-roads. They hope to intercept Sir Reynard, but it is not necessary to their happiness that they bring him to bag. Not at all. In fact they really do not expect to secure a brush, though they always have strong hopes. If their happiness depended upon the size of the bag they would not hunt, or hunting they would be a miserable lot. But let's not save our pity for them; they do not need it; whether they connect or not they are happy tramping the frosty roads to the accompaniment of a canine symphony, and to them the concert alone is well worth all the effort.

There is an old hackneyed expression to the
(Continued on page 873.)



Even Before the Youngster Is Old Enough to Handle a Gun He Enjoys Going Out Once in a While With Dad—He Is Also Convenient in the Toting of Dad's Shell Jacket.

The Boy and His Gun

A Few Sensible Observations That May be Read by Men With Boys As Well as by Some Grown Up Boys Themselves

By John W. Davis.

EVERY real American boy wants to own a rifle. Show me the boy who does not.

It is not to be denied, however, that there is an element of danger in handling firearms. But if a boy is not to be trusted with a gun, is he to be trusted with a team, or an axe or any of the many things which are dangerous in the hands of a careless person? I do not mean by this that boys under ten years of age should have a gun, and those over only under the careful supervision of his father or some other competent person.

This early training in the use of a gun should be most thorough, and careful habits should be so carefully taught that they stay with him all his life. When you think of the proportionally few number of gun accidents, caused by persons who handle firearms carelessly, and then think of the hundreds of thousands of guns in use in this country, it will be seen that there is no unusual risk in handling firearms. It is the boy who was never allowed to have a gun at home, who goes over to the neighbors and "didn't know it was loaded."

The very nature of shooting, particularly rifle shooting, is to inspire confidence in one's self, to develop steady nerves, and keen eyesight. And rifle shooting is not an expensive sport. A 22 caliber rifle, costing from three to five dollars, and ammunition costing \$2.25 a thousand, will provide excellent sport for a long time. As the

boy gets older he may want a larger rifle, one with more power, and if he has mastered the first principles of rifle shooting with his little rifle, he will find, that with due allowance for difference in range and power, that he can use the big rifle as well as the small one. He will learn that with a higher powered rifle he must correctly estimate the "range" or distance shot over, and set his sights accordingly. This range finding is in itself a desirable thing to learn.

The principal danger in boys handling firearms, is in a crowd. A group of boys with guns, unless under the supervision of a competent person, is a dangerous combination. Somebody is liable to get hurt. The boy's first few years with a gun should be under the care of his father or grown up brother, and his hunting better done alone. The thing that must be impressed on his mind is: *Never point any gun toward any one at any time.* Equally important with this, *never load a gun in the house or leave it loaded there.*

He must be taught that in loading a gun, *anywhere, keep it pointed toward the ground.* One time in a thousand a gun will go off while being loaded, and that is the time to guard against. Another rule that must never be violated: *Never carry a gun loaded in a wagon, buggy or auto.* Some unexpected jar or knock may set it off. And it is bad policy to shoot out of a vehicle, because if driving a team, the team

may jump and throw one, or even run off. An automobile is still more uncertain to carry a loaded gun in, as the swaying of the car or some rough place in the road may set the gun off. Keep loaded guns out of vehicles. It is but an instant's work to load a gun *after* one is out of them.

Many persons are shot each year getting through fences. The one safe way to get through or over a fence with a gun, is to carefully put the gun on the other side first, being careful not to get any snow or dirt in the muzzle in doing so, and then get over or through the fence. Of course one can step over a fence with a gun in his hand, but there is danger of slipping or tripping, and falling on the gun in such a way as to set it off.

Rifle shooting is entirely distinct from shotgun shooting. With a rifle, one need not kill game unless so inclined, but instead may simply practice target shooting. It requires a much steadier hand and clearer eye to successfully use a rifle as compared to a shotgun. Personally I prefer a rifle, as I consider rifle practice excellent training. It is a dangerous practice to shoot without first having a clear view of the object shot at and a definite idea as to where the bullet will fly. In this way much shotgun shooting will usually impair one's rifle shooting.

A little advice to the beginner in rifle practice is in order. A rifle gets its name from the spiral grooves inside the barrel, and on these grooves depend the accurate shooting qualities of the rifle. They must be protected from rust and kept clean of powder fouling, after each day's use, and above all, the ends of the riflings at the muzzle end of the rifle must not be nicked. If they are, it will seriously impair the accu-



Perfect Specimen of the Fighting Small Mouth Black Bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*)—The Season for Bass Opens in Many States in June, a Month Much Longed for by American Anglers.

racy of it, and for this reason a rifle should always be cleaned from the breech. Use soft cloth strips of the proper size, which you can soon determine, in the cleaning rod, using a little oil at the last wiping, and always inspect the inside of the barrel after cleaning to see if there are any remaining pieces of cloth in it. A cleaning rag jammed in a rifle barrel, or shotgun barrel either, will cause it to burst on being fired again, with possibly fatal results to the shooter. For this same reason a gun should never be leaned up against a bank or any thing which is liable to get foreign particles in the barrel.

Next to the rifling, the sights, front and rear, are the parts to be most protected. Any injury to the sight will affect the straight shooting qualities of the gun. They should be protected from knocks and kept clean of dirt and rust at all times. It will not injure them, or the rifle generally, to be out in the rain, provided they are lightly coated with oil before taking out, and carefully dried and oiled again on being brought in. Any good make of rifle is built to stand long service, and will fire accurately many thousands of shots before the riflings finally wear out, but constant attention as the rifle is used each time is what is required to keep it in the best condition. The breech mechanism of most guns requires little attention except oiling and keeping free from dirt, and occasionally a screw tightening.

In rifle practice, bear this in mind; if your sights are properly lined on the target, and held there at the time of firing the target will be struck. First learn to properly line your sight and then try to sight the same way each time, with the front sight in the center of the notch of the rear one, and the top of the front one just level with the top of the rear sight notch. Failure to do this is the cause of many poor shots.

In standing ready to shoot, stand with both feet on a level and without strain, erect. It is best to hold the breath slightly at the time of sighting, and pulling the trigger. As you raise the rifle to your shoulder, your left hand should be under the rear sight, at the balancing point.

With the Bass and Pike of Leech Lake

(Continuation of an Interesting Vacation Story as Told by One of *Forest and Stream's* Best Contributors)

By J. A. L. Waddell.

On Wednesday Si and I had to go out alone; and by Russell's advice we spent some time around a big weed bed outside of the point which is directly opposite to the mouth of Kabekona Bay. He had had good luck there a short time before, but we had none, picking up only a single snake behind the weeds and close to the shore. After losing an hour at this place we pushed on towards Squaw Point, taking a few pike and pickerel by both trolling and casting. There are three channels at the Narrows, but two of them are shallow and crooked, and the first one is often blocked by floating bog. We squeezed through it, but caught no fish, although I cast faithfully in all the likely looking spots. Si says that sometimes there are lots of fish in this little channel. After emerging from it we struck some good fishing ground for both trolling and casting, and I caught there several large perch, a couple of rock bass, a number of wall-eyes, a few snakes, and some hard-fighting great northern pike, including a nine pounder which I took about a mile west of Pine Point. At the latter we had fair sport and then ran down the bay about three-quarters of a mile to the camping ground where Dr. Hart and I had lunched on my second day. It is a very good place to take luncheon under ordinary conditions of wind and weather. After lunch we trolled down to the bottom of the bay and picked up a number of pike, then back to Pine Point where we found three boats containing several fishermen who were much disgruntled by their bad luck. They had taken practically nothing all day. I saw one of them miff a fine fish, and then understood the reason for their lack of success, although, truth to tell, the day was decidedly unfavorable for fishing because of the almost dead calm weather and

clouds. The feelings of the other fishermen were probably not improved by seeing me within ten minutes take by casting into a small weed bed, lying close to the shore and a little west of the Point, three fine, hard-fighting great north-erners, weighing from four to five pounds each.

In spite of the adverse conditions that day I caught altogether 43, including several large fish. Si had to row all the way back, as we were not fortunate enough to be picked up by any passing launch.

On Thursday Russell, Avery and I with Si and Swansson went again to Otter Tail and had fine sport there. After taking an eight and one-half pounder out of a weed bed, I found that I had twisted the end joint of my new Bristol steel trolling rod into a cork screw, but it did not break; and later on in the day I landed on it, in spite of its crippled condition, a ten and one-half pounder, my biggest fish of the trip. The rod lasted me until I left for home, although I eased up on it occasionally by using my bamboo casting rod for trolling as well as for casting. As the Schmelzer Arms Co. of Kansas City, who sold me the rod, had attached to the case a maker's guarantee, the rod is now being repaired free of charge. Notwithstanding the accident, I deem it to be about the best trolling rod that can be found for fresh water fishing, and I can unequivocally recommend it to my brother sportsmen for such work. It is the kind that is provided with agate guides throughout and costs \$7.50. As usual at Otter Tail we made that day a big catch.

On Friday, for a change, Russell, Avery and I with our two men went to Pine Point, trolling through the middle of the bay and the Narrows. We found fairly good

(Continued)



Uncle Sam as a Game Keeper

ALASKA is a pretty big territory. Its area comprises nearly 600,000 miles, which means that if Alaska could be laid on top of the eastern portion of the United States, extending farther west than the Mississippi River, there wouldn't be much ground left sticking over the edges. Alaska is the last and by far the most extensive wild game country of the North American continent. The report of its Governor, Hon. J. F. A. Strong, to the Secretary of Agriculture, now at hand, is therefore of importance and interest to American sportsmen, even though the majority of them will never hunt in Alaska.

For all that, they are vitally concerned in what is going on there and they are watching what Uncle Sam is doing to protect the Alaskan moose, in the number of which Alaska holds high pre-eminence, and what is happening to the deer, mountain sheep, mountain goats, caribou or bear, to say nothing of the myriads of water fowl of many species, which have their habitat or breed in the northwestern territory.

Governor Strong's report reveals the wonderful faunal life existing in Alaska, but running through it there crop up incidents of the same wasteful, damnable killing that has swept wild life from so much of the surface of the United States. We quote, for instance:

The beginning of construction on the Alaska Central Railway in 1903, and continuing until 1906, on which hundreds of men were employed during the greater part of the time, raised havoc with the moose and mountain sheep. Hunters were engaged at all times to keep the various camps along the line of work supplied with moose and sheep meat, it being cheaper than domestic meats shipped from the states. This condition of wanton and excessive killing of the wild game of the country continued with little cessation until the Sixtieth Congress passed certain amendments to the original game laws. Now conditions are much improved. The game law, as applied to moose and mountain sheep, gives them immunity from needless slaughter, with the result that a gradual increase in their numbers is manifest. Without the restraining effect of the game law, these fine game animals would by this time be practically extinct, as far as the Kenai Peninsula is concerned.

It is gratifying to note that the shameful slaughter of moose has been stopped, but it is breaking out again, not only as regards the moose, but all other animals wherever man has penetrated. And what else could be expected when we keep in mind the vast territory of this American gameland, and read that the fund for game wardens employed is limited to \$20,000 annually! The whole thing is a farce.

Worse yet—and we regret exceedingly to chronicle the fact—it is reported on excellent authority that the soldiers stationed at Fort William H. Seward on Lynn Canal had up to October 15th killed about 200 deer. These men are not charged with violation of the law, but the practice followed thus hunting deer, if continued, will lead to their almost com-

plete extinction. We have the word of Governor Strong himself for this assertion. The soldiers hunt in squads of fifteen or twenty men, and while none may exceed the limit allowed by law, and probably do not, the havoc wrought in deer slaughtering by 150 or more men can easily be understood.

Uncle Sam is as a rule, a good game protector, but he should stop this sort of thing immediately. Alaska is the last game refuge which this country will possess. Its wild regions should be protected and protest should be entered against the proposition now being advanced to exterminate the big Kadiak brown bears because they are accused of having killed a few calves, and, therefore, stand in the road of probable live stock cultivation. The charge against the Kadiak bear is not well supported, and to murder him off and thus add one more to the extinct species of interesting game life would be little less than a crime. We hope that the readers of *Forest and Stream* who are interested in game conservation will write to the Secretary of Agriculture for a copy of Governor Strong's report, and after reading it will continue the good work by writing to their Representative in Congress telling what they think about the proposition, and about Alaska affairs in general.

Preservation Works Both Ways

WHETHER innate cussedness, total depravity, selfishness, or ignorance are responsible for the non-observance of game laws in many sections is a puzzle that the honest law-abiding sportsman is at a loss to solve. Probably the verdict would be in favor of the first two causes mentioned, but our own idea is that the latter two, with some emphasis laid on the last of the four, would come nearer the real explanation. Certainly self-interest, if nothing more, should lead the farmer to foster and protect the wild life that works for his gain and benefit, and in something akin to the same spirit, the gunner would not destroy the game if he realized that his acts were hastening extermination.

We are speaking now of the ordinary honest citizen; with the lawless element we have nothing to do, except to say that as education becomes more general, the just retribution which the lawless man escapes now will overtake him. Conservation is preached morning, noon and night, and rightly too, but education must go hand in hand with conservation. Without it the game of America is doomed. We are glad to be able to record that education is advancing. The interest shown in the numerous association and society meetings scheduled during this winter and the spring season is an evidence of this fact. The first convention of sportsmen ever held in the state of Kentucky was called together on January 12 last by the State Game and Fish Commission, and the attendance and enthusiasm surprised those who, with some doubt, brought the meeting into being.

In the report sent to *Forest and Stream* it is stated that men from the Big Sandy, the Blue Grass, Pennyryle and Purchase sections—how redolent and reminiscent of good hunting these names are—came together and passed resolutions

calling on the legislature to amend the game and fish laws in the interest of conservation and sportsmanship. Every man present at that meeting was voting to shorten his season of hunting and fishing, but all agreed that in the interest of the state this should be done. The National conference to be held in New York shortly under the auspices of the American Game Protective Society, the Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association meeting—not to mention many others—all show that the real sportsmen of this country are aroused to action. It is well that this is the case. Game laws are made to preserve the game, and not for the selfish pleasure of the few who resist any restraint of their personal privileges. The sportsman can preserve himself only by preserving the game.

European War and Wild Life

THE fighting which is going on all over central Europe of course results in saving from destruction the small birds, which have so long been regarded as the legitimate prey of the "sportsmen" of the Latin races. It is believed that these birds have greatly increased for the last year in Europe, and now it is learned, through Frederick C. Walcott, that the Italian Government has passed a law which went into effect January 1 prohibiting the shooting of all song and insectivorous birds throughout Italy. For many a long year the lark and the sparrow have been to the Italian gunner just as legitimate a prey as the buffalo and the moose were to the western and northern Indians when this country was first settled, and the enormous destruction of these birds that has gone on must have had its effect of the crops of Europe.

Latin immigrants have brought with them to America their practice of small-bird slaying, and game authorities in this country have had not a little difficulty in controlling Italian immigrants, and several cases have occurred where the Italian lawbreaker resisting arrest has killed or injured the game protector.

The process of education is long and slow, but we may hope that before many years have passed the change of sentiment which has already taken place in this country will have extended itself over the whole world.

That Wild Goose "Stew" Club

SINCE Brother E. T. Grether lambasted that California Wild Goose Stew Club through the columns of *Forest and Stream* and the St. Louis Globe Democrat, a chorus of approval has gone up in every sportsman's circle throughout the United States. The club, it will be recalled, has been in the habit of slaughtering a number of thousands of wild geese annually to make a Sacramento holiday. It is shocking to hear that among the chief "stews" of the organization is a gentleman high on the official roster of the California State Fish and Game Commission. The charge has not been denied, neither has it been confirmed, and *Forest and Stream* therefore withholds the name for the present. The best denial of official connection might be expressed in some action looking toward the suppression of the annual "stew" day. The whole thing is a disgrace to California.

On the second of April I took from a nest in a tall oak tree a pair of these little chaps, about two weeks old. The mother bird was sitting very close on the nest, keeping the youngsters warm—as well as the bodies of a crow, a robin and a very large rabbit, each of which had been partially eaten.

I took them home and installed them in a roomy wire enclosure and fed them on any kind of fresh meat that came most easily to hand. They were good feeders and made rapid growth in flesh and feather.

Like other kinds of children young owls acquire some funny habits. One of these consisted in bobbing their heads in a ludicrous manner whenever a dog or a cat came in sight.

They would move back and forth, up and down, sidewise or all at once as nearly as possible—kind of rubber-neck performance that was very amusing.

If a cat came too close, one of them especially would assume a defensive attitude, and every feather would seem to stand on end, the owl's eyes flashing angrily, a picture of defiance.

I know of no bird with such beautiful eyes as the great horned owl possesses. Constantly changing with the changes of light, they are, in the bright sun, a golden yellow, the pupil showing but a black point, or in a dim light, the pupil enlarging until the iris becomes a narrow rim. Apparently the power of vision is equally great by day or by night.

About the middle of October my birds seemed to have acquired their full adult plumage. I had

become so attached to the big fellow with the kindly disposition, that I concluded to install him in a prominent place in my den, and now he sits there, and looks at me with his big golden eyes, and his ear tufts tilted back in a conciliatory manner, reminding me of playful times we have had together in his cage. Perhaps this was better than turning him out to shift for himself in a friendless world, where all owls are looked upon as suspicious characters.

Within the past few years the horned owl has become a rare bird in the more thickly settled portions of southern Pennsylvania. The cutting away of the large forests and possibly the decreased supply of their favorite food have doubtless helped to bring this about, and I miss greatly his deep booming call at twilight or dawn where once it was so common. And for this I feel a deep regret—not that much can be offered in extenuation of his character—for he is a notorious and merciless freebooter, destroying wild or tame animals and birds without distinction—but any one who loves nature cannot but feel a certain sadness to see any of its forms blotted out forever.

The great horned owl enjoys a variety in its menu. Many nests which I have found have contained dead and partly eaten skunks as well as rabbits and crows, while in nearly all could the odor of the former animal be detected. Smaller game such as red squirrels and chipmunks often fall victims to his deadly rush, and possibly the meadow mouse may form a considerable portion of his diet when he locates in a situation where they abound. OBSERVER.

northern part of Essex County but only as seen, not killed. I have no record of any investigation of the latter interesting statement, although I was assured at the time by a Government expert that melanism occurs among deer, as well as albinism, although it was much more rare.

The 1907 record was: October 17, the "Adirondack Enterprise" reported the shooting of a white buck at Long Lake but gave no particulars. On October 28 a white buck fawn was killed near the north branch of the Grasse river. This was thus described: "Legs and all of body pure white except a few reddish or brown spots on the back. The head was of a mixed white and gray color." The kill was reported by Game Protector E. H. Reynolds of Colton who also wrote: "This deer was shot by Lawrence Fishbeck of De Puyster who said there was another of the same color with it when it was shot." On November 6 of the same year the "Malone Observer" recorded that a white deer had been shot near Duane by J. H. King and that the killing of several others had been reported during the season. It added the statement that the belief was that such specimens were increasing. On September 16, same year, the "Binghamton Press" said that George Newton of Port Dickinson had shot a white buck weighing 150 pounds at Beaver river.

Since that time I have not had any records available concerning albino deer but have no doubt that such specimens are killed each year, as stated. It is unfortunate that the records were not kept up and more definite information secured about each specimen. Doubtless, however, the information could yet be had if a little trouble were taken to make a search. So far as my knowledge goes no effort ever has been made to collect such information definitely. My own records run back to 1900 but contain only what is here given. JOHN D. WHISH.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1916.

THE VIRGINIA ALBINO RECORD.

Guinea Mills, Va., Feb. 3, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been interested in reading of albino or white deer in your paper. About twelve years ago a lot of boys from Roanoke, Va., and some three or four local men were hunting on and around the Fork farm in Cumberland County, Va. We jumped a perfectly white yearling deer that one old deer hunter let pass him, being afraid it was not a deer. The next day we went back after that white deer and it was killed by Mr. Dick Read of Roanoke, Va., and was mounted and placed in the Elks' home in that city, where it was when I last saw it. This deer did not have a single dark hair on its entire body, legs, head or neck. It was white to the hoofs and eyes and pink around the eyes.

We have killed one old doe on this Fork farm since then, that was a little spotted. Mr. Wm. Evans also killed a pure white squirrel on Willis Mountain in Buckingham County, Va., some years since. It had reddish eyes. They all must be freaks, I think.

This same man Evans, also killed a freak otter on Curdsville mill pond in Buckingham County, Va. My son has caught hundreds of mink and other animals but we have only seen one jet black mink. D. M. GANNAWAY.

Albinism in the Deer Family

The Adirondacks Seem to have Been Prolific in Furnishing Specimens Of Freaks Among the Deer Tribe

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your interesting article on albino deer leads me to hope that there will develop a considerable discussion of this subject. While secretary of the old Forest, Fish and Game Commission I made some little study of the matter in connection with a theory I had relative to this peculiarity. Those who came after me do not seem to have regarded such things as of interest and for a time even the statistics relative to the annual kill of deer in the Adirondacks were neglected. However, I can assure you that variations from the natural coloration of either birds, fish or animals do interest many, as letters received by me at the time show. Occasionally during recent years I have been told of the killing of albino specimens of birds and animals, and have reason to believe that one or more albino deer would be found among those taken each year if the matter were followed up. Editors of Adirondack newspapers always publish such items. I think that the "New York Herald" during the last hunting season recorded the killing of an albino deer by a woman, and the Conservation Commission also has a memory of this although the clipping is lost. Doubtless the "Herald," which has a most excellent index system will be easily available for the record.

My first record of an albino deer will be found

in the report of the old commission for 1905. On December 8 of that year Frank Rockwell shot a 125 pound albino doe on the Sacandaga road near Stratford. His statement was that the doe "was all white except a few spots about the neck just back of the horns." This curious statement was the subject of inquiry and it was found that the specimen had been mounted with an odd pair of small antlers "to make it look better."

In the report for 1906 occurs the statement that "Each year brings reports of white deer killed in the woods. Few of these are wholly white and most of them are deer which simply have a lighter colored coat than usual. In some cases the coat is only spotted with white. Occasionally, however, a deer is killed whose coat is entirely white." That year it was recorded that John Soper of Malone killed near Ragged Mountain a yearling buck weighing 90 pounds that was all white except a few brown spots on the head and back. The specimen was abnormal in some other characteristics and was mounted for the Junction Hotel at Malone. That same season it was reported that E. C. Manzer of Warrensburg got a buck near West Stony creek that had a white coat containing a few brown and black spots and weighed 225 pounds. The specimen was mounted. A black deer was reported during the season from the

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W

Selecting the Youngster

Sometimes the Most Beautiful Pointer or Setter is Not the Best for Actual Field Service

By Sure Shot.

It is no great wonder, when we come to consider the cause, why so many err in securing the material in which to inculcate lessons for future field work. It all lies in choosing the youngster; for too many are lured into selecting the get of an illustrious field trial sire from his reputation, and pass aside the progeny of a dog whose bird sense has been proven by experience, but has never come under the glare of a judge's eye.

The law of like producing like is the true reason of failure; for the unqualified belief in it held by many, leads them along lines with which they are not familiar. A winning field-trial dog may display the highest of class—such as the meaning of class is construed—and yet fall short in what constitutes the ideal shooting

dog; the shooting dog that conforms to your hunting country and secures for you the best results on game.

The field trial requirements subject almost everything associated with the bird dog to class; without class, and the word is somewhat flexible in its meaning, a dog of great natural field ability can perform miracles in bird-work, yet fall short of trial winning powers. The breeding for the trials has to a great extent been followed on speed lines, even to intense inbreeding for it. The youngster is first tried out for the qualifications speed and range, before serious attention is paid to his natural bird sense. This procedure having been followed for generations, has developed in the field trial dog a hunting instinct that frequently appears long before any

indications of bird sense or the pointing instinct are apparent. Many a youngster from parents of this kind, is cast aside, when it is possible that by proper handling at the right moment and time allowed for the development of its pointing instinct it would have performed up to the expectations of its owner.

It is not to be forgotten that both the field trial man and the bench show contestant have committed faults: the first has bred for speed and range to intensity, and the second mentioned, has permitted his hobby to run to the belief, that conformation is the sole object to be aimed at.

It is easy to see how bird sense can be neglected in breeding the bench dog, where conformation of a particular type is aimed at. The breeder has but one object in view; and that is to produce offspring which will conform to bench ideals, to such a degree, that dogs of rare field excellence are entirely overlooked as sires, and a good-looker, irrespective of his abilities on game, substituted to perpetuate a type which the bench show enthusiast insists upon.

By this allusion, the inference must not be immediately drawn that every bench dog is unworthy of a trial as a shooting dog prospect. On the contrary, many bench dogs are excellent field workers; but as a class they have fallen short of what the real bird dog should be. Truly, beauty and ability appear easy to obtain; but so far it has been secured only in the few individuals rather than in a class.

A field trial dog can by judicious cutting of his range be developed into a satisfactory shooting dog, but as long as he is being run as a trial dog, to the ordinary man who cares to hunt out his scattered covies well, he is of little benefit. But the perfect gun dog can never aspire to trial honors. However, a few dogs have stepped over the impossible; some that have been used as shooting dogs in their early career have later been found among the winning trialers. Though the number has been very limited; in every instance they were southern dogs, accustomed to range wide from their handler on horseback and little had been ever done to curtail their natural wide-going inclinations to get out and hustle of their own sweet will.

The tyro should be advised while selecting a pointer or setter for field use; that he avoid, to a great extent, puppies from field trial sires whose performance on game is unknown to him, and instead for his shooting give preference to the get of a shooting dog that has proven conclusively his worth on game. Unfortunately, we have only the reports of the public exhibitions of the trial dog to gauge what is to be expected in the progeny. The highly-sounding title of a Champion induces us to pay astounding prices for his get. And many are deluded into deceiving themselves, that youngsters from high-class trial dogs are just what they need, when, on the contrary, their personal opinions of what constitutes a bird dog and their shooting conditions demand a dog of an entirely different temperament. Therefore, if we have only public accomplishments to form our judgment with, the buyer should choose youngsters from sires that have made good in competition not only by their spectacular dash and range, but by their bird-work and natural bird-sense; and, the dog that has won distinction by these desirable accomplishments is almost certain to transmit it to his offspring.

ALL WITH A LITTLE DISCARDED (?) BAIT CASTING ROD.

By D. L. Downing.

It was only a little seven ounce steel bait casting rod to begin with, and before it was broken, and mended by telescoping for a few inches and soldering, had to its credit any number of three pound bass, several four pounders, one five pound boy, another five pound twelve ounce and one that went to a full six pounds and five ounces of fighting material.

The latter two came from Northwest River, Va., and the others were about equally divided between Northwest River and Lake Smith, Va. So really the little rod with its glass imitation guides should have been laid away, done up with blue ribbons, together with our other discarded treasures too dear to memory to be thrown away.

The desecration of the little rod came about most naturally. Living at Buckroe Beach where spot and hog fish are caught, in a stone's throw of the beach, in such numbers that show most clearly whether one is a sport or hog, suggested the use of the casting rod as just about the proper thing for fish that size in deep water.


Several of the old-timers, and good fishermen too, but of the hand line variety and unreasonably prejudiced against any thing but hand lines, predicted that the first good sized croaker I got hold of would be the last of that "pole" and little "teeny line." Of course I did get hold of good sized croakers, and caught them too, but I couldn't yank them in like some who seem determined that they will pull the fish's head off; I wasn't trying to do that at all, I was fishing for the sport I got out of it, and Brother, if you are fortunate enough to be near where spot or hog fish bite, and are not afraid of possibly losing your rig on a big fish, try it by all means.

Last Sunday morning I had hardly dropped anchor at our favorite fishing spot when Captain Cunni put out from his cottage and headed for the same place and dropped in easy talking distance. After catching several spot Captain Cunni suggested dropping out in the bay about half a mile, that it was a rock out there, on the edge of which he thought we would catch some extra large spot.

Of course, I still used my little rod, a very small cuttyhunk line and small spot hooks, and a level winding casting reel. I had caught only a few spot and hog fish when I got a strike that started the line the other way in such a business and straight forward way that I promptly told my dear old friend, the old and broken and soldered rod, that held so many fond recollections, a tender good-bye, for she was already bending to the breaking point and no prospect of a let-up on the other end at all; however, by the time my spool was two-thirds empty the fish stopped, and then we had it hot and heavy for about fifteen minutes, he running in jumps and jerks, and then sulking. With about ninety feet of line out, he came to the top and ran in a half circle around the boat with his dorsal fin about two and one-half inches above the water, and at that distance I took him to be a bonnet nosed shark. After going down he allowed me to bring him up to the boat in plain sight, but then, then, he began to fight even more desperately than at first, but not for so long, and yet I was not sure what it was, until I got him to the point where he began to show himself and roll over on his back, and then I found out it was a bonita, and say,



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but maybe I wasn't anxious to catch him, for no matter how large a shark I might catch, the old timers of the hand lines would only say, "It is nothing but a derved old dog fish;" but a bonita, ah! that was different; a bonita was a bonita, that explains it all, and in just twenty-three minutes he allowed me to slip my fingers (in the absence of a gaff hook) under his gills while he was lying on his side, and gently lift him in the boat, where he lay perfectly quiet, not a kick left in him, and Captain Cunni, whom I had forgotten along with the rest of the world, told me I had had twenty-three minutes of battle royal, and it was time to go to dinner.

After seeing him tip the scales at nine pounds eight and one-half ounces, and taking his pic-

ture with the "discarded" rod, which was still in as good condition as it was when it went in the fight, Captain Cunni said, "Let me see that," indicating the rod, and with a shake of his head (for he is a stern believer in nothing but hand lines) said, "I don't see how you did it."

Mr. Editor, how is this for light tackle, especially when you consider deep water and a running tide?

If you choose to give this space in your most interesting magazine, I believe it will help or suggest a way for some of the fraternity to get more sport out of their light weight catches, and possibly some real thrills and excitement from an occasional "big one."

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There Is No Reason Why All These Lakes Should Not Be Teeming With Splendid Game Fish, Furnishing Splendid Sport for the Angler.

How to Secure Better Fishing in Our Lakes

A Few Observations by an Expert Which Should be Read and Remembered

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Mr. Roy Steenrod's letter in the January number of *Forest and Stream*, regarding the possibilities of the new Ashokan reservoir should be very interesting reading to most New York sportsmen, as the question of securing really good angling without traveling almost prohibitive distances, is one that is of vital interest to all. Many of his theories as to how such angling could be brought about are extremely good, and are worthy of a thorough trial; but there are many things that require careful consideration in the carrying out of such a project, and especially so, when the waters under discussion are those of an artificial lake or pond. In most newly constructed lakes it usually takes several years for conditions to balance themselves up, or for nature to readjust herself so to speak. Impounding great quantities of water over areas that formerly were free from any appreciable amount of standing water, means that the entire nature of the plant life must be completely changed. Millions upon millions of the roots and stems of grass, weeds, vines, and other open air and upland vegetation must die off and their places be taken by aquatic plants of different kinds. This takes considerable time, and in the decomposing of this vast amount of dead and dying matter many dangerous elements are brought into play before the character of the water is such that it will support the higher forms of animal life successfully. At certain seasons of the year the consumption of free oxygen by decomposition is so great, that frequently much of the lower strata of colder water is in danger of being depleted of this vital necessity. Also great quantities of obnoxious gases, such as carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide are set free, and not infrequently the entire fish life of a lake is thus destroyed. This occasionally happens in natural bodies of water, but more often in those that are artificial or ones in which the dam has been raised, flooding over new areas.

Mr. Steenrod makes mention of the success that has followed the stocking of numerous reservoirs in England. Truly in many instances

their results have been remarkable, but he must take into consideration the vastly different climatic conditions that exist in the two countries. Their rainfall is a great deal more abundant, and more regular; their winters less severe, with the lakes and streams seldom frozen over for any length of time. These are two very important factors in the life of a lake. In a great measure much of their success in keeping well stocked these heavily fished preserves, lies in the fact that they plant only such fish as are large enough to take care of themselves. They seldom turn out anything younger than 2 year-olds, and the results seldom fail to justify this method of stocking. I am an ardent believer in planting good sized fish only, and I know from experience that much better results usually follow the planting of 5,000 six to eight inch fish, than would be obtained from an output of 10,000,000 fry.

I cannot agree with Mr. Steenrod in regard to the brown trout as a desirable species with which to stock either natural or artificial lakes or deep ponds in this country. While the brown trout is a very good game-fish, and in some of our larger streams has furnished even better angling than would the brook trout under the same conditions, it has never in this country, proven successful for lake purposes. In most lakes where there is an abundance of proper food, the brown trout will grow rapidly and to a goodly size,—even as heavy as 15 pounds, but even though there are plenty of them in the lake, they can seldom be induced to take any kind of a lure. All methods of angling will fail to take more than two or three of them during a season, although hundreds may be observed ascending the streams emptying into the lake during the fall spawning period. The common brook trout acts much the same way when planted in large, deep lakes, and it is seldom that any are taken except for a week or so after the ice has gone out in the spring. Few anglers are able to spend much time at the game at this season of the year, and those that can, do not enjoy themselves on account of the disagreeable weather. There is nothing that is more attractive to the general run of anglers than trout or salmon fishing.

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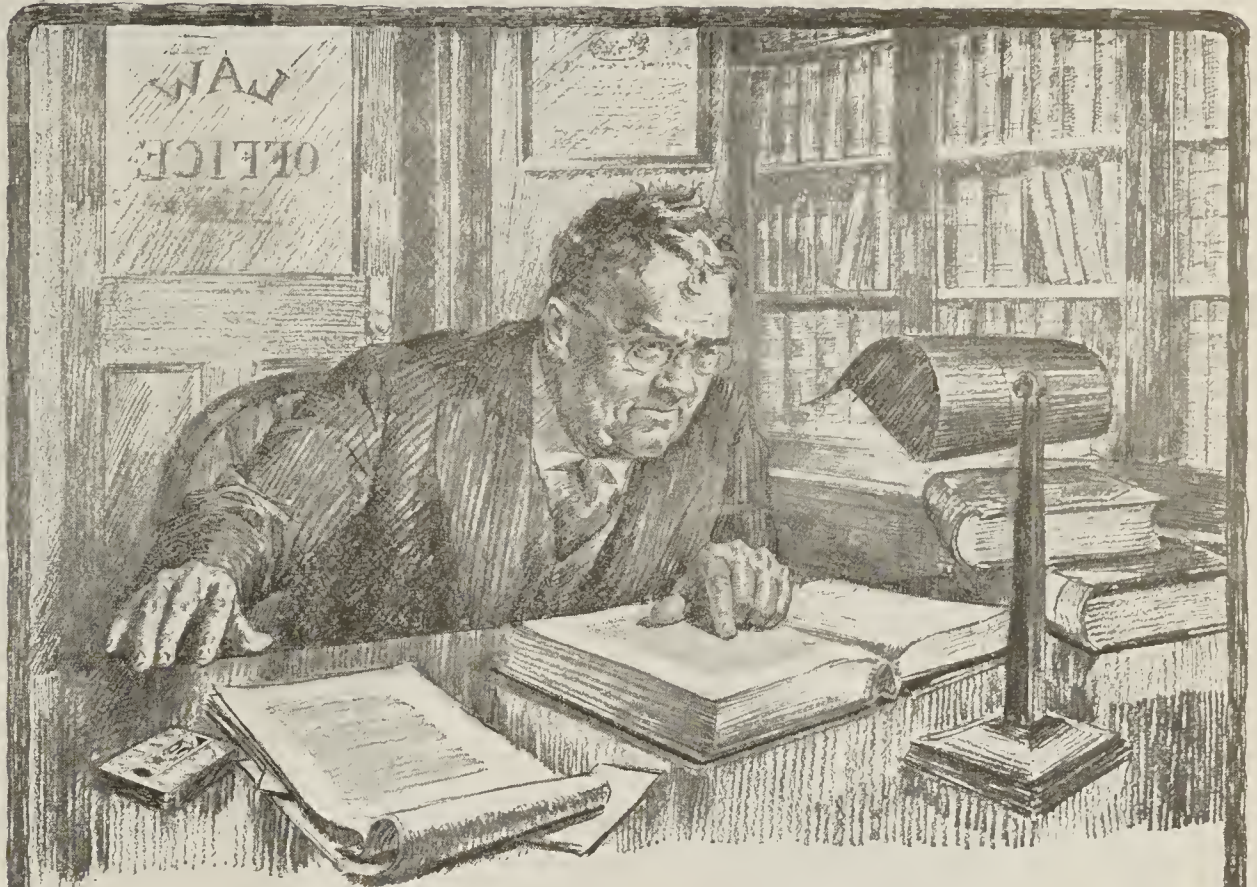
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Any lake resort within a few hours' run of the big cities, that could furnish good fishing of this kind would be reasonably certain to derive an immense revenue from this source. The local citizens of such places do not seem to realize the valuable financial benefits their communities would receive, or they would certainly make more of an effort to see these defects remedied. The trout and salmon fishing in any lake that is suitable for the purpose, can be built up and maintained at a high standard if the people who should be interested, will go about it in the right manner. The anglers of the State of New York should not have to depend on the uncertain fishing that might be built up in artificial reservoirs or ponds, when the state already contains dozens of the finest natural trout and salmon waters in the world. It is a crying shame the way most of these waters have been neglected. Should there be any need for thousands of our anglers traveling away up into Maine and Canada when we have within our own borders such bodies of water as Lake George, Keuka, Seneca, Cayuga, and hundreds of others? What does the fishing amount to in any of the public lakes of the Adirondacks? Nothing! except to a handful of guides for a week or so in the spring. There is no reason at all why any of these lakes should not be teeming with splendid game-fishes and furnishing exciting sport to thousands of enthusiastic anglers. The present state of affairs cannot be blamed on the hard working Conservation Commission or at least on that part of it devoted to fish culture. They have done wonderful work with their limited appropriations and inadequate working force, and they have turned out enough fish from their hatcheries during the past ten years to stock the entire United States, could they have been properly planted. But they have neither the time, the money, nor the trained experts to spare, to follow up the consignments of fish and see that they are placed only in suitable environments. Neither have they the room at their hatcheries to carry the fish for more than a few weeks after hatching. To turn out these small fish into most of the waters of this state, is almost exactly like dumping them into the middle of the road. If the time ever comes when scientific work of this kind shall be removed from the jurisdiction of political whimsters, and the entire work carried out by well-paid trained men, then, and only then, will the anglers begin to realize proper results from the money expended for this purpose.

About the only way that good fishing can be built up at the present time, is for all the persons interested in a certain body of water, to get together and form a fishing association. Have wide-awake officers at the head of this association, ones who shall be able to explain to prospective members why they should belong to, and help support such an undertaking. In the immediate vicinity of nearly every lake, there is usually some place where a number of pools could be constructed at small expense, and where with a good water supply thousands of fish could be carried until they were of a size large enough to plant safely. This is being done at the present time at several New England lake resorts with splendid results. The State and Federal Fish Commissions have always been only too glad to co-operate with such associations, and furnish them with quantities of small fish for this purpose, providing their applications call for such



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varieties as the Commission knows will do well in said waters.

There are several varieties of trout that will under favorable conditions grow to a good size, furnish excellent fishing all summer long, and which are much harder fighters when hooked than either the brook, brown, or the lake trout. These are the steelhead, the rainbow, and the cut-throat trouts of the Pacific slope. The steelhead, I consider the finest fresh-water game variety found in North America. I will not repeat my reasons for so believing, for I have already given them to readers of *Forest and Stream*.* The rainbow and the steelhead are not desirable

for planting in streams, for they are both migratory, and will seek salt water unless prevented from doing so by screening or racking. This cannot be successfully done in a stream, but the outlets of most lakes can be effectively screened so that no fish will escape.

I am glad that Mr. Steenrod has brought up this question of better fishing in New York, and personally I am willing to push as hard as the next fellow to keep the thing a rolling.

W. M. KEIL.

*The land-locked steelhead trout, December 9, 1911; the Steelhead vs. the Chinook, April 4, 1914.

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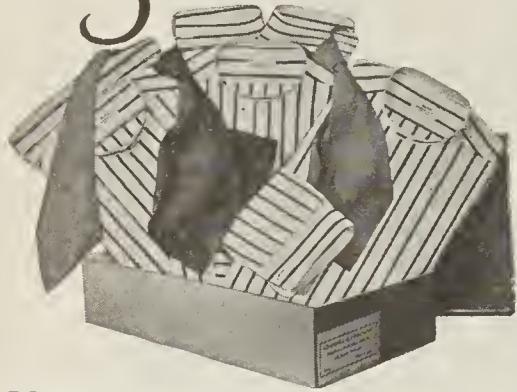
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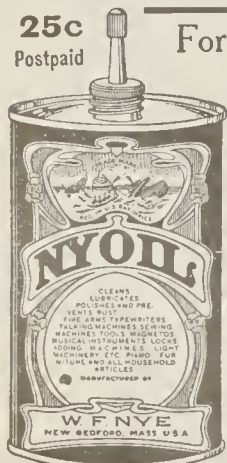
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NOTES FROM THE FIELD



PENNSYLVANIA GAME CONDITIONS—SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Clearfield, Pa., January 29, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been a hunter since I was ten years old. I killed my first deer over fifty years ago and I killed my last one after I had passed my seventieth milestone. When I killed my first deer (on Porter's Run), the greater portion of the foothills of the Alleghenies furnished good hunting for deer and small game of all kinds. Since then our forests have been cut off; our deer have taken refuge on the high Alleghenies, while the small game has become mighty scarce. We certainly failed to get our share of the four millions of rabbits reported by the Game Commission as being killed last fall. The law protecting our small game has been entirely too liberal, and unless better protection is afforded small game we will be compelled to restock our covers or cease hunting. For over fifteen years our law-makers have given our deer much better protection, and as a result we have splendid deer hunting on our mountains and will have for many years to come.

Many thousands of acres that now furnish our best deer hunting are now owned by the state and are under the control of the Forestry Commission. During the last few years hundreds of hunting clubs have taken advantage of the very liberal policy of the Forestry Commission, and a hunter's camp has been erected at almost every spring on the mountains. Many of these camps have been built right in the heart of some of the best game covers and breeding places. For the sake of a very few dollars from a hunting club the Forestry Commission has leased to these clubs grounds for a club house in the very center of our best breeding and hiding places for game, and much of our best deer hunting has been spoiled because the deer have been driven elsewhere. This has been brought about by a spirit of selfishness on the part of the hunters and a spirit of greed for a few dollars on the part of the Forestry Commission. It is like the Indian's gun that cost more than it came to.

One of our oldest and most successful hunting clubs, the famous Gum Swamp Club, located on the lands of the Witmer Steel Company, on Stone Run, were compelled to surrender their lease and sell their camp to the company because the owners were about to cut the timber. Any hunter who was fortunate enough to belong to

the Gum Swamp Club, or any of their numerous guests, will remember, long after his hunting days are over, the days spent on the grounds of that famous club. My back aches yet when I remember some of the deer I helped to carry down Stone Run or across the Big Ridge. And some of the nights were not less famous, "wild and wooly." When time dragged heavily on our hands the mythical Watson Girls would pay us a mid-night visit and help us to paint the old camp red.

But all good things have an end and the fall of 1910 saw the end of the Gum Swamp Club and its last hunt as a club. Some of the leading members of the old club secured an option on 420 acres of forest land on the headwaters of Lick Run. This land surrounded on three sides by the state forestry lands and on the south by Kennedy Park, the State Game Preserve, was also under option to the Forestry Commission; but they very generously gave up their claim to the Crystal Spring Rod & Gun Club, a new organization who took the title to the lands. During the fall and summer of 1911 this new club built a new club house, furnished with hot and cold water; built extensive trout ponds and stocked them with thousands of brook trout; cleared land and planted an orchard, and in short have made out of it the most attractive hunting club and resort on the Alleghenies. The springs of the Crystal Spring Rod and Gun Club are among the finest on the mountains. This club has a membership of fifty men from different parts of the state, many of whom are experienced big game hunters; while some of our members are bankers, doctors and lawyers who add dignity and grace to the club; but very few deer. But these members are appreciated all the same, and for the last four years they have received a generous portion of the finest venison killed by other members of the club. It took the club some time after moving into our new home to locate the best game covers and to clear out paths and roads to our new hunting grounds. But during each year for the last four years the Crystal Springs Club has killed and hung upon our front porch many of the finest deer ever killed upon the Alleghenies.

The methods of hunting deer now on the Alleghenies differ very materially from those employed by the hunters of forty or fifty years ago. Then we waited for a tracking snow and still-hunted our game. As deer were plenty and

nunters comparatively scarce no hunter was likely to interfere with you in trailing and killing your game. Then we used the old single barrel muzzle loader, and because we had but one shot we were careful to make that one count. To-day we have more deer than ever because each hunter is limited, under the law, to one buck deer; and while we have many more hunters than in the olden time, comparatively few of them get a buck. To-day it is a very common thing to see camps consisting of from ten to thirty hunters break camp and go home with but one or two or three deer, and perhaps none. But the day of the old muzzle loader is gone forever. I have seen on our mountains in one bunch as many as thirty hunters armed with high-power breech loading rifles. Many of these would-be deer hunters have never seen a wild deer in the woods and are liable to shoot at anything they see move, be it buck, doe or man. It is no wonder so many hunters are shot and so many illegal deer are killed when you consider the character of the men who carry modern rifles to the woods.

I have long been interested in the protection and propagation of game as well as in the protection of our forests, for without forests we can have no game. Because of this I would like to make a few suggestions and venture a little advice to both of these commissions. There are men on both of these commissions who have never seen any or but very little of the great forest ranges of the state which they are sworn to protect, and there are others whose interest in the matter of game protection consists in attending a meeting of the board once in a while. From personal observation and knowledge of the work of both these commissions, I am not sure that the Game Commission and the Forestry Commission of the state are working in entire harmony. If they were I do not believe that the Forestry Commission would build saw mills close to our game parks, set apart by law and at great expense for the protection and propagation of all kinds of game and then invade those parks with a crew of lumbermen and cut out the timber that nature put there to protect our game. I am sure this was not intended, much less thought of, when the game parks were established, and I am sure it is now being done against the earnest protest of the Game Commission and the people who are interested in both forestry and game protection. Why build great game preserves and fence them at the expense of the people, build expensive houses for game wardens to protect these preserves and pay the wardens big salaries and then permit the forestry people to cut down all the timber fit to make saw lumber, destroy the small timber, make a fire trap of the entire preserve and drive the game elsewhere? And yet this is just what is being done to Kennedy Park, the Clearfield County game preserve, once the finest game preserve in the entire state. If our game parks are to amount to anything at all they should be under the sole control of the Game Commission.

Again the matter of locating hunting camps on state forest lands should be placed under the control of the Game Commission. The Pennsylvania Forestry Commission has made a survey of the state forestry lands on our mountains where big game is found and they have located and numbered a camp site at almost

All the Wild Game You Want

FOR many years we in America have spent much time bemoaning the disappearance of our feathered game. But the fact that we have little game to shoot and little to eat is due solely to our own lack of initiative. We *should* have an abundance of game in the fields and on the market. We may obtain such an abundance by creating a supply equal to the demand. This can be done by increasing nature's output through game farming. And moreover, the demand of the sportsman may be much greater than at present, and still be easily met.

We have the land available to make America the greatest game producing country in the world. Utilize it, and everyone will have more opportunities to indulge in field sports. There will be more shooting for all of us, whether or not we have access to a preserve, because game that is raised for sporting purposes *can not be confined in any restricted area*. Wherever game is intensively cultivated, we find improved shooting in all the surrounding territory.

To anyone who has a small amount of land, game farming will prove profitable. The demands for eggs and for breeding stock is much greater than the supply, and will be for years to come. Pheasant eggs sell today at from \$20 to \$25 a hundred. Live birds bring from \$5 to \$7 a pair.

To those who own large acreage, game farming either provides sport, or profit from those who will pay for sport.

To the city man, it opens the possibility of enjoying good hunting near home.

To everyone who shoots, it brings increased pleasure afield. Game farming means an addition to our food supply that will be welcome to all.

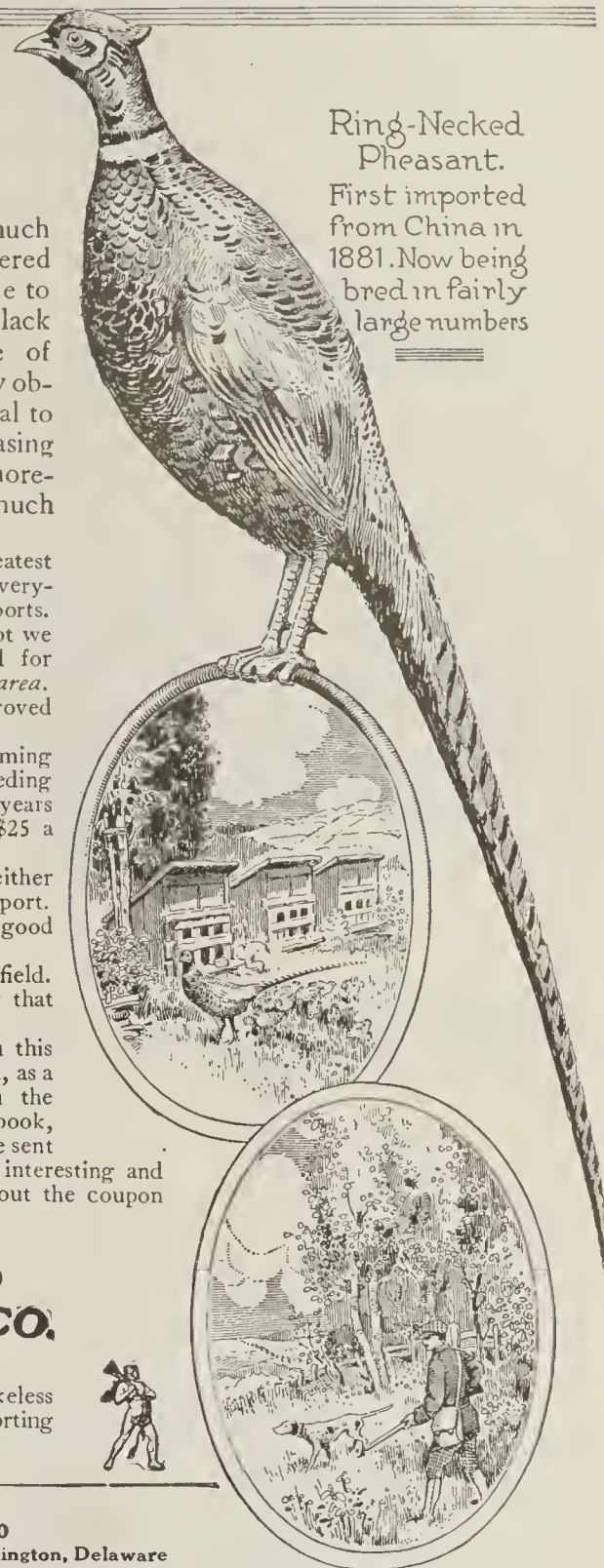
But this subject is too big to be properly treated in this space. If you are interested in it, either as a sportsman, as a prospective breeder, or simply because you believe in the movement as constructive and progressive, write for the book, "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure," which will be sent to you without cost. It tells of the subject in a most interesting and informative manner. It is well worth reading. Fill out the coupon below and a copy will be mailed you at once.

Game Breeding Department, Room 190

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Very truly yours,

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Address.....



every spring and stream on the mountains. Then they have made a permanent lease of these camp sites to hunters from all over the state, and all for the sake of a few paltry dollars. The very best game covers and breeding places on the Alleghenies have been invaded by hunting clubs under a lease from the forestry people, many of these camps being within hailing distance; but our deer and other game have left their tramping grounds and gone elsewhere. This policy is against the interest of the hunters while it does the game great harm. There is plenty to do for each of these commissions along their legitimate lines of work. When the Forestry Commission has taken care of the state forest lands

and kept the forest fires out they will have little time for anything else; but running saw mills on state lands is not protecting our forests, and locating a hunter's camp within every thicket on the mountain is not protection to either game or forests. I have no quarrel with either the Forestry Commission or the Game Commission of our state; they have both done great work along their respective lines; but I was here long years before either of these commissions was created and I have, therefore, taken the liberty to say what I have, reserving the right, like Artemus Ward, to apologize if necessary, but I don't believe I will be asked to do so.

FRANK G. HARRIS.

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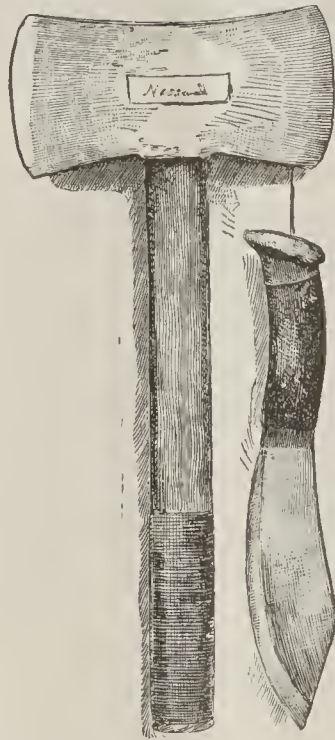
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For the Alleviation of the Woes and Troubles of the Camper and the Entertainment and Exchange of Views of Outdoor People Generally

Conducted by Old Camper for All Campers.

A HANDY BOX FOR SHOOTERS.

Easton, Md., Feb. 6, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Old Camper has my best wishes that Nessmuk's Corner will be a splendid success and that the Camp Fire will always burn brightly. Only those who have read the delightful writings of this wonderful woodsman, and are something of cranks themselves on camping and woodcraft,

Sides and ends of box are 9-16 in. thick; top, 3/4 in.; and bottom 1/2 in. To make a watertight job all seams should have a coat of thick paint before they are nailed together. When finished it should have two coats of paint over the outside and the top on both sides, but inside the box needs nothing. Use 6 in. strap hinges (measured when open), bent over back edge of top and the same size hinge hasp which makes a very secure fastening with a 12 ga. shell through the staple. A leather strap 1 in. wide for handle fastened strongly across the front with small nails and brass screws about finishes the job.

Besides all the shells I need I generally carry a pair of field glasses, extra pair of gloves, oyster knife, string, cleaning rod, gun grease and rags, matches in waterproof match case made of 10 ga. and 12 ga. paper shells, shell extractor and about three sandwiches for lunch. In a blind the box makes a very good seat. I have also found another use for it. When ducks light out of gunshot and will not come in, I can always make them get up by slamming the top of the shell box down a few times, even if they are half a mile off. Such a box is also very useful on the marshes for rail shooting.

Later on I want to tell you how successful my 12 foot Nessmuk canoe has been under sail, and send photos.

C. LOWNDES JOHNSON.



can have a full appreciation of the name of "Nessmuk."

I am sending in a description and sketch of a shell box that I have used pretty continually for the past fifteen years or more, principally for duck shooting and around the marshes. There are many like it in use and it is so simple that anyone who will take the trouble can make one. I prefer wood as when properly put together it seems to keep shells dryer than a metal box will do, and is better in other ways. It will be found useful to hold many other things besides shells. The inside dimensions are as follows: length, 14 in.; width, 10 3/4 in.; depth, 3 in. It is divided into three compartments for shells by 1/2 in. partitions, which make each compartment 4 3/8 in. by 9 in.; with a 1 1/4 in. by 14 in. one along the hinge side to hold clearing rod, rags, etc.

FIRE FOR COOKING.

Start it with fine kindling and clean, dry hemlock bark between two logs laid parallel. When you have a bright, even fire from end to end of the space, keep it up with small fagots of the sweetest and most wholesome woods in the forest. These are, in the order named, black birch, hickory, sugar maple, yellow birch and red beech. The sticks should be short and not over two inches across. Split wood is better than round. The outdoor range can be made by one man in little more than an hour, and the camper-out who once tries it will never wish to see a "portable camp stove" again.



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"Pflueger Surprise" Minnow

are due to the fact that it can be made to perform, and the great control exercised by the "man behind the rod." The "Pflueger Surprise" floats until reeling in is commenced, the depth controlled by reeling speed. Coming in, its peculiar construction causes it to wiggle and dart about with the characteristic movements of a live minnow—arousing the combative instincts of the gamey bass. Stop reeling, and the bait rises to the surface.

Made in seven color blends, as follows:

- No. 3970 Luminous Enamel Over All—Red Throat.
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- No. 3978 White Enamel Belly—Blended Rainbow Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3985 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green Cracked Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3969 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green and Red Spotted—Red Throat.
- No. 3971 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3992 Yellow Perch—Red Throat.

This year do not fail to try out the "Pflueger Surprise." See it at your dealer's. If he can't supply you, send 75c for a sample bait, or \$2.50 for an assortment of four, sent postpaid.

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ERECTING A WALL TENT.

Elmer Russell Gregor, the well-known author of outdoor books, sends the *Nessmuk* corner a photograph of a wall tent erected in a manner that gives real satisfaction whenever tried. Of course this method of putting up a tent is good only in places where timber is abundant. It will be noted that the cross pieces carry the ridge pole, support the tent, and allow side pieces to be attached so that the tent can be held tight and at the exact angle. The guy ropes tied to the side pieces give a solid support and obviate the necessity of using and driving about 30 or 40 tent pegs. The same method can be used in tents of other shapes.

FISH-EATING DUCKS.

These ducks may be made palatable by parboiling them in water with an onion in it. After parboiling them discard the onion and lay the ducks in cold water for half an hour, after which they may be roasted, broiled, fried or stewed.

MILDEWED TENTS.

To remove mildew whitewash the tent with a weak solution of chloride of lime. Add salt to make it stick. A strong solution will rot the cloth. Two pounds of slacked lime to a barrel of soft water is the right proportion.

WATERPROOFING TENTS.

Dissolve 1/2 pound each of sugar of lead and powdered alum in a bucket of rain water, and pour the solution into a large tub. Soak your tent for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry instead of wringing it dry. Rain will hang to it in globules, but won't go through the cloth. It will also prevent mildew.

WATERPROOFING LEATHER.

Melt together one pound tallow, 1/2 ounce neatsfoot oil, one ounce resin, 1/2 ounce lampblack and one tablespoonful linseed oil.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Steel and Wooden Pleasure Boats

**MULLINS
STEEL BOATS
CANT SINK**



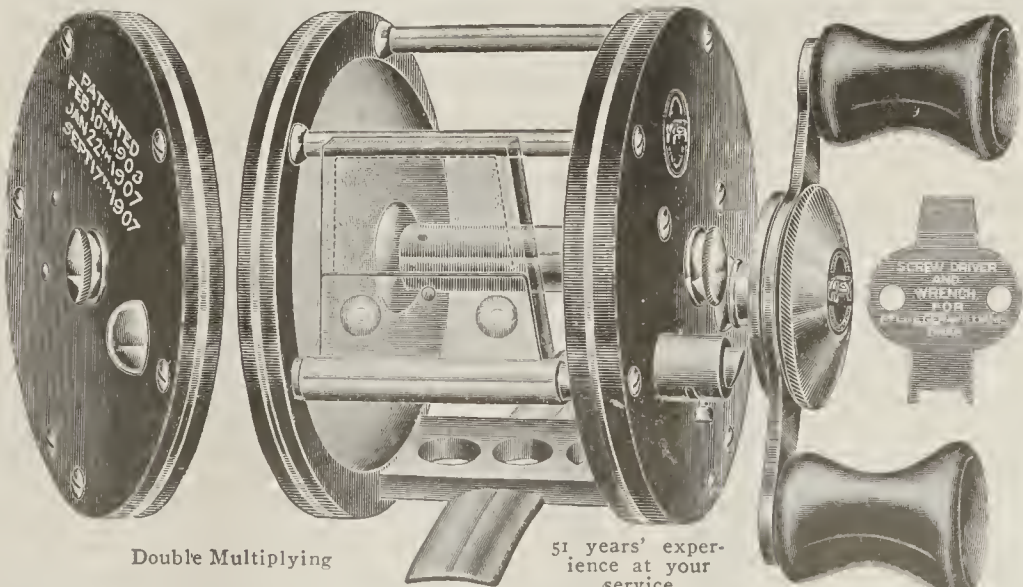
THE 1917 NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

The National Sportsmen's Show Corporation of No. 1 Madison Ave., New York City will hold the next annual Sportsmen's Show, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, Inc., in February, 1917, in New York City. A strong array of exhibitors is already lined up and includes a number of new comers in the field besides some of the old stagers who exhibited in the earlier shows but fell out of line and now have volunteered to enlist again in the ranks.

The next and future Sportsmen's Shows will be managed by Captain Dressel and Mr. Allen S. Williams.

An effort was made by the Association and Corporation to hold a show in March of this year at Madison Square Garden but owing to interferences which precluded a sufficiently early beginning and the fact that about every exhibition held this season, with the sole exception of the Automobile Show, proved total or partial failures, it was decided that to wait until 1917 would be a policy of wisdom for all interests.

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Positively the best Reel possible to make for Salt Water Fishing. Our Unlimited Guarantee Certificate Goes with Each Reel.

Made of finest quality German Silver, Satin finished, Hard Rubber Discs interleaved with German Silver. Patented Leather Thumb Brake, Adjustable Back Sliding Click, Phosphor Bronze Generated Spiral Tooth Gears, Phosphor Bronze Bearings, Steel Pivots. The "Pflueger-Avalon" Reel is of superior design and construction throughout. It was thoroughly tested out by actual salt water fishing and under the most unfavorable conditions before we placed it on the market. Every possible weakness usually found in salt water reels has been eliminated and we will guarantee this Reel to

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2727	200	2 3/8 Inch	3 Inch	20.00	2729 3/4	400	2 1/4 Inch	4 1/4 Inch	30.00
2728	250	2 3/8 Inch	3 1/4 Inch	22.00	2730	450	2 1/4 Inch	4 1/2 Inch	38.00
2729	300	2 3/8 Inch	3 1/2 Inch	24.50	2730 1/2	500	2 1/4 Inch	4 3/4 Inch	41.00

Notice: Ask your dealer and write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information for anglers. meet every demand put upon it in landing any of the salt water fishes, be they heavy or light weight. The "Pflueger-Williams" Drag Handle can be adjusted to any tension desired with the Knurled Adjusting Screw Cap and this, too, while the fish is in play. With our Disappearing Drag Handle Stop the Drag Handle can be stopped or not just as is wanted. Impossible for the Drag Handle to work loose or drop off.

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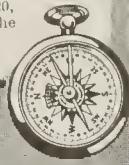
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Where Do Anadromous Fishes Winter?

An Answer and Theory from a Man Whose Authority is not to be Lightly Questioned

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The question has been put to me as to whether these much disputed fish, the sea trout, do not in part winter at sea while another part admittedly remain in the rivers, as salmon are known to do.

Now, it occurs to me that a general statement which will cover the known movements of several species of migratory and anadromous fishes will help most decidedly to settle this mooted point. To begin with, we know for instance, that in the distribution of marine fish fauna a great many species are found south of Cape Hatteras which are seldom seen north of it. The same may be said of the ichthyic representation between Cape Hatteras and Cape Cod, and between Cape Cod and the Bay of Fundy, while in the higher latitudes the number of species is restricted to comparatively few types, of which the *Salmonidae* are the most abundantly represented. Now, these various species, wherever found, as soon as their seasonal migrations begin, are first seen in the lower latitudes. The shad, for example, first appears in Florida waters, sometimes as early as Jan. 1; then in the Savannah River, then in the Cape Fear, then in the tributaries of the Chesapeake, then in the Delaware, Hudson, Housatonic, Connecticut, Merrimac, and so on up to St. John, N. B. Striped bass show up in like manner, moving northward, and meeting a run of yearlings which have spent the winters in the rivers; in the Hudson River as early as February.

Bluefish begin to appear in the waters between Cape Hatteras and Long Island Sound in mid-summer, and in July, when shrimp are running, they meet the yearlings, locally known as snapping mackerel, coming out of the Quinipiac at New Haven. Weakfish begin to appear in North Carolina waters in December (they have been caught all through the fall months in the warmer waters further south), and by June they are at New Haven, after having successively passed the Virginia Capes and New Jersey coast. Likewise we have the seasonal movements of the menhaden, Spanish mackerel, tilefish, tunas, etc. They all come in *from the sea* first at points below Hatteras, and afterward at points north of it successively up to the Maine coast.

The question would be, where have these fish wintered? All fish breeders know by experience how essential warmth is to fecundity, and the

fish know it by instinct. With the Gulf Stream convenient, is it not reasonable to suppose that all these migratory and anadromous fishes resort to it for its agreeable temperature and abundant food? It is not only a logical hypothesis, but it has been sufficiently proven by the presence upon its deep blue surface of multitudes of fishes of various species which have been seen foraging among the beds of seaweed which accumulate in the lateral eddy that sets back along the edge of the current. These marine algae carry a great variety of minute crustacea and other forms, and spars covered with barnacles are often seen among the drift. On one occasion, on a voyage from Halifax to Bermuda, a lot of sea bass were noticed which had been tempted from the depths below.

Coming now to salmon, whose habitat is hyperborean, we find that they first appear in the rivers of Maine and Nova Scotia while the fluvial ice is yet running; then gradually working up the north shore of New Brunswick to the Bay Chaleur and onward, finally appear in the rivers of the lower St. Lawrence in June. Following these are the sea trout, known commercially as such from earliest date, and close imitators of the salmon movements, commencing with the "strawberry run" (or when strawberries blossom) on the southeastern coast of Nova Scotia and moving northward as the season advances until they reach the Belle Isle Strait, detachments dropping off as the main body advances, into the numerous rivers along the coast, and like the salmon, shad, bluefish, rockfish and other species, encountering a considerable quota of their kind, most of them lean, spent, and ill-favored, which have wintered under the ice in the rivers after spawning. Do not these fresh-run sea trout likewise come in from the sea? or, to be more precise, from the nurturing Gulf Stream where their congeners have quartered? Is there any negative?

Mem.: It is a wise provision of nature that fish food should not be all in one place at the same time. Boreal residents require subsistence as well as those under the tropics. The great ichthyic armies are divided and apportioned so as to provide all the inhabitants of the globe with a modicum of provender, and this explains the "whyness of the what" more nearly probably than an abstruse scientific paraphrase.

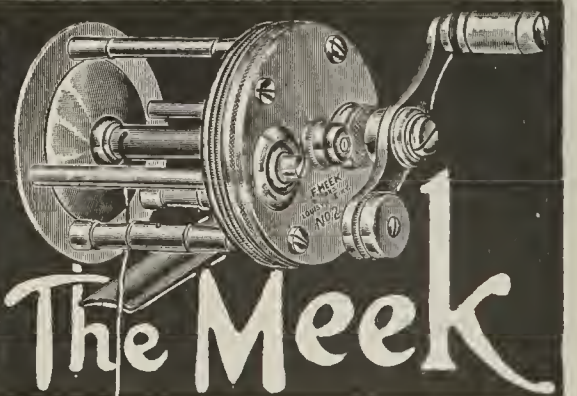
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WITH THE BASS AND PIKE OF LEECH LAKE.

(Continued from page 855.)

in spite of the lack of breeze, catching a number of fine pike and a few other fish before lunch, which we took on the east shore. We did not go very far south of the Point, because just as we started out after lunch, one of the three thunder storms that had been operating simultaneously around the lake for about two hours reached us, forcing us to return to the camping ground, haul out the boats, and get to shelter under them. After losing nearly two hours in this manner we tried trolling again with fairly good luck, but the wind was high, the sea was heavy, and we shipped considerable water; hence we gave up the fishing after reaching a partially sheltered place where it was safe to shift from the skiff to the larger boat. We made quite a satisfactory catch notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, and arrived at Walker in good time for dinner.

On Saturday we all went again to Otter Tail, where, although there was almost no breeze, we had a fine day's sport.

On Sunday, as before, Si and I had to fish alone; and I had no objection to so doing, because I wanted to try casting for great northern pike and rock bass in the weed beds of Shingobee Bay below the railway trestle, as Russell had been telling me of some great catches he had made there in times past. Starting about six in the morning, Si and I trolled down the west shore of the lake and picked up a few fish, none exceeding three pounds in weight. The casting proved to be a disappointment. The territory

was fine, but the water was dead calm, and the sun was red hot—besides there is quite a little population in this district, and hence the waters may have been more or less fished out. Russell assures me, though, that late in the season there is excellent sport to be had there on large-size great northern pike. We lunched in the shade of the trees where a fine spring of cold, clear water empties into the lake; and I took the opportunity to initiate Si into the mystery of making fish chowder. I employed therefor both pickerel and wall-eyed pike; and as I had taken the precaution to provide plenty of onions, potatoes, butter, and the other necessary ingredients, the dish was a success, although it would have been decidedly better had I used salt pork instead of smoked bacon. After two hours or more ashore we resumed fishing and gradually worked our way homeward where we arrived about six o'clock. The catch was a poor one, only twenty-six in all and averaging not more than a pound and a half, with a maximum of three pounds.

The not-to-be-neglected call of pressing business rendered it necessary for me to make Monday my last day on the lake; and, unfortunately, neither Russell nor Avery could go with me. I prepared to make a big killing for the last day so as to ship home a barrel containing 50 lbs. of dressed fish, which is the legal limit for shipment outside of the state by one sportsman in one fishing season. I, therefore, arranged to take Swansson's power boat; and, not being willing to do without the companionship of my friend, Si, on the last day, I figured on taking him along also. At the last minute a gentleman whom I met that evening for the first time asked

permission to join me, which I gladly gave, provided that he would start at six o'clock sharp, necessitating his going without breakfast, and returning possibly too late for dinner at the hotel. The breakfast question was almost too much for him; but Swansson agreed to give him some at his house about 5:30; and we really did get started at 6:15. There was a head wind of some intensity blowing; hence, despite our having no skiff in tow, it took us just two hours to reach Otter Tail Point. The breeze continued to increase a trifle; and, consequently, we counted upon making a big catch, which we certainly did. We fished at the Point and along the west shore for a short distance only, Si rowing; and we did not attempt to go very far around the Point because of the hard work involved. We found that the fish were in deep water at quite a distance from the shore, and that there were very few pickerel in the weed beds. This was my companion's first experience in fishing, although he had long ago passed middle age; and, consequently, I had on my hands the job of teaching him how to catch fish in addition to attending to my own sport. He found me a severe instructor, for I would not let him either cross his legs or point his rod astern; and I did my best to keep him up to the mark. The result was that he learned that day more about the science of fishing than some men acquire in many years. He had the usual beginner's luck, hooking most of the big fish. Under close instructions from Si and myself, he managed to land a nine pounder, but by failing to heed what was told him he permitted to escape the biggest fish hooked. It was a great northern pike between twelve and fifteen pounds in weight. He insisted upon keeping the head of the fish out of water by holding the rod under high stress, with the result that the fish when within twenty feet of the boat opened an enormous mouth and let go of the hook.

A little before noon we started from the Point by power and ran against the wind to our usual camping ground, where we put Si ashore with the grub-box and the cooking utensils so as to prepare lunch while we resumed fishing with Swansson at the oars. We did not take many, however, in spite of the fact that there was still plenty of wind, although less than before. The few we caught were good ones, and I was so unfortunate as to miss landing the largest wall-eye that I had seen in the lake. It must have been fully six pounds in weight. We were moving pretty fast before the wind, and the hook tore out after the fish reached the surface of the water. The mouth of the wall-eye is very delicate, and hence that kind of fish has to be handled with special care in order to get it into the boat. After disposing of an excellent lunch, we returned under power to the Point and proceeded with our fishing. Both going and coming I had tried trolling under power without getting a strike—in fact I had essayed this with the same result once or twice before. Everybody was sure that if I got a strike my tackle would fail; but as I have fished in the salt water at nine miles per hour with very light tackle, I did not anticipate any disastrous result.

The fishing in the afternoon was just as good as it was in the forenoon, and by 5 o'clock we had taken between us an even hundred fish that must have weighed fully 275 and possibly 300 pounds, for nearly all our fish that day were

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large. My share of the catch was 57. We then went back to Walker where Si busied himself in getting my fish ready to ship the next morning. We had found it necessary to return some of our pike to the water, as there is a legal limit of fifteen wall-eyes per man per day.

By the way, it may be useful to some of your readers to know the laws and restrictions regulating the sport of Leech Lake. They are as follows:

Fishing begins in May and ends about Nov. 1, when the lake freezes over.

Shooting begins Sept. 1 on ducks and Sept. 7 on prairie chickens and grouse.

Deer hunting begins Nov. 10 and ends Dec. 1.

Black bass may be taken from May 29 to Mar. 1, brook trout from April 15 to Sept. 1, and all other varieties of fish from May 1 to Mar. 1.

The daily limits are as follows: Black bass and wall-eyed pike—15. Trout and croppie—25. Mixed varieties—25.

However, there is no restriction as to the number of pickerel or great northern pike; and it is assumed that they do not count at all in the total limit of catch.

The remark is sometimes made at Walker by both sportsmen and guides that there are many places in Leech Lake which have never been fished by white men. Perhaps this is true, but such spots are mainly some shallow bays near the discharge, and the reason that they have not been fished is that they are of no account. It is possible that by casting with a good weedless hook among the thick weed beds one might catch a few snakes, but it is not at all likely that any

good fishing ground has been ignored, because in some seasons many sportsmen camp out along the shore, hence no place would be too distant for them. This year there were no campers because of the prevalence and fierceness of the mosquitoes. They were so bad that one seldom went ashore except for luncheon, and at such times it was necessary to keep up a continuous fight with the insects. In addition to the mosquitoes, there were midges or sand-flies, deer flies, moose flies or horse flies, and a fly that looks almost exactly like an ordinary house fly, but with a little grey on it, and having a proboscis of sufficient length to pass through one's jeans and drawers and far enough into the flesh to produce a most vicious bite. The fly pest this summer spoiled the lake for swimming, excepting in the town itself where there are no trees to shelter the insects; and only once did Russell and I muster up sufficient courage to brave the bites and enjoy a swim. On that day there was a good breeze blowing directly on shore, and by undressing on a drift of saw logs at the water's edge, we managed to escape with our lives, although one big moose fly succeeded in getting me through my undershirt while I was dressing. As I am very fond of swimming, this adverse condition involved a real deprivation; for otherwise I should have taken a dip every day while lunch was being prepared.

There were some good fishing grounds on the lake that I did not try, owing to lack of opportunity. A noted one is Pipe Island at the extreme south end of the lake. Another is Two Points, and still another Five Mile Point just across the lake therefrom. There is good fish-

ing all around Bear Island, and I understand that Sugar Point to the north of it is also a fine location. The bay to the northeast of Bear Island is rather shallow, but there is good fishing along the shore of the mainland to the east of the southern half of the island. Pelican Island is said to be of no account for fishing, but the mainland shore to the west of it, I believe, is all right. There is good fishing of various kinds to be had in many of the small lakes adjoining Leech Lake, but I had no opportunity to try any of it. The next time I go there I shall take along my King canvas folding boat (12 foot special) and portage into some of those small lakes so as to cast for black bass and to catch a few blue gill sunfish for the frying pan—provided, of course, that the insects will permit. Generally by waiting till September one can avoid the flies and obtain the best fishing for great northern pike.

Unfortunately, I was rather careless about keeping an accurate account of the number and approximate weights of my personal daily catches; but I figure that in the thirteen days of my outing I landed fully 375 fish weighing all of 800 pounds. This is a conservative estimate, and as a minimum it may be considered reliable.

In respect to the hotel accommodations at Walker, they are almost as perfect as any true sportsman ought to want. The Hotel Chase and the Hotel Isabel, both under the management of Mr. L. C. Chase, are the principal hotels of the town. The rate for board and lodging in the former is \$2 per day and in the latter \$2.50. At the Isabel, which is new, they have not yet begun to serve meals; but they expect to do so next year. By two persons occupying one room, the rates are reduced to \$12 and \$15 per week, respectively. The Isabel is situated close to the water while the Chase is about three blocks therefrom. In the latter there is only one bath room on each floor, and the rooms are not very large, but at the former the accommodations are more pretentious. By making a long stay at either hotel it might be practicable to obtain special rates. The food served at the Chase to the occupants of both hotels is excellent in quality and ample in quantity, and the service is as good as one ought to expect. Both hotels are provided with electric lights and steam heat; and at the Isabel there is a dancing hall where the guests

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A Vista That Many an Angler is Dreaming of Now.

may trip the light fantastic to their hearts' content.

Before closing this communication it might be well for me to say a few words about the best kinds of tackle and bait to use. I have already expressed my opinion on rods; and as for reels, it is generally true that the higher their price the more satisfactorily they will work. As I had left most of my fishing tackle in Havana, Cuba, I took with me two old reels that were not very good, consequently I borrowed a Talbot reel from my friend, Russell. That make of reel leaves nothing to be desired. As for lines, I am addicted to the use of fairly strong ones. The old "Neverbreak" that I used many years ago was the best line for all around, fresh-water fishing that was ever manufactured; but, alas! it is no longer on the market. For spoons a No. 4¾ or a No. 5 Skinner or something similar is best suited to the average fish of Leech Lake, but if I were after muscallonge or big pickerel, I should prefer a larger size. Medium sized triple hooks are the best, and it is advisable to purchase them undressed so as to attach a pickerel gullet and a small piece of bright red flannel to two of the three hooks. Sinkers are required, because the best of the fishing is generally to be found near the bottom of the lake. Swivels, too, are a necessity, and there should be at least a foot of wire between the spoon and the line.

On the morning of Tuesday the 17th I said good-bye to my friends and started homeward, well content in every respect with my outing, and only regretting that it could not be prolonged. My fifty pounds of fish which Si had iced so carefully arrived in perfect condition, and for three days my family lived almost entirely on a fish diet. They and several of our neighbors

To any Western fisherman desiring good sport, together with comfortable accommodations at reasonable cost and with a minimum of trouble and exertion, I heartily recommend Walker as a stopping place and the waters of Leech Lake and those of the neighboring small lakes as fishing grounds.



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NOTICE—Write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information of interest to anglers.

THE FUN OF IT ALL.

(Continued from page 853.)

effect that, "You can't eat your cake, and still have it," and if we insist upon gorging it all at one sitting, then the next time we feel a craving for pastry and visit the cupboard we will know just how our old friend Mother Hubbard felt.

Reluctantly we are forced to admit that the wild life of wood and water is to-day but a shadow of its former self; but it is still with us, barring a few lamentable exceptions. Conditions are daily becoming more unfavorable for its continued existence; our forests are becoming denuded, the shores of secluded little lakes are beginning to bristle with the vacationist's bungalow; the sheltered bays and inlets of our seashore resound to the spiteful exhaust of motor boats; while the vast army of shooters is daily increasing with the rapid growth of population.

Nature is the sportsman's playground, and without its wild denizens it would be to him a barren waste, except perhaps from an artistic standpoint. The true sportsman will not intentionally be unreasonable and selfish, but there are times when the flesh is weak, and realizing

his limitations he will not resent nor disregard those rules of conduct which have been deemed necessary to warn him that he has reached the maximum of pleasure, and that further indulgence will be working a selfish injustice upon his brother sportsmen and the future generations. The time has come when we have got to be reasonable.

"And just so short of reason he must fall, Who thinks all made for one, not one for all."

We must at all costs preserve the incentive that takes us abroad to forest and stream. Real sport and carnage are no longer synonymous. The latter, to those of us who are familiar with the conditions that obtain to-day, does not suggest a high degree of prowess, but rather that the circumstances must have been such as to render the performance commonplace. And finally, viewing the matter fairly and squarely, are not some of our most cherished memories linked with days when we returned from the field happy, though lightly laden?

Anticipation, realization, reminiscence; let us willingly read and heed the handwriting on the wall, lest the first two perish in our day, and the third with us.

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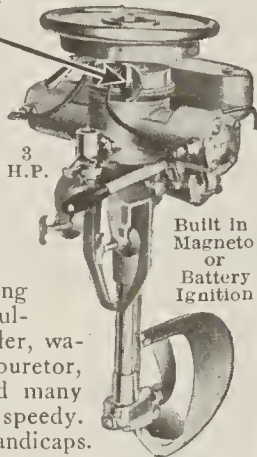
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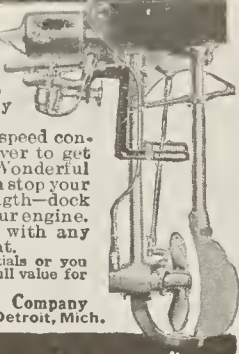
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California Abandons Her State Game Farm

Nobody Seems to Know Why, But the Verdict is That it is a Step Backward
—Great Rafts of Ducks on Bays, But Bad Weather Prevented Shooting

By Edward T. Martin.

The California State Control Board has ordered the Game Farm closed and the abandonment of all efforts at game propagation. Reasons given. First. "The expense is too great."

Second. "The purpose of the farm, the education of the people and the teaching of them that wild game can be successfully raised in captivity, has been accomplished."

What reasons! The revenue from shooting licenses, fines, permits and such will run from \$160,000 to \$175,000 yearly. To a man up a tree it does seem as if the \$6,500 required to operate the game farm could be spared so the gunner would get something for his money and not everything be given to fish, as is now intended; that if there is to be a paring down and economy necessary, like charity it should begin at home, right in the luxurious headquarters maintained by the Game Commissioner in San Francisco. There is no question but that the farm could be made self sustaining, if it is a question of dollars and cents, by selling to other breeders all surplus stock, and marketing as other pheasant raisers do. Such of these last birds as there is no demand for alive, particularly if expenses be further reduced by not carting the game all over California for exhibition purposes.

The second reason is really a strong argument for continuing the work. The people are still sadly lacking in education as far as game is concerned. If it has been demonstrated that wild game can be raised successfully in captivity—and it certainly has—why stop now? Have we too much game? Five years were spent in costly experiments. Hungarian partridges, semi-wild turkeys, deer and such were all tried and found wanting. Year by year errors of previous seasons were corrected until it became evident that mallards, teal and probably wood ducks could be raised to advantage on the farm, as could quail. There is good money in pheasants if kept confined and not released to benefit the coyotes and

bob-cats. Then, when everything looked rosy and it seemed certain that thousands of ducks and quail could be bred and benefits arising in the future offset the losses of the past, the politicians at Sacramento say, "Close up the shop." But then what does the average politician know about game propagation or care for the vanishing wild life? "The ducks can't vote, neither can the quail. Let them go. We will take so much more of the shooters' money and build another fish hatchery where it will do us the most good come next November," seems to be their way of thinking.

The duck season of 1915-16 is over and a very unsatisfactory winter for shooting it has been. When the season opened there were very many native birds in all the marshes but the heavy bombardment of the opening two days scattered them everywhere.

Shooting in the early season was hurt too by running the water off the vast duck country, as Los Banos property belonging to the cattle firm of Miller and Lux, was drained and became a grazing ranch instead of a duck marsh.

Around the Alvarado Marshes, the south end of San Francisco Bay and on the Oliver ponds there was considerable early season shooting. Then the storms came and the ducks went.

Before the last severe storm the writer went sailing on the Bay, after news and facts. "Bring your rod, a gun will only be in the way," his boatman wrote. Starting one morning about eight o'clock from the Berkeley wharf he sailed some three miles north west, then about five miles more, first east then north to near the light house beyond Sheep Island; fished a little off Rat Rock and in covering all these miles of bay did not see 100 ducks excepting some flocks high up coming in from the north. About two o'clock it began to blow and "Safety First" said "Go Home." The section of bay so barren of ducks in the morning was alive in the afternoon. Great rafts of bluebills, larger flocks of canvas backs than I have ever seen since shooting in Texas nearly thirty years ago when a hundred ducks between sunrise and sunset was a common bag. They were all new birds just in from the north and very tired. In fact so weary that I sailed within sixty yards of a bunch containing a thousand or more and when they flew it was to go but a couple of hundred yards or so and settle on the water again. From end to end the flock must have been over a mile in length and several hundred yards in width.

The location where these ducks were, was several miles from shore in rough water where no one but a crazy hunter or some other lunatic would think of venturing, at least in a fifteen foot boat. Since that day it has stormed without ceasing for nearly two weeks and while I have not been out they tell me the birds all went as soon as they had a feed and a rest, undoubtedly south, probably as far as Mexico.

FOR THE LOVER OF ART AND NATURE



Old Squaws—13 x 20 Inches



Evening—13 x 19½ Inches

FRANK W. BENSON'S AMERICAN WILD FOWL PLATES

A series of seven Intaglio Plates printed by hand on the copper-plate press under the supervision of the artist.

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100 numbered impressions only of each plate.

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TRAP SHOOTING



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

ALL-AMERICAN TRAPSHOOTING TEAMS. By Peter P. Carney.

Some few weeks ago several writers broke forth with selections of All-Eastern and All-Western trapshooting teams, and in the main these teams were chosen from the highest ten men from each section in the averages. Very few writers differed on the teams—but in picking a representative team of the nation there will be quite a difference of opinion, so the writer goes to it first to give all the others a chance to shoot his team to pieces—if they can.

Here are the teams—ten amateur and the same number of professionals, teams which if combined could defeat any twenty trapshooters on the face of the globe:

AMATEURS.

Shooter	Place from	Shot at	Broke	P. C.
Henderson, Lexington, Ky.....		2,800	2,731	97.53
Huntley, Chicago, Ill.....		3,900	3,775	96.79
Wright, Buffalo, N. Y.....		3,455	3,333	96.46
Ridley, What Cheer, Ia.....		2,300	2,215	96.30
Jahn, Davenport, Ia.....		2,100	2,019	96.14
Richardson, Dover, Del.....		3,480	3,329	95.66
Behm, Easterly, Pa.....		4,285	4,098	95.63
Graper, Custer Park, Ill.....		3,480	3,328	95.63
Foord, Wilmington, Del.....		2,805	2,689	95.54
Newcomb, Philadelphia, Pa.....		4,600	4,385	95.32
Totals		33,205	31,893	96.04

PROFESSIONALS.

Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.....	5,620	5,480	97.50
Gorman, Aberdeen, Md.....	4,550	4,433	97.42
Reid, Seattle, Wash.....	2,550	2,482	97.33
Yeung, Springfield, O.....	3,415	3,319	97.18
Killiam, St. Louis, Mo.....	5,520	5,364	97.17
Gibbs, Union City, Tenn.....	3,000	2,898	96.60
Clark, Alton, Ill.....	3,880	3,743	96.47
Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	4,050	3,906	96.44
Taylor, Newark, O.....	3,755	3,620	96.40
Lewis, Auburn, Ill.....	2,625	2,528	96.30
Totals	38,965	37,273	96.17

These figures quite naturally show the professionals to be the better shots, but the margin is extremely slight. No amateur was selected who had shot at less than 2,100 targets, and no professional who had shot at less than 2,500 targets. The amateurs shot at 33,205 targets and missed 1,312 of that number. The professionals fired at 38,965 targets, and of that number missed connections on but 1,692. Team averages of the amateurs give them 96.04, while the professionals have a team average of 96.17.

Some one of these days there will be a competition between just such teams as the ones selected above. It would be interesting if such a contest could be staged in the immediate future, but of course, there isn't much likelihood of such a thing this season.

In connection with the teams there are several little things that are also worth mentioning. Woolfolk Henderson, the leading amateur shot, had an average of 96.63 last year, one less in every hundred than his record of this year. Spencer, who leads the pro's, had an average of 96.33 in 1914, so he also bettered his mark one in a 100 over the year previous. Newcomb, the amateur handicap champion, has the lowest average of the ten amateur shooters, yet there are many who think he is the best amateur gun in the land.

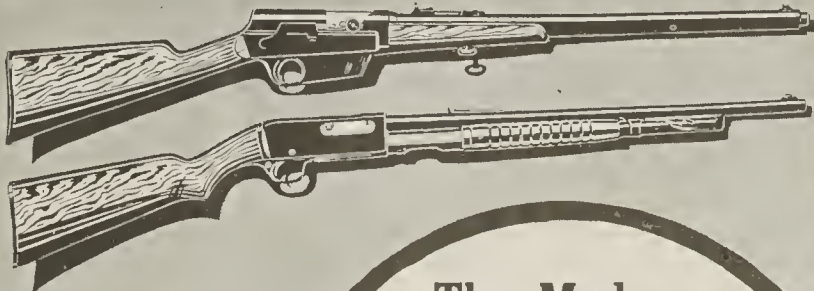

Little Delaware furnished two of the ten amateurs selected. Pennsylvania, with its 500 gun clubs, couldn't furnish more than that in the select gathering. Both are amateurs. St. Louis, Mo., furnished two of the ten professionals shots. It is a noticeable fact that few of the real good trapshots come from the large cities.

THE PINEHURST TRAPSHOOTING TOURNAMENT.


When the Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club announced its first midwinter handicap trapshooting tournament nine years ago, but a handful of entries was secured. At that the club thought it was doing well. Now at the rate the tournament is growing the Pinehurst Club will have to build a couple of new hotels to take care of the shooters and their friends.

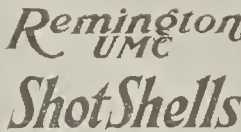
From a sprinkling of shooters the meet has grown until at the recent fixture there were 137 actual contestants, representing 29 States, including Canada and Nova Scotia, Maine and California. One hundred and twenty-five of the shooters were amateurs. In the tournament matches 74,300 targets were thrown, and in the week's shooting 130,000 targets were discharged from the traps. Very few, if any, of the 1916 tournaments will go above that number.

This, like all other important competitions uncovered a dark horse. W. G. Ramsey, of Plymouth, O., was the winner of the handicap, breaking 95 targets from 17 yards. He tied with R. L. Spotts, of the New York Athletic Club. In the shoot-off Ramsey broke 25 straight. The preliminary handicap was won by Charles H. Newcomb, the Pennsylvania State and American amateur champion. Newcomb also won the general average

The Modern Arms and Ammunition of American Sportsmen





HERE are the four leaders in the Sporting Arms business in this country to-day. Undoubtedly there are other good guns. But the feeling among sportsmen seems to be that if a rifle or gun is not a **REMINGTON-UMC** it is not a modern sporting arm.

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In your community, there is at least one of the 80,000 dealers who are featuring Remington—and you know him and he knows you. He knows what you want, and he probably has also a very good understanding of why you want Remington-UMC Arms and Ammunition.

That Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC on his store is his Sign and yours that he is Sportsmen's Headquarters.

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Woolworth Building
New York





trophy at 800 targets, breaking 759. J. R. Jahn won the general average trophy at 600 targets with 578 breaks.

Other trophy winners in the preliminary handicap were B. A. Whirllick, S. S. Foster, A. B. Shobe and W. J. Stoddard, and the trophy winners in the midwinter handicap were W. H. Yule, R. L. Spotts, F. P. Williams and H. J. Burlington. The best shooting of the

tournament was done by J. M. Hawkins, the professional, who broke 584 out of 600 thrown targets, having 193 x 200, 196 x 200, 98 x 100, 95 x 100. The best run for an amateur was by D. L. Culver, the winner of the Lakewood handicap, who broke 126 straight, finishing up his string the first day. This run gave him 194 out of 200, but it wasn't enough.



Be An Early Bird This Year

Practice up now for the season's trophies. Start early. Be among the first out to pepper the speedy clay targets. Get an edge on the other fellow while the season is still young. There's no game can surpass

TRAPSHOOTING

for all 'round sport, health and pleasure. Gun "bugs" are the best of good fellows and there's a hearty welcome ready and waiting for you at the nearest gun club. Have you seen the

DU PONT HAND TRAP

It's a practical little device that throws all kinds of targets. Folds up. Goes in a bag and makes trapshooting possible at any time or place.

\$4.00 at your sporting goods dealer's or sent prepaid on receipt of price anywhere in the U. S.

Write for Booklet, "THE SPORT ALLURING" No. 3

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Wilmington, Del.

When in Atlantic City visit the "Du Pont Store." Pennsylvania Avenue & Boardwalk—see the big Du Pont Night Sign and try your skill at the Trapshooting School at the end of Young's Million Dollar Pier.

DEATH OF THOMAS H. KELLER, SR.

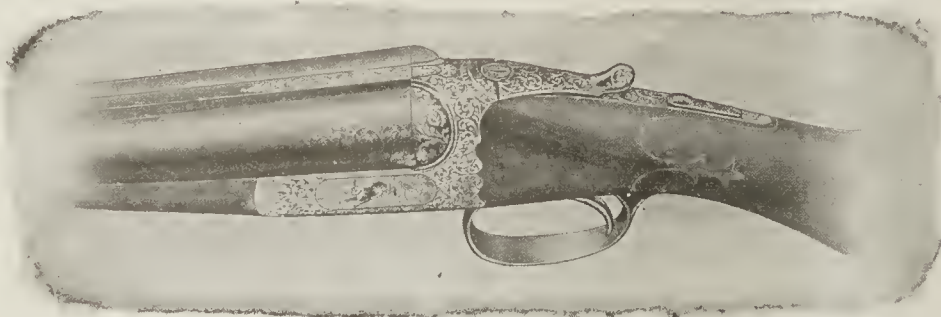
The trade and sportsmen through the country will be shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. T. H. Keller, Sr., or "T. K.," as he was familiarly known to his host of friends.

Mr. Keller had been suffering for some time from a nervous breakdown and during the past

six weeks was able to devote only a part of the time to business. He was one of the best known figures in the ammunition business and the shooting game, and was no mean shot himself; in fact, he was an all-around shooter, as he could handle the shot-gun, the military rifle, the Schuetzen rifle and the revolver with equal fa-

Westley Richards English Guns

Westley Richards guns are made by hand throughout, each gun represents an individuality of its own, the result of trained craftsmanship.



They are fitted with simplified one-trigger mechanism, detachable locks and the strongest of breech construction.

The CHICAGO PRELIMINARY HANDICAP Was WON By Mr. R. H. MORSE With His

WESTLEY RICHARDS "OVUNDO" GUN

Send for illustrated list giving full particulars of these weapons renumerating the many advantages of the "OVUNDO" System to

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cility and no little credit, although he did not profess to be an expert in this line. He was a salesman of the highest order and for many years the New York manager for the Peters Cartridge Company.

By a strange coincidence the news of his death was received by the board of directors of the company while it was in its annual meeting and a resolution was adopted before the meeting adjourned. This resolution not only expresses the sentiments of Mr. Keller's associates in business, but it is believed that it reflects also the feelings of his wide circle of acquaintances, and it is, therefore, reproduced here as a public tribute to a man whose life was a marked success in the truest sense of the word:

WHEREAS: The sad news of the sudden death of our associate in business, and personal friend, Thomas H. Keller, manager of the New York Office, has just reached us.

RESOLVED: That we express our great sorrow over the loss of an able associate and a lovable personal friend. His sterling qualities and kindly heart endeared him to all with whom he was associated socially, or in business.

Coming to this Company nearly twenty-five years ago, in the early days of its career, he was identified with its growth in succeeding years. At his suggestion, the New York branch office was established and it was under his management from the first. He was a born salesman of large experience, and his wide acquaintance with the trade, among whom his personal friends were legion, and among the shooting fraternity, by whom he was well known from coast to coast, made his advice on many important matters related to the Company's interest of great value. He will be greatly missed in the councils of the Company, and in the future gatherings of those associated with him in business.

RESOLVED: That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the bereaved family, with expression of our deep and sincere sympathy.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY.

LONG RUN TROPHIES BADGE OF TRAPSHOOTING EXPERTS.

For years the most coveted prizes in the trapshooting game have been the Du Pont Long Run Gold Trophies. The exceptional attractiveness of the trophies offered, which have been of a different design each year, and which are now recognized as being almost official badges of expertness, has made them the most eagerly sought trophies in the sport of trapshooting.

A long run, it may be explained, now consists of a shooter breaking consecutively 50 or more clay targets in a registered trapshooting tournament. Whereas prior to 1913, the long run regulations were that an amateur must break 100 targets in as many shots, and a professional 125, to win the long run badge of expertness.

In every respect the year 1915 must be considered the greatest in the history of clay bird shooting, and the increasing number of long runs made is simply additional evidence of this fact.

*The following figures are of interest in this connection:

1911—107	Long Runs of 100 straight or better were made.
1912—115	" " " " " " " " " "
1913—135	" " " " " " " " " "
1914—128	" " " " " " " " " "
1915—135	" " " " " " " " " "
1914—429	shooters made 1142 runs of 50 straight or better.
1915—905	" " 2747 " " " " " " " "

*(These records only cover runs made in registered tournaments and with Du Pont Powders.)

In 1914 the Du Pont Long Run Trophy regulations were amended so that shooters making runs of 50 straight or better in a registered tournament (a very commendable performance by the way), were able to share in the Long Run trophy awards. The attractiveness of trapshooting was thus immeasurably increased for hundreds of contestants, as is indicated by the above figures showing that in 1915 alone 905 shooters made 2747 runs of 50 straight or better.

The popularity of the new system having been so completely demonstrated, the Du Pont Company have announced that they will continue same during the year 1916. The manner of awarding the long run trophies is:

A gold watch fob for the first run of 50 or better. For succeeding runs gold bars which are attachable to the fobs are awarded on the following basis:

Run of 50 to 74, 1/8 inch gold bar.
Run of 75 to 99, 1/4 inch gold bar.
Run of 100 and over, 3/8 inch gold bar.

A Waltham 20 year gold watch is sent to an amateur shooter who makes 15 runs of 50 or more during 1915 and 1916. A professional shooter may win a watch by making 25 runs of 50 or more during the same period. There is no limit to the number of watches which may be won during the two years.

The winners of Du Pont gold watches during 1915 were:

EASTERN AMATEURS.

H. B. Shoop, Harrisburg, Pa.; W. S. Behm, Esterly, Pa.; Woolfolk Henderson, Louisville, Ky.; C. H. Newcomb, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jo. H. Noel, Nashville, Tenn.;

A. B. Richardson, Dover, Del.; F. S. Wright, Buffalo, New York.

WESTERN AMATEURS.

Jas. W. Bell, St. Louis, Mo.; J. S. Frink, Worthington, Minn.; Chas. Hummel, La Porte, Ia.; S. A. Huntley, Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Tolen, Ft. Dodge, Ia.; F. M. Troch, Vancouver, Wash.; J. P. White, Watertown, S. D.

PROFESSIONALS.

Fred G. Bills, Chicago, Ill.; Lester S. German, Aberdeen, Md.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; *J. M. Hawkins, Baltimore, Md.; *A. Killam, St. Louis, Mo.; C. G. Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.; John R. Taylor, Newark, O.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.

*Messrs. Hawkins and Killam each won two watches during 1915, Hawkins making 50 runs of 50 or over and Killam making 56 runs during the season.

By way of explanation: Under the conditions a shooter making 10 runs during 1915, may carry them over and by making 5 more during 1916, wins a watch, or an amateur shooter making 20 runs during 1915, wins a watch and has 5 runs to carry over to 1916 to apply on another watch.

GREENVILLE, MISS. TOURNAMENT.

The Greenville, Miss. Gun Club announce that they will give a shooting tournament at their club grounds in Greenville, Mississippi on May the 3rd, 4th and 5th, with \$1,000 in cash added by the club and a big bunch of trophies, merchandise prizes, etc., given for special races and averages. May the 3rd will be preliminary day and some very interesting races will be pulled off. The Mississippi State Championship Race will be contested for besides a race for the Team Championship of the United States composed of any three men living in the same State. We will have Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana and Arkansas represented and possibly other States. This race will create much interest for it is to be lakes to the gulf team championship event which carries with it a handsome trophy to the winners. The individual lakes to the gulf championship race was won at Greenville several years ago by Mr. H. D. Gibbs

E. L. SHARKEY, Secretary,
Greenville Gun Club.

AMERICAN GAME PROTECTIVE AND PROPAGATION ASSOCIATION.

The Department of Game Breeding and Preserving of the American Game Protective Association announces the second national conference on game breeding and preserving.

This will be held in New York City Monday and Tuesday, March 6 and 7, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and there will be a dinner with interesting moving pictures on the evening of March 6.

The sessions will be presided over by Mr. Frederic C. Walcott, chairman of the Department, and among the well-known men who have been asked to take part in the program are: Senator George P. McLean, Connecticut; The Hon. Henry S. Graves, United States Forester; E. C. Hinshaw, Chief Game Warden, Iowa; George D. Pratt, Conservation Commissioner, New York; Samuel Evans of St. Charles, Illinois; John M. Phillips of Pittsburg; Dr. Arthur A. Allen of Cornell University and Norman McClintock, the well-known naturalist.

There will be an especially notable attendance of the men who are making the United States worth while as a game breeding country. Among these will be Messrs. Duncan Dunn, Harry T. Rogers, Neil Clark, Adam Scott, A. G. MacVicar, Arthur M. Barnes and Amos E. George.

There will be a dinner on Monday night, March 6, and moving pictures of wild life will be a conspicuous feature of the evening entertainment.

LETTER FROM THE A. C. A. COMMODORE.

To the Membership of the A. C. A.:
By the time the next issue of *Forest and Stream* is in the hands of its readers, thousands of canoeists will have begun to cast an occasional thought toward their 1916 plans for indulgence in their favorite sport.

It is certainly not too early to let the A. C. A. membership know what my plans are for making it a lively year in the Association, and, to the extent of my authority and ability, in canoeing in general.

1. Membership:

The larger our membership, the more we can accomplish for canoeing. Let us undertake a campaign for new members. Dues, \$2.00 first year, and \$1.00 each succeeding year. Application blanks may be had by anyone interested from me or the Secretary W. B. H. McClelland, 69 Tonawanda street, Buffalo, N. Y. If you are fond of canoeing you should be a part of the National body which has done in its thirty-six years of existence, so much for the pastime. On present members I urge the obligation of loyalty to and the support of the Association and the administration. Our membership should be two or three times its present size and if each member would make it his business to interest his canoeing friends in the organization, that result could be easily accomplished. As a comparatively young member of the A. C. A., I think I note a tendency among the members to live somewhat in the glorious traditions of the past. Those who love the out-of-doors and the stroke of the paddle are without exception red-blooded men. They have the ability and the inclination to accomplish things. We want real "pep" in the Association. We want racing and cruising men to reverse the traditions of over thirty years ago, but we want to foster and develop a sin-

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cere affection among the members for the present-day affairs of the organization. There is no reason why a one-year old member cannot learn to love his A. C. A. colors now as well as those did who joined many years ago. No man gets much without some giving. I guarantee to every member who becomes interested in the purpose and work of the Association, and who will strive to add members and to participate in the Division and Annual Camps and Meets, a satisfaction and pleasure difficult to explain. We have more than 1,300 members in this country and Canada and by concerted effort it would be easy to raise the membership to 4,000 and to take in just the kind of men we want.

2. Information:

Despite the fact we issue an illustrated Year Book each year and send one to each member, I believe there are many canoeists who would welcome a chance to correspond in canoeing matters or in reference to the A. C. A. I most cordially invite and urge any interested person to communicate with me on any canoeing topic.

3. Division Meets:

As a member of the Central Division I naturally know more about the Central Division's plans for 1916 than the others. This year the Meet will be held for the first time on the Mohawk River, near Schenectady, and although the Meets for the last two or three years have been much more liberally attended than in former years, this year will undoubtedly be by far the largest Meet ever held by the Central Division. There are splendid waters and racing on the Mohawk, and Vice-Commodore Dawson has taken advantage of every point in planning his Camp and regatta to insure a genuine success. The way to become familiar with the purposes and work of the A. C. A. is to become identified with the Division Meets, and it is hoped that each division will make special efforts this year to insure large and enthusiastic attendance.

4. Annual Camp:

The great event of each year is the Annual Camp at beautiful Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence River, the home of the Association. This year's Camp will open on Friday, August 4, for two weeks and many A. C. A. men and women are looking forward to the month of August when they can pitch their tents on their island and meet each other again. The usual sailing and paddling races will be held and it is expected that the attendance will be much larger than last year. It is planned to feature again this year the "Wilderness Contests," to the successful winner of which *Forest and Stream* presented a handsome trophy in 1915. Come to Sugar Island this year and tell your A. C. A. friends to come.

5. Championship Events:

Special Committees are working out the details of special championship paddling events for Saturday, August 12, at Sugar Island. It is expected that this will be the biggest day in the history of canoeing. On

that day will be determined the champions of America and Canada, and therefore of the world, in singles, tandem and quads, single blades (double blades will probably not be used) in the senior, intermediate and junior classes. Full details will be published in due time. This regatta will be an invitation affair for all amateur paddlers, whether members of the A. C. A. or not; and the races are in addition to the regular regatta of the Association. Proper championship prizes will be given in all events. Complete details will be sent to all Canoe Clubs and they will also be published in *Forest and Stream*. Additional but unofficial information may be obtained by addressing the Commodore or Secretary.

Yours in the A. C. A.,
C. A. SPAULDING, Commodore.

Telephone Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division:—August Bouchery, 1952 61st St., Brooklyn, N. Y., by Eugene W. Kelly; William Weiler, 233 West 15th St., New York, N. Y., by Henry W. Jahn; William Craig, 479 W. 152nd St., New York, N. Y., by Joseph F. Peiser; James M. Tait, 1851 Bathgate Ave., New York, N. Y., James H. Gibson, Grantwood, N. J., Samuel M. Ross, 820 W. 180th St., New York, N. Y., Earle B. Weill, 567 W. 173rd St., New York, N. Y., John E. Mahaffy, 820 W. 180th St., New York, N. Y., and Don Kennedy, 1302 Park Ave., Hoboken, N. J., all by Claude S. De Costa.

Central Division:—Frank E. Wernick, 505 Dudley St., Syracuse, N. Y., by A. F. Saunders; Harry P. Broderston, 14 Spruce St., Schenectady, N. Y., Robert Rhett Lewis, 134 Park Ave., Schenectady, N. Y., and Alvin W. Quenell, 144 Barrett St. Schenectady, N. Y., all by Edward S. Dawson, Jr.

Eastern Division:—Bradford Dittmer, 24 Nickerson St., Pawtucket, R. I., by H. E. Buckman.

Western Division:—Paul A. Grundy, 6837 Perry Ave., Chicago, Ill., by Robert F. Abercrombie.

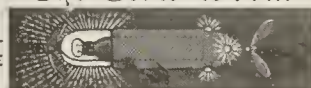
DECEASED.

Central Division:—5695, William B. Foote, 24 Sherrill St., Geneva, N. Y., passed away in June, 1915.

THE ELECTRIC ILLUMINATED SUBMARINE BAIT

The Glow Worm

GREATEST NOVEL
FISH-BAIT MADE



TRIED OUT AND
PROOVEN GOOD

SMALL BATTERY AND GLOBE HOUSED INSIDE

PRICE \$1.50. With Weedless Hooks and Spinners \$2.00.

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NEWTON HIGH-POWER RIFLES

HIGHEST VELOCITY RIFLES IN THE WORLD. USE FACTORY AMMUNITION.

New American made bolt action rifle ready for delivery this winter. Uses Newton high power cartridges in .22 caliber, .256 caliber, .280 caliber, .30 caliber, .33 caliber, and .35 caliber; also .30 caliber Springfield.

.256 Newton, 123 grain bullet, velocity 3100 f.s. .30 Newton, 170 grain bullet, velocity 3000 f.s. Price \$40.00. Send stamp for descriptive circular. We have been delayed in getting machinery on account of the demand for making military rifles for export, but it is now in, and the construction of the tools is well along. Sporting stocks and .256 barrels for Springfield rifles now ready, \$12.50 each.

NEWTON ARMS CO., Inc., 506 Mutual Life Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

If you go hunting or fishing you need the EXCELSIOR BELT SAFE

The need of dry matches may save your life. Keeps your watch, money, etc., safe and dry. Small and compact; made of brass, nickel plated, gun metal or oxidized and furnished complete with strong serviceable canvas belt, buckle all complete. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

You need one.

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Greater penetration—longer range
and more perfect balance—all in the

LEFEVER SHOT GUNS

The standard because of experienced design and mechanical perfection backed by nearly 50 years' gun-making experience. Our famous exclusive taper system of boring has "made" the LEFEVER.

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It explains this wonderful system of taper boring that gives great shooting and penetration power with the least "kick." Also explains the construction of our 20-, 16-, 12-gauge LEFEVERS that never shoot loose.

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Field,
Traps
or
Blind



\$25 and
up

When you write
for our beautiful
catalog, enclose
75 cents for our
IDEAL CLEANER

MISSISSIPPI PERMITTING BIRD SLAUGHTER. Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am just home from a two weeks' quail shooting trip in Mississippi. We had a very good time but the weather was very wet. We found the birds very plentiful but an utter disregard on the part of the natives of the observance of the game laws. Notwithstanding the bag limit is twenty per day they openly boast of their excessive bags. Even a district attorney told of having killed 71 in a day—he and another friend. Then again the people of Mississippi don't appreciate the value of bird life. They will learn sometime that they cannot have good agriculture without birds. Night hawks, white breasted swallows, meadow larks and other birds are

regularly shot and every negro has a gun, three or four dogs and he is out hunting all the time. It is a wonder that there are any birds left and yet the woods were full of our summer birds. This was Middle Mississippi that I was in and I saw nearly all of our northern birds wintering there—the blue jay, the brown thrush and several other thrushes, the slate colored junco, hawks in great quantity and a variety of flickers, red-headed woodpeckers, wrens, black birds and grackle, and hundreds of small unknown, unrecognizable birds, so that the negro boy never lacked a live mark to shoot at. The only saving clause is the high price of ammunition and the low price of cotton.

OLD GUARD.

ONE ON SOMEBODY.

We have received a bill of fare, in use at a stylish downtown eating establishment, which has to him as wild pigeon was a Bob White quail, and rare birds. The person who mailed us the bill of fare has written on it that the bird served management of this famous catering establishment was overlooking a chance of securing a large sum of money by cooking such high-priced have been extinct for many years, and as much as \$5,000 reward has been offered for a single live specimen. It would seem as though the upon it the significant words, "Real wild pigeon, roasted and stuffed with chestnuts." The price is moderately placed at 85 cents. Wild pigeons and he inquires about the whereabouts of the local deputy game wardens and suggests that they visit the corner of Seventh and St. Charles Streets and see if they can see any wild pigeons flying about that locality.—*St. Louis Gl. Democrat.*



CANOEING



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Journeyings At Home

This Little Description of a Trip from the Doors of the Office, Almost, Show the Possibilities Open to the Canoeist

By Earl I. Fisher (A. C. A. 6512).

SO much has been written about canoe trips in out-of-the-way places and through wild country and consequently our gaze has become so far focused that we probably lose sight of the interesting points of our own near-by streams. The paradoxical Chesterton once said you can hold a penny so close to the eye that the whole universe will be blotted out, and by the same token, one can become so far-sighted as to miss the possibilities lying underfoot.

I will grant that the best way to view the beauties of the Hudson Valley is from the deck of one of the fast Hudson River Day liners. When scenery is held before your attention for a day or two at a stretch it becomes somewhat monotonous. It does not unfold quite rapidly enough on the Hudson to warrant this trip by canoe for its scenic effects.

However, the problems of wind and tide, and the ever-changing color scheme preclude the possibility of an uninteresting trip, and according to Stevenson, "the world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings." This was plainly demonstrated on a trip I once took from Inwood, New York City to Peekskill.

Our Battalion of the National Guard was to shoot on the rifle-ranges on Monday, so permission was accordingly sought and granted to paddle up the river instead of going by train with the rest of the company. Special stress was laid upon the fact, however, that I must be on line at Peekskill at roll-call Monday morning.

Starting about nine o'clock Saturday evening from Hermit's Point on the turn of the ebb tide, I made Piermont just as some distant clock struck twelve. Traveling by canoe at night has always a fascination, for distances slide along so rapidly and mysterious objects loom up and melt into darkness all so silently. But to break this awful pall of silence at the end of this mile-long pier required a lot more nerve than one would imagine, especially as I was alone. Memories and stories of murders and drownings and haunted houses kept shoving and crowding for recognition, but by balancing as much nonchalance as I could assume against that feeling of eeriness I guess I didn't appear so awfully scared.

A comforter on the floor of the canoe which I pulled up over the rocks served as a cot. Just as I was composing myself for a slide into slumberland, some dog-gone big thing got up and started through the tall, dry grass nearby. Let me tell you that in spite of the fact that I knew there was nothing there to harm a person, the hair on top of my head began to rise, and things got all mixed up inside of me. Whether it was a mad dog, or a lion or a cow that might come over and bite me, and whether it was coming or going, were vital questions. However, it went away.

Early the next morning a multitude of crows perched themselves on the big sign "Not for sale, B. Hughes, America" at the end of the pier, and began to discuss political questions. One fellow surely must have caught the strains of a banjo from some source, for he strutted about, looking his fellow-creatures in the eye, exclaiming "Blank?" "Blank-blank." Maybe he was swearing, but I didn't blame him, for sleep was out of the question for both of us while that infernal racket continued.

'Long about ten o'clock a light breeze sprang up just at the change of tide, and things looked good for a getaway.

A few miles north of the pier a flock of perhaps thirty hell-divers were enjoying their morning sun-bath. They allowed the canoe to approach quite close. Outlying sentries seemed to warn the flock of danger, flying low over the heads of their fellows when it is time to move. In this way those nearest the point of danger are the first to leave, while those farthest away are the last to leave. They were evidently tired out from a Saturday night soiree, for a few miles

further along they again took to the water for a quiet siesta. They apparently thought to tire me out, for every few miles they stopped to rest, though the latter flights grew shorter and their sentries more alert and uneasy.

Finally they flew high, and about four miles north turned sharply to the left, flying directly over Nyack. Two of the flight however, dropped down at this point, probably to act as guide-posts to the one lone laggard who swam just a few hundred feet ahead of my canoe. Then followed one of the cleverest pieces of bird-strategy I have ever witnessed. Probably if such writers as Ernest Seton Thompson hadn't awakened us to the reasoning power of animal life it would have passed unnoticed.

This one hell-diver allowed me to come quite close and then rose in a series of short flights, each succeeding flight becoming shorter and shorter. I noticed, too, that his direction was gradually changing from a northerly course around to the east—in a direction opposite to that taken by the main flock. He now flew about thirty feet ahead of the nose of the canoe, just out of paddle reach. Finally I appeared to tire of this chase, and quit paddling, so he dug down in his bag of tricks and trotted out the broken wing stunt. He tried to fly, and for all the world had the appearance of a wounded bird beating his wings in a futile attempt to rise. I fell for this trick and paddled fast to overtake him, but by a supreme effort he managed to draw away each time I neared him. By this time we were going almost due east. Finally he dove, and at a point directly on the course we had been pursuing his head appeared above the surface for air about three hundred yards distant. I turned and started toward him, but this time it must have been a whopper of a fetch, for I couldn't locate him after a half hour's search.

Above Rockland Light the Hudson opens out into a big wide stretch called Tappan Zee, better known among the campers as the "Tap." Here on a rough day one can find water that very nearly equals that of the ocean when it is "blowin' some." One very windy day a few years ago I saw a tug-boat beating into a wind-storm on the "Tap." Monster waves broke over its deck and slapped up against the windows of the pilot-house, ten feet above. The spray of the waves was caught up and carried along parallel to the surface of the river, greatly resembling a miniature rain-storm being driven before the wind.

Conditions this day were all favorable. The wind, running with the tide, kicked up sharp high waves, some of them apparently twenty-five feet from crest to crest. To catch the down-hill side of the wave, and be shot along three or four hundred feet at fifteen miles an hour and into the next wave is royal sport. One would not dare to touch the water with a paddle

at this rate of speed, for the chances of having it snapped or of being thrown out of the boat are too great. It is almost impossible to "keep her straight" running ahead of the waves, as she will invariably yaw either to the right or left. There were times down in the trough when nothing but water and sky were visible. You can seem to catch these waves just right only about half a dozen times an hour, but when you do, you are amply repaid for your patience.

Eighteen or twenty miles of this sport seemed about as long as a walk around the block. The fun was so great that I passed by Croton without stopping. Up near Peekskill the wind veered 'round to the east, and it blew so strong that I had difficulty in escaping from being blown through the cut in the hills where the river turns just north of the town. Captain Jones owns a boat-house just under the railroad bridge, and he allowed me to store my canoe until the following week-end.

The next Saturday afternoon, another chap and I started down the river, and made Croton Beach just at dusk. There are times when the Hudson compels your love and admiration. The hour between sunset and twilight is when she appears at her loveliest. The sunset colors are deepening into darkness, while on the other shore a gray-blue veil spreads over the shore and trees, blotting out detail, and rendering the mass but faintly discernible. There is no line of demarcation between trees and sky, and the darker body is felt rather than seen. A river liner passes and its waves break along the shore, the delicate white tracery greatly resembling the peep of a white petticoat at the edge of a dark green dress. The barking of a dog in the distance sounds as it might be from another world. The hum and bustle of the day is hushed, and we feel almost capable of attuning our ear to something apart from our daily existence.

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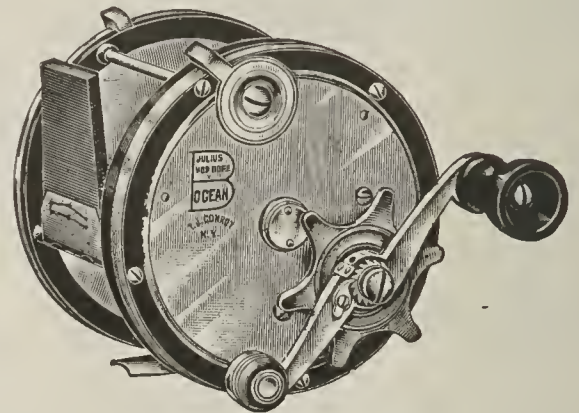
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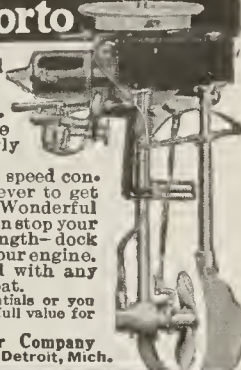
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The Lost "Lady of the Streams"

Some Observations on the Grayling by the Man Who Was the First to Propagate it Artificially

By Dr. James A. Henshall.

IN recent numbers of *Forest and Stream* I note an article on the graylings by Mr. Charles Bradford, and one on the Michigan grayling by Mr. W. B. Mershon, both very interesting papers.

In 1896 I was offered the choice of three new Federal fisheries stations in Iowa, Texas and Montana. I took the superintendency of the Montana station for the express purpose of attempting the propagation of the Montana grayling, as all previous efforts in that direction with the Michigan grayling had failed.

I studied thoroughly the accounts of the graylings of the United States and England, their life and scientific histories, with what I could gather from friends who had some knowledge of their habits, and from my own experience with the Michigan and English graylings. After repeated experiments during the first year I had the gratification of knowing that my efforts were successful. For ten years millions of fruitful eggs were shipped to various Federal and state hatcheries that were contiguous to trout waters that were cold enough for the existence of the fry. Millions of fry and fingerlings were also shipped or planted in streams in Montana and adjoining states. Adults propagated and reared at the Bozeman hatchery were exhibited at the world fairs at St. Louis and Seattle.

There are three species of grayling in the United States, and though structural differences are slight, they are nevertheless distinctive species. The Arctic grayling is regarded as the parent stock from which the others descended. It is not at all unreasonable to suppose that the Michigan and Montana graylings were transported to those states in prehistoric times, perhaps during the ice age, or possibly during the glacial period. Few or many may have been



The Grayling Cannot Survive Against the Incursion of the Aggressive Brook Trout.

carried on ice fields, or with the glacial drift, and dropped in the sandy streams of Michigan or gravelly streams of Montana, where through changed conditions and strange environments they have evolved into distinct species.

This theory seems plausible from the fact that the great lake, or Mackinaw trout, also an Arctic species, is found in a mountain lake, together with grayling; this lake is but a quarter of a mile from the grayling egg-collecting station of the Bozeman hatchery, at the source of the Jefferson River. The Mackinaw trout is found nowhere else west of Lake Michigan or south of Canada, except in the mountain lake mentioned, and it is more than likely that it accompanied the deposit of the grayling, which is abundant in the lake.

Mr. Mershon is one of the pioneer anglers for grayling in Michigan, and is well acquainted with its life history. Its unfortunate disappearance from waters that once teemed with the "Lady of the Streams" is to be attributed, in the first place, as Mr. Mershon states, to logging activities, and later to the introduction of brook trout and rainbow trout to the depleted streams. This latter cause is answerable entirely for its extinction in waters not affected by logging operations, as for instance, Pine Lake and its outlet stream to Lake Michigan, near Charlevoix. In 1870 I took grayling in Lake Michigan from the pier at that place. But those waters are now barren of grayling owing to the incursion of brook trout, the most aggressive of all the trout species.

As an illustration of this aggressive propensity I may mention that when I first went to Bozeman Station, Bridger Creek, flowing through the grounds, was thickly populated with grayling, the native red-throat trout and Rocky Mountain



The Leap of the Salmon Is One of the Most Magnificent Sightings in Nature—If It Had Not Been for Man's Shortsightedness the Salmon To-day Would Still Be Within the Range of the Angler of Moderate Means.

whitefish. At the end of ten years the grayling had disappeared and but very few native trout or whitefish remained, they having been driven away or exterminated by brook trout which were introduced in the creek, accidentally or otherwise, from the hatchery.

As an instance of the aggressive nature of brook trout, where even black bass had to succumb, occurred to my personal knowledge in Wisconsin. A trout hatchery was erected on the border of a very large spring whose waters formed Scuppernong Creek which ran for a number of miles to a lake. This creek furnished good black bass fishing along its entire length. Several years after the establishment of the hatchery mentioned, brook trout, escaping from the ponds, became abundant in the creek, and eventually took entire possession, forcing the black bass to retire to the lake below.

Mr. Bradford, in his paper, states that a correspondent claims that the grayling is native to certain streams in Colorado, but this is a mistake. During the first years of my work at Bozeman Station I was informed by several persons in Colorado that grayling were numerous at Steamboat Springs, in that state. Similar reports were sent to me from Wyoming that grayling was to be found in a certain stream in that state, but upon investigation, and the receipt of specimens from both localities, they proved to be, as I suspected, mountain whitefish. If the grayling existed naturally in any waters of Colorado, it certainly would have been discovered by field collectors of the U. S. Fish Commission many years ago, when the streams of that state were thoroughly explored. If there are any grayling in those states they are, without doubt, the progeny of eggs shipped from Bozeman Station, as many thousands were supplied to Federal and state hatcheries in both states.

The mountain whitefish is usually of the same size, general conformation and silvery appear-

ance as the grayling, and when the fins are depressed they might be mistaken, one for the other, by an ordinary observer. That the grayling is a cross between the whitefish and red-throat trout is absurd. Hybrids do not occur in nature. The fish culturist can produce hybrids between closely-related species, but it is of no practical advantage, for being mules, it is doubtful if they could reproduce their kind.

The picture of the Montana grayling in the January number of *Forest and Stream* is a fine and faithful portrait of that fish. It is made from the illustration in my book: "Favorite Fish and Fishing." I had a photo-engraving made from the oil painting, from life, by A. D. Turner. The painting was one of a series forming a portfolio accompanying Dr. Frank M. Johnson's superb volumes: "Forest, Lake and River." This explanation and acknowledgment are due to that gentleman.

GRAYLING STILL EXIST IN MICHIGAN.

Readers of *Forest and Stream* no doubt recall with pleasure the able article by Mr. W. B. Mershon on the grayling, published in the February number. This article attracted the attention of Seymour Bower, Superintendent of the Michigan Fish Commission, and that gentleman addressed to Mr. Mershon an interesting letter, which *Forest and Stream* is permitted to publish. Mr. Mershon, in forwarding the letter, writes: "I have stricken out the name of the river and county, as we don't want to advertise this one little stream in which there is a small remnant of the grand old Michigan grayling remaining."

Mr. Bower's letter follows:

Detroit, February 16, 1916.

Hon. W. B. Mershon,
Saginaw, Mich.

Dear Mr. Mershon:

I have read your grayling article in *Forest*

and *Stream* and heartily agree with your conclusions as to the main causes of the disappearance of the grayling. I believe that the most important factor in their destruction was the logging operations and all that that implies, during the spawning season. Next in importance, perhaps, is the introduction of trout, though it is rather a curious fact that in Montana trout and grayling are found in the same waters and the same is true of the river, where the grayling is making its last stand in this state. The fact that a school of grayling, when good and hungry, may literally be cleaned out by a fish hog, is also a factor of some importance. Then, in the early days, there were no protective laws and they were caught indiscriminately and by the wholesale for the market. I was on both the Au Sable and Manistee Rivers in 1883 with "old man" Babbitt. He told me at that time that it was a shame the way grayling were being caught for the Chicago and Detroit markets.

There is no doubt about the Michigan and Montana grayling being distinct species, though belonging to the same genus and family. These two species, with the Arctic grayling, comprise the three species of the family *Thymallidae*. Judging from the pictures, the Arctic grayling is king of them all, having a larger and more magnificent dorsal than either of the others. Henshall states that he has seen a two pound grayling in Montana, but I never heard of one of that weight in Michigan. I distinctly recall a remark made by Babbitt in '83, when an eighteen inch grayling estimated to weigh about a pound and three-quarters was taken by one of our party. He said "of all the thousands and thousands of grayling I have seen, there may have been a few as large as this one, but I never saw a larger one."

By the way, we expect to have a few Montana grayling for the exhibit next week, from eight to eleven or twelve inches in length. These are from a few that were raised in a spring pond at Northville. A limited number of fry were dumped into this pond about three years ago and no attention paid to them. I do not know just how many pulled through to their present size, but I think somewhere from fifty to one hundred, growing entirely on natural food.

Very truly yours, SEYMOUR BOWER, Supt.

Landing Record Shark at Cedar Keys

What Can a Fish Do? What Sort of a Fish Does it Take to Pull as Hard as Six Men? Read and See

By W. T. McCawn.

IN my article appearing in *Forest and Stream* some time ago entitled, "The Game Hog at the Gulf," I related some experiences with the smaller fishes of that noble fishing territory, in which small hooks and light equipment tested your skill, as an accomplished angler. I also promised to write you of my experiences with a man-eater. We were eight miles out in the Gulf from Cedar Keys and enjoying it as only land lubbers can, when an immense shark appeared and encircled our boat. "If I had the proper tackle, I would like to try conclusions with you," said the writer. "If you wish to fish for shark," said McKinstry, my host (than whom I have never had a better), "you may do so to-night, from the wharf at the Keys. At the fish packing plant, the fish are packed at night, the refuse being thrown into the water and consequently the sharks come in every night to feed. About 10 P. M. most every fish in the bay 'folds his tent and silently steals away' until next morning, for the sharks are voracious and omniverous. There is only one shark hook on the island, and it is home made, we will get that." On our return this was found, and looked ample for any emergency; a wrought iron hook about as large as one's little finger, with a barb of an inch in length; this hook was fastened to a three-foot trace chain which had a swivel at each end to keep the chain from knotting and to this was attached five hundred feet of three-quarter-inch rope. Yes! it looked ample for any emergency. To bait this hook, I took a mullet fish of two lbs. and hooking him through the body grasped the rope about eight feet back and circling it around my head as a Texas ranchman would do a lasso, let fly



—Sea-Horse (*Hippocampus Zosteræ*). Female. (After Jordan and Evermann.)



—Sea-Horse (*Hippocampus Zosteræ*). Female. (After Jordan and Evermann.)

at the opportune time and made a cast of forty feet. The water was twenty-six feet deep. I fished for half an hour when the bait was taken as gently as a sea bass could have done it, and making a short run of ten feet or more the hook was cast free. I took in my line and rebaited. In about ten minutes the hook was gently seized again, and the same performance gone through with as before. I knew as well as if I had seen just what was taking place. The shark would seize the bait and with his tongue push out the hook retaining the fish. Still my fish packing friends said the proper way was to let him hang himself. I knew that I could not have caught a trout with an old hook in this manner and after the fourth bait had been taken I decided to act on my own initiative. "The next time he gets it and starts away I am going to set the hook in his jaw," said I. In a few moments the line began to move slowly way. I waited until he made his first run, and then struck hard—harder than I ever did in all my life, and my first big shark was hooked. As the barb sank home, I was almost jerked into the water by the impetuous rush of the big fish. I had tied the end of my rope around a piling and coiled it directly in front, so that I might not become entangled in it and do the "high dive" as did a gentleman who fished at this place a short time before. When his fish was hooked, he became entangled in the rope and was taken in and under and was picked up by one of the fish packing crew after an experience he will never forget. He was full of sea water and also full of fear that the shark would return to the home plate and take a bait that had not been prepared for him. As I saw coil after coil of this rope disappear, I was glad indeed that I was not entangled in it, for I had no desire to be telegraphed out to sea.

The midnight hour was on—there was no moon and yet the path of that fish could be distinctly traced. As the rope cut through the water, the micro-organisms therein made the water luminous. It was a spectacular display. The waters parted before that rope in literal streams of liquid fire, revealing a spectacle as novel to us as it was beautiful, and when the end of that rope was reached, and the momentum of the fish brought him to the surface, the harbor appeared a lake of fire.

Never have I seen anything more beautiful, and that fish stood out in bold relief as he was outlined in that molten sea.

For a full half hour he lighted up the harbor for us. He was never still. One minute he was out as far as the line would let him go, and then would rush in, and finding little resistance there, would seek the end of his tether again. He would curve and criss-cross, go to the bottom and then on the surface again until one could understand why two swivels were made in the chain and wondered if a third could not be used to advantage.

Then he took the sulks.

"And nought disturbs the silence of the night
All sleeps in sullen shade or silver glow."

I grasped the line, took in the slack and securing a good hold threw my 200 avoirdupois against it with all my might. He did not move. I then braced myself behind a piling and tried to break a blood vessel, all to no purpose. I glanced around and my friends were laughing at me. The second man was called in. Same result. Then the third, the fourth, and the fifth. Would he never be moved? We had one more man. Could the six pull him in? A twelve pound eagle can lift forty-five pounds and fly away with it. What can a fish do? What size

fish would it take to pull as much as six men? After several attempts we got him started and took in two-thirds of the rope when he decided to go to sea. We didn't like the trip, so we turned loose rather than be pulled into the water. Then finding a crack between two planks, we placed the rope therein and pulled him in a few feet at a time. When he would make a desperate surge we would stand across the plank holding steady until it was over and thus by degrees, he was brought to the wharf fourteen feet below us. "Slide down the piling, Mr. Mc. and put the block and tackle hook in his mouth so he can be hoisted," said my friend Brice. I remembered a gentleman who only a year before had lost his leg at one stroke from a five foot shark. Not for me. One of the others volunteered to go down and place the hook if we would agree to hold the rope cross-wise of the plank. After a few minutes the hook was placed and the man-eater was hoisted to the wharf by block and tackle. The block and tackle support was only eight feet from the floor, and for that reason, Mr. Shark had a "sitting" to the photographer in the swinging position you see in the picture. He measured 8 1-3 feet and weighed 400 pounds. And such a mouth! Serrated teeth—three rows of them, long, sharp, and triangular. Little wonder he is called the "Tiger of the Sea." He has death dealing instruments and the nerve to use them.

As I glance at his picture above my desk, I can feel again the soft southern breeze, again I can hear the rush and the roar of the outgoing tide and see the phosphorescent glow that lit up the harbor as that giant athlete made his struggle for liberty.

Shall I ever cease to enjoy it? If so, it can not be said to me, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Look at him on next page.



The Block and Tackle Support Was Only Eight Feet From the Floor, and for That Reason Mr. Shark Had a "Sitting" to the Photographer.

Why The Name "Educated" Trout?

It Is Time That We Did Away With This Expression, and Bend Our Energies to Posting the Young and Enthusiastic Angler

By Charles Zibeon Southard.

EVERY now and then we hear and read a good deal about "educated" trout and it is usually from anglers who do most, if not all, of their fly-fishing on certain New York and Pennsylvania streams; and naturally enough the reader is led to believe that such wonderful trout are only to be found in these waters. One would suppose from what is said that these trout were a distinct species and consequently entirely different from all other trout found elsewhere.

The anglers who talk and write about "educated" trout also are quite prone to say that fly-fishing in Maine and Canadian waters is "wilderness" fishing and rather assume that all the skill and science of the sport belongs to the former fishermen and none of it to other anglers.

I must confess that I have never seen a so-called "educated" trout in any water, yet I have had the good fortune to fish many waters quite a bit for many years. Therefore, I am unable

to understand just why some trout should be so called or upon what method of reasoning or facts such a term could be properly applied to any trout, no matter where they were found.

The conditions which govern the streams where "educated" and "wilderness" trout are caught are indeed often very different from each other, but the trout of one species (in this case the *Salvelinus fontinalis*), are always the same by nature in all the streams.

It is quite true that trout environment differs in many respects in the more southerly waters from that found in the more northerly ones, yet the nature of the species remains unchanged wherever it is known. The "educated" and the "wilderness" or "uneducated" trout are one and the same kind of fish; and just because some trout are found in shallow, clear and placid streams, without foliage to amount to anything along their banks, and other trout inhabit more rugged, deeper and less clear streams, it will

not do to say that one trout is a high school graduate and the other a primary school scholar.

Again, simply because it is more difficult to catch trout on some waters than it is on others, does not warrant the giving to one lot of trout, on that account, credit for having a greater intelligence. Plant the so-called "wilderness" trout in the streams or waters of civilization, such as are found in New York and Pennsylvania, and they immediately become in all respects like their brothers and sisters that are indigenous to these waters. Reverse the order and the results are precisely the same. If to-day a trout stream is changed in character from what it was thirty to forty years ago that is no valid reason for calling its present trout-inhabitants "educated." After all is said, the so-called "educated" trout is only a different trout in name, not fact; it is found in streams that have been fished for years and which have changed in many respects as the years have rolled by, until at the present time they do not offer to the trout the protection which they did in former years. It is not the trout that are "educated" but rather the anglers, who have learned by experience how to fish the streams of civilization in contradistinction to the streams of the so-called "wilderness."

By nature each species of trout has its own peculiar characteristics, which in a large measure are fixed and can be changed but little; their habits, however, do change constantly with their environment; still it would hardly be correct, to my mind, to call one trout "educated" and another not, on that account.

All trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), and this means indigenous as well as planted fish, are easily frightened; in fact the emotion *fear* is the predominant emotion peculiar to trout; therefore, the angler must consider well how *not* to frighten them before he casts a fly and this holds good on old as well as new waters if he would attain the greatest success and enjoyment while fishing. Trout experience the emotion *fear* in four forms which are *timidity*, *alerness*, *wari-ness* and *mistrust*; these forms in their turn produce feelings of *fearfulness*, *watchfulness*, *cautiousness* and *suspiciousness*. All forms of fear in trout are most forcibly brought into action by shadows and moving objects above the surface of the water than in any other way. The reason for this is that they are beyond the limits of the trout's domain, consequently, some form of fear is established in the brain of the trout through the medium of the sense *sight* whenever such unusual occurrences take place. On the other hand objects in the water, such as other fish, animals, such as beavers and muskrats, limbs and trunks of trees, boulders, hassocks, etc., have little or no effect upon trout and seldom create a feeling of fear in them. This is because these things form a part of their habitat and environment and are within their natural realm.

It follows then as a sequence that trout inhabiting streams where the water is shallow, clear and placid with their banks devoid of trees and shrubbery, will be necessarily the most difficult to catch because they are easily frightened by shadows and moving objects. As these adverse stream conditions change and become more favorable to the angler they also become less favorable to the trout, so far as arousing their emotion of fear is concerned. Trout like shade such

as is found on thickly wooded brooks and streams and they always will seek for it; the greater this protection the less liable are they to become frightened because they cannot so readily observe either shadows or moving objects; and especially the careful angler.

In trout life it is the unusual, the out of the ordinary happenings, which disturb their otherwise peaceful existence; not because they have become "educated" and have a more highly developed brain, for in the order of things it was decreed that trout should act from *instinct*, not reason.

Would it not seem then as if the term "educated" as applied to trout found in special waters was "far fetched," very misleading, if not meaningless, especially to the beginner at the game of fly-fishing?

It is the conditions, and yet again the conditions, found upon our trouting waters that every angler, be he expert or tyro, has to contend with and try to understand (at least to some extent), in order to fish them successfully.

All streams have their own peculiarities and no two streams are exactly alike, for Nature in her wisdom never duplicates her wonders. The angler who would be successful cannot fish all trout waters in the same way; and it makes no difference by what name the trout are called for he has to adapt his manner and method of fishing to the circumstances and conditions as he finds them. He would not fish to-day that old and justly noted stream, the Beaverkill in New York State, as his father and grandfather did many years ago; nor would he fish any lake as he would a stream.

Part of the science of angling for trout with a fly, irrespective of where they are found, consists in the angler's ability to use not his common sense but his *uncommon sense* in conjunction with his "fish sense."

It is time we did away with this expression "educated" trout as meaning nothing and bend our energies to helping the young and enthusiastic angler to become a better fly-fisherman by impressing upon him that conditions, so far as the trout are concerned, govern in the first instance; and his ability to fish and handle his rod properly to meet these conditions, in the second instance.

Just a word or two along these lines—four of the principal things to be considered by the beginner especially which are never overlooked by the experienced and successful angler when fly-fishing for trout are:

First: Cast as few shadows upon the water you are about to fish as possible.

Second: Cast the fly beyond any possible shadow you may make yourself or with the rod.

Third: Judge the best places to fish by the brightness of the day, the character of the water and stream, likewise the kind and direction of the wind.

Fourth: Keep your eye upon the fly and do not fish too rapidly and above all have patience.

If these suggestions are observed by the novice he will not fail to improve as a fly-fisherman and his efforts will meet with far greater success, while his interest in the scientific and delightful pastime will be measurably increased each succeeding day he tries to lure the "speckled beauty" with his artificial fly.



Any Village Boy or the Town Loafer Can Tell You Where They Are and When They Are Biting.

Good Old Doctor Bullhead

He Can Cure You Cheaply and Economically—To Delay is Dangerous—
Try Him Today

By Carl Schurz Shafer.

FOR years I have been afflicted with a peculiar spring complaint which shows up just as regularly as my hay fever. It usually manifests itself about the time the apple trees are bursting into blossom and the home folks are down to the dregs of their spring tonics.

When I suffered the first attack I tried one of these time honored concoctions of burdock root, black cherry bark and old cider, without result. Instead of effecting an immediate cure I grew steadily worse until my wife, becoming alarmed, insisted that I should go on a diet of health foods, warranted to restore childhood's ruddiness to my cheeks and the vigor of youth to my step, but, I failed to improve. The malady progressed until I could no longer enter the figure six in the office ledger without its reminding me of a sprout hook. Realizing that my case was desperate I consulted Good Old Doctor Bullhead with such wonderful results that my wife has never ceased to express her gratitude. Thanks to Good Old Doctor Bullhead I no longer dread these spring attacks.

When a man reaches the eminence of a bald head, pays income tax and can afford a month's vacation, he seldom thinks of bullheads, except as members of the opposite party elected to office by the plain people to enact reform laws with which he is entirely out of sympathy.

Whenever he has an attack of this peculiar summer complaint he buys himself a quarter of a mile of railroad transportation, and packs up a fifty dollar split bamboo fly rod with a forty dollar reel and a pig skin fly book containing an assortment of flies costing enough to send a poor man's daughter through college. For his

personal comfort he takes along a half length rubber combination suit for his lower extremities and a long list of incidentals, including a change of silk socks, also a willow basket with a square hole mortised in the top which nobody to date has discovered a use for, except to plug with grass to keep out the flies. Being a man of wealth he includes a sportsman's tailored suit of the latest vogue with a pocket of sufficient width and depth to hold a large silver-mouthed bottle of thirty year old High Rocky Rose Water. When his packing is complete he tears off the tinfoil from a real Havana, climbs into his limousine and goes salmon fishing.

This is as it should be. The salmon is an aristocratic fish which summers in exclusive resorts where none but plutocrats and Indians can reach him. He is a fine flavored creature of Paul Nyron hue, bearing a John L. reputation. The only salmon the poor man eats his wife catches around the corner with a two bit piece and lands with a can opener.

The flesh of the bullhead may not be as delicately flavored as that of the salmon but it fills the stomach and makes a mighty agreeable change of diet. Nor is he a Beau Brummel in appearance. He is a low-browed, weasel-eyed individual who gracefully wears a Chinese Mandarin moustache, otherwise he looks like a slimy cross between a torpedo and a Conger eel.

The bullhead is a home-loving fellow. He never takes it into his head that he needs a change of environment and goes on a prolonged sea cruise like the salmon. While he has a decided preference for weedy ponds and rivers without currents as a place of residence, he has no real objection to any old sort of lake or

swamp, so long as it has a muddy bottom and is not largely composed of sodium chloride solution.

He is also democratic in all his instincts. He never looks at the clothes of the man who throws in the bait. It makes little difference to him whether the angler is correctly dressed according to the dictates of fashion or looks like—oh, you know what! He takes what is offered to him and submits to the inevitable with the cheerfulness of a born optimist. That is, he accepts everything that is offered to him with certain restrictions. He could hardly be expected to indulge in such lobster palace dainties as prunes and Scotch woodcock.

He has a decided preference for large, fat angle worms, sometimes called night walkers, and he does not give a hoot whether they are served table d'hôte or a la carte. If they are not to be obtained he will just as cheerfully accept porterhouse steak, turkey breast, sturgeon roe or raw liver. Furthermore he is a creature of wisdom. He persistently refuses to accept as food false flies, imitation bugs, or any atrocity of the tackle maker's art, unless on the verge of starvation.

Because of his democratic nature it does not require a lot of expensive tackle to induce the bullhead to bite. A small hook, a few feet of cotton cord, and a fourteen foot iron wood pole cut from the nearest clump of timber will answer every practical purpose, and will land just as many bullheads as a silver mounted split bamboo, six ounce rod, with a tapering casting line.

Some fish are dainty epicureans by nature. They nibble their food like a pretty debutante enjoying Harold's first box of chocolate bon bons, but the bullhead is plebian and crude in matters of etiquette, observing no conventional decorum. When he spies a bit of red worm on the muddy horizon he rushes over and gives it a preliminary sniff to assure himself that it is the pure quill, then bolts it like a dyspeptic eating custard pie in a dairy lunch. You can always tell when it is down by the way your dobber disappears or by the vigor of the thump that is telegraphed up your line and down your pole. Either one is the signal for instant action. With a quick upward heave you unceremoniously land your bullhead kerwhock! on the bank where he lies grinding his jaws madly together waiting an opportunity to do you bodily harm. And he is entirely capable of doing it. Being possessed of two barbels, each as sharp as a surgeon's lance, the instant you touch him he will endeavor to squirm around until he drives one deep into your hand. While exceedingly painful such wounds are not considered dangerous. They seldom de-

velop into anything more serious than blood poison.

Early in the spring bullheads are found in weedy shallows near the shore, where they scoop out a little nest in the mud and raise a large family of bullheadies caring for them with the devotion of an old hen.

During the breeding season they are a bullying, blood-thirsty set of buccaneers with ever a pike pole set and ready to do furious battle with any inquisitive visitor. As soon as their offspring gain sufficient ruggedness to shift for themselves they return to their haunts on the mud flats of deep water where they are quickest found by asking the small boy or village "rummie." They both know.

As an object for legislative consideration the bullhead has been sadly neglected. There is neither special privilege nor special interest behind him to plead his cause, so you never hear legislative halls ringing with thunderous demands for his protection. However, being remarkably prolific, he has managed to struggle along without legislative assistance, to the vast pleasure of small boys and grown-ups who love a fat bullhead for breakfast.

Although there is no legal open and closed season the bullhead has provided one for himself that is far more effective. When he is not biting, he is not biting, and that's all there is to it. For definite information consult aforesaid small boy or village "rummie."

Throughout the day the bullhead loves to lie on the mud and think. Very often he will remain perfectly quiet for an hour contemplating a worm before it seems to occur to him that it was put there for him to eat, which affords the angler plenty of opportunity for reflection. Just about the time mother commences to cut up the hashed browns for supper he begins to display active symptoms of acute hunger, particularly if it chances to be a dark, dismal, rainy afternoon.

Anglers who fish for the whimsical trout, the leaping tuna, king salmon or the fighting bass are prone to look upon bullhead fishing as an old man's diversion, barren of pleasure and the height of dead monotony. We will concede them the privilege of thinking what they please so long as they don't attempt to compare the bullhead favorably with the carp as an article of diet for white men or a source of recreation for anglers.

There is more than a little right down good sport catching bullheads even though some people can't see it—that is if you don't go at it

bullheaded. Now suppose that you are a pessimist and there comes a day when the sun refuses to shine and everything looks as black to you as the Republican vote in the cotton belt. You feel the necessity of doing something to cheer yourself up, like going fishing for instance. Take down your pack basket and put into it a little pepper and salt, tea, bread, butter, a few potatoes and a slice of steak, together with your cooking utensils and fishing gear and blankets. Dig a can of worms and go fishing after lunch prepared to make a night of it.

When you reach the place where you intend to fish, knock off a few panels of pasture fence and construct a lean-to in which to sleep. It is easier than to build it of browse. Besides the farmer will appreciate your thoughtfulness in not destroying his growing timber, and will welcome you with open arms the next time you come, for the gap in the fence will enable his cows to get into his neighbor's corn and save him a lot of pasturage. When your shelter is completed build a roaring fire between it and the shore so that it will cast a strong reflection over the water, then drive a couple of crotched sticks in the mud to rest your poles on and you are ready to fish.

The bullheads will probably display few, if any, symptoms of hunger until you have commenced to broil your steak, then your float will dance up and down as fast as you can attend to it until you have eaten and can give your undivided attention to your fishing, when you will seldom have more than a reasonable number of bites an hour unless the mosquito season is at its height.

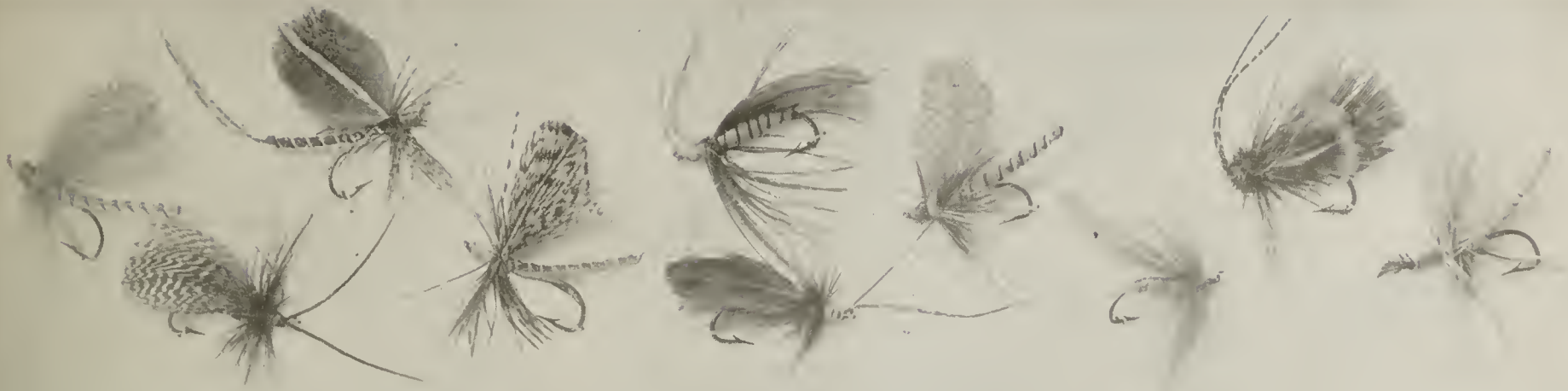
As soon as you have caught half a bran sack full stop. This number will add just the proper amount of weight to your pack basket to make the straps fit snugly all the way home. However, your sport is not complete until your fish are cleaned and stored away in the ice box ready for cooking.

It is no trouble at all for a woman to clean a shad or similar scale fish. She can take a curry comb and the butcher knife and have them ready for the pan in no time, but owing to the fact that nature saw fit to cover them with a hide as tough as a well seasoned fiddle string cleaning a bullhead is a man's job. There are only two ways to remove it. The least preferable and easiest is to parboil the fish just enough to loosen the skin, incidentally spoiling its flavor; the other way is to pull it off by main strength and perseverance. These are the methods usually employed although absolutely the best way is to hire a devoutly religious old colored man to do it for you.

I have no hesitancy to recommend Good Old Doctor Bullhead to suffering humanity. He has done wonders for me. I consulted him last summer and in three hours I felt like a new man. If you happen to be suffering from lack of recreation, are pessimistic, accompanied by a pronounced tendency to be exceedingly peevish or grouchy, or have liver trouble, sour stomach, neurasthenia, lack of appetite, tired feeling just previous to going to bed, headache, nervous exhaustion, twitching of the eyes or legs, sleeplessness in the morning with periods of moodiness during the day, your health is threatened and you should consult him at once. He can cure you cheaply and economically. To delay is dangerous. Try him to-day.



I Consulted Him, and in Three Hours I Felt Like a New Man.



The Flies Shown Here Are a Selection of the Best to Be Used During the Month of May—Which to Fish Wet and Which Dry Is Told in the Article.

Dry, Wet, or Nature Fly—Which Shall we Offer?

This Author Holds That the Most Alluring is That Which Most Truly Copies the Insect Visible to the Feeding Fish

By Louis Rhead.

“HAIL, smiling May! Queen of the year, robed in bright emerald, spangled with garlands of blossoms and flowers. She chants her joys in wide-spread melody! and charms the light heart of the angler. Myriads of flies flock the air: the prynant waters teem with life; and the tyrant trout, night and day, revels and fattens in carnage.”

So wrote that fine old British angler, Michael Theakston, nearly one hundred years ago, and we anglers of to-day in America likewise salute the happy month to once more cast our flies to tempt the speckled beauty as best we may in the highest and most sportsmanlike method. The whirligig of time has wrought great changes in trout fishing this last few years. Twelve years ago I was sure I could kill more trout with a little kicking brantling worm on a very small No. 12 hook attached to a long nine foot tapered gut than I could on the best favorite commercial fly. Just then anglers were discarding our gaudy large size domestic patterns for the tiny imported gnats, duns and spinners of somber hue. Afterwards came with a mighty rush a call for the British dry-fly (only used with any marked success on a few placid, deep streams in the South of England.

The craze grew to extraordinary proportions! Our tackle dealers were sold out in a jiffy. Expert and tyro vied with each other in talking, talking dry-fly in the city, while on the stream they fished wet-fly, because the rapid, rippling waters drowned them.

The wise and witty Henry Van Dyke puts the thing in a nutshell when he says:

“The natural fly is dry, no doubt,
While through the air he flits about,
But, lighting on the streams you bet
He very often gets quite wet.”

A ludicrous climax came to settle the matter for all time by a rather sporty monthly that claimed they alone introduced to America this high-art angling method, which had come to

stay, as the end of all effort. However, to get back to the realms of common sense, we quote Van Dyke again, who says:

“The honest angler should not be
A man of rigid theory,
But use the most alluring fly,
And sometimes wet, and sometimes dry.”

No matter what the so-called expert says, or what the Britisher does, the sensible angler is well assured the most alluring fly to capture trout, big or little, is to use a fly copied, or (as near as possible) like, the insect upon which trout are then feeding; also that the angler presents such a fly precisely in the manner that the natural insect is being taken by the trout. It matters not if the flat-winged dun floats along submerged, or that the cock-wing drake floats along at the surface, one or the other, perhaps both, may be the “alluring fly.”

But you cannot fish both wet and dry at the same time; it must be one or the other. In addition to that, much depends upon the water's surface, for rapid, tumbling water drowns your floater, as well as hides it from the trout. Wet flies underneath choppy water are more easily observed by the fish—the same is true of a dry fly floating on placid surface.

An interesting incident occurred (among many similar) during my last season's fishing with “nature flies” that gave ample proof of what was the most alluring fly. I was fishing down stream with a single fly (brown drake, then on the wing in great numbers). Another angler coming up stream was fishing dry fly. We both arrived about the same time at a good pool. For a while I watched the stranger who cast his fly very well indeed, but mostly in quiet water. A swift runaway pushed itself along the middle of the pool where I observed trout to rise at intervals and paid attention to that particular spot, while my rival continued to cast aside from the rapid flow. I hooked a twelve-inch native, then

three more somewhat smaller and proceeded down stream.

The stranger hailed me: “What fly did you use to get them?”

“An exact copy of the insect you may see now on the wing,” I replied. He used imported dry flies without regard to what was then on the wing.

Another occasion I took along a companion, a good fly caster, though strange to the waters we fished. This time we fished up stream, both using the same set of “nature” flies. Early last June the river was both wide and full. Insects on the wing were both plentiful and varied, though not more than six per cent. floated alive along the surface. Trout were not rising; they were visibly feeding on the imperfect fly as it came up wriggling from the pupa state on the bottom. I worked three floating duns under water, hooking fish after fish, yet my companion's surface flies had no result. Being a man of “rigid theory” he kept at the surface, till arriving at a deep pool where fish were actually leaping at the surface insects, his time began, and I quickly changed my method to his.

It would serve no good purpose to give other instances to prove further that the most alluring fly is that which is truly a nature lure in every sense, viz.: a true copy of insects visible to the fish and offered to it in the most natural manner. If the discerning angler will please take note of the “nature flies” here shown for the first time, made and tied exactly from my drawings of living insects by Wm. Mills & Sons, New York, he will observe a very decided difference in the duns, drakes and spinners. I will also call his attention and make comparisons with existing American commercial patterns to find them entirely different and less natural in every respect. To go still further, and invite all thoughtful American anglers who have the opportunity to examine the “hundred best patterns” in Halford's “Dry Fly Entomology,” to there specially note his artificial imitations of the



Patterns for May and June—Their Description Will Be Found on This Page.

green drake and brown drake, of which No. 1 and No. 2, picture the same species in my nature flies at the head of this article.

I painted the English green drake, known as May fly, from a living specimen while fishing the River Test, three seasons ago; also a brown drake, known as March brown, on the River Dove, for the purpose of testing, and found a great difference between the American and British insects mentioned. Unfortunately Halford's artificial representations are inferior in every respect to the beautiful specimens in Ronald's book, due, I think to very poor artistic work; though hand colored, they are particularly bad and coarse insect representations. Aside from that, many of the artificials stated to be imitations of natural insects are unlike in form and color.

The superb entomological engravings I can tell as the work of French artists, and possibly may be reproduced from a French book on entomology. I mention this because a small circle of American followers of the great British dry fly

prophet may have been led astray into wrong paths, by a study of British insects, that differ to a wide degree from American insects, and of course British artificial flies.

Every prophet is in time succeeded by another, just as now, a new school with new ideas directly opposite has arisen in England to follow a path from "rigid theory" back to nature—in other words, to entice trout by an artificial lure so natural that it does not detect such from its usual food. Yet all the same I own to a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Halford's intimate knowledge and far reaching studies as laid down in his various books, all of which I have carefully consulted for many years with great profit.

The drake family, large or small in size, dark or light in color, have one uniform appearance, with wings and tails cocked high, and the wings are always closed together when in repose at the surface. All the drakes, big or little, always float at the surface exactly alike, unless dead, when they float with wings lying flat on the surface, and such an attitude accounts for the

dry fly anglers uncocked fly being sometimes taken by trout.

The dun family, whose wings lie flat over and sloping down below the body are not usually floaters. Some can and do alight on the surface repeatedly, rising and dropping without difficulty. The greater part, however, when once they happen to get wet, flutter awhile and drown, mostly to be taken under by the action of the water's flow when they are consumed by the fish. This certainly accounts for the reason why a cast of wet flies so often lure trout to take them.

Another important element in fish diet is the vast number of undeveloped wingless flies constantly wiggling their way up to the surface to soon fly as perfect insects, if not consumed by fish.

The flies shown at the head of this chapter are a selection of the best flies to be used during the month of May. The original insect pictures from which they have been copied will be printed in colors in my "Trout Stream Insect" book, to be published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The names of these flies are No. 1 Green drake, No. 2 Brown drake, No. 4 Mottled drake, No. 8 Gray drake. These four have all upright wings, cocked tails having two or more tail wisks. All are drakes that habitually float on the surface, and should be fished as floating flies, with wings cocked upright on the water, if possible.

No. 5, Cinnamon; No. 6, Sandy; No. 10, Yellow Sally; No. 11, Flathead; No. 12, Alder, are all duns with wings flat and sloping down over rather fat bodies. The wisks are at the head instead of tail on Nos. 6, 11, and 12. On Nos. 5 and 10 there are wisks on both head and tail. Those duns having wisks on head and tail can float; those duns with no tail wisks cannot float and should be fished wet. The other duns can be fished either way, wet or dry. The same rule does not apply to other monthly list of flies, as they vary, sometimes just the opposite.

No. 17, the golden spinner, with airy wings and a profusion of hackle, is one of a few spinners that readily flat, and is an excellent fly for afternoons and evenings.

After the foregoing undeniable truths concerning the most alluring fly, I can modestly claim the many statements made by various writers that certain flies they mentioned are the best killers of trout are not only misleading, but without sound basis. When trout are not visibly feeding, they are taking the undeveloped fly in midwater or creepers at the bottom. They are never gorged, or what is called "off-feed." True it is, they are seen, at times, lying still—but the reason for that is, no food is within their vision. Let a minnow or fly cross their path—they go for it quick!

The case is different with bass, whose erratic refusal of any and all kinds of bait or lures is well-known to be frequent, and no expert has been able to explain why. This I hope by careful study to find a reason for later on. The successful tests so far made with my "Nature Flies," have not been tried on miserable liver-fed, captive trout in private preserves, for which I have many opportunities, that are no more active than hogs in a pen; but upon wild, voracious river

(Continued on page 921.)

To Camps of Proved Desire and Known Delight

The Great Outdoors is Beckoning Once Again—This Broad Land Offers an Infinite Choice to the Vacationist Of any Purse and Purpose

By A. S. Harlan.

THE military spirit—set free by the warring nations of Europe—now pervades (or parades the breasts of many of our young men, and finds expression in their desire to improve their physical bodies. Only “able-bodied men”—men of the red corpuscle—are wanted for the world’s work.

The re-awakening of respect for the ancient right of self-defense will have much to do toward directing the “feet of the young men,” during the coming vacation season, to places that will answer the call of the spirit and will afford requisite conditions for the strengthening of mental and physical fibre. They will want to go where they may enter fully into the outdoor contest, where, in their own words, they may inflate the chest and shake a limb without endangering the bric-a-brac or bowling a fellow pedestrian off the sidewalk.

It is certain that the right places exist in excellent numbers. From Maine to California and from the mountains of North Carolina to the hinterlands of Canada, the earth calls him to the open road, to wide fields, and to silent forests where flashing pool and torrential waters provide a play for the quickening of brain and muscle.

Not to be an outdoor enthusiast in one form or another, to-day, is to suffer from inertia of a fatal character. It may be that simplest of outdoor pleasures—walking, with field glass or camera; motoring, canoe sailing, or mountain climbing; or simply letting one’s heart yield to the spell of natural environment. Magical distances, the w-h-i-r-r of a wing, and the joy of telling the time of night by the stars are etudes in the recreative plan.

In so vast a region it is the wealth and diversity of climate and scenery that perplexes us. But the young man who is sincere in his desire to conquer some portion of America this summer may find an appeal in the suggestions that follow. May they help him to blaze a trail to the

sources of health and bodily vigor. The woods are full of both public and private camps designed especially for his uses and entertainment—whether he is an angler, a hunter, or a canoeist, or, like Shelley, just “loves all solitary places.”

Send a call into the Maine wilderness and the answer comes back from a succession of outdoor training camps, extending from the nearer Belgrade Lakes to remote parts of the Rangeleys and the region of the Allagash and the upper St. John Rivers. These camps progress naturally from the one providing “all the comforts of home” to the rough log cabin or the lonely shelter of pine boughs.

“Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning? Who is quick to read the noises of the night? Let him follow with the others, for the young men’s feet are turning To camps of proved desire and known delight!”

A tour *a pied* or by motor through the White



Where Flashing Pool and Torrential Waters Provide a Play for the Quickening Brain and Muscle.

Mountains of New Hampshire will return measure for measure in health and mental refreshment, and this is equally true of the Berkshire Hills.

The Connecticut River Valley makes its appeal to the gentle type of nomad who likes the effect of pleasant surroundings and a bit of fishing by the way. The river is navigable for canoes almost its entire length, three hundred and sixty miles. The Connecticut does not belong to the order of streams that foam and toss with special enmity for duffle bags, but it provides plenty of rough work in the nature of rapids and carries. On the whole the voyage is one of enchantment rather than excitement.

A feasible river cruise from the point of accessibility as well as scenic value, is the voyage down the Delaware. In the spring when the river is flush with the tribute of mountain streams, the usual cruise from Hancock to Trenton is plain sailing,—perhaps a trifle tame for the veteran *voyageur*. But the compensating feature of the trip at that time is the scenery,—on one hand, fields fresh with the colors of pink and young grass; while on the opposite shore the frowning hills put forth a flourish of rhododendron—a glorious paradox. But the thrills that are born of the element of danger await the aftercomers when the river like a spent serpent draws its slow length through the valley. *Then* the treacherous Delaware becomes a real adventure. Sharp rocks spring the glad surprise through stretches of white water, and rifts and rapids call for the best in the one who attempts them. A map indicating locations of flags, rapids, towns, et cetera, en route is obtainable.

Despite the fact that the primeval forest exists in various parts of our country, “the Great North Woods” has one meaning to most minds—the Adirondack Mountains. That this region may be reached by an “over-night” journey

from a large section of the East is only one of the reasons why it has become a fixed purpose in the plans of the summer campaigner. The air is buoyant, the scenery restful, and its intricate lakeland ever a delight. The geographical situation of the Adirondacks emphasizes the fact that Nature intended those who dwell in the cities to spend a part of each year in the woods.

The great National Parks of America and their environs offer perfect conditions and the refreshing abandon of life in the open. Not only because of the bigness of the out-of-doors but because the very atmosphere of the West spells freedom. Once across the 100th meridian the plain becomes an infinitude of purple distance. Suddenly, like a mirage, it ceases and the earth, tiring of its formality, rises to majestic heights. There are twenty-seven mountain peaks in the state of Colorado alone, over 12,000 feet, that are yet unscaled and unnamed.—(WE all the while supposing that the silent hosts of the Undiscovered had retreated off the map.)

Fortunate is the young man who can spend a summer on a Western ranch of which there are excellent ones in the country surrounding the national parks. In the Rocky Mountain states as in California, outdoor life has reached perfection, favored by unusual climatic conditions. While the rugged setting of the former lends itself to the exquisitely invigorating, semi-barbaric existence, summer life in the valleys and on the beaches of California approaches the idyllic. It is the true life *al fresco*.

Permit our imagination to stray over the latest map of Canada and it may seem that the trail has been replaced with long converging lines of steel, but this is true only where new ways of travel were necessary to reach distant points heretofore impossible to any but a favored few. In the vast forest preserves of Algonquin and Temagami and elsewhere, the haunt of otter and bear, the track of the wild red deer, and the hush of solitude remain inviolate. From the sparkling islands of the St. Lawrence to the snowy passes of British Columbia and beyond, Canada presents an immense paradox in which a man may both lose and find himself at the same time. That is why so many go there.

"With their rods and reels and traces
And the starlight in their faces."

A legend exists to the effect that when a canoeist "packs his last supplies," so to speak, his spirit returns to some far Canadian river. Just as the departed hunter will continue to stalk the giant moose in New Brunswick wild and lily bog. Such is the power of habit!

WHERE TO GO.

APRIL opens the spring fishing season in a number of the Northern states—see Game Laws in Brief. Trout fishing begins in Maine as soon as the ice is out, which is generally in late April. The same holds true with the Adirondacks, but early anglers must not expect too much. Ice in the Canadian lakes—that is, in the provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, Ontario, etc.—is apt to linger into May.

The lake trout (Namacush) comes to the surface of the Northern lakes in the spring and is caught occasionally on the fly, but as a rule he must be trolled for.

June is the real fishing month. Then the bass may be taken.



The Quick Eye and the Steady Hand Count for Much, But Do Not Overlook the Dog.

The Colonel at the Traps and Afield

That "Shootin' Groove" Is Worth Waiting a Long Time For—A Little Dissertation for the Amateur

By Virginius.

WHY is it that I can kill as many birds in the field as you can, but you consistently beat me shooting clay birds?" I inquired.

"Well, I reckon trap-shootin' is what you might call a 'state o' mind.' Yes, and it's more than that," answered the Colonel.

"Now, let's see you try to hit ten straight, and we'll find out what's wrong." So I broke five out of the ten for him.

"Hm'm'm," hummed the Colonel, "you missed three 'cause you over-shot them, and the other two were right-quarters. Yo'r head isn't down where it belongs. You must sight the whole length of yo'r barrel 'cause yo're a one-eyed shooter; if you could shoot with both eyes open you wouldn't have so much trouble. Now let me show you how to put a coarse rear sight on that gun. Curve the fingers of yo'r left hand around the barrel on one side and yo'r thumb on the other, leavin' about half an inch between them. That half inch openin' wants to be over the groove between yo'r barrels. There! Now you-all can sight through that just as though it was the rear sight on a rifle."

I tried ten more birds and missed all the right quarter shots. "Why can't I get those right quarters, Colonel?" I asked.

"Well, you don't stand in a reasonable position for 'em; that's why. Face the right with both feet pointin' straight ahead of you; they should be at right angles to the trap with yo'r weight on yo'r left foot, 'cause yo're right handed. Now try a few right quarters standin' that way."

I did so and broke eight out of the ten. I found that when I swung to the right I was di-

rectly facing the birds in that quarter, and they were as easy to break as any other shot.

"How can I ever get around to a left quarter with my feet in this position?" I asked. "I'll have to shift them, won't I?"

"No, sir; try a few left quarters and see if they aren't just as easy and comfortable as ever."

Sure enough; there was no strain at all in swinging to the left.

"Now I notice," began the Colonel, "that you-all swing too stiff; in the first place yo'r left hand is too far out on the barrel, and also you try to use yo'r arms too much. Swing with yo'r body instead of yo'r arms.

"There! See how much easier it is that way to get a nice smooth swing? You don't follow through the way you should either; keep yo'r gun movin' till after you shoot. Yo're a little inclined to jump ahead of yo'r bird and then stop just as you fire. Follow yo'r bird right from the start and overtake it gradually; just as you pass it fire. You won't have to try to figure out leads if you shoot that way."

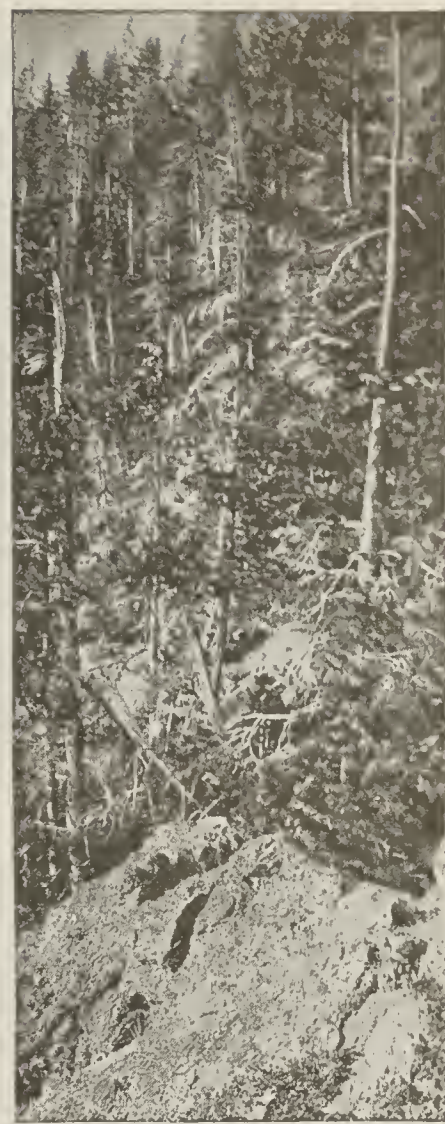
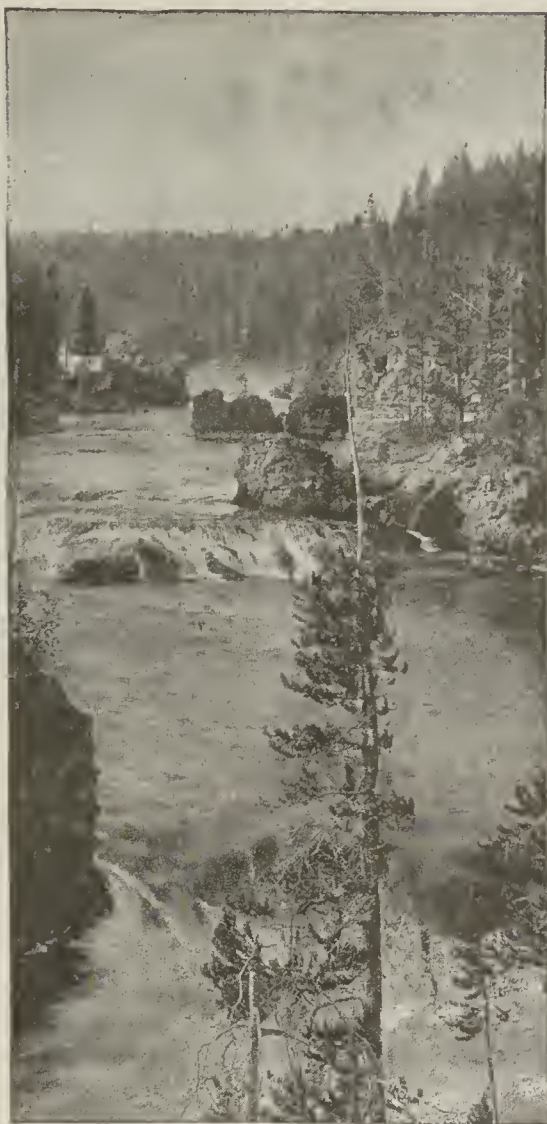
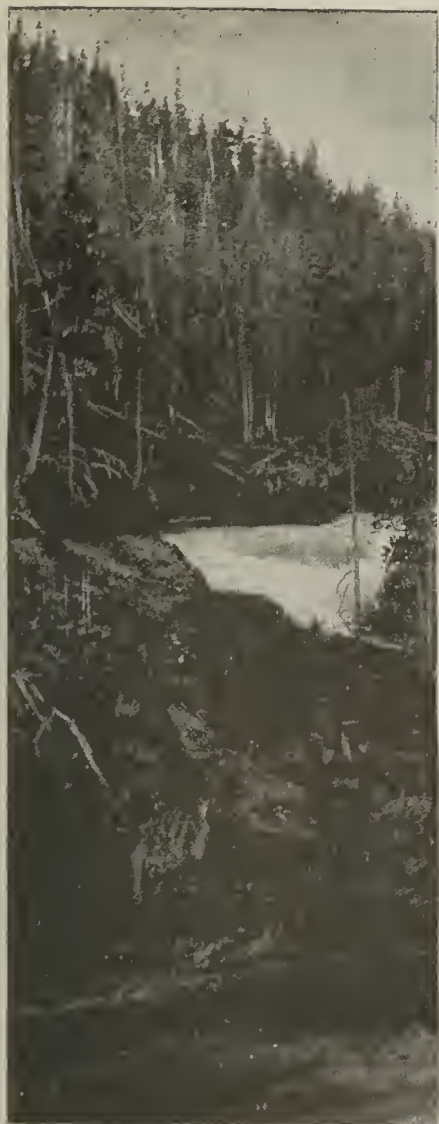
After all this advice I thought I would see how I could handle twenty-five straight. I broke nine targets without a miss, and the tenth, which was a straight-away, fooled me completely. I turned to the Colonel.

"Hm'm. Wait till those straight-aways reach the top of their rise; then they stand still for a second, and that's the time to shoot."

I went on with the twenty-five and missed five in a row.

"Here! You-all gi'mme that gun!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Now you stop shootin' and calm

(Continued on page 922.)



The Metamorphosis of a Greenhorn

In Which the Effects of the New Diet Make Him Reluctant to Return Home, but his Newly Acquired Philosophy Comes to his Aid

(Concluded From March *Forest and Stream*)

By W. H. Bentley.

Chapter III.

THERE were two deer carcasses, two large satchels, several bunches of grouse and a rifle in the canoe, at the side of which Steve waited for Bill one dark, November morning. As he settled himself in the bow and dropped his paddle into the water, he saw the stern of the second canoe containing other carcasses and luggage, Aeneas, and Bert the other guide, just passing out of sight round the first bend of the stream below camp. Their vacation ended, they were "going out."

Though yet mistrustful of the eccentric habits of the frail-ribbed, canvas covered craft that, when skillfully handled exhibits astonishing utility and marvellous carrying capacity, Bill had learned awkwardly to paddle it. With a somewhat noisy stroke he "swirled the placid water at the bow into tiny maelstroms that circled away like paired dancers," while Steve at the stern with vigorous, silent sweeps, neutralizing the unevenness of his efforts, deftly turned Bill's expended energy to account in pushing the canoe steadily onward. As they, in turn, rounded the first bend and settled down to the task of propelling them-

selves and the load down to the saw mill landing, the regretful realization that he was "going out" came fully into Bill's mind, and the expression took on a keener significance than it had ever before had for him.

The morning was chilly, and an overcast sky against which the bare limbs of the overhanging trees appeared in bold silhouette, gave evidence of the persistence of a threatening, northeast wind. Hemmed in by low banks on which leafless alders crowded in jungle-like profusion, the sluggish stream on its distant surface gave back only the reflection of the dull, drab sky, though so clear was the water, that close at hand as the canoe shot along, one could see the black corpses of sunken logs lying like huge, menacing reptiles in their shadowed lair.

As the canoe swung sharply round the second bend, Bill looked for the 'coon tracks that once dotted the shingle there; but the heartless, swollen stream had obliterated every one. At Goddard's hole he hoped to spy the muskrat that lived in the farther bank, whose whiskered features time and again he had vainly tried to catch on an exposed plate, as he moved about his deep-shadowed home; but there was no motion in the dooryard nor sign of living thing. He thought,

perhaps, he might catch sight of the sheldrakes that dabbled among the lily pads at Storehouse cove; but though he scanned the shallow place from bank to bank, there was not a ripple on the surface there.

He would have liked to push the canoe ashore at the end of the low ridge along which he and Steve, one day, had strolled and talked with little thought of gun or game, for but a hundred rods along the tiny trail that, starting from the stream eventually lost itself in the heavy growth farther back, was a shallow water hole; and beneath the fallen leaves and twigs that veneered its slippery bed, lurked danger for the strategist of the woods; the sly, red fox.

"There's a trap in there," said Steve that day, as he halted and pointed his rifle at the water hole. "There ain't much use settin' 'em on dry ground. The pan's jest under that chunk o' moss, there, where a fox is likely to step. Them fellers is mighty careful 'bout pokin' their feet in the water, an' in gittin' over a place like that they always pick out a high place to step on. Now that chunk o' moss looks as if there was a stone under it, an' suit'ble for steppin' on; but the kind o' stone that's under there'll clip a fox's toe nails pretty dumbest clost."



Carrying Canoe.

But the time for rambling through the wood was past. Even as Bill turned his head to scan the bank for a sight of the tiny trail, Steve deftly swung the bow of the canoe sharply across the stream to avoid a protruding log that blocked the course, and Bill was hurried by, wondering whether the strategy of man had overcome the cunning instinct of the beast. Clearly, nature, that day, had no sympathy with his regretful mood, and with hardened heart hid away even the trifling attractions that had delighted and allured him in the weeks gone by. Resigning himself, therefore, to his saddening fate, he grimly plied the paddle with such reckless energy that his Charon at the stern called out:

"Guess you must o' got your second wind. If you keep on a boostin' that way, I'll have to chuck out a drag, or we'll run down the saw mill before we know it. Anxious to get home, be you?"

"No, that isn't it," Bill replied. "I'm merely trying to cut short my misery. I've got the blues."

"How's that?" Steve quickly asked in a concerned manner. "Ain't you satisfied with the time you've had and what you've got to take back with you?"

"I'm too well satisfied in that respect," returned Bill, to which gratifying admission Steve interjected a relieved "Oh." Then, shamed into a realization of his unreasonableness by Steve's solicitous inquiry, he continued:

"There's a story in one of the books I studied when a boy, of a chap that had some wonderful adventures in wandering round countries of which but little was known in his time. In one place at which he landed, he found a lot of people whose heads had been turned from eating a certain plant that grew there, so that they had forgotten where they originally lived; and they were roosting there and continuously eating the stuff instead of packing up their grips and going home to milk the cows and do up the other chores."

"Land! They was in a bad way, I sh'd say," commented Steve. "Wasn't they nothin' they could take—no physic or something like that—to get the dumbed stuff out o' their systems?"

"They didn't want to get it out," Bill explained.

They were satisfied with the state of affairs and didn't want anything different."

"Guess they didn't amount to nothin' then," returned Steve, "an' didn't care if the farm went to blazes an' their wives run off with the hired men. I've seen that kind, an' they didn't eat nothin' to get that way, either."

"Exactly," assented Bill, "and that's about the fix I'm in."

"O, I see," rejoined Steve in a manner and voice that indicated more amusement than sympathy. "I guess you ain't jest that bad off."

"Well, no," Bill admitted; "for there's the buckboard waiting down at the mill to take me out, and there's Bert unloading the carcasses from the other canoe. I guess I'll be able to get home in time to prevent my wife from running off with the hired man. But I wish I were going in rather than going out."

"I Swanny! I wish't you was." Steve declared with honest seriousness. "I like to hear a sport talk that way when he's goin' out. Gol darn it! I'd ruther not take a sport's money than have him go out dissatisfied; but"—chuckling softly—"I ain't had to refuse no money on that account since I been guidin'."

The vagaries of late autumn weather were again exhibited as Steve gently brought the canoe up to the landing stage. A flood of sunshine that set the damp sawdust in the mill yard steaming like a huge cauldron, and lightened the spirits of all, fell from a blue-spotted sky. With renewed animation one and all gave willing assistance in loading the buckboard, that bowed downwardly with an acuteness that alarmed Aeneas and Bill; and presently taking their seats in the vehicle the two friends began the last stage of "going out."

Did you ever "go out"; you under whose notice this commonplace recital of the experiences of a greenhorn, may fall—out of physical surroundings wherein the architectural limitations of the human mind are constantly made plain in contemplation of natural structures reared by a Mind that never erred in design; out of physical conditions that reveal the organization of a system so immense as well as complex, that the human insect can comprehend only the infinitesimal bit of surface on which he crawls; out

of the great, still woods, at the close of a vacation spent in an environment from which inherently is removed every disturbing element incorporated in the imperfect economics of civilized communities; out of pleasing pursuits into systematized turmoil; out of the harmony of concordant minds into the discord of diverse ambitions; out of simple, quiet, restful recreation into the relentless, persistent, yes: conscienceless strife for self and power; away from reciprocal solicitude and consideration into overbearing selfishness; away from the invigorating atmosphere of the forests into the dusty and disease-strewn streets of over-crowded, leafless towns? If you have, you will merely smile rather than sneer, at the weakness that overcame Bill as he paddled down the West branch, "going out."

Perhaps you are not a simple minded, sentimental enthusiast, and the lure of the woods moves you not. If so, Bill will not start a quarrel with you for that, and trusts you will not start one with him because his tastes are different from yours. It will, no doubt, amuse you to learn that among his lares and penates is a transplanted god, on whom he calls in the long months in which about all he sees of the unaltered products of nature, are the snow he shovels from his sidewalk and the coal he shovels under his heating boiler; and the god generously responds to his supplications whenever he calls—the god of West Branch.

There will, of course, come the vacation at the close of which Bill will "go out" for the last time; but, fortunately, it is not likely he will be conscious that it has come. Steve or Bert will paddle him down to the old mill and cheerily respond as he waves a farewell—a long farewell. Before the next season comes around with its crisping frost to blanch and drop the sapless leaves, he will have passed over the long trail and another will take his place in the bow of the canoe or round the open Franklin. For a time, a very few will recall the incidents connected with the old camp in which he incidentally figured, and then the memory of his existence will die out forever. Such, with varying phases, is the termination of every human life, that has in it nothing but a possible consciousness of having performed with reasonable faithfulness the simple duties that came before it.

But Bill has hope that his last going out will not occur for many years to come. This world is beautiful in spite of its blotches here and there, of human misery; a pleasant place in spite of the avariciousness and selfishness that turn many aside from opportunities for adding to the sum total of human happiness; a comfortable place in spite of the fact that since man has known it, those of us who have not the wit to obtain our daily bread by the sweat of another's brow, have had to earn it by exuding moisture from our own. Obviously, Bill is not a pessimist, though he prefers the seclusion of a deep-woods camp at certain seasons of the year, to the prescribed, confining restrictions of community existence; the pleasurable activities of the chase and the agreeable associations with things natural, to the vicissitudes of business and the artificial conventionalities of society. And when he goes out for the last time, he will have gained more for himself that was worth gaining, and possibly have been a little more useful in his day and generation.



Pheasant House and Yards on W. B. Osgood Field Estate, Lenox, Mass.

Experiments with English Pheasants in Massachusetts

Assistance Given by Private Individuals Has Done Much to Keep the Covers Well Stocked, Especially in Berkshire County Where the Best Hunting is to be Found

By William H. Spear.

THE work of the State Fish and Game Commission in the stocking of the covers of Berkshire County with pheasants, has taken a new phase in the putting out of birds in various parts of the county to applicants, to be raised from infancy to the adult stage, by citizens interested in the effort of pheasant propagation. The effort has been attended with quite marked success. Several owners of large estates have become interested and have erected pheasantries upon their estates where they are breeding the birds for the state, as well as to gratify their own love for the work.

Undoubtedly the most prominent of these is W. B. Osgood Field of Lenox, known as the Pheasant King. He owns one of the handsomest and most delightfully located estates in that colony of multi-millionaires and is a gentleman sportsman, a true lover of nature, and one of the descendants of the noted Field family, known world-wide for their prominence in literary and scientific work. On his Lenox estate, known as "Highlawn," Mr. Field has erected a number of pheasant houses that have attracted wide attention among all who are interested in pheasant propagation. He has not gone in for any ornate style of architecture in the construction of these houses, preferring rather to erect each of them on plain, substantial lines, taking into consideration the needs of the birds, rather than developing such houses along more artistic lines. The accompanying views were taken for the writer by Mr. Field in person, at the writer's request. When told that the writer desired to write up the pheasantry, Mr. Field kindly granted the permit. He is a great lover of the camera and does some excellent work for his own amusement and gratification.

The old gentleman with the gun is Game-

keeper Foulsham. He has for a number of years been the gamekeeper on the Field estate, and has had large experience in the raising of poultry and game birds. The rugged looking man in the hat is "Billy" Sargood, the widely known game warden of Southern and Central Berkshire. In dignified parlance he is William W. Sargood, of Lee. To his legion of friends, throughout the district, he is known as "Bill" Sargood, and delights to be thus known, for frills and starch cut no figure with "Bill." In the course of his official duties he now and then visits the Field pheasantry, and it was while upon one of these visits that the accompanying picture was made.

The site selected for the Field pheasant houses, as shown in the picture, is on the edge of a heavily wooded section of the estate, where everything is as wild and as near to nature as it could well be secured. There is ample yard room for the birds. The uprights and cross sections of these yards are of heavy iron pipe, to which a suitable wire mesh is fastened, and for three feet from the ground a substantial wind-shield protects the birds in time of need.

The barren stumps of large trees have been placed in the yards, to afford shelter and skulking places for the birds, when they want to get out of sight, and a place to sun themselves at other times. Here the pheasants live contented, as far as it is possible for any game bird to rest content in captivity. All are more or less restless. It is the natural disposition of the bird.

In the care of pheasants thus raised, precautions have to be taken in the matter of feeding. Pheasants are light feeders and there is more danger from overfeeding than from underfeeding. Where such birds are overfed, disease is more apt to assail the flock. They will eat most

all kinds of feed. They are a very wild and wary bird, but with gentle care will often eat from the hand of the attendant. Great care has to be exercised in caring for the birds. Not only are they given a wide variety of food, including green stuff, but in the latter case, the food has to be chopped fine to prevent crop binding. All food scraps are picked up that chance to be left after a feeding as a preventive of disease. Care must be taken that plenty of water is furnished each pen of pheasants, and this must not be exposed to direct sun rays nor must it be dirty.

While the mating season of the pheasants begins in February and continues into July, rarely do the breeders of pheasants trust a setting of eggs to the female pheasant. She is wild and flighty, and the male bird is apt to eat the eggs. When a setting of pheasant eggs are ready they are set under a domestic hen, usually of the bantam breed. The bantams seem to be a natural mother to the young pheasants and when a brood of pheasants are hatched out the bantam mother cares for them as though they were her own. In fact she knows no difference. Rarely have satisfactory results been obtained where hen pheasants have been left to hatch their own eggs in captivity. Although broody they are so wild that the slightest noise is apt to send them from the nest, and the eggs get cold and fail to hatch.

Care has to be taken in selecting the adopted mother for each contemplated brood of young pheasants. She has to be free from lice and all diseases. Scaly leg especially has to be guarded against, and often the hen's legs are dipped in a weak solution of carbolic acid before she is placed on the eggs. Then she is dusted with insect powder as a precaution against lice, for



Gamekeeper Fulsam, on the Field Estate,
Lenox, Mass.

if lice get onto young pheasants it is apt to prove fatal to the flock. Usually the nest, in which the young pheasants are to be hatched, is formed out of a sod of grass, so placed that the earth side is uppermost. Among the roots of the sod a hollow space is scooped out and is lined carefully with a sprinkling of grass or of short straw. It has to be placed where there is good ventilation. Cleanliness around nests has to be rigidly observed. When the young pheasants are hatched, precautions have to be taken that they be not exposed to the direct sun rays when it is excessively hot, nor to dampness. All drinking and feeding vessels have to be scalded and cared for after use.

Few realize how many difficulties surround the artificial propagation of pheasants. The attendants have to be constantly on the job. The young birds are fond of insects and the pupae of ants is used as a choice food for them. The difficulty is to obtain this in sufficient quantity as it is hard to get. As a substitute maggots are used extensively. These are propagated by placing a carcass of an animal or a piece of meat over bran, until it becomes flyblown and maggots are hatched and drop into the bran, from which they are gathered and washed to prevent bowel troubles in the young pheasants, then they are fed, the same as the ant pupae is used. The washing of this food is peculiar. A piece of burlap is stretched tightly across the receptacle upon which the bran is placed, and the maggots work down through the bran and through the burlap into the box, ready for feeding. Some of the pheasant raisers, instead of bothering in this way, simply take a flyblown animal carcass and bury it under a light covering of earth and when the maggots come up through the ground they are

found and eaten by the young birds. Sheep plucks are often used here for that purpose. It takes about fifty quarts of maggots to feed 200 young pheasants for a week. It takes nearly a week to produce this kind of food ready for use. But there is a difficulty in the way, for it is a food that cannot be kept long for, if kept a few hours the maggots go into chrysalids and are lost for food purposes. To safeguard them this food is often placed in a cool temperature of about 40 degrees, and will last under those conditions a number of days. Meat ground up raw is frequently used as pheasant food, and is far less offensive to those who have to serve it to the birds.

A stiff custard forms the first day or two feeding of the young pheasants. Like chickens they are not fed for the first 24 hours, as the egg-sack suffices for their sustenance during that period. The next advance in food is a crumbly mash of grain. It is not until a month has passed that the young birds are fed solid grain, and sometimes even a longer time elapses. It depends on the condition of the birds. The average feeding of the young pheasants is about two hours apart.

It takes but a short time for the young birds to learn the calling cry of their foster mother and at first they respond readily to it, but as they grow larger, they show their wild nature by a proneness to wander away, and have to be carefully safeguarded at such an age. Like chickens the young pheasants are liable to disease and often the mortality among them is large.

The pheasants most in evidence here and which have been turned loose in Massachusetts covers where they are thriving well are the *Phasianus colchicus x torquatus*, a hybrid between the English and ringneck pheasants. It is a handsome bird, rich in coloring and very hardy. It is called here, quite often, the Mongolian pheasant (*Phasianus mongolicus*), but is not the true Mongolian.

It is 22 years ago that Massachusetts first began the attempt to breed pheasants, when two experiment stations were started. It began with the setting of English ringneck pheasant eggs, but the first attempt proved a failure. A year later a few ringneck pheasants were bought in Oregon, and then began a determined struggle to raise pheasants for the stocking of the game covers of the state. It was an uphill job. Everything seemed to conspire against it. The birds took sick. Many died. The mortality also among the young pheasants was great. Eggs refused to hatch in many cases and weather conditions were in every way unfavorable. The next year cholera broke out among the birds and less than 100 were raised from a setting of 1,200 eggs. But the game commissioners kept bravely at work and at last succeeded in raising several thousand birds. Then private individuals became interested, and that interest resulted in applications to the commissioners for the privilege of raising pheasants, on part of many persons thus interested. The commissioners gave such permits and supplied considerable stock in shape of young pheasants for propagation purposes.

So the work of pheasant raising has gone on in Massachusetts, and it has been quite successful. Hundreds of pheasants have been turned loose in the covers and seem to have done well,



William W. Sargood, of Lee, Mass., Game
Warden of Southern Berkshire.

for, notwithstanding the open season each fall, during which hundreds of birds are killed, the pheasants continue to multiply, and with the assistance given by private individuals to the art of pheasant raising, the supply continues good and the covers are well stocked, especially in Berkshire County, where the best pheasant hunting exists.

Climatic condition is a very important factor to be considered in the raising of these birds for new birds have to adapt themselves to the flora and fauna of the country into which they are introduced. The severity of the New England winters often causes a high mortality among adult birds, even after they have apparently done well in the covers all through the summer and fall, for the deep snows cut off their food and many starve. Frequently flocks of from four to six pheasants are seen feeding in farmers' barn yards, or are seen upon the premises in the open, searching for food. The Fish and Game Commissioners have urged farmers to throw out grain for the starving pheasants, with good success, and it is done quite generally in sections where pheasants abound. The game wardens often go into the woods with bags of grain and scatter it where the pheasants will find it, and in this way, many birds are assisted in wintering through.

In rearing pheasants in captivity care is taken to have the birds fed and cared for, so far as possible by one person as the birds get used to such an attendant, and where another is introduced the birds are wild and shy. The attendant always wears the same suit of clothes when about his work in the pens, and it is singular to see how a change of apparel is noted by the birds, and how shy they become when such change is made by an attendant.

THROUGH NICOTINE'S HAZE

Memory Pictures Framed in
Brier-Root—Colonel Park's
"Cannon"—One Black-
snake, a Professor and
A Panic

By Will C. Parsons

YESTERDAY, a temperature like unto April; to-night, a roaring nor' easter with a drop of 47 degrees!

Yesterday, a smiling sky, the limpid lilt of the song sparrows. To-night, the chill-giving tremolo of a screech-owl and the weird chords of the telegraph wires, whose strings are twanged by the frosty fingers of the snow laden gale.

Outside, cold, cold cold; inside, the cheerful glow of the lamp, the singing of the fire, and the blue smoke lazily drifting from a well drawing brier-root.

The photographs of camps in Michigan, and along the Wisconsin state line; of faithful dogs, long since gone to happier hunting grounds, dim, then fade, and through the curling, drifting tobacco-clouds, come other pictures of friends and scenes framed in the mystical root of the brier.

That water-color of Old Bess on the shelf takes on an image that flickers, fades and then grows sharp, until all semblance to a four-footed friend is gone, and in its place appears the motion picture of the night the forest fire was fought on Lake Mamie.

Again, through the blue haze comes another picture—this time a face—

How many readers of the *Forest and Stream* knew Colonel Horace Park, soldier, nature-student, trap-shot, fish hatchery expert,—gentleman?

I can see him now, leaning over the counter in the old "hang out" where he catered to the taste of every hunter, fisherman, rifle-shot and small boy within twenty miles of the city, as he gave his judgment on what fly to buy, how much shot to use, and whether the ducks were on the "pond" or in the marshes. What has become of that famous fly of his, the "chippy," that was resplendent in yellows and reds, and simply lured the goggle-eyes, and the blue-gills to their doom? Perhaps it has another name now, and has been toned down, but be that as it may, the combination proved a winner in the little stream that flows from Beaver Lake to Lake Superior, within sight of the Pictured Rocks, where we camped at one time. The trout seemed to be fairly enamoured of that fly—also of a very frayed brown hackle that had seen much better days.

Another picture—the old pond-hole where years and years ago convicts quarried the stone for the then, new, state house. In some manner or other (I sometimes suspect the Colonel as the cause) that deep, green, limestone water-filled hole had some of the biggest and laziest big mouths in it I ever saw. The Colonel and I, taking samples of every lure in the store tried time after time, at all hours and under all



"Yesterday, a Temperature Like Unto April; To-night, a Roaring Nor'easter."

weather conditions, to fasten on to some of those old wallopers. But nay! Then we found the reason—too much natural food; also an un-hung scoundrel who shot them with an old army musket, from a convenient fork of a leaning tree.

If I remember correctly, that shooting business was stopped!

Another picture starts to reel. This one shows the work shop in the rear at the time "Jimmy" was loading shells, and dropped some pipe sparks in a tray filled with wood powder.

In seven seconds, or less, that was the most "depopulated" store in High Street. The darky porter dived through the basement window, taking iron bars, sash and all. - Afterwards, we proved by scientific measurements he should not have been able to do it, considering him anatomically.

Colonel Park was a splendid mechanical genius and was forever turning out specimens of his skill. In some manner he had acquired an old Queen's Arm with a muzzle capacity of a small keg. He conceived the idea of building a single breech loader with which to "skin 'em" at the traps. In those days, glass balls and live pigeons were used. He made the gun all right, and I think the state of Ohio has the weapon now in the relie room at the State House. The muzzle was reinforced at the muzzle end with a band of steel, and the whole gun was about as hard to lift and point as a fence post. The colonel made light of it, however, and he was generally put back at the 26 yard line with plenty of elbow room all about him. For a minute after that old fusee had belched forth its contents, it was hard to say which was the worse shattered—the feather filled glass ball, or the ear drums of the other contestants.

It was loaded with shells bought from the Government for use in a rapid fire gun of the period. They were of brass and about 3 or 4

gauge. I fired that gun once. It was at an incoming butter-ball duck. I was planted on a big walnut stump in a swamp down near the starch factory and it was dark before the workmen had scraped me clean enough to go home!

The Colonel smiled as I slid into the store. "Did you get the duck?" he asked. I killed the duck all right, but I didn't get him. The duck I got was spelled in finality—"ing."

Colonel Park spent his last days at the fish hatchery at Put-in Bay—his last working days, I mean.

Vale, Colonel, gentle-MAN!

I wonder where Professor Morrill is now? The last time I heard of him he was doing bacteriological work somewhere in the East.

Through the smoke wreaths I see his kindly, beardless face; the lines about his eyes as he smiled; the long tailed black coat he always wore. He was the only man I ever saw who could dig out a wood-chuck, unearth a plant in a swamp, or chisel a trilobite from the rocks in a creek without getting dirty.

He was clean, physically, morally. He was rightly named.

Ah, Professor, you little know the good seed you sowed when you least expected any harvest!

Do you remember the little incident of the black snake and its appearance at church?

I'll have to tell this one on you. One glorious spring Sabbath, the Professor was on his way to church, with an eye out for things natural. A fine black snake, shiny as ebony came athwart his gaze, and, having no specimen case at hand, said reptile was carefully pinned in the rear pocket of that long coat. Deep was the good man's attention in the words of the pastor, when the snake found an opening and ran out about a foot of sinuous sleekness. Some young girl who ought to have been looking at the minister, but who was not, saw the spectre. Followed, an *exodus*, not in the Good Book.

Slowly another picture is forming. I see Colonel Park bending over the counter and handling with loving care a beautiful little 16 gauge shot gun. "I'd buy that gun if I was you." At that time the small bores were considered toys—"girls' guns." The Colonel knew better. I bought the gun and—was never sorry afterward. Deer, a wolf, two lynx, ducks and other game galore fell before that little gun. Some one borrowed (?) it. I wonder if he took good care of the beauty?

Shutting off the light and coming back to the present I see over in the corner, Miss Twenty, Little Sixteen's sister. This gem is also from the same factory. If I were to get another, the only change I would make, would be to have the barrels 28 inch instead of 26. I think, too, that the cartridge men put too much powder in the cases. For rabbits, and other game in the brush I think two drams a plenty though the heavier load has never proved unpleasant. So far as I have hunted with the little girl, I find that she is just as vicious as a 16 or a 12 for the shooting done around here, and that No. 7 shot is plenty heavy enough. With fives I put seven shot into a picnic dinner plate at 45 yards, and that is as close as a gun ought to shoot for my purposes. Also, a crow seeking "safety first," was let down at 75 yards, and never cawed afterward.

Then too, one may hunt all day with the twenty, and come home in the evening able to split the kindling and do the other chores. One has no legitimate excuse for being all tired out if he lugs the little beauty in his arms all day.

I had shot a "pump" for years, and have a desire, in changing to the double gun, to yank the fore arm loose every time I fire, which is bad business for the *second* barrel. That is no fault of Miss Twenty, though, and she has so many admirers that I have to keep a constant eye on

the little minx lest she elope with some, too fond lover.

Hello, Memory's operator is busy with a new film!

This time three old men are shown. They are tinkering with a launch on Platte River, where the swift stream rushes toward Round Lake, and thence into angry Michigan, in sight of Sleeping Bear Point—on clear days.

I do not know their names; never inquired—but as kindly a trio to tell one where to get the river chubs for big fish bait, it was never my good fortune to meet again.

They had a cabin on the lake shore; a horse, cow and chickens. Also water craft. Each had his appointed task to do—cooking, gardening and the like, and when the work was all done (and not until) did the three go fishing!

Fishing? Perhaps; but it was just enough for the next meal, and then, as the boat rocked in the breezes, came conversations on art, science and of the deeds of '61.

When the raw winds began to blow, this trio hied to Florida, where on another lake they had a cabin, and the orange tree replaced the whispering pine.

When the birds began to fly northward, the trio shut up the southern cabin and followed, stopping in Ohio until the ice was out of the Plattes and the trailing arbutus was through blooming.

An ideal life; selfish? Who shall judge!

These three wise men wore the G. A. R. button. It has been years since I saw them. I hope, if they are alive, that the red of the sumac, the white of the billows, and the blue of the skies, make banners for them, brave soldiers, their warfare o'er.

What scene is Memory now projecting? Ah, it is the Thomas family at View Desert. Why

I have not thought of them for ages. Yes, there is Lew, also Oliver, also "the missus," the girls, and the baby.

Where are they now? I heard that two of the boys were running a fisherman's paradise somewhere in Minnesota. Wonder if it is so? Lew, do you remember the time your "old man" got lost within forty rods of the cabin—the cabin that housed him for 40 years? It rained that night, and when, in the gray of the dawn Thomas came to realize that the uncertain shape he had seen at times all night long, was his barn—it were better to *cancel* this film!

Have the motor boats spoiled the fishing? Any more bears at White Birch Lake? Do you remember the camps of the Olentangy Club; or the time two of us, having bought that birch canoe from the Chippewas paddled it 8 miles across Lake View Desert, and *wearing hip boots* at that?

"Bill Thompson," guide—philosopher—fisherman, is breaking into the pictures again. Again the Platte (this time the lesser lake) slowly appears. "Bill" is after small-mouths, and is using that cane "pole" and no reel again! There is a room full of tackle back home, given "Bill" by grateful friends, but he scorns it. "Me for the big pole" is his slogan. When the fight was too strenuous "Bill" would dump the whole outfit overboard, and let the bass fight himself.

Then there was the spring hole under the porch and the tame trout. Remember them, and the "snip" they used to make when one tossed a minnow into the pool?

Ugh! This tobacco grows stale; the bowl is cold.

The pictures fade and the light sputters and goes out.

To-morrow? Only another work day!

Good night.

Essential to Know Your Bird

Man and Gun are not Everything in Modern Wing Shooting—A Few Facts to Keep in Mind

By L. E. Eubanks.

THE man and the gun are not all there is to wing shooting; the bird has to be considered. He has a will of his own, and boundless space in which to exercise it. Since we have no way of controlling his movements—and true sportsmen do not wish to—we must rely on study of his nature and habits, take him as he is.

Other things equal, the shooter with most intimate knowledge of birds, their respective habits, mode and rate of flight, etc., will always do the most effective work. Practice on clay birds is not everything to the wing shot. The clay bird's action is diametrically different from that of a live bird in that he springs from the trap at his greatest speed, probably 150 feet a second, then slows up rapidly. Birds, and all animals, gather speed, requiring a few seconds to get under headway.

Next to the real sport, the best thing for a wing shot is a handtrap, carried by a companion who has been instructed to make the angles of flight as varied as possible. Two marksmen can

take turns trapping for each other, and by intelligent management can get some good training. In any event, this is infinitely preferable to the contemptible practice of shooting the gentle, non-game birds.

The study is a deep one, endless in its possibilities. Birds are as different as people. A good shot can get 80 per cent. of his snipes, and drop a leisurely curlew with monotonous regularity; but this does not prove that he has any "class" when it comes to bluewing teal sailing at 125 miles an hour. Wonderful indeed is the action of birds in the air, and as varied as wonderful! A hawk can stand absolutely still in the air, then suddenly cut through space at 200 miles an hour, twice as fast as any aeroplane yet made. Then here comes a crow dubbing along at 25 or 30 miles an hour. What a difference!

Some birds duck if they meet any obstruction; a quail jumps it, a snipe dodges, a mallard swerves. A bluewing teal jumps with the wind and a canvasback whizzes at an incredible speed. Some birds are nervous, capricious—you can

hardly tell what they will do; others are phlegmatic and comparatively steady. Most ducks aim to meet emergencies, they fly according to the needs of the moment. Some of our feathered friends rise perpendicularly, others quarter almost invariably, some fly low and make for timber, some like to face the wind, some go with it.

A good deal of this knowledge comes to the shooter incidentally, is forced upon him. He would acquire it much sooner and far more satisfactorily if he would observe bird life carefully. Study your bird; this is at least half the battle in wing shooting.

Here is a useful little table of bird flight. I quote it from Charles Askins' book on shooting:

	Feet per second in average flight
Quail	75
Prairie Chicken	75
Ruffed Grouse	75
Dove	85
Jack Snipe	65
Curlew	55
Plovers (according to variety).....	50 to 80
Crow	45
Mallard	75
Black Duck	75
Spoonbill	70
Pintail	80
Wood Duck	80
Widgeon	90
Gadwall	90
Red Head	120
Bluewing Teal	130
Greenwing Teal	115
Canvasback	145
Canada Geese	110
Some Hawks	200

Quail Questions and Queries

Do These Birds Breed Better When Shot Over, Or is Strict Posting of Land Best?

A CORRESPONDENT who recently returned from quail shooting in the South writes us that on his old shooting grounds he finds much of the land posted and no longer accessible on the old free terms. He adds that the owners of these farms have expressed to him the opinion that on the protected lands quail are not so abundant as in the past, and asks for an explanation of these conditions. He says that in his view the quail is disappearing as a game bird, a fact that he deplures; States are shutting down more and more on quail shooting, and even where shooting is still permitted, individuals are posting and protecting their own land. Our correspondent's views, as will be seen, are somewhat pessimistic.

It is the tendency of all human beings, we suppose, to jump at conclusions—to generalize from our own experience, which is usually very limited and extended over a short time. The opinion expressed by landowners talked with by our correspondent seems to us of little value. If there is no shooting of quail on the lands in question, how are the landowners in a position to say whether the quail are more or less abundant than formerly. On lands regularly ranged over by gunners with their dogs, most of the bebies which live there are found and started, and an estimate of the number of broods may thus be made. On the other hand, where gunners and dogs are kept off, there is no way of estimating the bebies except as someone in

working on the land or crossing the lots may happen to stumble on some quail. The opinion of the landowners as to the abundance or scarcity of the quail on these particular lands seems without much weight.

On the other hand, there has long existed a belief among quail shooters that where bebies of quail have been pursued and shot into, and a part of them killed, the surviving birds are more likely to breed satisfactorily the next year than if the bevy had been left undisturbed. We have even heard it said that sometimes a brood of quail would not break up in the spring, and pair off as usual for breeding purposes, but would stick together all through the summer and not breed at all. We do not believe that this occurs. If it did, we think there would be better evidence of it than has been brought forward.

Other sportsmen say that if a brood of quail is not broken up by shooting, the cock quail are likely to fight among themselves, and, therefore, disturb breeding or nesting. We doubt if there is anything in this. Many male birds and animals fight at the breeding season, and it is not supposed that this fighting interferes at all with the processes of reproduction.

Other sportsmen say that the cock quail in a covey rise first and are, therefore, killed off to a greater extent than the hens, but we doubt the accuracy of this observation as a general rule.

On the whole, little or nothing is known on the points raised by our correspondent.

The value of the quail as a destroyer of noxious insects and of weed seeds is now coming to be generally known, and it is not surprising that farmers and landowners, and those who legislate in behalf of this class, should make an effort to protect the quail, whose services in the lots and among the crops are perhaps not less important than those it renders to the gunner.

The whole matter is an interesting one, and a great variety of opinions may be expected from sportsmen.

That the gallinaceous birds play an important

part in the economic welfare of this continent is very clear. How important this is, and how much there is to be said on the subject, may be inferred from the space devoted to the subject in the book "American Game Bird Shooting," the most recent work about these birds.

QUAIL SCARCE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By Peter P. Carney.

Quail are nearing extinction in Pennsylvania, and according to Dr. Joseph Kalbfuss of the State Game Commission, nothing less than an absolute ban on quail hunting for two years will save the "bob whites" to the Keystone State gunners.

Quail have been very scarce in Pennsylvania for two years—the severe storms of two winters ago killing thousands of the birds. The Game Commission hoped to replenish by the importation of Mexican quail. In this, however, they were unsuccessful because the Mexican quail were diseased and died immediately after arriving in Philadelphia. Two lots of 600 birds were shipped from Tampico, Mexico, and every bird died.

The Federal Government then put an end to any further importation, so that the Game Commission is at its wits' ends to know just what to do. A closed season of two years appears to them as the best solution of the problem. Unless a period of time is set when "bob whites" cannot be shot, it will not take long to depopulate the State of the few quail that remain.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission has been more successful along other lines. It has procured 1,200 white tail deer, 100 elk and quite a number of wild turkeys and rabbits. These are being placed throughout the State.

The Game Commission expects to establish six additional preserves this year. There are 14 game preserves in the State now.



Whether Foreign Immigrant or of Good Old U. S. A. Brand, the Quail Is a Valuable Help to the Farmer.



Around the Bend

SPRING is very near—in fact, just around the bend. For months the angler has waited, in common with all mortals, but with a keener longing, perhaps for the swing north of the sun and the unlocking of the fetters that have bound old earth in icy bands. A little early yet to say that Boreas has been routed, for he may roar viciously at times, but his voice is weaker, and his strength senescent.

As his mutterings fade there come to the ear in crescendo, the flute calls of the aery army of returning birds, and June seems near indeed. But first there is April—wanton and hoydenish, and May, the joy of poets and the very taste of Paradise to the trout angler, before Spring has settled down from coyness to staidness—where we feel that it is safe to get acquainted with her.

But round the bend she waits—expectant, receptive, and weaving for herself the diaphanous robes of white and pink that so become her, and that make all mankind love her. And it is good to know that while we cannot see, we can hope confidently for the things to come. Straight rivers would grow tiresome of a morning's angling; lakes with no bays or indentations, monotonous.

Around the bend lie the pellucid pools; there dwell the biggest trout, and there we peep into new mysteries of Nature. There shines the sun; there the shadows fall, and there we come at the end of day to the best of all in life—to home or camp—around the bend.

The Destructive Cat

EVERYONE who is much out of doors, and who is interested in wild animal life, recognizes the influence on that life exercised by the common house cat. Most cats that live at home do much hunting, while those that have abandoned the domestic fireside and have taken to the woods, where they spend all their time, subsist wholly on birds, mice, squirrels, and other forms of life which they kill.

A detailed study of the domestic cat has been undertaken by Edward Howe Forbush and the results of his investigations are interesting and well worth the attention of all lovers of wild life. They have just been published. The amount of material bearing on the food of the cat is astonishing, but besides this he deals with its history, numbers, economic value and the means of controlling it.

Of peculiar interest to the sportsmen are the pages dealing with the destruction of game birds by cats and the cat's economic status. The evidence shows that cats destroy bobwhites, ruffed grouse, heath hens, pheasants and partridges in very considerable numbers. Not less than forty-six observers have written Mr. Forbush that they have known cats to catch and kill ruffed grouse, forty-four report the same of bobwhites,

twelve report pheasants, eleven woodcock, eight rails, three heath hens, three shore birds, two mourning doves, and two wild ducks.

Mr. William Brewster, of Cambridge, tells of a day's hunt by four sportsmen, with their dogs, in which they killed but one game bird—a bobwhite. On their return at night to the farmhouse where they were staying they found that the farm cat had beaten their score, having brought in during the day two bobwhites and one grouse. Another observer declares that a cat living not far from his home had brought in so many bobwhites and grouse that the family had lost track of the number. Cats kept on Martha's Vineyard destroy heath hens and are killed by the Superintendent whenever possible. Mr. Lee S. Crandall, of the New York Zoological Park, writes of instances where cats have killed and carried off full-grown golden pheasants and have killed the so-called Hungarian partridges. Snipe and woodcock are occasionally brought into the house by cats and Mr. W. F. Henderson, of Rockland, tells of a man whose cat brought in eighteen woodcock in a season.

The man who is trying to rear game birds in confinement knows very well that the worst known enemy to this work is the domestic cat. Professor Clifton Hodge, in Worcester, was almost forced by cats to give up his experiments.

A considerable part of the duties of a game keeper here in the United States consists of the trapping of cats. W. R. Bryant, of the Henry Ford farms, Dearborn, Michigan, speaks of killing—in order to protect the birds—about seventy-five cats each year, and names the house cat as the greatest drawback in the effort to save song and game birds. In certain localities where there are practically no game birds, as, for example, islands, on which there are or have been breeding resorts of sea birds, as terns or petrels, cats imported by fishermen or kept by lighthouse tenders have more than once exterminated such colonies of harmless and useful birds.

Legislation, the licensing of cats, seems the method of controlling this great and growing evil most likely to be effective; but legislators will not act in the matter until they are made to realize that the public has awakened to the need of such control.

This paper on the cat—and the same may be said of all Mr. Forbush's contributions to bird protective literature—ought to be in the hands of all sportsmen and farmers. We could wish for them a nation-wide circulation.

Maryland My Maryland!

THE report of the State Game Warden of Maryland, covering the years 1914-15, is before us. It is a nice little volume of some twenty pages, in a blue cloth cover with gold lettering, and in it the warden makes some excellent recommendations, the necessity of which become apparent when we turn to the financial statement of appropriation and income, printed in the back of the book. It seems that Maryland contributes to the Game Warden's department the magnificent sum of \$2,600 a year. Economical management of some sort in previous years enabled the department to start 1914 with a balance of \$1,804.53, while two years' fines collected, helped along to the tune of

\$153.13. Apparently it was found impossible or inexpedient to get rid of the \$7,162.66 available in two years for the whole expense of looking after and protecting game in the period named was \$2,672.71. Of the money paid out, \$720.75 went to deputy game wardens, \$685.25 for travel and field work, and \$126.64 for telephone service. The State Warden does not seem to draw anything in the way of salary. These three items of direct protection work amounted, therefore, in two years to \$1,593.73, or \$796.86 a year. Thus Maryland, with an area of 12,397 square miles, is putting out the magnificent sum of about two dollars a day for game protective purposes.

The Warden—and we hasten to assure that estimable gentleman that we have no intention of growing sarcastic at his expense—does not inform us why his department was forced to save \$4,489.95 of the meagre appropriation available. Several explanations are possible. The citizens of Maryland may be of such law abiding tendency that the mere publication of statutes is enough to bring about compliance; then again, there may be no game worth protecting—but the most likely answer is that the game situation in Maryland is exactly as we might expect it to be—on a plane with the two dollars per diem which the people are paying for protection.

Finally, it would be of interest to know the exact legislative cost involved in the development and perfection of the game code of Maryland from inception to date.

No War Bargain Counter

THE man who is waiting until after the war to buy a gun, because he hopes then to secure a bargain in some of the discarded and superfluous military rifles of Europe, is in for a watchful wait indeed. Not that the war may be of longer duration than anticipated, but rather that rifle bargains of account will have this in common with the core of the boy's apple—there won't be any. Some people tell us that a million, more or less, of these weapons will be sent over to us, in the fists of a veteran field army. Such tales are on a par with the delightful theory of defense worked out by that school of strategists which would summon from their labors in the fields and shops an outpouring of American manhood shirtsleeved and determined, and perfectly willing and anxious to take potshots at every invader who shoved his head above the fence, even though the service did make the volunteer late for supper.

No doubt the close of the war will find Europe overstocked with military arms of every description, but that these will be placed on the market is doubtful. Hundreds of thousands of rifles, for example, will be utterly valueless for any other purpose than melting up or scrapping, and nations, like men, do not throw away good guns just because the other fellow has stopped shooting temporarily. That is about the time when affection for the weapon develops to the utmost.

The American make of sporting rifle, big or little, is the best bargain on the market to-day, and will be always, for nine hundred and ninety-nine uses out of a thousand.



Albinoism in the Deer Family

Additional and Interesting Information Concerning Some Strange Freaks in Natural History

SINCE the publication of the article in *Forest and Stream* on albinoism in the deer family, readers of the paper have been kind enough to furnish additional matter covering a most interesting subject. Mr. John D. Whish of



Albino Deer Killed by Two Boys Near Warrensville, Pa.

Albany gave in the March issue a complete record of albino deer killed in New York, and this month we are able to publish photographs and incidents of other specimens met with in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. It is to be hoped that those in a position to contribute information will furnish facts that may have come under their attention.

A PENNSYLVANIA ALBINO SPECIMEN.

Williamsport, Pa., March 6, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Perhaps the most interesting piece of work that I have done was the mounting of this white deer, which was killed by two boys named Chaapel, near Warrensville, Pa. This is a fine specimen although not fully grown. This was the third white deer killed by Warrensville hunters and yet the proverbial ill luck which superstitious people attach to such a killing has not made its appearance. Two of the deer were killed by members of the Chaapel family; the first by the father and the second by the two sons and yet it would be hard to find a more fortunate family in the neighborhood. In the case of this little white deer a great deal of superstitious lore was exchanged in Warrensville. Although the animal shows by its markings that it was very young there is many a huntsman in the locality who will vouch for the assertion that it was seen in the woods for a dozen years before its death.

They used to declare that it was no use trying to shoot it, for it bore a charmed life and the bullet would surely be turned aside. However, when attacked by two boys, who were not awed by any such beliefs, it fell easy enough prey.

The albino doe, which is doubtless the mother of this deer, was seen last season with two fawns which were the natural ones. She has lived for years in the same locality where the above albino buck referred to was killed. There were two albino bucks killed in the same locality previous to the one shown in the picture.

Trusting the above information will be of value to you and thanking you for your courtesy in the matter,

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES H. ELTON.

MINNESOTA WHITE DEER.

Minnesota Academy of Sciences,
Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 23, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed please find photo of an albina Virginia deer. It was shot at Cabel, Wis., 1885. Now in the museum of the Minnesota Academy of Sciences at Minneapolis.

Yours truly,

J. W. FRAZIN, Curator.



Peculiar Plight of a Blue Heron, Caught in a Trap, But Released When Discovered.

BIRDS CAUGHT IN STEEL TRAPS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A few days ago a trapper told me that he had caught a black duck in one of his muskrat traps. Its foot was bruised and swollen and it appeared to be unable to fly so he took it home with him. After a few days it had recovered sufficiently so that when released it flew away all right.

My notebook shows many instances where birds were caught in steel traps that were set for animals. An account of these may interest the readers of *Forest and Stream*.

October 5, 1902, we found a great blue heron fast in a steel trap along a little wooded stream.

It was fast by one of the middle toes, the bone being broken and the toe torn and swollen. It must have been in the trap for several days as it was very weak and when released was unable to fly. It wandered off slowly into the bushes down stream and although we were in this same locality several times afterwards we never saw it again.

December 30, 1902, a trapper brought to me a saw-whet owl that he found in one of his traps. The trap was set for rabbits and covered with buckwheat hulls.

The first robin seen here in the spring of 1913 was caught in a steel trap that had been set for muskrats.

November 21, 1913, a trapper brought to me a green-winged teal that he found caught by the bill in one of his traps. The trap was set in the water and the duck was drowned. During the fall of 1913 this man caught two black ducks, two buffle-head ducks and the green-winged teal.

April 12, 1914, I found a great blue heron standing in the water in the swamp. The water came up to its body and as it made no attempt to fly I thought it might be in a trap. Climbing out on a wire fence I got close enough to get several pictures. Then it climbed up on a stump and I saw that one of its feet was badly bruised and swollen. The next day a trapper told me that it was in one of his traps and he released it the day before I saw it.

During the fall of 1915 one man caught a cock pheasant, a Wilson's snipe, a Virginia rail, an American bittern and a black duck in the traps he had set for muskrats.

About February 1, 1916, he caught a black duck by the foot in one of his traps. It was very weak and its foot was swollen so he took it home and kept it a few days until it had recovered when he let it go.

VERDI BURTCH.

Branchport, N. Y., February 25, 1916.



Albino Deer from Minnesota.



At First Sight the Edge of the Marshes Seemed Covered With Snow, But Through the Binoculars Long Rows of White Swan Appeared.

THE WHISTLING SWAN OF CARRITUCK.

Beautiful Specimens of Wild Life That Should Be Protected Permanently.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Gratitude to your good magazine leads me to report to you something of the successful trip I have taken this winter. My father and I visited Monkey Island, Currituck Sound, N. C., in order to see the whistling swan. We found the Island surrounded.

The babble resembled a band of Indians shouting wildly. At first sight, the edge of the marshes seemed to be covered with snow, but through the binoculars, long rows of white swan appeared.

Late in the afternoon and all night long, swan would generally feed quite near our Island, keeping me awake frequently with their clear, clarion calls.

The swan are protected by the Federal Law until 1918, and should never be considered game again, as they are one of our largest and hand-somest birds. Fortunately they are well able to take care of themselves and are very difficult to photograph or to shoot.

I succeeded in making two exposures of one small flock that were distracted by a passing motor-boat, enabling me to crawl out across the marsh quite near to them.

While on the Sound, we identified sixteen varieties of wild fowl, and twenty-three other birds.

The conditions for gunning are perfect. Every precaution has been taken to protect the game. We had plenty of good luck, and fair weather, which is not propitious.

Great praise should be given to the men who spend the days and nights of the hunting season, out on the marshes, as watchers for illegal gunners.

As the swan can now be found in Currituck Sound alone, the Federal Law should be made permanent.

Hoping that your magazine may help to preserve these magnificent birds, I am,

EDWARD WOOLMAN.



The Pickerels and the Pikes

Naturalists Recognize Great Differences, Which are Set Forth Here for The Benefit of the Ordinary Angler

By Alfred C. Weed.

IN this group scientists recognize from four to seven species which are placed in three groups. These groups may be recognized by the scaling of the sides of the head. The part of the head directly below and behind the eye is called the cheek while the gill-cover just behind it and usually separated from it by a narrow naked streak is called the opercle. In the pickerels (Grass Pike and Chain Pike) both cheek and opercle are entirely scaled. In the true pike (true because the first to be so named) the whole of the cheek and the upper half of the opercle is scaled while the lower part of the opercle is "naked." In the muscallonge (or muscallonges) the lower part of both cheek and opercle is without scales. These differences are almost an absolutely certain test. However, there are two specimens in the Field Museum at Chicago which seem to be surely pike but which have the scaling on the sides of the head like that of the muscallonge. They may be hybrids.

All young pikes, pickerels, etc., are marked with more or less wavy cross lines or bars. As they get older most of them lose this and become more or less spotted. One, the grass pike, also known as little pickerel, banded pickerel and snake never loses this juvenile marking. The only changes are that as the fish gets older the cross bands become narrower, more crooked and more numerous. This little fish has been separated into two species (*Esox americanus* and *Esox vermiculatus*) mainly because the two groups were supposed to be separated by the Alleghany Mountains. However, there is little difference (it only appears in averages) between specimens from Massachusetts and those from Lake Ontario while there is quite a uniform change as we follow the group down the coast to Florida, around the Gulf to Texas and up the Mississippi to the Great Lakes.

In clear water and among the grass or water weeds the grass pike is the most vivid green while the light streaks seem like patterns cast by the waves. One must have keen eyes to see him at all. He seems like a bit of some water plant. In muddy water the green color becomes more yellow. This fish seldom exceeds a foot in length or a pound in weight.

The chain pike, also known as pickerel and Jack is larger than the grass pike but still is a small member of the family. The largest one I have seen was about thirty inches in length and three pounds in weight. It was bought of a

fish dealer in Washington, D. C., and is now in the U. S. Museum. There are rumors of specimens weighing as much as ten pounds which are said to have been taken in some of the New Jersey lakes. The color is bright green or more or less brassy with the sides covered with spots so large that the dark color is reduced to narrow lines, which resemble a network. This has given the fish its name (*Esox reticulatus*).

The chain pike is found in the "Finger Lakes" of Central New York and from Maine around the coast and up the Mississippi River into Arkansas. In the coastal streams this does not usually get up so far into the small cold spring brooks as the grass pike but both of them are often found in quite small streams. One stream which flows into the Eastern Branch a mile or so above Bladensburg, Md., rises a few miles back in the hills and one or both of these species can be found in it where it is little larger than some of the New England trout brooks.

The pike, pickerel, Great Northern pike, etc. (*Esox lucius*), is more silvery in color than the pickerels. The sides are usually spotted much as in the chain pike but the spots are smaller and the dark interspaces do not give the appearance of a network. Occasionally specimens are found which have the spots running together to form cross bars. A most excellent picture of this fish was published in the August, 1915, issue of *Forest and Stream*. A very good photograph is also published on page 700 of the December, 1915, issue.

This fish is found entirely around the world in fresh waters north of about 40 degrees north latitude. A careful study of many specimens shows no differences by which we can separate Great Lakes pike from those of Alaska, England, France, Siberia or Switzerland.

The muscallonge (*Esox masquinongy*) is black spotted instead of light spotted. This form is found in the Great Lakes and Eastern Canada. In Chautauqua Lake and the Ohio River is found a variety called by some scientists *Esox ohioensis* which has the spots running together to form cross bars. In the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota is another variety which is unspotted or has only dark shades along the sides. This has been named *Esox immaculatus*.

The pike and muscallonge attain a great weight. Well authenticated records of forty pound pike are available while it seems sure that muscallonge weighing at least eighty pounds have been taken.

Hats Off to Harper, Hero of the Angle!

A Story of Thrills and Shivers, That one Would Rather Read by the Fireside Than Experience Or Enact in the Flesh

By John B. Thompson.

FOR the moment Harper's mind reverted to the lecture of the evening before at the town hall, on poisonous snakes in the United States. Long whiskered, elongated Professor Knowlton, whose thin face conformed well with his narrowness of breadth about the shoulders, held the local audience for two hours spellbound. Snakes had been the least of Harper's thoughts, and at home nothing could have drawn him to endure such a lecture. But what else could he do but attend and listen? He had missed the last stage to the fishing camp, and a long uninteresting wait at the country hotel was not promising of entertainment.

Assembling his light fly rod and breathing his great lungs full of the pure mountain air, he affixed to the delicate gut leader a gaudy choice of flies. Two for his cast he selected—Babcocks he called them. Harper knew his fishing grounds well, and his blue eyes ranged down the stream trying to observe if any noticeable changes had taken place on the east bank. There were dangers here, he admitted. Moreover, that part of the river which he would fish downstream exacted more care in wading than any which he would encounter on the trip.

It was worth it, he deluded himself, and added the explanation that the largest fish were to be taken in the localities similar to this. And to corroborate his statement he had taken along here, just the year previous, a small mouth bass weighing six and three-quarter pounds.

Indeed, it was a royal fight he had with it, and the hazards of the locality added much to the pleasure of the conquest.

Just as he donned his waders and was about to step from the dark, smooth, sloping rock into the water a part of the Professor's lecture came back to him. He could not decide for himself whether the lecturer had alluded to the venom of our snakes as being of deadly nature.

Current River pounded its way through this part of the hills as the termination of a quick bend into a long sweep of deep fast water. The sole projection of shoal between the steep twenty foot banks on both sides was about a foot wide of ledge-like rock extending a foot or more under the water. A step further meant a plunge into twenty feet or more of very swift water, and such conditions prevailed for a mile downstream. From the east bank one could proceed downstream by steadying occasionally with the left hand. The other could be used in sending the cast to lurking spots of the fish, and when the strike came, with extreme caution the fighting redeye could be landed. But usually a desperate engagement ensued.

At the best it was a risky piece of fishing water, and its very inaccessibility had something to do with its wonderful supply of game fish.

One could fish downstream, but after an advance in that direction retreat was impossible. During a period of excessively low water Harper had discovered the feasibility of fishing it.

The beauty of spring was enhanced by the wild flowers and bright green of the hardwoods. Harper began his sport downstream, steadying his big figure on the bit of shoal. Having proceeded a short distance, a water moccasin, becoming alarmed at the invasion of its sunning sanctum, slipped quietly from the bank and dropped head foremost with a noisy plunk in the water.

For a fraction of a moment the angler was startled. The lecture of the evening previous loomed before him, but the lure of the pastime soon erased it. He struck a fish—a valiant fighter—and landed it. It was not quite up to his self-imposed standard of capture, so releasing it from its fastening of steel, he returned it to the river. Then he cast again on in front of him, pursuing his way with utmost precaution.

A few more snakes of the moccasin family—thick rust-colored fellows—shimmering awhite under their mouths, made way for him. As his left hand continually steadied him he did not relish their presence. It was, however, a part of the fishing game, and evoked no more annoyance than a mere startled exclamation, "Ugh!"

Farther on another interfered with his fishing. Snakes were appearing to an uncomfortable degree. None yet had offered attack, but it revived the Professor's words in his mind.

That he feared snakes right then he would not admit—not even to himself. But as they appeared with such frequency he sensed a compelling desire to retreat, and to fish some less hazardous part of the river where reptilian exhibitions were not so abundant. Then, too, as this surged on his sea of perplexities, instantly he recalled the impossibility of retreat. He began to take hold of himself in a sensible way, and quitted his apprehension by reasoning, that he had seen no greater number of cottonmouths than formerly. The only difference, he had not been subject to their terrifying influence. If it were not for that fool Professor! What was the use of being alarmed? Not over six snakes had been close to him, and not a one of them had exhibited malignity at his trespass!

He waded a little farther, exercising great caution at this point, for the ledge was the narrowest he had encountered. Ten feet more, however, and this would be behind him. There was a coat of moss on the ledge. Must he not be more vigilant? It would be quite a cold plunge in the river, and dangerous, indeed, with feet encased in heavy waders. What were the chances of ever reaching safety? Surely, if he ever made a false step a great peril confronted him! Admitting the worst, he was positive, were

he to take a plunge it would not be due to his lack of precaution.

Almost kneeling he felt aloft on the bank, without seeing, for something to grasp. He seized a long slender vine. It was obstructed from view by the overhanging bank, and he could not classify it. This much he knew; it afforded great help. His right hand held his rod, the line floating on some feet ahead in the current, giving the flies a salutary play. Suddenly he felt a stinging prick on the back of his hand, like the stab of two hot needles. Then, horror of horrors! the largest cottonmouth he had ever seen presented his swaying head near him, and precipitated itself into the water. Immediately the angler realized that the giant cottonmouth had struck him.

There was still Spartan courage remaining to Harper. His face blanched. Cold perspiration oozed forth in icy beads on his forehead. His knees trembled until they were only a weak support. Yet he still clung to the ledge.

What Harper's feelings were at the moment can be conceived by visualizing his position. He forged his way along the ledge, refusing a glance at his paining hand, under stress of the thought that it would affect his fortitude.

Presently he came to safer footing. He had escaped death in the brawling river, but was it for a death lingering and a thousand times more painful. He bit his lip, as looking into the mirroring water the deathly pallor of his face was manifested. Yet then he checked his waning spirits and looked up into the clear sky as he brought his hand to his face. At first his head was averted, as though the sight meant death. But he survived all, even the remembrance of the Professor's words. Slowly he permitted his eyes to fall on the wounded member. It was all too true! There, beneath the grime still clinging from contact with the dirt on the bank were two spots of blood about an inch and a half apart!

His hand was paining him dreadfully. How long did people live after having been bitten by a full grown cottonmouth? What were the opportunities for medical assistance? The first question he tried to laugh away with the Professor's theories framed in his favor, and to the second he had to admit they were far distant. There was quickening of the heart action! He had a seizure already! Weakness of the limbs! He could now feel a numbness permeating them.

All the stories recording death by snake bite overwhelmed his history of cures. To be sure there were cures possible, but only when medical treatment was at hand. It was obvious it was now too late.

Suck the wound, he had been advised. In his trying dilemma he had forgotten that. Was it too late now? The fiery poison was now coursing in his veins. Could he not realize that much

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himself? Now his home and his affiliations followed in the wake of all, and it gave him no rest, adding discomfort to his confused brain. How could he put a ligature above the wound! The enamelled fishing line would be the thing. Alas! Was it not too late? From the Spartan he fell to the craven, as he pondered over his predicament. A thousand times he cursed himself. Why such folly? From any other place he could escape instantly, and for a few fish he must give his life! There was nothing now but death!

After a short time a feeling of perverseness influenced him. One way or the other, he had to die. He admitted it a thousand times. No medical assistance! The watery grave on the other hand! But he would not dash from his present torment to the quicker death of the stream! He would sit there calmly and await the coming of the end. How grand this seemed to him! The setting of the stream in its hill fastness, the gorgeousness of spring were beauties created for his farewell. He could not appreciate how brave he had become, or how easy it was to reconcile himself to an unresisting end. He could with ease indulge in heroics for there was not a scintilla of hope for intervention.

He awaited the final dropping of the curtain. What a strange mystery he was about to penetrate! He had courage now—marvellous courage. He was facing eternity! Was there such a thing? The churches and its criers had all preached to him of it. What did they know about it? Ha! Ha! He was to learn the real truth, something that had always been denied them! Death was devoid of terror, after all!

A tug on his right hand almost threw him off his balance into the river. Instantly Harper stood upright, whereupon he looked for the cause and his eyes roved along the water. All through his agony his right hand had retained the rod, and out there, wonder of wonders! a leaping small mouth was tugging desperately at the end of his line.

Again was presented the river or the land.

The spirit of sportsmanship took a place right then. Another battle was on, a hard fighting fish against the delicate inhibitive instruments of man. Which would win? What a fitting death for an angler! Everything must end with death. The last battle! What a drama might be composed from this! A painting! The fight for death! Which?

Up in the air went the fish. The first check of the reel showed too much suddenness. The rod was strained to its utmost. What a fish he was! There, he broke the water with a thrilling leap, shaking at his tether like a vicious dog. Then with a mad, belligerent rush he fought downstream.

And Harper only sensed the enthusiasm of the engagement. Such a fish was a prize to be fought for. It was too much on his rod to stop him there, and he followed rapidly down the ledge, scarcely watching once where he placed his feet.

Once more the fish went up in the air, a revelation of spectacular agility and daring militancy. His great sides of green bronze glistened as his flight from water became more frequent. He dashed hither and thither, but the patience and the endurance of the angler fought against him. He was fast approaching the end of the narrow

deep water. His goal was the swift water at the head of the racing shoal.

The angler followed, and before he knew it, he was off from the dangerous ledge, fighting his fish away from the rapids. Almost to the armpits he was, with waders filled and his garments drenched. But he fought his fish with a master hand and oblivious of his personal discomfort.

In time the fish yielded. The swift water was not to be his. Something behind the length of slender line was telling on his strength. In an excess of rage he dashed upstream—bull of the kind that he was—but the same restraint was on him. In fury he leaped and leaped until the angler began to despair of victory. Finally he began to circle, then in miniature circles, and in a few moments the great red eyes of a conquered small mouth bass glared contentiously into Harper's, as he backed into the landing net.

Harper's mind raced back quickly to his affliction. What, no inflammation! The two red spots were washed somewhat cleaner, and there remained only a little smarting. What could be the reason? His limbs were destitute of tremor. His heart beat just a trifle faster than normal. And the perspiration exuding, despite his wet garments was warm, like that from toil.

Again his eyes fastened on his hand, and closer than they had ever been that day. Comprehension of another kind dawned on him. He knelt down in the shallow water, and dug rapidly in the wound with his nails. His face flushed a childlike red of embarrassment, as a veil of great depression was lifted. For there, right at the end of his thumb nail were two small dark spines of the sawbriar vine!

With gleeful shouts of the angler the hills reverberated. Then Harper quickly opened his creel. The still struggling fish was all it could contain. He pulled it out. He held it aloft. It was active as ever. Then slowly, almost with reverence, he dropped it carefully in the water.

The fish swam weakly at first, then quite sure of its strength it bored and disappeared from view.

TRULY A MIXED BAG.

Saginaw, Mich., February 11, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Through a friend of mine I got copy of a letter written to an acquaintance of this friend, by another friend, so much so that it is fifth or sixth handed before reaching me but at any rate it is headed "A Mixed Bag," that was made by someone whom I do not know nor never heard of, fifteen or twenty miles from Crystal City, Texas:

- 18 White-winged Doves
- 7 Scaled Quail
- 3 Wilson Snipe
- 4 Ducks
- 3 Jack Rabbits
- 1 Coyote
- 2 Wild Cats
- 1 Armadillo

all killed with a 20 gauge gun. The cat and two half grown cubs jumped out of a thick tangle near where this gentleman was quail hunting and he got one with each barrel. The coyote trotted past his duck blind within twenty yards.

The reason that I am sending this to you is that it is a novelty in the way of a mixed bag.

W. B. MERSHON.

WHAT BAIT FOR MICHIGAN RAINBOW?

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 17, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Fishermen about Central Lake were last summer asking for a bait to please the German brown and rainbow trout, but up to the end of the season were unable to find one which they would tackle.

The northern part of Michigan abounds in lakes and rivers where there are plenty of these fish. The woods are a delight to those in search of plants for the wild garden. Orchids and arbutus are to be found, and many other plants not so well known except to the botanist.



German Brown Trout, 31 Inches Long, Weight 9 Lbs., Caught in Michigan.

The German brook trout shown in the photograph was found in a hole of a brook by Mr. J. Pond Fisk. It measured thirty-one inches and weighed nine pounds.

It would be of interest to the fishermen in that locality to have suggestions about bait.

F. L. WRIGHT.

LIGHTER SALMON TACKLE.

By J. C. Brooks.

Realizing that the continued general use of the heavy tackle in fishing for salmon would mean an elimination of that recreation from the calendar of sports, Oregon fishermen in the vicinity of Portland last year organized the Salmon Club of Oregon. The chief aim of this organization is to substitute light tackle for the heavier, and the rewarding of those who were able to land the coveted fish by the use of lighter tackle.

The club has a membership of 150, and was founded in January, 1914. It was conceived on the principle that for the best sport, and to more evenly match the odds between the angler and his fish, the salmon tackle should consist of a rod not less than five feet in length, and weighing not more than six ounces, with a line no



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The club has put a ban on the heavy tackle that was so popular with people a few years ago, and is still popular with those who fish for the market. There are some, too, who have not come to a full realization of the importance of the use of the light tackle, and the greatly increased sport to be derived from its use. To date there are hundreds of salmon fishermen skilfully using the light tackle who formerly used nothing but the heavy tackle, and it is the hope of the club that next year will see many of heavy tackle men won over to the new faith.

To encourage this idea the club offers a number of fine prizes in the form of different styles of fishing tackle. These prizes are offered to light tackle anglers according to an adopted classification, from which springs the term "button fish." Any member who takes a salmon of the spring run prior to July 1, of each year, weighing twenty pounds or more, is entitled to a bronze button; one that weighs thirty pounds or more entitles the person who caught it to a silver button; one that weighs over forty pounds brings a gold button. These fish, however, are to be taken on the light tackle, and the angler must hook, play, and land the fish entirely unaided.



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We Want the Necessary Things and Perhaps a Few Luxuries for Good Measure.

Hints on the Dry Fly

There is no Mystery in the Art—Just a Little Care and Practice
Are Essential

By Eugene V. Connett, 3rd.

PERHAPS a few words of advice on the question of the tackle needed for dry fly trout fishing would be welcomed by some of the angling brotherhood who have decided to try this method of capturing the wiley "fontinalis" during the coming season. As all anglers know nothing is easier than to spend a small fortune on tackle every year whether we need it or not—we always need more, it seems—and if the angler who intends to fish the dry fly for the first time does not care how much he spends, he should not bother about reading articles on the subject of tackle; he need only go to his tackle purveyor and buy everything offered to him. Most of us, however, prefer to spend as little as possible. We want the necessary things with perhaps a few little luxuries for good measure.

If one has a good fly rod,—and that means a rod that he likes, and can handle to his own satisfaction,—he can fish "dry" as well as "wet" with it. If this rod is fairly stiffish, about 9½ ft. long, and weighs about 5 ounces, so much the better, according to the experts. My fly rod meets none of these requirements exactly, but it "suits me" and that is the most important item. Your regular single action fly reel with a capacity of about 40 yds. fills the bill as far as reels go. If you are buying a new reel this spring try one of the narrow English type with a core about 1 inch in diameter and a permanent click. To my mind, they are the ideal fly reel. The thick core does not ruin your line anywhere near as much as the ordinary thin spindle. These reels can be had in a dull finish for as low as \$2.50, and mighty good reels they are.

In selecting your line, you can spend freely if you wish, by purchasing a tapered line, but I know of "several trout" having been caught on dry flies with the regular old level line. If you can afford it, I should advise the tapered line, but if you do not wish to buy a new line your regular level water-proof fly casting line will do. There is no use in my trying to tell you

what size line to use. That is a question depending on your rod; some rods cast a heavy line and others a lighter one. The question of the strength of the line is relatively unimportant—I am taking for granted that you will buy a line made by a reputable house—but a heavy rod must have heavy line, say E, and the light rod a light line, F or G. While on the subject of lines, let me say that English deer fat and mutton tallow are suspiciously alike, and I strongly advise you to ask the butcher for a strip of fat from a lamb's chest rather than spend your good money on the imported article. The fat can be boiled down and put in a small container. With a piece of flannel 2 x 6 inches held doubled over in one hand,—mutton tallow having been applied to the cloth first, the line can be pulled through the fold in the flannel and put in good condition to float—for that is the object of the deer fat. This keeps any waterproof line in good shape and you will find it worth your while to administer this treatment to your wet fly line. Be sure to remove the greater part of the tallow before using, by wiping the line with the clean rag.

The ideal leader for dry fishing is 7½ ft. long and tapered from about heavy bass size to extra light trout size. Here again the taper is not essential, but I should advise the use of the tapered leader much more strongly than that of a tapered line. Do not try to save money on leaders, for as most other things, you only get what you pay for. Buy first quality leaders only and you will save much in the long run.

If the last remark is true about leaders, it is doubly true when applied to flies. To me there is nothing more discouraging than to see a favorite fly go to pieces. As a matter of fact very few really cheap dry flies are offered for sale at present, but as this form of angling becomes more popular, cheap dry flies will undoubtedly appear. Eyed flies are infinitely preferable to the snelled ones unless you feel you must forego the pleasure of a tapered leader. In the latter case, flies tied with a fine snell would per-



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haps help a little. In giving a list of dry flies to be bought to start with, I do not think you will go wrong on the following—Alder, Black Gnat, Coachman; Olive Dun, Pale Evening Dun, Spent Gnat male, Spent Gnat female, Jennie Spinner, Soldier Palmer, Hares Ear, Wickham's Fancy and White Miller. If you wish a larger assortment, you may add with advantage, Red Spinner, March Brown, Silver Sedge, May Fly, Cow-Dung, Crannom, and before going home with an empty creel, and such things have happened, put on a Parmachenee Belle for luck. After wetting a fly, you will need a bottle of oil to restore it to a floating condition. Any dry fly oil put up by a reputable tackle dealer will do. There are various containers offered for this oil, but I use the original bottle in a little home made leather pocket with a flap buttoned over the cork. Tie a string tightly around the neck of the bottle, and fasten it to the cork, and then you will not have to hold the cork when you are applying the oil to a fly—neither will you lose the cork, a fairly important item,—when you bend over to net a fish. Pin the bottle holder to your coat in a convenient spot with a heavy safety pin. After applying oil to your fly, you must remove all surplus drops by "blot-



Imitation flies used in dry-fly fishing, the two top rows showing sizes commonly employed in England and the bottom row larger flies used on American streams. These are exact sizes.

ting" the fly against your coat sleeve or in your handkerchief. If you do not wish to ruin your coat, you may stitch a piece of cloth to a piece of celluloid and fasten this cloth-side-out on your sleeve.

I do not wish to pose as a dry fly expert, but if those who are will overlook any remarks I make that they feel are inadequate or misleading, I will try to give the prospective dry fly angler a few words of advice. In the first place, do not expect to catch trout with dry flies on the opening day of the season. The ideal time for this method of fishing is later when the streams are lower and clearer. The chief aim is to imitate nature to the highest degree and certainly a fly gently dropped on the surface which floats with the force and direction of the current looks more like real food to a trout, than a fly which splashes down and swims with "powerful strokes" against and across the current of the stream. If you can possibly master the art of fishing upstream, do so; and use every pre-

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caution to avoid any drag on the fly from your line. Cast so that your fly and your line drop in water which is moving at approximately the same speed. If the channel is on one side of the stream and the water on the opposite side is flowing slower, do not cast across unless you know how to drop your fly upstream from your line. As few of us can do this pretty trick well, it is better to cast your fly and line all in the channel or all in the slow water, thus avoiding drag to a great extent.

Always bear in mind that your first cast in new water is the most important. If your first cast is a poor one, and it always seems to be in my case, do not immediately retrieve your fly, but let it float a little. Between each cast you must remove any water from your fly by making several false casts through the air. Keep your fly well off the water in doing this, so that you will not frighten the fish; they are not accustomed to seeing a fly move the way it does in false cast.

If you are fishing "wet" and come to a slow moving stretch of stream or a nice pool, attach a dry fly for your first few casts and you will be delighted with the way "Brother Fontinalis" comes up to your fly—if he does come up. To me there is great fascination in seeing a trout take a dry fly; much more than in feeling him take a wet one. If you know that there is a good fish in some particular rapid and you cannot get him interested in a wet fly, let your

dry one float down head-over-heels if necessary and it may look good to him.

When you start out, try to pick a fly from your book that resembles the flies on the stream that day, and do not waste your time and energy changing flies every few minutes; rather use this energy in presenting your fly naturally and keeping out of sight as much as possible. Stalk your fish intelligently: keep the sun in front of you; be quiet; drop your fly gently, avoiding drag; fish the nearest water first; lead your fish away from unfished water so as not to frighten his comrades; and always remember that a trout is a wise, wise, fellow who will not take your fly because you happen to be lucky, but because you are clever enough to make him think he is going to get a good meal. If you are not successful with the dry fly the first time you use it, by all means do not get discouraged. Fishing "dry" is a difficult thing to do right, but when you do attain skill in this method, you will find that it plays a very important part in the art of trout fishing.

St. Paul, Minn., had a novel auction sale the other day. It was conducted by Carl Avery, the State Game Commissioner. He sold a lot of shot guns, rifles, and other accoutrements confiscated by the game wardens from hunters. The State netted \$600 by the sale, but the singular thing about the auction is that the fowling pieces, as a rule, were purchased by the former owners. This is the first auction of its kind.

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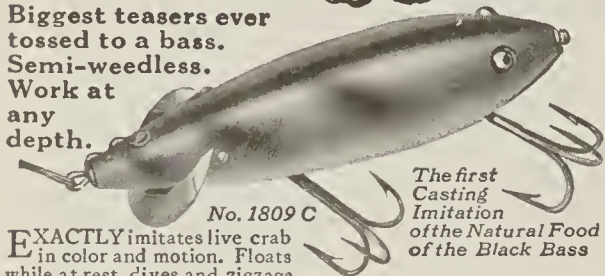
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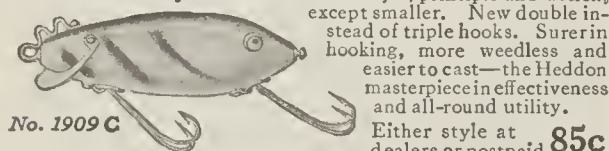
Crab Wigglers

Biggest teasers ever
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Semi-weedless.
Work at
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Casting
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Send for beautiful, free catalog of Heddon's Genuine Dowagiac Rods and Minnows, containing splendid fish pictures and new fishing chart.

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Specializing on this box makes possible this offer of 3 DURO Guaranteed Shirts and 3 handsome silk ties to match sent prepaid by parcel post on receipt of \$3 with name and address of 5 friends.

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are scientifically water-proofed, won't rot nor snarl, free running, back-lashing practically eliminated, and are guaranteed for an entire season.

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Popularity of Frank Forester's Writings

His Books Have Gone Through Edition After Edition, Although Just Now are out of Print

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

If we must judge by the rapidly succeeding editions through which the work passed, no book on the field sports of North America has ever been so popular as that written by Henry William Herbert (Frank Forester). Since the various editions, so far as I am aware, have never been recorded, the following list should be interesting to many of your readers. This record includes the editions in my library—all that I have ever seen. Each edition was issued in two volumes. Except as mentioned, the same gilt tooled emblems are on the backs of all American editions. Except as noted in the case of two editions, the end papers of all American editions are light yellow. Except for the imprints and changes indicated, the titles of all editions are the same.

1. "Field Sports in the United States, and the British Provinces of America. By Frank Forester. In two volumes." 12 mo. olive green cloth, covers blind tooled.

London: Richard Bentley, 1848.

Although the London edition has the date of imprint 1848, corresponding with the date of the preface, probably it did not issue from the press until 1849. As compared with the American edition of 1849, it contains neither illustrations nor the page of dedication; it is printed in larger type, the preface is slightly abridged, it lacks appendix II and the index at the end.

2. "Frank Forester's Field Sports of the United States, and British Provinces, of North America. (Then follow two quotations in verse by Sir Egerton Brydges.) By Henry William Herbert; author of * * *, in Two Volumes." 8 vo. Red Cloth. Two gilt emblems on back—a powder horn suspended from a stag's head above, and below two guns inclined so that the barrels cross. Large gilt design of dead game birds and a hare on the center of front cover, the same emblem blind tooled on the center of back cover. Blind tooled corner designs and straight border lines on both covers. Frontispieces, full page illustrations. Initial woodcuts at the beginning of each chapter.

New York: Stringer and Townsend, 1849.

Collation: Vol. I: 2 blank leaves; blank; frontispiece (Wild Turkey); pp. i-x include (title, copyright, 2 pp.; dedication, 1 p.; blank; preface, 2 pp.; list of illustrations (6) 1 p.; blank; contents of Vol. I, 2 pp.); pp. 1-360; 4 blank leaves. Vol. II: 2 blank leaves; blank; frontispiece (Elk); pp. i-vi include (title, copyright, 2 pp.; list of illustrations (6), 1 p.; blank; contents, 2 pp.); pp., including appendices A-D, and Index at end, 1-367; note on back of page 367; 2 blank leaves. This is the first American edition, copyright and preface dated 1848.

3. The same edition, an exact duplicate except that it is bound in dark purple cloth.

4. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc. * * * author of (list of works partly different) * * * Fourth edition, revised and corrected, and many new illustrations * * *." 8 vo. red cloth; size of paper slightly shorter and wider than that of first edition. Same center emblems, but blind corner tooling is slightly different from that of the first edition.

New York: Stringer and Townsend, 1852.

The frontispiece of Vol. I is a crude portrait of Herbert. The preface has a small addition, three illustrations are added to each volume, errors are corrected in the text, two appendices are added, there is no note on back of last page.

5. Same, an exact duplicate except that it is bound in olive green cloth.
6. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc. * * * sixth edition, etc." 8 vo. green cloth, same center emblems, but blind corner tooling different from preceding editions.

New York: Stringer and Townsend, no date.

The collation and text of this edition completely duplicate those of the edition of 1852.

7. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, * * * author of (list of works in different order) * * * Eighth edition, containing numerous corrections and additions, a likeness of the author, and a view of his residence, photographed by Meade and brother. Prefaced by an original sketch of his very interesting memoirs, etc." 8 vo. red cloth (I have seen, but do not possess, this edition in olive green cloth). Center emblems the same, but blind corner tooling different from all preceding editions.

New York: W. A. Townsend, 1858.

The imprint is "W. A. Townsend," but the gilt lettering at the bottom of the back is "Stringer and Townsend." The publisher's note added to the preface states that Herbert's sudden death prevented his intended revision of this edition. The frontispieces of Vol. I and Vol. II contain, respectively, fine mounted photographs of Herbert and The Cedars, these replacing the frontispieces of other editions. The Memoirs of Herbert are included in pp. xi.-xlv. The index has been slightly revised. Otherwise the pagination, text, and illustrations are the same as those of the sixth edition. This Memorial edition is the best of all editions.

8. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc. * * * new edition containing numerous corrections and additions, with illustrations from nature, and brief memoir of the author, etc." 8 vo. red cloth, same center emblems, blind corner tooling different from all preceding editions.

New York: W. A. Townsend and Company, 1860.

In this edition the frontispieces are the same as those of the sixth edition. Otherwise, apart from the slight change in the title page, the collation and text are the same as those of the eighth edition.

Except for the different imprints, and slight changes noted, the collations and texts of all the succeeding editions are the same as those of the edition of 1860.

9. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc." 8 vo. red cloth, same center emblems, blind corner tooling differing from all preceding editions.

New York: W. A. Townsend, 1864.

10. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc." 8 vo. red cloth, all emblems and tooling same as in edition of 1864.

New York: W. A. Townsend, 1866.

11. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc." 8 vo. green cloth, all emblems and tooling same as in two preceding editions.

New York: W. A. Townsend and Adams, 1868.

My copy of this edition has the illustration of two stags, which is opposite page 239 in Vol. II of all editions, bound as the frontispiece of Vol. II and the title of it reads "American Elk." The usual frontispiece of an elk is bound opposite page 239 with title "American Deer." Because the titles to these

plates have thus erroneously been transposed, it is likely that the same mistake is repeated in all copies of this edition.

The editions from 1852 through 1868 are of uniform size. The editions following are of uniform size, but 1/2 inch shorter and 1 inch narrower than all preceding American editions. None of them have blind tooled corner designs.

- 12. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc." 8 vo. red cloth, same center emblems. The end papers of this edition are brown.

New York: George E. Woodward, no date.

This edition has the copyright still dated 1848. It was probably issued soon after the edition of 1868.

- 13. The same, bound in green cloth.
- 14. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc." 8 vo. green cloth. Vol. I blind tooled straight lines around borders of covers. Vol. II has no blind tooled lines and cloth of a different grain. Neither has gilt or blind emblems in center.

New York: Geo. E. Woodward and Co.; Orange Judd Company, no date (1873?).

Copyright is dated "1873, By George E. Woodward." I am inclined to believe that the slight difference in the bindings of the two volumes indicates that the first was issued by Woodward, and the second by Orange Judd. It is possible, however, that each volume is one of two different editions, or one of two uniform bindings of the same edition.

- 15. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc." 8 vo. green cloth, no center emblems; blind tooled scroll design straight across near top and bottom of both covers.

New York: The American News Company, no date.

Copyright 1873, By George E. Woodward.

- 16. "Frank Forester's Field Sports, etc." 8 vo. green cloth; no center emblems; end papers light gray with figures.

New York: Excelsior Publishing House, no date.

Copyright 1873, by George C. Woodward. This is a very cheap edition, printed on very poor paper. Aside from the initial woodcuts of each chapter, it contains no illustrations except one inferior woodcut on page 317.

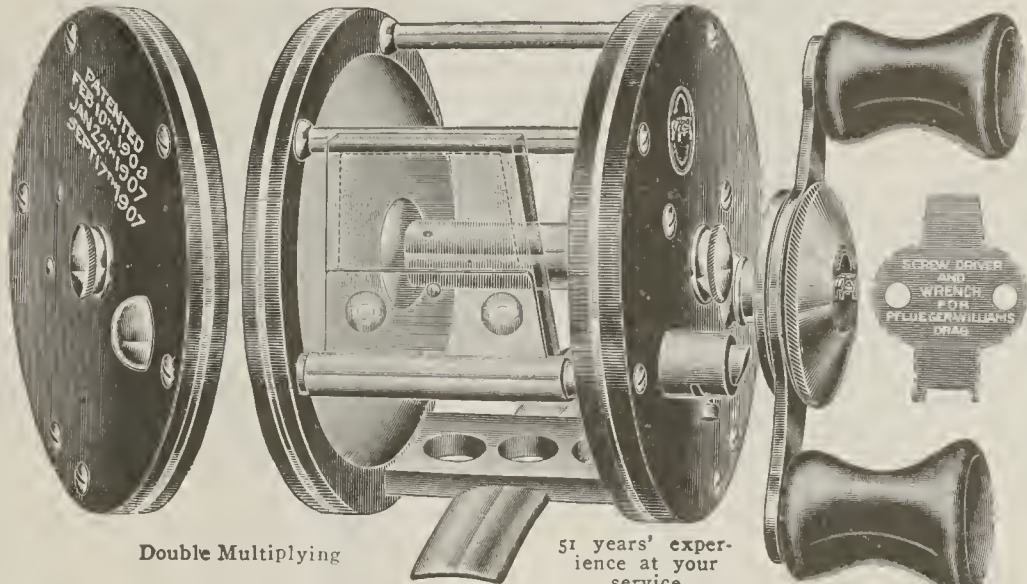
It is not certain which of these two last editions was issued first, but quite likely they were published in the order in which I have listed them.

The above list includes thirteen different editions of this book, and enumerates four of them bound in two colors of cloth. It is quite likely that many of the editions were bound in more than one color of cloth, particularly those before 1868.

No book on field sport written in English has passed through so many editions except Gordon Cumming's "Five Years of a Hunter's Life * * * in South Africa," which passed through more than twenty editions.

It will be observed by those who are interested that the *second*, *third*, *fifth*, and *seventh* editions of "Forester's Field Sports" are not listed. I have never seen them, nor have I ever been able to obtain any record of them. It is quite possible that the publishers kept issuing the work with the date 1849, and then, without ever having put on the title page *second* or *third* edition, suddenly in 1852 inserted "fourth edition" for the purpose of emphasizing the popularity of the book. For the same reason *fifth* or *seventh* editions may never have appeared in the title page. The prefaces in all the editions from the

"PFLUEGER-AVALON" SALT WATER REEL



Stock No.	Yards	Pillar	Disc	Price Each Post Paid	Stock No.	Yards	Pillar	Disc	Price Each Post Paid
2726	150	2 3/8 Inch	2 3/4 Inch	\$18.00	2729 1/2	350	2 1/4 Inch	4 Inch	\$26.50
2727	200	2 1/8 Inch	3 Inch	20.00	2729 3/4	400	2 1/4 Inch	4 1/4 Inch	30.00
2728	250	2 1/8 Inch	3 1/4 Inch	22.00	2730	450	2 1/4 Inch	4 1/2 Inch	38.00
2729	300	2 1/8 Inch	3 1/2 Inch	24.50	2730 1/2	500	2 3/4 Inch	4 1/2 Inch	40.00

Notice: Ask your dealer and write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information for anglers meet every demand put upon it in landing any of the salt water fishes, be they heavy or light weight. The "Pflueger-Williams" Drag Handle can be adjusted to any tension desired with the Knurled Adjusting Screw Cap and this, too, while the fish is in play. With our Disappearing Drag Handle Stop the Drag Handle can be stopped or not just as is wanted. Impossible for the Drag Handle to work loose or drop off.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. Dept. 21 AKRON, OHIO

Positively the best Reel possible to make for Salt Water Fishing. Our Unlimited Guarantee Certificate Goes with Each Reel.

Made of finest quality German Silver, Satin finished, Hard Rubber Discs interleaved with German Silver. Patented Leather Thumb Brake, Adjustable Back Sliding Click, Phosphor Bronze Generated Spiral Tooth Gears, Phosphor Bronze Bearings, Steel Pivots.

The "Pflueger-Avalon" Reel is of superior design and construction throughout. It was thoroughly tested out by actual salt water fishing and under the most unfavorable conditions before we placed it on the market. Every possible weakness usually found in salt water reels has been eliminated and we will guarantee this Reel to



fourth to the last are the same, except that in each up to the eighth one word is changed. The preface of the fourth edition begins: "I have little to say in the preface to the fourth edition, etc." In the sixth and eighth editions, the only changes in the whole preface are the substitutions of the words "sixth" and "eighth" for "fourth." The word "eighth" is continued in the prefaces of all editions after that of 1858.

It may be possible, however, that these missing editions, and even others not in the above list, were actually issued. My interest in this matter is very great. Therefore, if any reader of this article should ever see an edition not listed

above, or one bound in a cloth of different color, I would esteem it as a particular favor if he would write and so advise me at 8 West 9th St., New York, N. Y. Thus we may sometime know the complete bibliography of this classic work on American Field Sports.

CHARLES SHELDON.

The Wild Life League of Pennsylvania has increased its membership more than 500 and organized thirty new branches since the beginning of 1916.

TELLS HOW FAR YOU WALK
THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER
 Regulates to Step and Registers Exact Distances; Simple, Accurate, Durable

Indispensable to every lover of outdoor sport, and especially to those who love WALKING. Instructive because of value in determining distances; a necessary adjunct to compass and as useful to SPORTSMEN. It furnishes the true solution of many a disputed question of how far it is to or from various points. Best of all it is a wonderful health promoter because its interesting notations afford real incentive for WALKING. Whether you walk for health, business or pleasure — anywhere, everywhere, the AMERICAN Pedometer tells the whole story of just how far you have travelled.

FULLY GUARANTEED One Hundred Mile Pedometer, \$1.50.

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AMERICAN PEDOMETER COMPANY
 902 Chapel St., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

You Lose Your Fish
 because your rod is not quick enough to catch them. Use a "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod and you can hook the quickest, wariest bunter, nibbler or striker.

"Bristol"
 Prize Winning Rods

have the durability, the tested reliability and the never-say-die "hang on" lasting strength to hold the fish until he is tired out and ready to net. They have the elegance of finish and mountings. They have the right balance and feeling in the hand for whipping, casting and trolling. They are made in the right lengths, shapes, weights and trims. There are absolutely no other rods to compare in value with "BRISTOL" Rods.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
 84 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

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We offer prizes for the best fishing pictures. Send your fishing photos.

CATALOG FREE
 showing 38 styles of "BRISTOL" Rods at \$3.50 to \$25. Sold by 19,000 dealers.

It Starts With a Starter



THERE'S no hand-blistering, back-breaking, arm-aching cranking with a Caille Five-Speed Motor. It starts with a starter. And it starts so easily that a pull of a few pounds on a little handle (as shown below) does the trick. The starting mechanism is fully enclosed in a drum and mounted on top of the flywheel. It is positive in action and mechanically perfect. The

CAILLE  **Speed**
DETROIT
Motor

can be instantly attached to any rowboat and gives you five speeds—a high speed (7 to 10 miles per hour) to hurry you to the fishing or hunting grounds—an ideal trolling speed—a neutral—a slow and fast reverse. And, mind you, all speed changes are made without stopping, reversing or altering the speed of the motor. It always runs at normal speed. When set at neutral, the boat stands still while the motor remains running.

Other Caille Features

include water cooled silencer on exhaust; magneto in flywheel; self-lubrication; speed propeller; water-tight gear housing; cushioned steering handle. You'll receive full details when you *send for Catalog No. 10.*

Dealers Wanted

We also build marine motors from 2 to 30 h.p. Details in special catalog No. 24. When writing please give dimensions, style and purpose of boat to be powered.

**The Caille Perfection
Motor Co.**

1549 Caille St. Detroit, Mich.



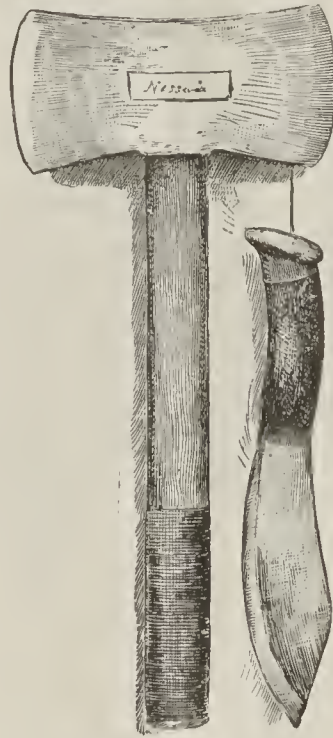
SAVE YOUR FACE OIL YOUR RAZOR

Rust causes razor dullness. 3-in-One absolutely prevents rust on the minute "teeth" of every razor blade. Always do this before and after shaving: Draw blade between thumb and forefinger moistened with a little 3-in-One. If an "ordinary" razor, oil strop, too. Then strop and have the most luxurious shave of all your life. Oil blade again before putting away.

3-in-One is sold everywhere in 3 size bottles: Trial size, 10c; 3-oz., 25c; 8-oz., (half pint) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—Generous sample and scientific "Razor Saver" circular.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
112 New St., New York City



Nessmuk's Corner And Camp Fire

This Month Marking the Opening of
The Early Fishing Season, a few
Hints Pertinent to the Occasion
Are Offered for the Bene-
fit of the Angler

Conducted by Old Camper for All Campers.

HOW TO DRESS LINES.

American anglers do not pay so much attention to the little home-made niceties of their favorite recreation as do our English cousins, but at the same time nothing gives more pleasure than trying to do a lot of things with your tackle that are usually left to the manufacturer. That is why I am sending for your Nessmuk's Corner something I clipped from the "Field" of London the other day dealing with the art of dressing lines, or enameling them, as we say on this side of the water. The receipt for this is not generally known and may be of use to our own angling fraternity. I quote:

A very interesting demonstration in line-dressing was given recently at the Fly Fishers' Club by Mr. Thomas Aspinall who had been invited to show the members his method of dressing a line very quickly. As most anglers know, the process of dressing a line with boiled linseed oil is a slow one, and though it gives splendid results if faithfully carried out it is beyond the patience of most amateurs to give it all the time and trouble that are required to make the best job of it. Mr. Aspinall's quick dressing consists in passing the line through three things—a solution of glue (in the proportion of 4 oz. glue, 10 oz. water, and ½ oz. boiled oil), boiled oil, and French polish. The line is run through the solution while it is hot; it dries on cooling, and is then run through the boiled oil, after which it dries quickly if the excess of oil is taken off properly. Then it can be run through the French polish three times without any interval between each dip. Three jam pots can be used to hold the different preparations, and a fork serves for dipping the line, which is run through the prongs, they themselves being held under the solution. A piece of wash-leather is used to take off the excess deposit from each bath. The prescription was first published in the "Fishing Gazette," and we are able to give it by Mr. Marston's kindness. Mr. Aspinall's demonstration was followed by a large muster of members and their friends with keen attention and interest.

He was introduced by Mr. Marston, who gave a little historical sketch of the art of dressing lines. It is by no means an old art, for the earliest reference he had been able to find to a dressed line was in Bohn's edition of the "Complete Angler" in 1856, where there is a mention of an "india-rubber line," made of plaited silk and treated with rubber. Ten years later Francis

Francis recommended "equal parts of boiled linseed oil and copal varnish," and gave one or two variants. Mr. Marston went on to touch on more modern work and the methods of Mr. Wills Ridley, Mr. Halford, and Mr. Hawksley. He also mentioned the beautiful lines turned out by a member of the club, Mr. Coggeshall. All such lines are the result of great pains and labor. Mr. Aspinall's method, he explained, was not set out as being calculated to produce a better dressed line than other methods. It was only claimed that "it makes a good waterproof dressing which wears well and fishes well, and is quickly and cheaply made."

We would have no doubt that many anglers will try Mr. Aspinall's prescription for themselves. After the line has been through the boiled oil it should apparently be allowed to stand a bit before going through the French polish. A line so dressed could, Mr. Aspinall explained, be used in a day or two, but the longer it is allowed to dry the better. The question is sometimes asked how an old dressing can be removed from a line. He said that this could be done by putting it into a bottle with some naphtha, after which the line could be redressed when thoroughly dry.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

Saginaw, Mich., March 10, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Here is a clipping that describes exactly the method that I have pursued in making good coffee—I mean really *good coffee*, during all the years that I have been camping.

I never let it boil, that makes it muddy according to my notion, but if the coffee is ground fine, mind you just as fine as can be, and the coffee pot is clean and not smelly and the water is *screaching hot*, boiling, just as hot as it can be, and poured in and the cover clapped on and the pot set back where it will keep hot but not boil, or in other words, follow out this recipe, I'll guarantee that the coffee will be clear, strong and of as good flavor as can be made from the coffee that you use.

W. B. M.

Here is the recipe:

Have the coffee ground fine, as only by this means are the cells containing the essence opened. Use a heaping dessert spoonful for each cup desired, and add one for the pot. Pour on the

required amount of bubbling, boiling water; which must always be measured and freshly drawn, stir thoroughly, put on stove in hot place, but do not permit to boil. In 10 minutes stir again, pour a little cold water down the spout to wash out any grounds that may be there, and pour a little in the coffee itself. Keep on the stove for another 10 minutes, and the coffee is ready to serve—delicious, full of flavor, a drink that you'll enjoy.

A BIRCH BARK CUP.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There is a type of birch bark cup frequently seen in the woods that is absolutely tight and that will sit on its own bottom. It also has the advantage of being as easily made as any other, though it may take a little longer to put it together. This is made by taking a square piece of bark six or seven inches across and folding it four times along lines parallel with each edge and say two inches from the edge. The folded edges are then brought into position at right angles with the plane of the bottom, and fastened where they lap over with wooden skewers. You then have a box shaped cup two or three inches square with sides two inches high. Of course the proportions may be varied to suit the requirements. Such a cup makes a good coffee cup and saves the bother of carrying tin ones.

J. B. B.

MIGRATORY BIRD LAW TO BE RE-ARGUED.

The United States Supreme Court on February 29, ordered a re-hearing or re-argument of the migratory bird case. No date has been set for this, and it may be months before the case is decided. In the meantime the law is the law of the land and will be enforced strictly, as violators may learn to their sorrow. The action of some state game authorities in allowing spring shooting has been rightly condemned as a plain setting up of their own authority over that of the United States. The argument may mean any one of several things—a divided court, a feeling that the Justices who did not take part in the first hearing should be given an opportunity to hear it—but conjecture is idle. The main fact is that a strong case has been made out and the final decision will probably be a broad and important one as defining the real police powers of the Federal Government.

A SUMMER HOME OR GAME PRESERVE FOR THE ASKING.

The liberal laws of the Province of Quebec permit the leasing at little cost of the fishing and hunting rights on wild lands to individuals and clubs. If you want a lake of your own, or if you want the exclusive hunting privileges on an extensive area of virgin territory, a line to Hon. Honore Mercier, Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec, Canada, will bring you full information. The Province permits the leases to United States citizens as well as to Canadians.

FROM AN APPRECIATIVE SUBSCRIBER.

Atlanta, Georgia, February 28, 1916.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:—Enclosed please find money order for \$5, which I assume pays my subscription to your valued and most interesting journal up to 10/1/1920.

We consider *Forest and Stream* among the very cleanest and highest toned magazines on our library table, and we all enjoy it greatly.

(Signed) N. P. PRATT.



Partial Interior View of One of the Hundreds of Big Storage Warehouses in which the Choicest Burley Leaf is Aged in Wood Three to Five Years for Tuxedo Tobacco. The Large Central Inset Shows a Hogshead Opened.

All Smoking Tobaccos Are Aged

Have to be to make them smokable. Tobacco in its natural state is raw and harsh. Ageing makes it mellow, milder.

The leaf for some tobaccos is aged for only one or two years.

That for Tuxedo is aged in wooden hogsheads for *three to five years*—until it is as nearly perfect as nature can make it.

Most manufacturers simply age the leaf and *let it go at that*. But—

Tuxedo Is More Than Aged

After nature has done all it can to mellow the leaf, then the *original* "Tuxedo Process" is applied.

This famous process—a doctor's discovery—takes out all the bite left by nature. Prevents irritation of mouth and throat. Makes Tuxedo the mildest, most comfortable smoke possible to pro-

duce. Enables men to enjoy a pipe who formerly could not do so.

The "Tuxedo Process" has many imitators. Millions of dollars have been spent trying to invent a "just-as-good" process. But it still remains the great *original* method for making tobacco absolutely biteless and non-irritating.

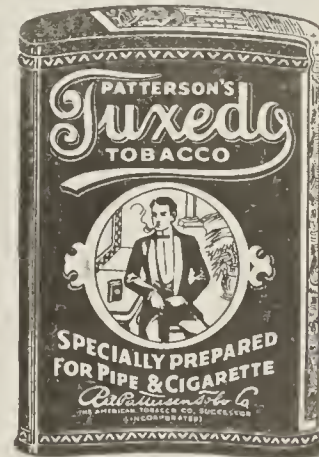
Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Get a tin of Tuxedo. Try it for a week. Note how sweet and fragrant it is and how mild! You can smoke it all day and have a sound tongue and a perfectly comfortable throat at the end. A week's trial is bound to make you a permanent smoker of Tuxedo.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch 5c Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



\$7.50



Makes An Expert of the Amateur

While gritting your teeth over a back-lash snarl, you have had to pause and exclaim in admiration of the ease and accuracy with which the expert beside you—the old greybeard of many summers' casting experience—gets his bait out, with nary a hitch or snarl or catch. Ten, fifteen, twenty years of fishing experience will give you that same deftness and skill.—But why wait those weary years when inventive genius has placed within your reach a reel with which you can cast, with all the expert's ease, this season, on your very next trip—NOW!

The "Pflueger-Redifor" Anti-Back-Lash Casting Reel

makes casting a real pleasure, for beginners as well as experts. Automatic thumbers, attached to the flange of the spool enclosed within the reel, free from all dirt and chance of harm, thumb mechanically, retarding the spool as the bait slows down. Will hold from 60 to 100 yards, according to size line used.

Price, \$7.50. (Fully guaranteed against defects of all kinds, FOR ALL TIME.) If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send it, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

The Enterprise Manufacturing Co. Dept. No. 21 Akron, O.

NOTICE—Write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information of interest to anglers.



SPEEDY, POWERFUL No Vibration

Absolutely dependable. Easy to start—Easy to manage. Without question the finest rowboat motor made.

The Great 2-CYLINDER KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR

The original 2-cylinder Rowboat Motor.

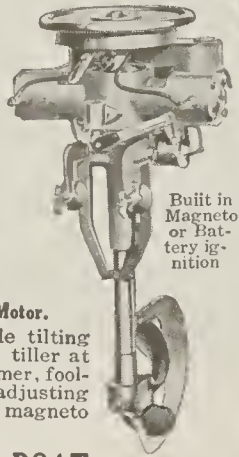
NEW 1916 features include tilting device, multiple speeds, tiller at right hand side, waterproof timer, fool-proof carburetor, thrust adjusting gear case, Aeroplane Type magneto and many others.

DOESN'T SHAKE THE BOAT

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Game Conditions in Connecticut

Birds are Scarcer, While a Fool Law is Hastening the Extermination of the Deer

By Woodcock.

Norwalk, Ct., Feb. 21, 1916.

The 1915 hunting season having come to a close and the guns put away for their winter rest, it seems well to stop and ask ourselves whether the birds were as abundant as usual and if not, are we not killing more than the supply will allow?

My own experience the past fall was that quail were more plentiful than three or four years ago and in about the same number as in 1914. Considering the number that was known to be in the covers at the opening of the past hunting season, a comparatively small number was killed, due in part to the fact that a number of our hunters did not hunt quail, hoping thereby to increase the breeding stock and in time give us some old-time quail shooting, and also, that the quail are very well educated and when first flushed make for the thick swamps and once hidden in the bogs are fairly safe, as anyone who has tried to hunt them in such places well knows.

At present I know where there are five or six covies of from six to twelve birds, and they have come through the several severe storms in fine shape, although I have not been able to look them up since the last heavy snow. At present we have over a foot of snow on the ground and zero weather, and I fear the quail are suffering. As regards our woodcock flight, it was much smaller than usual and the birds strung out through the entire open season, but very few of them.

A year or so ago, in an article published in *Forest and Stream*, I advocated a bag limit on woodcock and the Editor in a foot note to the article, said that there was such a limit at that time. I did not take up the point then, but will say that we have never had a limit on woodcock until the season of 1915. The law making a limit of five woodcock per day was enacted by one Legislature in that year and caused much indignation among certain of our hunters. These are the men who do not look very far into the future and make use of the very foolish argument, that if we do not kill the birds, others along the line of flight will get them. It does

not take much thought to see that with unlimited killing the day of the woodcock is not far distant and the five bird limit seems to me a very good law. Not more than three years ago I knew of several men who made bags of as high as twenty woodcock in a day.

Our partridge are not quite holding their own and it is noticeable how bare the smaller covers are of birds; covers which have for many years held a few birds each season. I think the automobile has made a great difference in the number of birds in these runs, as when formerly it took a good part of the day to get to your hunting ground, now the hunters are on the ground at daylight and are able to hunt four or five times the country that they formerly covered and they drive from one patch of cover to the next, and so take in every small run in the locality. I really believe that there is not a day during the open season that one of these covers is not hunted. Back in the big woods there are still many birds, but the small runs fail to hold them as formerly. The worst piece of legislation enacted in many a day, was the passage of a law, allowing any man to kill deer, meaning buck, doe or fawn, at any time of year, provided they were on his property, or he may allow any employe to do the butchering for him. Since the passage of this law we have had hundreds of wounded deer wandering over our State, blinded with bird shot, and with broken legs, and I am told that up to a month or so ago there had been killed in the neighborhood of twelve hundred deer since the passage of this law. This, if continued, of course means the extermination of the Connecticut deer and even if the next Legislature corrects this outrage, it is very doubtful whether there will be any deer left to start the restocking process.

Several years ago *Forest and Stream* published a number of very interesting reports of the game bird conditions in different parts of the country. These articles gave a very good idea of how the birds were maintaining themselves and I think it would be interesting to have some such reports of our past season and compare them with those of several years ago. This would give us a very good idea of present conditions.

With the closing of the duck hunting season in Florida, Georgia and South Carolina on February 15 wild waterfowl shooting ceased until next September. The Weeks-McLean bill prohibits gunning at migrants in their northward flights before they reach their breeding grounds, raise another generation of ducklings and start for the south again. The hunting has been better the past season in every part of the country than it has been for several years.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture the Federal migratory bird law enacted in 1913 has had a very marked effect upon the abundance of waterfowl throughout the country. The timely character of the law is shown by the fact that the number of migratory game birds now existing in the United States is only about 10 per cent. of the number found in the same area 75 years ago, and the total extermination of many species was imminent.

Game laws in Texas are pretty much of a joke if all things said about them are true. No one apparently pays any attention to the laws; hunters kill game in or out of season, and very few trouble their conscience by paying the license fee to hunt. Although there were over 100,000 hunters in Texas last year but 4,426 took out hunting licenses and a portion of that number were non-residents. The \$7,637 collected from licenses will not go far towards policing 270,000 square miles. The Legislature doesn't appear to be interested in the game laws, for if the law-makers were they would change the law to make every hunter pay a license instead of allowing him to hunt without a license in his own county. The hunters travel to other counties, knowing that there are no game wardens to "flag" them.

It will be possible—if one is fortunate—to shoot deer in four more counties in Pennsylvania next fall, for the ban will be raised in Cambria, Fayette, Somerset and Westmoreland. In eleven other counties the closed sign will remain up for one to three years more. Blair will bring down the bars in 1918, and Armstrong, Beaver, Butler, Chester, Clarion, Forest, Indiana, Jefferson, McKean and Warren will be closed until 1919. A county is "closed," providing 200 citizens ask the Game Commission to close it.

The Public Domain Commission of Michigan now has charge of the game department in that State, and it is anticipated that a considerable sum of money will be realized from the recently-enacted resident license law. With the funds at its command the commission is seeking to expend it along lines that will be for the best interests of the State. In this connection it has instructed Game Warden Oates to establish a game farm, and a progressive administration of game affairs is expected.

Game Wardens of the State of Washington have formed a Game Wardens' Association. The object of the association is to get the men better acquainted and to achieve better results from the work they undertake. Governor Lister attended the organization meeting and is much interested in the scheme.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US



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June 29 - 15

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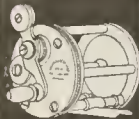
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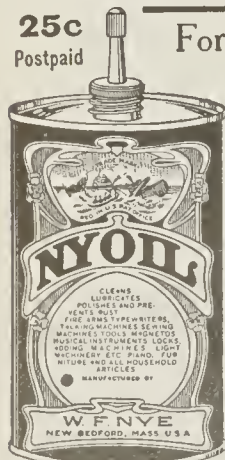
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Fishing "Down Stream"

The Dry Fly Purist Says Upstream, but Sometimes the Trout Can Best be Taken the Other Way

Floating the fly down stream to a rising fish is, of course, a recognized part of dry-fly tactics, but it is probably more honored in theory than in practice. Few men as a rule will of set purpose drift a fly down if by any possibility they can get a reasonable cast to the fish from below. The reasons for this are not hard to discover, according to a correspondent of the Field. For one thing, it is not easy to drift a fly well, and it requires extreme accuracy of eye and hand to get it on the exact line where it will cover the fish properly. For another, it often happens that if you drift you must stake your all on one cast, because the chances are either that the floating cast or part of it will rouse the fish's suspicions after the fly has gone by, or else that in recovering the line you make commotion enough near him to put him down. Further, there is the difficulty of allowing enough slack line for the fly to float down unhindered; often much more has to be conceded than is necessary for the worst up-stream drag.

When all the objections have been added together, however, it remains a fact that the plan of drifting is at times and places of considerable value to the dry-fly man. It is, for instance, a very useful method of avoiding drag in certain situations. Take the common case of a trout rising in slacker water close to the far bank. The center of the stream runs more swiftly, and there is more slack water close to the angler's bank. It is obviously very difficult to cover the fish from below. The pace of the center current would drag the fly out of its course at once, unless the angler is so expert with rod and line that he can allow for it by a great deal of slack or by causing his line to fall in a big bow up stream. Even so he would find it easier to station himself opposite the fish rather than below it, and there the task would not be too easy. Calculating for a drag is a tricky business, and it too often happens that the fly begins to skid just as it reaches the fish. The next cast may send it down beautifully, but "next casts" are admittedly not the best killers. They may have the merit of saving the angler's self-respect by showing that "he can do it after all," but they seldom undo the evil wrought by a first bad blunder.

The easiest way to give the fly a clear run over the fish is to drift it down to him, casting it across and down stream. There are places, indeed, in which the drag can only be avoided by doing this. It is not "drifting" perhaps in the strictest sense of the word, but it is something very like it, and if practised often it serves as good training for drifting proper—that is to say, to a fish in mid stream or under one's own

bank. The nearer he is to this bank the more difficult is it to cover him nicely with a fair chance of not putting him down if he fails to rise. It is the trout close in that calls for so much accuracy in the delivery. A few inches too far across, or a few inches too short, and he is likely to be put down.

Writers have much insisted, no doubt perfectly rightly, that a trout is best approached from behind because he lies with his head upstream. As a general rule this seems quite sound. Yet now and then most experienced anglers must have come upon cases where the fish have seemed to stand a down-stream approach better. It is probably something to do with the light or the background, but there are places on many fisheries where trout are fearfully shy of anyone coming along the bank upstream, and will nevertheless tolerate quite a close approach from the other direction. In such places drifting is certainly a surer way of getting rises than up-stream casting.

There are other fisheries where it may answer, not because the fish cannot be approached from below, but because they have been so approached hard and often by many anglers. In a well-flogged water the fish may either become extremely shy of a falling line or supremely indifferent both to it and to the fly at the end of it. In either case they are hard to catch by ordinary methods, and it pays to try them with the drift cast. The shyest or most experienced of trout will sometimes make a mistake about a fly which comes down to him "with no visible means of support." But obviously for use as a last resource in such circumstances the drift cast must be employed very artistically. Ability to "throw a fly into a teacup" is scarcely too high a standard of excellence for the angler's ambition.

Possibly, in spite of its difficulties and other disadvantages, drifting would be more practised were it not for the fact that a considerable number of fish risen by the plan are missed. This is due to overhaste in striking. It is not that trout or grayling cannot be hooked perfectly well by a drift cast. The trouble is that one's hand is prone to answer too quickly to the indication of a rise. Perhaps looking down-stream one sees the first signs of a rise sooner than one would looking up. Anyhow, the tendency to strike too soon is stronger then. The excellent rule of striking deliberately should be even more strictly obeyed in fishing down than in fishing up, and once one has accustomed oneself to it the proportion of fish missed becomes much less noticeable, and drifting seems easier and more remunerative.

FOR THE PROTECTION AND PROPAGATION OF GAME.

ATTENDANCE at the second National conference on Game Breeding and Preserving, held March 6 and 7, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, was about double that of a year ago. The American Game Protective Association, under whose auspices the meeting took place, has reason to feel very much gratified at the great increase in interest that was manifest.

The two days' program was replete with papers and addresses of interest on almost all of the more important phases of the breeding and preserving of game.

Every section of the country that is at all important from a game standpoint was represented, and the debates and numerous questions that were fired at practically every speaker manifested the deep interest of those who attended the conference.

Especially notable were the papers by Mr. John M. Phillips, of Pittsburgh, on the breeding of deer considered from a commercial standpoint, of Mr. A. G. MacVicar, head keeper of the Childs-Walcott preserve on "Game Preserving in America," of Mr. W. L. McAtee of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey on "Wild Duck Foods," and of Mr. Ethelbert I. Low on the best means to be employed in keeping up the supply of game on club preserves.

Hon. E. C. Hinshaw, Chief Game Warden of Iowa, presented a most interesting and complete report on the progress of the movement throughout the United States for the establishment of reserves or sanctuaries for game in the various communities throughout the commonwealths. He showed that this movement is making substantial progress and that nearly one-half of the states of the Union have already taken some action in this particular.

The dinner was one of the most brilliant events that has ever taken place in connection with the national conservation movement. Never before had such a collection of moving pictures of wild life been presented as in connection with that event. Mr. George D. Pratt, Conservation Commissioner of New York, showed by moving pictures how the forests of that state are being protected and also how the streams are being stocked through the medium of the state hatcheries. Mr. Norman McClintock had wonderful moving picture views taken both in Florida and on the Louisiana gulf coast, and Dr. Arthur A. Allen showed similar pictures of canvasbacks taken on Cayuga Lake at Ithaca, and also studies in bird life which were unique.

Mr. William L. Finley's moving pictures evoked prolonged and frequent applause. Mr. Finley is state biologist of Oregon. He has collected one of the most interesting sets of reels illustrative of the wild life of that section of the country that has ever been seen.

At the dinner, Commissioner Pratt presented the Association's two certificates of merit for the best work done respectively in game breeding and game preserving throughout the United States during the time immediately preceding the conference.

The certificate for game preserving was given to Mr. E. A. McIlhenny of Avery Island, Louisiana, because of his assistance in having set aside the Sage-Rockefeller and Ward-McIlhenny preserves on the Louisiana gulf coast.

Mr. Malcolm Dunn was given the certificate for game breeding. This reward was based on the highly successful work that Mr. Dunn has done in the breeding of bobwhite quail.

Henry S. Graves, United States Forester, delighted the big game hunters with a most complete and interesting paper on the subject of game conservation on public lands, with special reference to the elk, and Dr. A. K. Fisher of the Bureau of Biological Survey presented most interestingly the plans of the Survey for the improvement of resorts frequented by wild fowl.

During the course of the conference, an illustrated lecture on the subject of pheasant breeding was given by E. A. Quarles.

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The "More Game" Movement

Michigan Sets a Notable Example of What is Possible, if Sportsmen Will Work Together

By Fred Wellman.

EVIDENCE of rapid progress in the movement to preserve wild life in the United States and to further the propagation of game in this country was presented at the coincident "More Game" convention of the Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association and the Sportsmen's Show of the Saginaw Wild Life Conservation Association at Saginaw, Mich., Feb. 23-26, inclusive. A fea-

its beginning by a delegation to this year's show, 300 strong, staging a special costume parade in Saginaw that will long be remembered in sporting history.

The wild life conservation association movement in Michigan received its initial impetus in 1906, simultaneously with a national movement toward the conservation of national resources inaugurated by President Roosevelt. The rate of decimation of wild game at that time was such that there would have been not a horn left in the Wolverine state by 1925, at the utmost.

This condition has been successfully combated by the Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association, and its affiliated local branches throughout the state, until to-day the future of the sportsman in Michigan is extremely bright. Naturally, there is still a tremendous amount of work to be done, and certain salutary legislation, notably a one-buck law, to be enacted, but, on the whole, matters are very satisfactory.

In 1912 the people of Michigan were reluctant to admit a game warden to their premises. Today they welcome him as the protector of their riparian rights and friend. In addition, there are to-day under the care of the Public Domain Commission of the State of Michigan some 700,000 acres of refuge land, in which the propagation and protection of game are being administered with especial solicitude.

Particular desire was expressed to have legislation issue which would prohibit the killing of deer and the shooting of more than one buck by a single individual during a season. Hunting, it was more strongly pointed out than ever before, should be considered primarily a sport, and indulged in sanely and rationally by all its followers. Only in this way, it was shown could the handicraft of Nimrod be preserved to posterity.

During the convention, addresses were delivered on a number of important conservation topics by some of the most noted authorities in the United States.

The message of these men was most gratifying. It dealt chiefly with results accomplished in the restocking of game regions that had been pretty well shot off during the wasteful past. Sufficient cover, it was shown, together with proper public sentiment, would bring back game of any variety and in almost any quantity. Experiences were related in the rehabilitation of various kinds of wild life, notably deer, quail, grouse, and even wild turkey. A most hopeful tenor was apparent in every discussion, and satisfactory evidence presented of future progress.

A sensation of the meeting was Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ontario. Miner is patron saint of outdoor life in the great northwest, and bird life in particular. With his own hand he fed several hundred bushels of corn, the product of his modest farm, to several thousands of wild geese he had taught to regard him as their friend, this winter. His appeal to the Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association was for support in this work. This was cheerfully granted.



ED. SMITH,

Veteran of Lansing Campfire Club, in Role of Daniel Boone in Costume Parade During Sportsmen's Show at Saginaw—Note Length of Smith's Trusty Rifle.

ture of the sportsmen's show was a special train to the exhibition by the Campfire Club, of Lansing, Mich. This organization inaugurated the sportsmen's show movement in Michigan last year, as a means of educating public opinion in favor of wild life conservation. It backed up

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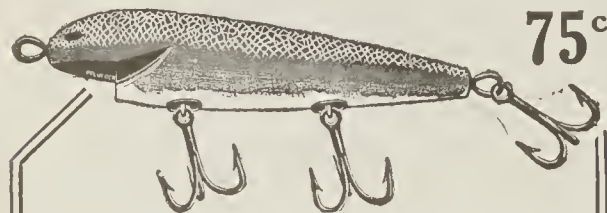
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Before adjourning the meeting, officers for the ensuing year were elected. William B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., the mainstay of the association, was re-elected president, with Edgar M. Thorpe, of Lansing, Mich., vice-president to succeed George E. Pardee, of Owosso. George M. Brown, of Detroit, was re-elected treasurer, with Chas. K. Hoyt, of the Michigan State Game, Fish and Forest Fire Department of the Public Domain Commission secretary, to succeed Hugh B. Gilbert, of Flint. Stenographic minutes of the meeting were made, including all speeches, and may be obtained in the near future by application to President Mershon.

WET, DRY OR NATURE FLY.

(Continued from page 894.)

both native to, and reared in a wild state, without the aid of planting and stocking, where fish and insect food is, provided by Nature's bountiful hand with astonishing abundance.

I have consistently refrained from describing my own and other anglers' successes with my flies and lures, but for various reasons, I shall break the rule once and give to *Forest and Stream* anglers in a later number some truthful accounts of a few experiences—particularly one, of a wide-known expert's capture in Nova Scotia of a twenty-six pound Atlantic salmon on one of the smallest flies shown with this article.

(NOTE—The beautiful front cover of this issue of *Forest and Stream* is from the original drawing by Louis Rhead, designed to illustrate his forthcoming book "Trout Stream Insects" to be published by Frederick A. Stokes and Co., and is used through the courtesy of the artist-author and his publishers.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.)

OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.

The opening of the trout season in some of the northern states is as follows:

Connecticut.—March 31st. No trout less than 6 inches allowed. Maximum limit in one day thirty; season for black bass July 1st.

Maine.—(Fishermen should consult special laws on certain waters, special daily limit, prohibited devices, etc.) Land-locked salmon, trout and togue; open season from time ice is out of the pond or lake fished in the spring until September 30th.

Michigan.—Season for trout, land-locked salmon, grayling opens generally May 1st. Bass season opens June 16th. Not lawful to take any brook trout, Loch Leven trout, steel head trout, grayling or California trout from any streams in which they are not native, and which may have been stocked by the state board of fish commissioners, for the period of four years after the first planting of any such fish therein.

Minnesota.—Open Season—Trout (except lake trout), April 15th to September 2nd, bass (not less than 9 inches) May 29th.

New Hampshire.—Brook trout not less than ten inches in length may be taken and possessed from April 5th to September 1st, from Sunapee Lake, to Newfound Lake, Crystal Lake in Enfield, Tewksbury Pond in Grafton, and Pleasant Pond in New London. There are many local exceptions on which an angler would do well to post himself.

New Jersey.—Open Season—Brook, brown,



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rainbow trout and land-locked salmon April 1st to July 14th, inclusive. Black bass, Oswego bass, white bass, calico bass, crappie and pike-perch, June 16th to November 30th, both dates inclusive. Pike and pickerel, May 30th, inclusive.

New York.—Bass (black bass and Oswego bass), June 16th to November 30th. Lake trout, not less than 15 inches, April 1st to September 30th. Trout (brook, speckled, brown, rainbow and red-throat), first Saturday in April to August 31st. A number of exceptions still hold in some sections.

Pennsylvania.—Trout season opens April 14th. Bass season one month later.

Vermont.—Open Season—Trout, land-locked salmon, lake trout or longe in brooks and streams, April 15th to September 1st. In ponds and lakes, May 1st to September 1st; black bass, June 15th to January 1st.

West Virginia.—Open Season—Trout or land-locked salmon, April 1st to August 2nd.

Quebec.—Speckled trout season opens May 1st. Salmon (fly fishing), May 1st; bass, June 16th.

"Game Laws in Brief" (*Forest and Stream Publishing Company, price 25 cents*), should be consulted for complete information covering every state, and all Canadian Provinces.)

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clubhouse where I bought the Colonel his "seegar." We spent the next half hour watching some crack shots make high scores, and then took up our guns again for fifty birds before leaving. After we got up to about twenty birds I began to break one after another. It seemed as though I did not have to aim at them; every time a bird was thrown I felt that I was going to break it, and I did.

"Well!" exclaimed the Colonel, "I see yo're in yo'r 'shootin' groove' at last! Don't that feel nice when you know that every bird is dead before you even shoot at it? After you get about ten or twelve that way, you-all want to look out, 'cause the first thing you know you'll miss one, and then you'll get worried when you miss another and it's all off! That 'shootin' groove' is worth waitin' a long time for; some days when you been up too late the night before you'll never get in it; but when yo're feelin' fine and yo'r digestion is just right yo're liable to slip into the groove and then I hope I'm not bettin' against you!" When we finished this match the Colonel had to his credit forty-four dead birds, while I had thirty-seven.

The following week the Colonel and I went pheasant shooting. The country over which we hunted was very boggy and difficult. The dogs would point a bird, and as one of us walked up to flush we would stumble and slip among the bogs, with the result that when a bird rose we might be precariously balancing on top of a wobbly-hummock. The Colonel had no chance to assume the correct stance before shooting at these birds; but he killed two out of the six cocks that he flushed, while I did a little better with three dead out of five flushed.

"Well, sir! I see that you-all are profitin' by the little lesson I gave you at the club the other day," said the Colonel. I assented to this with a smile—the smile of a villain—for I had an idea that I could show the Colonel something the next time we met at the traps. A few days later I had my opportunity, when I challenged him to a twenty-five birdshoot "a la field style;" that is, we were to start about twenty yards from the trap and walk up to it over the low shooting platform; the birds were to be fired without warning. Every three or four shots we were to walk across in front of the trap, first from one side and then from the other.

We proceeded with our match, and as bird after bird was thrown, the Colonel's "state of mind" did not radically improve; in fact he grew positively solemn. My plan was very successful—more so than I expected—for the Colonel killed but eleven birds as against my fourteen.

"You win, my boy," said the Colonel, with a twinkle in his eye. "I reckon that gettin' yo'r gun up right quick and keepin' yo'r balance perfect as you walk, counts even more than yo'r 'state o' mind' when it comes to field conditions. I certainly would enjoy, however, to give you-all ten handicap on fifty targets, shootin' the regular trap rules." The Colonel's dander was up now, and he won as usual at his pet game.

Spratt's trophy consisting of two handsome sterling silver porringers for the best brace in the 1915 shows, was won by Ridgeway Kennels' wire-haired fox terriers.

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topics are considered. Beyond this the book has a quaint charm all its own. Cloth, illus., 160 pages. Postpaid, \$1.00.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
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RARE BOOKS ON ANGLING.

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream* referred in the February number to a rare edition of an early English work on hunting and hawking topics which was priced by the dealer owning it at eleven thousand dollars. This no doubt took the breath away from the ordinary mortal, whose utmost ambition in such literature does not rise higher than the sporting goods catalogue. Wealthier members of the fraternity, however, are used to paying high prices for rare editions. Thus an English firm of book sellers announces for sale about the scarcest article that can be collected by the angler of means, namely, a complete set of the first five editions of Walton, or this set—almost perfect—they ask \$4,500. Curiously, the second edition is much scarcer than the first or original edition, a fact commented

on by Hon. Daniel B. Fearing, a notable collector of this country.

"We are pleased to learn," says the "Shooting Times and British Sportsman," "that the capercaillie is increasing in number in Scotland, and that those handsome birds are quite numerous in the pine woods of Tay and Perthshire. Some years ago they were completely extinct in Scotland, having become wiped out through the gradual clearance of the ancient forests; but in 1847 some birds were introduced in Norway and laid down near Taymouth. They were carefully preserved, and have now spread in many directions and are doing exceedingly well. In Norway and in Austria the capercaillie affords good sport with the rifle by stalking the cock birds, which perch on the highest trees to salute the morn."

THE COLONEL AT THE TRAPS AND AFIELD.

(Continued from page 896.)

down. Here's where the 'state o' mind' comes in; if you get upset you might as well quit right there and get over it, 'cause yo're only wastin' yo'r ammunition."

This rather annoyed me, and I insisted on going through with my string. I did, and got two birds from the remaining ten. I was a little ashamed as I turned to the Colonel.

"Satisfied now?" he asked cheerfully. "You-all got to leave yo'r temper home when yo're shootin' clay birds, my boy. Now I'll give you five birds on the next twenty-five for a seegar."

I started the match and we both reached seven without a miss. I was watching the Colonel closely every shot; he broke his eighth bird before it moved ten feet. I proceeded to miss my next shot.

"I'd 'a' bet fifty cents you'd miss that! Ha! ha! Now you-all stop watchin' me and think about yo'r own shootin'; never look at the other fellow when yo're at the traps—the umpire is watchin' his score, and he don't need yo'r help."

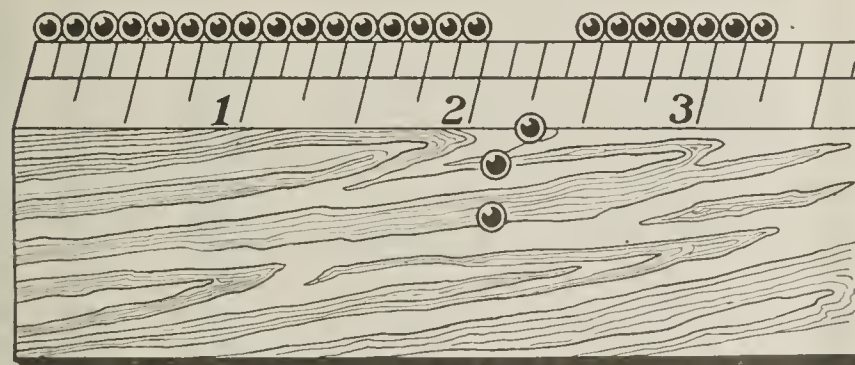
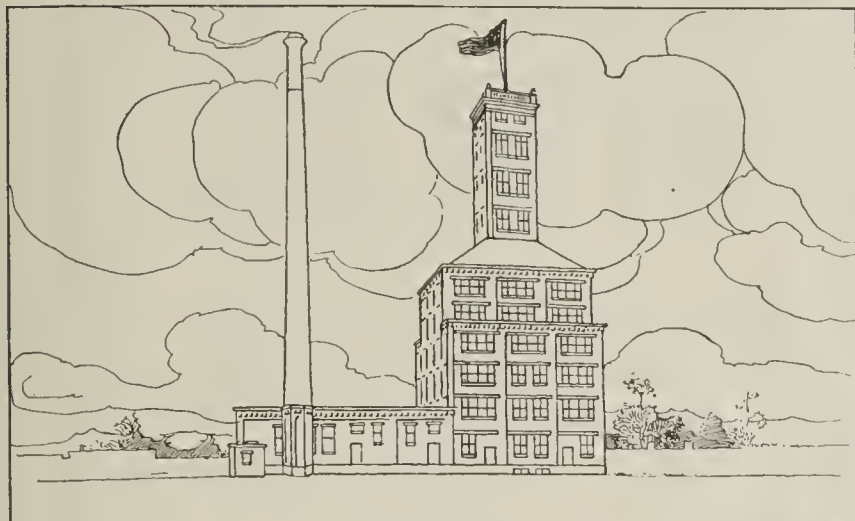
We shot our twenty-five and went into the



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Goings-on at the Uncle Lisha Gun Club

By Fred O. Copeland.

THERE was keen rivalry at the Uncle Lisha Gun Club. It had got into the air till everyone eyed everyone else, mutually wondering what was up the other's sleeve. Only last shoot, Obadiah Durkee had the nerve to sneak his old lever action ten gauge onto the grounds along with his twelve and had bragged how close his twelve could shoot till Hen Magoon began missing his targets regularly and turning around right in the squad announced that, "maybe I can't hit clay birds, but my gun don't have to step down for nobody's when it comes to long shots."

The Uncle Lisha Gun Club never allowed regular exercises to interfere with a live sporting proposition and every dove, crow and hawk in the county knew it was rank suicide to allow their shadows to mottle the range on a regular shooting day. Rabbits sat tight with one ear to the ground, except when, as usually happened, Ed Hemmenway's beagle hound answered the first shot out of the first gun with a paen of delight and, with a rattling of toenails on the

piazza floor, hastened, with a thoughtful scowl to the side hill bordering the range there, to cause one of these anxious old bunnies to jerk his shadow from one brush heap to another. Many a man had opened his mouth to call "Pull" only to leave it open with his Adam's apple jammed as he witnessed the old rabbit dash madly out of a hot corner. It was following precedent, therefore, for all hands to suspend operations while Obadiah and Hen shook themselves in for a long shot and a close one. It had always been a hard strain on the brother members to keep straight faces through the introduction when something extra fine was being played, but nearly all got safely over the bar by holding firmly to a deep, thoughtful frown relieved by frequent trips to the rear of the club house to ease the ache in their faces in a quiet chuckle.

While the two actors in this event were pawing over their equipment till they could locate a certain deadly shell with plenty of fine shot. Sam McCrillis had got his eye on Eli Lovell and

moved over into the grateful shade of his shadow, hailing him as he did so:

"How be ye, Eli?"

"Oh, I set up some most every day now but I don't notice things much yet," answered the small mountain of perfect health and good nature.

"But, how are they coming with you Sam? I ha'n't seen ye lately."

"Mostly two spots," replied Sam, glad of the chance to work in this popular answer to the usual query of "How are they coming?"

"Look-a-here, Eli, what do you think of this shooting match between Hen and Obadiah? I don't believe Hen's what he was before he had his nervous breakdown."

"What breakdown 's 'at?" anxiously inquired Eli, for his scores ran pretty close to Hen's.

"Ha'n't Hen ever told ye?" Same expecttantly asked. "Well, it's like this: When Hen moved up on the Battle place last fall, old Battles told him to keep an eye open for his old tom-cat, as he set an awful store by the critter, and if he see him, to catch him, and he'd come up and take the cat down to his new place and hobble it around the place till it got used to the air and generally wonted. About dusk, two weeks afterward, Hen was monkeying around the barn when

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he saw the old cat up on the hay mow. Fact is, they saw each other at about the same time and both started for a little runway, the only way out of the barn. Hen made it all right and muddled right onto the cat with his bare hands and then began to let go as much as he could. The old cat reached up and yanked Hen's vest off first grab and then began forward and back peddling all over Hen's bosom. After three fast rounds they broke away and Hen came out into the open just in time to see a bobcat making thirty foot leaps for the swamp."

"Well, I swan!" ejaculated Eli, "is that how Hen got all o' them scars on his——"

Bang! crashed Hen's twelve.

"Cracky! how Hen's old siren can yelp!" jerked out Sam as he unconsciously dodged and half held up a guarding elbow.

Hen enthusiastically hurried out over the forty yard range to scrutinize the "hole" he had bored in the target, while Obadiah sidled over to his buggy and exchanged his twelve for the old ten gauge. The crowd, mindful that Hen must not get his eye on Obadiah's young cannon, motioned wildly to Hen to fix a new target and stand aside, which he did and then just enough more to let Obadiah see the contempt he had for his aim. Obadiah looked anxiously behind him, for he was quite aware of the jar he would soon receive, lifted the old relic to position, laid his ears back, said a little prayer, and unhooked.

Boom! howled the old weapon as she spat out her ounce and a half of soft shot. Obadiah staggered dizzily back a step or two, his eyes fluttered back from their heavenward flight, and with the return of equilibrium he hastened back

to the buggy to exchange for the twelve. Hen didn't hurry any in bringing the targets in and his concern was well grounded, for sure enough when they were compared each seemed to have about the same number of holes in them. It occurred to Obadiah that he had used number six shot against Hen's seven and a half but he couldn't "let on," of course, and so challenged Hen to a ten target race at the traps for a plug of Piper before that worthy could demand a second trial at the paper targets.

"Take him on," yelled the crowd in glee.

"Well," decided Hen, "this is my off-day but it won't take close pointing to hang up Obadiah's pelt and I'd be delighted to accommodate Mr. Durkee, seeing he's so anxious."

"Is that so?" sassed Obadiah. "Dig up your

high base shells and panther loads then, for you are going to need them."

Surely such an event called for an umpire and referee and the crowd lost no time in choosing two popular and strong voiced members. They immediately took their places at either side of the position marks and called for the contestants, who at once untangled themselves from the crowd, which was showering them with advice, and approached the score with as much hesitation and jockeying as though in a "free for all" at the county fair.

"Ben's some puller, even if he is thinner than a hound's hind leg," remarked Sam to Eli, thereby opening the conversation again.

"Some? Say, when he fondles that pulling lever he can feel the automatic's heart beat and he can tell when a feller starts 'Pull' way down in his lungs and can get the target going while he's still hollering."

The contestants in the meantime had got into an argument about which should take the position at peg one, for both knew the advantage of shooting down the five positions and finishing on peg five. The toss of a coin forced Hen much against his judgment to take the position at peg two, while Obadiah planted himself with a sigh of satisfaction at the first position.

"Gentlemen," announced the referee to the expectant throng behind the stand, "for a few brief moments friendship ceases; a contest of skill is about to be pulled off; stakes, one plug of 'Piper'; ten targets per man; sixteen yard rise; rank angles not barred; high gun wins. The short legged gentleman standing on position one is the champion fox hunter of Peth, that charming suburb of our little city. On peg two stands a man who needs no introduction, namely, the long distance hawk shooter of Rochester Holler. The man with the sorrel chin whiskers and cob pipe, holding up the flag pole to the right, is your umpire, who will ably assist in conducting the services. Contestants, the Blue Rocks await your pleasure."

"Pull," hoarsely growled Obadiah.

"Lost," cried the referee.

"Flinched," announced Obadiah to the crowd as he blew the smoke from his gun into Hen's face and reached for another shell.

"Pull," piped up Hen in a high strained voice.

"Dead," shouted the referee looking over to the umpire to see if he doubted it.

Hen missed his fifth and seventh while both missed their eighth target and now with both tied and on their last peg the crowd giggled like a circle of girls at a husking-bee and with great effort refrained from shouting encouragement and advice.

"Pull," called Obadiah for his ninth bird.

"Lost," came the referee's voice after Obadiah had pointed in the wrong place and then hurried a tardy load of shot in the right direction.

"Say, you've got to get these on the fly," complained Hen, "it don't count after they light."

"Go ahead and miss your last two, you've spoiled the cadence in this squad already," shouted Obadiah.

Hen, somewhat over-taxed by this outburst, turned to call for his target but as he did so his gun went off yanking his arms back and properly frightening him.

"Consarn it! you'll kill somebody with that old clothes prop yit," yelled Obadiah, backing off,



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his eyes fascinated by the smoking muzzle of Hen's gun.

"Quit plugging the trap house," howled the trap boy who by this time had untangled himself from the trap and cautiously shoved above the trap house roof a mop of hair still standing, followed by two wild round eyes.

"Git back in. No one is trying to kill you, sonny," voiced Hen, still a little white back of the ears.

"Yes, git back in and lay down," mocked Obadiah, "or Hen will knock one of your horns off."

"Don't let Obadiah scare ye, boy, and say, g'im a straight away," admonished Hen to the vanishing top knot.

"Pull," said Hen.

"Lost," wailed the referee.

"Didn't I git a piece out o' that, Ump?" anxiously inquired Hen, turning on the individual propped against the flag pole.

"Wad," decided that worthy, with a diplomatic lift of one eyebrow, followed by a shifting of the feet and mighty pull at the corn cob.

"I swan! I thought I peppered that old side-winder for fair," said Hen to no one in particular.

"Pull," jerked out Obadiah, anxious to have it over.

"Lost," echoed the referee.

Obadiah couldn't believe his eyes. He half turned around in the listening attitude of the Minute man at Concord, mutely asking the crowd

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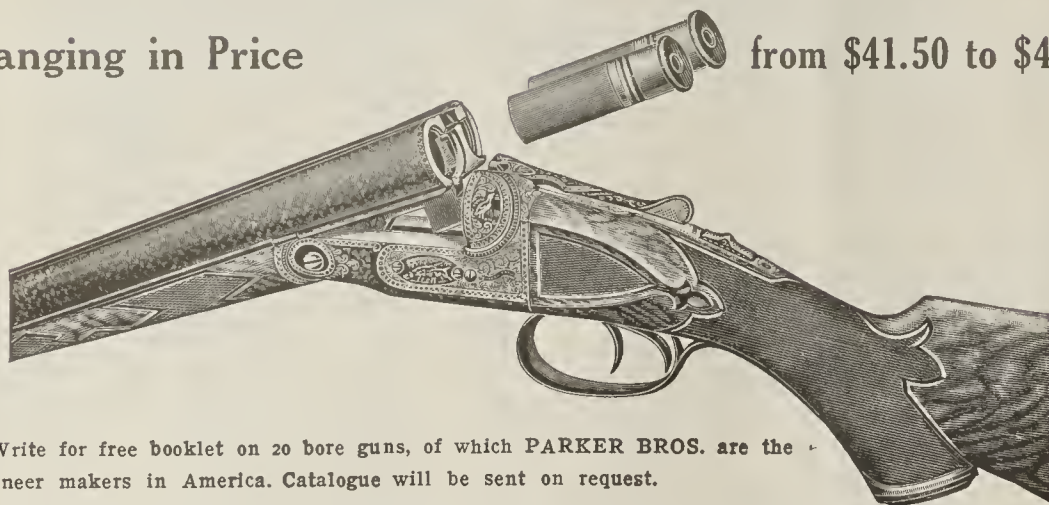
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he misses some shots and is successful with others. The secrets of success in trap shooting as well as the peculiarities in flight of the quail, the jacksnipe, the woodcock, the ruffed grouse and the duck family are illustrated by drawings and described in a way that will facilitate the amateur in mastering the art of wing shooting. Cartridge board cover, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

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for the answer, and when none came, spoke out the disgust passing in his mind. "Right straight away, and missed it, by Gosh!"

"Pull," called Hen hopefully for his last target, before Obadiah could "come to."

"Dead," called the referee.

"Hoop-e-e! gi'me my tobaker," howled Hen, delighted with the outcome.

"Oh, you'll git it all right enough," spoke up Obadiah, as though in a dream. "I, gosh, I don't see how I muffed that last pigeon."

"Ye shot like nailers, both on ye, and I'm proud of ye," spoke up the vision by the flag pole, as they joined the crowd.

THE ANGLERS' CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The 1916 schedule of The Anglers' Club of New York includes a number of interest events as follows:

April 15, Preliminary Tournament; June 22, 23 and 24, Tournament of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs at Newark; September 6, Summer Tournament; September 22 and 23, Fall Tournament; December 12, Monthly Tournament.

The Anglers' Club is the only exponent of fresh water casting in the city. The monthly meetings are held at the Hotel Navarre and its tournaments in Central Park. It stands for conservation and clean sportsmanship, has a membership of about one hundred, and would welcome others similarly inclined. Members joining the club subscribe the following platform: "I believe in the conservation and propagation of all game fish, their capture only by fair and sportsmanlike methods, and the cultivation of skill in angling. If elected to membership I will abide by the Constitution and By-Laws of the said organization."

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CHIPS FROM THE FLYING CLAYS.

There are at least 250 trapshooting organizations on the Pacific Coast.

Trapshooters of Florida are laying plans for the forming of a State Association. Florida is one of the two States without a State Association.

The annual trapshooting tournament of the New York Sportsmen's Association will be held at Syracuse, N. Y., in June. The State championship shoot will take place in this meeting.

Women are getting into the "sport alluring" further all the time. The Western Pennsylvania Trapshooting Association has a woman secretary, Miss Edna Lautenslager, and she is a very capable officer.

Plans are under way for a series of shoots throughout the country this summer for members of the Boy Scouts of America. The boys will be taught how to hold the gun and the little things to know about trapshooting, and some day the experience may come in useful.

The Canal Zone is a fertile field for trapshooting. There are quite a number of clubs in Panama, the largest one being the Isthmian Trap and Rifle Club, at Cristobal. Special events are held on all holidays, and tourists are invited to join in all competitions.

Since live bird shooting has been prohibited by law in Florida, trapshooting has increased in popularity. It is the main sport now at Palm Beach and the other fashionable winter resorts.

Additional interest is being taken in trapshooting in the South. All through Georgia, gun clubs are being organized, and the Georgia championship should have a lot of newcomers in it this summer.

Evidently Sam Huntley is not as anxious to shoot that 1000-bird match as he would have people believe. B. F. Ebert, of Des Moines, Ia., posted \$250 recently to bind a match between an "unknown" and Huntley, the name of the "unknown" to be announced after the posting of the forfeits. Huntley declined to compete with an "unknown," and also added that he would not shoot a match any place but in Chicago, and that he wouldn't shoot the 1000 targets in one day. Ebert's "unknown" is said to be none other than Charles G. Spencer.

MODERN BREAKING

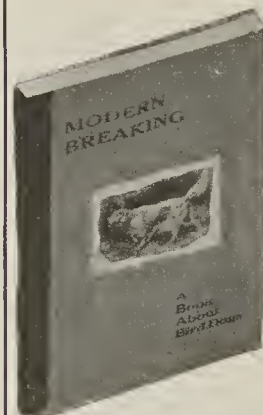
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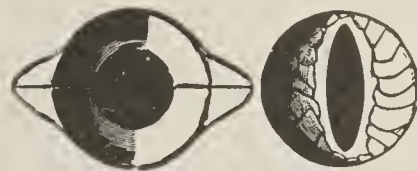
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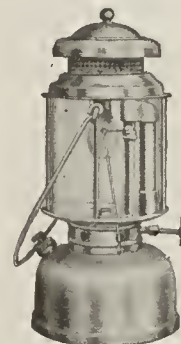
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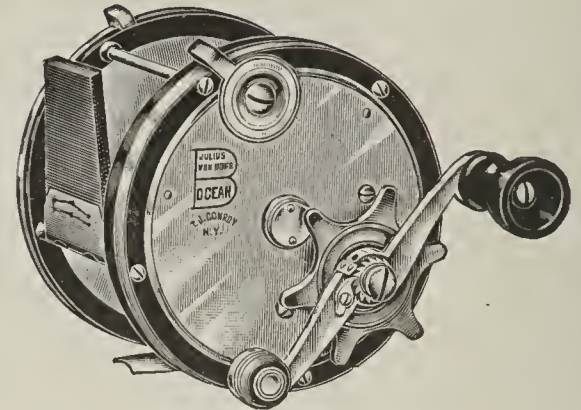
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VOL. LXXXVI

MAY, 1916

No. 5

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HE WAS WISE AND KNOWING AND HAD ELUDED NEARLY EVERY THING IN THE BOOK BUT THE TAIL FLY—A PARMACHEENE BELLE PROVED HIS FINAL UNDOING

By R. M. Kaufman.

JANUARY 1, 1915. Resolved: To catch this year, with the artificial fly, a brook trout weighing three pounds or more. This resolution, if not actually written on any calendar or in any diary, had been in my mind for years. Each succeeding season had seen it sadly carried forward unaccomplished. It's "scratched off" now, though. Last September I did it, and the pleasure involved was exactly proportionate to the time spent in anticipation, as is usually the case.

Theretofore I had been compelled to solace myself with numbers, and not such staggering numbers, either. Most of my fishing had been in a locality in Northern New Hampshire where *Salvelinus Fontinalis* was fairly numerous and, of course, gamy, but a pounder was all one could hope for, and a half-pounder, even, something to be shown around. On trips into the woods nothing so large as one and three-quarters pounds had come my way. Once I had lost a trout that both my companion and myself had good reason to estimate at two and one-half pounds. Those I had taken were caught mostly with the fly, to casting which I had been accustomed since early boyhood, and I felt that I had sufficient experience both with dry and wet methods to be ready for the opportunity when it should come.

I had become tired of explaining to hometown anglers every fall, who condoled with me and, at the same time, told of three pounders and better taken in Allegash Lake, the Rangeleys, the Nepigon and other famous streams, that the trout with whom my lot was cast ran small. I always felt rather apologetic about it, and although putting a brave face on the matter, se-

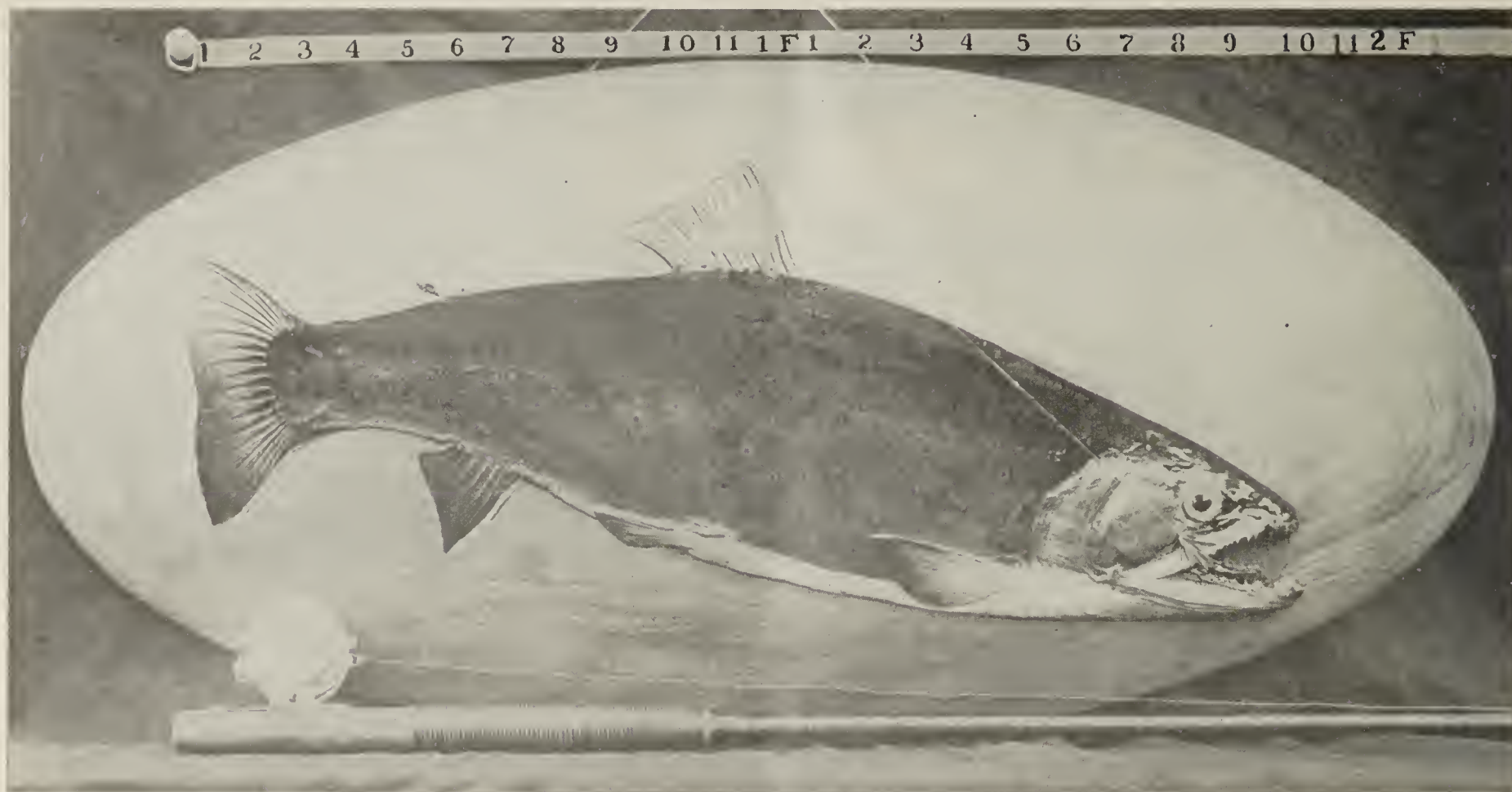


The Little Magalloway Is Full of Specimens Like This, But Read About the Daddy of Them All.

cretely my soul yearned for something to tell about; perhaps to show.

Perhaps I had better tell now the detail that is coyly omitted, usually, until the tale of the struggle is recited—his weight. I don't want anyone to become unduly excited. He went a shade better than four pounds—so close that I prefer to call him a four pounder—and all one September day he was a conspicuous feature of a pool in the Little Magalloway River in Northwestern Maine. He may have been a feature for several days previous; I cannot tell. But all one day I watched and listened to him and, at seven o'clock, gave him up with a leaden heart and the feeling that I had traveled miles out of my way to be "pushed a little too far." At seven-thirty, or thereabouts, he was mine. He wasn't very big, perhaps, as big trout go, but I have a crick in my neck yet gained from sitting "slewed" around in the bow seat of the canoe on the paddle back to camp.

The region of what once was a part of the Magalloway River, the stream formed by the junction of the big and little rivers of that name, is an interesting one. Azicochos Dam, built a few years ago a mile or more above the village of Wilson's Mills, Me., to furnish water power, has created from that point back some thirteen miles to the junction of the two branches a long lake of greatly varying width and fringed, of course, with vast quantities of timber, still standing but dead. The lake ends at the joining of the two streams—the little river, coming from mountain springs, and the Big Magalloway, which is the outlet to Parmachenee Lake, northernmost of the Rangeley group. Brooks which



I Have Hung Him on My Study Wall, As My Better Half Says, "So You Won't Study."

once tumbled into the stream now flow quietly and unobtrusively into the lake among the timber on its shores, and only the experienced guides of the region can tell which indentations in the shore-line are mouths of brooks and which are just blind bays.

As one guide, a veteran of the neighboring Rangeley region, expressed it, this lake and its entering streams should in time become as famous as those waters, if not for the number of fish, at least for their size. The lake is deep, and, unless one drop a line by chance into a spring hole, such as exist, for instance where the Magalloway once widened into the Big and Little Metallic Ponds, the fish are safe from anglers. Only a limited number at a time come to the mouths of the brooks or frequent, at least in the legal season, the Magalloway streams proper. Six pound trout were said to have been taken there this year, and bigger ones are looked for in the future. It should be a great breeding ground for these fish, brook trout being the only inhabitants except chub—the dear old chub, who goes with *Fontinalis* just as the circus clown patters along beside the beautiful bareback rider.

I had been up to the junction of the two rivers once before with a small party, and all of us had had luck of some sort, but I, who went fired with the hope of big ones, once more had to be content with the, to me, empty honor of leading in numbers. My father, however, had one day in about an hour taken five fish that weighed nine pounds, the largest, a three and one-quarter pounder of perfect form, as were nearly all these trout, filling me with fresh desires and fresh aspirations. All our catch were taken with the fly, both through preference and because the Parmachenee Club, with headquarters on the lake of that name, has possessed enough influence to have bait or "plug" fishing made illegal in the

nearby surrounding waters. It is done, however, of course. "Traout thinks flies is awful pretty," said our cook, "but haow they do love to chaw them big night-walkers!"

Some weeks later my uncle and cousin afforded me, as their guest, a second opportunity to try my luck. We started for a stay of two days and two nights—I resolved this time to "do or die or bust," yet secretly feeling not in the least confident of success. We motored up the shores of the Androscoggin, the outlet of the main Rangeley group, and the Magalloway, its tributary, to Azicohos Dam, where we boarded a launch and started on the run up the lake with the necessary provisions on board and with three canoes trailing behind.

On the voyage we stopped and gave the mouths of the brooks a whirl, where the best sport had been found before. It was, to all of us, a strange setting for trout fishing. The guide in charge of the boat would shut off the power and the launch would glide in among the still-standing tree trunks. To a good substantial one he would tie up, and the canoes would be paddled into what a few years since was forest, where the way the driftwood lay told the guides the location of the current of the brook. Casting space was restricted, to say the least, what with branches overhead and the fact that the fish lay usually in one, or at most two spots. A little way further up, the brook was too small, and a little further out the water would be too warm and, probably, too deep, were the fish there, for them to be interested in surface matters.

It looked hopeless, to say the least, to one who had never been there before or seen anything like it, and the sudden leap of a pound or two pound fish among the quantities of floating and standing brush was always a thriller. Luck was very poor, however, this time, and getting

snagged very easy, so after trying two of the brooks we pushed on to a log camp situated on the spit of land between the two Magalloways and nearest to the larger stream.

How good tasted the supper attacked at 5 P. M. Forty-five miles in an open car and thirteen in a launch, with only a pocket lunch, had sharpened the appetites to a razor edge. Long, long after the rest had finished, my cousin and I lingered.

"I'll tell yeou boys what's good," said a spectacled guide, the counterpart of Jacob A. Riis, as he watched our gastronomic efforts. "Ye take an' pour a gob o' maple serrep on thet cream o' wheat, and she suttinly goes daown easy." We tried it, and it was good.

"Try dippin' them doughnuts in the juice off'n them canned peaches," was his next suggestion, but the beginning of a third brought a roar from the head guide who was outfitting the trip.

"Good Gawsh! Don't give them boys no more recipes; they're eatin' us aout o' haouse an' home naow!"

To this guide, weak on names, my uncle was the "old feller"; I was the "young feller" and my cousin "the kid." Hence his lumping us together as "boys."

That evening one or two good fish were taken from what is called the "big eddy" of the Big Magalloway just in front of the camp, but we were told that few trout had run up there yet, its waters, coming from Parmachenee Lake, being still warm. We were assured that if the trout were found anywhere they would be in the Little Magalloway. They were!

Even the guides expressed surprise at the number of sizeable fish that lay in the reaches on that stream next morning and that, about nine o'clock, began to "roll" in a way to send the heart into the mouth. But look at a fly! Not much. Not

while the little minnows were there to be chased. I spotted my particular choice early in the day. He lay in a good deep pool, comparatively free from brush and snags and at intervals of three, five, or sometimes fifteen minutes, would make a swirl or series of swirls that assured that he was a three-pounder at least. But the swirls were never for the cast of flies, although placed sometimes just in front of his nose, and although I tried every one I had, wet and dry, and even concocted a long, trailing comet out of a wild duck's feather.

A dozen times I gave him up in disgust before noon, and a dozen more came back and began casting for him all over again. I moved up and down stream and found that my uncle and cousin were having similar experiences. At last a few fish began to show interest in a combination of brown hackle and black gnat, and I took at one cast a brace that weighed a pound apiece. But the big "steamboats," as the natives called them, gave us the go-by. My guide thought I was inclined to change flies too much.

"When ye've got a combination that has ketched fish fer ye," he remarked mildly, "why'n time don't ye stick to it?"

"But they aren't looking at anything," I replied, "and anyhow, it's fun experimenting. I might strike something that would tickle them." This while I was looping on a Junebug contraption with a cork body which probably made the trout laugh and which did make the guide smile.

"Waal, some likes to change flies, an' then, some likes to ketch fish," was his crushing rejoinder, and I, abashed, soon went back to black and brown.

After lunch and a nap, for we had been up at four to try the Big Magalloway while the mists of early morning still lay on its surface, we went back, and about sundown they all began again, big and little, but still nothing doing with flies as yet. As it got darker, however, my tail fly, which was a good-sized Parmachenee Belle, evidently began to interest them, especially when twitched in a certain manner under water, and also my dropper, the old faithful black gnat. I had been advised that towards evening the trout might feel differently on the fly question and also that a good sized wet fly properly manipulated would get better results than the best imitation of the natural insect fished dry. After several rises in which the fish missed the hook completely, and, though apparently more than anxious, never came back, I landed a 24-ounce trout, but that seemed to be my limit.

By this time all up and down the stream the fireworks were on. Big fellows and little were rising and splashing, although apparently for shiners and not for insects. I was loth to give up, and yet more time spent there seemed wasted.

Our big friend of the morning was not so much in evidence, usually rising when we were well away from him, and we judged it was he by

sound rather than sight. Finally we turned and headed for camp. As we were just past his apartment there was one final derisive plunge. My guide (and by the way, if there were more like him more men would go into the woods) swung the canoe around quickly.

"Sling it to him just once more," he said.

The tail fly must have dropped pretty near him, for the instant after it sank from sight I thought I was snagged. But then came that long surging rush which I had so frequently heard described and dreamed so often of feeling—the rush which no small fish, even if hooked foul, can make. My Leonard rod, inherited from a grandfather who was first instructor in fly casting bent—well, I was going to use the stereotyped phrase "double," but it didn't. I had seen big fish caught if I hadn't caught them myself, and I never saw a rod bend double yet; but it bent, all right, and it was some bend, the tip never more than just clearing the water, for the cast had been a short one. I settled myself, as well as excitement would let me, for the scrap.

"That's the baby ye've been a-lookin' for," was my boatman's first remark. His second was, "That'd be a tough one to lose," and called forth from me an anguished "Don't." His third, spoken it seemed to me hours afterward, was what Sherman said war is.

"What's the matter?"

"There's a hole in this net and I can't tie it up. But I don't think one this size'll go through. (The pound and a half fish had, and we were finally compelled to hoist him in by hand.) But they's two big flies all snarled up in the meshes (O, my fatal propensity for changing flies) an' I can't git 'em out."

Another agonizing wait, during which a thumping noise came from behind me.

"I'm hackin' the shanks through with my huntin' knife," came his voice, and, a moment later:

"S'pose ye hoist him up and let's get a look at him. He seems to be right tuckered an' I got this net as ready as the gol-dummed thing will get."

On the application of a moderate tension he came to the top. I had been holding him pretty lightly while the repairs were going forward. Oh, well, what's the use? I could never tell how he appeared to me on the surface of that dark water, when I saw, almost within arm's length, what I had looked for so long. Those who have had the experience of a first big fish know it without telling, and others might think me still a little delirious. I was glad, though, I didn't have to handle rod and net at the same time.

Ezra, the guide, slipped the net under him (I was in no condition to lead the fish to it) and ran his left hand down the handle to get the proper leverage, and the minute that net was past the gunwale the fish was through the entirely inadequate hole. Ezra grabbed him, however, and after he had hit him a half dozen times

across the snout with the knife handle, he hit him fourteen more at my urgent request. The Parmachenee Belle was sunken deep into his cheek. He had missed it with his jaws and, going towards it evidently at an acute slant, it had snagged him just back of their angle on the outside. I had had a deadly hold on him, one that probably saved him for me, as it kept him milling around and around in decreasing circles and just missing the brush at the sides of the pool, but I hadn't known that, of course.

"I'm satisfied. How much will he weigh?" I said with a sigh.

"O, 'baout three an' a half. He's a good traout, all right," was the unemotional response.

"Was I as nutty when I had him on as you thought I'd be?" I proudly asked. Ezra had guided me before and knew how anxious I was for a fish even smaller than this. I believed I had remarked on the fact. Yes, I remember now, I told him I lived for that alone, or some other moderate sentiment of the sort.

"Waal, ye had the jim-jams purty bad fer a minute or two right after ye hooked him, but after that ye didn't do so bad."

We paddled along. I lost in blissful silence. Then, from Ezra:

"Why don't ye weigh him?"

I started to say I couldn't, then recollected I had my fish scales in the pocket of the mackinaw on which I was sitting. I hooked them in his mouth and lit a match.

"Four!" I breathed.

"Yep," was the reply. "I thought he would, but I wanted ye to be sort o' surprised."

Next day, on larger and accurate scales at Wilson's Mills, he turned four even, so that he must have been a shade over when caught. But four is a nice round number and prevents the temptation to add an ounce or two as time rolls by.

By the morning of the second day following, after a return trip to our starting point and a good many miles on the Grand Trunk railroad, I got him to the taxidermist establishment of Nash, of Norway, Maine. He was a perfectly formed and colored male trout, bright orange in belly and scarlet in fins, and, mounted in "mezzo" style in just the proper curve, on a plaque of curly birch, the nearest in shade to the sherry-colored waters in which he had lived, I have hung him on my study wall, as my better half says, "So you won't study."

"Mister," said a man from Vermont who had arrived in camp the evening of the killing, when I had come in late, tired, hungry and happy in the way only fishermen can be happy, "that is certainly a good trout. May I ask where you caught him?" I told him.

"How long did you fish for him?"

"Fifteen years."

"Well, I guess you earned him." Perhaps I did. Anyhow, I appreciated him.

Am I still satisfied? Yes. Only I think I'll go back next summer and try for a five pounder.



HUNTING FROM A FALLEN LOG

AS HE GREW OLDER THE AUTHOR DISCOVERED THE DISTANCE HUNTED OVER WAS NOT IN DIRECT RATIO TO THE AMOUNT OF GAME SECURED

By Osceola.

FINDING from a log might be a more descriptive title, although hunting has come to mean the securing of game quite as much as the actual pursuit of it and so the title may be permitted to stand if not too closely criticised.

I have been reading over some of my old notebooks and have been impressed with the numerous successes scored in the woods while sitting on a log—if not literally, at least waiting silently for game to show up.

In my youngster days, and that is getting to be quite two score years ago, some of us small fry used to borrow a neighbor's long-barreled smooth-bore rifle and tramp as far as we could on a Saturday afternoon, and later when three of us could together raise two single-barrel ramrod shotguns—worth perhaps \$1.00 each—we tried to cover still more ground and were content if we brought in a lone rabbit or a single squirrel.

Later, when I was old enough to go it alone, I soon discovered that distance was more nearly in an indirect ratio to game secured and that a closely hunted woods yielded more game than two or three wood lots traveled over in a hurry—and good reason there is for such results. "That he who runs may find" is no maxim for a hunter. The moral of Old Æsop's tale of the Hare and Tortoise is more in the line of a good hunter's practice.

It is now early February and only a few days ago I had a half-day to spare from my work, and taking my 12 gauge went three-quarters of a mile by wagon road to our nearest well wooded "Branch." This time I left "Fannie," our undersized pointer at home, feeling inclined for solitude perhaps, although at the time I did not analyze my feelings particularly. I had not been in the woods for two or three weeks and was surprised to see spring so far advanced, even for the Gulf coast of Florida. Swamp maples were in flower and many of them in fiery glow, with crowns of red and scarlet seeds; yellow jessamines were blooming in profusion, the air filled with the rich and delicious perfume and the ground almost carpeted in gold, dropped from the abundance of their wide spreading vines.

Our little dwarf buckeye was already showing his red stems and leaves and in a few choice spots near running water the flowers were opening. Passing along quietly under tall pines and spreading live oaks I could see far in advance, the dense overhead shade, giving little chance for smaller undergrowth. Here and there a glistening mass of rich green indicated a magnolia grandiflora—"Bay" we call them—the most striking tree of our lowlands, be it in bloom or not.

Crossing a small running stream I see a single footprint—three good long rough toes well spread out forward and the shorter one back—a big old gobbler for sure, and quite fresh. Well, not much cover and little chance to call

him if I was an expert in that line, and he wont be likely to roost for some time yet. It is less than a half mile to the upper end of the "branch" with its heavy timber, which does not exceed a quarter-mile in width at any point and much narrower where I am standing. It is less than two hours until sunset and he will probably come back this way to find a night's lodging. Yonder log will suit my case exactly, with some chance of success and none to suffer if the hunt yields no game. A hundred yards beyond the run is a fallen pine with a slight fringe of scrub palmetto and a trailing vine or two over some low grow-



The Moral of the Fable of the Hare and the Tortoise Is in Line With the Good Hunter's Practice.

ing bushes; not a close blind but let it answer and give the old fellow one chance for his beard.

This had been a great place for *Melcagris*. Only a little way below I shot a fine big hen last year and later saw two fly out early one morning and two or three have been shot close here recently. The dense fringe of vines and bushes on either side not over 100 yards distant from me indicate the extent of this heavy-timbered swamp and the open piney woods is beyond. Fine old pines are all about me, 50 and 60 feet to the limbs, 3½ and 4 feet across. What a pity they cannot always help to shelter the noblest of all our game birds! It will not be long until an evil eye will mark them for his own and axe and saw will complete the destruction. Here also are a few live oaks—no cypress above the

road a half mile lower down but scattering sweet gums and bays relieve any monotony of pines and throughout the air is wafted the delicate yet all pervading odor of jessamine and again I see the golden tubes scattered like great nuggets in lavish profusion.

Birds seem scarce to-day. Perhaps the warming sun has enticed them out for a basking. A single phoebe calls weakly from a nearby twig and flits off for a gnat and returns. The phoebes seem to lack animation down here—passive and without a determined goal or aim in life—anaemic perhaps and needing a treatment of quinine like others of our northern visitors. A pair of Florida cardinals are off there in the brush chirping and fussing as if something might happen to them if they were not watchful. A noble woodpecker, *C. pileatus*, logcock, and bird of numerous names is hammering over yonder on a dead pine and the chips fly as from a skilled workman.

These birds are quite numerous along the heavily wooded river swamps and not unusual out in the nearby piney woods. Now I hear a crow calling well up the branch and another answers nearer to me. It may mean "turkey" and I had better give more attention to my hunt if I am to make it succeed. I notice that with a little contrivance I might have fixed up a good blind; a branch or two among the bushes and some long moss trailing would have shut me off right well but then I might not have been able to see out and if I can only keep absolutely still, if he comes this way, I will have the better chance to get him. *Something* is surely coming for the crows are nearer and keep up their lively conversation. If we could translate their talk to good English we might often turn a poor hunt into a successful one. These same sable woodsmen no doubt often warn the game that man is afield.

Now they cannot be over a hundred yards up the "branch" and whatever they have spotted will show up soon. I hear the piping of the little brown-headed nuthatch and a dainty pine warbler flits down the branches of a smaller pine but a few yards from me. Not a note from them yet by way of song but within a few days the woods will trill with their cheery voices. I am just a trifle uneasy about those crows. If they are following old Mr. Gobbler and should get in advance of him and spy me out they might very easily change their tune and give him fair warning that old Mr. Man was down there with a gun and wanted some meat for his dinner. That does sound like pot-hunting but as it was meant for crow talk, let it pass.

Right up in that thicket there surely is an old turkey. I seem to feel *turkey* right through me and down my spine. I don't have any ague but am a trifle anxious to see what is coming. It is nearing sunset and a wise old gobbler will soon take to a tree. Well, if he does and he is now

in that thicket I can hear him fly up and may still have a chance for him. Again I look for the little warbler and find him busy at the tip of a pine twig and can see the flower catkin where he is at work. I had not known the pines were in bloom yet. The warbler is trilling his first low sweet run. His mate must be very near or she will miss that dainty carol. Again I am looking up stream at the thicket and lo! a change has come o'er the spirit of my—view—not dream, for it is a reality in feathers that has walked boldly out and comes on as if he knew just where he was going and what he intended to do when he arrived.

A faint "putt" is all I hear and he stretches his neck at every few steps and looks right, left, up. It is growing some darker now under these old trees and he thinks it time a wise old turkey was up off the ground. Wild cats are not scarce hereabouts; I heard one within a week up this way and no doubt old Turk has heard several quite recently.

Now he is about 75 yards off and seems undecided whether to fly up or come on. Rather a long shot and I wait. If he comes to that stump I'll fire! He eyes my screen evidently with interest if not with suspicion. It is well I did not make it any thicker perhaps, for he evidently thinks he can see through it and it hides nothing to harm him. He sidesteps a few yards and views a large bay that would make him a fine shelter for the night, especially if the wind blows cold. Evidently his barometer is rising for he comes a little farther my way and is looking up at the tall pines. That big topped one about half way between us will just suit, he seems to decide, and steps to the dead line I have drawn for him in my mind and before I can raise my gun he is ten feet in the air and coming almost straight for me! I had misjudged his intended roosting place and he is headed for a tall slender pine almost directly over me. As the gun strikes one, he swings off to the left, totters, lifts again and goes out towards the edge of the branch; strike two settles him and I tote home a mighty handsome old fellow with a ten inch beard and spurs that look as if grown for hard knocks, on a pair of dark red, case-hardened legs and a head and throat of brilliant blues and reds impossible to describe as to form and shadings. Surely one can get some sport "hunting on a log."

I had thought to tell of the turkey I shot near this same place while suffering from a case of inflamed eye that almost blinded me—of a deer that walked up to me as I rested "on a log" and of one or two other log hunts, but let them go now. The yarn is spun out too long already perhaps, but logs are still plentiful down here and game is plentiful enough to come sometimes to him who waits; so let me advise the young hunter to sometimes try hunting on a log. The old hunter comes to love the soft side of the log even if the game does not always come to him and surely the best part of hunting is not the size of the bag but rather the free pure air; the tall, old trees; the sweet-scented blooms; the grass-grown fields; the deep, lapping waters or the low-voiced streams, the melody of birds, the brown, falling leaves and the moss-covered log.



The Tang of Wood Smoke Will Be in Your Nostrils, and You'll Feel the Sting of White Water Spray in Your Face.

THE FIGHT ON THE WAY UP STREAM

NOTHING BUT WORK WILL WIN YOU THERE,
THOUGH THAT WORK BE AS GRINDING AS SIN

By One of the "Fur Brigade."

LURCHING under the heavy packs, we scramble and slide down the leaf-strewn trail and stop, gasping for breath, at the water's edge. Flashing once more before our eyes is the river—an unslacking tide of bustling white and green. Well, thank God! the long portage is over!

Was it noon of yesterday that we bucked the last eddy on the ten-mile stretch and with a foolish cheer raced towards the shore? When we crawled up the slippery clay bank with the canoe on our heads? Or was it the day before? Yesterday, I thought—Jim said it was the day before.

What's the difference now? We're over, and can dump our packs and tumps and take to the paddles again. It's a change of labor, if not a rest. The swamps and gullies, the tearing brush and windfalls, the treacherous muck are behind us, and though the devil's own current swirls by our feet, we can breathe a silent prayer in-

stead of a curse, for another dreaded milepost has been overtaken and passed.

Well, toss your dunnage aboard, then! There's no use standing and growling. Grumbling never slackened any stream. My paddle? 'Course it's mine! You shivered yours on the stones in that last little lift where Bill's eye was far from true. Shove her clear, there! Away together, boys! Quit grouching and swing your blade. "The line" is miles and miles and miles away yet. Home and rest, and white man's grub—and maybe a girl—are waiting ahead and nothing but work will win you there, though that work be as tough as sin.

An hour, two hours, three hours pass, and the back-breaking grind goes on. Arms weary and weak paddlers break into foolish stabbing at the frothing water. Buck up, lads! Swing together! A little faster, Jim! We respond to the urging and each stroke lifts the canoe ahead. On, on, every foot of the way is fought as the sun falls lower towards the spruces on the western bank. Silence reigns, except for the splash and thud of the paddles and an occasional muttered curse as a swirling eddy slews the canoe and a battered thumb nail catches on the gunwale.

Then "Camp ho!" and five long, grateful sighs burst from five very tired men.

The meal of bannocks and mouldy bacon is over and all hands recline on the scented boughs. The ever-soothing pipe is filled and aglow. Some grind that, to-day, lads! We grumbled a bit at that current but the louder we grumbled the harder we fought and that's how the game is won.

Well, wipe to-day off the calendar. We leave no hard feelings behind. A full stomach and a bed of brush make a powerful antidote for the grouch and a month hence, by the fireside, we speak of it all with a laugh. A year hence and the rough spots are all forgotten and the call of the river will find us all reaching for pack and paddle. The tang of wood smoke will be in your nostrils and you'll feel the sting of white water spray on your face. Dame Nature calls and you answer. She scourges and you lick her hand.



The Long Portage Is Over.



"Out! Out!! It Goes and Drops Where His Fancy Directs."

THE STRIPED BASS AN ANGLER'S PRIZE

AN ARTICLE IN WHICH THE NOVICE AND EVEN THE EXPERT MAY LEARN SOMETHING TO ADVANTAGE

By Leonard Hulit.

SINCE the advent of the white man to the American continent the praise of the "striped bass" has been most insistent, and we have no reason to doubt that for centuries before, the red man was fully aware of its merits as an addition to his larder. But a strange circumstance in this relation is, while so many of our coast fishes have distinctive Indian names, there is apparently none characterizing the subject of this sketch.

It is never what is known as a deep water fish but confines itself to the shore lines, visiting the rivers and estuaries, and ascends all these waters as far as tides reach and in many streams is to be found far above salt water limits. And it is here that the nobility of character of the striped bass weakens somewhat; he is on a most pernicious errand in these waters, for be it known he is a prodigious spawn eater and he follows the herring, shad and other migrants to the headwaters of the bays and rivers.

With proper endeavor and tackle the bass may be taken in all these waters and gives delightful sport, but it would require a greater article than this to describe in detail the modus operandi of all pursuits of this favorite of the anglers' game.

Surf fishing for striped bass has grown to enormous proportions within the past two de-

cares, and there is perhaps no better field for this pastime than the New Jersey coast, for it is here where the man of moderate means may enjoy this kind of sports without being crowded from the most desirable points by the influence of expensive clubs or other objectionable features. More than a quarter of a century has been spent by me whenever the time could be spared, in pursuit of and in studying the haunts and habits of our coast line fishes, and I can say I have visited most of the waters between the great lakes and the Gulf of Mexico and am familiar with most of the fishes of these waters. There is none, in my opinion, which, when all points are considered, affords finer sport than the striped bass, taken under proper conditions from the beach direct.

Neither is there any fish more uncertain. This is well known to the one of experience, and must be learned by the novice; even when abundant along shore a whole season may be spent in earnest endeavor without reward, and again; the first hour may produce results.

As this article is devoted exclusively to surf fishing the tackle essential to the proper conduct of the sport is perhaps one of the most important considerations. This should always be of first quality grade, not necessarily the most

expensive, but essentially practically good. The rod should be hand-made. And while there are several woods which make a good rod experience has proven that well selected greenheart is perhaps the best of them all, as it has a resiliency possessed by none other and if properly cared for will last for years.

Many fishermen, however, now use the split bamboo surf rod and it must be said that if properly calipered and balanced it is very desirable as it is lighter in weight and very active in service. There is but one type of rod now in use, namely, the one-piece rod. This consists of a single tip with butt which should be from 20 inches to 26 inches in length and preferably cork covered. This always gives a good, secure grip no matter if wet, and is of great advantage. A strong favorite with a number of people is what is known as the spring butt. It is plain finish, turned quite light in the centre and from 26 inches to 32 inches in length. This is claimed to give advantage in casting; but it is at all times tiresome to reach to the reel when at rest, and in its extreme length is not to be recommended to the novice.

The tip or rod proper is, of course, the important part; this, as before stated, should be made of the best material, and nicely balanced, and its length should be governed somewhat by the height. If too short there is not the spring necessary and if too long it cannot be properly manipulated. A tip of from 5 feet 9 inches to 6 feet in length will serve all purposes.

The reel, that all important part of the equipment, should never be less than what is known as 2-0. This will hold 600 feet of 15-thread line, and give entire satisfaction. The 3-0 is used by many. It will hold 900 feet of the same size line, but it is to be doubted if in this class of fishing it has any points of superiority over the 2-0 size.

There are several makes of surf reels which can be classed as good. As a matter of fact most reels, when put to the test in this class of work, do not stand up; so I would say to the beginner, consult the man of experience in the selection of tackle. From him you can learn more practical ideas than from all the catalogues yet printed, and never, after having secured advice, accept from the salesman the "just as good" variety, as that class of goods always bear the best margin of profit except to the user.

When it is understood that this class of fishing imposes the most strenuous requirements upon both rod and reel it is then easier to accept the advice to buy the very best that the purse will allow. The reel should be of rubber and German silver of nice adjustment and free run-

ning, provided with a throw-off attachment so that in casting, the gear mesh is not engaged. This adds greatly to the life of the reel and to the pleasure of the user. In passing, I should have mentioned that the rod should be provided with agate guides and end tips; and German silver mountings throughout.

Of lines there are many makes and many qualities, but nothing but the best Irish flax, twisted or hand laid, should be used; see that the line is hand laid or twisted and contains no sizing or glue. The latter, to the novice's eye, would seem to have merit, but such lines contain a multitude of sins which these preparations are designed to hide.

Two-foot 6-ply cable laid leader attached to the line by a three way swivel and four ounce pyramid casting sinker, carries us down to the last but truly important item of the outfit—the proper hook.

While I and many others have taken the striped bass on varied types of hooks I think I will be sustained by the great majority of men who know, that there is but one hook made which thoroughly fills the bill or, to give it a different wording, the hand forged O'Shaughnessy hook is the one paramount. Just why it should be so is difficult to explain but this much is certain—when once well imbedded in the mouth, if the angler fulfills his part, the quarry is almost sure of capture.

Alas! again the counterfeit is to the front, and hooks are offered everywhere "just as good," even claiming the merit of being hand wrought. I would say beware! When such are offered at 50 cents per dozen, or about one-half the price that the genuine hook can be bought for if the gut snells are of A1 quality. As a pointer, will also say, each genuine hook bears the maker's name. So much for equipment!

Along our coast the best season for taking the bass are the months of June and July. While they are taken from May to November still the months first mentioned are the more prolific, and a rising tide, ordinarily the best period, albeit there are more striped bass taken between the hours of 4 and 9 o'clock P. M. than during the remainder of the twenty-four. The corresponding morning hours, however, are just as favorable, but fewer men are on foot and hence the smaller number of fish recorded. While the striped bass will, at times, take any one of numerous baits, there are with us but four standard ones; the bloodworm or whiteworm as it usually is termed is by all odds the bait preferable in the early months; the shedder crab and squid or ink fish as well as the skimmer clam, are all killing baits and at times any of the four above named may be the one and only kind which will give results.

Late in the season or during the months of September and October when the surf mullet is abundant, and particularly during heavy weather a bluefish squid rapidly trolled over the flats is frequently successful, but this method rarely produces the larger fish.

With the reader's permission we will accompany the man of experience and watch his endeavor. It will at least be instructive. Although success may not crown his efforts on this particular occasion the hour is early, the stars are

yet shining as he goes forth equipped with tackle as described, and wearing rubber sporting boots. He has thought out the proper conditions. There has been a sharp easterly blow and the water is yet churned up. The wind veering to the west will make sharp cuts on the bars and the tide, too, is favorable.

We are at the beach just as the first grey streaks of dawn break in the East, and we watch the carefully prepared bait as it is put on the hook in liberal quantity. We have noted that the deep cuts along the beach have been avoided and his eye is on the flats where the water is



A Magnificent Prize Fairly Won.

tumbling in. The long line of greenish white water tells his practiced eye that just there is where the finish of bar lies and the agitated water surging back and forth is cutting out the crustacea on which the bass love to feed. Before making the real cast our friend steps to the water's edge, and switching his rod, drops the sinker possibly 50 feet away. This is to wet down his line, as if this precaution were not taken the real cast with a dry line would mean a blistered thumb. The line is reeled in, and, with a rapid motion almost indiscernible, the rod butt is brought well to the front and the tip thrown backward over the right shoulder. Then with a vigorous snap the lead and bait is shot forward, straight as an arrow from a bow. Out!

Out!! it goes and drops where his fancy directs. The slack line is reeled in until the line is just taut—no more! The rod butt is placed in the leather holder and our friend seats himself to await results, knowing that the restless waters are swinging his bait back and forth, yet held to one general position by the square-headed sinker he is using. After many minutes of waiting the incoming tide has gradually worked his bait into the deep waters of the basin. This is not to his liking; the line is reeled in and bait carefully examined. We are informed there are bass working over the flats, else the spider crabs would long since have torn the bait to shreds. Again the bait is placed, this time a little more on the flats, but still where the water is strongly agitated. While we do not, our man realizes that many mornings such as this may pass without a strike. Still he is now keenly alert; he has not sat down since his last cast. His line is kept tight against the drag of the sinker—he is a statue of expectancy. And just as the sun is breaking the horizon's rim he makes one rapid step backward, at the same time bringing the rod sharply up. And its arching contour and the line cutting the water tell us that a bass has struck. Away he goes to the north, his beautiful silver sides plainly discernible as he cuts through the waves; 200, 300 and 400 feet of line are out and still going, but the drag is telling and the fish circles around through the basin and back to the edge of the flat, where he first struck, unable to release himself from his strange bondage. He tries a ruse; he sulks; but the hand of many battles at the rod knows this will not do, as such a manouever gives the quarry rest; so he is prodded into action by a swing of the rod and again the long run seaward is made. There is no haste in the actions of the fisherman, no endeavor to beach the fish. Line is given at each run, but it is at all times kept taut, just enough to keep the hook securely set and well he knows that the drowning process is going on until the game, as he is gradually worked shoreward, begins swimming in complete circles. This is always the sign of waning strength. We watch now the dorsal fin of the beauty cutting through the water and we wonder how much the weight—twenty?—possibly forty pounds of animation controlled by that thread-like line.

Now the crucial moment has come. The exhausted fish is swimming feebly in ever narrowing circles close in to the beach. Well the man knows that one false move now on his part means the loss of his prize, but as his part has been well played throughout the battle, so it is maintained to the end. The line is kept exactly taut as the fish rolls through the bulging ground swell and permits no opportunity for the hook to drop away at this critical time, as so often in the hands of incompetents it occurs.

We rush down to the water's edge and congratulate the man whose years of study and patience have taught him how and where to lure it to its destruction one of the most thoroughly beautiful as well as the gamest fish of our continent. We have taken our first lesson on striped bass fishing from a master of the art. And as we admire the richness of the prize we become lost in emotion; whether to glorify the conquest or pity the beauty, whose life is ebbing away on the sands.

FISHING FOR MONTANA GRAYLING

BEING THE STORY OF A VETERAN BLACK BASS FLY FISHER WHO
JOURNEYED 2,000 MILES TO CATCH THE "FLOWER OF FISHES"

By J. L. Phillips.

A GOOD deal of interesting information having appeared in recent numbers of *Forest and Stream* concerning the grayling, it seems to be an opportune time to relate my angling experience with the Montana grayling last September.

After a few days of very fine fly-fishing, wet and dry, for the red-throat trout of Snake river, in Idaho, I departed for my objective point, Montana, being desirous of making the acquaintance of the Montana grayling. Through the kindness of my friend, Dr. James A. Henshall, I was provided with an "Open Sesame" letter of introduction to Mr. Peter Kersemacher, postmaster at Grayling, Mont., in the Madison River Basin, a few miles west of Yellowstone National Park.

I received a cordial welcome from Peter and his good wife, and after a bountiful supper we talked of the prospects of grayling fishing. Peter advised me to lose no time but to begin fishing at once, inasmuch as the fish would drop down to the deeper water of Madison river as the weather grew colder, and it was then the first week in September. Accordingly, the next morning we drove to the head of Grayling creek, to the home of Mr. Dan M. Halford, deputy game and fish warden, to procure a non-resident fishing license. When he learned that I was from Texas, and had travelled two thousand miles to catch a grayling, he became interested for, as he said, he was something of an angler himself. He asked to see my tackle, and taking my three-ounce split bamboo baby brook fly-rod in his hand he switched it a time or two rather gingerly, and somewhat doubtfully a quiet smile meanwhile lurking about the corners of his mouth. He admired Hardy Brothers' reel, line leaders and flies, and was curious to see what the American grayling would do to an English fly on a number twelve hook, as a man with the name of Halford naturally would be. Then handing me my license, he placed his hand on my shoulder, saying: "You have come a long way to fish, but if it's grayling you are after I don't blame you a bit, for it's worth it." Then the old gentleman said: "Come along and I'll show you a pool where you can take a big one, and I'll be glad to see you do it." He proceeded to the creek where I put on my waders, assembled rod, reel, line and leader, and looped on a "heather moth" on a hook a little smaller than number twelve. Mr. Halford led the way, Peter following with lunch basket and

camera, while I brought up the rear. We had not far to go, and Mr. Halford soon said: "Here's the pool; now get to work."

The water was ice-cold and absolutely limpid and as smooth as a burnished mirror. I then made my first cast—I shall never forget it. Then I cast again, with no response, but at the third cast I saw a shadow rise from the bottom with a swiftness that challenged the eye to follow. It was like a faint shadow cast upon the surface by a swift-flying bird. I felt nothing, but to my surprise a grayling had taken my fly and leaped from the water before I could realize what had happened. I must confess that I was somewhat excited, if not a little dazed by the suddenness of it all, and then the experience was entirely new to me.

The first move of the fish on regaining the water was to make a long sidewise sweep down stream, which I permitted for awhile before snubbing him, whereupon he made a dash up

stream for about the same distance as before when I again checked him. These movements were made with remarkable swiftness. He then concluded to try a straight-away dash until I stopped him, which he acknowledged by leaping several times in quick succession. After playing in much the same way for two or three minutes I slipped the net under him.

Wetting my hands I unhooked him and held him to my nostrils a moment to detect the pleasant cucumber odor. I then admired his trim and graceful proportions, his banner-like dorsal fin, unique and beautiful form and coloration. The bright sunlight was reflected from the polished facets of his small scales in scintillations of incandescent hues. It was altogether lovely, and the name "flower of fishes" is appropriate and well-merited. I could not help noticing how fresh and clean it was, and so free from slime. In flesh and fins and bones it weighed but three-quarters of a pound, but in beauty and loveliness its weight was a score. Returning it to the water I heard the warden say, in an aside to Peter: "Not big enough, I guess." Following the suggestion of Mr. Halford we moved down stream to where he said was a better pool and larger fish. Sure enough, a larger fish took my fly at the first cast, but he leaped at once and threw out the hook. After several more casts without result we moved lower down to what the warden called the best pool of all, which it proved to be. My first cast brought from the bottom the largest grayling we had seen. He seized the fly on the rise and my baby rod and myself soon realized that we had better work cut out for us, for he proved strong and resourceful. Whenever I snubbed him he leaped and signalled for more line. It was five minutes before he showed signs of weakening, but at last he was netted, unhooked, weighed, admired and put back into the stream as a tribute to his gameness. He weighed exactly a pound and three-quarters. On seeing me return the fish to the water, Mr. Halford seemed a trifle put out, and asked me if I expected to catch a whale in the creek. I smiled and assured him that I did not visit his grand country and crystal streams to "kill" fish, but for the sport of playing them to a finish before returning them to their native element, perhaps to give some sport to another angler. A short silence then ensued, when the old fellow grasped my hand and said: "Mr. Phillips, there are no flies on you except those little, fuzzy fellows around your hat,

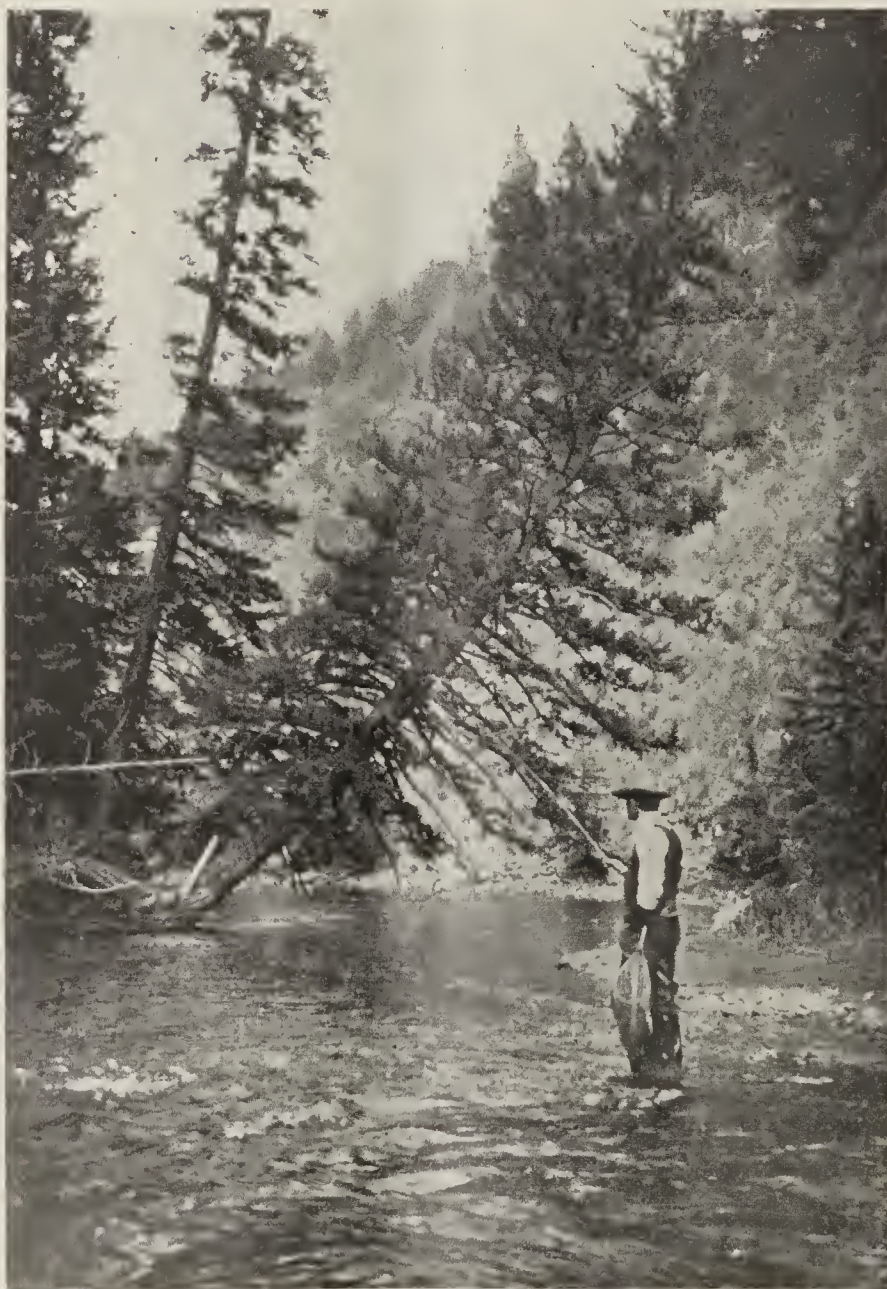


Photo by A. R. Dagmore

In the Home of the Montana Grayling.

and while I can congratulate you on your skill, I honor you more for your love for the fish. You are sure different from most of the sportsmen who come to our mountains." He then declared that he had enjoyed the sport almost as much as myself, and said that he would now go back home, and leave me to do as I wished with the fish. Peter and I then wended our way down stream, fishing all likely-looking pools, with some success at all of them. My catch for the day was thirty-seven grayling, nearly all of them one and three-quarter pounds each. Of the entire catch I killed and kept but eleven for the table, and to preserve the dorsal fins to show my Texas friends.

Next morning I started alone for a three-mile walk to the creek. The morning was clear and beautiful, the air cool and bracing, so that I enjoyed every foot of the way, and was not at all tired when I reached the creek and slipped into my waders. I found that Peter was right, and that the fish were moving rapidly toward the river. I had even better sport than on the previous day. I took my time and put in the rest of the day. The catch nearly all weighed a pound and three-quarters each, and they seemed to do their utmost to give me all the sport I needed, though I am free to confess that some of them knew more of the game than I did and handed me back my proffered fly with thanks. My catch for the day was forty-eight—my best day as it proved.

I fished daily when the weather permitted, and the catch dwindled daily, until the last day I took but nine, for the fish had nearly all reached



Photo by A. R. Dugnoro

A Good Pair to Draw To.

the river. My total catch on the trip was one hundred and twenty-nine, of which number but twenty weighed less than a pound and a half each, the majority going a quarter of a pound more. I fished but one fly on a six-foot leader, except as a matter of experiment when I used two flies, and in six instances I landed two fish at a time.

In all fairness I want to say that I like the grayling rather better than the trout. The play of the grayling is very fair and attractive, while for the table I know of no fish that suits my palate as well; it is the queen of delicacies. The grayling, being so clean and free from slime, and having but few and weak teeth, is pleasanter to handle and unhook than the trout, whose strong and sharp teeth are a menace to the fingers. The various trouts, as a rule, lie concealed under a bank or near some protective object, from which they dash with vigor to seize the fly, and fight furiously, mostly under water, and endeavor to regain their hiding place, giving the

angler all he can do to effect their capture. On the other hand the grayling lies in the open at the bottom of pools, from whence he rises with extraordinary swiftness. On being hooked the grayling moves as swiftly as possible in various directions, but always in the open, in or out of the water, never seeking refuge of brush or weeds. He is exceedingly lively withal, but one can hardly say that he has a "fight" with a grayling, but rather a play or game, and one in which the fish is often the winner. He is capable of some very effective tactics in freeing itself from the hook, and how he sometimes does so is a mystery

to me. I have already mentioned the tackle I used on the trip. My flies were heather moth, Jock Scott, oak fly, olive dun, March brown, Bradshaw's fancy and gray hackle, though I am not prepared to say that one was better than another, for all were successful. After the first day I left the creel at home, as all fish but eleven were put back into the water uninjured.

On September 12 it began snowing and for two days and nights I had a taste of mountain weather that reminded me that it was high time that I was turning my face toward Texas. When the storm abated I found that the fish had all taken refuge in the Madison River, and I was glad that it was so.

I can not close this account of the most enjoyable fishing trip of thirty years, without thanking my good friend, Dr. James A. Henshall, for his kindness and courtesy in planning the trip. I also wish to thank the Doctor's great admirer, Mr. Peter Kersemacher, for his personal care for my comfort, and for his interest in my sport.

HALCYON ANGLING DAYS IN MAY

IMPORTANCE OF ACQUIRING A FAIR INTIMACY WITH TROUT STREAM INSECTS AND CONDITIONS THAT GOVERN THEIR RISE

By Louis Rhead.

IN warmer sections of the temperate regions the latter part of May is the most favorable time to get a full creel of any period of the trout season—if you cannot capture them now, you will not do so later on. After the winter is past, trout are exceedingly ravenous—particularly brown trout, in my opinion is the gamiest, next to the rainbow, of all our more common trouts. Feeding night and day, they soon become plump and in fine condition. The water is still cold, the rivers are full—rushing along to make fish more active and bolder. Insects begin to multiply in such vast numbers that trout are more anxious to grab a line than any other time throughout the year. There is nothing fastidious in the way trout rise in May—every insect, large or small is alike swallowed.

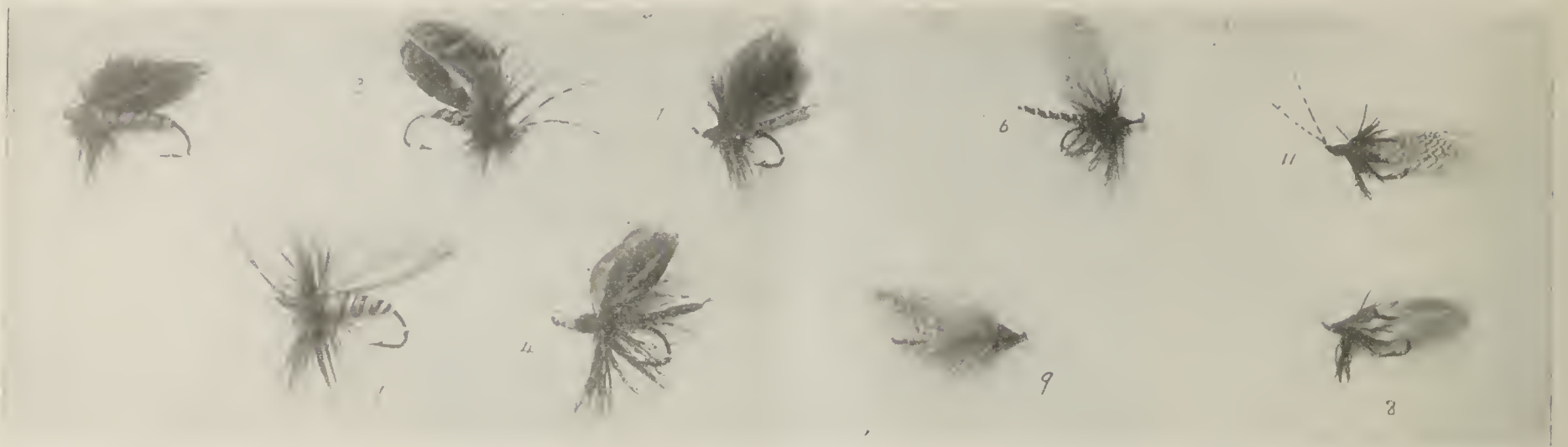
The time is near when every intelligent angler will find it imperative to acquire a reasonably fair intimacy with trout insects and the varying weather in which they have their rise. For instance, if you are familiar with the fact that certain drakes and duns only appear on dull days, and others on bright days, you are pretty

safe to prepare accordingly. In my book "Trout Stream Insects" the shadfly is described as the most numerous trout insect in May. Since it was written last year I have been able to get convincing proof by numerous tests of what a seductive fly through the month of May, my imitation is, the right time being dependent upon weather conditions. Isolated specimens may always be seen, but the grand rise—the great shad snow storm—when every trout, chub and dace gorges to suffocation while the rise is on, which may be only three hours, and again, may last three days. It is very easy to make a selection of May flies that is sure to result in full creels, if the angler, of course, be at all skilful in his method and his equipment of fair quality. Yet I must say that May is a saucy, coy month, changeable as the wind; from good to bad all of a sudden in the mountain regions. During the first two weeks, after a beautiful day and good sport, you may wake up the next morning to see a fierce snowstorm or heavy frost, which will be the cause of an entire change in your use of flies.

After seven years' intimate study of trout in-

sects I have found that small dark colored flies are more abundant on cold and wet days. The larger, brightly tinted insects, prefer to rise on warm days and evenings and becoming more and more abundant towards the end of the month. Thus it is that weather conditions control your selection of flies and the right time to use them. You can throw away the old, archaic, antiquated advice that such and such a fly is good, trusting entirely to your own intimate knowledge of the situation and the stream conditions.

The list of flies pictured in April *Forest and Stream* formed a selection from thirty-six specimens I painted of the most abundant insects that rise during the month of May. All, or nearly all, haunt the streams of the temperate regions. In addition to this list there are a few insects arranged in my April list of nature flies pictured on the next page that continue to rise during the first two weeks in May. The most valuable are the female shadfly, needletail, redbug, and sailor drake—the last one being a floater, can be fished at the surface any time when the sun shines. This fly repeatedly drops on the surface and floats gracefully along till devoured; or, on rising it flutters about four to six feet above the water surface. If you wish to fish it dry, it should be neatly tied (without loop) on a nine foot finely tapered gut leader, without other flies attached, and cast either up or down stream,



The above form a selection of trout insects that rise during April—part of them also in May. No. 1 male shadfly, No. 2 female shadfly, No. 3 female shad with eggsack, No. 4 brown drake, No. 6 soldier drake, No. 7 sailor drake, No. 8 redbug, No. 9 longhorn, No. 11 needletail. The wings of the three shad flies should lap lower down over the body (they are being made so now) but I wished to show the peculiar color markings of the body particularly the peculiar green and gold stripes on the body of the male and vivid green eggsack on the female. The longhorn with brilliant orange body is a newly hatched stone fly. It will be noticed the three drakes have under bodies a pale greenish cream color and the two little duns are flat-winged—both excellent wet flies.

along runways that may be distinguished by bubbles or floating refuse.

This rule applies to all fly casting on parts of the stream when you see runways, which may be exactly in the middle or close to the edge round the bend, or round a half submerged rock. In such places trout abide at the bottom, to dart upwards at passing food and then immediately return to the same haunt, where they may remain all summer, if not molested or caught.

The redbug and needletail are two flies that may be fished together wet, and allowed to follow the waters' flow where they list. I should use the redbug as end fly and the needletail three feet above, tied as before, without loops, by a careful knot through the eye of the hook. Loops should be discarded as they interfere with a feathery cast. The time is past for snelled flies looped in the leader either as end or upper flies. The fly attachment to the leader must be tied with a knot, instead of a loop. The fly I am most sure of getting a rise of trout is the brown-drake, because, during the latter part of April till well past the middle of May it is on the wing, in both fair and foul weather. Equally good, morning and evening, you may fish it dry at the surface in placid places, and also wet under water in rough places. This insect, known heretofore as March brown is the only American insect identical with the British insect of that name. It has never before been tied exactly true to nature showing the under body a pale green in contrast to the upper body of brown, speckled in black. In the Catskill and Adirondack regions the brown drake is much more abundant than its larger and more beautiful cousin, the green drake. Between the two, I have no hesitation in saying, from every standpoint, that the brown is by far the better fly. In Champlain regions, where the green drake is very abundant, the cast might be different.

But all through May, were I restricted to three or four flies for use in the Catskills and Adirondacks, I would fish the brown drake at the surface on warm days and use the female shadfly along with black gnat under water afternoons and evenings with perfect safety of full creel. During early May I find the redbug still on the wing (though placed on April chart) in the afternoons, and trout take it well indeed. No matter what weather conditions prevail, these four flies attract all three species of trout, rain-

bows, brown or speckled, each are equally ravenous for them.

The shadflies, printed on this page show the male, female, and female with eggsack, the latter, by far best of the three, is only seen on wing from the 10th of May till the great rise, whenever that occurs, according to weather conditions. The female without eggs may be used any time during late April, and the male is at its best during afternoons and evenings, from the last week in April to end of May.

Of course these observations are limited to the fluctuations of weather conditions. Anglers must observe for themselves. My studies of these insects, though painstaking and careful, cannot be exact always, because of changes in the rise, due to temperature. For instance, I caught shadflies as late as second week in June though it is really a fly for May. There are times when you can put a shadfly on the water, and be most successful with it in June, as well as late in April.

I am not one addicted to constantly changing my cast, for if I am using an imitation of some insect fairly abundant, without getting a rise, I doggedly persevere in other places, and afterwards change my method from wet to dry, or otherwise. Perhaps, when I get a good pool I take out and try one of my minnows or shiny devils in hopes of getting a big fish.

In addition to the April redbug, there is another excellent insect called the sailor drake, that continues to rise early in May, so called from being dressed in blue with white underbody. It is rather smaller than the brown drake, but it is very attractive either on warm or cold days, from early in the day to late evening. Last spring I fished with this same fly for four days with very good luck.

I realize fully that every angler has his own peculiar methods and choice of implements, yet I modestly offer here a few suggestions that differ considerably from those described by others that still may be found worthy of serious thought! While on the stream I never attempt long casts. I get as close to the fish as I dare, for the shorter the cast the more sure am I of hooking the fish. The mere fact of long casts are directly apposite to good trout methods. If, by a false, or poor cast, the fly fails to float jauntily cocked, it is allowed to run past the

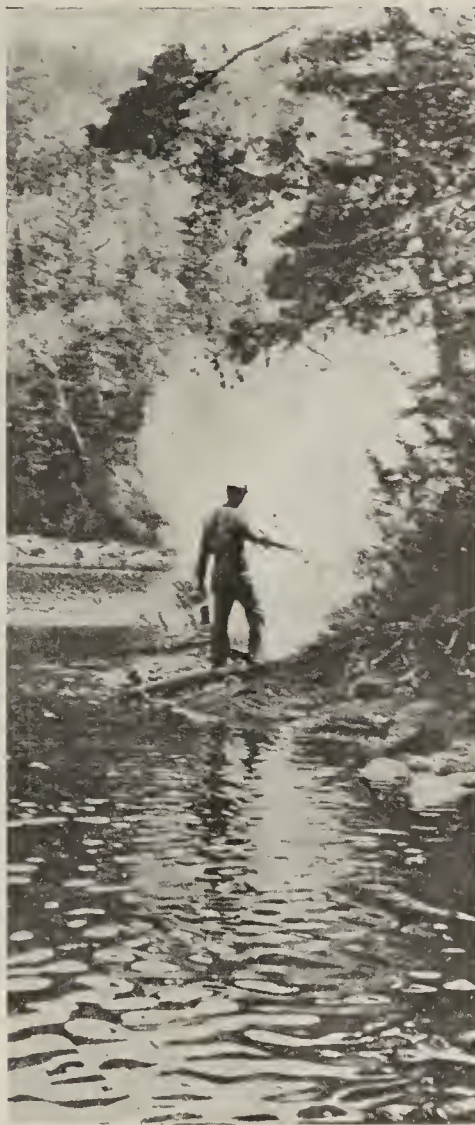
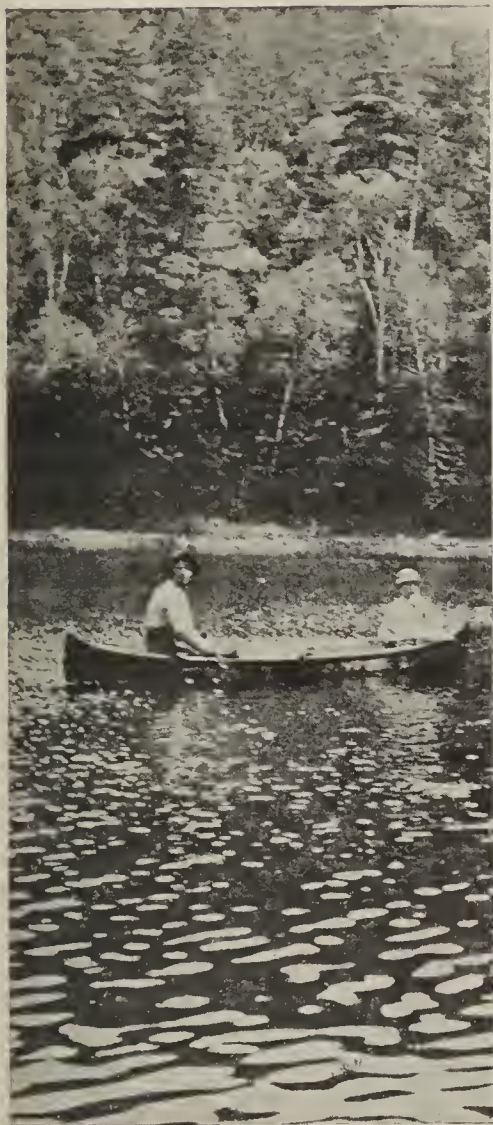
fish, then whipped off, or dragged back along the surface. The fly is then well dried in the air before being recast. I never try to float a fly on rough swift water, but let it have its own way, either on, or under water.

In wet fishing with one or more flies I invariably cast across stream, agitating the flies as they float under water and lead them to a runway to go down stream, keeping them as near as possible where I know trout lie.

Concerning the implements: The rod, line and leader should be made to fit each other, as well as the angler. A nine foot rod fits a short arm, nine and a half fits the average, and a ten foot a long arm, the weight being four, five and six ounces. The rod should have an agate guide tip and another agate guide eighteen inches above cork handle, with snake guides at frequent intervals between. The agate facilitates smooth and easy casting. The line should be a good one, tapered at both ends, and wound on a reel big enough for the spool to hold the line easily without crowding it.

I grease twenty-five feet of each end with deer fat, partly to preserve it from being water soaked, also to help it in floating. It is well to unwind the line every few days to change the end, which keeps the line from moulding or overwearing on one side. The leader should gradually taper from a size slightly thinner than the line, to a fairly, though not too fine end. The gut loop attachment should be only made big enough to allow the line to run through it, and no other loop should be used either for wet or dry fishing. Big loops destroy a feathery cast. Such an abomination as a snelled loop fly on the leader is not to be thought of. Each fly, both end and upper, should be tied by a neat knot, the upper flies to hang three inches from the leader. The length of the leader should be made so that it measures from the tip to where you can comfortably hold the end fly between the thumb and finger while you grasp the rod handle. Otherwise it is very inconvenient.

William C. Adams has been appointed chairman of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission. Mr. Adams has long been prominent in conservation circles, and his appointment gives excellent satisfaction.



THROUGH THE LAKELANDS OF QUEBEC.

A JOURNEY INTO A REGION SELDOM VISITED FROM THE OUTSIDE AND WHERE THE WILDERNESS IS STILL PRIMEVAL—THE POETRY OF PORTAGE HERE BECOMES AN EVERY DAY REALITY

By B. C. Cobb.

This is the story of an interesting trip made in the autumn of 1915, beginning in the Gatineau region, about 125 miles north of Ottawa, the objective having been the Kagebonga Lake Post of the Hudson Bay Company, at the Height of Land. It was not a hunting or fishing expedition, particularly, although the region is ideal for both, as attested by the frequent sight of game, and the ease with which fish were caught for camp purposes.—Ed.

THURSDAY, September 2. We breakfasted at six o'clock at my cabin on Bras Coupe Lake, having packed all our supplies the day before for our trip to the Barriere. The barometer registered 29.7; thermometer 50 degrees, with the wind in the west and clear and bright. We left the cabin at 7.15 A. M., and met Jack Heafey's one horse jumper on the west side of Lake Butard after portaging from Bras Coupe Lake to the Bittaw and paddling across. In addition to the one horse jumper we had a pack horse to carry our surplus luggage across the seven mile portage to Lake Desert.

In the party were Frank Silliman, Jr., of Philadelphia, and myself, besides the following guides: Dave Howe, Paddy Ryan, Joe Fraser and Sam Dumont; also Dave's two small dogs. We took three birchbark canoes, one an 18 footer, which we used for carrying supplies, and two 14 foot canoes. The jumper broke down twice and spilled its load. No particular harm was done other than the breaking of a few of

our jam cans which made a nasty mess in some of the dunnage bags. We left Heafey's at 1 P. M. and crossed Lake Desert, a beautiful lake, about seventeen miles long and anywhere from one to four or five miles wide. From Lake Desert we entered Round Lake and then up the Tomasine River and into Tomasine Lake; camped on Moose Island in the middle of the lake.

Saw no game except 50 ducks in the narrows between Lake Desert and Round Lake. I got one wall-eyed pike and one catfish in Tomasine Lake which went very well for supper. Did not pitch camp until after seven o'clock, which was too late as it was getting dark early. We traveled about twenty-four miles by water and seven miles by land. Did not use any tents.

Friday, September 3. Broke camp and left Moose Island at 7.15 A. M. We paddled about five miles to the head of Tomasine Lake and again into Tomasine River which flows in at the head of the lake and out at the foot. Tomasine Lake is about ten miles long, narrow, but very

beautiful. It really is a widening of the river. We paddled and poled up the Tomasine River for about six miles to a lumber camp of the Edwards Lumber Company, where we had dinner. The camp was not in operation, but a "keep-over" man and his wife were there and cooked dinner for us—pork and potatoes, stewed blueberries, raisin pie and tea. Pork, or "greeds," as pork is called by the French-Canadian, potatoes and tea form the main and practically the only food of the "habitants."

We poled and paddled six or seven miles further up the Tomasine River and camped for the night on the trail to Rock Lake. Just as we started to pitch camp a black bear appeared on the trail directly in front of us. He soon made off, however, and seemed more afraid of us than we of him. It was a rough trip up the river with three portages below the lumber camp and five above. One of the portages was about two miles long. We managed, however, to pole and paddle the rapids for most of the distance on this



Lake Desert, a Beautiful Body of Water, About Seventeen Miles Long.

long portage. There were lots of wolf tracks along the shore of the river which indicated that the deer would have had hard sledding after snowfall.

Again we used no tents. Everyone slept well and was in good shape for the trip across to Rock Lake the next morning. We traveled about seventeen miles and it was a rough hard trip. We saw one thing of particular interest on the Tomasine River and that was a fine new beaver dam which the beaver had just completed and which would be a credit to any engineer.

Saturday, September 4. Still warm and clear with the wind in the south. Started over the trail for Rock Lake at seven o'clock. The trail was about two miles long, including the crossing of a small beaver lake. This particular lake had three beaver houses in it which were in splendid condition.

It was a rough trail to Rock Lake going up, over a mountain about six hundred feet high. Rock Lake is about four miles long and from one and one-half to three miles wide with high hills around it. It is evidently a trout lake and the water is clear and beautiful. I caught one trout going across and missed another one.

We portaged from Rock Lake about one and one-half miles to a small beaver lake on our way back to the Tomasine River. It seemed strange to leave the river, up which we had been traveling, and almost like going out of our way to make the portage to and across Rock Lake. The reason for this was that the Tomasine River for five or six miles is so rapid that it is impossible to navigate up or down with canoes and the Indians and trappers had made a settled trail around these rapids through Rock Lake and back again to the river. Before reaching the Tomasine River we crossed two other small

lakes, one a beautiful trout lake! We did not catch any fish but could plainly see them. Another was a beaver lake with quite a number of beaver in it. It is evident there are still a great many beaver in Canada and that they would increase very rapidly if let alone.

We reached the Tomasine River about 4:30 P. M. and put our canoes into the water at the foot of the upper rapids just below where Lake Windfall spills its water into the river. There is a little lake at the foot of the rapids and in it was a splendid big beaver house. It was only a short paddle across this little lake and then another portage around the rapids and into Windfall Lake.

We camped at the foot of Windfall Lake at five o'clock. The weather was still fine and we made our beds again in the open with no tents. We saw no game, except a few ducks and loons and the game tracks were very few. We traveled about fifteen miles, all of which was very rough going.

Sunday, September 5. Weather still fine. Left camp for trip up Windfall Lake. Windfall Lake is a good sized lake with many bays and openings. It is about ten or twelve miles long and anywhere from one to four miles wide. After we had paddled three or four miles along the shore we saw a black bear. We were too far away for a shot and when we paddled closer Mr. Bear sniffed the air and disappeared into the woods.

From Windfall Lake we entered the Flambeau River, a little stream connecting Flambeau Lake and Windfall Lake. Flambeau Lake is a shallow lake connected by a brook with Staugen Lake. This brook or stream was too shallow for canoeing and we had four short portages

before getting into Staugen Lake. Staugen Lake is about twenty-five miles long with many islands.

On our way up Staugen Lake we met two canoes with six half breeds in them. They were off on a blueberrying trip. There were two women in the canoes and four men. At the head of the lake they had a small clearing and a rough looking log cabin. The blueberries all along the trails were fine and grew in the greatest quantity. We camped on a point in Staugen Lake about four o'clock. Fished for an hour and caught four wall-eyed pike. Traveled about twenty-five or thirty miles. Weather warm with the wind in the south. Still no tents.

Monday, September 6. Weather warm and wind in south. Broke camp at seven, paddled four or five miles to the north end of Staugen Lake. Then two short portages into Wolf Lake. We crossed a small beaver lake in making the portages, and at the foot of this lake was a fine beaver dam and the lake contained several beaver houses.

We reached Wolf Lake about 9 A. M. This was the finest yet, with clean rocky shores and some sand beaches. The lake is full of islands and has many large bays and openings. It reminds one of the Georgian Bay country. I should say the lake was about twenty-five to thirty miles long and anywhere from one to eight miles wide. I fished a little going across but caught only one wall-eyed pike. There must be grey trout in the lake; it looked like the kind of water and bottom they like.

There are still lots of large pine, balsam and spruce trees in the country and thousands of young ones growing. There is also much hardwood; in fact, some of the hills have hardly anything on them except virgin hard-wood forests. In some places there have been fierce forest fires, but the country has not been spoiled for the second growth of birch, maple, oak, elm and poplar, together with some pine, spruce and balsam has grown up in wonderful quantities.

At the foot of Wolf Lake we met two squaws and an Indian child in camp. Their man had gone into the bush. The woman, and particularly the little child, were very pleasing and seemed glad to see us, although they could not speak English. They had with them a tame young fox. He seemed to want to play with Dave's dogs. He wagged his tail and acted very pleasant but the dogs were not so pleasant, and after getting over their surprise at seeing little Mr. Fox wanted to chew him. The Indians had an old double-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun with powder horn and shot bag. As against this they had a canvas canoe instead of a birch bark. It seemed an inconsistency.

We paddled about fifteen miles up Wolf Lake to Wolf River which flows with considerable rapidity into Lake Des Rapids. There were two portages around the rapids in Wolf River. After leaving the river we paddled up Rapid Lake about nine miles. In the afternoon the wind shifted to the east, which always means rain, and we got it just as we were pitching camp. It rained only about an hour and did not bother us very much. This was the first night we used our tents. It was warm and sultry and the mosquitoes and black flies were very bad. The rain stopped about eight o'clock.

We saw no game during the day except ducks



Getting Ready for the Long Portage—The Rowboat at the Cabin Was Handy to Use in Transferring the Canoe Dunnage.

and not many of them. Caught seven wall-eyed pike for supper. Aside from the few fish we had caught, our food had been pork and beans and beans and pork with tea and a little jam. I say little for, as noted on the first day, some of the jam was spilled on the portage to Heafey's. Dave, however, had provided us with fine biscuits with the help of the aluminum baker which we brought along and we were not doing so badly after all. The country, after leaving Wolf Lake, is much flatter with considerable swamp spruce. It looks very much like a moose country, but as yet we had seen none. We traveled about twenty-seven miles, mostly water.

Tuesday, September 7. At eight o'clock started up Rapid Lake, a very fine one. It is between forty and fifty miles long and from one to seven miles wide. We kept free from rain until about noon when we had a few showers.

We reached the Hudson Bay Post at the head of Lake Des Rapids at 3.15 P. M. after paddling twenty-three miles. The Post is a rough looking place with some cleared land around the buildings which are constructed entirely of logs. Still, there was a homelike appearance to it with three horses and three or four cows grazing on the cleared land. There was also a garden and a good sized potato patch. The Post has, besides the Factor's house, two barns and five or six other houses which are used for storing furs purchased from the Indians and for the supplies sold to them. One of the buildings is called the Store, and in it there was scattered around in a most disorderly fashion a miscellaneous assortment of supplies. There were Sweet Caporal cigarettes, firearms, bolts of calico and cotton and woolen cloths, mostly high colored to attract the eye of the Indian, traps, powder and shot, sugar, pork and the always present tea and some coffee, which we tried and found very, very bad. To our surprise, we were able to purchase some very fine Cross & Blackwell jams and the Factor presented us with ten pounds of the finest maple sugar I ever tasted. It was

the real quill, made by the Indians and packed in birch bark baskets.

Across the way from the Post, on the opposite side of the river, which connects Lake Des Rapids with Lake Barriere, the Indians have built a few cabins. They have also cleared a little land; some of them had small gardens. There was also a cleared piece of land used by the Indians for tenting purposes when they come in with furs and to attend the Roman Catholic Mission. The Church has a small chapel at the Post, but no regular priest in charge. Mr. Christopherson, the Factor, stated that the Church sent a priest up there once a year, who remained for several weeks, holding a mission and that the Indians came in from a hundred miles or so around to attend it.

Mr. Christopherson was a new man on the job; in fact he had only been at the Post about six months. His father, who is located at the Grand Lake Victoria Post, is one of the General Superintendents of the company. Mr. Christopherson had with him his wife—a young girl—with a four months old baby. He also had an assistant by the name of Bates who kept the books and looked after the store. They received us very pleasantly and gave us supper and breakfast; in fact, they seemed delighted to see us and get some outside news. They said they had had no mail for over two months and they asked all sorts of questions; wanted to know about the war; the Becker trial and the Harry Thaw case. It seemed strange to have these people way off in the Canadian wilderness interested in Becker and Thaw. We purchased some supplies and took a letter with us to mail for Mr. Christopherson.

There were quite a few Indians (Tete Boules of the Algonquin tribe) buying supplies and getting ready for their fall and winter trapping. They were a rather pathetic sight and I do not know what they would do if it were not for the Hudson Bay Company, and I guess the Hudson Bay Company would have a hard time too with-

out the Indians to trap for them. The company pays the Indians in cash or in trade for the furs they bring in. Most of them, however, are paid for in trade and the majority of the Indians are considerably in debt to the company. The prices paid this year were far below the past; for example, the company was only paying sixty to seventy-five cents for a mink skin as against a dollar and a half to two dollars last year. We traveled about twenty-three miles and went to bed with our tents up as the weather was threatening.

Wednesday, September 8. We left the Hudson Bay Post at 9.25 and paddled about eight miles to the end of Rapid Lake and then on into another Rock Lake, so-called, which is really the upper end of Lake Kagebonga. It is a beautiful lake about ten or twelve miles long with many islands and bays. Just before going into Rock Lake we saw three moose and a little later on Frank ran plump into a big bull near where we made camp. He actually got within a hundred feet of him before the moose sighted him. The moose was wading in the water eating lily pads but as soon as he saw Frank he was off into the woods.

The rain stopped about 3 P. M. and we had a starlight night with the wind shifting to the north. During the afternoon we caught four wall-eyed pike which Dave fixed up in a chowder. We traveled twenty miles and pitched our tents, as we expected to stay on Rock Lake for more than one night.

Thursday, September 9. Frank and Joe while locating a trail saw a fight on the shore of the lake between two red foxes and one black fox. They fought for three or four minutes just like a lot of dogs and made a noise with their snarling and snapping that could be heard for a considerable distance.

Dave and I ran into a big wild rice marsh full of ducks. Over two hundred got up when we approached and when we came back that way (Continued on page 968.)



The Inspector's House, a Comfortable Frame Dwelling—Think of Wild Strawberries, Floating in Bowls of Rich Jersey Cream, Away Out Here in the Middle of Hudson's Bay.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE FAR NORTH OF "53"

THE HUDSON BAY POSTS PRESENT A COMBINATION OF FLIES, DOGS AND OTHER DISAGREEABLE FEATURES, BUT THE STRUTTON ISLANDS OUT IN THE BAY ARE A REFUGE AND DELIGHT

By R. J. Fraser.

THE sportsman, follower of the out-of-doors, or tourist who makes the long canoe jaunt to the James Bay country and leaves there without having made a visit to The Struttons, has committed an oversight that is an injustice to himself, to his fireside friends at home, but most of all to the Bay country itself.

"The only place worth living in," one puts it, "an oasis in a desert of flies," says another. Madame Draulette, wife of the first inspector of the Revillon Freres, traders in James Bay, who, with her husband, spent nearly ten years at the northern posts, called the Strutton Islands, a "paradise." And that describes it perfectly, using the term relatively.

At Moose Factory, or Moose River Post, the rival fur trading establishments at the mouth of the Moose River, which constitute the end of your canoe journey if you travel by that route, you spend your wakeful moments fighting mosquitoes and black flies. At mid-day in the summer months—the tourist season there, as elsewhere—the heat grows at times oppressive, while day and night the Indian dogs torture your ears with their constant fiendish howling.

Or, if perchance you take a more eastern route to tidewater, by the Lake St. John or the Nottaway, your terminal point is Rupert's House. It is Moose on a smaller scale, though the flies are there in equal numbers and their deadly work is augmented by another insect, a cross between a huge house fly and a wasp, locally known as a "bulldog." This beast will actually bite a piece from your forehead, fly to a nearby perch, and there devour it before your very eyes. Their ferocity is truly appalling. And always, of

course, at Rupert you have the serenade of the dogs.

Coast northward, in canoe, or by "Company's" coast boat with its timid, lagging Indian crew—you will choose canoe every time for speed, and sailboat if comfort is more desirable—to the companion posts on the shores of the Bay and you find the same prevalent conditions; the mosquitoes, a large, gray, anaemic-looking specie, seem to increase their numbers and blood-thirstiness with the latitude. At Fort George, 150 miles north of Rupert's House, they are given the worst name on the coast.

Out in the Bay, forty-eight miles northeasterly from the mouth of the Moose River, lies Charlton Island, the largest insular land in these waters. It is thirty miles around its shores and



The Company Boats, With the Supplies for a Year.

boasts of a sheltered roadstead. Here the Hudson's Bay Company have their port of call for the yearly steamer from "the outside" and this is their main storage depot and point of distribution for the Bay. But the island is all sand and muskeg, and either makes most miserable tenting grounds. Half the known species of pestilent insects breed here and the sheltered roadstead is shallow and difficult of approach. The old Scotch hospitality of the H. B. C.'s factor is the only bearable feature of the traveler's sojourn there.

You visit these points and each in its way offers its peculiar interesting attractions. But the moving from one to the next does not banish the discomforts of the last one, except it be by an application of a worse one. It is a clear case of "out of the frying pan into the fire." This particular grouch of mine is an impartial one, based on experiences, not of days or weeks, but of months spent at each of these places.

What of The Struttons, then, you ask? Not so many miles east of Charlton Island lie a group of three bouldery, spruce-clad islands surrounding a clear, deep water anchorage in which a superdreadnaught can swing at anchor and ride out the fiercest gale. Steamers that are now on the Russian ice route to Archangel have done so. These are the general features of the Strutton Islands. Fifteen years ago, when the Revillon Traders entered the Bay to contest the Hudson's Bay Company's monopoly of the fur trade of that region, they chose this spot for their port and distributing point. It was the only choice left open to them, being the one centrally-located point to and from which their steamer could come and go.

But what if it was the sole choice! It proved to be the ideal one, "the only place worth living in," "the oasis," Madame Draulette's "paradise." For some reason, yet to be determined, it is free from insect pests. The clearing of a section of standing timber on the high bank of main Strutton Island made room for a dry, clean tenting ground and on the edge of a little grove here stands the Inspector's house, a comfortable frame building that would grace one of our watering resorts. Back of this area a clearwater lake provides an abundance of fresh water, which is filtered through sandy soil to a well with a patent pump.

A grove of spruces provide shelter from the sun, a shelter which is not often sought, for the sea breezes sweep through the place with a cooling freshness laden with the aroma of the pines. And the dogs, huskie and Indian mongrel alike, are conspicuous by their absence. An unwritten law forbids their landing on the island.

Arriving at The Struttons by the company's little broken-backed steamer, or in the slower, native-built sailboats, from any one of the neighboring posts is like getting out of the hot, crowded, noisy city street into the coolness and quiet of a shaded country lane. The measure of comfort found at The Struttons is just the measure of that other extremity of discomfort which you have experienced at the intermediate stopping places on your journey.

At the Inspector's table I feasted regally on whitefish and trout netted in the harbor, not two hundred yards from the door. After the arrival of the ship, when twenty live sheep had been landed on the island, fresh mutton was added to the daily fare, and wild strawberries gathered by the squaws on the little Strutton Island floated in bowls of Jersey cream. Each summer from Moose is brought a cow, and only rarely must the tinned products of the dairy be requisitioned for the host's table.

Every spring and fall, sea and freshwater ducks, including most of the representative species of the north, frequent the marshes and sandbars at the west end of the island and regular hunts are prosecuted for the purpose of replenishing the larder.

Once a year, usually in the latter part of August, but always governed by the ice conditions in Hudson Strait, the company's steamer from Montreal arrives at Strutton. It brings a twelve months' supply of foodstuffs and trade goods, and its arrival is anxiously awaited by the representatives of the different posts, who, with their following of Cree retainers, flock to the islands in their sailing barges. This is the great event of the year and the sighting of the vessel's smoke is the signal for the commencement of a series of celebrations that last until the cargo is discharged and the ship has sailed for the home land in the south. Fortunate indeed is the traveler to the Bay who visits The Struttons at this period, for, though at all seasons the welcome to the stranger lacks naught of warmth or sincerity, at this time the host is in a position to offer a brand of hospitality that is a little better than the best.

Each summer the tourist traffic to the James Bay country—now the southern fringe of the last great Canadian hinterland—is greater than that of the year before.



This Is the Puzzler: How to "Put It Over" With the Least Effort.

THE PACKING PROBLEM

IT IS FOLLY TO FURNISH A MAN WITH EQUIPMENT TO BE USED IN THE WOODS WITHOUT PROVIDING SOME WAY TO GET IT THERE

By C. L. Gilman.

WHAT the average amateur canoe cruiser seems utterly incapable of getting through his head is that he's got to carry the stuff.

In an average day's travel of twenty miles by canoe through the wilderness it is usually necessary, four or five times, to pick up the entire outfit, including the canoe, and carry it bodily around some obstruction in the stream or across some divide into another system of waterways.

This is the "portage"—the acid test of the cruiser's ability and the outfitter's fitness to advise in the selection of equipment. A portage trail is a quarter of a mile long, on the average. A few are short and easy; many are long and hard. Nor is it a level, easy traverse, like a city sidewalk. Invariably it runs both up and down hill. The footing is alternately swampy, slippery and uneven, dense brush overhangs the trail and recent windfalls frequently obstruct it.

Before a man buys anything to be taken along on such a trip he must not only be sure that it will render service sufficient to pay for the labor of transporting it, but also be clear as to exactly how it can be carried. And the method of carrying does not refer to that specific article alone but to how its transportation is to fit in with the transportation of the rest of the "duffle."

Inventors of "patent dingbats," which, they think, will be just too lovely for anything in the woods, are prone to ignore the problem of getting them there entirely. Some few there are who, dimly sensing this factor, think to solve it

by attaching a handle something like that of a suit case somewhere on their contrivance.

Evidently they expect that the happy possessor of their portable pesthouse, folding gas range or collapsible grand piano is going to take it by the hand and skip jauntily through the primitive like a travelling salesman running to catch the 5:15 train. Just what he's going to do about his grub, his tent and bedding, his canoe and a few other non-patented, but rather essential, items while this is going on seems to never enter their minds.

There is a portage trail, a nice, well-cleared, domesticated portage trail which has been tamed and pacified by several centuries of use and finally labeled and manicured by the State forest service which debouches on the river right in front of my shack. For four seasons hand-running I have observed with great profit the methods used by the Indians and white backwoodsmen getting their stuff across it.

Also, I never fail to scuttle across the river on the stepping stones and watch whatever parties of "sports" come my way. Their shocked surprise when they discovered that they've actually got to pick up their outfit and walk and their hurt, pained and grieved realization that the purveyors of said outfit have failed to provide so much as a handle to grab it by, are both funny and pathetic.

Have you ever seen a fat, middle-aged man clasp a slippery canvas "carry-all" bag to his tummy and start, puffing, over an up-hill trail while a colony of mosquitoes took up permanent quarters on the back of his neck?



Here Is a Method Which Combines the Tump Line and the Pack Sack.

These bags, "duffers' bags," the guides of this region have rechristened them, appear to be about as far as the imaginations of many outfitters get. They are fine articles, as far as they go. I have left mine, filled with grub, lying all day in the canoe as we paddled in the rain yet my sugar came from its special paraffined inner bag perfectly dry at night. They are compact, durable and stow well in the canoe. As canoe seats they are superior to the cane affairs wished on that craft by the pale-face plagiarists who emit these excellent canvas imitations of and improvements on the redman's birch bark.

Many of them have "grip sack" handles on the side. Carry 'em in your hand, like a suit case. The only difficulty is that a man would need four or five hands to get his share of an outfit so packed over the portage in one trip.

Of course these bags are designed to be carried with a tump-line, but I have encountered at least one party simply snowed under with duffle bags, not one of whom had ever heard of this contrivance.

The Indian uses an empty flour sack as a duffle bag. Then he unwinds the gaudy silk-knit sash from his waist, knots the ends thereof around his flour sack, each a little inboard from one extremity of the same, leaving a loop about eighteen inches long and eight wide. The top of this loop goes across the Indian's head, just above the normal hair-line, suspending the sack horizontally across his back at about belt-level. Upon the sack, so suspended, the Indian piles other sacks—and things—until the whole load is

level with the top of his head. Then he bends slightly forward from the hips and strolls casually over the portage while his wife trudges along behind with the canoe balanced on her head and the children skirmish beside the line of march, each lugging some household article proportioned to his strength.

This is tump-line packing. It is unquestionably the best way of transporting a cargo of heavy bundles of unequal size and weight. Rather hard on untrained muscles at first, but easily learned. It has this great advantage, that the man walking under a tump-line pack is instantly and automatically divorced from his load if he falls down; and this marked disadvantage, that the load must be broken up for stowing in the canoe and then reassembled again for the next portage.

It is, however, the only efficient method of packing duffle bags. Yet I have visited a good many stores which offered an extensive line of duffle bags where clerks and proprietor alike got wroth and intimated that I was kidding them when I asked to see their tump-lines. They had never heard of such a thing.

But while the market is fairly supplied with the machinery for this form of packing, it is practically barren of the conveniences for the more civilized method of "packsacking."

The whole clutter of rucksacks, knapsacks, pack baskets and camp packs listed in the catalogues can be dismissed in a bunch with the condemnation that none of them is big enough to carry the necessaries of a dyspeptic canary bird on an over-night trip. A little less bad is the "pack harness." Aside from the disadvantages of having to make up a bundle of belongings every morning and of spilling the whole clutter beside the trail every time you want to dig out a fresh roll of film or a new can of tobacco, they are cursed with a breast-strap to cinch across the chest—a thing which does not endear them to anyone whose experience includes a few experiments in falling on a side-hill carry under a seventy pound load.

The tump-line won its popularity in the days of the fur brigade, when a few men had to take out many packets of fur and bring in a year's supplies. For this work a carrying device which could be used in turn on many separate bundles of varying bulk and shape was, and is yet, the proper thing.

But the men who prospected the same country for minerals, lands and lumber were confronted with a different problem. They had a small, fixed outfit of equipment and supplies which they wished to keep assembled in accessible packages which could be yanked out of the canoe for the portage and tossed back again on embarkation without the delay of adjusting and detaching any carrying contrivance.

So they gradually evolved a sack, 30 by 30 inches square at its largest, closed by a buckled flap which could be opened when any particular article was desired, and capable of containing tea, blankets, food, cooking kit, axe, gun and everything else they desired to carry. The great talking point of the duffle bag, that it will keep its contents dry should the canoe swamp or upset, would have carried no weight with them—for they neither intended or expected to let their

canoe do either; if they did, they were game to pay the price of their incompetence.

In order to carry this sack they attached to it shoulder straps of the type happily dubbed "center-fire" by a recent writer. Starting from a common point of attachment between the shoulders they passed over the heavy muscles close to the neck and hung there without any need of crossing them over the chest or using a breast strap to keep them from spreading. In addition to these they attached a "head strap," an adaptation of the tump-line, which could be used either as the sole suspension of the pack when traversing dangerous footing or to make the neck muscles supplement the work of the shoulders on ordinary carries.

In practice, when a larger outfit than could be contained in one packsack was required or when freighting in supplies, they simply resorted to the Indian's trick with the tump-line and piled other packs on top of the first one.

On a canoe trip made last fall, with one companion, I was able to hold the outfit down to the following items: One large packsack containing tent, cold weather bedding and other bulky articles weighing about fifty-five pounds all told; one smaller packsack containing articles such as the cooking kit, fishing tackle, camera, gun, axe, and other things likely to be called into service during the day, weight about thirty pounds; one 10 by 24 inch duffle bag with fitted waterproof ration bags into which our food was assorted, weight, thirty pounds.

On the portage I would take the lighter packsack and the canoe, which, with its yoke and paddles, weighed eighty-nine pounds, while my companion would swing up the big packsack and toss the grub sack on top of it. In this way we cleaned up everything with one trip over the portage and had but three bundles to stow into the canoe.

Each part of the country has its own favored system of packing. In the canoe country of the East, both in the United States and Canada, the tump-line is the approved method though some parts of the Adirondacks, I am informed, are still cursed with the pack-basket.

In general it is the wiser rule to favor a few large packs rather than a lot of small ones as making for greater dispatch on the portage, the place where time is gained or lost in canoe travel.

In no case should a man take anything along on a canoe trip unless a method of packing it which fits in with the general scheme of transportation has been worked out and the proper device for applying it provided.

A man on the portage wants his load settled squarely on his back and his hands free; do-dads to be carried in one hand or dangled from a shoulder strap may look all right in the store, but they are just the petty annoyances which, rather than hard work and real hardships, take the pleasure out of a canoe trip.



The Elm of Ticonderoga

For Many Centuries it Stood, and
Nature May Supply Another,
But Never Will Animal Life
Now Exterminated be Replaced

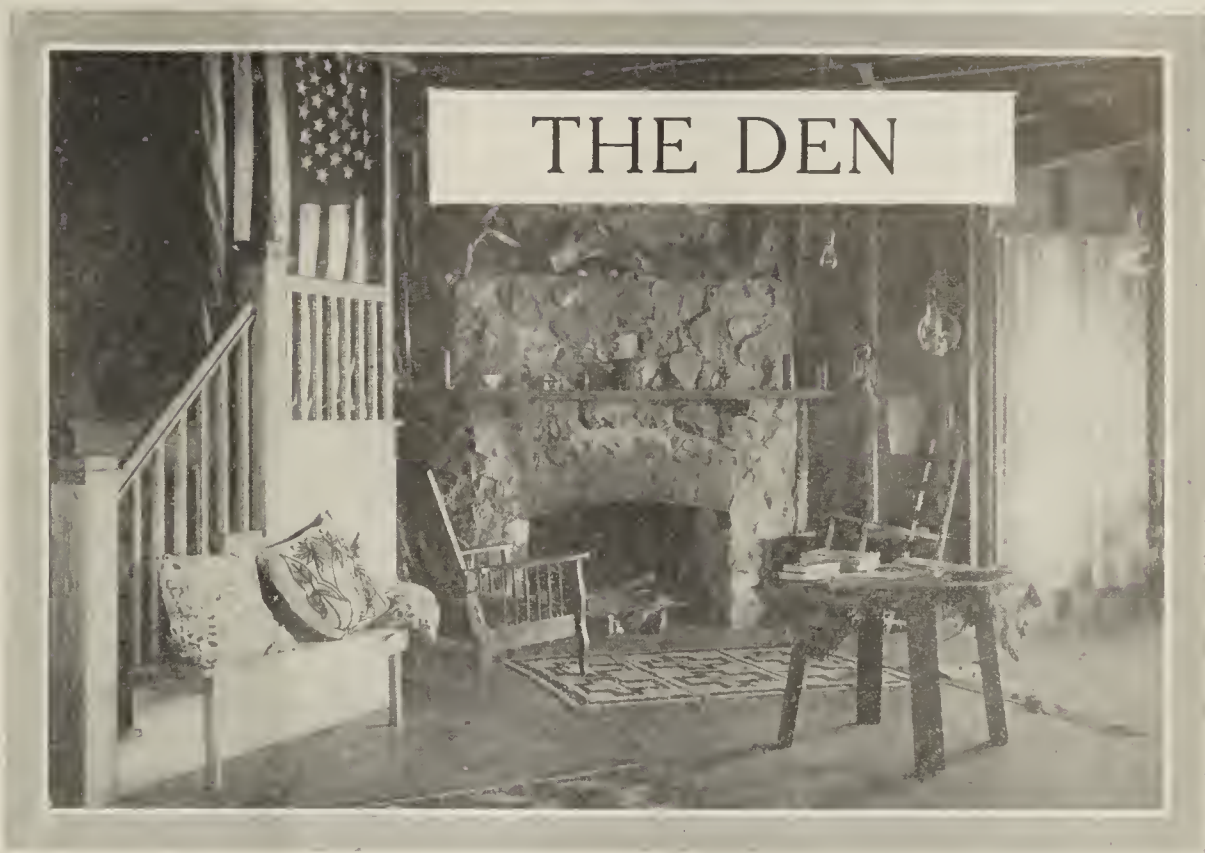
By An Occasional Contributor

T. C. LUTHER of Saratoga Lake cut down and hauled to his saw mill within sight of the historic Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, the other day, an elm tree that measured 68 feet to the limbs, was 60 inches at the butt, and cut about 5,600 feet, board measure. The rings of the tree indicate that it was 720 years old.

Let's see. That tree started growing in 1196 A. D. About that time Richard the Lion Hearted was coming to the end of his reign in England, to be succeeded by the miserable John, from whom the knights wrung the Great Charter at Runnymede. When Columbus sighted the New World in 1492, the Ticonderoga elm was already nearly 300 years old—a stately veteran—and when that flower of France, Champlain, came down the lake now bearing his name, in 1609, accompanied by his bands of wild Algonquins, the elm of Ticonderoga had taken on the dignity of more than four centuries. No doubt Champlain saw it, in the pride of full arboreal beauty, for he was a close observer. And what sights passed before that old tree afterward! The wars of England and France, the Indian wars, the march of soldiers under the Lillies of the French Court and the Red of old England, led by such notable figures as Abercrombie and Montcalm, and last but not least, Ethan Allen, who demanded and obtained the surrender of Ticonderoga "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress." A rare old tree was this great elm. We may even imagine and hope that under its kindly and spreading branches, Leather Stocking and Chingagkook, his Indian companion, found shelter and rest. The Last of the Mohicans preceded this last old elm by only 140 or 150 years.

Perhaps this tree had fulfilled its function in Nature and was due to be cut down and destroyed. One cannot but regret, however, that it exists no more, except in the shape of 5,600 feet b. m. Anyway, if a new sprout springs from the roots of that elm, it will not be until 2636 A. D. that another similar stately giant will rear its towering head to the skies.

THIS leads naturally to another phase of the same subject—conservation—not of trees particularly, but of wild life. Did it ever occur to you that Nature spent a million years as nearly as scientists can determine, in bringing to perfection almost any species of animate life—a bird, for instance? Even a million years is not infinity, but its comparative duration may be realized dimly by watching the long-hand of your clock move across a one minute



The Summer Den of J. L. Davison, One of *Forest and Stream's* Distinguished "Old Guard."

span. Now if you will only imagine that interval, scarcely noticeable, to be the 700 years or more that marked the life of the Ticonderoga elm, and that to make a million years that 700 year minute hand would have to travel twice around the face of the clock, nearly, or the whole of a twenty-four hour day, you begin to have a slight perception of what a million years means. A tree may spring up, live one thousand years, die, and the process must be repeated one thousand times before a million years shall have flowed on toward Eternity.

Here is the point. While it took Nature that immense span to complete her work—to give to man a perfect species that had been endowed to survive and perpetuate itself against ordinary dangers—man himself has the power to frustrate and bring to an end Nature's work. Nature finished before the era of man's inventive genius began. Most lamentably has this truth been demonstrated.

Thus within our own time, have we witnessed the extinction of many species of valuable and interesting character. These have gone forever. In one little span, so short as to be only a second's tick of Time, man has destroyed an Eternity's work. Of the millions and millions of passenger pigeons that once populated this land, the last specimen died—a solitary captive—only a year or two ago. We do not know that anybody witnessed the bird's death, but if so, that person saw something that may be characterized as a stupendous occurrence—the extinction of a species on which a million years' operation of natural laws had been expended. No one knows who killed the last auk, the last Labrador duck, the last Arctic or Alaska curlew, or the last of other species; we do know, however, that they are gone. The danger of repetition is ever present, but fortunately the situation is not hopeless. If, however, we want to save our quail, our ruffed grouse, our wood duck, our woodcock, and

even our song and plumage birds, to say nothing of our antelope, and similar faunal life, constant effort must be maintained. There is no reason why we should lose any of them. On the contrary they should increase, if intelligent work is done, but there is no time to be wasted.

We have mentioned above that in three-quarters of a thousand years the Ticonderoga elm may repeat itself, but never again will any animate species that man ignorantly or selfishly exterminates, repeat itself. So, while your descendant, twenty-five or thirty generations removed, may sit under a new elm as magnificent as that cut down the other day on the shores of Lake Champlain, he will never see another of any kind of animal or bird swept away by his predecessors. Do you want him to reflect, as he realizes this, that you have achieved the unholy immortality that attached to the vandal who applied the torch to the Temple of Ephesus that his name might not be forgotten, or of the man who blew out the light that had burned without interruption for untold centuries before an East Indian shrine?

We know, without being told, brother sportsman, on which side you are enlisted, but keep up the fight, not only for the enactment of good conservation laws, but their enforcement as well.

The United Sportsmen's Camp of Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) will introduce a number of measures at the next session of the Pennsylvania Legislature. One of them will ask for the protection of quail for three years by a closed season; another prohibiting the use of silencers on shotguns in hunting, and others to prohibit hunting before sunrise; prohibiting the killing of spike bucks, and to abolish the provisions of the law giving one-half of the fines to the informer. The Sportsmen's Camp are interested in the betterment of present conditions and think that the game laws on the whole are very good.



The Old Kit Bag

THE old kit does look a little disreputable as you drag it out and dump its contents on the floor or on the bed. To the careful housewife it is an object of deepest concern, a constant reminder of man's slovenliness, and one of the mysteries with which the feminine mind engages when this yearly reversion of the head of the house toward cave dwelling, or tent dwelling, rather, atavistically manifests itself. Yet a good many dollars would look small beside that old bag. Its disorderly contents furnish a store of adventure, a series of reminiscences, a recollection of past happiness, and a hint of equally good times to come, that put it above all price. To the casual looker-on that thing you pick up and hold in your hand is only a battered and very disreputable hat, but as you straighten it out, some way the noise of the city outside ceases. You hear a bird singing; the sun is just peeping over the mountain, and the blue smoke of the morning camp fire, with its pleasant, pungent odor, weaves a delicate tracery as it mounts toward the pines. The bacon is on the fire, and out there, where widening ripples show, a big trout is rising. You will have to go after that fellow pretty soon.

That old cartridge belt! Good gracious, it's been two years now since you buckled it around you up in New Brunswick, while your guide smiled at this evidence of the city sportsman's ways. But just the same, as you came in that night, tired to the bone, and wet to the skin, you had the proud satisfaction of knowing that few if any larger heads would go out of the Province that fall. You were glad to crawl into the tent, and peel off the soaked clothing—why, there is that same blue shirt now, just as you folded it up when you started home—and you were too sleepy, almost, to crawl out again for the late supper under the lean-to.

Then—but the screech of the automobile horn, and mayhap a gentle reminder that it is time to put all that mess away, bring you back to the city. Never mind. The winter is over. You heard a song sparrow in the park this morning, and pretty soon, even away up north, the lakes will be shining blue again. At any time, to-day, perhaps, will come that wire for which you have waited so long, "the ice is out."

Moses and The Moderns

WE all know what usually happens to the man who walks off with his neighbor's property. Suppose an abandoned character set fire to a wheat field ready for the reaper? The whole community would rise up against him, and justly, too. Yet the loss resulting from such a crime can be measured in a limited number of dollars, not comparable with the destruction of the public's property going on all around us. Why is it that so-called civilization pursues relentlessly the petty offender ignoring, meanwhile, its own derelictions? What is

the loss of one or ten fields of wheat, contrasted with the destruction of hundreds of tons of valuable food occasioned by the pouring of sewage or factory waste into any navigable stream? Yet that crime is going on every day, with the public's consent and sanction. More than that, the public is content to poison not only fish, but human life as well, by dumping filth into waters that it knows its neighbors must drink. The great city of New York, having just spent upwards of two hundred million dollars in providing itself with a pure water supply, is having the fight of its life against the state for which it provides most of the taxes, to prevent that state from putting on the watershed draining into the city's reservoirs, an asylum or reformatory.

The case of New York City may be striking, but it is not exceptional, for similar instances can be cited by the hundreds. We boast of our advancement, our enlightenment, but somehow those of us who are old fashioned enough to turn back to Biblical instances begin to have new respect for Moses as a sanitary engineer and as a wise conservationist, even though he may have permitted the Israelites to exceed the bag limit when they met up with the quail. Also, there is a lingering feeling of regret that some of the punishments laid down—in Deuteronomy, for example—are no longer enforceable.

American Pheasant Breeding and Shooting

WITHOUT flourish of arms, actual or in the metaphorical sense, E. A. Quarles, of the American Game Protective Association, has written a book that bids fair to be an American outdoor classic. More than that, it will hold rank against all future comers as the first American book on the subject of the pheasant as a game bird that can be brought within the range of intelligent and profitable breeding. We may lament the fact that the ruffed grouse is disappearing, and that it is even becoming necessary to think of substitution, but that is neither here nor there. We are confronted with a condition and not a theory. Not to go into the maze of argument which outcrops whenever this subject is brought up, we know that the English or imported pheasant can be bred successfully in captivity, and that liberated, it is a game bird that rivals our own *Bonasa umbellus*. Therefore, since we are losing one and can still have the other, it would be the height of folly to neglect the opportunity of providing good shooting for the future.

When we stop to think of the thousands and tens of thousands of acres of waste land to be found in every state, all capable of abundant game propagation and yet absolutely barren of wild life, either because of reckless shooting or other reasons, and further, that every acre of such territory might be made to yield a harvest of game as certain as the crops of the farmer, and as valuable, we begin to have some faint idea of the economic loss the country sustains by reason of its neglect, indifference, or ignorance.

It seems absurd that native game in a country like the United States is disappearing, but we know that it is. If, by means of legislation it can be restored, then there is no reason to talk of rearing substitute forms of wild life. But while the argument is going on, the game is going out. What, then, are we to do?

The answer is, keep what we have left, increase the supply if possible, but above all else augment it by new stock. That is where the imported—now really domestic—pheasant comes in. The bird is here to stay. It has proven its adaptability, its worth, its actual game qualities. It is a delight to the shooter, a choice addition to the game bag, and last but not least, a valuable insect destroyer. There is no reason why every farmer and sportsmen's organization with territory worth mentioning should not be a pheasant breeder. We would not talk so strongly were it not for the fact that Mr. Quarles' book is now available, to substantiate every assertion made here; and to answer the innumerable questions that those seeking information will propound.

Tempest In An English Tea Pot

AMONG the inalienable rights which our good English cousins hold as the most precious of their liberties is that of "writing to the Editor" on any topic of public interest. A thoroughly commendable custom, for it serves not only to relieve the mind, but occasionally brings about desirable reforms. The "letters to the editor" of the "London Times," for instance, have long been a joy to casual American readers, who perhaps regard them in a ribald spirit not at all in keeping with the gravity with which they are accepted on the other side of the water.

It is with mixed feelings, therefore, that we note the raging of literary controversy that is agitating the angling world of England, the innocent occasion of which is *Forest and Stream*. Not so long ago this paper printed a review of Mr. F. G. Shaw's English book "The Complete Science of Fly-Fishing and Spinning." The review was written at the request of the editor of *Forest and Stream* by Mr. Charles Zibon Southard, the eminent American angling authority, and was not only fair and impartial, but extremely interesting. In his article he pointed out some of the differences that prevail in American and English angling, particularly in methods of casting and the adjustment of tackle. Readers may recall that Mr. Southard had something to say on the subject of "supple" and "stiff" wrist casting. This came under the eye of Mr. Marston, editor of the English "Fishing Gazette," an angler much beloved and respected in America, and he proceeded to add the weight of his expert opinion on the question. In this labor for the good of the cause, however, he trod on the toes of the unhappy author of the book—the primordial cause, so to speak, of the whole issue—and that gentleman, nothing loath, rose at once to defend himself in print. By this time a few dozen, more or less, of interested anglers—country gentlemen, squires, and experts, everyone—injected themselves into the controversy, which is rather heated, to say the least. At last accounts the issue had become somewhat confused, but the enthusiasm was intense, and while there was some doubt whether Mr. Shaw, Mr. Southard, or Mr. Marston had the best of it, there was none whatever that the different factions were hanging grimly to their trenches. As for *Forest and Stream*—well, this nation is supposed, diplomatically, to be neutral.



FALSE CONSERVATION OF FUR SEALS

IN THE LAUDABLE EFFORT TO STOP PELAGIC KILLING AND PRESERVE THE HERD OUR LAW MAKERS OVERLOOKED THE LAW OF NATURE ITSELF

By Wilfred H. Osgood.

IT IS a fundamental principle of conservation as we know it to-day that natural resources should be administered to yield the greatest possible annual return without jeopardizing future productivity. Conservation which merely hoards or which sacrifices the present without gain for the future is no conservation at all. That, however, is the sort of pseudo-conservation we are now practicing with our fur-seals. These animals are not so valuable as our forests or fisheries, but they have in the past brought to the public coffers the tidy sum of \$10,000,000 and it scarcely seems that we are rich enough to disregard them even in these diverting days of war abroad and politics at home. For some years our seal herd was on the wane, but it is now on the increase and our government by failure of Congress to authorize the taking of the surplus (or rather by prohibiting it) has lost, is losing, and will lose considerable sums. It certainly lost well over a half million dollars in 1915, not quite so much in 1914, and failing action will again lose in 1916. Still worse, it will lose not only its own but that which it is pledged to pay to Great Britain and Japan, so the way is being paved for an international situation in which we are scarcely likely to add anything to our waning prestige. The reasons for this undesirable state of affairs are in reality quite simple, but the principal one is the ease with which those who desire can confuse a few really important facts with a mass of irrelevant quibbling details leading to interminable discussion and difference of opinion.

The main facts regarding the history and habits of fur-seals have been stated repeatedly, but are always a necessary preliminary to discussion of practical questions. These seals have three principal characteristics and various minor peculiarities which make it unreasonable to treat them as if they were ordinary land animals. They are highly gregarious, they are migratory, and they are polygamous. Those of the North Pacific Ocean are and have been since the memory of man, divided into three herds, the Japanese, the Russian, and the American. They are so-called from the ownership of the restricted land areas where they spend the summer, but complete ownership of the seals themselves has never been established, for during the winter season they roam the seas away from land. The American herd, which is much the largest, has its exclusive summer home and breeding grounds on the Pribilof Islands, two small volcanic islands in the southern part of Bering Sea. Their life on the islands has many peculiar features, most of which are involved in their polygamous habits. The females gather in groups called harems, each of which is presided over by an adult male. These harems vary in size from 3 or 4 to 40 or 50 or even 75 to 100 females to one male. The average number under normal conditions is scarcely less than 40. The males, or bulls, guard the harems jealously and fight or skirmish with each other, principally to maintain positions of advantage, but to some extent also for the possession of individual females. Since the birthrate of males and females is practically the same, it naturally follows that a large

percentage of the males are superfluous and, without the intervention of man, they simply remain to harass those actually engaged in the conduct of the harems. These superfluous males or the so-called idle bulls can be kept within reasonable numbers by killing a considerable proportion of the young males before they reach breeding age. This is easily and simply done, for the young males under six years of age, or bachelors as they are called, do not mingle with the females on the breeding grounds but, through fear of the old bulls, herd by themselves on separate areas or hauling grounds. From these hauling grounds they can be driven up even more easily than cattle or sheep, and without any dis-

and buckshot, these pelagic sealers were brutal, reckless and irresponsible. Many of the seals were only wounded and escaped to die lingering deaths, while many others sank before they could be retrieved. Moreover, a large percentage of those killed were pregnant females which left nursing pups to starve on land, so two and even three generations were snuffed out at once.

Obviously, it was one thing to kill surplus males on land under definite regulations, but quite another matter to take males, females, and young indiscriminately and without stint at sea. Practically everyone who studied the matter agreed that this pelagic sealing threatened the commercial ruin if not the absolute extinction



A Herd of Young Bachelor Seals Sleeping on the Beach.

turbance of the females and young. Moreover, the skins of these young males are more valuable commercially than those of older ones, so it is desirable from every point of view to kill such of them as are not necessary for breeding.

During American ownership of Alaska, the young males have been the only seals intentionally killed on land, and it has not been demonstrated that this so-called land killing even when practiced extensively has of itself caused any diminution in the breeding strength of the herd. But the herd has declined rapidly, as is well known, for another cause, the so-called pelagic sealing. When the United States purchased Alaska in 1867, the herd was very large, probably numbering not less than two million animals, and for some twenty years thereafter 100,000 young male seals were taken annually. These were easily obtained and without apparent effect on the breeding strength of the herd. But when the pelagic sealers became numerous the herd began to grow smaller and continued to decline from year to year. Operating from boats on the high seas and killing the seals with shotguns

of the seal herd. But it was very difficult to stop it. The pelagic sealers operated principally outside the three-mile limit in international waters and it was evident that nothing short of an international agreement would check them. They were making large profits and they and their agents and even their governments resisted all efforts to curb their activities. From this time on for more than twenty years followed a long struggle to secure the abolition of pelagic sealing. International commissioners were sent to investigate, voluminous reports were published, testimony was taken widely, and expert opinion both scientific and legal was brought to bear on the question. During all this time pelagic sealing was the main issue and it was a matter for great satisfaction when finally in 1911 a treaty was negotiated which put a stop to it.

The parties to the treaty were the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and Russia, and the essential idea of the contract was the exchange of rights on the sea for a share in operations to be conducted on land. For their relinquishment of maritime rights, the United States



Thousands of Young Bachelor Seals Growing Up to Be Worthless "Idle Bulls."

and Russia promised to pay Canada and Japan each year thirty per cent. of their land catch, fifteen per cent. to each country. Japan also agreed to pay thirty per cent. but since it was divided among three nations instead of two, it consisted of ten per cent. each, to the United States, Great Britain, and Russia. It is interesting to note that Great Britain was to receive payments from all other countries but she herself was to make no payments whatever, although she was the only nation concerned who did not own a foot of territory upon which a seal was ever known to land. This, however, was not altogether because of her position as mistress of the seas, but on account of the proximity to the sealing waters of Canada, one of her colonies.

When this treaty was finally signed it was felt that a great advance had been made toward the preservation of the seals and efficient management of an important resource. The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, which was charged with the administration of sealing matters, had already taken steps to secure the advice of the leading American naturalists who had studied the subject and had made plans to ascertain with scientific accuracy the number of seals which might safely be killed from year to year and still maintain the highest possible increase in breeding strength. But these plans were scarcely put to trial, for at this point politics and private interests again took a hand, an agitation was started, and the following year in 1912 the Congress of the United States in passing a law to give effect to the treaty prescribed such regulations that it was freely predicted that instead of furthering the objects of the treaty they might lead to its abrogation and consequently to a return to pelagic sealing. This law of 1912 prohibited all killing of seals on land for five years (except a limited number to furnish food for the natives of the islands) and further provided for relatively limited killings for the ten years following, thus prescribing in advance just what should be done for fifteen years, which was the full life of the treaty. Such a law was justified only on the assumption that the seal herd needed absolute protection and would continue to need it for this period since under the terms of the treaty the United States had the reserved right to suspend killing whenever such a measure was necessary "to protect and preserve the seal herd or to increase its number." This need was denied by an overwhelming preponderance of American experts. In fact only one man who had ever seen the seal herd advocated the law, but peculiar conditions favored its passage and it went into effect August 24, 1912. During the discussion of the law and after its passage many phases of the sealing question were brought out, much that was irrelevant and only connected with past issues was injected into the situation, a congressional investigation took place, charges of mismanagement in the past were preferred, and in general the whole question was thrown into confusion.

In the spring of 1914, criticism of the law, even by some of those whose duty it was to en-

force it, and criticism both just and unjust of everything connected with the fur-seal problem had reached such a point that the Secretary of Commerce, upon the suggestion of the Commissioner of Fisheries, decided upon a fresh, unprejudiced, and thoroughgoing investigation of the whole question. Accordingly three zoologists:—Prof. G. H. Parker, of Harvard University; Mr. E. A. Preble of the U. S. Biological Survey, and the writer were appointed for this purpose. They were joined by two Canadians, Mr. J. M. Macoun and Mr. B. W. Harmon, and a Japanese, Dr. T. Kitahara, who accompanied them for the summer season on the Pribilof Islands. These investigators were employed to make a census of the seals, to report actual conditions on the islands in detail, and to make recommendations for future action; but the really vital matter to be considered was whether the law of 1912 was justified or not. The United States had promised other nations that unless the seal herd needed protection, she would kill surplus seals and divide profits with them. By stopping pelagic sealing, the other nations had kept their treaty promises and naturally were somewhat dismayed at the course of the United States, for if no seals were to be killed there would be no profits to divide and the expected reimbursement for the payments they had made to retire their sealing fleets would not be forthcoming. The foreign nations had made no protest in 1912 when the law went into effect for, although vigorously denied by practically all reputable experts, it was represented to Congress by some who were accused of malicious intent and by a few others who were obviously well meaning and dangerously innocent, that there was at that time a shortage of male life sufficient to justify the law.

In January, 1915, an exhaustive report was submitted and in June it was published. The foreign representatives made separate reports to their own governments concurring with the findings of the Americans. These findings were substantially that the seal herd was in a promising condition, that a large number of young males might be killed with safety, and that the law of 1912 was no longer necessary, in fact that it was highly undesirable. The report took no account of whether the law was justified at the time it was passed, but regarded this as immaterial in view of the facts which showed it to be unnecessary after having been in operation for three years. Instead of a shortage of young male life, a great abundance was found and it was shown that unless sealing was resumed on a rather extensive scale a large and undesirable surplus would soon be on our hands substantially as predicted by former investigators. Quite apart from the matter of treaty obligations it was indicated that failure to take surplus seals and market their skins was entailing considerable loss most of which would soon be irretrievable since the pelt of the male seal rapidly decreases in value when the animal passes its fourth year. Therefore, the report urged immediate action in order to save as much loss as

possible in the summer of 1915, but Congress adjourned on March 4th and it was only with considerable difficulty that authority was obtained at the eleventh hour to have the report published, much less to make any alteration in the law.

The investigation showed the seal herd to number nearly 300,000 animals and asserted that nearly 32,000 male seals might be killed in 1915 without injuring the breeding strength. Using most conservative figures, it indicated that if the law remained in force the revenue to the government would be more than three-fourths of a million dollars less than if the law were repealed and the surplus seals killed. But with the law still in force no seals could be killed except those required as food for the natives and the season of 1915 passed like those immediately preceding it with killings confined to the small number required for food. In this season, however, another census of seals was made. Its results only serve to substantiate former conclusions and to make the demands for the repeal of the law more than ever incontestable. This census of 1915 was thoroughly dependable having been made by a careful and experienced man, Mr. G. D. Hanna, who had been in charge of the native schools on the islands and who had assisted the special investigators in 1914. The essential figures for 1912-1915 are as follows:

	1912	1913	1914	1915
Harems	1,358	1,403	1,559	2,151
Idle bulls	113	105	172	673
Cows (pups)	81,984	92,269	93,250	103,526
Av. size of harem	60.4	65.8	59.8	46

More than anything else, this census of 1915 shows that the previous predictions as to the effect of the law of 1912 were well grounded. The abrupt rise in the number of idle bulls in 1915 is essentially as predicted and by the same calculations it is to be expected that a tremendous increase in this class will occur in 1916. There will be thousands where there are hundreds now and the great majority will be useless to the herd. The number of pups born in 1915 is also in accord with expectations. In the report of 1914, maximum and minimum estimates for future years were published and for 1915 the maximum estimate of cows was 105,755 and the minimum 97,746; the number in 1915 by actual count of pups was 103,526, showing the essentially trustworthy character of the estimates of the report.

At present, therefore, it is difficult to conceive how any logical defense of the law can be made. It is waste of time and wholly beside the present issue to discuss the merits and demerits of the law at the time it was passed. Those who honestly supported it at that time may comfort themselves if they choose with the thought that, as they saw it, there were then some reasons for absolute protection; but such arguments (whether fallacious or not) as may have been advanced then have no weight now. Then the herd was at a low ebb, pelagic sealing had just been stopped, male life was relatively reduced, and to all save experts the real needs of the herd were confused and problematical. Now the herd is in flourishing condition, containing nearly 350,000 animals instead of a scant 200,000, a supply of breeding males sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical is assured, a superabundance of young male life is present, and a tremendous excess of half bulls and idle bulls is immediately impending. That this government is suffering large losses by failing to market this surplus is so plain that no fair-minded man is likely to be deceived by further attempts to confuse dead issues of the past with realities of present conditions.

The international aspect of the case greatly increases the desirability of repealing or radically amending the law. So far Great Britain and Japan have made no serious protests, but since they are thoroughly conversant with the facts they cannot be expected to forbear much longer. If our present law is retained and these foreign countries are thus practically forced to demur they will doubtless ask for no more than

our own experts have recommended and under these circumstances it is difficult to imagine how we could make any reasonable defense. They might easily say to us, "All your own reputable and competent experts opposed the enactment of this law in 1912, your own investigators appointed in 1914 specially to study the workings of the law have recommended its repeal, and the figures of the census taken by your own officials in 1915 show that the previous recommendations were well grounded." What can we say to this and how can we expect testimony from our own experts in support of our course when all of them are on record against it? What may result from international negotiations no man knoweth, but the simplest analysis of the situation seems to indicate that we would be obliged to yield and at the expense of some national humiliation which could be avoided if the law were repealed before the protests come in.

One feature of the seal care perhaps needs further explanation. Although it is evident that the killing of surplus males will have none but a beneficent effect on the growth of the herd, still killing is killing and bloodshed is not popular among a large class of conservationists. Therefore, it may be asked, why kill at all? Why not let the seals alone for good and all? To this it must be replied that this a practical world and that even if our own sentiment became powerful enough to force such a measure, we could not hope for the co-operation of other nations which may or may not be more hard-hearted than we are. The fact is that the seals are worth too much money and permanent cessation of killing would be about as probable as prohibition of catching fish from the sea. Their protection is best obtained by the goose-and-golden-egg argument and if it were not for the force of this they might be totally destroyed at any time. Therefore, paradoxical though it seem, the best policy to insure the preservation of the seals is one which involves the taking of life. Conversely, a prohibition of killing like that in the law of 1912 is the very thing most likely to lead to the ultimate annihilation of the seals since it discourages international agreement and threatens a return to pelagic sealing.

It may be said by those wishing to delay action that the law prohibits commercial sealing for only two years longer and that, therefore, it is now scarcely worth while to urge its repeal. The loss to be suffered in 1916 and 1917 may not be more than a million dollars and of course the United States Treasury could get along without that sum. But why suffer such a loss unnecessarily and why suffer it at the added expense of the ill will of Great Britain and Japan? Moreover, why not recognize that the law must be repealed eventually, for after the total suspension of sealing it provides for excessive reserves of males for the ten years following, or until 1927. These reserves are scarcely more reasonable than the total suspension and in themselves promise an annual loss of more than a hundred thousand dollars or over a million dollars for the ten years.

After all that can be said against this law of 1912 there is practically nothing to be said in its favor. For the welfare of the seals, for the profit of the national treasury, and for fair dealing with foreign nations, therefore, the law should be repealed.

GAME FISHING RECORD BROKEN IN HAWAII.

James W. Jump, of Los Angeles, the holder of the world's record for yellow-fin tuna at Catalina, has broken the world's record for an afternoon's catch of game fish with regulation rod and reel off Molokini Island, Maui, Territory of Hawaii, with two yellow-fin tuna, 70 and 62 pounds, two ono (a cross between the giant mackerels and the swordfish), one weighing 61 pounds and measuring 6 foot in length and the other, 5 foot, weighing 42 pounds; one barracuda, 3 foot 2 inches in length, and a number of smaller game fish, including the oceanic bonito, albacore, etc.—a total afternoon's catch of over three hundred pounds of game fish.



Whale Shark (Rhincodon Typus) Florida.

THIS IS NOT AN ANGLER'S DREAM

BUT IT DOES SHOW TO WHAT SIZE THE WHALE SHARK GROWS—SPECIMENS HAVE BEEN TAKEN 50 FEET LONG

THERE have been tales of big fish from Florida during the past season, dealing with elephant eared sunfish, and other strange denizens of the sea, including the whale shark. Probably not many people know much about the whale shark. He is the largest of all fishes, bar none, and is said to reach the length of sixty feet. Definitely specimens have been known to reach the length of fifty feet. Think of that, you anglers who are content to use a six inch measuring rule!



Photos by Jos. Beck, Long Key

If You Have Been Backsliding on the Jonah Story Just Study This Picture.

Through the courtesy of Dr. C. H. Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, *Forest and Stream* is able to present a picture of a whale shark as he appears *au naturel*. The description is also by the Doctor, as given in one of the official bulletins of the New York Zoological Society.

Our photographs represent a shark, which as mounted, is forty-five feet long. Its mouth, as one picture shows, is large enough to accommodate a man presumably of the size of Jonah. We have no information as to the size of its throat, which may or may not be so large, as the animal, like its relative the great basking shark, feeds chiefly upon minute surface life and is quite harmless to man. Among existing creatures it comes next to the greater whales in size.

It was captured on June 1, 1912, near Knight's Key, Florida, by Captain Charles Thompson, who presented the picture of the mounted specimen when he called at the Aquarium. It was exhibited for a short time in New York and was later taken to Atlantic City.

This is the second recorded instance of the appearance of this shark in Florida waters, although it has long been known from such widely separated regions as the Indian Ocean, Bay of Panama, Gulf of California and the coast of Japan. It was first described by Dr. Andrew Smith in 1829, from a specimen taken at the Cape of Good Hope.

Like the great basking shark its teeth are small and quite useless for offensive purposes; in this species they are very numerous but extremely minute. It is quite different in appearance from most other sharks, having a blunt head with the mouth placed well forward instead of underneath the head as is usually the case. The eyes are small and are placed low, near the corner of the mouth. The gill slits are unusually large. This species is covered with round white spots, most numerous on the head.

An interesting account of the whale shark by B. A. Bean, will be found in Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Vol. 48, 1905.

An Angry Bull Moose

Ferociously Charged Theodore Roosevelt

near Quebec, last hunting season.

How the Colonel killed the Bull in self defense, after having previously obtained his legal limit of Moose, is told by him in the February 1916 "Scribner", and by sworn affidavit at Quebec.

Caribou and Deer

are abundant in parts of Quebec Province, as well as moose and bear.

The Best Trout Fishing

in the world is in the Province of Quebec, and so are the best Guides both for fishing and hunting. Read Henry van Dyke's description of some of them in "Little Rivers."

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Write for an illustrated booklet on "The Fish and Game Clubs of Quebec", which tells you all about them, and address all enquiries concerning fishing and hunting rights, fish and game laws, guides, etc., to

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Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries,
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THE CARE OF THE REEL

DON'T IMAGINE THAT THIS DELICATE BIT OF MECHANISM CAN BE
TOSSED AROUND WITHOUT ATTENTION AND RENDER SERVICE

By Black Bass

THERE are reels and reels, some good and some bad, and naturally the good ones last a great deal longer and give more satisfaction even when first used than do the poor ones.

What could be styled bad reels for bait casting would be those with high barrel, short unhandy crank shaft and that are so loose after a few trips, or at the most one season's fishing, that they rattle like a kettledrum under easy pressure and screech like a thing gone mad when forced a trifle in a long cast.

Good reels would be those of low, wide barrel, quadruple multiplying and preferably made of German silver. These latter are, of course, more expensive than the former, but even so, although made of much better material, they must be taken care of to enable one to get the largest amount of good service from them, for a reel of this type should last in almost perfect condition season after season, in fact, during most of one's life time of fishing.

Their life, however, will not be very extensive if proper precautions against wear are not taken—the finest machine in the world can not run well without oil. And yet we see fishermen with years of experience back of them fish week after week with a high quality reel and never once think of oiling it until it begins to scrape and rattle.

When this stage is reached they do put a few drops of oil in the oil cups, but the damage is done through overheated dry pinions and the reel will never again run with as little friction and as smoothly as before. And then much dissatisfaction is shown because the reel does not act as well as the manufacturers claimed it would.

There are a large number of oils supposedly good for reels; some thin and others heavy, and

a very, very few that arrive at the happy medium and do the work as they should.

A thin oil, one that is very little thicker than water, may do very well for gunlocks that are used very few times when compared with reels, or for sewing machines where nothing is required of them except the prevention of overheating of the parts oiled, but reels are subject to conditions that neither of these machines know ought of.

Not only is the reel heated in the hot sun or chilled in the cold night air, but it is thoroughly drenched with water, washed and rewashed, soaked and dried any number of times in a day's fishing, until it were a mighty fine thin oil, if there be a vestige of it left on or in the reel after a few hours of this work.

Therefore, it is obvious after a few trials that a thin oil will not answer the purpose unless it be used once in every few hours in steady fishing.

Nor can a very heavy oil be used with any degree of satisfaction, this will only serve to hamper and clog the free running action of the reel by being churned into a thick cream in a very few moments, and then one begins to wonder why the reel acts so sluggishly, and why the casts do not have more distance to them, why they can not be placed in the desired spot.

If the reel were taken apart at this stage and the interior examined one would be filled with astonishment that the reel could run at all with the thick black paste churning about amongst the cogs.

Under the circumstances then it is necessary to secure an oil that is not too thin nor yet too thick, and unless one has a friend whose advice can be sought it is necessary to try them out and decide for oneself.

A tackle dealer's opinion is sometimes of value, but reel oils do not work out as well in practice as they do in theory. If the dealer happens to be a fresh-water fisherman himself, well and good. If not, beware of what he recommends.

There is one oil that answers this reel question as well as it could be answered. It is made from the jaw of the porpoise and is very highly refined in a laboratory situated well up towards the Arctic circle; consequently the cold days of fall in this climate have absolutely no effect upon it.

It is thick enough to almost counteract the effects of evaporation, and water in small quantities does not bother it at all, and yet it does not gum up around the cogs. Altogether it is an oil that admirably performs the work for which it is intended.

Oiling a reel, however, is not all that is required to enable it to give proper service, for one realizes as he grows older to the casting game that a perfect running reel is one of the chief attributes to a perfect trip. Even though the reel be thoroughly oiled it must not be put away wet, it requires just as much drying as does the line.

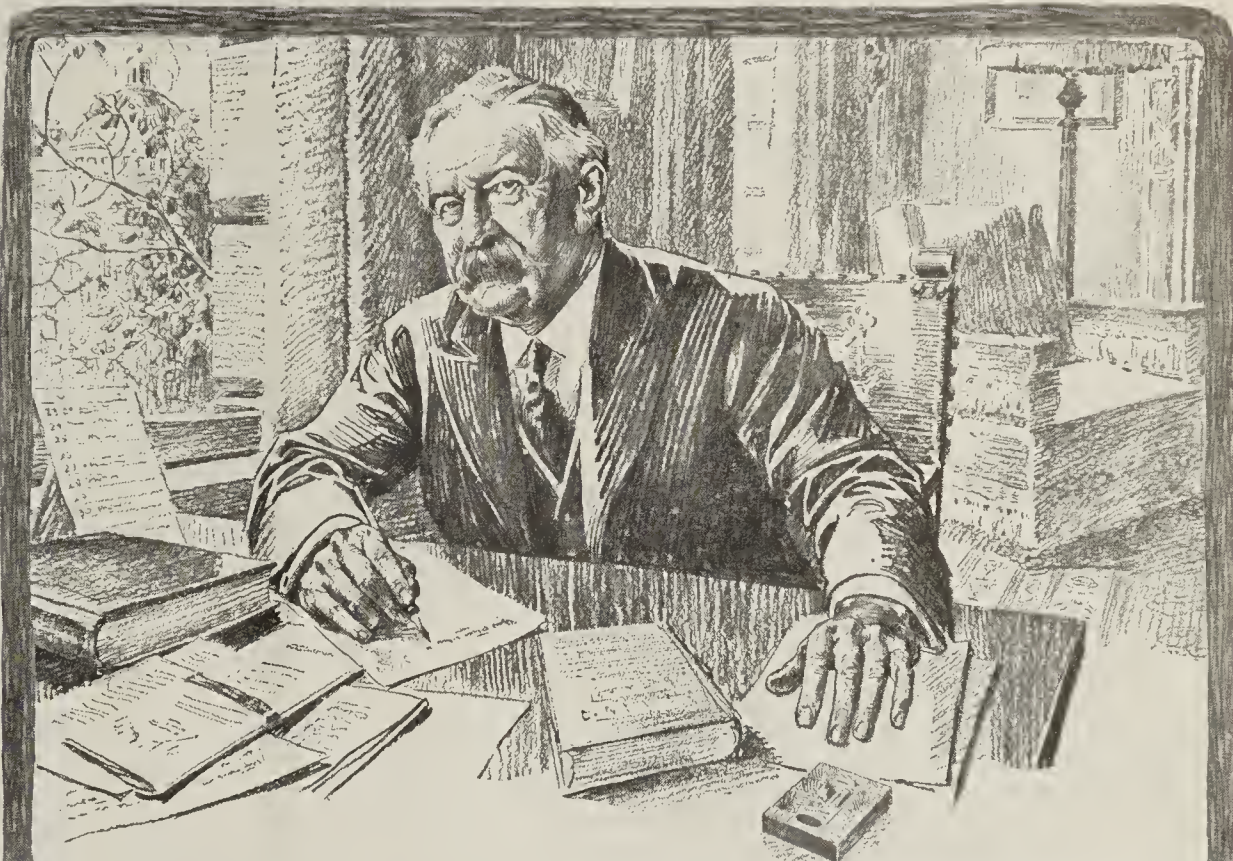
German silver does not rust, but it does corrode, and the chief reason for corroding is dampness. Should a reel be placed away on a rack in the camp at the end of a trip and left there in a wet condition to dry itself during the following week, how long would it take for the reel to become thoroughly dry? Thirty-six hours at the most conservative estimate in the driest of weather, ample time for disintegration to set in. And should the weather be damp it would very likely still be wet at the end of the week.

Under such circumstances one would be lucky to get a complete season's perfect service from the most expensive reel, and should it be a cheap one the second season would be all but hopeless.

No matter how much time is left in which to catch the train for home, dry the reel out thoroughly in the open air or sunlight, or if neither of these prove available, then over a stove or a lamp, drop a little oil into each cup and feel satisfied that a duty has been performed.

Who would put a favorite gun away if it were soaking wet? Then why the reel?

Face to face with the proposition of finding a substitute for quail, the Pennsylvania Game Commission has decided to distribute 3,000 to 4,000 English ringnecked and Mongolian pheasants through the State this spring. Several thousand ringnecked pheasants' eggs will also be distributed among the sportsmen's clubs to be hatched under bantam hens and then placed in the hunting lands.



The Statesman's Choice—"PIPER"

Nothing helps mental concentration and clear judgment like a companionable chew of "PIPER." Men whose occupations demand careful deliberation and reflection naturally acquire the helpful habit of using plug tobacco—and experience leads them to the highest type of chewing tobacco made —

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"Pflueger-Golden" West Fly Reel

A year's trial in the hands of anglers—subjected to the hardest tests under actual service conditions—has but strengthened our conviction that in this reel we are offering the finest light-weight, sturdy, dependable, efficient fly reel yet produced.

Besides reduction in weight (carried as far as durability and "bull-dog" strength would permit) notable features of this reel are:

Specialty designed "line shedding" oil cups, click buttons, counter sunk screws and cranks, preventing the line from fouling. Patented reinforced flanges shaped to preserve their strength with maximum capacity and even tracking line. Crank screws and oil cups slotted to admit a one or ten-cent piece (a con-

venient, always-at-hand screw driver). Improved adjustable click operates with STRONG resistance when line is going out, LIGHT when reeling in. Workmanship and materials are "Pflueger quality" and covered by our unqualified guarantee "without time limit."

See this reel at your dealer's today. If he hasn't his supply yet, send direct. Prices (packed in velvet lined jeweler's case with Marvel oil can): 60-yards, \$5.25; 80-yards, \$6.25; 100-yards, \$7.25.

The Enterprise Manufacturing Co.

Dept. 21

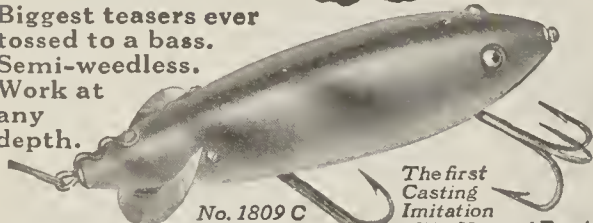
Akron, O.

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Crab Wigglers

Biggest teasers ever tossed to a bass. Semi-weedless. Work at any depth.



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The first Casting Imitation of the Natural Food of the Black Bass

EXACTLY imitates live crab in color and motion. Floats while at rest, dives and zigzags when reeled in. Last season's success proved this crab idea to be the sauciest lure and deadliest killer of all the Heddon inventions. The New "Baby Crab." Same in style, principle and action, except smaller. New double instead of triple hooks. Surer in hooking, more weedless and easier to cast—the Heddon masterpiece in effectiveness and all-round utility.



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Either style at dealers or postpaid 85c

If not made by Heddon, it's not a Genuine

With variable line fastening to regulate depth; Heddon non-cracking porcelain enamel; patent hold-fast hook presentation.

Dowagiac

Send for beautiful, free catalog of Heddon's Genuine Dowagiac Rods and Minnows, containing splendid fish pictures and new fishing chart.

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THE CARE OF THE LINE

ANGLERS AS A RULE DO NOT APPRECIATE THE NECESSITY OF KEEPING THEIR EQUIPMENT IN PROPER CONDITION—A FEW HINTS OF VALUE

Also by Black Bass.

THE proper care of a braided silk line so that we may get the best use and the longest possible life from it is a problem that confronts all bait casters in time.

If one fishes only once or twice a year one naturally expects to have a new line each spring, well knowing that a line can not be used a couple of times, soaked thoroughly and then placed away for a year and then used with expectations of good service at the expiration of that time, except as a "core" line.

To one who uses a line in this way the subject is not a very bothersome one, but to the man who fishes week in and week out during the open season it is a problem that often occasions a great deal of thought, not only on account of the expense attached to the continual purchase of a new line, but on account of the uncertainty as to the strength of it when we hook a big fellow after the line has been used a number of times, and especially when we are told by the dealer that the only line from which good service can be secured is one that costs in the neighborhood of two dollars, that such a line will last longer and give a great deal more satisfaction.

Before going any further it might be said that it is not at all necessary to pay such a price for a good line, there are some casting lines, if used exclusively for this purpose, that will give just as good results and cost at the most one-fourth as much. Therefore, it would seem that it was foolish for one to pay a large sum for a line when one that will do as well, can be secured for much less money.

This is one of the few things used in fresh water fishing while a cheap article will do the service of a much more expensive one, in most other things the rule holds good that the most expensive is the cheapest in the end.

Very likely we all know that a braided silk line must be thoroughly dried at the end of each trip, or if we do not know it, it is one of the first things that should be learned if the line is to last any length of time at all.

To dry the line a line drier may be used, but

only if one be in a hurry and has not time to spread it out in the open air and sunlight.

When time is not a factor always stretch it out between a couple of trees or bushes so that the air may get at it for a few moments—a thin, soft braid line will not take more than ten minutes to dry.

After this, if the outfit can be left in some camp until the next trip, stretch the line between a couple of beams, or sticks nailed to the wall for the purpose and leave it there until again needed. Do not wind it on the reel unless necessary, it will weaken considerably in time if this is done. For this purpose the line drier is handy but it keeps the line pretty well bunched up, consequently rot is liable to set in even here.

Then the line must not be twisted while in use. If one wishes to cast and troll two lines should be used, never use the casting line for trolling or it will be useless ever afterwards for further casting; a linen line is best for this purpose, a slight twist in it will do it very little harm where it would ruin the silk line.

A casting line should be used for casting and for nothing else, regardless of the fact that it may be advertised as a "casting and trolling" line. A silk line is usually much too delicate and, when a cheaper one will serve the purpose just as well or ever better, much too expensive for trolling.

But even were these considerations to be left aside, the two methods can not under any circumstances be safely combined and it would be foolish to ruin a good line attempting it.

Very often inquiries are made regarding a preparation for waterproofing a line, but with a silk casting line it is impossible to use any of these thorough waterproofing commodities with any degree of success and still retain the good casting qualities of the line. All the preparations harden in time, rendering the line stiff, and a stiff line is an abomination to the bait caster. It will flare up at each cast regardless of the means used to prevent it from so doing, and

Inside & Out
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 with 3-in-One.
 Get it down into lock-action and break-joint. Wipe out barrel with it and rub liberally over outside to prevent rust.
3-in-One Oil
 Nothing else keeps guns in such good shooting condition. Crack shots are never without it. All dealers; 10c, 25c, 50c bottles; and Handy Oil Cans, that fit pocket, 25c. Avoid substitutes.
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Don't Let The Big Ones Get Away!
 Be sure you have a "BARNES" LANDING NET
 Thousands sold the past season and every one gave satisfaction. Folds to half length for easy carrying. Instantly extended and locked ready for use. Light, made of aluminum, strong and convenient.
 With Bro Cord Net.....\$2.25
 Green Net Waterproofed... 2.50
 Parcel Post prepaid
 If your dealer cannot supply you, order one. You will like it.
CARLOS G. YOUNG
 320 Market St., San Fran., Cal.

back lashes will occur so frequently that one will soon give it up in disgust.

However, if the line be soaked in olive, or sweet oil before being wound on the reel for the first time it will help greatly in prolonging its life.

Olive oil used for this purpose may seem rather expensive, but if used in a correct manner the expense is very infinitesimal.

Take a shallow saucer and place in it two tablespoonsful of oil, run the entire line slowly through this in such a manner that the line will soak up all the oil it will hold.

Let the line dry over night, or for a day in the sunlight and then wind it on the reel.

The result is that the line is just as pliable as formerly, if not more so and is waterproofed to a large extent, giving it at least twice the life that it previously had.

If this process is repeated after every three or four trips the line will have an astonishingly long life, that is, it will seem astonishingly long to those who have been troubled with the quick wearing out of a bait casting line, and practically every steady bait caster is troubled more or less in this way.

As a matter of fact it is a hard problem to solve and resolves itself into the few following precautionary points, to wit: use all agate guides and top, the best procurable, keep the line from twisting and dry it out thoroughly after each trip.

GOOD CONDITIONS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

On my way to Chicago I met a rancher from northern North Dakota, and he gave me a few pointers on the conditions of wild game in his neighborhood that may be of interest to your readers. He told me of seeing jack rabbits by the thousands and of the big jack rabbit round-ups, or drives, when a whole village turns out to hunt the jacks, perhaps several thousand being killed at one drive. Some rabbits! How do you easterners like the sound of that? But that's not all; he claims the wild ducks were so thick around his place that they actually attacked the crops and considerable damage was done by these birds; and prairie chickens, they also were thick. Every morning he could see them around the grain stacks, and in connection with the chickens he told me some interesting things. First, when the winter snows come on the chickens usually find enough grain in the stack to subsist on; but, if the grain should happen to be all threshed, they have a very good winter food in what he calls "chicken berries."

A NEW ENGLAND PARADISE FOR CAMPERS.

The United States Bureau of Forestry has decided to throw open 650,000 acres of public lands in the White Mountains of New Hampshire to occupation by summer campers. A lease of thirty years may be secured at \$5 a year. The same sum in many parts of New England will procure outright possession, but it cannot be denied that the White Mountain sites are likely to be found far more attractive in the particulars of climate, scenery and the primitive seclusion that offers a tempting prospect to the man with rod or rifle. He who yearns for a lodge in some vast wilderness may now indulge his fancy at a moderate outlay.—*"Philadelphia Public Ledger."*

\$7.50

Makes An Expert of the Amateur

While gritting your teeth over a back-lash snarl, you have had to pause and exclaim in admiration of the ease and accuracy with which the expert beside you—the old greybeard of many summers' casting experience—gets his bait out, with nary a hitch or snarl or catch.

Ten, fifteen, twenty years of fishing experience will give you that same deftness and skill.—But why wait those weary years when inventive genius has placed within your reach a reel with which you can cast, with all the expert's ease, this season, on your very next trip—NOW!

The "Pflueger-Redifor" Anti-Back-Lash Casting Reel

makes casting a real pleasure, for beginners as well as experts. Automatic thumbers, attached to the flange of the spool enclosed within the reel, free from all dirt and chance of harm, thumb mechanically, retarding the spool as the bait slows down. Will hold from 60 to 100 yards, according to size line used.

Price, \$7.50. (Fully guaranteed against defects of all kinds, FOR ALL TIME.) If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send it, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

The Enterprise Manufacturing Co. Dept. No. 21 Akron, O.

NOTICE—Write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information of interest to anglers.



The Wild Turkey.

Its restoration is important because domestic turkeys are decimated by a disease from which the wild variety is free.



in the field

When Our Land Is Filled With Game

A FEW years ago America was the greatest game country in the world. Our woods, our fields, our water-ways, were teeming with game birds. Wild turkeys, quail, grouse, ducks, were familiar sights—to the sportsman; on the table; and in city markets.

These conditions should again prevail. They may successfully be brought about through game farming.

Game farming does not necessarily require a large amount of land and involves little expense in time and money. The work in itself is intensely interesting and affords both profit and pleasure to those who indulge in it.

Results from Game Farming

In the first place game birds of many kinds command high prices in city markets. Their eggs are eagerly sought by breeders. Secondly, if you are fond of hunting, the birds you raise will provide excellent sport and food. Or if you prefer, and if you own large acreage, you may lease the privilege of shooting over your land. This does not mean that the sport of hunting, so far as the general public is concerned, will be restricted. On the contrary it will be increased; for game raised for sporting purposes cannot be closely confined in any given area.

If you are interested in game farming from any standpoint, you should write for a booklet which takes up the subject in a broad way and gives much interesting and valuable information regarding it.

The book is called "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure." It is well worth reading. Write for a copy. Use the coupon below.



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Manufacturers of Explosives; Infalible and "E. C." Smokeless Shotgun Powders; L. & R. Orange Extra Black Sporting Powder; Dynamite for farming.

Game Breeding Department, Room 191
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A POTTERS' CLUB THAT SHOULD BE SUPPRESSED.

Boston, March 25, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Many years ago a copy of the "Rod and Gun," published by Parker Brothers, was sent me and I eagerly subscribed. Soon after *Forest and Stream* appeared and I at once became a reader of it. The numbers as issued were carefully preserved and this winter I have spent delightful evenings reading the articles of the contributors of years ago. I doubt if any paper ever presented more brilliant, breezy, whole-souled outdoor articles than can be found in the old numbers of *Forest and Stream*, by Nesmuk, Mather, Kingfisher, Yo, Piseco, and many others.

Beginning from the first numbers and reading on year by year it is interesting to watch the gradual awakening to the need of protection of wild life. The early numbers have records of tremendous bags, great catches of fish, and more or less actual slaughter; but evidently sentiment of the best sportsmen soon changed against this. Warnings of the growing scarcity of game appeared more frequently and nearly all the articles one reads to-day show an appreciation of the fact that game is rapidly disappearing and wanton killing of non-game birds must be stopped. Therefore, I was surprised to read in "Scribner's" February issue an article in which pelican potting, swallow and Man-o-War shooting as a sport to fill in during dull fishing hours was described, as well as the formation of a Man-o-War and Pelican Potters' Club, as a new form of sport. Inasmuch as the birds in question are protected by the laws in the state in which this very exciting sport occurred, it appears strange to me that such a statement by a well-known author and in such a well-known magazine should appear.

The Audubon Society, through its secretary, Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, will in "Bird Lore" call attention to the fact that graceful Man-o-War birds, swallows and the picturesque pelican, whose presence and comical actions add so much to Florida bird life, are not game birds and are protected and cannot be used for target practice.

CHAUNCY W. CHAMBERLAIN.

SWAN ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

Baltimore, Md., March 29, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am surprised to note in Mr. Edward Wollman's letter that he states that swan are only found in Currituck.

I never saw the day there were not swan on the Chesapeake Bay, although they are now more plentiful than they were before the Federal Law went into effect.

At the present moment there are so many swans on the Flats at the head of the Chesapeake that they are literally cutting canals through the shoal celery; at my Ducking Club, Miller's Island, we have had large flocks of swan with us all this winter, last winter, and previous winters.

Few are killed excepting illegally—at night or with motor boats.

TALBOT DENMEAD.

The Bucks County (Pa.) fish, game and forestry association has a membership of 1,000.

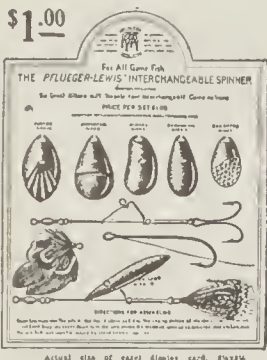
Waterfowl to the number of 26,000 were killed in Oregon during the year of 1915.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure. I am interested in game breeding from the standpoint of _____

Very truly yours,

Name _____

Address _____



Here Are Six Great Killers— And Twenty-four Interchangeable Combinations!

Realizing the great and well known fish-getting qualities of spinners, the Pfluegers have here devised a set of spinner baits, with interchangeable parts readily attachable, to enable the angler to meet any and all conditions of water, time of day, season of year and other causes, with a bait that will attract game fish under the special conditions existing at the moment. This year don't start away on that long anticipated trip without having in your tackle box at least one set of

"Pflueger-Lewis" Interchangeable Spinner

Each set contains:—Two rust-proof piano wire shafts, each with a "Jack" to which the blade is secured; one hollow point double hook, ringed size 1/0; one hollow point California bass hook, ringed size 4/0, with a copper baiting wire attached; one Wyoga bass fly, Royal Coachman pattern on a hollow point Sproat hook, ringed size 2/0; one hollow point treble hook, ringed size 1/0, feathered, and six interchangeable spoon blades.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will mail you one set postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.



The Enterprise Manufacturing Co. Dept. 21 Akron, Ohio

NOTICE—Write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information of interest to anglers.

GOOD BASS FISHING IN FLORIDA.

Stuart, Fla., March 23, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I come to repeat the invitation of one year ago, to come to Stuart, and enjoy the best fishing you have ever had or can have, as the blue-fish and Spanish mackerel are to be caught by the dozen trolling from a motor boat in the St. Lucie River, and a trip up the South Fork, about 15 miles, will show you more black bass, large mouths, in school or drove, than you ever saw before. I am now speaking from my own experience. March 20th was my 67th birthday, and to celebrate my passing of this milestone, three of us, lovers of the rod, left Stuart for the head waters of the South Fork, on the morning of the 21st, in a motor boat, towing two skiffs behind, leaving the motor boat, about 15 miles by river, above Stuart, and using the skiffs for the last 4 miles of the river to our camping place.

On our arrival at 11 A. M., we rigged up three rods and in twenty minutes had ten big mouths, weighing about one and a half pounds, which were dressed and broiled for our luncheon. After a pipe or so, one of the party went overland to a creek half a mile distant, after minnows. I in my skiff went exploring the stream above our camp, and the elder one of the party, "a boy" of 75 years of age, fished from the bank near the camp, using the minnows we had brought with us. On my return to camp with a fair string of bass and some of the largest bream I ever saw, I found the "boy" caring for an eight pound "big mouth," and the other man came in a half hour afterwards, with six two pounders. We called the fishing off for the day, fixed up our camp, broiled and fried bass, boiled the cabbage of a cabbage palm tree, dined, visited and sat on the bank, and watched the schools of bass in the clear water, with the pipes burning incense to the god of the angle.

The bass were in droves, and occasionally a monster one, estimated to be three feet long, would swim by. Well, we caught all we wanted, and got home yesterday evening, with enough for our own families, and to supply the families of several friends, and will soon go again. It is agreed that we shall keep none under three pounds in weight. Come and go with us, or send some of the *Forest and Stream* bass fishermen, who like to rough it out doors, for two or three days, to go with us and get their fill of black bass fishing. Come. Come.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

PRIZED GIFTS FROM NESSMUK.

Toad Hollow, N. Y., March 13, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

On a table in my "Den" there is always found a book "Woodcraft" and on the flyleaf is written these words:

"Wellsboro," Pa., May 12, 1884.

An inveterate caster to a
First class maker of fly rods:
Nessmuk to "Ned Net Turc."

"Ye Author,"
"G. W. Sears."

In my hunting coat pocket there is a knife with my name engraved upon the handle. More than one coat has gone the way all must go and the knife is as good as new. This was also a gift from "Nessmuk" in 1895. Need I say that I prize them very much?

"NED NET TURC."

F. A. O. Schwarz
TOYS
*Fifth Avenue and Thirty-First Street,
New York.* Feb. 15, 1916.

SPORTING GOODS DEPARTMENT

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.,
Ashaway, R. I. Atten. of F. A. O. Schwarz.

Gentlemen:

Having used and handled your goods for a number of years, it gives me great pleasure to write you regarding your Ashman's Line, in which I have succeeded in intercepting numerous clubs and professional surf casters.

This particular line is handled by me to the exclusion of other makes of Salt Water Line, and has become a great favorite, it being now used by 95% of the casters in tournaments held in and around New York. In fact it was with one of these lines sold by me to Dr. Carleton Simon, that he made the world's record cast of 349 ft. 1/2 inch, at Midland Beach on Sept. 20, 1914. The main good points of the line are that there is no dressing on the same and it will not kink. I am recommending the line with perfect confidence to all my customers, as I am quite certain that when once used, reorders will be placed for the same.

Yours truly,
W. M. Finch
With F. A. O. SCHWARZ.

Every Red-blooded Man Should Read This Book



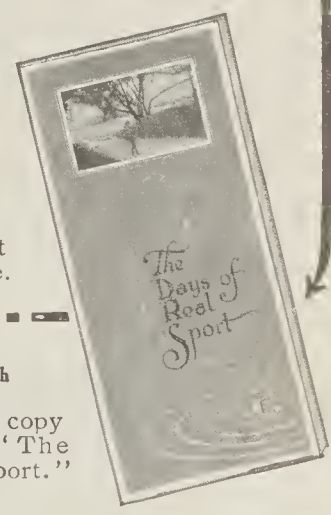
IN IT there is a story, illustrated by a famous cartoonist; a story that will carry you back to the time when you *really* lived—back to the days we all love to recollect and act over in the mind's eye. It also contains many practical talks and hints on the greatest of all sports—the "reel" sport of Angling. Profusely illustrated with views and drawings which will make any well-regulated heart thump harder—even make a most benevolent individual envious in the extreme. Get your copy—

Free Upon Request

Incidentally you'll be able to learn about the South Bend Anti-Back-Lash Reel—the reel that makes Angling easy for the beginner and *easier* for the Veteran Angler. You will also learn about the Tackle that has been making fish rise, jump and hit, harder, oftener and with more vim, not only in Indiana, but in California, Florida, Texas, Canada—everywhere.

This great book, "The Days of Real Sport," will be off the press about May 1st, but send for your copy today; then it won't be forgotten. Use the coupon—NOW.

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South Bend, Indiana

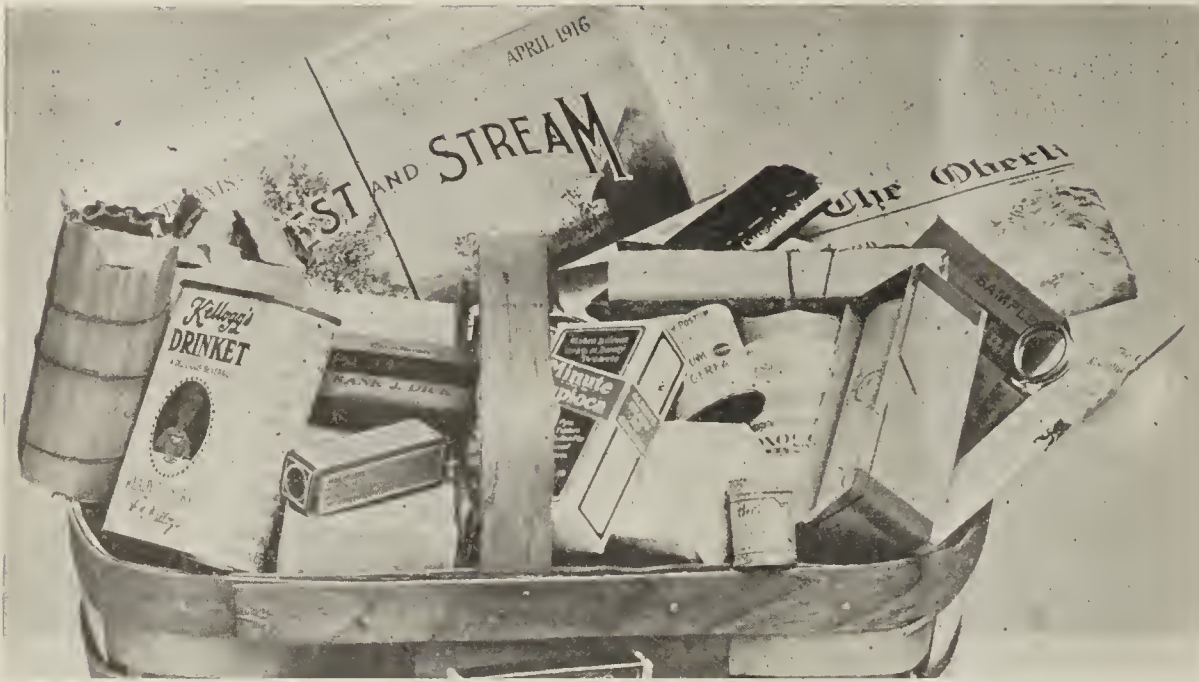


SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.
10262 Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Indiana

Please send me a copy of your book, "The Days of Real Sport."

Name _____

(Use the Margin for Address)



A GATHERING OF ENTHUSIASTIC FISHERMEN.

If all fishermen's organizations displayed the enthusiasm shown by the Oberlin, Ohio, Rod and Gun Club, the cause of the angler would meet with better success in this country. On Wednesday evening, March 29, that sterling organization held its annual banquet, attended by more than two hundred members and guests. The affair was successful not only as a get-together occasion, but as a banquet as well. Secretary Maddock, in charge of the arrangements, sprung more than one novel stunt, among the latter being the presentation to all present of a basket containing something like forty kinds of food and anglers' relishes, presented to the club by the manufacturers. *Forest and Stream* takes pleasure in the fact that this journal was selected as the most fitting reading matter that an angler should have, to top off the contents of his food basket.

Col. Myron Herrick related the early events of his life as a boy nine miles from Oberlin. He related his experiences as a member of the Corpus Christi (Tex.) Tarpon Fishing Club, as well as the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina Island.

On the program primarily to tell his friends something of the work accomplished by the American legation in Paris, few expected to learn that the colonel was a lover of the rod and gun.

However, it was learned that he was not only a fisherman, and a big one, but also had attended many of the shoots in France, which included not only the French officials but the various ambassadors of many other countries as well.

These facts made Colonel Herrick "set solid" on the hearts of every brother sportsman, and when he had concluded his talk the "gang raised the roof" in approval.

Other speakers were Gen. J. C. Speaks, Rev. Arthur C. Dill, C. E. Dutton, of Detroit; L. E. Burgner and several other members of the various committees.

Favors, comprising a complete angling outfit,

RAINBOW TROUT

are well adapted to Eastern waters. Try stocking with some of the nice yearlings or fry from our hatchery, and you will be pleased with the result.

PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT COMPANY
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THE ELECTRIC ILLUMINATED SUBMARINE BAIT

The Glow Worm

GREATEST NOVEL FISH-BAIT MADE TRIED OUT AND PROOVEN GOOD



SMALL BATTERY AND GLOBE HOUSED INSIDE

PRICE \$1.50. With Weedless Hooks and Spinners \$2.00.

The Electric Submarine Bait Co., 666 Forest Home Avenue, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

rod and bait excepted, were placed at each table, and the program was printed on a little folder that contained two envelopes containing snelled hooks.

An extensive exhibit of lures, spinners, flies, etc., from all the leading manufacturers in the country attracted much attention from those present.



A SURE CATCH
For Bass, Pike, Pickerel
and Muskallonge

The Edgren Spinning Minnow is better than any Spoon. Why?

Because being Minnow-shaped makes a natural fish lure.

For casting and trolling—spins rapidly when drawn through the water, making it look very much alive.

This Minnow is patented on the merits of the Minnow, not the Hook attached to it. ANY HOOK CAN BE USED, the Weedless, Single or any hook you desire.

Made in 3 Sizes { No. 1—2¾ inches long .60c
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 { No. 3—1½ inches long .35c

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If you are going hunting or fishing in the woods or on the water—the need of dry matches may save your life. "The Excelsior Sportsmen's Belt Safe" made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or oxidized—Waterproof. Furnished complete with Belt and Buckle for \$1.00



Hyfield Mfg. Co., 48 Franklin St., New York City

THOMAS

The Thomas hand made split bamboo fishing rod has been perfected to meet both the all around and the various special requirements of the modern angling sport. Made of the finest bamboo, light, resilient, perfectly jointed and balanced. In the Thomas rod the acme of perfection has been obtained. Send for our interesting booklet.

F. E. THOMAS, 117 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

"SELECTING THE YOUNGSTER."

Knoxville, Tenn., March 22, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read with a great deal of interest a recent article on bird dogs "Selecting the Youngster," by "Sure Shot" and certainly will have to disagree with him on many points that he makes. I have been identified with dogs all my life and have among others owned two National Champion dogs—and I never saw one too good for me to shoot over. I have noticed that many people who have never attended Field Trials, are of the opinion that when you put a field trial dog down, that is the last to be seen of him. It is true that a great many dogs do this very thing but he is not what we would call a Field Trial Dog. In all of my experience I have never lost a dog either in a trial or when out shooting and I never have owned a dog that I did not use for both purposes. Now, regarding "the early training." When I was a boy and owned pups by old Ponto out of Mol, we thought he was coming on fine if we got him to hunt and make an occasional point the first season. On the contrary it is not an unusual thing to take a well bred pup out now and have him go right out and hunt, and point like an old dog. There is just as much depending on the good breeding of a dog as there is in any other animal. For an example, were you to breed Dan Patch to Lou Dillon you would not expect to get a draft horse and it is just so right on down the line. The best theory of all in my opinion is to breed a good one to a good one and you can naturally expect a good one, and when you breed a poor one to a poor one it is a cinch that you will not get a Dan Patch. The best all round dog I ever saw was a champion and the average shooting dog would not find a cover in a day's hunt when working with him on singles; in fact, at every angle of the game he would smother the average shooting dog. What we want in Southern quail country is a dog that will go wide, fast, and hunt his country out intelligently, by going from one birdy spot to another, and all you have to do is to put him down in a field and he will work every nook and corner of it out. If there are any birds in there he will find them, with the average shooting dog that will only go off a couple of hundred yards and then come back if you don't go after him and tramp all over the field with him; a Field Trial dog that is a real one will adopt himself to the country he is hunting in. If you are in a big wide open country, he will go to the very limits, but he will turn back at the right time. If the country is close he will hunt close and will never be lost from you. If lost at all you can go in the direction you last saw him and fixed him on point, which beats pointing them under your feet as you could kick them up yourself. In breeding dogs the blood lines should be given the same careful consideration given horses, cows, hogs or any other animals.

T. T. PACE.



ISHI, THE INDIAN ARCHER

THE following letter has been received from Dr. Saxton T. Pope, of the University of California, giving a brief account of the last days of Ishi, the Indian archer so often mentioned in *Forest and Stream*. It is a fine tribute, and will interest all who read it.

On March 25th Ishi died of a pulmonary hemorrhage. He had had tuberculosis about a year. Apparently he had no resistance at all to the ordinary bronchial infections of civilization, so he very soon contracted this prevalent disease.

We cremated his body at a public cemetery. This was his tribal custom. With him we placed his trusty bow, a quiver of arrows, his fire sticks some obsidian, ten pieces of Indian money, some acorn meal, some jerky and a pouch of tobacco. What more could a brave man want in the Happy Hunting Grounds?

In his quiver I placed also one arrow of my own make—his type—and one from Will H. Thompson.

The incineration was attended only by Prof. Watterman, Mr. Gifford, myself and two members of the Anthropologic Museum. We were his friends and nearest of kin. His ashes are to be put in an Indian jar in a niche at Olivet Cemetery, San Francisco. I made a death mask of his face and a cast of his right hand, for preservation in the Museum.

He left behind him many works of his hands; gave us his language, his legends, his customs; took us back to the Stone Age in America, and unrolled the pages of aboriginal history. He was a gentle, wise, clean man; a philosopher who looked upon civilization as the clever tricks of children. His wisdom and serenity transcended the flippant sophisticated age in which we live. The white man had robbed him of everything, yet he bore no malice.

He was a sportsman in every principle. In archery which he lived in part, when in the wilds, he was an accurate game shot, but not a good target man. His best scores for the American Round were as follows:

Oct., 1914		March 30, 1915	
H.	S.	H.	S.
60 yards.....	10 32	60 yards.....	13 51
50 yards.....	20 95	50 yards.....	17 59
40 yards.....	19 99	40 yards.....	22 95
	49 226		52 205

Yet I've seen him shoot a squirrel through the head at 40 yards. His longest flight shot was 185 yards. His bow weighed 40 pounds.

From him I have learned many things in archery and hunting. All that he taught me I hope soon to record in a university publication. It represents the minute details of arrow and bow making as practiced by a war-like tribe of Indians, differing in little from those in America at the landing of Columbus.

These particulars will be of interest to archers and historians.

With him passes the last of those who used the bow as a powerful weapon of the chase and in war.

On the clay pot which holds his dust we inscribed, "Ishi, the last Yahi Indian, 1916."

Your Mullins Boat is Ready

Think of a rowboat that's beautiful, light and speedy, yet practically indestructible and non-sinkable—a boat of "class" from bow to stern and guaranteed for life!

Its smooth, steel hull has greater resistant qualities than oak planking an inch thick, yet you'll find it the lightest, speediest 14-ft. or 16-ft. boat you ever stepped into. Especially designed and built for

use with outboard motors. It cannot sink because of air-tight compartments fore and aft. No seams to open—never requires calking—cannot warp, water-log or dry out. Safety and Service.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Steel and Wooden Pleasure Boats

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INVALUABLE for BEGINNERS and EXPERTS
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Especially Adapted for Fly Casting and ALL LIGHT BAITS—line free from guide when casting.
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Less desirable property in vicinity sold for \$3,000 per acre—Price of this estate \$200,000.

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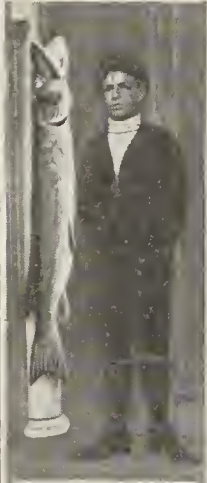
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NEW YORK

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37 lb. "Muskie" caught on a "Bristol" Rod by 13 year old son of E. T. LOVEDAY Ottawa, Canada.



The Prize Winning Rods

"Prize Winning" in the National Field and Stream Fishing Contest; "Prize Winning" in every lake, stream and bay in America; in every fishing club and local tournament; in every family and on every famous fishing trip. 19,000 dealers sell 38 different "Bristols" \$3.50 to \$25. Every "Bristol" guaranteed 3 years. Write for illustrated catalogue.

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NESSMUK'S CORNER AND CAMP FIRE

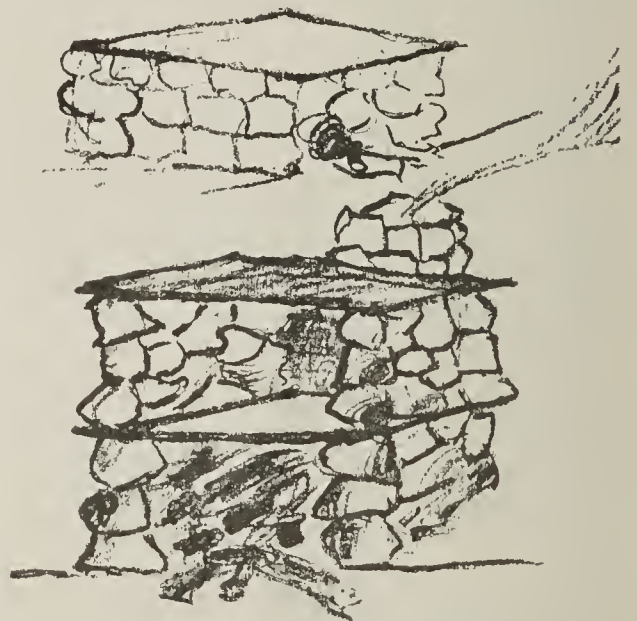
Conducted by Old Camper for All Campers.

LOGIC IN COOKING IN CAMP.

ONE of the greatest snags that the camper has to contend with is the food proposition, and this, to some, is really never overcome. A man may be ignorant of cooking, and may have no desires to cook, one way or another, but if he is going out away from civilization, camping out, he simply has to learn how to cook or suffer the consequences. And many do suffer. Some campers come back to civilization with a look of despair upon their faces writ in deep lines. The reason of this is that they are suffering from their own cooking, too much grease and baking powder knocked them out, so to speak, and it will take months of scientific eating to again bring them up to the standard of physical trim. Where grease of any sort should be used in kind proportions they submerged themselves in it by eating stuff fried in or made in grease two-thirds of the time. And in camping out one thing that is noted is that there is an abundance of burnt grease. Grease itself is hard on the digestion, but burnt grease is ruination personified. And any man who will eat anything that has a crust of pitch-black burn to it has very little thought or consideration for his stomach, and a man must have an iron constitution indeed to handle it and make fine, rich, powerful blood out of it. Within civilization one should use care in his eating; away from civilization one should be doubly careful, and this is a rule to be marked down in large black letters. The rule is to escape the use of anything that is hard on the digestion. Never eat anything that is half baked—as, for instance, half baked bread. Never hurry your meals. Eat slowly, and carefully, and chew everything you eat well, and you will find that your digestion will be better and your outlook upon life will have more of a rosy tinge to it as a consequence.

In our day any trip into the wilds is woefully incomplete without the judicious addition to your larder of the so-called dehydrated foods, or foods that have, by concentration, been powdered, the bulk withdrawn, and only the nourish-

ing portions kept intact—the portions that contain entirely the worthy elements of food value. It is a well-known fact that most of our vegetables can be had in this form, some of them to the extent that five pounds in powdered form is equal to fifteen pounds in the raw. Consume clean, ungreasy soups in camp—at least once a day. There are any number of edible leaves and greens also that you can fix up and add to these soups. The more greens you eat the better for the blood and the digestion. If you have access to dandelion greens make good meals of



An Easily Constructed Camp Stove—Single-Story and Double-Decker.

these. Dandelion greens are powerfully helpful in cleansing the blood. This is only one sort of greens by the way. There are many others.

Be sure and supply yourself well with condensed or powdered foods of various sorts. You will find that the process has virtues without end, as I need hardly relate.

On any camping trip flapjacks are a morning introduction not without good points—but I certainly would not suggest flapjacks for every morning. Rather change off, and eat a variety

BANG New Daisy
Only \$2.75

Good for men or boys. Fires repeatedly. Loads automatically. Easy, smooth action. Metal parts non-rusting. Black walnut stock. Adjustable sights. Guaranteed. Price saves you half. Order direct. Write for special circular.

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Ask for any (or all) of them if you are interested in boating for pleasure, or profit. Book 1 shows more boats than motor show.

Gray Motor Company
5346 Gray Motor Bld'g.
Detroit, Mich.

of things and you will be healthy and keep well in direct result. Have a swab on the end of a stick to grease your spider with. That is all that is needed. Get a steady, uniform heat in the pan, not a burning, scorching heat in the center. By all manner of means have a grate so that you can raise the pan off the fire and get a moderate heat. Flapjacks of buckwheat make a heavy food and should be eaten in moderate proportion. Flapjacks fried in a lot of grease are bad enough, to say the least, on the stomach. There are some pancake flours on the market that contain wheat, rice and corn, the three staffs of life. They also contain baking powder. By merely adding cold water and making a batter they are ready to prepare. Personally I have little or no time for the "rubbery pancakes" that some woodsmen inflict upon a person. However, they are made as follows, using these directions, and proportioning things to suit your taste. By leaving out the healthy ingredients, and making them mostly out of flour (as some woodsmen do) you get mostly but stomach insulters. Proportion after this then for better results: One egg or so in powder; one cup of milk, one cup of water, one-half teaspoon of baking powder. Mix with this two cups of flour; add one pinch of salt and one pinch of sugar.

Baking powder biscuits are greatly in use on camping trips, mostly for the reason that they are easy to make, and they really are delicious if not partaken of to excess. A steady round of baking powder biscuits will break the best stomach. They are made as follows: One quart of white flour; two teaspoonsful of baking powder, to be mixed in with the flour; one teaspoonful of salt; two level tablespoons of lard, mixed in well with the rest of the ingredients—after which one cup of water is stirred in with the above to form a dough. Level this dough out, one inch thick, and cut with your collapsible drinking cup. Put these circles in the tins, get a good heat by putting the reflector baker near to the fire and bake for from ten to fifteen minutes. Mix the ingredients well; and knead the dough well, else you will not be able to raise them rightly.

How to make graham gems: Here is something really good if you have graham flour along with you instead of just the same old round of white flour. One cup of condensed milk (that is with water to the amount of a half cup to make it the equivalent of milk); one egg or so in powdered form; tablespoon of sugar; tablespoon of lard; one cup of graham flour; two cups of white flour. Mix very well. Bake well, with the reflector baker close to the fire for ten minutes. *Note:* Corn cakes can be made, following the above recipe, only instead of graham flour, use corn flour.

If you are in a permanent camp you will, of course, be able to make bread on a more apt scale than if you are constantly shifting camps as the shelter camp, hiker-camper must, where lightness is demanded and where one must be careful not to take too many things along. Thus if in a permanent camp it is possible to have yeast.

It has always been a puzzle to me why all writers on camping and cooking have eternally suggested that white flour be taken along. As a matter of fact there is nothing in this world so

(Continued on page 966.)

Comfort Tires, Protected Against Blow-out



GOODYEAR Cord Tires were chosen as standard equipment for Peerless cars because they offer very definite and very valuable advantages.

Since these advantages result in unusual mileage and service, freedom from tire worry, and great comfort, they are well worth critical attention from owners of fine cars.

It is almost impossible for Goodyear Cord Tires to stone-bruise and blow out, because of their extreme flexibility.

This comes from their construction, which also makes them extremely lively, speedy and responsive.

Strong, pliable cords—placed loosely side by side in diagonal layers—are cushioned in strong, stretchy rubber. Having no binding cross-weave, they are allowed great freedom of movement.

So, under impact, the cords flex,

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This insures against stone-bruise, rupture, and the blow-outs—immediate or subsequent—which follow these injuries.

Naturally such a tire has long life, gives great mileage, and causes little delay and annoyance.

And it permits high speeds with comfort. It has wonderful coasting qualities. It saves power. It increases gasoline mileage.

In the Hudson Hill coasting test, Goodyear Cord Tires averaged 177 feet farther than ordinary cord tires on the same car; and reached a maximum speed of 36 miles per hour.

Of the fifteen Franklin cars which recorded better than 40 miles per gallon of gasoline in the fuel economy test last May, ten were equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires. And these tires made the three highest marks—55 miles, 53 miles, and 51.8 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Their great oversize, uniting the added cushion of an increased air-volume with the in-built cushion, resilience, and easy-running of our cord construction, makes the Goodyear Cord the tire of utmost comfort.

Goodyear No-Hook Cord Tires, in the 32x4, 36x4½ and 37x5-inch sizes, have 23 to 35 per cent more air space than regulation Q. D. Clincher tires of corresponding inch-sizes.

In spite of the higher prices necessary for these tires, because of their construction and their oversize, users seldom change to other tires.

Increasing sales show that car owners believe the extra value, and the extra luxury, security and durability of these tires, more than offset the difference in price.

Ask the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer for Goodyear Cord Tires.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
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All-Weather and Ribbed Treads, double thick, for rear and front wheels. Note the deep, sharp All-Weather grips. They resist skidding. They give great traction. No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, for gasoline and electric cars.

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Ages 8 to 18 or older. Booklet

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Vibration is entirely eliminated by opposed cylinders that fire at the same time. Reverses by simply pressing the button. Runs perfectly at trolling speed or can skin nine out of ten launches at high speed. Send for 24 page illustrated catalog.

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With the S.S.S. you always have a clean suspensory every morning. Each outfit has two sacks, you can clip one fast to the supporting straps while the other sack is cleaned.

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The Meek

LOGIC IN COOKING IN CAMP.

(Continued from page 965.)

good for the stomach as whole wheat bread, or graham bread or rye bread. This is no supposition at all. It is a fact which any doctor will tell you is truth to the core. Instead of filling out your flour entirely, you using the white flour, why not also use the other flour? I can assure you that you will do nothing amiss by adapting this method. If, therefore, you have yeast and rye flour and you desire to make some bread that will not leave a sordid ache in the center of your activities follow this method:—Rye bread: Into one quart of lukewarm water put one yeast cake and let it dissolve; stir in one quart of white flour; add one teaspoon of salt; stir and allow to raise well over night. In the morning make this into a dough and thicken it with half rye flour and half white flour. Add one tablespoon of lard and one of sugar. When this has been thoroughly attended to allow it to raise in the pan for at least three hours. Then knead it down again (and the more you knead it the better it gets); now make it into loaves and bake over a slow fire upwards of an hour. This should give you bread truly of the sort that mother makes at home.

If you locate yourself in a permanent camp I would especially suggest that you prepare for yourself what is known as an outdoor oven, two designs of which will be noted with this article. In Figure I: this oven is built up of stone, two sides and the back, with the front completely open. On the top is spread a piece of sheet iron. This is not an oven in the sense of the word but by the use of it you have an excellent surface on which to fry and cook, and if it is large enough you can have all your pots, kettle and frying pan on it at the same time. By the use of this you get a moderate heat; not a burning heat such as you get when frying right on the coals. For baking you can make an oven such as seen in Fig. II. This is an oven. The lower portion is the same as Fig. I; the only difference is that another section is added above like the lower section and another sheet iron covers the top. A chimney is made in back as shown in the illustration. In this oven baking and roasting may be done with excellent finish to say the least, and the process has many points to its credit that should not be overlooked. With the use of well-selected stones, and clay, such an oven as this can be put up anywhere and you will be so highly delighted with the results that you will never camp again without it. It makes for convenience and satisfaction.

THE CAMP COOLER.

THE question of food has been taken up by any number of well-qualified authorities—food both for the hike and food for the camp. But the question of keeping this food fresh and good does not seem to have required so much attention. Of course there is the ever-present brook or lake into which the butter, meat, etc., go after being incased in the pail. That's all right for the man who is making "one night stands," but for the man who has a camp—however rough—to which he goes and where he spends from two weeks to several months a year and where ice is out of the question this primitive method of drowning the butter is just a bit

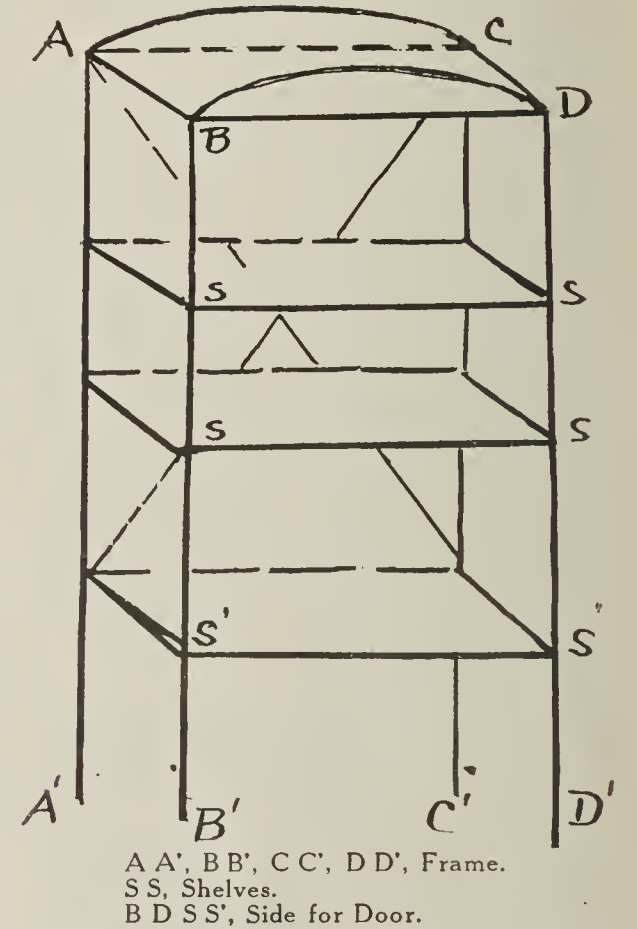
of work that does not fill his soul with delight. To him then some sort of an improvised ice-box is a necessity.

The cooler requires only a few tools, some nails, a saw and some old potato sacks. The accompanying sketch will give some idea of what I mean.

Cut your sticks about five feet long, frame about a foot from the ground and brace them well—corner to corner. The roof should be somewhat sloping and be covered with a piece of roofing paper to keep out the heavy rains. Have a solid flooring so that the squirrels, etc., are warded off. Shelves—as many as you want, but the door should take up the whole side, so that when you are after anything there is no need of prying into dark corners.

Cover the whole frame with the sacks, tacking the edges down well at the same time not stretching the bagging—have it tight, that is all. Place the whole thing in a shady spot, one where the breeze is most of the time, the shade of the cabin to which the cooler may be braced.

Get an old box and drive it full of nail holes about an inch from the bottom, set this on top



of the cooler and fill with water. The water seeping out of the holes will run down the sides of the cooler and the air will do the rest in keeping the food in nice condition. Evaporation works wonders when used in the proper way.

We have used such a cooler for several seasons and have found it not only convenient but also a time and labor saver, and, best of all, it does keep the butter fresh and solid. Of course, if you like to use liquid butter keep it in the sun. The cooler is about the best thing that you can have about the camp. The small animals will be kept out and if the feet of the cooler are set into water-filled cans the ants will also find another home. Try the stunt. You will be pleased with yourself for thinking of it and "never more" with the brook for an ice-box.

WOODCOCK ON STATEN ISLAND.

Prince Bay, N. Y., March 30, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Two men, neighbors of mine, walking through the woods and fields were surprised this week to put up so many woodcock. On the 27th while passing through some "gum sprouts," as we call them, they put up 24 separate birds. The next morning they went in a different locality and put up 27 more. Eight woodcock got up singly in a spot not more than 100 ft. square. They said as they stood there with their eyes on the spot where each bird got up they could not distinguish them. That is not to be wondered at. Who can see a woodcock sitting among dried grass and weeds many feet away? On the afternoon of the 28th one of the gentlemen took a walk over the same ground and put up six more birds but he said there were fresh shells all over the ground. Some one had gotten in his ignoble work with results probably satisfactory to the pot hunter. It is an unusual occurrence to see woodcock here so thick. However, I think it can be easily explained. March has been a cold month with ice and snow covering the ground. Then on the 25th and 26th it warmed up so quickly that the birds came in swarms, and as Staten Island is on the direct "air line route" that Mr. Wilmot Townsend used to write about so interestingly it is not strange that the birds stopped here for refreshments. It is one damnable shame that we have no game protectors here on the Island. Our robins are shot at all times of the year and our splendid fishing grounds are netted to the extent that weakfish are taken away by the ton, illegally caught.

* * *

CANOEING AT SUGAR ISLAND.

Syracuse, N. Y., April 14th, 1916.

Fellow Members of the American Canoe Association: The regatta program for the thirty-seventh general meet of the American Canoe Association at Sugar Island, August 4th to 18th, 1916, is well under way. We are particularly desirous of arranging a program that will in every way meet with the hearty approval of the racing men, sailors and paddlers alike.

It has been suggested that we follow last year's plan of devoting one entire day to the paddling races, it seemed to prove satisfactory to the racing men last year, and certainly facilitated the handling of these important events by the committee.

The wilderness cruising contest was such a big success that it has practically become a fixed feature of the regatta program.

This year a special effort is to be made to further promote interest in the racing at our meet. I have been advised by Commodore Spaulding that he has appointed a special championship committee to arrange a series of international championship paddling races to be held Saturday, August 12th, at Sugar Island. This should bring together the very best paddling men of the United States and Canada. It goes without saying that the regular regatta committee will co-operate in every possible way to help make this feature a success and August 12th, 1916, the greatest day in the racing history of the association. As chairman of the regatta committee I request our racing men to send me, between now and May 15th, any suggestions that they may have regarding the arranging of the regatta pro-

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Alcohol	3.75%	none
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Albuminoid Ammonia	none	0.00007%
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* These figures represent averages from Municipal Water Department Reports for 12 large American cities.

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gram, new events, or any other matters pertaining to the regatta in general, also any suggestions regarding the wilderness cruising contest will receive most careful attention. We want to make this event a really instructive as well as an interesting contest.

The complete official regatta program of all races at Sugar Island next August will appear in the June issue of *Forest and Stream*.

Canoeably yours,

A. F. SAUNDERS, A. C. A., 6187.

Chairman Regatta Committee, A. A. A., 1916.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division: Joseph S. Peene, 18 Hecker St., Yonkers, N. Y., by H. Lansing Quick; O. A. R. Schraeder, 2465 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y., by Henry W. Jahn.

Central Division: Edward H. Horstkotte, P. O. Box 810, Schenectady, N. Y., by Edward S. Dawson, Jr.

Western Division: John B. Lyon, Riverside, Ill., by Robert F. Abercrombie.

Mr. T. H. Keller, known to the trade and a large circle of friends as "Haze," will on May 1 assume

the position of assistant manager of the New York Branch of the Peters' Cartridge Company.

Mr. Keller was formerly for several years connected with this company, leaving to enter the employ, in an important capacity, of a large gun company. His return to the ammunition business is no surprise, not only because of his familiarity with it and with the products of The Peters' Cartridge Company, but also on account of the long and honorable connection of his father, the late lamented T. H. Keller, Sr., as manager of the New York branch.

Mr. Keller will be associated with Mr. G. E. Cook, manager, at 60-62 Warren street, where he will be pleased to greet his many old friends and the new ones he is sure to make. He will travel extensively throughout the Atlantic Coast States in the interest of his company and will endeavor to the fullest possible extent to merit the confidence of users and distributors of the Peters' brand ammunition.

High general and high professional averages at Chatsworth, Ill., March 29, were won by Mr. W. D. Stannard, shooting Peters' "steel where steel belongs" shells, score 147 ex 150.

THROUGH THE LAKELANDS OF QUEBEC

(Continued from Page 947.)

later in the evening the ducks were coming in from all directions. We had no shotgun with us and it made us sad. This must have been, and I think still is, a great country for game, but it is evidently much hunted over by the Barriere Indians living at the Hudson Bay Post.

Friday, September 10. At 7.10 moved on down into Lake Kagebonga proper. This is the queen of them all—a big, beautiful lake full of islands with many long bays. It is fifty odd miles long and from two to fourteen miles wide. We did a little fishing and got our usual catch—a few wall-eyed pike. I am sure the waters are full of grey trout. The weather, however, had been too warm and they were not biting. Aside from this, we were not very persistent in our fishing and

did not stop anywhere long enough to give a lake a thorough trial.

We traveled about twenty-seven miles, all water, and camped about twelve miles below the outlet of the lake into the Gen de Terre River. This river flows out of Lake Kagebonga about midway of the lake's length. It is a rapid, good sized stream. Later on we were to find out how rapid it really was as we expected to strike the river further down on our trip. During the night it rained a little and the wind shifted to the north.

Saturday, September 11. Off at 7.10 down Lake Kagebonga. The wind was blowing a gale from the north and it was much colder. We were very lucky in the wind direction as it was

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right behind us. It helped us along at a tremendous pace down the lake. The sea was running very high and if we had been going in the opposite direction we would not have made much progress; in fact, I don't think we could have made any headway at all. It would have been extremely dangerous for the small canoes. We reached Bark Lake at eleven o'clock after traveling about twenty miles. Bark Lake is another beautiful lake, not so large as some of the others, but it must be fifteen to twenty miles long at least. It is really the south end of Lake Kagebonga.

We were again reaching the outposts of the "farthest north" lumber industry and arrived at the Gilmore Lumber Company's depot at the foot of Bark Lake at about 3.30 in the afternoon. We hoped to get some bread at the lumber depot, but could only get one loaf as they had a camp crew in and were sending them out the next day. The cook needed all the bread he had baked. The wind was still in the north when the sun went down and it looked like frost. The day had been cool and clear. We used no tents this night. We traveled thirty miles, all water.

Sunday, September 12. Portaged two miles across a rough trail and hill to Hunter's Lake on our way to the Gen de Terre River.

Hunter's Lake is pretty, lying at the top of the trail and surrounded by high rocky hills. It is about four miles long and from a quarter of a mile to a mile wide. At the other side of Hunter's Lake we struck the Seize River, a rapid mountain stream. We made fourteen portages around the rapids which did not have enough water in them to run. At three o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain. It rained until eight o'clock in the evening. We managed, however, to pitch camp without a great deal of trouble and without getting very wet.

For supper we had several partridge, the first game we had taken out of the country. They tasted fine after pork and beans. Pork and beans, however, came in for attention and we cooked our last mess to be ready for breakfast. The cooking of pork and beans in hot sand is quite an operation. First parboil the beans; then bury them in a pot or iron pail in the hot sand from under the fire. The pork is not added until after the beans have been boiled and just before burying. The beans are left in the pot which is entirely covered with the hot sand and cinders until the following morning. If the operation is properly done the beans will be thoroughly cooked and will taste delicious. There was one thing we certainly had aplenty of, and that was blueberries. They grew in profusion and of remarkable size, along almost every trail. We traveled about fifteen miles and it was tough going.

(To be concluded in June *Forest and Stream*.)



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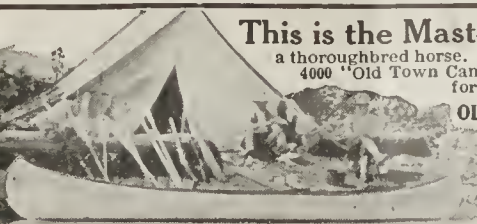


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THE REPORTING POINTER AGAIN.

Louisville, Ky., March 23, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The cover on *Forest and Stream* is a delight to begin with, and the whole paper is fine, although fishing articles took a large part of the paper and I am afraid I can not pass on the merits of the fish tales, etc.

That reporting pointer article in the February issue was interesting. I learned to shoot over a solid liver pointer and have seen four of that color that were away above the average. I have owned a reporting setter—Old Dad's Frank—

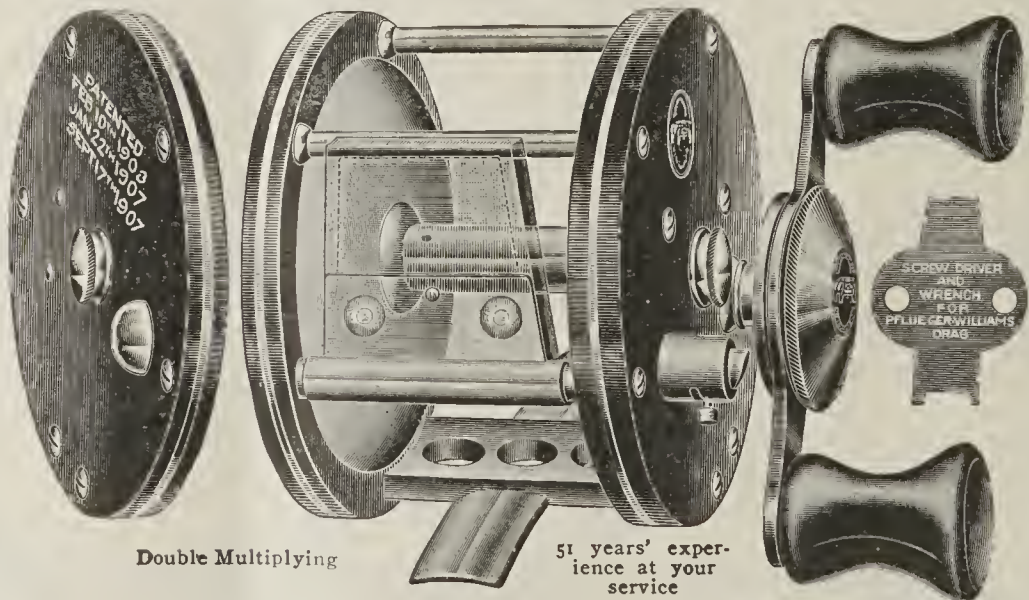
that I shot over so long and that was one of the best dogs I ever saw, has hunted me up and led me back to birds he had found, I am safe in saying dozens of times and Mr. N. T. Harris had a setter bitch that would call you to her by backing away and barking if you kept her waiting too long. I never saw that trick myself but heard good reliable sportsmen tell of it after borrowing her from Mr. Harris, whose generosity in that line is unsurpassed. I know, for he has loaned his good ones to me.

I am very keen over good old *Forest and Stream* and each issue is an improvement on the one that went before.

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TRAP SHOOTING



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"PREPAREDNESS."

By Virginius.

RECENTLY I lunched with a friend I had not seen in three years. We had been shooting companions quite often when we were in college together, and one of the first questions asked was "Well, did you get much hunting last fall?" It developed that we both had gone afield a number of times, and that neither of us had had very remarkable results, although we both had seen many birds. In the carefree days of acquiring our college "education" we were very fair wing shots, but after holding down jobs, and being held down by the same jobs, we had done less shooting, and had deteriorated considerably in our ability to "hit the bird in the nose."

Now there are innumerable men who never touch their guns until the open season appears, and, although they have at one time been good shots, they go out hunting on a few memorable occasions in the fall, and come home, tired, happy and gameless. While killing the birds is not the most important part of these hard earned holidays in the woods and fields, exhibiting a beautiful cock pheasant, or a few glorious woodcock and quail to the admiring wife has a distinct value; and my friend and I both swore solemnly that we were going to "produce" next fall.

The method unanimously decided upon was to shoot clay birds during the summer. The man who has "been there" as far as being a good wing shot is concerned, can certainly "come back" if he will shoot at the traps—perhaps I should say shoot clay birds—because I believe that a hand trap properly manipulated will give better results than the regular stationary traps at a gun club. I have been shooting birds thrown from a hand trap, and I believe that the actual field conditions have been very closely approximated. In order to get my "eye opened," I have the man operating the trap stand beside me, and throw birds away from me. A few such shots get the gun working nicely, and then the operator goes off to one side and throws the birds across the field in front of me or behind me. I stand with my gun in the position in which it is carried when I am field shooting, and the birds are thrown without warning. I have found that there is no shot thrown from the stationary traps that is as difficult as this cross shot. After I get the hang of these targets, the operator takes a position out in front of me, and kneels down to avoid being murdered. He throws the birds toward me on either the right or left side, and I assure you that these targets are mighty stiff propositions to connect with consistently.

One other shot which is the most difficult of all is to place the operator directly behind you and walk away from him. The birds are either thrown to one side of you from behind or right over your head. As you have no idea when or

Remington UMC

REMINGTON UMC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sit in with any gathering of old stagers with the gun or rifle, and you can't help coming away impressed anew with the prestige of Remington UMC.

Your American sportsman has the habit of setting a *new pace* for himself—demanding quicker, cleaner shooting at the traps and in the field—quick to see and take advantage of any *betterment in arms and ammunition*.

Results on the target range, at the traps, in the duck blind or the big game country—that is the test.

Look at the men at the traps—you find that more of them every day are shooting "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" steel lined *Speed Shells*.

And the men buying rifles, shotguns, ammunition for Vacation use—*watch how many ask for Remington UMC.*

In any city or town, ask for the dealer who supplies arms and ammunition to the *majority of active sportsmen*. You will be pointed to the dealer who displays the *Red Ball Mark of Remington UMC*—the sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
Woolworth Bldg. New York

ARROW
NITRO CLUB
NEW CLUB

where these birds will be thrown, this method is practise par excellence. I think I can safely say that I do not expect to miss many shots when I go out next fall.

In fact no one should have to miss many shots on his fall hunting trips if he will spend—say

two Saturday afternoons a month shooting clay birds. If this practise is held at the gun club perhaps more pleasure will be gotten from it, because a match with one's friends at the traps is always splendid sport, and many valuable, as well as interesting, things are learned from the



Practice Up Now For This Year's Trophies

Be among the first out to pepper the speedy clay pigeons. Get an "edge" on the other fellows while the season is still young.

TRAPSHOOTING

is bully year 'round sport that offers an alluring challenge to your aim and gun skill. And there's a hearty welcome waiting for you at your nearest gun club.

Get a **DU PONT** HAND TRAP

It's great practice for beginners and experts. Throws all kinds of targets—folds up and goes in a bag. \$4.00 at your dealer's or sent postpaid anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Write for Hand Trap Book No. 3

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company
WILMINGTON DELAWARE

When in Atlantic City visit the "Du Pont Store." Pennsylvania Avenue & Boardwalk—see the big Du Pont Night Sign and try your skill at the Trapshooting School at the end of Young's Million Dollar Pier.

men who take an interest in trap-shooting. Men who live in places where there are no gun clubs, can use a hand trap in the fields near home, and have as much fun and even better practise, with a friend to take turns with as operator and shooter, as if they were standing on the platform and participating in a match. A hand trap costs little and a barrel of clay birds less; get out in the fields, and not only become prepared for the fullest enjoyment of the big "fall drive," but enjoy becoming prepared. The man who goes shooting next fall and misses shot after shot will have no one to blame but himself.

TO MY TRAP GUN.
(A Lay of the Trapshooting Range.)
By Fred O. Copeland.

What is this tiny empty hole
That lurks on a scoreboard on a pole
And which we curse heart and soul,
My Trap Gun?

Where is it out there at the score
The angles bend more and more
And where my brow's a leaking pore,
My Trap Gun?

Where is it that I try to sneak
Be 'twixt squads, when up I leap
And dash through shells four feet deep,
My Trap Gun?

Where is it that I'll shoot my fill
And lose my only five dollar bill
And probably remain until _____
I make a "run,"
My Trap Gun?
* * * *

During the usual unfavorable climatic conditions with which winter handicaps the larger part of North America many have been forced to lay aside the trap gun but now with a more kindly temperature, not unlike that which has smiled on the great trapshooting enthusiasm at Palm Beach during the winter months, the way launches fair to a national program that to steal a word from the late Mr. Shakespeare, will be a "corker."

Present indications are that there will be at least 1,000 trapshooting competitions of various sizes and descriptions within the boundary of the United States this year, and while we are speaking of a 1,000 why not add that the G. A. H. at St. Louis is expected to pull 1,000 shooters.

Although trapshooting has advanced every year for 15 years, it is only in the last 3 years that its advance has taken on the magnitude of a Marathon. In 1915 there were 333 tournaments registered. This year it looks as though a total of 500 would be reached.

In this list increases are shown in 25 States over the number of tournaments held last year and in nine others decreases are noted. Inside of another month it is expected that these nine will equal the mark of last year, or better it. For a good many years Pennsylvania has led in the number of registered shoots, but this season little Iowa seems to have the bulge on the Sons of William Penn. Iowa has 48 registered tournaments as against 45 for Pennsylvania. This makes Iowa look like the best trapshooting State in the country. There are 220 gun clubs in Iowa; Pennsylvania has 492. Iowa has 57 clubs affiliated with the State association, while Pennsylvania has 121. The Keystone shooters will have to keep stepping to remain in front of Illinois, as the Illinois shooters have announced 43 registered shoots and only have 42 clubs affiliated with the State association. Trapshooting is coming on faster in the Middle West and Far West than it is in the eastern States—and there is no let-up in the East.

Twelve States have ten or more registered tournaments; ten have more than 15, and five have more than 20. The list of championships—State, sectional and national—and the tournaments as listed last year and this are herewith appended:

State Championships.

State	City	Date
Oklahoma	Oklahoma City	April 18-19
Georgia	Atlanta	April 25-26
Missouri	St. Louis	May 2-3-4
Mississippi	Greenville	May 4-5
Kansas	Emporia	May 16-17
Pennsylvania	Lansdale	May 17-18-19-20
New Hampshire	Manchester	May 19-20
Texas	Dallas	May 22-23-24-25
Washington	Seattle	May 23-24
Illinois	La Salle	May 23-24-25
Nebraska	Grand Island	May 23-24-25
Tennessee	Nashville	May 26-27
Calif.-Nevada	San Jose (Cal.)	May 27-28-29-30
Utah	Springville	May 30-31
Iowa	Waterloo	May 30-31, June 1
New Jersey	Little Falls	June 1-2-3
Oregon	Portland	June 5-6-7
Maryland	Baltimore	June 6-7-8
Indiana	Indianapolis	June 6-7-8
Ohio	Toledo	June 7-8-9
Colo.-New Mexico	Victor (Colo.)	June 12-13-14
Idaho	Twin Falls	June 12-13
Vermont	Montpelier	June 13-14
New York	Syracuse	June 13-14-15
Michigan	Battle Creek	June 14-15
North Dakota	Lisbon	June 15-16

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is a matchless combination Sportsmen have known it for years. Dealers sell NYOIL at 10c. and 25c. Send us the name of a live one who doesn't sell NYOIL, with other necessities for sportsmen and we will send you a dandy, handy new can (screw top and screw tip) containing 3 1/4 ounces postpaid for 25 cents.
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Engravers Plate Makers Die Embossers **The John B. Wiggins Company** Established 1857 72-74 East Adams Street, Chicago

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Lasts an Entire Season
The most revolutionary discovery in fishing tackle since Walton. A genuine Scotch leader, 3, 6, or 9-foot lengths, without knots, in weights for all fish from trout to tarpon. Breaking strengths, 2 1/2 to 30 pounds. Invisible in water; ideal for casting; always ready. Sportsmen who have used it will have no other. Voluntary testimonials praise wonderful strength and durability. No need to lose fish or tackle because of leader. Send this adv. with 25 cents for 3-foot sample.

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Pure Italian Silk CASTING LINES are scientifically water-proofed, won't rot nor snarl, free running, back-lashing practically eliminated, and are guaranteed for an entire season.

15 pound test 75c., 20 lb. 90c. 23 lb. \$1.00; postpaid. Write today.

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Correspondence invited. Send for Circulars. Address **HENRY W. BEAMAN** New Preston, Conn.

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Moerlein's BARBAROSSA

TAKE A CASE ALONG TO CAMP Watch the Crown Top. See that it bears the name "BARBAROSSA." Accept no imitation. Write for prices to your nearest dealer or to

The Christian Moerlein Brewing Co., Incorporated CINCINNATI, OHIO

Minnesota Rochester June 21-22-23
Massachusetts Wellington June 23-24
Wyoming Casper July 9-10-11-12
Wisconsin South Madison July 12-13
Alabama Birmingham July 12-13
Connecticut Danbury July 14-15
West Virginia Elkins July 16-20
Rhode Island Providence July 21-22

Sectional Championships.

Section	City-State	Date
Southern Memphis, Tenn. May 9-10-11
Western Omaha, Neb. June 13-14-15
Pacific Coast Portland, Ore. Sept. 12-13-14
Eastern Philadelphia, Pa. July 18-19-20

National Championship.

State	City	Date
Missouri St. Louis August 21-22-23-24-25

The Pacific Coast Handicap.
September 12-14, Portland, Oregon.—The Interstate Association's Eleventh Pacific Coast Trapshooting Tournament under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. Winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap guaranteed \$100 and a trophy; winner of second place guaranteed \$75 and a trophy, and the winner of third place guaranteed \$50 and a trophy. Several other trophies will also be awarded. Elmer E. Shaner, Manager, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The Oldest Gun Club.
The question is often asked, "what is the oldest active gun club in the country, and where is it located?" Considering the fact that the "Sport Alluring" is only about 35 years old, this should be an easy question to answer, says the Du Pont Magazine. We confess, however, that we are not altogether positive just what club is the oldest, as there are many which have been shooting actively for a quarter of a century or more. Among the clubs which seem to have a chance at first place in this race, the Butte Rod and Gun Club, Butte, Mont., looks pretty good. Members of this club were shooting as a club as early as 1882, and were regularly organized as a club in November, 1884.

Nine years previous to this, however, the Saratoga Gun Club, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., adopted trapshooting; traps were installed and the first matches at glass balls were begun. And again, the Cleveland Gun Club of Cleveland, O., was organized in 1880. The club house is equipped with a whale of a big open grate fireplace which burns a lot of cordwood to the comfort of the members, who shoot each Saturday all the year round.

Trapshooting is becoming popular at all country clubs; in fact, at this day and date a country club without a battery of traps is a passe proposition. So popular has this sport become that the clubs are installing sets of electric lights for night shooting.

Remember, this is a line of amusement that has more active participants than any other sport on earth. More than 5,000,000 nimrods in the United States pay a license every year for the purpose of carrying the gun afield. Of this number over 500,000 annually face the traps and struggle with the "bloodless pigeons" and the "tar hawks." In baseball we pay our money to see others perform. In trapshooting we pay our money and do our own performing instead of being a chair-warmer in an amphitheater. Thus we will be one of the players instead, with all the sensation and thrills capering up and down our spinal column that are allotted ball enthusiasts during a post season series. Which sounds the best to you?

The American Amateur Trapshooters' Association, the shooters' new national supervisory body of which John Philip Sousa is president, has now completed its organization in thirty-nine states. In each state a vice-president has been elected who will head the State Organization and represent the various state units in the National Council. The secretaries of the affiliated clubs in each state constitute the Council of State secretaries, which, under the direction of the State vice-president, will carry on the work of the Association.

The New York Athletic Club's Eleventh Annual Championship of America at clay birds will be held on May 5th and 6th at Travers Island, Pelham Manor, New York.

Program:
May 5th, Preliminary Event, 200 birds, 5 prizes.
May 6th, Amateur Championship of America, 200 birds, 10 prizes.

Gem Line Guide

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Guides your line on Reel to avoid trouble in casting.

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You do not have to buy a New Reel.

You simply attach Guide to any ordinary multiplying Reel, by drilling two holes in Reel plate to correspond with the two round-head screws on top piece of Guide.

Sent by mail on receipt of price.

\$1.50

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523 Broadway, - - NEW YORK

The five-man inter-club team championship occurs also on this day. There will be a gold medal for the longest continuous run during the 2 days; special trap prizes; high average prize for the 2 days, etc. For particulars address, Geo. J. Corbett, New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

The Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters' League looks forward to the best season ever recorded in its history. It is interesting to note that one of the new features for each shoot will be an extra trophy, a consolation prize, a beautiful 5 x 8 ft. American flag complete with pole, rope and holder.

Lubricates Without Waste

No drip to this mixture of choice flake graphite and pure petrolatum because it's not a liquid.

H-4 GRAPHITOLEO

cannot gum or become rancid; for all parts of gun and reel, sold everywhere in small, convenient tubes. Sample No. 52-H.

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Begs to thank her numerous American customers for their past support and to solicit a continuation of their patronage.

The reputation made for the high quality of the flies and casts supplied has been confirmed by the many successes of customers at Home and Abroad, and Miss Thorburn takes this opportunity of thanking customers for the numerous testimonials received, appreciative of the excellence of goods supplied.

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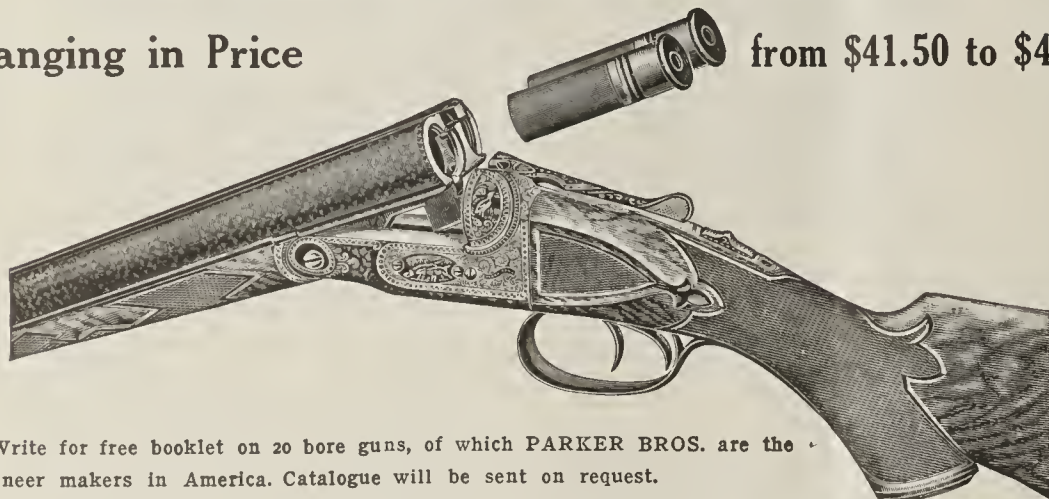
.25 Newton, 123 grain bullet, velocity 3100 f.s., .30 Newton 170 grain bullet, velocity 3000 f.s.
Price \$40.00. Send stamp for descriptive circular. Newton straight line, hand reloading tools; cost no more than the others. Sporting stocks and .256 barrels for Springfield rifles now ready, \$12.50 each.

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No specifications in the gun line are too exacting for our consideration. We invite correspondence relative to special guns for discriminating sportsmen. Our fifty years of experience in making guns for the foremost trap and game shots of the United States enables us to satisfy the most exacting gun user.

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Made from the finest material obtainable and every rod is guaranteed.

- Casting Rods, All Genuine
- Agate Trim \$3.00 each
- Casting Rods, All Crystal
- Agate Trim \$2.25 each
- Fly Rods, First Guide and Tip
- Genuine Agates \$2.25 each
- Plain Bait and Fly Rods,
- \$1.00 to \$1.50 each

We offer the greatest values of any manufacturers of steel rods in America. If your dealer does not handle our line, order from us direct, and we will send parcel post prepaid upon receipt of price.

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154-160 East Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

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A camp limited to thirty gentlemen from 13 to 21, beautifully located on Stover's Cove, 18 miles from Portland. The camp is directly on the shores of the bay and gives a clear view of Orr's, Bailey's, Ragged and Eagle Islands.

The remarkable equipment consists of 3 motor boats, dories, 25 lobster traps, trawls, deep sea fishing gear, and all the equipment for tennis, baseball and land sports, besides the swimming facilities.

Camp Casco offers the following features. A two weeks' cruise in the schooner from Portland to Eastport, harboring at Bar Harbor, Rockland, etc., and a two weeks' hike from Harpswell to the White Mountains, stopping at Bath, Portland, Westbrook, Sebago Lake, North Conway, etc. We also have a weekly "Foghorn," clam bake, bon fire, vaudeville, stunt night, and a shore dinner on every Sunday at Old Orchard, Falmouth, Foreside, New Meadows Inn, Cape Cottage, etc.

Four story diving tower and "shute the shute." Camp physician and varsity man for each five boys. All councillors and Director on the hike and cruise. Boys in Scout uniforms and under Scout laws. For booklet address the director,

EDGAR P. PAULSEN,

Principal U. S. M. A. Children's School, West Point, New York.

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I have 3 1/2 miles of Good Salmon Fishing on the famous Nepisiguit River, and also good Sea Trout Fishing, which I will lease in periods or for the Season. There is accommodation for three or four ladies or gentlemen in a comfortable and well-furnished lodge, which is beautifully located and secluded, with ice house and smoking den, and situated about midway of the fishing. Lodge is nine miles from railway station, and reached over a good auto road. Experienced guides always on hand. For full particulars write to

HENRY BISHOP, Bathurst, New Brunswick

For Your Spring Trout Fishing Trip

This year try the justly famous old Sullivan County trout streams—the Willowemoc and the Mongaup. Restocking every year has kept these streams the most reliable for good sport of any in this section. You can put up at the Old Cooper Homestead—of high reputation for almost half a century as a fisherman's resort. A new house, all modern improvements, good rooms and every comfort—open fireplaces. Season opens April 4th. Make arrangements now and come early. Write for hooklet and rates. Address

MISS ADA COOPER, De Bruce, Sullivan County, N. Y.

Chips From the Flying Clays.

The support of The Interstate Association is again most liberal. To a club, awarded a registered tournament (not under "Old Policy"), which elects to receive its contribution all in prizes, The Interstate Association allows of any combination which does not over reach \$50, i.e., a club may choose ten \$5 trophies; three \$12, one \$8 and one \$5; two \$25, etc.

Club managers, are you alive to the fact that you can get more for a target barrel nicely rounded up with empty shot gun shells than you paid for the same barrel full of clay targets? And Jones pays the freight, too.

The equipment of the shooting school at Atlantic City consists of one Ideal-Leggett and one Western McCrea automatic trap, standard targets, 20-gauge guns of practically every make, and competent men in charge. The targets will be thrown about 40 yards against a background of water. A person desiring to use his own 20-gauge gun may do so, but only factory loaded ammunition can be shot on the range.

If every trap boy was docked a nickel for every target he carelessly broke in loading his trap not only would he soon put himself in line for promotion but a sad little leak would be plugged in the club treasury.

It is interesting to note that the first shooting done was at glass balls. Then came the first clay targets—the Ligowsky birds which long since passed to the discard, and now would be objects of curiosity. After the Ligowsky target there was adopted in turn the American Clay Bird, the Peoria Black Bird and the Blue Rock targets. It is safe to say that many of the present day shooters never heard of the first three brands of targets mentioned.

All those club secretaries who bewail the fact that although they can get their targets by a nice majority of their shooters all break upon landing may now rest in peace for trapshooting from aeroplanes is no longer a novelty. The chief drawback, however, lies in the fact that the flying machine catches up and passes the target almost before the gun can be aimed. Why not have the club machine hover hard by ready to swoop down on the target and net it thus linking the gentle art of the rod closer to that of the gun. Furthermore, never again may we hear of the shooter who on a windy day had a target sail back to him knocking out an eye tooth for now if pursued he may step into the club plane and escape. And again, the man with the single shot trapgun has come to his own. He can shoot doubles. Even though both targets are thrown at once he can get a fine chance for a double by breaking one from the usual mark then aviate up to within 16 yards of the other and calmly take a pot shot at it.

The Interstate Association's trophy for newly organized gun clubs is a graceful loving cup bearing the Association's seal. The cup stands on an ebony base. During the month of March 16 clubs were presented with these cups.

Association of Surf Angling Clubs.

The annual dinner of the Association of Surf Angling Clubs was given under the auspices of the Ocean City Fishing Club at the Imperial Hotel, New York, April 8.

The room was decorated with fishing nets of various kinds and queer fishes of the ocean. In the center of the table was a boy in yellow oil skins fishing. The line was attached to a live lobster, and in the tiny tank on the table, banked with moss, fishes and lobsters swam about.

As the members and guests entered the room the exclamation was almost unanimous: "Boy, you've got a bite!"

The menu card, from the cocktail to the coffee, had a reference to almost every one present, the coupling of names with food making for a smile.

Churchill Hungerford presided and announced the gift of a solid silver cup worth \$1,000, which is to be a perpetual trophy to encourage the art of surf casting. The cup is offered by the Ocean City Fishing Club for a competition.

Joseph Champion, Mayor of Ocean City, was the guest of honor. The cup is to be competed for in the second week in August of each year; the contest is to consist of teams of five men from each club that wishes to compete; largest aggregate score to win; the cup to remain in possession of winning club for following season, and the next competition to be held on their grounds, each of winning contestants to receive a gold medal and names engraved on cup.

Addresses were also made by a representative of each club as to its progress and plans.

It was decided to hold the annual meeting of the association the second Saturday in November annually.

Rules and regulations affecting the tournaments were adopted, and special privileges were allowed whereby a member holding a record could enter a tournament in the exhibition, and if he should exceed his former cast in same it should establish a record.

Dates for the casting tournaments were assigned to the different clubs.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Elvin C. Burtis of Asbury Park; vice-president, Dr. Carleton Simon of Midland Beach, and secretary, Hartie I. Phillips of Asbury Park. Commodore Kurtz of Midland Beach was appointed official record keeper.

These clubs were represented: Angling Club of New York, Dr. Raynor, Messrs. Spencer and Muller; Midland Beach Fishing Club, Dr. Simon, Commodore Kurtz and Mr. Fech, Ocean and Stream Fishing Club of Newark, Messrs. Webb and Pottier; Ocean City Fishing Club Messrs. Hungerford and McGinnis; Belmar Fishing Club, the Newman brothers, and the Asbury Park Fishing Club, Messrs. Burtis, Corson and Phillips.

HARTIE I. PHILLIPS.

Manhattan, April 10.



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Cobbossecontee Outlet

The fishing is of the finest, the water abounding with salmon, trout and the gamey black bass, the former to be taken until the first of June, the latter from June 20. There are also White Perch and Pickerel.

Terms—\$2.00 per day and up. \$10.00 to \$18.00 per week, and up.

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Post Office Address, R. F. D. 8
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The GREAT WACHEESHOO RIVER to Lease for 1916

On the North Shore of the St. Lawrence. A four rod river. Comfortable Club House with open fire place and four bed rooms. Separate dining room and kitchen, house for guides, snow house, etc. Rentals, \$1,200 for season, usually from June 15th to July 15th, includes use of boats and equipment. Spring beds and mattresses. In 1915, three rods killed 226 Salmon in 13 fishing days.

Address A. A. Adams, 101 West 78th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Algonquin Provincial Park, Ontario's

2,500,000 acre forest and game preserve, is a virgin Lakeland of 2,000 lakes and streams comparatively unfished. Rare opportunities for live game photography. 2,000 feet elevation. Immune from hay fever.

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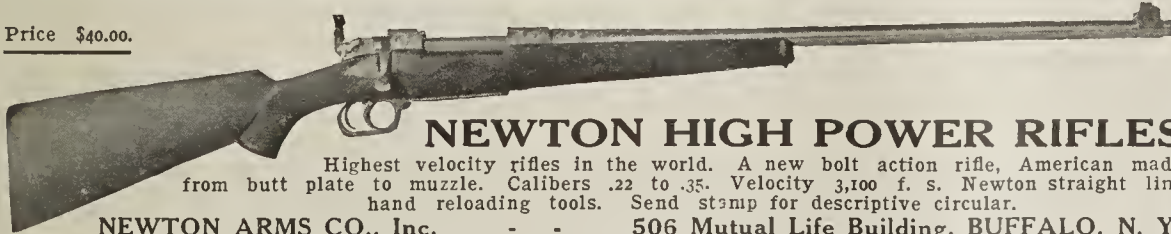
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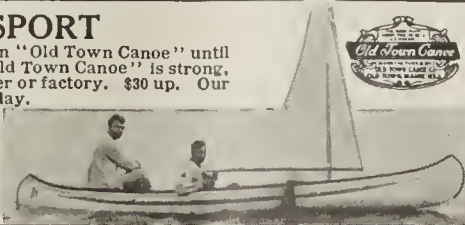
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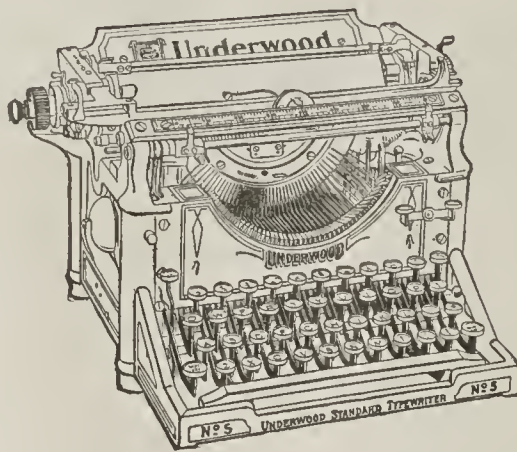
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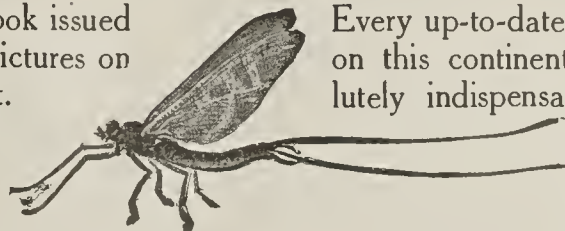
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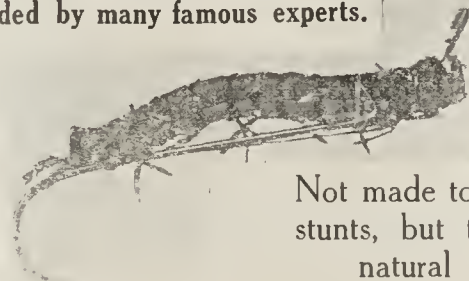
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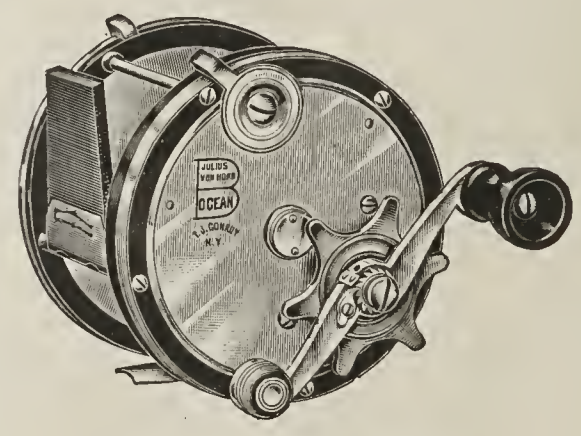
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SUMMER TROUTING IN NOVA SCOTIA

IN THIS FAVORED REGION YOU CAN TAKE FONTINALIS AS A FRESH WATER FISH OR AS A RETURNING VISITOR FROM THE SEA

By Ellwood Colahan.

TAKEN section by section or in its entirety, it would be equally difficult to find a more charming setting for the exercise of this favorite sport than Nova Scotia affords. From Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island on the north to Yarmouth County on the south, there stretches a practically uninterrupted area of lakes and streams, a veritable maze of connecting or almost connecting waters all of which without exception, as far as the writer is aware, are inhabited by at least one species of trout. Similarly a wonderfully divergent and interesting country greets the explorer on every hand. It is true that with the exception of a few spots like the Annapolis valley and parts of Prince Edward Island which are under cultivation, practically the entire province is a continuous wilderness. This in itself, however, cannot but add to the allurements of trout fishing as well as to its permanent excellence, and when the rugged beauty of the Bras d'Or and the southwest shore or the picturesque charm of the barrens and forests of the east has once got into your blood, it will, I think, be as difficult for you to keep away from Nova Scotia trout-fishing as it would be for me.

But in spite of the uniform excellence of both the quantity and quality of the Nova Scotia fishing, there is here as elsewhere a great choice in times and places. There are also various local conditions that can only be met by local experience, and this is perhaps more true of this unique little peninsula than of any place with which the writer is familiar. It is such matters as these that I wish briefly to touch upon here, hoping that the benefit of a number of happy years spent in the Nova Scotia woods may be of some benefit in adding to the enjoyment of others less familiar with that delightful country.

In the first place Nova Scotia can not be said to be as remarkable for the size of its trout as for their numbers. There are certainly localities like the Rangeleys in Maine, some of the rivers of the north shore of Lake Superior and many of the streams of Labrador, Newfoundland and New Brunswick, where trout unquestionably attain a greater size than those in Nova Scotia, but, on the other hand, it would be hard indeed to find a district where trout are more

numerous. Some of the inland lakes of the province which are inaccessible to the larger towns and villages, must indeed contain fabulous numbers of trout. In the spring of the year they may



The Rugged Character of the Nova Scotia Scenery Is a Constant Source of Delight to the Visitor.

often be taken in twos and threes at every cast until the angler (or fisherman) is satiated with the sport.

But of course such luck need not be expected on the beaten track (for even Nova Scotia now

has its beaten tracks and is constantly getting more of them), nor off it for that matter, unless the proper season is chosen.

And this leads us to perhaps the most important of all questions connected with trout fishing—the matter of the season when the wilful little beauties will take it into their heads to rise to the fly.

It has been wisely noted by no less an authority than Sir Isaac himself, that fishes and ladies are worthy of comparison, and among the many points which they have in common, such as being cold blooded and difficult to catch, not the least noticeable is the settled rule that they are not actuated by reason, and one never knows exactly what they will do or why they will do it.

Unquestionably, as far as purely fresh water brook trout are concerned, the New England angler will find his experiences duplicated in Nova Scotia, excepting always that at any time he will find more fish in Nova Scotia. From the "going out" of the ice in April to the middle of June is the gala season. May is perhaps the most all round satisfactory month. From the middle of June to the middle of August, things slacken up decidedly, and altho there are many places where trout may always be taken, the fishing in most places is confined to high water, stormy days, or places where cold brooks and springs empty into the larger and warmer waters. Usually between the middle of August and the first of September, the trout which have to a great extent sought only the deeper and cooler places, begin to look to the surface again for their prey, roused by the cooling water and the instinct of propagation which must be fortified by food. Indeed, the September fishing is frequently almost as good as that in the early spring; and it may be taken for granted that the wonderful beauty of the woods in either season will form no small portion of any angler's enjoyment.

But for the great majority of men the most available vacation time is the mid-summer season from the middle of June to the end of August. This is peculiarly unfortunate for the trout fisherman who finds himself almost the only sportsman unrepresented in the great annual migration to shore, mountain and stream. But he must either have spent his vacation thigh deep in the



The Shortness of the Streams in Their Rush to the Sea Makes Canoeing a Hard Job Except on Lake Waters.

chilly brooks of April, or else he must postpone it for the equally chilly and perhaps somewhat questionable phenomenon known to the trade as the "September Rise." As I have said, it is a fact rather than an hypothesis that the brook trout in the United States and to a great extent in Canada, flatly refuse to rise to the fly during these beautiful mid-summer months, save on the rarest and most unexpected occasions; and this coupled with the fact that our local trout season usually expires around the middle of July, explains only too well the depressing condition of the average trout fisherman—who is uninitiated.

I say uninitiated because there is at least one alternative open to any man who will listen to facts, and by this I do not mean a mere substitute or expedient, but rather such trout fishing as would appeal to the most aesthetic and fastidious dilettante who ever wet a fly. I am referring to the so-called Canadian "sea-trout," in reality our own familiar *Salvelinus Fontinalis* who, as Mr. Shakespeare so prettily and aptly quotes, has

"Suffered a sea change
Into something rare and strange."

Inexplicable as most of the doings and habits of the sea-trout are, it will suffice us here to state formally that he is no more than a sailor brook trout with a red-blooded lust for the sea which he visits in the spring, returning in June and July to ascend his home river in the pink of condition. He is then in the very height of his season during those usually unprofitable months of July and August, and may be taken in fresh water in the same way and under similar conditions as the brook-trout.

As a game fish the sea-trout, if anything, is more of a scrapper even than his fresh water cousin. The salt of the ocean turns him a bright iridescent silvery color and seems to invest him at the same time with a marvellously abundant supply of energy and pluck. In June the sea-trout may be caught in the salt water near the mouths of the rivers on bright flies, and by trolling with a minnow. As the season progresses the fish gradually ascend the stream in several "runs" so that by late September they are well up in the spawning grounds. In July and August, however, they may usually be caught along almost the entire stream.

The sea-trout average perhaps somewhat heavier than the brook-trout in Nova Scotia, fish of two or three pounds being quite common on many of the rivers. They are marvellously abundant if you strike them, but are quite dependent on weather conditions, especially the height of the water. After a rain is invariably the best time for sea trout in the hot season just as it is for salmon. I have seen the water under such conditions literally boiling with great lusty fel-

lows, fresh run from the sea with bright silver coats, and bodies ice cold and hard as a rock. A bit of moss thrown on the surface would immediately cause three or four of them to leap clear of the water in their mad efforts to appease their apparently insatiable appetites.

In addition to the sea-trout, the genus *Christivomer* (the gray like trout) flourishes in many of the larger lakes of Nova Scotia together with a rather peculiar species of landlocked salmon frequently referred to by the natives as "grayling." These deep water fish, however, are usually caught on the troll here as elsewhere, and present no particularly novel or interesting problems of local significance.

There is one general rule quite peculiar to Nova Scotia, as far as I know and applying to both brook- and sea-trout fishing that I think should be referred to here. It is a rule that most persons learn only through experience because it is a thing that would naturally occur to nobody, experienced anglers on other waters being especially apt to go astray. This is the rule that ordinary pools between rapids in the running bed of the stream practically never contain trout (except a few small fry). This is because small Nova Scotia streams almost universally contain long deep stretches which are known as "still waters," where the stream winds in and out among the marsh lands and barrens with a barely perceptible current. In these places, strangely enough the sizeable trout, both brook and sea will almost exclusively be found. It is absolutely a waste of time to fish the pools no matter how seductive they may look. Ten to one you will put this to the test and ten to one you'll be sorry for the time you wasted. Of course in the larger rivers there are often no still waters, but neither are there usually any trout worth getting after.

This principle may not be effective in Prince Edward Island and a few other places, but it is certainly general elsewhere.

It is another point worthy of note that as indicated above, the larger streams and salmon rivers are not usually good for trout (unlike many of the New Brunswick salmon rivers). The best places for brook-trout are nearly always the smaller tributaries and particularly the head waters of river and lake systems where there are plenty of "stills." The best places for sea-trout are the short unobstructed streams flowing directly into the sea, rather than the tributaries of the larger rivers. This is undoubtedly true of Nova Scotia, although it does not apply to most other places where the sea-trout frequently collect in the lower branches of the larger rivers.

Actually to list the places in Nova Scotia where good trout fishing can be had would be a task too severe for the limited purposes of this article. A few of the districts where the writer has actu-

ally enjoyed good sport must suffice. Thus for brook-trout the head waters of the Tusket River in the south, the great Rosignol system reached from Liverpool and the Medway on the southwest and the vast bodies of lakes stretching from Halifax to Guysboro are all localities which it would pay any angler to visit.

For sea-trout there is scarcely a little river emptying into the salt water between Halifax and Guysboro which does not plentifully provide them. Likewise, west of Halifax there are many good sea-trout streams, but they do not equal the wilder and better stocked streams of the east, though the latter are, of course, less accessible. Often very fair salmon fishing may be had at the same time when one is after trout, and this is particularly true of the larger sea-trout rivers, nearly all of which contain some salmon. For this reason it is well for the angler to equip himself with an outfit elastic enough to kill a salmon and play a trout. This can usually be provided simply and surely by having plenty of thin linen line backed to your casting line of enameled silk, so that in cases of emergency a run of fifty or sixty yards may be anticipated and met. Otherwise the experienced fly fisher will find that his outfit will probably serve him in as good stead in Nova Scotia as anywhere else. Indeed the unsophisticated and aboriginal Canadian trout is far easier to seduce as a rule than the finicky and comparatively speaking anaemic specimens which we have at home. When "they are rising" they will take practically anything that moves. I have slain scores of fish on such anomalous monstrosities as the Ibis and the Alexandria, though I think that a much greater meet of success has been due to the more subdued and life-like patterns.

Brown is nearly always an effective color, especially with a glint of red or tinsel. The brown hackle with a red body and the cinnamon and cowdung are nearly always effective. Also claret colored flies are often great killers, like the Montreal and grouse and claret. Sometimes that good old couple, the silver doctor and parmacenee belle are the best flies on the stream. As is usually the case, the choice of a fly is a question to be met and decided on the facts of each actual occasion, and talk doesn't really help very much.

Similarly, in Nova Scotia, it isn't necessary to use drawn gut and No. 14 hooks which are rapidly becoming "the thing" on English and American streams. Instead, the old reliable Nos. 7 to 12 will catch all the fish you will care to keep and leave a few over besides. Of course you can have your leaders as gauzy as you like, the gauzier the better, for that matter, but it isn't really necessary.

A good ten foot rod will be found serviceable and any old reel will answer which doesn't "foul."

Landing nets are always unsportsmanlike abominations in the writer's humble opinion, and especially is this so in the wilderness where they are merely something more to carry and are always tearing in the bushes and, anyhow, you can get plenty of fish without 'em. An extra long creel isn't a bad addition, however, for even when it isn't holding extra long fish there are lots of other things which it will hold.

The rest of your outfit, of course, depends absolutely on your taste and on where you are going. If you intend to foot it along one of the eastern rivers, it means "going light" through a fiendishly rough country with maybe a three pound lean to, a bit of a hatchet and accessories in proportion. If on the other hand you mean to put up at one of the well appointed camps of the southwest shore, you may limit your outfit only by your conscience, and take along anything, from your mandolin to your wife.

To some people the charm of angling consists in going out on short tramps day by day and returning each evening to a comfortable lodging. To others the only joy commensurate with their more strenuous natures is a rough and tumble grapple with nature in one of her most Tom-boyish moods. To all Nova Scotia will prove a haven and a delight, and above all, a place where fish may not only be talked about and lied about, but actually caught.

EVOLUTION OF BLACK BASS ANGLING

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS," WHOSE EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF THE BLACK BASS FOR FORTY YEARS HAVE NOT BEEN IN VAIN

By Dr. James Alexander Henshall.

THIS article, as its title suggests, will be rather retrospective, and somewhat personal, as it is written more especially for the information of the angler whose experience dates back no further than the last decade or two.

Forest and Stream was founded in 1873. Previous to that date none of the angling authors as Brown, Herbert, Norris or Scott, seemingly, ever caught a black bass; consequently, that fish either was not mentioned or was given but a few remarks quoted from other sources. Their books were devoted mostly to salmon, trout and salt-water fishing. Robert B. Roosevelt, however, in 1862 and 1865, in his two books on fishing in the Great Lakes and Canada, gave a few pages to black bass fishing in that region, but mostly in regard to trolling.

When *Forest and Stream* was founded the black bass was confined to its original habitat in the Mississippi Valley, Great Lake region and the south Atlantic states, except those that found their way through the Erie canal to the Hudson river. A few had been planted in ponds in the New England states from New York waters, and a few were also put in the upper Potomac river from West Virginia. The United States Fish Commission had been established a year before, 1872, but had not begun their distribution to new waters.

As the black bass is native only to North America the early English colonists of the southern states, in lieu of any other name, called the large-mouth black bass "trout," as a tribute to its gameness, and perhaps as a reminder of the trout of their native land. But however that may be, it is known as "trout" to this day throughout the southern states. A bird cannot fly so far but its tail follows it, and in this instance it seems a fish is amenable to the homely adage.

About 1800 M. Bosc, a French naturalist, sent a drawing and description of the South Carolina large-mouth bass to the eminent ichthyologist, Lacepede, of Paris, who subsequently obtained specimens of both species of black bass. He was the first to bestow scientific names on both the large-mouth and small-mouth bass in 1802. Then the American naturalists and a few foreign ones got busy, and from 1817 to 1880 nearly fifty Greek and Latin names were proposed by them for the two species of black bass. This embarrassment of riches and confusion of nomenclature existed until 1881, when, in the "Book of the Black Bass," I restored the prior names of Lacepede, and by which they are known to-day.

The first account of black bass fishing of which I have any knowledge is that of the Philadelphia naturalist, Bartram, who in the narrative of one of his botanical expeditions to Florida, before the American Revolution, described "bobbing" for black bass by the natives of that state. Thirty years ago and since I have seen the operation exactly as related by the old botanist.

"Bobbing" is a very rude and primitive mode of angling, if it can be called such, but it is very successful as to results. A man seated in the stern of a boat paddles it noiselessly along the fringe of lily-pads and water-lettuce, while the fisherman in the bow handles a rod or pole 18 to 20 feet long with a line of two or three feet, on the end of which is the "bob," consisting of a triangle of hooks covered by a piece of deer's tail and a strip of red cloth. This is "bobbed" on the surface of the water occasionally, and then held a few inches above it until it is grabbed by a black bass, which is hauled in unceremoniously, and so on—*ad libitum, ad nauseam and ad finem.*

In the early day mentioned the end perhaps

justified the means, but "bobbing" can hardly be included in the category of legitimate sports, though it is just one remove from the practice of yanking the large-mouth bass from the lily-pads with a five-foot rod and a wooden minnow bristling with a dozen cheap hooks.

I have not been able to find any account of black bass fishing by the early English settlers, but coming from the land hallowed by the memory of Izaak Walton, they doubtless became ard-



Dr. James A. Henshall, "Father" of the Black Bass, and a Distinguished Writer on Angling Topics.

ent anglers for the large-mouth bass under the name of "trout."

At the time when Bosc sent the drawing of the large-mouth bass to Paris, in 1800, the anglers of the "blue grass" section of Kentucky were practicing black bass fishing as an art. As no suitable rod was obtainable at that time, they used from 8 to 10 feet of the top end of the smallest native cane, weighing from 3 to 5 ounces. Such a rod was pliant and resilient, with an action not unlike the stiff fly rod now employed for dry fly fishing.

They used the single-action reel, purchased or hand-made, which was lashed to the butt of the cane rod, until the multiplying reel was invented and made by George Snyder, of Paris, Ky., about 1805, and later by other expert watchmakers of central Kentucky. As the supply of these reels became augmented its use soon became common with the bass anglers of Kentucky, southern Ohio and Indiana. To this reel more than to any other appliance, is due the subsequent popularity of black bass angling. As evidence of its adaptation to the work required, it has held its supremacy for a century.

For many years after this period there was no other important advance made in black bass fishing, and anglers were forced, as I was, to make their own rods. The only tackle available was that made for salmon, trout and salt-water fishing.

Forty years ago, or to be exact, in 1875, I began a series of articles in *Forest and Stream* on black bass angling, in order to place it on a higher plane of sportsmanship by the use of more suitable and efficient tackle. The methods and appliances in use were inadequate, and not in accord with the true spirit of angling as compared with salmon and trout fishing. The only article made especially for bass fishing at the time mentioned was the Kentucky reel, though the Buell spoon, with a single hook, was employed in trolling for black bass on wide waters in certain states, but it was made more especially for pickerel fishing in western New York.

At that time the trout fly-rod was 12 feet long and heavy in proportion. It was even a matter of controversy in the columns of *Forest and Stream*, as to whether or not the black bass would rise to the fly, although fly-fishing for bass was in vogue with a few Kentucky anglers half a century before. I have in my collection a click reel, dated 1848, made and used by Mr. J. L. Sage, of Frankfort, Ky., one of the old Kentucky reel makers.

There was no rod constructed solely for black bass fishing, except one used on Lake Erie and called the Maginnis rod, 12 feet long and weighing 18 ounces. One of my articles in *Forest and Stream*, in 1875, gave the dimensions and specifications for a minnow-casting rod, 8 feet and 3 inches long, and from 7 to 8 ounces in weight. My own rod of this pattern was made by Leonard and was 8 feet in length and 6 ounces in weight. A demand was soon created for the "Henshall" rod, as it was called by the manufacturers, and for twenty years it was a favorite with anglers generally. The main idea embodied in this rod was the function of playing and landing the fish in a sportsmanlike manner, in addition to its fine casting quality and superb action and balance.

About 1890 some anglers of the middle west began to use a 6-foot rod for casting a frog in weedy waters, but this shortening of the rod impaired its usefulness in playing a fish, and the fine action of the 8¼-foot rod was lost. When bait-casting tournaments became more popular, still shorter rods were employed, and with good effect in casting overhead for both distance and accuracy; but, unfortunately, the short tournament rod of 4 to 6 feet began to be used for black bass fishing by those who knew of nothing better. This use engendered, naturally, a demand for artificial baits, which finally culminated in the wooden minnow, or "plug," as it is called, bristling with a dozen cheap hooks.

It is to be hoped that with the progress of evolution this craze will eventually die a natural death, and that those who use the short rod and wooden minnow will become convinced of the error of their way, and of the questionable character of the sport, and join the ranks of true anglers, and adopt the use of more suitable and elegant tackle. Extremes sometimes meet, as in this instance, where the long pole of the "bob" fisher has met the short stick of the "plug" fisher.

And now, in this year of our Lord, 1916, after the lapse of a century, we find that the black bass has come into its heritage and is acknowledged, inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims; has regained its birthright of baptismal names; has a local habitation and proper name in every state of the Union and in some foreign countries; and that more articles of tackle are made for its capture than for all other game fishes combined; and that it is being extensively propagated in many federal and state hatcheries. It is to be devoutly wished that this cheerful and hopeful state of affairs will continue, world without end.



These Are the Fellows Who Have the Best Chances to Find Prizes, But Canoeists Are Generally Too Busy to Think of Such Things.

FRESH WATER PEARL HUNTING

HOW MANY FORTUNES HAVE YOU TRAMPED UNDER FOOT ON FISHING EXCURSIONS? A FASCINATING PURSUIT WITH PROSPECT OF RICH REWARD

By John Bernard O'Sullivan.

STEP into your jeweler's, ask the price of a marble-sized fresh-water pearl, free from flaws, and you will come to realize the treasure trove that is beneath the surface of almost every stream east of the Rocky Mountains.

Although we have gathered almost the very last unit of fur, fin and feather, combed the mountain and the bowels of the earth for metals and jewels, and exhausted other horns of plenty, we have, figuratively speaking, traveled a path of pearl to a goal of jade.

The fresh-water pearl is a mystery. Some authorities claim it originates from a grain of sand, or other foreign matter, becoming fast in the mantle—a thin strip of meat lightly fastened to the inside outer edge of each half clam-shell—but this is very doubtful.

The streams of America harbor five hundred varieties of clams, or mussels, and nearly all produce pearl to some extent.

In some parts of our country, notably along the Mississippi and its tributaries, pearling has long been an industry of importance, but the treasure beds yet to be prospected are the shallow streams that are too small for the professional pearly, for in these it is impossible to use boats to take the cleaned shells to market.

The shells bring as high as thirty dollars per ton for certain kinds, but it is not the easiest thing in the world to collect them along small streams, on account of the numerous fences, poor roadways and hostile landlords.

The writer has hunted pearls off and on for thirty years, both as a pastime and for the remuneration it is sure to bring to anyone supplied with an average amount of luck, determination and elbow grease.

Let us suppose we are going into a fairly shallow stream to search. We will suppose a stream of several feet in depth winds across the meadows and fields and is paved with mollusks, commonly called clams.

We must dress for the occasion. As it is June,

July or August, slip on an old pair of overalls, a has-been shirt, a pair of all-in shoes and a thousand-mile hat.

In your pockets you should have a small cloth or leather pouch to put your finds in, a jack knife and a dozen rabbits' feet—if you believe in them.

Now go out to the buggy-shed, get the garden rake and we are all ready for the stroll to the creek. Roll your trouser legs up and ply the rake to and fro on the deep side of the stream. Unless you're in a rock-bottomed creek, the rake will jump and ring when you pass over a clam, as the majority of them are buried deep in the sand, little showing but the tip of one end.

When you find a shell, toss it to the shallow side; then, just before you begin to open them, gather them into a pile and sit on the bank while reaping your harvest.

Insert the knife blade in each end of every shell and thus sever the muscles that hold them closed. Now, pull the big, hard, center meat out and look for gems in the thick ends of the inch-wide strips of animal matter you will find on the inside outer edge of every half shell.

Very simple, is it not? Your very first mussel-shell may yield a gem worth a king's salary; but it is not uncommon for pearl fishers to find nothing of value in a whole summer's toil.

It seems to be a fact that small rivers and creeks turn out more pearls per ton than the same grade of shell yields from the great streams; and, right here is a chance for thousands of men and boys to make money during the hot season, when trapping is a thing impossible and many of us have time to throw at the wilds.

In all the world there is no more fascinating work than pearl hunting, not even gold mining offers the fascination and profit that comes to those who look for the queen of gems. When the White River of Arkansas was found to be full of beautiful and valuable pearls in 1879, the people for miles around turned out *en masse* to look for the mystic gems.

About \$400,000 worth of them were taken out and turned to cash that very summer.

In deep waters, clams are brought to the surface by dragging a dozen or more 3-pronged hooks on the bed of the stream from a boat that is drifted down stream crosswise of the current. When clams feed, they open toward the up current and stand on end, being only partly buried in the sand or mud.

When a prong of a barbless hook enters a shell it closes thereon like a vise, as you'll readily agree should you ever be so unfortunate as to have one hug one of your digits.

Dozens of pearls are found every summer that bring \$500 each, while the number that bring \$50 each will probably run into the thousands. The perfect pearl should be perfectly round, free from pits, knobs, discolored spots and dull sheen. The only thing I can compare a fresh water pearl to is the moon, when it is full, and rides in the cobalt heavens, like a bubble from a fairy child's meerschaum.

No one but an expert can tell whether your find has value or not. When pearls attain a certain size they die, rot and crumble. It sometimes happens that a fisherman will get hold of one that is just beginning to die, then his hopes of a valuable find receive a trip-hammer caress amidships.

For the sportsman in poor health, pearl hunting offers recreation, health and wealth, and when we learn that the half million dollars' worth of gems taken from American rivers, creeks and lakes can easily be made to reach ten times that figure, we can see the possibilities for revenue that are almost in our back yard.

Why, a friend of mine banked eleven hundred dollars made from pearls he found last summer!

And this in his leisure time. Others there are that found nothing; it is like everything else—a dash of work, a caddy of elbow grease, and a thousand tons of luck!

EVOLUTION OF BAIT ANGLING

WORMS, LIVE BAIT, WOODEN MINNOWS, PLUGS, AND NATURAL IMITATION LURES DISCUSSED BY AN AUTHORITATIVE WRITER

By Louis Rhead.

HOW vividly I can remember in my childish days the sage advice my old grandad gave, "never kill your worm by hooking it—a kicking worm to a trout is like a red rag to a bull." The wise old man must have been familiar with gentle Izaak's counsel: "hook your frog as if you loved him."

As a method, worm fishing for a time in this country is almost dead. Even the kiddies now pride themselves on being dry-fly anglers—at least they make the attempt. As a fine art worm fishing here was never even understood in its perfection—much less practiced, like the great Scotch angler, W. C. Stewart, claimed it could be. And to-day, were it not that I have many objections to the use of worms (chief of which is the universal habit of trout gorging them, making it impossible to unhook the many small fish without murdering them) I am confident that a careful scientific study as to means and tackle would produce a more deadly effect on trout than any other enticing lure, in any season or conditions. And the same is true of live minnows, equally deadly as a bait, if properly handled in a scientific way. While worms are just as plentiful as in the old days, minnows are becoming scarcer every season. Indeed, every live bait for bass and trout, because of its scarcity, is better left alone, that game fishes may feed to thrive and grow big. Many signs point straight to the wisdom of present day popularity of artificial lures, good, bad and indifferent. The discerning angler will do well to make a distinction between what is now sold, and ask himself, would he, were he a fish, be likely to grab most of the lures now sold. It is natural to suppose that anglers want to catch big fish, and plenty of them, but if they will stop to think a while, they will rightly conclude that some lures now are doing incalculable damage to the sport of the future. Not only the unnatural appearance of these baits works harm, but the three, four, and five monster treble-hooks will in time defeat of itself the object of which we desire, viz.: ideal sport, humane fair play—methods whereby the angler and his quarry are equal in a fight.

Suppose we do lose a fish on a single-hook lure; we surely have the advantage, for we know where the fish abides and we may try again. But the truth is, we do not lose a fish any more on a single hook than on a double or treble. Judging from the cuts displayed in old books forty years ago, we see that flies, spoons and lures were exceedingly attractive. Handmade by expert anglers, though crude in form and color, they did attempt and succeeded in imitating live baits fairly well. We know they caught fish and big ones, too, in bygone days. It is quite true there were more fish and fewer anglers. But that is the very reason why, to get the best re-

sults, we should endeavor to improve instead of deteriorating in our use of lures for game fishes, and not evolve backwards.

I well remember, twenty-five years ago, how the plug lure began its career in the western states. It grew rapidly in popularity and I admit it still remains so. Whether its changing form and color will continue from year to year as in the past, remains to be seen. It all depends upon what the future angling sportsman does really consider legitimate sport, and if such lures still continue to attract fish.

What makes trout superior to bass as a game fish is the former's aristocratic preference for

better angling methods imperative; if not, we shall find fish and fishing no good whatever.

The evolution of artificial baits is not going to be the invention of one man, or many men at one time, but rather a gradual development through various stages to a sane sportsmanlike method, worked on the basic principle of exact imitation of game fish food in form and color, capable of being made by the angler and the manipulation of his rod tip to act alive in the water exactly similar to the way all fish food does in its natural element. The spoon as a lure has had its day, simply because its use was confined to trolling, the least scientific method in angling. The progenitor of the plug was casting the bacon rind or pieces of fish cut to shape intending to imitate the belly of a fish, a very good method still in practice, and very effective for pike and pickerel. Nevertheless, a primitive method and not so effective for bass, and trout not at all. Spinning the artificial minnow for trout is a poor and ineffective method, possibly due to the minnows being so unlike nature.

By comparison with the live minnow (even if dead, yet fresh) the artificial trout minnow is often worthless. When properly played in right places, the natural minnow is at all times a safe and deadly lure for trout as well as for bass, indeed for all game fishes. For that and many other undisputed reasons, what I claim to be an advance in the right direction is that the best lure is one that imitates the minnow exactly in form, color and action in the water, and the same may be said of other imitations of live baits, frogs, crawfish, helgramites. The few artificial nature lures that illustrate this article are beyond question true to life in form and color. With an artistic manipulation of the rod tip they can easily be made to act exactly like a living bait, so the angler has an interest in the game of a double, treble value. He is provided with an imperishable, almost indestructible line, his fishing ideals are higher, more artistic, and his bait acts as a lure instead of to scare his quarry.

It might on the face appear presumptive for one angler to assume all the rest were practising inferior methods. But if the thoughtful angler

(Continued on page 988.)



Drawn by Louis Rhead for Forest and Stream
Grand Dad's First Lesson on Worm Fishing.

flies and minnows, with a sort of disdain for such a peculiar article of food as plugs appear to be at the present time. No trout has ever yet been known to strike at a bass plug. No trout lure has been invented that could take the place of artificial flies, live minnows and worms. I am sure the right fly has not been evolved that is even approximately successful to entice the gaudy bass. Neither are the present bass lures worthy to compare with other modern innovations. When such are produced and in general use, it may perhaps not result in many more fish captured, but it certainly will be a more agreeable pastime and a much higher style of fishing that tends to greater pleasure in the sport.

The dry-fly method was not the invention of one man, but rather a gradual development of centuries. Izaak Walton advocated it. He said, "drop your fly softly on the surface and let it float." When we consider the Jock Scott salmon fly was invented by a common gillie or guide sixty years ago, and that no salmon fly has since been made to equal it, or near so good, we do not wonder that improvement has been made in other details of our craft in later years. All the same, conditions rapidly change, not for the better, by any means. The growth of sporting enthusiasts, the rapid advance of civilization in and near virgin waters—the cutting of trees, and serious accumulation of pollution, make new and



This is Published Simply to Show How Near to Nature the Artificial Frog Appears.



Artificial Nature Frog as It Appears in Water—
Artificial Nature Minnow Which Has Captured—
Three Different Species of Tint, Bass and Wall Eye.



A Mammoth Wild Turkey.
Photograph of 34-Pound Turkey After Having Been Carefully Mounted.



Editor *Forest and Stream*:

You may wish to publish an account of killing one of the largest wild turkeys that has ever been shot in eastern United States. This big gobbler was killed on the property of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club in western Maryland on the 18th of last December by Mr. Henry P. Bridges, the secretary of the club. He had called the turkey to him in the open woods. I know of no one who can call wild turkeys with such skill as Mr. Bridges. His imitation of their different calls is really wonderful. He can literally "talk to them."

When the bird was brought in he was carefully weighed and measured by Mr. Bridges, Mr. Charles M. Lea of Philadelphia, Mr. L. Wethered Barroll of Baltimore, and myself. His measurements were 5 feet 4½ inches from tip of bill to tip of tail and between 36 and 37 inches around the body. He weighed slightly over 34 pounds. As might be expected, the legs and feet of the turkey were almost abnormally large. Several of the toes, which were almost as large as my thumb, had great corns on them, undoubtedly due to the weight of the bird. Compared with the wild turkey of the eastern United States, the legs of this gobbler seemed rather short. Curiously enough, we all agreed that the turkey, judging from his spurs and general appearance, was not a very old bird.

Mr. Bridges presented the bird to me and I have had him mounted by Mr. D. McCadden, of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. This great turkey has the exact markings of Merriam's turkey of the Cordillera of Mexico, a form named after the distinguished biologist, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of Washington, D. C. The reason that the turkey has not the usual markings of the common wild turkey of Pennsylvania, Maryland and the eastern United States is because Mr. Bridges purchased a number of years ago six or eight turkeys from Mexico and turned them loose on the club property. It would seem that while we find them in the flocks with other

wild turkeys they have yet bred true, an interesting ornithological fact. Mr. Bridges informed me that about one-half of the turkeys killed on the property have the markings and plumage of the Merriam type and the other half have the markings and plumage of the wild turkey of the eastern United States. The iridescence of the plumage of this turkey, killed by Mr. Bridges last December, is remarkable, especially in the light given by the evening sun when it shines directly upon the breast or sides of the mounted bird.

It is my intention to present this fine specimen to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia so that it may be preserved for the admiration of men yet to be born. Dr. Whitmer Stone, of the Academy, one of the leading ornithologists of America, if not of the world, tells me that he had never seen a turkey which approached this gobbler in size. Fortunately he carefully examined him before he was skinned, and brought down from the museum a skin of one of Merriam's turkeys in order that we might compare the two birds, feather for feather. It was soon seen that there was practically no variation excepting that of size, the turkey which was killed by Mr. Bridges being enormously larger than the Mexican specimen. Dr. Stone told me there could be no doubt that this big bird was descended from this particular variety of Mexican turkey. He told me at the time that there are three varieties of Mexican turkey. One inhabits the low lands near Vera Cruz, from which he told me all of the domestic turkeys of the world are descended, since this was the turkey that the early Spanish explorers took back to Spain. Second, a turkey which is found in northern Mexico along the Rio Grande, and third, Merriam's turkey which is found in the Cordillera and ranges into New Mexico and Arizona.

I take pleasure in sending you herewith for reproduction in your paper a photograph of the bird as mounted, but it can give you no idea of the beauty of his plumage or of his great size.

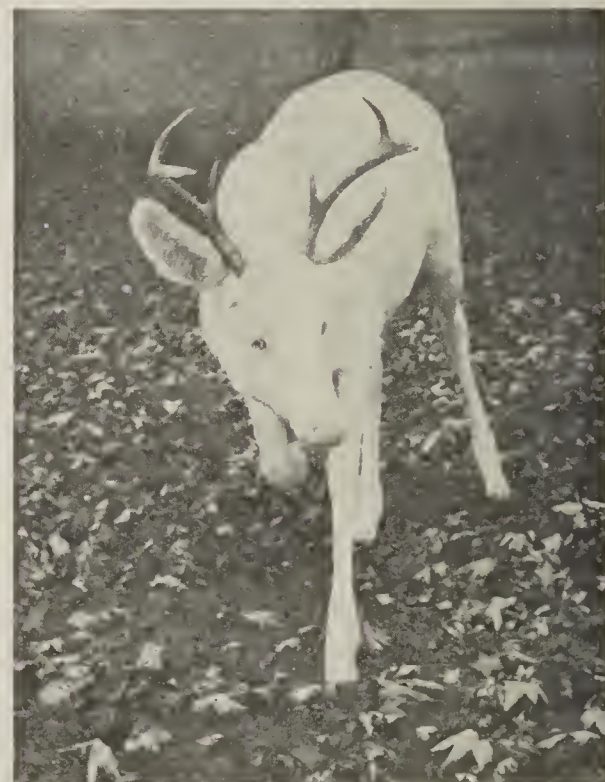
DANIEL MOREAU BARRINGER.

THE EVOLUTION OF BAIT ANGLING.

(Continued from page 987.)

will consider the writer has for thirty years made it his exclusive business to study at first hand the varied modes of capture of all game fishes, marine and fresh water, he will perceive his knowledge must be greater than that of the average angler with but a few weeks' annual vacation at his disposal for his favorite recreation. One makes it a business and life study; the other a short recreative pastime, not of study, but solely to capture fish.

The erratic nature of the black bass is a difficult problem yet to be solved. Every angler that is intimate with this game fish knows, as I do, that it is very often disinclined to respond to any artificial line, and its habits vary a great deal in different waters. The reason why we do not know. Many times we go where bass are known to be, both in lake and stream, to find them unresponsive. Why is it? The answer is, aside from live bait, the universal perfect lure has not been made—a lure so good as to get a strike, at any time of day, in any weather or season, and equally good in lake or stream. I venture to predict this lure, to attain such a desired result, will prove to be an artificial minnow. If among the different artificial minnows I have made, there are none that demonstrate the perfection required, I shall go on working till I get one that does. If exact imitations of live minnows will not give the result, then we must try till they will. I really believe, with a true imitation nature minnow, the trouble is not using the right method of playing it, and we shall soon find out the best method when thousands of anglers make a determined effort to gain the success we so much wish.



ANOTHER CASE OF ALBINOISM.

The cut above illustrates what is, strictly speaking a perfect albino deer. *Forest and Stream* has published in previous numbers several other illustrations and the one herewith is particularly interesting. It was mounted by R. H. Rockwell of the Brooklyn Museum. The deer was shot in Wisconsin several years ago.



Note How the Outfit Can Be Concentrated Within the Smallest Possible Bulk for Easy Carrying.

PLEASURE OF CAMPING NEAR HOME

ALMOST ANY SPOT NOT OVER AN HOUR OR TWO BY TRAIN
IS WAITING FOR YOUR OCCUPATION, AT LITTLE OR NO COST

By E. V. Connett, 3d.

HOW many of us would go camping to-morrow if we had the money to spend on an outfit and on the trip; also if we had the time? How many of us go through those catalogues again and again, picking out the tent we would like and the cooking outfit that appeals to us, and the sleeping bag we want, only to "wake up" and say, "Oh! what's the use? It all costs too much, and anyhow, when would I ever be able to get away long enough to use it!" And on the way to the office the next morning we sit in the car and figure up how many pounds "that outfit" would weigh, and how it should be packed.

Perhaps I can help some of the dreamers make their dream come true. I am quite sure I can if any of them have about fifteen dollars they can spare. The first step to be taken is to pick out a friend who wants to camp as much as you do—if such a thing is possible; he should also be blessed with about fifteen that he can spare. Then call a meeting and appoint a committee of two to visit some good sporting outfitter, either in person, or through the mail. There are many styles of tents that are all good for some particular kind of camping, but you want one that is suitable for camping near civilization; first, it must be water-proof and insect-proof; second, it must be such that can be closed up; third, the weight is not as important as if the tent were to be used in the wilderness.

As to the first point, all tents should be water-proof—and insect-proof if used during the summer. A camp near civilization is liable to have visitors at any time, both welcome and unwelcome, and therefore the tent should be one of the closed kind—not a lean-to with no front. As the near-home camp is what its name implies, the question of transportation is simple as a rule.

The tent that I would recommend for this use would be the so-called "improved canoe tent" that is a "canoe tent" with a short ridge. This tent can be erected with either an inside pole and short ridge, or with two shear poles with a short ridge suspended from them. I have such a tent, 7 x 4¾ feet, with a ground cloth sewed in, and bobbinet front, and I strongly recommend it for the work we are considering. Having the ground cloth sewed in makes the tent absolutely insect-proof in connection with the bobbinet front. A ventilator or window should be introduced into this tent; I have a ventilator at the rear end of the ridge, ventilator being covered with bobbinet, of course. The front flaps of this tent can be adjusted to either catch or ward off the wind—that is, the flaps overlap each other, and either side of the front may be used for the door, according to the wind. This tent as described, in a light green water-proof material, weighing 16½ pounds when rolled in the tent bag, costs \$13.70, including ventilation, and is a mighty good in-

vestment, sleeping two men comfortably, and more if necessary.

The cooking utensils required depend upon the man who is to use them; some fellows need all the pots and pans they can get, and others time the cooking in such a way as to get along with less. There are very serviceable sets put up by the camping outfitters for any number of people; I have a set for two made of retinned steel which costs \$3.50, weighs less than six pounds and packs up nine inches high by nine inches in diameter. I have had to add a few little items to this outfit, these items having been purchased at the five- and ten-cent store, and now, without any increase in the packed size of the set and very little increase in weight, I have a first-class cooking outfit. Buying one of these sets is undoubtedly the most economical way to get a full camp kitchen. It goes without saying that the aluminum sets, which are more expensive, are better sets, but we are figuring on a cheap but serviceable outfit, and aluminum is not for us. I might add that the set referred to consists of two cooking pots, a coffee pot, a frying pan, two of each, cups, plates, bowls, teaspoons, knives, forks and desert spoons. One pot fits inside the other to make a "dutch oven." Add to this a good quarter ax for 65 cents and you are in a position to erect your tent and build your fire.

Probably the most important item in the whole outfit is the bedding; even the man who goes to the wilderness every year will perhaps not sleep well the first night in camp, so do not be discouraged. Sleeping bags do not appeal to me for several reasons, the chief one being their price. Perhaps my scheme is as good as any considering its cost. Take a piece of water-proof canvas six feet wide by seven feet long, with grommet holes every six inches around the edge; fold it over, making a double piece 7 x 3. Lace this up all around the three open sides and you will have a water-proof browse-bag. Stuff leaves or grass into this and you have a dry, soft bed. When not in use as a bed this piece of canvas can be used for a dining fly or any other thing you wish. The reason this bed should be made of water-proof canvas is that often the leaves or grass used for stuffing are damp. One good, all wool, double blanket, costing \$4.80, should be sufficient covering unless you strike real cold weather, then you will need two blankets. The browse-bag can be made for about \$2.50. So far the total cost of the outfit is as follows:

Tent	\$13.70
Kitchen	3.50
Ax65
2 beds	5.00
2 blankets	9.60
Total	\$32.45

or about \$16.25 per man. I will not say much about the clothing needed for a near-home camping trip; all you need in this line are any old clothes, and we all have them. If you have any woolen clothes that are suitable to use on a camping trip, choose them to wear rather than cotton ones. If you get wet wearing woolen clothes you do not run so much chance of catching cold. Be sure you do not forget your woolen sweater; this you will find to be a most useful and welcome piece of clothing. If the weather turns cold at night you will find that a pair of woolen trousers and a sweater make a very comfortable pair of pajamas.

If you should get your shoes wet, and you will, do not dry them before the fire, as they will not be comfortable the next time you put them on. Fill them with hot pebbles or dry grass. I have heard it suggested that hot corn meal be used, but as most of us do not carry enough extra meal for this purpose, I do not think I would try this method.

Now just what is near-home camping? I mean a camp that is within easy distance of where you live; a place that can be reached in an hour or so by train, wagon or otherwise. A wilderness camp means Maine, Canada, or some place that costs money to get to and costs more to get away from. By getting on a train with your outfit partly carried and partly checked in the baggage car, you can reach good camping grounds within two hours of any city, and the railroad fare will not be awfully high. How many of us can think of some good place right now that we know of not far away, where we could set up camp and get fairly good fishing? Pick a place with good water near it; that is, good drinking water, if possible. If you are in doubt about the water, boil it before drinking it and you are not running much risk then. Pitch the camp on the highest, driest point you can find, and, to make doubly sure, run a trench around the tent to carry off water in case of a storm.

Perhaps a few words on the conduct of the camp—words, which are not entirely original—would be in order. First, as to the camp-fire, a very important item in every camp. In order to make a fire burn right it must have plenty of air or draught. If the fire is built directly on the ground it is more difficult to furnish this draught, and therefore you must build it on a "grate," which may be done thus: Lay two large sticks parallel on the ground, and across these place a succession of small sticks to form a grate. On the latter build your fire. If there is no paper handy, birch bark makes an excellent fire starter. If it is raining, and you cannot find any dry tinder, look for a tree which leans well to the south, and cut the bark from the under side.

If the outside bark is wet, the underneath bark will be dry. Shelter your fireplace from the rain and shred this underneath bark. Build the fire by laying a stick on either side of the grate; these sticks should not be as large as the ground sticks; in fact, you must not put bigger sticks on smaller ones, but the reverse, lest the fire be top heavy and fall over after it has been started. The one thing you do not want in the way of a cooking fire is a big, burning flame, which you cannot approach; neither do you want a smoking fire. To cook comfortably—in fact, to cook at all—you must have a good, hot bed of coals which will last until you are through cooking. This means the use of hard wood in building your fire. Soft wood coals are easily attained, but they do not last long.

If you are cooking a larger meal, or one that requires a long fire, start another fire near your cooking fire and replenish the latter from the former as necessary. Try to time your cooking so that the various dishes will all be done when you want to eat them; otherwise you will have to eat cold and soggy food, unless you do not mind eating your bacon first, your desert second and then perhaps your biscuits and potatoes. Try to plan a meal before you start to cook it, deciding which utensils you will use for each thing and about how long each item will take on the fire. Experience is the only teacher for this lesson.

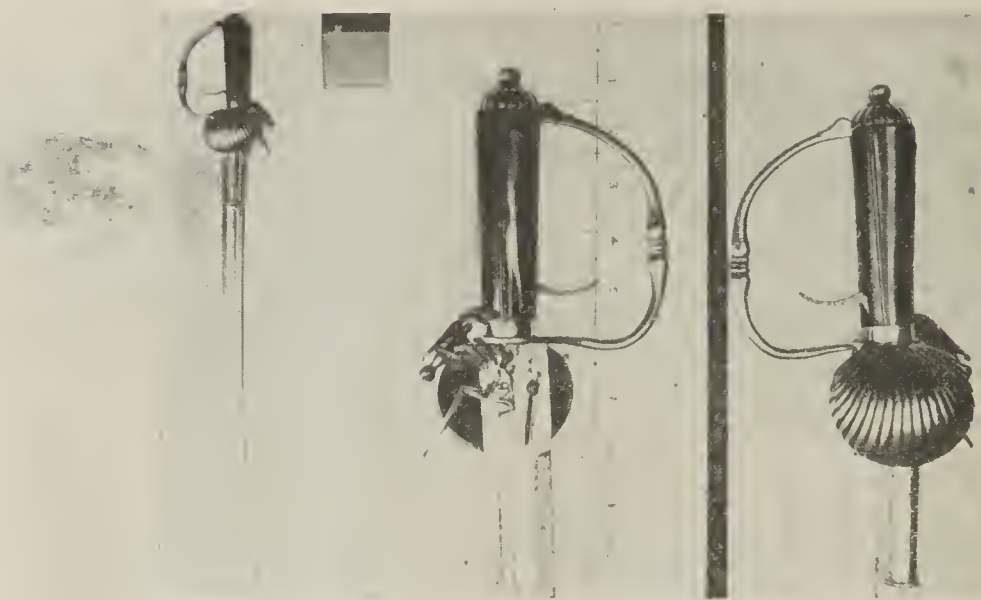
Before turning in for the night see that everything in camp is prepared to stand a storm, and then you will not have to get up in the middle of the night and go out in the wet to fix things up; you never know for sure when the weather will change. See that there are no mosquitoes in the tent before you retire; this will insure against having to get up and light the lantern to kill them later on. Remember that no matter how warm it is when you turn in, it probably will be good and chilly before sunrise, so have something in the way of warm clothes or covers near you—do not keep them packed up out of the way.

On every clear day it is imperative that you hang your blankets up to air and dry; if you neglect this you will find your bed a very cold and damp affair in a few nights. Do not close up the tent at night any more than is necessary; get all the air you possibly can, for that is one of the greatest benefits to be gotten from a camping trip.

A very useful article, costing 45 cents, which you might add to your outfit, is a folding canvas bucket. Be sure to get one with a canvas top to it, so that you can carry water in it without spilling most of the water as you walk. In the daytime rig up both of the "beds" as flies over your fire in a case of rain, and over your "dining room" if the sun is very hot. You can use the lacing ropes on the "beds" in erecting these flies. However, some extra rope is always handy—even valuable at times.

If you should run into very cold weather, you may open the front part of the tent and build a good fire out in front; but this is a hard thing to keep going all night and takes a lot more wood than you will cut for it—no matter how much you cut. Try digging a hole in the ground under the tent. After turning back the ground cloth, of course, fill this hole full of red-hot coals. Put your largest cooking pot upside down over this, and stop any leaks around this with dirt. This makes quite a good tent heater, and lasts a long time.

Let me urge all you fellows who like the outdoor life, who like fishing, tramping, hunting and the camera bugs, too, to make up your minds to get an outfit and spend the week ends out in the country. Unless you have tried it you have no idea how much good it will do you, both mentally and physically; and you will enjoy every minute of it. Do not hesitate to buy your outfit, for you will surely use it if you have it. The main thing is to find a congenial friend and get busy. Spend your vacation this way; it is much cheaper than going to a hotel and is a thousand times more fun, and better for you.



DANGEROUS AT BOTH ENDS

By S. Allen, Charing Cross, London.

To return to the old combined weapons that were so popular with the old-time European hunters who could afford them, the accompanying photograph shows three aspects of a flintlock pistol and seventeenth century hunting sword. This piece is English, with a typically English shell guard.

Ignoring, for the moment, hunters who write from high-toned hotels, it may be said the hunting sword never appealed to the old sportsmen of

these islands as it did to the seventeenth century Continental hunters. Perhaps chasing your quarry into water and then hacking at him from horseback lacked the right thrill. For this reason such English pieces are rare.

The military authorities of both France and Germany borrowed the idea of a combined sword and pistol from the well-to-do hunters of their time, and quite a late form (pinfire) survived in the armies of both.

THE SECOND BARREL

TO USE BOTH CHARGES IS THE ACME OF SHOTGUN WORK AND WORTH YEARS OF PRACTICE

By L. E. Eubanks.

ABSTRACTLY considered, pulling the trigger of a gun is a very simple thing; but to pull it effectively at the right time may be very difficult under some conditions. If the said trigger is number 2, the gun a heavy one and the shooter a novice, the second report may not materialize at all. By the time the poor tyro has regained his equilibrium there is no need for the second barrel; the bird is either dead or out of sight.

So small is the percentage of successful second barrel shooters, that many marksmen do not use the second—that is, with any pretense at speed. They use the piece just as they would a single barrel, except that they do not have to load as often. This giving up without persistent effort is unwarranted. To use both charges effectively is the desideratum in shotgun work and worth years of practice. Though less than half of our field shooters become proficient in the "follow up" shot, it is not as hopeless as it seems to the neophyte. A bird within thirty-five or forty yards is still in your reach, so have a try at him, anyway. Persistent effort may bring out unsuspected ability; it is certain that "laying down" will not. In Germany, it is the rule that failure to shoot constitutes a miss.

Some shooters endeavor to see the effect of their first shot before sending in the second. This is fatal to all hope of speed; the interval between the reports should amount to only a fraction of a second, and there is no time for such consideration.

The fundamental essential in working for a "good second" is to regard the whole thing—first, interval, and second—as one effort. The second shot should be theoretically made before the first trigger is pulled. The interval should be reduced to the minimum by overcoming the shock of the recoil as far as is possible. Hold

the gun properly, and in the act of pulling trigger exert a pressure of the hands toward each other. This tends to "block" the recoil—to use a boxing term.

Familiarity with the gun by constant practice is all that will cure flinching. Make it a point to keep both eyes open; closing them in anticipation of the report causes flinching; we always fear most what we cannot see. From every standpoint binocular shooting is to be preferred. The shooter must learn to use his second barrel without conscious planning. It is here that a psychological principle enters into the business. The necessity for quickness with the second barrel must be impressed on the subconscious mind 'til the action becomes "instinctive." The swing must always be finished, and the arms taught to act automatically in this respect. While the brain is momentarily paralyzed from the first shot the hands and eyes must continue the work and finish it by "habit"—on the command that has been given them previously. The act of walking illustrates this use of subconscious mentation. It is so easy now that we can walk while thinking of other matters, one foot does not have to be told to follow the other; but there was a time when this was quite a feat. As soon as the conscious mind had taught our feet the "trick" the guidance was assumed by the subconscious "instinct."

There are shooters who remain too sensitive to the shock of the first report, in spite of all training. For these, a long gun will be some relief; it carries the noise a little farther from the head. Another class get so rattled that their finger works convulsively and explodes the second barrel without regard to the target. For these, about the only adventitious aid is a harder trigger. In all cases, this psychological training will be of inestimable value in acquiring a dependable second barrel.

THE TOURNAMENT SURF CAST.

THIS paper is an effort to suggest the best point of aim to be used in delivering a perfect surf cast.

Let it be understood that what is to be termed a "perfect" cast is one in which every ounce of energy the caster is capable of imparting to the lead is consumed in the most efficient manner to attain distance. The energy which one caster is capable of putting into the lead may be twenty foot-pounds, while another caster may be capable of imparting forty foot-pounds, yet both casters may be considered perfect if neither wastes any of his energy. Obviously the cast of the former will be less than that of the latter but that is in no wise due to a lack of perfection.

Speaking from personal experience the writer succeeded in winning out in several instances a few years ago against half a dozen men capable of beating him simply because the better men were not working in the most efficient manner. Then came a tournament in which the six began to find themselves and the writer, doing even a little better than before, was seventh on the list.

To-day he can count at least twenty-five men on the New York and New Jersey coasts who can exceed his work and yet it was better last year than ever before. If the end of the present season reveals fifty men on that list he will be twice as happy as he is with twenty-five.

In a perfect cast one great earmark must always be found. The caster must *get his thumb off the reel*.

I am aware that the world's champion does not do this. Instead of proving that the statement is untrue it suggests that he is capable of doing still better work.

With the reel revolving at a speed equal to that of the lead's flight, thumbing becomes unnecessary, because the reel delivers the line at the proper rate and the lead is losing no energy in taking it. The revolving spool itself is imparting energy to the line and the task of maintaining that energy or motion is very light. May it not be maintained by a vortex of air forming behind the lead? If so then the lead may be likened to the projectile shot from the muzzle of a cannon and the line may be disregarded in so far as drag on the lead is concerned.

All that remains to be considered then is the point of aim.

Theoretically this is a simple matter. The point of aim should be 45 degrees above the horizon.

Energy must be applied to the lead in two directions. Vertically to overcome the force of gravity and horizontally to attain distance. The difference of the angle between a vertical line and a horizontal line is 90 degrees. All artillerymen know that to attain the maximum range for their shells their guns must have an elevation of 45 degrees. Therefore, the same fact must be true of the surf cast, if the caster *gets his thumb off the reel*.

If the angle of aim be 45 degrees and the thumbing is such that the thumb can be removed it follows that one-half of the energy applied to a cast goes into elevation and one-half into distance.

This in my opinion constitutes a "perfect" cast when the caster exerts the limit of his muscular power. I am ready and anxious to be convinced that it is not true. I do not say that in a 400 ft. cast the lead must reach an elevation of 200 feet but that it must be *aimed* at a point which is 200 feet above the horizon at a distance of 200 feet from the caster.

Gravity will then transform the right angle into an arc and the friction of the air on the lead possibly will transform the arc into a long parabola.

However, after all is said we do not know very much about the surf cast. There is more to be learned. The same statement applies to the surf rod; and the makers of surf reels are striving year after year to better their products. When such reel makers as the Vom Hofe's, Holtzman and Meisselbach are not satisfied to rest on laurels already won it is clear that the future holds much in store for tournament casting and the development of surf tackle.

SWITCH REEL.



DUSK ON THE MARSHES

By B. C. Tillett.

NIGHT, with her attendant twilight, invests the marshlands with something more than their ordinary charm. She lends them an air of mystery and develops in them beauties which are not visible in the glare of day. It may be the mystery of silence, it is something which can more readily be felt than described. Day's harsher lines are softened; her cruder colors subdued and refined. In the concealment of dusk in those absences of tangible form lies just that quality needed to arouse the imagination to wide flights; while the gentle revealings of the half-light, those slight evidences of the real world, serve as guides to check any tendency toward the fantastic, and yet to lead our thoughts into the realms of pure romance. Out of the gloom the mind constructs pictures of pure beauty, which, if they are in fact not really there, she feels ought to be there; and feeling they ought to be there, she constructs them for herself. And so she smoothes herself with the loveliness of her dusk-born imaginings.

And how easy it is either to find or imagine beauty in places so little man-touched as the wilder marshes. Here, as amidst the newly discovered jungle, beauty abounds. And this beauty is of the kind that gains everything from the softening touch of nightfall. It is during and after the height of summer that we turn with greatest longing to the nights. We begin to tire of the glare of long days. The flaunting glories of leaf and flower become oppressive in their monotony. Just as we feel relief in those two seasons of change, spring and summer, so for the same reasons we find relief in the cool night.

To the house-dwelling man night is merely a time of repose. Then his interest in the outside world almost vanishes. He finds the gloom dismal, and turns on the light to drive it out. On the marshes it is different. Even the house dweller, should he perchance take his holiday in the neighborhood of lake or river, finds it different. As the life of the daytime ebbs and sinks away, another and quite different life awakens, and he finds the night as thickly peopled as the day. As the sun sinks lower and lower, and the afternoon draws to a close, the life on the marshes, which tends to flag during the heat of mid-day, gains for a time a new vigor. All the stillness and quiet are changed into hurry and movement. Small flocks of linnets and other finches fly hither and thither, chirping and chattering. Reed buntings appear above the thicker vegetation and whistle sorrowfully. The swallows and martins come down from their high places in the upper air, and skim over the water. Pigeons drowsily coo in the alder clumps or fly lazily toward them. Wrens burst into song. The reed warblers creep and flit along the sides of the reed beds.

The sun is rapidly sinking. Long shadows stretch across the water. Distant features begin to take on those appearances which betoken the approach of night. Far away the sinking sun may catch its rays upon a window, reflecting it in a blaze of light. The woods so lately bright with sunshine grow sombre and gloomy. Distances grow hazy, and soft clouds take on a bright glow as the sun sinks out of sight.

A little fawn-colored dove coos from a willow tree near, in a low, bubbling, musical, croaking note. Other doves make answering coos. Herons come lazily flapping across the marsh, their great arched wings moving in slow time. The ducks grow restless and quack and begin to fly from pool to pool. A snipe darts up with wild cries. The last of the butterflies has dropped to the ground and folded its wings for the night. The bats appear twisting and turning in their weird flight.

Night is not that silent nothingness that is sometimes pictured. The earlier summer nights are enlivened by the songs of innumerable birds. There are the reed warblers, the hedge warblers and the grasshopper warblers, and that most wonderful of all songsters, the nightingale. There is never any actual silence on the marshes. Owls mew or hoot or scream. The curlew and other wild fowl utter their shrill cries far overhead. Water hens and coots babble in the reeds, rats splash in the water, and all around, far and near, are sounds unaccountable and weird.

Deeper and deeper grows the gloom. Only a few swallows now can be discerned skimming the marsh for insects. The sand martins twitter away to roost on some highlands. Plovers wail mournfully and the faint forms of birds straggling in to roosting places may sometimes be seen. Moths dash past and are gone. The tiny voice of the wind comes stealing and creeping through the reeds in a whisper, causing the reeds to tremble.

The light shows the first faint signs of returning day. There is a slight change in the color of the sky. A cock crows and is answered by another. The day is breaking. A bird twitters. The stars which were bright an hour ago are fading. Gradually the light grows. Distant objects which were invisible again take form. The world is returning to life, there is a feeling of being upon the bosom of an immense sea whose boundaries are infinitely remote. A heron flies away with a scream. The ducks begin to leave their feeding places. The sun is about to rise. The first breath of the morning breeze sends the dewdrops on the reeds tinkling into the water, and so, peacefully and with silent steps, comes the day, and on every side the birds burst into rapturous song.



NOTES FROM THE FIELD

CHANGES IN NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

Albany, May 6.—Game law changes, as all amendments to the conservation law are popularly known, will not be many, judging by present indications. Legislative intent was, however, as good as usual and sixty-two bills actually were introduced. Of these twenty-three were passed.

Of these, Governor Whitman, with the approval of Conservation Commissioner George D. Pratt, signed five during the session, and of the 18 which became "thirty-day bills" he has since signed eight. The fate of the remaining ten will speedily develop.

Of the sixty-two measures which were introduced, five related to hunting, ten to the deer and one to the elk, ten to birds, twenty to inland fishing and five to salt-water fishing, four to the forests, one to game refuges, two to penalties, two to dams and docks in inland waters, and two to the Saratoga reservation.

The five new laws signed during the session were as follows:

Chap. 45. Laws 1916. Appropriating \$10,000 for general expenses of the forestry bureau.

Chap. 77. Adding to Sec. 219 of the law the words "Birds or parts thereof collected or possessed in accordance with the provisions of section 159," the object being to permit museums and collectors to legally possess the plumage, skin or bodies of protected wild birds.

Chap. 155. Inserting in Sec. 153 of the law words giving a majority of a common council of any city the authority now possessed by town boards to request the conservation commission to make desired changes in the close season for fish or game.

Chap. 170. Changing Sec. 323 so that lobsters may hereafter be taken in public waters of the state "west of a line drawn from Rocky Point to Race Rock," instead of "north and east of a line drawn from Gardner's Point to Orient Point."

Chap. 257. Transferring to the conservation commission the control and management of the Saratoga Springs reservation.

Of the eight bills signed since adjournment, the chapter numbers and objects are as follows:

Chap. 295. Companion bill to that enacted as Chap. 257. It deals with acquiring land, purposes of the reservation and powers and duties of the commission in charge.

Chap. 297. Authorizes county clerks to retain their fee for issuing licenses when making returns to the commission.

Chap. 298. Gives the commission complete control over the building of docks and dams in inland waters. It can hereafter compel the sub-

mission of plans. This will guarantee construction of fish-ways.

Chap. 402. Adds the "European gray-legged partridge" to the list of game birds that may be imported for sale under license of the commission.

Chap. 403. Authorizes buying and selling of pike perch from May 30 (instead of May 1) to March 1; also, legalizes taking, buying and selling blue pike perch and saugers to any extent in Lakes Erie and Ontario and the lower Niagara river at any time.

Chap. 404. Prohibits taking game from an automobile or with the aid of automobile headlights.

Chap. 405. Prohibits taking game on roads on private preserves in the forest preserve counties. Sec. 222 of the law now reads: "Game shall not be taken * * * on any public highway *other than state or county highways*, within the forest preserve counties.

Chap. 406. Authorizes breeders of domesticated American elk, white-tail deer, European red deer, fallow deer, roebuck, pheasants, mallard ducks and black ducks for sale to be licensed to import them for market purposes into New York state on paying a fee of \$5 and cost of inspection, subject to Secs. 372, 373, 374 of the law.
J. D. W.

Button Law for Hunters in New York State.

The Governor has also, since the above was written, signed the bill, providing among other regulations that all licensed hunters must wear, conspicuously displayed, a button, at least two inches in diameter, to be furnished by the state.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NOTES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Owing to the heat and dryness of the southwest it is by no means an ideal country for hunting and fishing. Compared with the section east of the Rockies this country looks like another world. Outside the cities and cultivated districts it is one endless stretch of waste-land composed of rocky cliffs, canyons and mesas overgrown with cactus, grease-brush and alkali weeds. There are no woods except in the mountains. There we have the different varieties of pine as well as spruce, fir and hemlock. A few oaks, of a kind not seen in the East, are also found. There are no white oaks, red oaks, hickory, sweetgum, maple or other trees in the Pacific west save those of a balsamic nature and the cottonwood, willow and alder that grow along the streams. The streams are all shallow and full of riffles and boulders. The water is, normally, as clear as crystal and sweet and pure. Of course, this

does not apply to the San Joaquin (San Waukeen) which is deep and sluggish and is filled with catfish. There are no fish in the mountain streams but trout. The only good duck ponds that we have are those that have been built by man and a few alkali sloughs in the very low places in the desert. Along the coast there are numerous ponds and marshes that furnish good duck and shore bird shooting for those who are lucky enough to belong to some good gun club. Even here there is no timber. There are no wild turkeys, woodcocks, bob white quails or dusky mallards here. Turkeys, Hungarian grouse and China pheasants have been planted here but to no purpose. They all died or fell victims to the many foxes and owls that infest the hills and plains. Cottontail deer are unknown here, the only varieties that we have being the mule and blacktail. The bluejays here are of an entirely different variety from those found in the South and East. They are of a solid blue color and have a different note from the Eastern bird. The mountain streams have no turtles or terrapins and but few water snakes. The snakes that we do have are the various kinds of rattlers, gopher snakes and red racers. Rattlers abound. One of the worst drawbacks to hunting here is the abundance of rattlesnakes. The others are the heat and thirst and the cactus. A bird dog or hound can never hunt here; it is too dry and dusty. We have the valley quail, Gambel's quail and the mountain quail. The first two are fast flyers and game from the word "go," only they refuse to lie to a dog. There are lots of mallards, spoonbills, teal, wigeon, butterballs, red-head, canvasback and sprigs. A few jacksnipes are killed and the shores are lined with willets, godwits, curlews, sandpipers and plovers in season. Doves are abundant and farther north the blue and Sabine's grouse are found in the mountains. Down in Arizona they have wild pigeons and white fronted doves and a few harlequin quails and the masked bob white. The Salton Sea is a good game resort for lovers of the choke bore. It is a large lake—nearly 60 miles long—in the Colorado desert, formed by the overflow of the Colorado and Gila (Heela) rivers. I have hunted there a good deal and shall be pleased to write the place up for *Forest and Stream* upon request. "REELFOOT."

GAME CONDITIONS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

We have experienced a very cold and backward spring. Three inches of snow fell night before last, and last night the ground froze hard enough to stop field work. Prairie chickens wintered very well, but the season thus far has been too cold for favorable hatching conditions. Crows get a good many prairie chicken eggs, and then also many nests are broken up when the farmers plow stubble in the spring. It seems to me it would be easy to domesticate prairie chickens. Where they are not molested they get quite tame; in some barn yards in this township one can see large numbers of them mingling with the cattle and tame fowl all through the winter season.

Wild geese showed up numerous this spring. Saw one flock that must have numbered over two thousand; they have mostly gone further north now. A flock of about fifty swan passed over lately, far the most seen in many years.

JOS. P. WHITEMORE.

AN APPRECIATION OF "WOODCRAFT."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed find check for settlement of your bill for subscription. I am glad to see the Nessmuk Corner added to your paper. No doubt he was the wisest old guide of all, and there is much very valuable information in his book "Woodcraft."

I am starting soon for a year's fishing and hunting trip and, as always, the very first thing that goes into the duffle bag will be "Woodcraft." Without it my trip would be incomplete. If I could not take it along, well, I guess I would throw up the trip. At present I am reading it to my six year old son for bed-time stories, greatly to his delight, it being in his line, as he calls himself a tough old camper, hunter and trapper and is looking forward to our trip in the West.

P. VOSBURGH.

(Continued on page 1012.)



The Igloo in Which the Party Slept—Caribou Dragged Together After the Hunt—This Was Not Wanton Slaughter as the Meat Was Needed and Used.

OVER DRIFTING SNOW CAME THE CARIBOU

NOT THE MAIN MIGRATION BUT IT SUFFICED TO FURNISH A HUDSON'S BAY POST PARTY WITH A THRILLING HOUR AND A BOUNTIFUL SUPPLY OF MEAT

By R. J. Fraser.

ON the shores of Hudson Bay, where the Nelson River mingles its muddy waters with the sea and is dignified by the name of a port, we had broken old winter's backbone. In March a move was made still farther north, to the frost-stilled Churchill. With April we heralded the approach of spring, but now as I look through my photo album and study a picture of huge snowdrifts, white and clean and new-looking, like our January snow, heaped high to the roofs of the police barracks, I find it hard to realize that I took this same photo in the beginning of the springtime. Surely winter must still have been upon the land. There were none of the signs of our temperate clime—no budding of trees, twittering of newly arrived songsters, or trickling of awakened streams. On the edge of the Barren Lands the warm season is backward.

Mid-April found me still farther north, fifty miles beyond Fort Churchill. A half hundred miles on some trails, particularly more southern ones, is considerable of a distance, but on the hard-packed, wind-swept Arctic wastes it is covered in two days' travel. And easily so when you have well-fed, thoroughbred huskies to haul your dunnage, as most of the police dogs are. Corporal Walker, a tried tripper of the Northwest Mounted, was my companion on this snow trail. Walybuck, a half breed Neckillingmiut Eskimo, who for years at Churchill had drawn a special constable's pay, was our guide. As handy men we had taken three of his tribesmen, Jimmie, George and Nansen—they had native names as well, which can be found somewhere in my journal. The resident missionary at Churchill named them for me, then out of Christian kindness spelt them, and I wrote them in my diary. There they have rested ever since; undisturbed, and Jimmie, George and Nansen have sufficed.

Walker chose the Eskimos, or "huckies," as we soon learned to call them, in preference to their Chippewyan Indian neighbors. The latter are slow, taciturn and sullen, and not altogether reliable, while the "huckie" is always on the jump, bright and cheerful, ready with a laugh in the face of misfortune, and in a pinch he is always where you want him.

The two days' run to the Seal River was a rather uneventful one. We saw little game. The first day Walker got three snow white ptarmigan, which made a choice supper for two hungry white men. That same day I felt not a little

proud of the feat of running down an Arctic fox—a little thick-furred beauty—and stopping him in his tracks with a charge of duck shot. The Arctic fox has not the cunning of his colored brethren and Walker informed me that they are often decoyed and shot. In spite of this I still felt elated at my success in bagging this one and told myself I had risen a peg or two in the huckies' estimation.

By three o'clock the sun was well on its downward path and Waly, pointing to a little clump of green spruce a mile ahead that stood out darker against the background of scraggy, bare-limbed sticks, uttered the one word "Camp."

"All right, boy," answered Walker. The day looked young yet, but in that latitude the sun has a most disconcerting habit of dropping quickly below the western rim and leaving the traveler to make his camp in the chill and darkness of the Arctic night.

"Camp ho! camp ho!" cried the corporal to the weary team. With one accord the intelligent animals pricked up their ears and set their gaze on the hunters ahead of them who, with a laugh and a jest, had broken into a run and headed for the thicker woods. The dogs threw themselves into the race and the day's run finished with a burst of speed that left me far behind.

When I overtook the team they had stopped on the lee side of the green spruce clumps and Walker had just ordered the natives to build an igloo for us. It was a beautiful, calm, starlit evening and the tent would have provided perfect shelter. But my companion explained that he wished me to have the experience of sleeping in an igloo, and I was far too pleased at the opportunity to do aught than express my thanks.

Every year on the annual close-to-nature trek you find the camp that is better than the best ever. But I have no hesitation in stating that that little igloo on the northern snow wastes proved by far one of the cosiest shelters in which I ever stretched a tired, aching body. The two beds made of snow blocks and occupying three sides of a rectangle within the circular walls were made very comfortable with several layers of caribou skin and the tent provided a carpet for the floor. A Primus stove, an old, tried friend which I had added to our equipment, warmed the snow-house so that in fifteen minutes after we had settled our dunnage we were able to dispense with our heavy outer clothing.

I was curious to see what effect the heat of the stove would have on the ceiling and expected to be drenched by a small shower of melted snow. But no such discomfort was inflicted on us. The inner side of the dome hardened instead, and when we left the snug shelter in the early morning it had assumed the appearance and hardness of ice.

By the light of a couple of candles Walker, who proved to be a first-class chef, prepared a meal with the ptarmigan and some shredded caribou meat, previously cooked and frozen. I had added to the regular police rations a four-pound tin of desiccated potatoes, and the odors of good things that presently filled that little heap of snow blocks would have tickled the fancy of an epicure.

After supper we changed and dried our clothing, and as I had brought along three gallons of kerosene for the stove, in well-corked lime juice bottles, and a quart of methylated spirits for priming—the stove, not the hunters—we did not fear to keep the source of heat going.

That night, surrounded by a halo of blue Virginia smoke wreaths, I listened to a first-hand account of the trip which Corporal Walker had made with the pioneer police squad that three years before traveled across the Barren Lands from Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield Inlet and established the first patrol of that region. And Walker is no mean raconteur. When he had concluded a most interesting yarn we both rolled up in our eiderdown bags and slept like babes.

Up till two o'clock of the second day when we came to and crossed the North River, we had along with us a Peterborough canoe, lashed on the eighteen-foot komatik. This same North River had a bad reputation of breaking up before its fellows and unexpectedly hurling its winter covering down to the sea. At ten degrees below zero we did not relish the thought of a ducking and so the canoe accompanied the party. We found the ice hard and fast, but as a precautionary measure against trouble on our return, dropped the canoe on the north bank. As Walker said, "In the north country in spring-time one never knows when he'll need a ferry."

It was the next day that our exploration tour was converted into a hunt. We had broken camp early, tents this time, pitched on the edge of a small barren, and had crossed the latter and penetrated a fringe of green woods that lines the bank of the Seal River. On its southern



A Familiar Hudson Bay Post Scene—Without the Husky Dog Travel in the Sub-Arctic Regions Would Be Almost Impossible.

shore we stopped for breakfast. An east wind greeted us and snow flakes on the wing were now making traveling less pleasant. All attempts to light the Primus stove in the open were futile, even with a windbreak rigged with the caribou skins. On several trips I carried a large square flour tin with perforated bottom for draught in which I set the stove. In a stout breeze this works well, making lighting the stove an easy task and keeping the flame and heat from blowing away from the kettle. We had no such shield with us this trip, and after several vain attempts to get the stove going we set Jimmie and Nansen to look for some dry timber.

They didn't get it, nor did any one of us eat a bite of breakfast that day. For scarcely had the two huckies started off when Walker's sharp eye noted something moving on the south bank a quarter mile to the westward. "Keep quiet! look!" he exclaimed, in a low tone, "there's a deer up-stream!" We looked as he directed, and through the falling snow, which, as though in answer to our unspoken prayer, lessened somewhat. We saw a big buck caribou step clear of the scrub willows on the bank. He paused there, a magnificent-looking beast, gray of back and flank, and with a neck and belly as white as the virgin snow about him. Seen even at that distance through the light snowfall, his spread of antlers drew our admiration, for, as a rule, the caribou of the Barren Lands wear a scraggy set of horns, and what was more surprising, the mating season was four or five months gone and these horns could be only half matured.

"Is he alone?" asked Walker, anxiously. "Is he the first of a herd? Is he the last?" We were frantically hauling our rifles from the sled and the corporal's questions were not heeded. I had with me an old Winchester 30-30, which I had brought along in preference to the heavy Mannlicher which was with my gear at the barracks. This firearm had seen years of service in my father's hands, accounting for many a buck in the forests of the upper Ottawa, and I had yet to find fault with it. A 30-30 soft nose slug is plenty good enough for moose or bear and I once put a hole through a big polar at close range into which one could almost shove his fist.

Walybuck had his gun ready first and we agreed to let him try stalking the deer. He slipped into the woods while we anxiously watched the animal, who stood still as a statue. We wondered how long he would wait thus for the wind blew directly toward him and the scent of the dogs was strong.

It seemed ages—it was only thirty seconds—before the suspense was ended. The stag threw up his head with a jerk and reared as though stung, and we concluded that the Eskimo had fired. But no sound came to listening ears, and into the newly fallen snow of the river level the

deer plunged and made for the other side. Then, from somewhere above us, Waly did fire, but the deer only increased his speed. He reached the other side, sprang nimbly up the bank, and disappeared within the shadows of the evergreens.

"Missed!" exclaimed Walker in disgust. "These huckies can't hit a barn!"

But suddenly his disappointment changed to joyful surprise. At a cry from Nansen we looked upstream again and gazed spellbound on a sight the like of which is given to few to witness. Right on the trail of the escaped deer trotted out two more caribou; then came a band of six, five does and a handsome buck; and, following closely behind, jostling and crowding one another, came others, the vanguard of a great herd. I at once thought of Tyrell's "hundred thousand" and prayed for a chance to use the camera. But the falling snow and the dull light put picture-taking out of the question. The dogs leaped to their feet and howled and tugged at the traces till their frantic efforts broke the sled free from its frost anchorage and they started down the bank. With a curse Walker flung himself at the canoe and turned the load over onto its side, just in time to prevent the team's escape. This securely anchored them.

"Now's our chance! Come on!" cried the corporal, all excitement. I was still occupied in silent, open-mouthed gazing. "We can pick a

few out of that bunch if you hurry," he added, and handed me my box of shells. I emptied them into a pocket, when "crack!" went Waly's rifle and I turned in time to see an antlered head rear above its fellows and then one of the caribou rolled out of line and stiffened by the side of the trail.

"First blood!" exclaimed Walker, and the two of us tore down the level surface of the river, making no attempt at keeping under cover. The huckie's shot had startled the herd into greater action, but before we got within range Waly, who had the start of us, had picked off two more. Then Walker halted and got one with a beautiful shot at three hundred and eighty-two yards, actual measurement.

"Pure luck," he insisted afterwards. "Give me your luck, then," I said; "I would be more than a little proud of it." Another of the huckies—it was Jimmie—was close by me and had a service carbine. We both fired after Walker and both missed our marks. Jimmie chuckled gleefully at our failure and fired again, point blank, at the swiftly moving mass. His chuckle grew to a roar of delight as a gray-coated beast stumbled in its tracks and the one closely following it tripped and fell over its prostrate mate. As the caribou recovered its feet three of us, looking for a sure thing, chose it for a target, and three bullets went home, as we afterwards ascertained. There was little hope of escape for any beast that paused in its flight with that battery turned upon it.

Of course we had been advancing between shots and were now within two hundred yards of the continuous stream of shaggy flanks and tossing horns that in endless flight whirled across the river. The snow, too, had almost ceased to fall, but I didn't know that till afterwards, when Walker told me. Had I noticed the fact I would surely have run back for the camera, and, of course, missed the rest of the hunt and probably have been too slow to get a single exposure.

The stampeding beasts were traveling like the wind and all this was taking place in less time than I can tell it here—one might form a fair estimate of the time from the fact that Walker fired thirteen shots in all, about as fast as he could pump them, refilling the magazine once, between his first shot and the passing of the last caribou. As I remember it now, it was like a sudden squall of wind bearing down on us, to roar and tear its way by, leaving dead calm and silence in its wake.

To redeem my first miss I took my time and picked off a big fellow. Because of both sexes bearing antlers it was almost impossible to distinguish between them when in motion, though the horns of the females were somewhat finer



Once a Day Only, No Matter How Hard the Work, the Dogs Are Fed Their Ration, Usually Frozen Fish, But in the Farthest North, Meat.

and smaller. But I spotted this buck on the rear flank of the column just as he emerged from the woods, and when he was right abreast of me and showing the biggest mark I got him fair behind the shoulder. He was making his best time at that point and I was not a little proud of the shot.

This satisfied me, for the hunt was now becoming slaughter, rather than sport. The animals were breaking from the ranks and scattering at the sight of their fallen mates and sheering off from us as they came onto the river. Many left the woods far upstream, others turned in midstream and ran swiftly up the middle, to plunge into the woods on the north bank a half mile above the crossing. One actually came our way—I can't say he charged us, for he seemed to have lost his head and was running wild. There was a shout from the huckies and several shots were fired point blank in his face. They missed him and he swerved back to the others and made the woods in safety.

But not a one turned back. All tracks lead into the north.

Walker and the huckies still fired and brought down six more after I had shot my last. They had in mind the summer's menu of traders' pork.

The bulk of the herd were past and now but a scattered two or three broke from the woods. These had already sensed their peril and with lots of room in which to manoeuvre came into the danger zone with a flying start. Only one fell to a lucky shot of Waly's. But it was hard to look on and keep a rifle idle and the temptation to pump lead at a heaving, glistening flank proved too much for my finer sensibilities. "I'll pot the next one," I said. Walker and the guides would do also, I knew, as a matter of course.

He came, shot out of the woods as though impelled from a catapult, and his leap from the top of the south bank carried him well out into the trampled, blood-stained surface of the river snow. Gad! how he traveled! A volley from four rifles greeted him, but the lead never raised a hair. We fired again, yet he never stopped. Another volley and he had leaped to and made the other bank. Then, and then only, did he pause. It was but for the period of a heartbeat and no doubt he was only balancing after his uphill leap. But to us it seemed like a challenge and all four fired again. The caribou sprang, not upward as does sometimes a stricken deer, but ahead, and the woods had him safely in their keeping. "Well done!" I murmured, and was not sorry that the gallant beast had run the gauntlet safely. We knew he must have sprung just that saving fraction of a second ahead of our pulling trigger that gave him the start on the bullets. But the huckies swore that they felt



Tyrell's "Hundred Thousand"—From a Photograph Taken by J. B. Tyrell in the Barren Lands

the Guardian Spirit of the Land Animals brush their guns aside and they predicted that the kill was over. This, as usual, with a chuckle. Spirit or bad marksmanship, the caribou had made good his escape and the hunt was certainly over, for though we waited and watched the woods for another, none appeared.

Walker laid his rifle down and fished in his pockets for his pipe. "We were certainly lucky to intercept them," he said. "What a bully hunt it made! We missed both the first and the last, but we must have picked out a dozen in between. Let's count 'em."

The tally was fourteen, with six stags among the number. I went back to where the corporal had fired his first, his "lucky" shot, and paced the distance to the caribou. Three hundred and eighty-two yards! Good shooting, that! At a word from Walker, three of the huckies commenced hauling the carcasses towards the bank, for the meat would have to be cached among the trees.

I suggested having the dogs perform the heavy work, but was told that the strength of the whole party would not be equal to holding the wolfish brutes back and that they would tear the game to pieces. As I listened I heard the team, where we had left them anchored, howling their lungs out. I went for my camera and found the dogs leaping wildly in their harness, crazed by the sight and scent of the fallen caribou. Their wolf-

ish snarlings and bared fangs, the foam-flecked jaws and treacherous green light in their eyes told me that the wild hunting blood of the wolves which had sired them was uppermost and the blood lust was coursing through their veins. Not a little alarmed, I gave the brutes a wide berth and approached the sled from behind. Then I extracted the camera in a hurry.

When I rejoined the hunters I found that Waly had made a short trip on the trail of the herd following some blood markings and had just returned with the news that a few hundred yards from the river a big stag lay dead, with a bullet through his lungs. One more we added to the score.

Fresh venison steaks sizzled in the pans that night and there was great feasting in the land. The four natives sat late into the night, for the Eskimo, like his copper-skinned brethren, makes a business of his eating, and first, last and all the time attends strictly to the business. Half a deer carcass went into their house that evening and the following morning four oily, radiant-faced Eskimos emerged empty-handed. And no venison was left within.

After considerable scouting we found four dwarfed evergreens bunched together and fifteen feet above the snow a platform was built and thirteen of the caribou cached thereon.

We did not turn back from the North River, but traveled the remaining twelve miles farther on our course. Our way led through sparse woods in which the tree growth, stunted birches, willows and spruce, became ever rarer, and, with each succeeding mile into the north, shrunk in stature, till they were but leafless shrubs. The twigs and branches snapped in our hands as though dead and perpetually frozen. Each yard ahead our range of vision grew appreciably greater. Finally, shortly after noon, we came to the last lone outpost, a scattered bunch of leafless shrubbery. Beyond was nothing but snow. "The Barrens," remarked Walker quietly. Toward the west a dark line showed which he informed me was the edge of the tree growth and somewhere within its shade the caribou were making their way. Due north and to the eastward as far as eye could see no object showed on the faint line that separated snow and sky. But for the rolling hummocks one might mistake the picture for that of the frozen sea.

Yes, though April, it is still winter here, I thought, and then though my gaze wandered over a snowclad waste, bare and treeless, I called to mind a picture of this same land in late August, when the short sub-Arctic summer is at its height, and decided, as others before me had, that the "Barren Lands" were wrongly called. For the name is a misnomer when applied to a land where grow in profusion numerous luxuriant grasses, beautiful anemones and the Athacasca rose, wild

(Continued on page 1023.)



Another View of the Herd—It Is Estimated That Three Hundred Thousand Caribou Passed This Spot Within Two Days and Then They Were Still Coming.



A British Columbia Grizzly—Note the Elk Horn on the Ridge Pole—A Good Moose Head From the East Kootenay—Not to Be Won Every Day.

AFTER SHEEP AND GOATS IN EAST KOOTENAY

WITH A FEW INSTRUCTIVE REMARKS FOR GENTLEMEN WITH THAT "MYSTERIOUS SOMETHING" IN THEIR BLOOD, AND STOUT HEARTS AND LEGS TO CARRY THEM THERE

By Ubique.

FOR the information of those gentlemen with that *mysterious something* in their blood that attracts every nature lover, whether rich or poor, and finally lures them from home to seek the haunts of game, near or far, in the wilderness, I will try to give in detail my experience of a trip in the open season of 1915.

Accompanied by a native guide we left our base camp on the Kootenay River on the morning of September 1. A small tent and five or six days' provisions packed on two horses, with two to ride, completed our outfit.

Our hunting ground was about half way up Canon Creek, which heads sixteen miles or so in a spur of the main range of the Rockies. Forging the Kootenay, we crossed the valley to the Vermillion on the east side and forded that also near the mouth of Canon Creek. After some hunting around for the old Indian trail up this creek, as it is barely discernible from disuse, we finally picked it up and followed its windings for some two miles, the valley gradually contracting until we reached the mouth of the canon. And a veritable canon it is, with vertical walls running up to 300 feet; shutting out the daylight in places. For the next four miles the bed of the creek became the trail.

Near the entrance to the canon we came on a saline "lick," which on examination showed signs of being recently visited by several ewes and lambs, while nearby was the torn-up skin of a full-grown sheep killed the previous winter—when down on the lower benches—by a cougar.

Remounting, we crossed the creek, which brought the mouth of the canon into full view and with it—two goats standing on a projecting ledge—one of six.

Certainly a beautiful shot for either rifle or camera, I thought inwardly, as I quietly but quickly dismounted, rifle in hand, as I had not the latter handy. Judging the billie's range at 150 yards, he described a half downward circle, the next second, from the impact of the bullet, tried to regain his balance, failed and dropped straight into the creek before he had become fully aware of our presence. The nannie craned her neck after her disappearing mate, then in our direction as though asking for an explanation, finally wheeling round as though on a pivot and away for the higher regions. She was quite safe to have stayed.

The time was 10.45 A. M. when, according to

some writers of sporting books, goat (and sheep) should be lying snugly tucked up in their beds at snow or timber line, having their usual mid-day nap, which, to say the least, is very misleading, as it depends entirely on environment. That is to say—in a little hunted and less frequented territory, all game feels perfectly safe to move freely about, high up or low down throughout the daytime.

Hence, when hunting in these places one must be prepared without being surprised to meet with game of any species in entirely opposite places to those "laid down" rules for the guidance of amateur sportsmen: Meeting these goats, for instance, so far below their natural habitat at that time of the day, is only one of many similar cases I have met with during thirty years hunting in the Rockies.

As the weather was still warm and blowflies numerous, we were obliged, after dressing the billy, to anchor carcass and skin in the ice-cold creek until our return.

We then lunched and started off up the canon, the horses stumbling and staggering over hidden boulders under the rushing water throughout its entire length. Arrived at its head at last, the valley widened out again, with here and there little meadows of (still) luxuriant grass and wild pea vine. Giving the horses a little time to feed and rest, we examined the southern face of the bald tops and sides with the glasses and made out a band of five goats crossing the field of vision just above timber line. Five balls of snowy white showing up to the naked eye on a sun-baked ground, backed by slate-colored rocks, as plainly as a full-rigged ship on a summer sea, and feeling just as safe! Certainly old Mother Nature modeled some strange animals, of which old world looking—*Haploceros Montanus*—is not the least.

Musing thus, I turned to the creek for a drink, to find it badly "riled up" where a few moments before it had been running clear as crystal. Though both moose and wapiti spoor besprinkled the meadow and bars, we knew they could not possibly cause such a muddy state of the water running over pure gravel, but that it was a grizzly having his usual mud bath in a marshy side stream not far up. Having no time, however, at our disposal to pay *Ursus H.* a surprise visit, we remounted to complete our last leg to where we intended to camp for our sheep hunt—some couple of miles further up—before dark.

This was in a little meadow, an old camping place of the one-time famous hunting tribe—the Stonies. Bunches of Teepee poles, rotten with age, lay scattered around over a large area. As the meat par excellence of the redman's culinary department is that of wapiti and bighorn, some bitter fights were waged in the past between this tribe; the Kootenays and the Sheepwaps for possession of this splendid wapiti and sheep territory as a winter hunting ground.

The Stonies are now and have been for two decades residents of the neighboring state of Alberta, and are not allowed to hunt in British Columbia, while the remnants of the other two tribes are living peacefully in the Columbia Valley.

Early next morning, lightly but warmly dressed for the stiff climb ahead, we started up a narrow "wash-out" with a gradual ascent for the first 1,500 feet or so, passing another "lick" that also showed signs of ewes and lambs.

About 10 A. M. we reached timber line (7,000 feet), perspiring freely and "burning up" the oxygen for twenty feet around us. We came out at the bottom of a large basin, some couple of miles across, scarred with ridges and ravines as regular as an oyster shell and crowned above with a mass of jagged rock towering up to 10,000 feet. Keeping well under cover we scanned the basin carefully over. Away to our extreme right near the sky line of a narrow pass, a large band of goats was still feeding, but no sheep. Nevertheless, they were present, but their pelage blended so perfectly with their yellowish surroundings of sun-baked grasses and many tinted shale, that we failed to see them; yet, as subsequently learned, they were in plain sight.

The goats were forgotten as quick as seen—for the present at all events. My whole attention was centered on one object—to secure one more trophy of the grandest game in America! Why? you ask. Because some beasts may hide away in dense timber, while others again may sneak out at dusk, but the gallant bighorn lives out in the open, trusting to his marvelously keen sight and scent to protect him. And no beast is better able to take care of himself, nor more difficult to stalk.

Above me on the treeless ridges and among the gray, bare, ragged rocks, where the winds blow and curl in puzzling eddies, driving the light dust and shale in swirling clouds, was his home. Winds that are never still, never constant

in any one direction, so that it heralds the hunter's coming from every quarter of the compass, calling for caution and patience, in particular, to assure success, is what makes the bighorn, in my humble opinion, the grandest game on the continent.

Leaving our cover we crawled up a nearby ravine, passing over a well-worn trail used by both sheep and goat, and showing the fresh spoor of a cougar, until we reached the shallow head, several hundred feet above our starting point. Peeping over very gingerly, we examined the fairly level ground running along the base of the towering rocks. Disappointed at not finding anything there, I swung my head round to examine the ridges to my left and slightly below me and found my eyes resting on a ram.

Not a moment was to be lost. Racing down the ridge, across the intervening bottom and up the next ridge, out of breath, we peeped over with our eyes on the very rim. There he stood on the next ridge broadside on, and with him several more ewes and lambs. He was the only ram in the band, at least, that I could see, so there was no choice. Watching my opportunity and allowing for 250 yards I fired. The shot struck near his fore feet; the second passed under him and the third caught him through the shoulder, sending him plunging over the ridge out of sight. But I knew patience had had its reward, for the sharp "smack" of the bullet told where it hit.

On inspection his head proved to be below the average, which runs from 14½ to 16½ inches for the East Kootenay, though larger heads have been reported, but not having seen them I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement. In one sense I was disappointed, naturally, while in another I was not, as the oldest and finest rams are not with the ewes in September, though they may be close around. Therefore, the getting of this ram in the midst of a band of ewes was an exceptional piece of what may be called "hunter's luck." But this luck is the exception and not the rule, as many sportsmen have discovered when too late.

For instance, last season two different parties hunted in the East Kootenay—one party over the same range as myself—in September, and failed to see a single ram.

About the middle of October a third party arrived and secured a very fine ram.

Another gentleman writes in a well-known magazine on his failure to secure a ram in September: "For eight days we fine-tooth combed the surrounding country and searched every mountain side and valley with our field glasses, but no use; the bighorns were not to be found."

I can quite believe it. Nevertheless, the rams were there, though the hunters did not—in all the above cases—see any. I can assure them that more than one band of rams saw them!

Why? you ask.

Because sheep, from a sex point of view, are not gregarious throughout the summer and early fall months. The oldest and finest rams are alone, higher up and further back in the daytime among the bare, ragged rocks from where they can lie securely and see you, but where it is most difficult for you to see them, and if you do, to approach within sporting rifle range. That is the reason why so many failures are recorded for September, coupled with the fact that the majority of guides are deficient in the knowledge and experience, through lack of interest and, therefore, observation as to the nature and habits of sheep, where they are to be found in the open season, or how to stalk them when found. Now it is very obvious that if outside guides are employed—as is very frequent—failure must follow. Hence, intending sportsmen should be careful to see that their guides are native to the territory they intend to hunt over.

Carrying the skin, head and meat of the ram we reached camp about an hour before dark.

Next morning we started back to our base camp, picking up the billy on the way, a short but very successful trip.

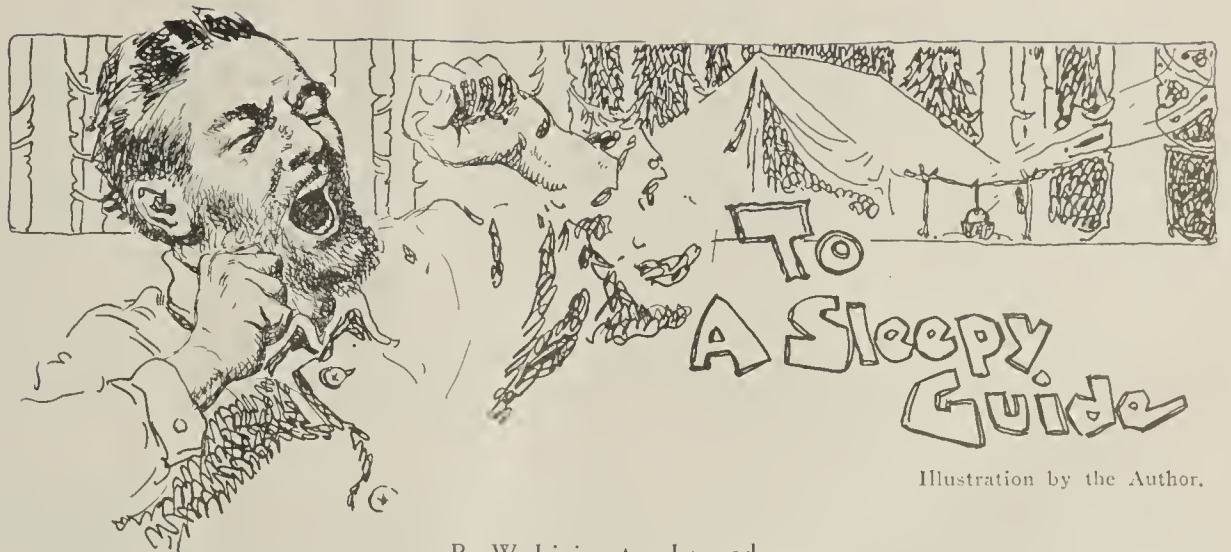


Illustration by the Author.

By W. Livingston Larned.

Wake up, Friend Guide, the day is old;
The stars have run to cover, lad.
Dawn's cheeks are pink, and, fold on fold
The Morn unrolls her charm, b'gad.
How can you nod, when, in the east
Time glints the topmost of th' hills?
Let's have our bit-o'-bacon feast,
And rush th' trout of yonder rills.

*(That desk in town fair makes me sick,
When thoughts go blund'ring back to it.
Too soon, th' same old daily trick;
And jobs one never likes a bit.)*

Wake up, Friend Guide, can't whiff th' air,
'Tis perfumed with a dash of pine.
The lungs drink deep a welcome share,
As tho' each gulp of it were wine.
White gleams the tent against massed fir,
Smoke weaves its faint web, spider-like,

And, in the thicket, strange things stir,
—Get going, for th' love of Mike!

*(The desk in town—I see it now,
Piled high with drab, disputed bills.
And Jenks, accountant, shows me how
To count th' debit up in mills.)*

Wake up, Friend Guide, it's time to skip—
Skeedaddle—shoulder rod or gun;
The game will give Your Nibs th' slip
If we lag longer, from th' fun.
Oh, joy of this, great open world;
Its vastness and its rugged might;
And yonder, Dawn's red flag unfurled,
(Gosh ding it, how these chiggers bite!)

*(That desk in town—the anvil grim
On which I pound out salary;
Man bites th' hand that's feedin' him;
So lay those molar marks to ME.)*

HANDY CALENDAR FOR SLEEPY CAMPERS

A USEFUL TABLE WHICH GIVES THE HOUR OF SUNRISE THROUGH THE DIFFERENT MONTHS OF THE YEAR

By C. E. Beyer.

THE man who thinks that he is going to beat Old Sol to the brookside has to do some tall hustling to get there before the Old Fellow. The Old Boy is used to getting out early and doesn't need an alarm-clock to wake him a few hours before the necessary time. But the fellow who wants to leave town early, get all the sleep he can and yet be early enough to get the early feeders must needs have some kind of an alarm, even then he is going it in the dark and has no idea as to when Old Sol is going to be on the job. Sure he forgot to look at the paper; other fellow ought to have done it too; the result—too dark to fish. Why not have a handy time-table of the dates when the sun rises? Evidently this was a momentous question with our old friend, Thomas Best, of Tottenham Hale—"excellent reception for anglers at Brother

Patrick's in that village"—for, being in the habit of visiting the grounds early he hit upon the scheme of making a table of sun-rises. With this as a first aid you can bet that Thomas was right there with the rod; he was there first and had time to find all the good spots on the Thames, Lea and other rivers, even though he had to walk most of the way—and the roads were long and weary in those days.

In the eighth edition of Best's "Concise Treatise of the Art of Angling, 1808," in which he states: "I have been careful to avoid all new-fangled rules," we have the table. Although I have taken the rules regarding the method of use of the table, the times have been changed to that of the present time and will no doubt be found useful to some brother angler who wants to get out early and try them before breakfast.

TABLE OF THE SUN-RISES FOR EVERY THIRD DAY OF THE YEAR.

Day	2	5	8	11	14	17	20	23	26	29
January	7.24	7.24	7.24	7.24	7.23	7.22	7.20	7.17	7.15	7.13
February	7.10	7.06	7.03	7.00	6.56	6.53	6.48	6.44	6.39	6.35
March	6.32	6.28	6.24	6.18	6.13	6.09	6.03	6.00	5.54	5.50
April	5.44	5.38	5.33	5.28	5.24	5.19	5.14	5.10	5.06	5.02
May	4.57	4.53	4.50	4.57	4.44	4.42	4.39	4.37	4.35	4.33
June	4.31	4.30	4.28	4.28	4.28	4.28	4.28	4.29	4.30	4.31
July	4.32	4.35	4.37	4.39	4.41	4.44	4.46	4.49	4.52	4.54
August	4.57	5.00	5.03	5.06	5.09	5.12	5.15	5.18	5.21	5.24
September	5.28	5.31	5.34	5.37	5.40	5.43	5.45	5.48	5.51	5.54
October	5.41	6.01	6.04	6.07	6.10	6.13	6.17	6.20	6.23	6.26
November	6.31	6.35	6.40	6.44	6.48	6.51	6.54	6.59	7.02	7.05
December	7.06	7.09	7.12	7.15	7.18	7.19	7.20	7.21	7.22	7.23

"To know the sun's setting you need only subtract the rising from 12. For instance: The sun rises Jan. 2 at 7.24, which subtracted from 12 gives four hours and sixteen minutes, which

is the time of the sunset—or 4.16. To find the length of the day double the setting; for the length of the night, double the rising." Try it—on yourself and on the fellow pictured above.

THROUGH THE LAKELANDS OF QUEBEC

A JOURNEY INTO A REGION SELDOM VISITED FROM THE OUTSIDE AND WHERE THE WILDERNESS IS STILL PRIMEVAL—THE POETRY OF PORTAGE HERE BECOMES AN EVERY DAY REALITY

By B. C. Cobb.

This is the second and concluding installment of an account of a canoe trip starting in the Gatineau region, about 125 miles north of Ottawa, and terminating at the Lake Kagebonga Post of the Hudson Bay Company, at the Height of Land. It involved a journey of more than 300 miles by water, with many portages, and took the party through a country that is seldom visited from the outside.—Ed.]

Monday, September 13.—Made two more portages on the Seize River; then up Grasshopper Creek into Grasshopper Lake, which does not amount to much. I tried for trout but caught instead one shovelnose pike. After crossing Grasshopper Lake we portaged again one mile into the Gen de Terre River. This is a real river of considerable breadth and with many falls and rapids. We ran two rapids successfully. About twelve miles down we reached the Lepine Farm, of the Edwards Lumber Company. There we met Jack Reynolds, the keep-over man, who was quite an interesting character. He looked like a western cowboy and we found that he was an American and had served three and one-half years in the United States Regular Army. He had fought in the Spanish-American War in Cuba and had served in the Philippines and also was in China during the Boxer uprisings. He said he had been in Canada ten years and with the lumber company four or five. He is a man of considerable ability and well informed. He had quite a library and spoke intelligently on many subjects.

We spent about an hour with Reynolds and at 3:15 P. M. started on down the Gen de Terre. Frank and Sam were ahead and when they had gone about seven miles they sighted a big black bear swimming across the river. He was too far away for a shot but they paddled fast and just as they were getting within range the bear reached the shore and disappeared into the woods. They landed the canoe and Frank got out, rifle in hand, and went into the woods after the bear. The place he landed happened to be a point around which the river took a sharp bend. Frank could hear the bear going through the bush ahead of him. He called to Sam to bring

the canoe over, which Sam did with considerable speed. Just as Frank and Sam got the canoe into the water the bear appeared on the point at the bend in the river. He was about a thousand feet away and Frank did not dare to shoot for fear of hitting Paddy and Joe in the second canoe. The bear did not stay on the point long but instead jumped into the water and started to swim for the opposite shore. Frank and Sam launched the canoe and paddled fast and just as the bear came out of the water and was climbing up the bank Frank shot twice but missed him. It was an exciting chase without result.

We camped at this point for the night. It rained a little during the afternoon and just as camp was being prepared it came down hard. It is very nasty in camp when it rains, particularly when it rains hard. We had been having very good weather most of the time, so no one did any kicking. We traveled about twenty-five miles and were still eating pork and beans, which were our mainstay throughout the trip. We had shot few birds and had not stopped to do much fishing.

Tuesday, September 14.—The morning was sultry with fog and mist and millions of black

flies, which was rather unusual for that time of the year. They stung and bit just the same, much to our annoyance. Dave and I started out ahead, and after paddling down stream for about three miles we sighted a moose peering through the bushes at a bend in the river ahead of us. This was the sixth or seventh moose we had seen but he like the rest made off very quickly.

At two o'clock we reached the Cojean Rapids located about a mile above where the river empties into the Gatineau. These rapids are the worst on the river and no one essayed to run them except Joe and Dave. They took their bags out and started down with empty canoes. Joe had the big canoe and therefore the advantage. He made the trip all right, but shipped considerable water. Then came Dave, with one of the light canoes. He got along splendidly until he reached the lower, and by far the worst rapids, when the canoe caught in a swirl and over it went. Dave and the canoe disappeared from sight in the rushing waters, but only momentarily—I should say for about half a minute—when up they came, old Dave on top of the canoe, which was bottom side up. The only thing Dave lost was his axe and his hat. The hat we later recovered below the rapids, along with my pipe, which I dropped out of my mouth in my excitement. Dave, aside from the wetting, was unhurt, which was very lucky. As usual, he took the incident in a good natured way.

We reached the Gatineau River at three o'clock and paddled down stream about six miles and at 4:30 pitched camp for the night. During the afternoon it cleared with the sun very hot and the flies awful. We used no tents this night, for the stars were alight and the moon, which was



Looking Up Wolf Lake, Rarely Visited by White Men—Brook Trout in the Bras Coupe Lake Country—Home Again—The Author's Cabin on Bras Coupe Lake.

nearly in its first quarter, was shining brightly. We traveled about twenty-five miles.

Wednesday, September 15.—Paddled down the Gatineau four miles to the mouth of the Mina-Mang Creek; then up the creek for a mile into a small lake called the Abitabe, where Frank got a fine mallard duck. We crossed the Abitabe and at 9:30 Joe started across country for Mike Heafey's shanty to get a team to haul our dunnage across to the Desert River. At three o'clock Joe got back, but not with Heafey's team. Heafey said the road was so bad he would not put his horses on it and I guess he was right insofar as the condition of the road was concerned. Joe had, however, gotten another team from Martel's shanty, so we started out. It took us two hours and thirty-five minutes to get to Martel's. The road was a terror, up over a burnt mountain grown over thickly with second growth. The mountain seemed literally infested with bears by the signs we saw. Arrived at Martel's at 5:35. Joe said it was only four miles. I will bet, if a speedometer was put on it, it would register between eight and nine. We had traveled twenty miles.

Thursday, September 16.—We left Martel's at seven o'clock and got the canoes into the river at 7:30; then down the Desert for fourteen miles to the mouth of Bras Coupe Creek. We paddled, poled and waded up the creek eight miles to Little Bras Coupe Lake, which is a lake at the lower end of the Bras Coupe Hunting and Fishing Club Preserve. The Bras Coupe Creek is a mountain stream, rapid running and full of falls and rapids. It is a trout stream, but a terror to navigate. It took us five and one-half hours to get up the creek and the portages were so many we did not count them. To add to our misery it began to rain about three o'clock and kept it up hard until after six o'clock. Everyone was soaked, not only by the rain, but from wading the stream.

Coming up Bras Coupe Creek we picked up half a dozen partridges, which went very nicely the next day with the mallard duck we had gotten the day before. There were deer tracks without number all along the creek and Dave and I, who were ahead, saw two, one a doe which came out of the woods only about two hundred feet ahead of us. She stood and looked at us in amazement. I raised my hand, at which the



Looking Down the Gatineau River—Hundreds of Miles From the North It Rolls, to Pour Its Flood Into the Ottawa.

beautiful creature was off with a bound with her white flag bobbing. Traveled twenty-three miles.

Friday, September 17.—During the night the wind shifted to the north and the morning broke clear and cold. We fished Little Bras Coupe Lake in the morning and picked up a few bass for supper. We had not as yet had any frost, not since the latter part of August, but the leaves were beginning to turn, mostly the birch and maple. In the afternoon Paddy and I went trout fishing in Bras Coupe Creek. We caught enough for breakfast, and this was all we wanted. This was the best thing I found on our trip, for it gives us on our preserve, in addition to lake fishing, a beautiful rapid running stream full of

trout. Camped for the second night on Little Bras Coupe Lake, with moon and stars shining brightly.

Saturday, September 18.—We paddled across Five Mile Lake, one of the prettiest lakes of the Bras Coupe Club's preserves and then went on to Bras Coupe Lake proper, arriving at my cabin on Bras Coupe Lake at 1:30 o'clock. We had a remarkably pleasant trip. We saw a great country, although we did not see much game and did little fishing. The game season, however, was just beginning and we made such fast time and so few stops that we could not have expected anything very different. We found everything in the cabin O. K., and it looked mighty comfortable. We were well content to eat our supper there that night and to turn in early into the comfortable little bunks against the wall.

Our story would not be complete without a little description of our men:

Good old Dave Howe, our head guide, was, as usual, fine, thoughtful and care-taking. No job was too hard for him and his cooking kept us going strong three times a day. Dave is American born, raised from good old stock in Maine. He knows the woods thoroughly, is a crack shot, a good fisherman, and an all around man.

Paddy Ryan, a fine type of Canadian Irishman, was also splendid. Paddy was born and raised in Maniwaki, where he and his brothers own a large farm. Paddy has, however, spent considerable time on exploration and surveying trips with Government and railway officials. He has also been a gold prospector in the porcupine country. He knows the woods thoroughly, was capable and agreeable in every way.

Joe Fraser, a half-breed, with Scotch father and Indian mother, was a big fine looking fellow. Joe stood at least six feet two and weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He could lug a good load and did.

Sam Dumont, a full blooded Algonquin Indian, was also O. K. Sam had worked for me several times before and was, as usual, quiet and attentive all the time.

We traveled altogether approximately one hundred and forty-four miles on the trip north and two hundred miles coming down, a grand total of three hundred and forty-four miles. We crossed twenty lakes and navigated five rivers and streams.





Do Fish Feel Pain?

OCCASIONALLY a correspondent writes us, asking this question. No definite answer can be forthcoming, for the good and sufficient reason that no one knows. But we may deduce from the thousands of instances and experiences encountered in the angling world, that fish, like all lower orders of the animate creation, lack the sensibilities that characterize the more highly developed species.

This is not to say that pain is non-existent in fishes, for fish have sensory nerves and, therefore, feeling. *Forest and Stream* has printed innumerable stories of fish, taken with hooks lodged in their mouths, some but a moment before the successful capture. Almost every angler can relate tales of this nature, and more than that, of fish very seriously wounded having given absolutely no indication of a feeling of pain or discomfort.

These stories are true, but they are all based on the conclusion that a continued seeking after food is evidence that pain is lacking. Now even human beings, wounded, will not always refuse food. Where it is not forthcoming from the hand of attendance or sympathy, effort will be made to supply the demands of nature.

It is foolish, perhaps, to compare fish with highly organized man, but it is best to put this question on a basis where it can be discussed from a proper standpoint.

We know that fish have no brain to speak of; their nervous structure is elementary. Nature has implanted in fishes two dominant impulses—to feed, and to reproduce their own kind. These prevail over everything else—in fact anything else is lacking. Hunger and the breeding instinct drive the fish.

A fish hooked in the bony structure of the mouth cannot feel much, if any, pain. The nerve structure there is lacking. As a matter of fact there is not much nerve structure in the anatomy of the fish, aside from the main centers of communication. Probably the greatest degree of sensible suffering that a fish can experience is to be taken from the water and left to die in the air. That, however, is needless torture. No angler worthy the name is ever guilty of a crime of this sort. He is careful to despatch his catch promptly and as mercifully as possible. If through carelessness, laziness or callousness he does not do this, he does not belong to the chosen brotherhood. Anathema should be his dole.

The Government's Niggardly Policy

THE Agricultural Appropriation bill, which passed the House finally on May 2, carried an item of \$25,000 for the maintenance of bird and game reservations. This was an increase of \$4,000 over the amount originally named in the bill, and credit is due Representative Edmund Platt of the 26th Congressional district, New York, for having persuaded an unwilling Congress to grant even this slight concession. We are not acquainted with Mr. Platt's

politics—that does not matter in this connection—but it is a pleasure to record that he labored earnestly to get more money for this important work, and though results were meagre, the fault was not his. Possibly had the great outdoor public of the United States given him some degree of support, the shameful neglect of Congress to do its plain duty would not have been allowed to pass almost unheeded.

Think of it! The 68 Federal game and bird reservations, with the Nation Bison range of Alaska, the Jackson Hole elk refuge in Wyoming, the 4,000 acre game preserve on the Wind Cave National Park in South Dakota, together with other important projects, are to be maintained on an appropriation of only \$25,000. This is less than \$400 for each park or refuge. The testimony of Dr. T. S. Palmer, who appeared before one of the Congressional committees, was to the effect that the sum was utterly inadequate, and that one large reservation off the coast of Georgia had been abandoned because of lack of funds. Also the Laysan Island reservation in the Hawaiian Islands was visited last year by poachers, who killed some 300,000 birds, mostly albatrosses, for their plumage. This great reservation has no warden, and the same is true of many smaller refuges.

Considered from an economic standpoint alone, the activities of bird life are supposed to save to the farmers of this country more than five hundred million dollars annually. But Congress, aside from a handful of members, does not seem to have the slightest conception of this fact, or if it entertains some dim ideas on the subject, it conceals them successfully.

The same Congress, however, is getting ready to pass a \$39,000,000 river and harbor bill, carrying appropriations so extravagant that even case-hardened politics revolts against some of them. When one million dollars can be thrown away on a stream that army engineers report will require the drilling of artesian wells to make navigable, and keeping in mind that the eight hundred and fifty million dollars expended up to this time by the Government on waterways has been largely wasted, the neglect and indifference of Congress in the matter of wild life conservation appears all the more glaring.

Game and birds have no votes, and by the same token it is beginning to look as though their human friends have none either, or if they have, they do not care enough to exercise their privilege.

The Shelter Island Deer Case

NEW YORK has been stirred up more or less of late over what is known as the Shelter Island deer situation. Shelter Island lies at the eastern end of Long Island Sound, west of Montauk Point and a short distance north of the island proper.

Many years ago a wealthy resident of Shelter Island began to breed deer in a private park. Some of the animals escaped and under favorable circumstances the number increased rapidly, particularly so because of the protective laws which prevented their slaughter. The farmers and gardeners of Shelter Island have complained that the deer have been ruining crops. The protests became so loud, and from an economic standpoint were so well justified, that the New York Game Conservation Commission issued an order that the deer should be rounded up and

exterminated by the state game wardens. Mr. George D. Pratt, chairman of the Commission, himself an ardent sportsman, deplored this decision, but confessed that the state had no money to capture the deer alive, even if that were possible, and the only relief to the suffering agriculturists was to kill the deer. This led to equally loud protests from individuals, sportsmen's clubs, etc., and such a flood of letters and telegrams poured in to the Commissioner's office that the order was rescinded and another substituted to the effect that if private contributions sufficient to cover the cost could be raised, the state would endeavor to capture the deer alive and transfer them to the Adirondacks or other suitable places.

We are sorry to say that despite the efforts of state wardens and volunteer assistants but few deer have been captured and the chances of success seem slight. Quite a number of the animals, driven to the shore of the island, plunged into the water and swam to the Long Island mainland and escaped. It was estimated at first that at least two hundred deer were running wild on the island, but this number is probably exaggerated. No question has been raised that the animals were a nuisance to the farmers. Still there is a feeling of regret that one of the most interesting colonies of wild life in the East is thus being broken up. Wild life is disappearing too rapidly as it is. However, it is certain that the state will not resort to extreme methods until every possible means of getting the deer off the island alive have been attempted.

The pleasing part of the whole situation—if indeed there can be anything pleasing in a matter that may call for the sacrifice or even the breaking up of this band of beautiful creatures—is the demonstration that under proper circumstances game can be propagated and made to increase, even to the point of infringing on civilization.

If as a last extremity the deer have to be killed we hope that it will be done under the auspices of the state itself, and not in the brutal way that Connecticut is trying to correct an alleged similar situation, with a law that permits people to shoot deer indiscriminately in season and out of season whenever the animals are found on cultivated lands.

Eighteen States Have "Buck" Laws

GOVERNOR WHITMAN of New York has vetoed the bill permitting the shooting of does. The bill by the amendments proposed gave protection only to fawns, for it provided that during the open season a person might take one deer not less than a year old, of either sex. In his memorandum Governor Whitman said:

"No person can conceive of a surer way of exterminating deer than that provided under the proposed bill which permits the killing of the breeders. I believe that the genuine sportsmen of the state are in favor of the retention, without change, of the present so-called 'buck law.'

"In eighteen states, including New York, the killing of female deer is prohibited by law. For New York to step out of this column of states would, in my judgment, be a long step backward in the matter of conservation, and I believe that this state cannot afford to offer such an example as this to the world.

"The number of hunting fatalities in this state is considerably lower than in states without such a law as the present one, the theory being that a hunter who has to look carefully enough to ascertain whether the animal at which he is about to fire has horns is not likely to mistake another hunter for a deer."



THE REAL CONSERVATION OF TROUT

AN ARGUMENT ADDRESSED TO STATE AUTHORITIES AND ALL INTERESTED IN THE PRESERVATION OF OUR BEST GAME FISH

By Charles Zibeon Southard, Author of "Trout Fishing in America," Etc.

THE following suggestions for the proper conservation of trout are offered for serious consideration to certain states in the northeastern section of the United States, namely, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It does not require any great amount of acumen, nor study of the existing laws governing the taking and killing of trout in most of these states, to realize that some concerted action along the lines of real conservation is absolutely necessary, and that, in as short a time as possible.

Speaking of the states mentioned, as a whole, it is to be regretted that the trout inhabitants of many of the fishable waters have been greatly depleted and in not a few cases practically exterminated. That this situation was inevitable, under the conditions existing for many years, should have been almost a foregone conclusion and recognized alike by the anglers and the authorities of the different states. While the situation as we find it to-day is not all due to the state authorities nor yet all due to the anglers, nevertheless, in a great measure, the anglers themselves are directly responsible for the depletion of this species of game fish. The anglers of yesterday needlessly and wantonly killed many trout; the anglers of to-day kill many more than they should; and the anglers of to-morrow, if they wish to preserve the sport and species, should kill but few.

What we require to-day is that new and wise laws be enacted which not only will protect the trout and increase their propagation, but will enable, within reasonable limits, anglers to enjoy the sport of trout fishing and at the same time provide for the continuance of the sport in the years to come. A fair and thorough consideration of this subject has been delayed so long that now it has become imperative that something should be done to prevent a bad situation from becoming worse if not incurable. What is past and gone is beyond recall, but the experience gained and the lessons taught from past mistakes ought to enable better results to be accomplished in the future. While it is to be expected that all anglers will not approve nor like some of the suggestions offered, yet changes (legal or otherwise) adjust themselves after a little and few complaints are heard. Indeed, it is doubtful if twenty-five per cent. of the trout angling fraternity will offer dissenting voices after the situation is thoroughly understood.

As the trout fishing laws stand to-day in the various states mentioned they are far from satisfactory as a whole from nearly every standpoint. Each one of these states has different laws governing the taking and killing of trout, a fact which is most unfortunate because their interests are or should be the same; then again the conditions do not warrant such a divergence and the laws do not accomplish what is desired by all—intelligent and real conservation. Time and experience, almost always, determine what is best to do in most things and the question of conservation of trout, as well as other game fish, and the laws governing their taking and killing are no exception to the general rule. For that reason, when considering this question, it is well to determine wherein the present laws are faulty

and insufficient to meet the present day conditions. Conservation amounts to nothing unless it conserves, and real conservation can only be brought about by the combined efforts of all the interested parties giving the subject thorough and proper attention along practical as well as scientific lines and without prejudice, to the end that "The greatest good for the greatest number" will be accomplished most effectually.

It is essential in order to achieve the best results that the different states should work along the same lines and enact as far as possible the same general laws for the protection and taking of trout.

The laws governing the taking and killing of trout (meaning thereby, brook trout, brown trout, rainbow trout, steelhead trout, and red throat or cut-throat trout) in the states at the present time, except in special instances, cover the following points:

- The open season.
- The limit for length.
- The limit for number and the limit for weight.
- License or no license.
- The open season varies in all of the nine states.
- The limit for length is the same in eight states (6 inches).
- The limit for New Hampshire varies (5, 7 and 10 inches).
- The limit of trout that can be taken and killed.
- Three states have no limit of any kind.
- Three states have limit as to number.
- Two states have a limit as to weight only.
- One state has limit as to number and weight.
- Two states (Vermont and New Jersey) exact a license fee; the others do not.

The present day conditions of the trout supply and trouting waters in the section already mentioned are due to one or more of four primary causes, namely:

1st. The indiscriminate cutting away of the forests, the trees, shrubbery and foliage along the water courses from the smallest brook or stream to the larger waters. The inevitable result has followed; the character of the streams has changed; the volume of water flowing is lessened owing to greater evaporation, so much so that to-day in many instances streams that only a few years ago had many trout inhabitants contain but a "paltry few" and these have ceased to propagate owing to the changed conditions.

2nd. The pollution of the streams and waterways from factories along their banks which discharge various kinds of refuse, acids and other poisons that are not simply injurious to trout life, but positively annihilating.

3rd. The laws governing the taking and killing of trout that have been in force for several years and offering but little and in many cases no real protection for the trout.

4th. The anglers themselves, who in many cases, but not all, have paid but little attention to "fish laws" and whose sole desire has seemed to be to kill as many trout as possible without any regard as to whether or not they were eaten, fed to the hogs and hens or used as fertilizer.

The time has arrived when new trout fishing laws should be framed and enacted that will bring about real protection for both the fish and the anglers and result in true conservation.

Suggestions as to Features That the Laws Should Cover.

1st. Every resident and non-resident angler in each state should pay a reasonable license fee yearly.

2nd. All states whose interests are practically the same should enact similar trout laws.

3rd. The limit of trout that may be caught and killed in one day by one angler should be very greatly reduced and the limit determined independently for each method of angling.

4th. The same "open season" should be established for all states in a given section when their interests are alike.

5th. The minimum length of trout that may be caught and killed should be different for the different methods used in capturing them.

6th. Special laws should be made to cover unusual conditions existing in the different states.

7th. Each state should be divided into districts in which, during the "open season," a sufficient number of fish wardens should be employed to see that the fishing laws are not violated.

8th. The fines and penalties for violating the fishing laws should be such that anglers would respect the laws and help to have them lived up to by all fishermen.

9th. The hours for trout fishing should be from one hour before sunrise to one hour after sunset. Night fishing should be prohibited.

As the situation stands to-day Vermont and New Jersey exact license fees for fishing, and Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania require no license fees, except that in New York non-residents have to pay a fee to fish in the Niagara River.

Every sportsman should be not only willing but anxious to do his share in protecting and supporting the sport in which he is particularly interested. There is no logical reason why every angler should not pay a license fee yearly for the privilege of enjoying a sport which the states ought to protect and maintain at or above par. To properly protect and maintain the sport of inland fishing costs considerable money; the persons, therefore, who are especially benefited should (and rightly so) contribute their share toward the expense.

If trout fishing is to be continued and trout, not to mention other species of game fish, are to be properly protected and propagated, the time has arrived when more money should be spent for this purpose, and it is up to the anglers themselves to help the different states solve the problem of what should be done in order that the best results may be obtained without any further delay.

More hatcheries are necessary so that greater and better stocking of the trout waters can be had, and the division of each state into districts with better and more fish wardens to see that the laws are obeyed in every particular, is also just as necessary. These are two important reasons why more money should be spent and why the favored ones, the anglers, should do everything in their power to aid and abet the respective states in a financial way.

The license fee decided upon both for residents and non-residents should be of sufficient size, without being burdensome, to bring a substantial return to the state. Taking everything into account, i. e., what the state can accomplish in protecting its fish inhabitants and the benefits that will accrue to the anglers, it would seem that a license fee of \$1.00 per year for residents and \$2.00 per year for non-residents, and in addition thereto the sum of 10 cents for a license coin, thus making a total yearly fee for resident anglers of \$1.10 and for non-resident anglers of

\$2.10, would be wise and proper to establish. It goes almost without saying that such fishing license fees would aid materially both the states and anglers in properly solving the problem of how best to establish true conservation.

So far as the section comprising the New England States, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, is concerned, the same general laws governing the taking and killing of trout should apply equally well to all, except in particular cases when special laws should be passed to meet the unusual conditions.

The brook trout is a native; it is the indigenous Charr or trout found in all of these states which has very justly and rightly been called "the most beautiful fish that swims." As the brook trout is a native and as it far exceeds in number all of the other species found in these states, it would appear as if it were entitled to the greatest consideration when formulating new laws for the protection and conservation of trout. Especially when everything that is done for the brook trout will serve just as well for all other species of trout, except the Sunapee trout, the Dublin pond trout, the Blue Back or Rangeley trout and the Lake trout, all of which should be protected by special laws.

The brook trout is a cold-water breeder; it spawns in the late fall or early winter; as this is an undisputed fact, it is apparent that the spawning season comes around earlier in the waters of northern Maine than elsewhere. For this reason, if no other, it would seem as if the more southerly states could, in all reason, subscribe to an "open season" which has proved advantageous for many years in the most northerly state.

The restricting as to the size, weight and number of trout that could be legally taken in one day would surely apply equally as well to one state as another, provided the limits were wisely determined in the first place, which ought to be easily and satisfactorily accomplished.

Probably, all things considered, the most important feature in relation to proper conservation of trout which should be determined after most careful investigation is how to prevent the needless waste of trout each year by the anglers themselves. As the laws in the different states stand now the number of trout one angler can kill in one day is altogether too large, and it can be materially reduced without depriving anglers of the enjoyment of their sport in a reasonable and rational manner.

The time has arrived when anglers who fish game fish for number must be satisfied with a lower limit.

If the limit is not made less as soon as possible one of two things must inevitably follow, either the sport of trout fishing will die a natural death, owing to the exterminating of the species, or a "close season" extending over a long period of years in most of the states will have to be enforced.

Is it not better then to reduce the permissible limit of catch per day rather than to be forced to accept one of the two alternatives?

While new laws governing the catching and killing of trout should not be enacted for the benefit of any one class of trout angler because the small boy with his alder pole is entitled to his rights just the same as the fly-fishing angler with his split bamboo rod, there are, however, certain well established facts in relation to trout fishing which make it necessary, for the good of all anglers, that the limit of catch in one day should be differently governed for each method of fishing.

Having fished for trout in many states for over twenty-five years, and having given much time for the past twelve years to the study of their habits and conditions under different circumstances, as well as to the investigation of the laws of the states where trout fishing is to be had, I feel that I can speak with some degree of authority upon the subject.

There are three well recognized methods of trout fishing, and they are bait fishing, trolling, and fly-fishing.

When trout are caught by the bait method

ninety out of every hundred so caught if returned immediately to the water will eventually die because the hook (and generally a good-sized one) has reached a vital spot. When trout are caught by the trolling method fifty out of every hundred so caught if returned immediately to the water will die because the hook or hooks have fatally injured them. On the other hand, when trout are caught by the fly-fishing method, only one in one hundred so caught if returned immediately to the water will die. This is because the hooks in ninety per cent. of the cases being small do not reach any vital spot; and when medium-sized hooks are used, owing to the nature of the method, trout are uninjured because they are hooked in the lips or the tough part of the mouth.

There can be no doubt whatever that the fly-fishing method is the least destructive and is the most skilful; that the bait method is the most destructive, yet requires considerable skill, and that the trolling method, while not as destructive as the bait method, is markedly so and requires but little skill. Therefore, as the bait and trolling methods are responsible in themselves for the killing and wasting of more trout many times over than the fly-fishing method, it should be self-evident that there is urgent need of restricting the use of these two methods as far as possible consistent with fairness to all anglers.

In relation to the limit of trout that may be caught and killed in one day, the following gives the situation as to how the law stands to-day in the nine states in the section named heretofore:

One state has limit of 25 trout, or 15 pounds. (Maine.)

Two states have no limit of number, but have a weight limit. (Vermont, 5 lbs.; New York, 10 lbs.)

Three states have limit for number, but no limit for weight. (New Jersey, 25; Connecticut, 30; Pennsylvania, 40.)

Three states have no limit for number or weight. They are: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island.

After seriously considering and analyzing these figures for a day's catch, is it not to wonder that the sport of trout fishing has lasted as well as it has under such adverse conditions? Just consider for a moment what it means to have a daily limit of 25, 30 and 40 trout, or even a limit of 10 pounds in weight with no limit for number and then what a no limit at all means!

Is it strange, then, that many angling sportsmen are awakening to the realizing sense that something must be done to preserve the sport and that real conservation, in part, means regulating the taking and killing of trout according to the methods used in capturing them?

The daily limit that should be established for the taking and killing of trout by the three radically different methods of fishing should not be determined without much thought and careful consideration based upon the best information and experience that is obtainable.

From my study and investigation of the subject I beg leave to suggest that the following limits, if established, will be fair and just and at the same time will prove advantageous alike to the anglers and the different states interested.

Bait Limit.

The daily limit for trout that can be taken and killed in one day by the "bait method" shall not be over ten fish; the total weight of the trout shall not exceed seven pounds, except that it shall be legal to take one trout if it exceeds seven pounds.

Trolling Limit.

The daily limit for trout that can be taken and killed in one day by the "trolling method" shall not be over three fish; the total weight of the trout shall not exceed ten pounds, except that it shall be legal to take one trout if it exceeds ten pounds, and if one or two trout have been caught that do not weigh over seven pounds, then one more trout can be taken.

Fly-Fishing Limit.

The daily limit for trout that can be taken and killed in one day by the "fly-fishing method" shall not be over ten fish; the total weight of the trout shall not exceed seven pounds, except

that it shall be legal to take one trout if it exceeds seven pounds

Note.—When fishing by the bait or trolling method each trout that is caught shall be killed and counted as one of the legal limit allowed for one day provided that it is over the legal limit for length.

Note.—When fishing by the fly-fishing method the angler may catch and not kill as many trout as his ability will permit, provided after he has taken his legal limit all others are at once returned to the water unharmed.

Note.—No angler shall have in his possession at any time during the "open season" more than the daily prescribed limit of trout for the method he has used in catching them.

Note.—"In his possession" shall be deemed to mean trout that the angler has caught and not disposed of that may be at his home, camp, hotel, on his person, or elsewhere. In other words, if an angler catches and kills ten trout to-day and disposes of five trout, and has on hand five trout to-morrow, the number which he can catch and kill that day is automatically reduced to five trout.

Note.—Each method of catching trout should be restricted to such waters as are prescribed by law. It will be found in all states that on certain waters all methods can be allowed, on some waters two methods can be allowed, and on other waters only one method should be allowed. Each state will have to decide this question for itself.

Note.—By restricting certain waters to certain methods the trout will be better protected and each class of angler will also have protection and ample opportunity for enjoying the sport of trout fishing in his own way.

The length of the "open season" for trout fishing is a subject that requires more than ordinary consideration, especially as the nine states in question all have different limits at the present time.

THE "OPEN SEASON" AS IT IS TO-DAY.

State	For Brooks and Streams	For Ponds and Lakes
Maine	Ice out to Sep. 15	Ice out to Oct. 1
New Hampshire	Apr. 1 to Aug. 1	Apr. 15 to Sep. 1
Vermont	Apr. 15 to Aug. 31	May 1 to Aug. 31
Massachusetts	Apr. 1 to Jul. 31	Apr. 1 to Jul. 31
Rhode Island	Apr. 1 to Jul. 15	Apr. 1 to Jul. 15
Connecticut	Apr. 1 to Jun. 30	Apr. 1 to Jun. 30
***New York	Apr. 1 to Aug. 31	Apr. 1 to Aug. 31
New Jersey	Apr. 1 to Jul. 14	Apr. 1 to Jul. 14
Pennsylvania	Apr. 14 to Jul. 31	Apr. 14 to Jul. 31

***First Saturday in April.

In trying to arrive at what should be the length of the "open season" it is well to leave out of consideration such waters and species of trout as have had and will continue to have "special" laws for their protection and to consider only the waters and species that come under the general trout laws.

Probably all those interested in this subject (assuming they are familiar with the facts) will agree that the "open season" should close earlier on brooks and streams than on ponds and lakes. For those who are unfamiliar with the facts, it may be well to say that trout in the vast majority of cases, when they can, leave the ponds and lakes (often called "still waters") for the brooks and streams, to spawn.

Although the spawning season comes around earlier in the more northerly states than elsewhere it is seldom that the act of spawning actually takes place before October 10th to 15th. The trout, however, begin to arrive at the spawning beds about or shortly after September 15th, when they clean and prepare the beds for use at a later date. For these reasons, if no others, the "open season" should close on brooks and streams at an earlier date than on ponds and lakes, in order that the propagation of the species will not be disturbed and the best results will be attained. The ending of the "open season" on brooks and streams now varies from June 30th in Connecticut to September 15th in the state of Maine, a difference of two and one-half months. As the earlier date applies to the more southerly state of the two, would it not seem as if something were radically wrong with one of these "open seasons" laws? The variations in the "open season" laws of the different

states, while undoubtedly enacted with the best intentions, were probably in some instances the result of individual and not collective investigation of the subject, otherwise it is almost impossible to comprehend how so many different views upon the same subject could exist and become laws in such a comparatively small section as is covered by the states in question.

If a license fee for fishing is established in the northeastern states and the proper limit for size, number and weight of trout that can be taken and killed in one day also is established, then in most of the states, if not all, a longer "open season" should prevail in all fairness to the anglers and to the establishing of intelligent conservation laws. It is not the length of the "open season" that is dangerous to conservation or is unwise in its application. If the habits of trout are not interfered with there is no logical reason why an angler who cannot take the time to enjoy the sport of trout fishing before August or even the first half of September should be deprived of his pleasure or the state deprived of the fishing fee.

Because one state is farther north than another does not in itself offer any valid reason why the laws should be different for the same species of fish, unless it can be conclusively shown that their habits and propagating traits are decidedly different in the different states. The fact that one state covers a larger area in square miles and has a greater or less population than some other state can hardly be said to form a correct basis upon which the length of the "open season" should be determined, although it is true that some states have more trout waters than others.

Experience of years has clearly demonstrated that anglers who cannot enjoy the sport of trout fishing in their "home" state because the laws are such that they are unable to avail themselves of the pleasure during the prescribed "open season" will go to other states where they can fish and there gladly pay a non-resident's license fee.

To establish a longer "open season" in all the states except the state of Maine does not mean that more trout will be taken and killed in these states than is the case at the present time, provided, of course, the limit for size, number and weight is properly restricted.

Considering all the facts relating to this point it would appear that logically the "open season" for trout fishing on brooks and streams might be from April 1 to September 15 inclusive, except in the state of Maine where it should remain as it is at present from the time the ice goes out of the fishable waters to September 15. For ponds and lakes the "open season" might well be from the first of April or from the time the ice goes out of these waters to the thirtieth of September, inclusive.

In the past the legal limit for size (length) of trout that could be taken and killed has not been wisely determined, and for that reason new laws covering this point should receive careful consideration before they are enacted. The limit for size in all but one state (N. H.) is now placed at six inches when caught by the bait or fly-fishing method. Investigation will disclose that this limit has not proved satisfactory from the standpoint of conservation, which was to protect the young trout from being killed. It is the young trout that must be protected to the fullest extent if the best results are to be obtained, and this can only be accomplished by establishing different limits based upon the killing effect of the method used in catching them. When trout are fished for in brooks and small streams by the bait method many are caught that run from four to nearly six inches and under the law as it stands to-day these small trout have to be returned to the water.

Ninety per cent. of such trout will surely die due to the injuries they have received from simply being caught; because, from the very nature of the method used, the hook has penetrated a vital spot such as the root of the tongue, the gills or the gullet. This result is not the fault of the angler but of the method, and for that reason the laws governing its use should be such as will reduce to a minimum the needless killing of trout



It is to the Interest of the State As Well As the Anglers to Preserve These Waters.

when this method is employed. To accomplish this desired end the limit for length should be made *five* instead of *six* inches and the angler should be obliged to kill and count as one of his daily limit for number all trout caught that are five inches and over in length. It is only by some such law being rigidly enforced that small trout can be properly protected in waters where the bait method is allowed. Too much consideration cannot be given to this question if real conservation is to prevail so far as the brook trout and other species are concerned.

Trout caught by the fly-fishing method are seldom injured; and carefully kept records for over ten years show that not more than one trout in one hundred ever dies which is caught on the fly and immediately returned to the water. With the fly-fishing method there is no needless killing nor injuring of trout and for that reason the limit for length should be increased from *six* to *eight* inches.

As the average size of trout caught by the trolling method is very much larger than the fish caught by either the bait or fly-fishing methods, the limit for length can be very properly placed at twelve or even fifteen inches.

Special laws should be enacted to cover at least three conditions that now exist, and it may be found that other conditions will be such as to call for similar laws. The conditions are:

1st. Where the present laws are not sufficient they should be changed so as to afford better protection to such species of trout as are peculiar to the waters of certain states.

2nd. For the protection of certain waters that have been but recently stocked and where natural propagation in these waters is not fully established.

3rd. For the protection of such waters as are naturally propagating areas, but where the supply is limited and cannot be materially increased by stocking.

Each state should be divided into districts and the size of the districts should be determined, not according to the area of each state, but rather according to the distribution of all protected fish in the fishable waters. No district should be so large but that two fish wardens could properly look after it during the entire "open season."

In order that such laws can be drafted every true trout angling sportsman should lend a hand

so that the entire trout angling fraternity can present to the proper authorities of the different states a reliable and comprehensive plan of procedure.

Remember that the interest of each state is precisely the same as that of the anglers; therefore, it is up to the anglers to work together, without prejudice, and to determine after careful consideration just what the new trout laws should embrace. So that the matter can be properly gotten under way without unnecessary delay, I respectfully request that each angler and angling association interested in trout fishing formulate their views after due consideration of the subject and send them to me, care of *Forest and Stream*. They will receive prompt and careful attention and be compiled with other data, all of which will form a basis for one comprehensive plan and report.

This plan, with the report when completed, will be sent to the respective anglers and angling associations who have interested themselves in this movement for trout conservation. It is sincerely hoped that many, if not all, will cooperate and render every assistance possible.

A recapitulation of the suggestions offered for new trout laws, as to which an expression of opinion is desired from anglers and angling associations:

License fee—

For residents, \$1.10 yearly.

For non-residents, \$2.10 yearly.

Limit of length—

For trolling, 12 inches.

For bait fishing, 5 inches.

For fly-fishing, 8 inches.

Limit of number—

For trolling, 3 trout.

For bait fishing, 10 trout.

For fly-fishing, 10 trout.

Limit of weight—

For trolling, 10 pounds.

For bait fishing, 7 pounds.

For fly-fishing, 7 pounds.

Length of "open season"—

On Brooks and Streams—From April 1, or the time the ice goes out, to September 15.

On Ponds and Lakes—From April 1, or the time the ice goes out, to September 30.

An Angry Bull Moose

Ferociously Charged Theodore Roosevelt

near Quebec, last hunting season.

How the Colonel killed the Bull in self defense, after having previously obtained his legal limit of Moose, is told by him in the February 1916 "Scribner", and by sworn affidavit at Quebec.

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You can build one of your own, by leasing a fishing and hunting territory from the Government of the Province, whether a resident of it or not, or by joining one of the many fish and game clubs.

Write for an illustrated booklet on "The Fish and Game Clubs of Quebec", which tells you all about them, and address all enquiries concerning fishing and hunting rights, fish and game laws, guides, etc., to

HON. HONORÉ MERCIER,
Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries,
QUEBEC, QUE.



FISHING FOR BASS IN JUNE

THE BAIT OR LURE NOW MAY NOT SERVE LATER IN
THE SEASON — INCIDENTALLY, WHAT IS BEST NOW

By Black Bass.

TO a great many the middle of June of each year seems like a new lease on life. Very likely all winter long it has been thought of and anticipated, and more likely still the tackle has been in readiness at least two months ahead of time.

Even so, the proper methods for early season fishing are not fully understood by most, if one can judge by the way it is gone about on the opening day.

Some do not seem to realize that there are methods of catching bass during one month that will prove to be absolutely a failure during the month following, and in fact all the following season.

Not meaning, of course, that just because it happens to be a different month that the fish have changed their methods of feeding, but if one stops to consider for a moment it will be realized that the difference in the temperature of the water is very apt to affect the appetite of a fish through the changes wrought by the rather cool month of June, the warmer waters of July and August and still again the cooler waters of September and October, to say nothing of November.

It is a well-known fact that black bass bite better in the cool months than they do in the warm ones, but just why no one has been able to figure out conclusively. At the same time very good guesses may be, and always have been, made, the general belief being that the fish are more voracious, or hungry in the cooler months through the fact that the cooler waters increase their activity the same as it does a human being upon land. This, to a certain extent, however, is a fallacy in so far as the cool waters affect their appetite.

In the latter part of May and the first part of June they have been taking care of the spawning beds and have had no opportunity to go about in the search for the more delectable food, and as up to the spawning time they have had very little to eat in consequence of the long winter's hibernation, they are on the watch at all times for food during the latter part of June, and while the waters are still somewhat cool. And the successful fisherman at this time is the one that selects (accidentally or otherwise) the bait that the fish are used to finding at this season, and

serves it to them in the depths of water at which they expect it to be.

This is the time when the still fisherman comes into his own and the bait caster loses out.

Frogs are all herded up in the shallow, muddy pools where they have been spawning since early spring, and have not distributed themselves around the shores of the lake as they will later on; minnows and "saw-bellies" have not as yet become used to the warmer waters of the surface and the sandy bars, as they will about the first of July, and the bass, when they make a circle of the shallow water along shore and find nothing but worms with which to appease their voracious appetites, are all very apt to swim back to deep water and stay there until it warms up considerably.

Under these circumstances then it is a wise fisherman that goes out on Friday night with a lantern and secures a pail full of lively night crawlers in preparation for Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

To get the largest amount of enjoyment from this style of fishing the following outfit might be used:

A ten foot fly rod, steel if preferred, twenty-five yards of enameled line, "set" on the reel with a number of yards of last year's line used as a "core." A single action reel with a deep and narrow barrel and with a decided "click" to it. A thin leader of four or five feet of slightly more strength than the line, and some medium sized sprout hooks. Incidentally no sinkers are required.

At this time of year an assortment of baits is not needed, the night crawlers will prove to be enough. Anchor ropes and anchors are also superfluous, as this is not to be a "still" fishing trip, but a sort of modification of trolling.

If it be a windy day, as is very apt to be the case thus early in the season, select a spot slightly protected from the wind by a headland and where the wind has a back draft to it, making the boat drift this way and that with no decided direction, and where it will move slowly.

Take two lively worms (dead ones will be of no use) and impale just their heads on the hook, and before throwing them overboard see that they are acting as any indignant worm should, coiling around the hook in lively fashion.

Drop them over and row ahead a few strokes,

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paying out line until there is something between ten and fifteen yards gone from the reel. Now rest on the oars with the rod extending well over the stern, pull off about three feet of line from the reel into the bottom of the boat, and let the wind do the rest.

Watch the tip of the rod to determine whether it is bottom or a fish that the hook connects with, this is something that really has to be learned by instinct.

Presently the rod will bend down slowly but surely, then ease up and straighten with a jerk, a sure sign of bottom. Give a stroke with the oars and watch it again. If the performance is repeated, reel in a little line, as very likely the water is too shallow for the length of line out.

When the right length is determined upon, which will mean when the bait touches only every five minutes or so, tie a tiny piece of cord around the line to mark the depth and sit back and take things easy, only using the oars when the boat becomes stationary.

Very soon the difference between the bottom and the fumbling of a fish at the bait will be seen.

With a fish the rod tip will tremble very slightly at first, remain quiet for a second, then give a few spasmodic jerks that shake the rod from tip to butt, once more remaining quiet. On a sudden it will bend sharply over until the tip touches the surface of the water and the loose line begins to run rapidly from the boat.

If the fisherman be wise it is only now that he will reach for the rod, and with about six inches of loose line left, strike and strike hard, for a bass will not start away with food until it is well down in its gullet, a fact that a live bait fisherman soon learns to his sorrow, for many a good fish is lost through striking prematurely.

This method of fishing should prove to be a grand success during at least the first two weeks of the open season, when it will very likely be discovered finally that the fish have lost all their appetite for worms, gorged on them by that time, no doubt, and one might fish for a week in this way with never a fish to show for it, except, perhaps, a perch or a pickerel or two.

Minnnows can also be used to good advantage under these same circumstances and conditions.

Use the same rig, with the addition, if it be thought necessary, of a few split shot to get the bait deep enough, for large minnows will keep the hook on a higher level than will a small one.

Select as a preference the deep water off some rocky shore or headland, and if the wind be fairly gentle try to drift the whole length of it in a zig-zag course, into shore and out again at long angles.

Keep the oars as clear of the water as possible, only giving a quiet and gentle stroke now and then to start the boat in the right direction, naturally making as little commotion in the water as possible.

Fish do not seem to mind the drifting of a boat over head so long as there is no disturbance connected with it, any more than they do the drifting of a log.

After the deep shore has been worked over twice in this way and there be no results, look about and find a shore of the opposite character, grassy, comparatively level banks and water from ten to twenty feet in depth.

When one realizes that the nature of the bottom is, as a rule, the same as the land immediately adjacent to the water line it is easy to select any style bottom desired.

As a matter of fact, this method of drifting can be applied to the use of any kind of bait that is at all practicable in the early part of the season. Worms, minnows, crawfish and helgramites can be used with more or less success, but the bait par-excellence is, beyond a doubt, night crawlers, and "drifting" with them will net at least sixty per cent. more fish than still fishing.

In river fishing these same methods can be used with even greater success. Hold the boat with the bow to the current and allow about twenty feet of line to drift over the stern. Use one or two split shot as occasion seems to demand.

A few strokes of the oars now and then will keep the line straightened and every nook and cranny into which the current goes may be searched out, usually with a good catch of bass as the result.



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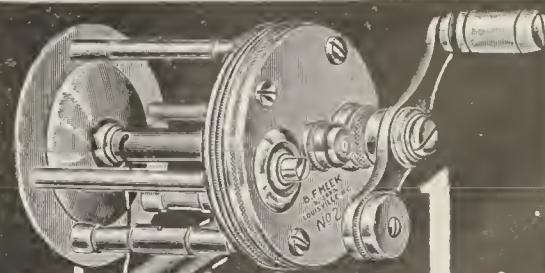
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The Meek

TRULY THE VETERAN OF ALL RODS

FOR NEARLY A THIRD OF A CENTURY IT HAS STOOD AGAINST HARDEST USAGE AND MEETS ALL DEMANDS MADE UPON IT

By E. S. Whitaker.

THIRTY-ONE years ago while temporarily at Watertown, N. Y., I spent many an off day on the St. Lawrence and the lower bays of Lake Ontario in pursuit of the gamy black bass, and with such good result that I invited two friends, Harry Stanton, and Dr. W. H. Woodward of Cincinnati, to "come and have a good day's fishing."

In earlier days we three had enjoyed ourselves upon the Lake Erie fishing localities, as well as Kentucky's favorite streams, and they at once surmised that there was at least a show, and came at once. I introduced them to three friends, Watertown anglers, who were also to be my guests. The party boarded a train for Cape Vincent. Soon my Cincinnati friends cornered me, and after complimentary speeches presented me with a fine 7 oz. split bamboo. It was a beauty, and had "Wheeler" on the reel piece. At Cape Vincent we took a launch and went to Hitchcock's Inn, near the head of Wolf Island, where three row boats with guides were in waiting, and started for Reed's Bay, trolling bass flies, on our flyrods. By the time we reached Conley's we had secured bass enough for our dinner, and each member of the party had caught one on "Whit's new rod," and were emphatic in praise of its action. After dining and a cigar on the porch, we started out, and slowly trolled about the bay with good success, and entered a smaller bay where we struck a school of bass. The repeated shouts of "one by me" from different boats indicated that all were busy and it continued thus until four o'clock when the rising wind and rolling waves and dark, angry looking clouds decided us to quit, and pull over to Hitchcock's where we arrived after dark. Mr. H. was at the dock with a lantern, and as each boat drew in with bass covered floor, he remarked: "That is a fine catch." We appointed him to count and weigh from each boat and put them in a barrel on the launch while we ate supper. He reported the aggregate to be 277 bass weighing 407 pounds, the boats averaging very nearly the same except the one from which Stanton and myself fished, as it had 85, being a few more than either of the others—just enough to give us the honors.

It certainly was a big catch, and more than we would have taken under ordinary circumstances but none were wasted. We returned to Watertown that evening and told our fishing friends to distribute as they wished which left over half of the total to go to the Woodruff House, where they were served to guests next day. Of course, I was greatly pleased that my friends who had come such a distance to do so had enjoyed "a good day's fishing."

I afterward took them on a day's trip on the St. Lawrence River, through the Thousand Islands, and to other interesting points, and as the return was made after dark with the cottages fully illuminated it was like passing fairy land. They were greatly pleased.

Year after year I have used the rod that had been so auspiciously christened, on all my angling

outings from Adirondack trout and togue, Florida east coast fishes of various kinds, and bass, perch, and pike of Michigan, and admired its perfect action, knowing only the name of the maker, and finally became anxious to know more. A friend, Mr. Hickman, of Chicago, who had used it also became interested, and having some repair work done, mentioned the rod at the shop and learned that the man doing his work knew the maker, and had formerly, years ago, worked in his shop. When I next saw him he told me of it and his recollection was that he was at Farmington, Vermont.

I at once wrote to the postmaster there, and learned that he was unknown there. A letter to Mr. Hickman caused him to again make inquiry, and he wrote me that the man who had informed him, had gone to California, and had



The Author in His Favorite Boat—A Canvas Canoe.

died there. I then wrote to several places and finally Mr. Orvis answered that if I wrote to Dame Stoddard Co. of Boston I could probably learn what I wished. I did so and they wrote that Mr. Charles E. Wheeler, rod maker was at Farmington, Maine, and I at once wrote him.

He replied thanking me for good words said, and also that he "considered it remarkable that a rod purchased 30 years ago, and used as you say constantly, should be in such condition." He also sent a paper printed years ago giving a sketch of his work.

It seems that he began the work in 1868. A Mr. Isaac Cutler of Boston who had examined a \$50 split bamboo at the store of Bradford and Anthony, obtained same bamboo and on his way to the Rangeley Lakes stopped at the shop of

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\$1.25 Prepaid

Albert G. Wheeler and his son Charles who were both geniuses with tools, and suggested making a similar rod for him, which they at once did, and Mr. Cutler went to the lakes and tried his new rod with great success, landing many choice specimens, and congratulating himself that he had not paid \$50 for the rod he had copied. On return he spoke of and showed it to B. & A. and they shortly after ordered two dozen for which the Wheelers received \$25 apiece.

Such was the start of his making this class of rods. With improved machinery his rods became more perfect. He sold for a number of years to B. & A. and afterward to John P. Moore's Sons of New York, turning out about 250 each year. In 1876 Mr. Ormsby urged him to make an exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition, which he did, and for which he received a diploma of the highest merit and the grand medal of honor. The business then increased so rapidly that a new factory was erected and manufacturing for the trade continued until 1894 when on account of the many competitive concerns it became unprofitable, and since then he has sold direct to customers, the rods being advertised by loving friends. Among his patrons were Joseph Jefferson and Senator Wm. P. Frye, who would seldom use any other rod. A laker caught by Mr. Wheeler on an eight ounce rod in Clear Pond, measured 34 inches, and weighed sixteen and one-quarter pounds. I was very glad to hear from him and at once wrote to Mr. Stanton asking where they had purchased the rod and he replied, giving name of Thomas Chittenden of Watertown, N. Y., who had probably obtained it from John P. Moore's Sons. It is certainly a grand rod and I am glad to give honor to its maker.

Note:—Mr. Chas. E. Wheeler died April 16th, 1916. The "Farmington Chronicle" devotes three columns to his memory.

Arcadia, Mich., March 5, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

For the benefit of E. S. Whitaker, the author of "Manistique and Walloon Lakes," the origin of the name Manistique doubtless came from the same source as the Manistee—river, county and town. The late A. S. Wordsworth, formerly superintendent of the Michigan Geological Survey, who was one of the first white men to visit the Manistee River and who was familiar with the Indian tongue said that he had it from the early Indians that the name signified "The Spirit of the Wood." The name came to be applied to the stream, "one of the largest in Michigan," in the following manner: Along the stream, clear to its source, for ages had stood dense forests of pine and hemlock and the sough of the breeze through these forests produced a constant murmur, which the untutored Indians attributed to "The Spirit of the Wood" which they supposed dwelt about the sources of the stream and hence the name. This is from Volume One, History of North Michigan, by Powers.

W. H. MATTESON.

As an addition to the Appalachian Forest Reserve, the United States Government has recently closed a deal whereby it acquires fifty thousand acres of Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt's Biltmore estate located in Henderson and Transylvania counties, North Carolina. It is reported that \$250,000 was paid for the land in question.

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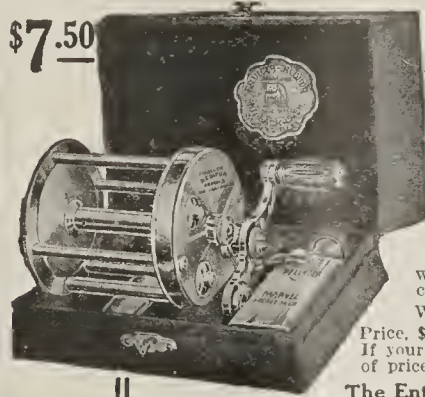


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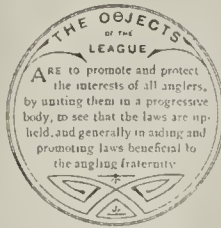
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My dear Sir:-

In reply to your inquiry I wish to say that my first attempt to break the World's Casting Record consisted in searching for a line that would meet certain requirements. It was important that such line should be a especially fine line and yet be able to withstand the elashing that I give a rod. It had to be a line that did not kink and which was hand laid with sufficient tightness to make it smooth running and furthermore it must be free of fuzz and as well even in caliber throughout its entire length.

For many months I experimented with lines that I imported myself from Europe and tried out every line in the American market until I corresponded with you and when you sent me a sample line of your "Surfman 100" thread No. 12 I found the line that answered everything that I demanded with added advantage of being free from dressing and starching.

Immediately I increased my distance in my practices and have gradually attained an average of casts that would have been unbelievable a few years ago. The absolute certainty of the evenness of your line, one line being like a similar one has enabled me to perfect myself to what I believe is my extreme limit.

As you know I broke the record a number of times last year with a final distance of 349 1/2 feet. This year I have gone some seventeen times over this mark once doing 372 feet with an average cast of ten casts of 337 feet.

As to your inquiry as to suggestions as to any criticism as to possible changes in the line, I would say that it cannot be done for I feel that your line cannot be improved upon and after all that is said upon the subject, the man who casts is the best judge of a line's perfection and your Surfman Line is the ideal line.

Believe me, with best wishes,

Very truly,

May 1, 1915 Carleton Simon

HOW PENNSYLVANIA HAS SOLVED THE STREAM POLLUTION QUESTION.

Harrisburg, Pa., March 10, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I read with much interest an article which appeared in the March issue of *Forest and Stream* by Percival Fassig on "Eatable Fish for Our Inland Streams and Lakes." In this article Mr. Fassig deals with the purification of our streams. It is a fact that our streams are so polluted that they are unfit for fish to live in, but it might be of some interest to the many readers to know what Pennsylvania, the second largest industrial State in the Union, is doing along the line of purifying her streams and the following is given with the idea that it will place before your readers facts relating to the work being accomplished by Pennsylvania.

The pollution of the streams of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is a stupendous and timely question facing the authorities who have charge of the enforcement of the law. This question is at the present time receiving the careful and serious attention of these officials, especially so the Department of Fisheries.

The law on the statute books says that the streams *must not be polluted* and then goes on to provide for a penalty for the violation of the law, but it does not say how this pollution is to be prevented. It is a very hard matter to go to a company and say, "You must not pollute the streams" when you have nothing to recommend which will take care of and purify said pollution or waste product coming from the plant or mine. This has been the proposition which had to be met and a solution found, if possible. This has been met and met squarely by the Pennsylvania Department of Fisheries and the solution found. A filtering apparatus has been designed and patented by Commissioner N. R. Buller and Jacob P. Albert, a warden of the Department. The Commissioner and Mr. Albert saw that the apparatus did the work so thoroughly and deemed it advisable to have it patented in order to protect the manufacturers and mine owners of Pennsylvania. This system of filtration has been tested and found practical in every respect and has been brought to such a stage of efficiency and practicability that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has adopted the system and it is being recommended to the many manufacturers and mine owners located in the Commonwealth. The patent rights of this apparatus insofar as the use of the apparatus in the Commonwealth is concerned have been vested in the Commonwealth, free of any cost, and the manufacturers and mine owners may use this system in Pennsylvania for the purification of their waste material without charges, royalties or payments other than the actual cost of construction. This eliminates the excuse which has always been put forth by the manufacturers and mine owners. The Department now has something which will absolutely do the work and save money for the manufacturer by saving his waste product, which formerly was allowed to run into the streams, and will save money for mine owner by neutralizing the mine water before it reaches the pumps, thereby doing away with the necessary repairs to the pumps every month or so, owing to the eating away of the vital parts by the sulphur water. The manufacturers and mine owners are now being met more than half way.

ROBERT R. FEATENBY.

THE SMITH



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bert and Buller, for turning over to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania the patent rights of this apparatus without any cost, when it is taken into consideration that the cost of securing the patent was paid by the patentees personally out of their own funds and of the value of the apparatus in saving the waste product from the manufacturing plants. The cost of construction is very small and maintenance is practically nothing, the filter taking care of itself to great extent.

The streams of Pennsylvania are being surveyed by the wardens of the Department of Fisheries and reports sent to the office which give a complete description of the nature of the refuse being discharged into the streams; names of officers, owners, etc., estimated quantity of waste going into the stream daily and all other valuable information relating to the pollution. After the reports are received at the office prints of the apparatus are made out, giving all necessary dimensions, and sent to the polluter of the streams. If the party receiving the print does not fully understand it a man is sent from the Department to explain it and give all necessary help. It is the intention of the authorities to assist the manufacturer and mine owner rather than harass them, which seems to be the prevailing idea. Since this stream survey work was taken up December 1, 1915, the Department has sent out over two hundred prints and in a majority of the cases replies have been received indicating that the manufacturers and mine owners are taking kindly to the proposition and will have the apparatus installed as soon as weather conditions permit. This is a great and important work and should receive all the publicity possible so that the sportsmen of the country will be familiar with the work being accomplished along this line.

ROBERT R. FEATENBY,
Chief Clerk, Pennsylvania Department
of Fisheries.

MINK AS A RETRIEVER.

In the spring of 1876 I was one one of my hunts for ducks and geese in the central part of Northern Iowa. It was in the latter part of March and I had a unique experience. One morning I was secreted in the rushes on the edge of a large marsh. It had frozen ice quite a distance from the shore and what flight there was was mostly out of gun range over the open water. However, I succeeded in bringing down three ducks. I was at a loss how to recover my game from out on the ice, it not being thick enough to bear my weight. My attention was called to one of the ducks, a large full feathered drake mallard, that was slowly moving towards the shore. Upon a closer inspection I discovered a large mink with its hold upon the butt of the duck's wing, backing up and slowly bringing it to shore. After getting the duck on the land the mink must have sensed danger for it let go of the duck and stood upon its haunches in a listening attitude. While in that position I shot it. I have often wondered if any other hunter has had a similar experience—a mink do his retrieving?

V. E. S.



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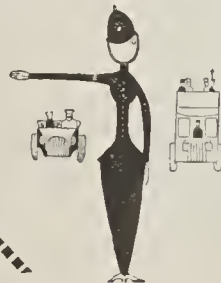
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TIPS FOR TINKERS.

The Gun Cabinet.

THE gun cabinet, shown in the photograph, was made in odd evening moments with a hammer, a saw, a plane, and a chisel. It is made of 7/8 inch white pine boards and finished with three coats of walnut stain. The writer is far from being an accomplished cabinet maker, and he was rather surprised to see how simple a matter it was to build this cabinet. It is ten inches deep, and a little over five feet high;



the left compartment is about sixteen inches wide and the right one about twelve inches. The rack to hold the gun barrels is about three feet from the bottom, with oval holes lined with felt to fit various styles of guns. As may be seen from the photograph, ammunition and a pistol are kept in the upper right hand compartment; cleaning rods, oil, etc., in the upper left; guns and fishing rods under the latter; while rubber boots and hunting coat hang in the lower right hand part. Strange as it may sound, the writer's first idea in making this cabinet was to have a place to hang his rubber boots; nothing ruins boots quicker than standing them in a closet; it literally adds years to their lives to keep them hung up off the floor.

Something that does not show in the photograph are the small brads on the inside of the doors from which to hang sections of fishing rods; rods will never develop a set if they are kept this way. It might be well to add that the bottom of the upper compartments is lined with felt, so that revolvers may be laid in them without danger of scratching.

The Fly Book.

Few of us have pocketbooks sufficiently well lined to enable us to purchase our ideal fly book. After going through all the tackle catalogues and wistfully gazing at the books that would hold large numbers of flies and leaders, the writer came to the conclusion that if he wanted one of these books he would have to make it. The result, which is not exactly handsome, but which is extremely practical, may be seen in the picture of this book. The cover is made from an old leather table cover; the leaves are celluloid; the pads between the leaves are leather. Sheet celluloid may be bought in any thickness and color. The leader pocket is also celluloid of the transparent variety and bound with tape. The

method of holding the flies on the pages has not yet been patented, so go to it; said method is easily understood from a glance at the illustration. The leaves are fastened to the cover with the common female hairpin! I should suggest the use of split rings instead, and then the book would be "loose-leaf" and the capacity for this would be unlimited.

The Line Dryer and Dry Fly Oil Container really need no explanation. A few sticks of wood, a piece of brass rod or heavy wire for an axle and a pen knife will produce the former in half an hour. Two strips of leather, a button, a safety pin, and the small bottle in which dry fly oil is sold are the requisites for the manufacture of the latter.

The Reel Bag

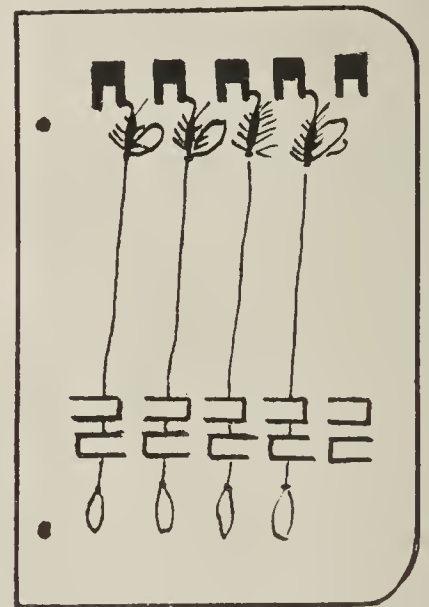
was made of the same old leather table cover. The shape of this bag can be made to suit the reel to be kept in it. Heavy waxed shoe thread was used to sew the bag, and ordinary tape for the draw strings.

The Dry Fly Box

was made from a tin cigarette box—this particular one contained fifty "Rameses," and cork rings, such as are used in the manufacture of rod handles. Two small holes were punched with an awl under each cork and ordinary pins were pushed through them and bent over on the inside. The corks on the bottom of the box should not be directly under those on the cover for then the wings of the flies will interfere. Snelled flies are kept in the box and, therefore, the corks are at the ends, eyed flies are on the cover and these corks can be closer together. The writer is going to cover this box with either leather or cloth on the next rainy Sunday.

Appendix.

If you need a new sling on your creel, get some



How the Pages in the Fly Book Are Made—The Slits in the Celluloid Are Made on Both Sides of Each Page (Only Shown on One Side in Illustration).

women's skirt belting in the proper width, and fashion the sling to suit your own ideas.

If you are given to practising casting in your back yard take an old fly—White Miller for bare ground, Scarlet Ibis when there is snow—and cut the point of the hook off just below the barb. You will not catch any unwelcome shrubbery if you do this.

The venerable table cover afore-mentioned supplied the wherewithal to produce the automatic pistol holster—the pistol is automatic, not the holster. The inside of the latter is well greased with anti-rust oil, and makes a good protector for the weapon when not in use.

E. V. C.

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European Motorists are getting 10,000 to 15,000 miles from a set of tires by "half-soling" them with Steel-Studded Treads—you can do the same—Durable Treads are guaranteed 5000 miles without puncture without a cent deposit, prepay We deliver free express and allow you to judge. Applied in your own garage in thirty minutes. Special discount to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from factory. Write for sample-state tire size. The Colorado Tire & Leather Co. 591 Tread Bldg., Denver, Col. E. 91 Transportation Bld., Chicago. 720-915 Woolworth Bld., New York. They are worth money.

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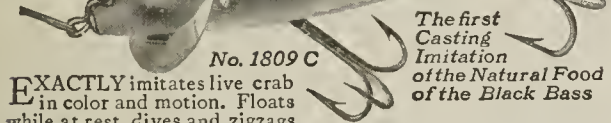


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3 DURO Guaranteed Shirts sent postpaid on receipt of \$2. Handsome tie included for names and addresses of 5 friends. You owe your pocket book a trial of this famous box of shirts guaranteed not to shrink, fade or rip in six months' wear or new shirts free. Made of fine white percale shirt-making material with neat stripes of blue, black and lavender. One shirt of each color same size to the box. You will find them tasteful and refined. Cut in the popular coat style, cuffs attached, hand laundered and very fashionable. Sizes 14 to 17. You cannot buy such good shirts for the money at stores and would get no guarantee of wear. Catalog of DURO Shirts & Furnishings on request but save time by ordering to-day. If not satisfactory on arrival keep the tie for your trouble and on receipt of the shirts we will gladly refund your money. Our advertising would not be in 100 leading magazines if we were not responsible. Highest Bank References. Room 178. Goodell & Company, 158 E. 34th St., New York Largest Mail Order Shirt House in the World

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EXACTLY imitates live crab in color and motion. Floats while at rest, dives and zigzags when reeled in. Last season's success proved this crab idea to be the sauciest lure and deadliest killer of all the Heddon inventions. The New "Baby Crab." Same in style, principle and action, except smaller. New double instead of triple hooks. Surer in hooking, more weedless and easier to cast—the Heddon masterpiece in effectiveness and all-round utility.

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Because being Minnow-shaped makes a natural fish lure.

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This Minnow is patented on the merits of the Minnow, not the Hook attached to it. ANY HOOK CAN BE USED, the Weedless, Single or any hook you desire.

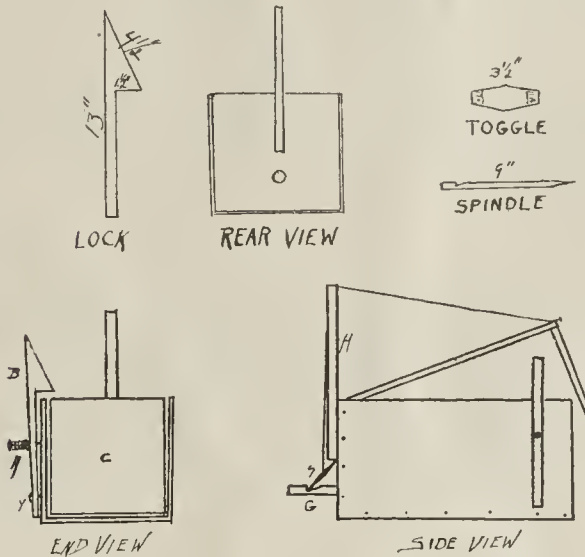
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The inside measurements of this trap are 22 inches long, 10 inches high and 10¼ inches wide. The material is pine, 5/8 of an inch thick. The lock (B) is of hard wood, 13 inches total length, sawed from an inch board, 2 inches wide, according to diagram. The spiral spring (A) is of brass, 1 inch long, over an eight-penny wire nail as a core. The screw (Y) is fitted sufficiently loose to allow the play of the lock. The upright (H) is 18 inches long, extending above the trap 12 inches. The hole in the rear of the trap should



be about 2½ inches from the bottom and large enough to allow the spindle (G) to have some play. The toggle (S) is placed as illustrated, fastened to a cord of sufficient length to raise the cover of the trap about 9 inches. The slot in the spindle is about one inch from the end.

The weight of the cover (C) is sufficient to push back (B), which immediately locks the trap by the force of the spiral spring (A).

The lock prevents any animal from lifting the cover and thereby escaping.

"Doc."

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By Eldridge L. Eliason, A. B., M. D., published by J. B. Lippincott Company.—This work is offered to the public, not as technical and scientific treatise on the subjects handled, but as a help to humanity in general to meet and treat the ordinary emergencies that arise in every-day life. It is not written for physicians or medical students, but for the laity, for firemen, the police, life guards, sailors, boy scouts, explorers, factory workers, etc.

An endeavor has been made to present the facts clearly and simply, using terms that can readily be understood by every one. No attempt is made to take the place of the physician, except until he arrives. Yet, on the other hand, in some instances where the patient is beyond medical aid, as occurs with explorers and hunters, the treatment is outlined in more detail.—Price \$1.50 net.

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This is a tent and a pack as well, for it folds up in the ground-cloth, which in turn when folded and laced on the sides becomes a pack, 23x22 inches, with shoulder straps for easy carrying. The pockets are 8x12 in. After the blanket is folded in the tent and the pack is made up, there remains ample space for other duff.

Made of green waterproof material, with bobbinet front and window in back. The storm-proof "V" shaped front (not shown in picture) can be quickly snapped in place. It is practical, well constructed and will stand hard service.

Size 7x4 ft., will sleep two, weight 8 lbs., \$17.50
Size 7x5 ft., will sleep three, weight 11 lbs., 20.00

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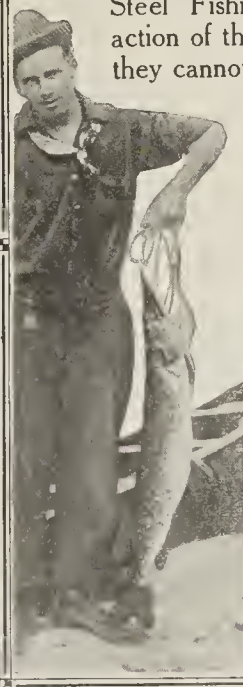
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Be they trout, bass, pike or pickerel, are caught and landed with "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rods because the action of the steel is so quick that they cannot get away. More Prize Fish are caught with



"Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods

in National Prize Contests, local tournaments and vacation fishing trips than by any other make or kind of rod. They have the snap and "agility" to drive the hook into the quickest fish before he can spit out the lure. 38 different rods, \$3.50 to \$25 at your dealers, or if he cannot supply you, direct from us at no extra cost.

Write for FREE CATALOG and full particulars about FREE SCALE OFFER. Send your fishing photos. THE HORTON MFG. CO. 84 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

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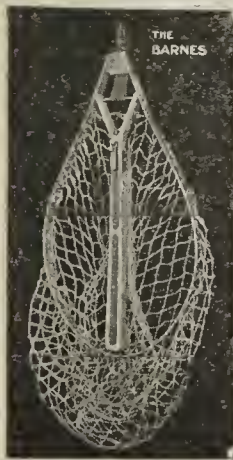


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intended. (Note illustration) With the S.S.S. you always have a clean suspensory every morning. Each outfit has two sacks, you can clip one fast to the supporting straps while the other sack is cleaned. All sizes. Mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet.

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NEW YORK

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

(Continued from page 992.)

The honor of catching the largest tarpon at that well-known Florida fishing resort, Useppa Island, near Boca Grande, goes to Mrs. L. J. Campbell, of Youngstown, Ohio. Mrs. Campbell also proved her ability with the rod and reel by winning the Izaak Walton gold button for the largest silver king caught during the season.

The largest sum—\$246—ever paid in any one month as bounties on foxes in Ocean county, N. J., was recently paid to fox hunters by the Ocean County Board of Freeholders.

Carl O. Jorgenson, state auditor of North Dakota, has just completed payment of \$50,000 in bounties to slayers of coyotes. A bounty of \$2.50 was paid for each wolf killed.

Through the favorable report on the Nelson bill by the Senate committee on public lands, the state of Minnesota has acquired all unsur-

veyed lands north of the 46th latitude. This land is to be utilized by the state as a forest reserve.

The oddest looking fish ever caught at Palm Beach, Fla., is that of the recent catch of Ambrosius Monnell, Jr., president of the Midvale Steel Company. The fish while shaped somewhat like the little sunfish, weighed close to a ton and had ears like an elephant that were folded close to the skin. The fish is estimated to be some four hundred years old and is reported to be a native of African waters.

As fishermen are noted for their veracity there can be no questioning the reported catch of Harry Ackley, president of the Rome (N. Y.) Game Association, who, it is claimed, has broken the season's fishing record by recently landing a German brown trout that weighed seven and one-quarter pounds. The fish being caught in the Mohawk River—Could it have been a young German submarine?

Another big trout, this one weighing four and a quarter pounds, was the recent catch of George Hendricks, of Sherburne, N. Y. Hendricks, so the report goes, was sogging for suckers and had a shark outfit. Shades of Izaak Walton, are any members of the Cotton Thread Club present?

Able-bodied 90 per cent. trap shooters are few and far between, but Hastings, Neb., boasts of a one-armed trapshooter, George W. Maxwell by name, who in 1913 compiled an average of 95 per cent. and in 1914 an average of 94.73 per cent. Another one-arm shooter who excels in the "shoot 'em high, shoot 'em low game," is George K. Gilmore, of the Wallace (Idaho) Gun Club, who recently ran up an average of 96 per cent. You've gotta hand it to them; they're good—even if it's one hand.

Boy Scouts as game wardens is the plan of Dr. A. T. Rasmussen, president of the Wisconsin Fish and Game Association, who is promoting the idea, as an aid to the preservation of game in that state.

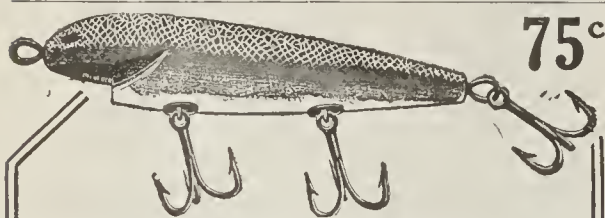
Two hundred and seventy trout in two days is the reported catch of three sportsmen (?) of Portland, Ore., fishing recently in the McKenzie river. The paper reporting this slaughter goes on to say: "The fishing this season is reported to be excellent and the anglers experienced all the delights accompanying the hooking of these

handsome specimens."—How long will this "excellent" fishing last if fishermen like the "three sportsmen" (?) are allowed to run wild?

As a result of the campaign for the protection and increase of elk in the Adirondacks by the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, fifty elk from the Yellowstone Park were recently liberated in their new home. Six of the animals being driven into the woods at Long Lake west and the remaining forty-four being liberated at Carlos Clearing, Saranac Lake.

Motion pictures were taken of the deer by W. S. Carpenter, secretary to Conservation Commissioner George D. Pratt, of New York State, it being the intention to later send them with a lecturer to as many lodges of Elks in the state as desire to see them.

As a special aid to the bureau of biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, the third annual bird count of the United States will be made this year during the breeding season in May and June. The count will be made by unpaid observers on tracts ranging from 40 to 80 acres. Complete instructions can



"It's Livelier Than A Live Minnow!"

exclaimed an old bass fisherman on first seeing this new floating, diving and wiggling bait at work.

And when he had tried it out in a day's hard fishing he agreed that it had brought him more strikes, and landed more bass, than any live minnow—or bucketful of 'em—he had ever seen.

The great strike-getting qualities of the

"Pflueger Surprise" Minnow

are due to the fact that it can be made to perform, and the great control exercised by the "man behind the rod."

The "Pflueger Surprise" floats until reeling in is commenced, the depth controlled by reeling speed. Coming in, its peculiar construction causes it to wiggle and dart about with the characteristic movements of a live minnow—arousing the combative instincts of the gamey bass. Stop reeling, and the bait rises to the surface.

Made in seven color blends, as follows:

- No. 3970 Luminous Enamel Over All—Red Throat.
- No. 3980 White Enamel Over All—Red Throat.
- No. 3973 White Enamel Belly—Blended Rainbow Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3985 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green Cracked Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3969 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green and Red Spotted—Red Throat.
- No. 3971 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3993 Yellow Perch—Red Throat.

This year do not fail to try out the "Pflueger Surprise." See it at your dealer's. If he can't supply you, send 75c for a sample bait, or \$2.50 for an assortment of four, sent postpaid.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co.
Dept. 21 Akron, Ohio

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The Finest Beer in the World. Then he will realize what a lot he has been missing. BARBAROSSA is made of the very best materials and made with every care to insure purity and delicious flavor. "It is great."

**TAKE A CASE—
ALONG to CAMP
and YOU WILL HAVE
A BETTER TIME.**

ASK YOUR DEALER OR WRITE TO
The Christian Moerlein Brewing Co.
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be obtained from the above bureau. Only those who can readily distinguish the different kinds of birds should undertake to make returns for their localities.

GOOD WORK.

OF great service to zoological science—though to the average man quite unknown—is the work being done by Zoological Societies everywhere throughout the world, in the study of diseases of animals. In the United States each year interesting accounts of this work are given by the pathologists of the various Zoological Societies, of which the most important are usually published in the annual reports of the New York and Philadelphia associations. The animals that die in the Parks are examined, the cause of death sought for and often discovered, and the disease studied. Animals in captivity necessarily live under highly unnatural conditions, and—no matter how earnest the efforts to follow nature—are subject to a thousand accidents and diseases. The continued study of these diseases cannot fail to teach us many things, which, as time goes on, will at least enable us to prolong life in captive animals far beyond anything that we know at present, and may have still more important results.

It is well understood that the disease most fatal to many tropical animals, and it might almost be said to most captive animals, is tuberculosis. On the other hand, epidemics, sometimes arising from a known cause, and sometimes without any cause that can be detected, occur in Zoological Gardens, as happened not so very long ago when an epidemic destroyed almost the whole primate collection of the New York Zoological Society. Certain diseases of the digestive organs are often very fatal among mammals. During the year 1915 in the Philadelphia Zoological Society there were not less than three epidemics among birds, in which quail, parrots, and waterfowl were affected. In two of the cases no cause seems to have been detected, but among the parrots a bacterium like the bacillus of roup was found. On the other hand, the birds that died did not present the appearance of birds dying of roup.

Another useful service performed by these Zoological Societies, and one of particular interest to persons who are studying the propagation of wild life, is the breeding of wild animals, which is constantly going on in these Gardens. There is nothing surprising about the breeding of ruminants, for all the deer and many bovines readily breed in captivity. So, too, with many birds and with many reptiles. On the other hand, the rearing of an emu and a penguin in the New York Zoological Park are noteworthy achievements, as are also the rearing of a tapir and one or two other species at Philadelphia.

No Matter Where Your Playground Is

In the mountains, in camp, at the seashore or in the country, you must provide for creature comfort for upon that depends the benefits and pleasures of the outing. A supply of

Evans' Ale and Stout

will insure against disappointment or "Slip Ups" in the commissary department. For the man who hunts, sails, trails, or fishes there is always pleasurable anticipation and gratification in a bottle of EVANS' ALE or STOUT, no matter where you are or how hard the going is. With lunch they invigorate and add a certain incentive to push forward; in the evening they comfort and solace mind and body and help to give one a delightful perspective of Nature's lure.

Supplied in Bottles and Splits by all Good Dealers.

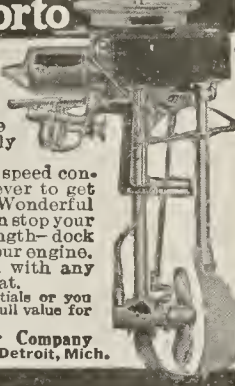
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—to cast so well that even experienced Anglers have been forced to look out for their laurels. Read this:

"My host was delighted with the Anti-Back-Lash Reel I gave him; with it he gave me a good race for my casting laurels. It's great for the fellow who wants to cast and can't."

Those are the words of a veteran who has been a casting fan for better than eight years.

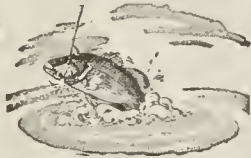
The South Bend Anti-Back-Lash

Reel, however, is not for beginners only—many experienced casters use it when doing their very best work. As an ordinary reel, its free, smooth-running qualities and its Back-Lash feature, which is a distinct advantage in night fishing, both make it a favorite with the most critical of Anglers.

Lures That Make 'Em Strike

We specialize in high grade baits and lures—lures that make 'em strike. We have many specialties that are tried and proven successes—big killers.

In the plug baits, there is the Surf Oreno, a surface bait that became popular immediately we brought it out last year; the Bass-Oreno, a bait of the Wobbler type, which floats when not in motion and zig-zags, darts and swims in an alluring, minnow-like course when reeled; the Woodpecker baits, in standard and midget sizes, both well-known floaters of the collar head construction that have proven excellent Bass getters; a patented Weedless Spinner Hook either with or without Buck-tail, the spinner of which is protected by the weed guards and starts to spin the instant the bait touches the water; Buck-tail Bass flies in many size and color combinations—excellent lures for casting the weeds, docks, holes and pockets.



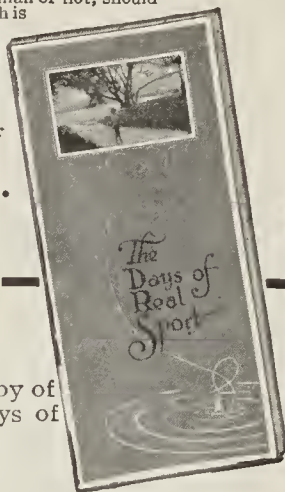
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GLORIES OF THE SINGLE HAND CANOE

AN ARTICLE FOR THE MAN WHO REALLY WANTS TO OWN
A CRAFT THAT WILL TAKE HIM WHERE HE WANTS TO GO

By Sydney G. Fisher.

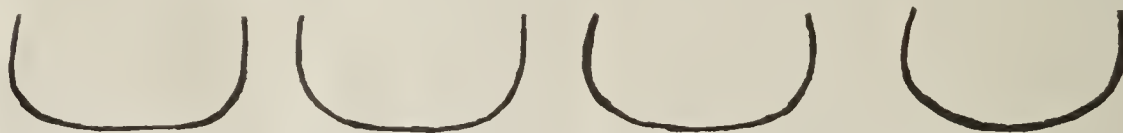
SPRING time brings thoughts of canoeing. May I sing the song of my favorite, the single hand open-canvas canoe, 12, 13 or 14 feet long.

Many people who have canoed a good deal are firmly convinced that it is practically impossible to handle an empty canoe alone; or at any rate that there is no pleasure or satisfaction in it. Such people have often gone camping out with guides and canoes in Maine and Canada, have taken scores of their sweethearts paddling, and they suppose themselves to be not without knowledge. But going with guides so much prevents you ever learning some of the most blessed things in nature. Your faculties and resourcefulness go to sleep. I have often been surprised at the helplessness and ignorance of some very intelligent persons who have been in the woods a great deal. They have been guided to death, or at any rate, into ignorance. The long canoes, 18 and even 20 feet, taken on camping trips by

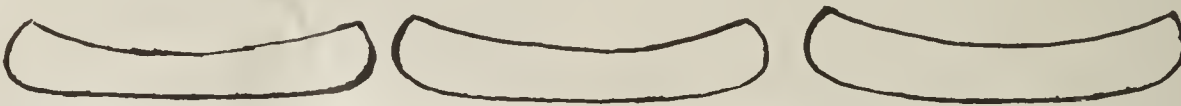
and the great advantage of communing quietly with nature. He wants to enjoy to the full the great advantages a canoe gives by enabling you to face the way you are going instead of backward as in a row boat.

Of course, racing canoeists and high experts, can handle an 18 footer as a single hander with considerable ease. But the ordinary man, the usual sedentary man that wants exercise, finds an 18 footer or even a 16 footer, too much of a drag on him, especially if the wind rises, or he has to paddle against a current. Such men feel that they would enjoy canoeing by themselves and that it would be good for them. They look over catalogues, go to sporting goods' stores, see nothing but long canoes, are told that the long ones are faster; they buy one, and are woefully disappointed. Their canoe is soon for sale or is seldom used.

Now a word as to the theory that length gives speed.



Stability. Mid ship sections of canoes. Speed.



Fore and Aft Bottom Lines.

guides, are, of course, quite difficult for an amateur to handle alone. The guide does all the work; the amateur helps a little and learns nothing. As for the fellows that have paddled their sweethearts so much, well, of course, they are blind to everything else.

The canoes you see on sale are nearly always long ones. The single handers are the exception. B. N. Morris of Veazie, Me., keeps 12 footers and 13 footers in stock. The Chestnut Canoe Company of Fredrickton, New Brunswick, makes a 12 and a 14. Beyond that I know of no firm that has the singles regularly for sale, except that the Carleton Canoe Company of Old Town, Me., will make you one to order for an extra price.

Sometimes when a short canoe is advertised in a maker's catalogue, instead of saying that it is for only one person, he gives a photograph of it loaded down to the danger point, with four or five people and says: "Just see how many it will hold." This is good business policy from his point of view; for he knows that most users of canoes, or at any rate most buyers of them, try to get as many people into them as possible and think that this is the great fun of canoeing.

They are welcome to their fun in that way, of course. But I am not writing for their benefit, or for the benefit of the canoe racer and high technical expert. I am writing for the man who is more or less sedentary and wants canoeing as an exercise, who does not care to potter about for infinitesimal distances in a craft deeply laden with women and children, but who wants to get away for good afternoon or all-day excursions, cover a fairly good distance, and have variety of scene

Of course it does. The eight oared racing shell is all length. Hardly any width at all compared to its length; and the extreme narrowness is prevented from capsizing it by having the oars support it from outriggers. Many fast-sailing boats, like those of some of the Pacific islands, are arranged on the same principle of outriggers to support a hull excessively long for its width. But there are other elements to be considered besides length. Even where great speed is desired, these other elements are considered. The fastest racing yachts in the world that contend for the international trophy, the America Cup, are not instances of mere length. They are compromises and combinations of three elements, length, displacement and sail area; and to carry their sail area, they have to be wide and deep as well as long.

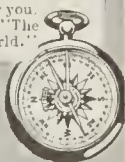
Length is only one element in speed. Length gives speed other things being equal; and the other things are not always equal. Length will not give speed in an eight-oared shell unless there are eight oarsmen and pretty good ones. You cannot do anything much in an eight-oared shell by yourself. Nor will length give speed in an international cup defender yacht unless the sail area is proportioned to the length.

It is the same with canoes. An 18-foot canoe is fast if you put enough propelling force in it to make use of its length. It requires two paddles usually, or one unusually strong one. If you reduce the propelling force the extra length and extra weight begin to act as a handicap; and if the wind rises the one paddler has to use a large part of his strength in merely keeping the bow from being blown off the course, until, as the

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wind increases, the speed decreases to a standstill. Similarly, if the tide or current is against him, the long canoe gives the single paddler more weight and more surface to push against the tide.

I took out an 18-foot canoe the other day (no wind) and two of us paddled it a mile in the Delaware River with the tide in 11¾ minutes, and coming back against the tide we did the mile in 18¾ minutes. I then took the canoe by myself as a single hander, but the best I could do going with the tide was 15 minutes and coming back against the tide 28 minutes. I then took my single hander 13 footer and did the mile with the tide in 15 minutes and coming back against the tide in 23¾ minutes.

With two paddling the 18 footer made good time; but as a single hander, she slowed down very decidedly and her length was a disadvantage. With the single hander 13 footer, I did better, beating myself in the 18 by 4¾ minutes in the two miles.

It will be observed that going with the tide I made the mile in the same time in the single hander 13, as in the 18 used as a single hander, but coming back against the tide the 13 footer gained 4¾ minutes over the 18 footer. This is characteristic. The short canoes are excellent tide cheaters. One person forces them very easily against a current. But one person trying to force an 18 footer against the tide, has more of a wetted surface for the tide to act upon as well as the greater weight of the canoe to overcome. Turned the other way with the 18 footer, running with the tide, the wetted surface and weight are much less of a disadvantage and the 18 and the 13 as single handers make the distance in about the same time.

In this trial there was a very decided difference that could not be recorded in minutes. The 13 footer ran buoyantly and easy, responding pleasantly to every stroke and giving beneficial elastic exercise. The 18 footer on the other hand, when used as a single hander, dragged all the time and gave one labor rather than exercise.

The times made in the trial are not fast and no attempt was made to make them so. I tried to keep steadily to the all day long cruising stroke. Similar trials made by others would vary very much. Canoeing is largely a personal equation. That is part of the interest and pleasure of it. Canoes are very much like shot guns in that respect.

Many people I find dread using a canoe against a tide or current and will assert positively, that canoeing on tidal waters is out of the question. If they would use the short single hander, they would change their minds. They would soon go to the other extreme and be seeking currents and tidal waters. Forcing a long canoe single handed against tide is, of course, a drag and naturally disgusts them; but I have always found it particularly invigorating and arousing to take a short single hander against stream. The responsiveness of your little craft rewards your efforts and you want to go on and on. Often I have tired of easy going down stream and have welcomed the inspiration of a turn against the current. The struggle, the combat with nature, is the secret of a pleasant outing. If the struggle overwhelms you, if you are beaten all the time, or if it is mere drudgery, you, of course, do not want it. But if you win with difficulty, and yet without drudgery, it is exercise and recreation; and that is what the single hander does.

Another prejudice to be combated, is the notion that you must have more than one person in a canoe or else a load of a hundred pounds or more in order to balance it. This is altogether a mistake. It arises largely, I think, because canoes, especially the long ones, are built with fixed seats arranged for two people. Of course, when you get into such a canoe alone, you cannot use these seats; your weight will be in the wrong place. You must use a movable stool or box, bringing your weight forward enough to balance the craft. Even then you will, at first, probably not get on well because you are unaccustomed to the stroke required and other details. But keep at it and gradually you will find the canoe yielding in a most delightful way to your increasing skill. One by one you will discover all sorts of slick points and methods of defeating wind and tide. These make the charm of single hand work. There are far more of these to be studied out than in double paddling. The single hander has all the problems, as well as all the pleasure, to himself and full control.

As you are farther forward than in double paddling, the gunwale is farther away from you, so at the end of each stroke let the paddle leverage against the side

Try the "Personal Touch" and "Compare the Work"

You "set" the Royal to your personal touch just as you "set" a watch correctly.

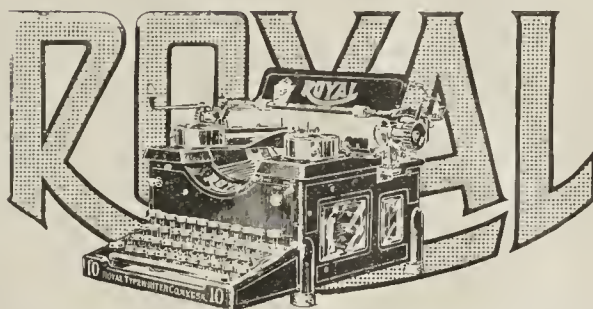
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"Pflueger-Golden" West Fly Reel

A year's trial in the hands of anglers—subjected to the hardest tests under actual service conditions—has but strengthened our conviction that in this reel we are offering the finest light-weight, sturdy, dependable, efficient fly reel yet produced.

Besides reduction in weight (carried as far as durability and "bull-dog" strength would permit) notable features of this reel are:

Specialty designed "line shedding" oil cups, click buttons, counter sunk screws and cranks, preventing the line from fouling. Patented reinforced flanges shaped to preserve their strength with maximum capacity and even tracking line. Crank screws and oil cups slotted to admit a one or ten-cent piece (a con-

venient, always-at-hand screw driver). Improved adjustable click operates with STRONG resistance when line is going out, LIGHT when reeling in. Workmanship and materials are "Pflueger quality" and covered by our unqualified guarantee "without time limit."

See this reel at your dealer's today. If he hasn't his supply yet, send direct. Prices (packed in velvet lined Jeweler's case with Marvel oil can): 60-yards, \$5.25; 80-yards, \$6.25; 100-yards, \$7.25.

The Enterprise Manufacturing Co.

Dept. 21

Akron, O.

NOTICE—Write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information for anglers.



The Ideal Leader

50 Salmon on One Joe Welsh Leader!

"I caught 50 salmon on one No. 2 Joe Welsh leader last summer," said a wealthy Michigan sportsman, who owns the fishing rights on a river in eastern Canada. "I used to pay \$5 apiece by the dozen for old style gut leaders that were tested with a strain of nine pounds. I myself tested a Joe Welsh leader up to 24 pounds. That was enough for me. I bought two, and one of them landed 50 big fish. Besides being so strong, the Joe Welsh leaders are surprisingly low in price. Every sportsman should know about them."

The Joe Welsh Leader

(Telarana Nova)

is manufactured by William Robertson, of Glasgow, Scotland. It has justly been termed the greatest revolution in fishing tackle since Walton. F. D. Owen, of Roseburg, Ore., writing of this leader in February Forest and Stream, told how he had used one all summer until he lost it on a big fish that broke his line.

The old style leader consists of strands of Spanish silk worm gut knotted together. The worm, when ready to spin its cocoon, is given a bath of acetic acid. This dissolves the body, leaving a glutinous mass of silk which the operator places in his teeth and pulls out to a strand of 5 to 16 inches with thumb and forefinger. These strands, tied together, make the leader. Naturally, they are of widely varying quality. To avoid knots, a splice is sometimes used, being polished so it cannot be detected. No wonder the leader has always been the danger spot in your tackle—the weak link in the chain.

Don't Lose the Big Ones

Get the Joe Welsh Leader, which comes in 3, 6 or 9-foot length without knots, and is strong, tough and durable. Stretch it while dry, and it's ready to cast without soaking in water. It doesn't get brittle and split like ordinary gut. Has no glint or sheen. Invisible in water. Catches all kinds of fish in fresh or salt water when other leaders scare them away. This leader is not to be confounded with Japanese "fiddle strings." Imitations are shoddy and flimsy in comparison.

The Joe Welsh Leader comes in five sizes. Any length up to 9 feet. Breaking strengths, 4 to 30 pounds. No. 5, for dry flies; No. 4 and 5, for trout; No. 3 and 4 for bass, pickerel, pike, etc.; No. 2 and 1 for salmon, channel bass, yellow tail, barracuda; No. 1 for tarpon. If your dealer cannot supply you, send this ad and 25 cents for 3-foot leader, stating for what kind of fish. Sample 6-ft., 50 cents; 9-ft., 75 cents with ad.

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For \$3.30 you can get a genuine Bristol Steel Bass Rod—regular value \$5.00. This rod has full nickel plated mounting; solid reel seat above the hand; jointed and fitted with 2-ring German silver tie guides and German silver 3-ring tip; 3 joints; celluloid wound handle. An extraordinary bargain—absolutely guaranteed.

FREE—With this rod we send you free a scale for weighing fish. Neat, accurate, handy size. Weighs up to 15 lbs. Write for special circular.

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If you are going hunting or fishing in the woods or on the water—the need of dry matches may save your life. "The Excelsior Sportsmen's Belt Safe" made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or oxidized—Waterproof. Furnished complete with Belt and Buckle for \$1.00 Hyfield Mfg. Co., 48 Franklin St., New York City



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The Thomas hand made split bamboo fishing rod has been perfected to meet both the all around and the various special requirements of the modern angling sport. Made of the finest bamboo, light, resilient, perfectly jointed and balanced. In the Thomas rod the acme of perfection has been obtained. Send for our interesting booklet.

F. E. THOMAS, 117 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

instead of against your lower hand. Some beginners are slow to learn this and waste a deal of their strength in consequence. Remember also to face slightly (about a quarter) towards the side you are paddling on. Also if the side you are paddling on heels over a little, it usually improves the speed.

In fighting against wind remember that a canoe will tack against the wind almost like a sail boat. Feel for the right angle of the wind on the bow that will give least resistance. There is great art in this; it varies, of course, with different kinds of wind; the Indians in Maine are adepts at it; and even a pale face will find himself improving by experience. Keep studying, studying all the time. There is vast opportunity for it; and you can carry it on in your own way without interference from another occupant of the canoe. It is this study, this occupation of the mind, that makes single hand canoeing such absorbing and therefore, excellent exercise.

One thought about the tide that troubles the beginner is that if it is against him at the start, it will remain always against him. But before he has gone 200 yards, especially if he learns to slip along close to the shore, he may find a reverse current or eddy caused by a projecting piece of land, or a wharf that will turn the current in his favor. Learn where to look for them. There are plenty of them in every stream. Almost every bend makes one or two. They will make contrast and fun for you no end. As you study them you will gradually find yourself becoming a pilot, a channel expert and a hydraulic engineer.

When you find yourself with a whirling current or tide against you, do not paddle frantically; that merely piles up the resistance and exhausts you. Paddle quietly and steadily. Settle your mind down to slowness, as if nothing particular was happening. Look round and enjoy the scene; do not hurry; that gives the best progress. It is the method of the old fishermen and sailors in rowing against either current or wind. There is a point beyond which it is useless to try to force a craft. A canoe you will find slips quietly along against adverse conditions better than you might suppose. Your mental attitude toward adverse conditions is everything.

But I have digressed a little from my point, which was, combatting the notion about the necessity of two persons or a heavyweight in addition to one person, for the sake of balance. If there was no such thing as wind, it would be literally true that a single person by moving his seat forward can balance any canoe perfectly, for paddling. But when the single hander goes against wind it is often a help to have a slight weight in the extreme bow to keep the wind from knocking it about too much. I usually fill any sort of bag with 8 or 10 pounds of sand and find that ample in my 13 footer. Put it as far up in the bow as it will go. On the other hand, I have often paddled one of my 12 footers in heavy winds with nothing in the bow. The shape and length of the craft have much to do with it. This is one of the mysteries for you to study out by experiments. Your own strength and skill and way of paddling also have much to do with it. I have seen a high expert paddle a long canoe single handed in a wind, without a pound of ballast and with an ease that was surprising.


Wind, is, of course, a worse obstacle to a canoeist than tide or current. But learn not to mind it; treat it as a pleasure, something to be overcome for sport. As a matter of fact, it makes the sport; you would tire of everlasting calm. But the contrasts between wind and calm are exhilarating or soothing, as the case may be. One rewards you for what you endured in the other. And then there are winds and winds. Some of them are as peaceful and quieting and lead you to dreamy contemplation of nature as much as any calm.

It is an excellent plan to sew a piece of thick-soft leather round the shaft of your paddle just above the blade where it touches the side of the canoe. Do not

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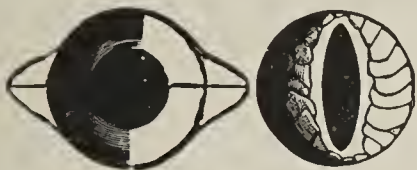
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fasten it with tacks; that is lubber's work, bad seamanship. Use a sailor's palm and needle and the herring bone stitch, the same a baseball is sewed with. The use of this leather is to stop the sound of touching the side. It makes everything softer; and that is what a canoe is supposed to be; soft, sliding, gliding, soundless, like the moccasined foot of the Indian still hunter in the woods.

I have had fine sport in Florida with these muffled paddles. You can go close to all sorts of birds and animals along a stream and study them, especially if you do not change your stroke. Perfect silence and the same motion always repeated disarm their suspicions in a most curious way. But make the slightest change in motion even in your hand, or move your position and they are off like a flash. After I adopted the muffled paddles, I was greatly delighted to find myself, or rather the bow of the canoe, not infrequently within 10 or 15 feet of a big alligator lying on the bank with his little black eye watching me for the slightest suspicious change or sound. They are grand beasts when you see them in that way, and their glint and coloring and that black eye are never the same in captivity. And then make a change of motion and see that rush and plunge into the water. It is better sport than killing them. They are becoming scarce; and I do not like to shoot anything standing still.

I once paddled suddenly upon an otter in the water; and for a few seconds before he realized the situation, he was his natural wild self. I shall never forget his expression and attitude. It was the incarnation of the infinite joy of swimming. I do not know that I am a transcendentalist. But if there is such a thing in the universe as the abstract infinitude of swimming joy, I saw it concentrated before me for a brief moment. We are all descended I suppose from creatures that a million years ago swam for millions of years; and possibly the latest recollection of those old days may have been brought back to me in a flash. At any rate I do not see why everybody is trying to kill off the otters. The dear American people seem determined to exterminate them from the whole continent. I do not see why they should not be preserved and encouraged so that the dear people could have the pleasure of watching them at their play.

Single hand canoeing with your pointer or setter dog, is good fun. They enjoy it immensely, especially in Florida where they can watch the wild life along the shore. They will study it in such a comically interested way that I have often broken the silence by laughing. I once had a setter who seemed to think that he could see the fish deep down in the clear water better if he got a little higher up. He would put his forepaws up on the gunwale near the bow, and then get his hind paws up and from this position gaze down with panting excitement, relying on me to keep the canoe very steady.

By the way, did you know that a dog was a good judge of stability in a canoe. My pointer Saxon, likes to lean over and drink, but if I tip the canoe on that side he will draw back and not drink. I must tip it to the opposite side. I was once caught in a sudden squall in a bay with my old pointer Dandy in a 12 foot canoe. He immediately lay flat down in the bottom; and I thanked him for it in the sea that quickly arose.

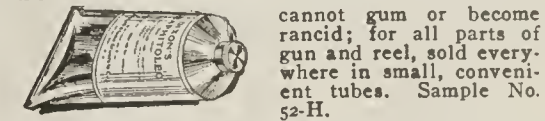
Among single handers the 12 footer has always had a reputation for seaworthiness. It will climb up and down the seas most cleverly and you can hold its head against the wind and seas in almost any position, because it is so short and there is very little leverage against you. It is usually given a good depth amidships of 13 inches and an extreme beam of 33 or 34 inches. It will, of course, turn easily in following winding streams. Ever since the days of Noah's Ark, the short ship has always had advantages.

As to what length of single hander you should

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have, 12, 13 or 14, you must work that out by your own individuality. But let me call attention to some lines and shapes. I have drawn a rough illustration of midship sections of canoes, to show the two extremes of a very flat floor with hard bilges, as the corners are called, up or down to the racer form with very easy bilges. Between the two extremes the forms are almost infinite in variety. The shape of the bilges has a great deal to do with the speed and stability. The bilges are the first things to examine. Dead rise, or the rise of the floor from perfect flatness is an element in canoes as in sail boats. Dead rise gives depth, and depth, as in larger vessels, is an element of stability. But, of course, depth does not go far in a canoe.

In the illustration of fore and aft bottom lines the canoe on the left gives the bottom line usual in the United States, especially in what may be called pleasure canoes, as opposed to freight and weight carrying. The canoe in the middle shows what is considered a good line for cruising with baggage and camp equipment and in running rapids, either up or down. It makes a heavily laden canoe a little easier to turn; and also helps it to rise in a heavy sea.

The canoe on the right with the extreme curve is taken from a design by a very experienced canoeist, Mr. Henry K. Wicksteed, chief engineer of surveys of the Canadian Northern Railway, and built for him by the Chestnut Canoe Company of Fredrickton, New Brunswick. It is a 14 foot single hander for one man and his baggage, or camp equipment. Its designer speaks very highly of its performances and considers it a most happy combination of handiness, speed and quick turning. It has rather easy bilges.

I have never tried either of these curved bottoms for my purposes. I am inclined to think they are more suited to carrying heavy loads single handed. With only one man aboard and no cargo, the wind would seem to have too much control of the bow. But I am open to conviction and if anybody has one within a reasonable distance of Philadelphia, I should like nothing better than a chance to try it for an hour or so.

I refrain from other divisions of the subject: The use of the double paddle, the Eskimo as a single hander in his Kyak with greatest beam abaft midships, the Rob Roy type, length of paddles, width of blades, and so on. The open type, originally birch bark, the invention and gift to us of the North American Indian, seems to displace all others. We still have to imitate its lines in canvas. There is an old saw, that there are only three absolutely perfected instruments in the world, the bow, the boomerang and the violin; and two of those are the inventions of savages. They for got the fourth one, also the invention of a savage.

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Light, Strong, Speedy **THE "SUNNYSIDE TORPEDO"** Sea-worthy and Beautiful

"The Canoe That Made Toronto Famous"



This is not a racing canoe, but our 1916 Pleasure model. It is the safest and most easily paddled canoe in the world. Our Racing models Hold All Championships of America

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A sample of the "DEAN" Metallic Joint Construction FREE

**A. C. A. WILDERNESS CRUISING CONTEST,
SUGAR ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER,
MONDAY, AUG. 14, 1916.**

THE canoe cruiser is usually a quiet, rather shy sort of fellow, a clean sportsman, never in any great hurry about anything, and seldom much of a talker, excepting perhaps when gathered about the camp fire with a congenial mate or two, but he is a keen observer and attentive listener, noted for keeping up a devil of a lot of thinking, however, when opportunity affords and, he can be persuaded to do so, the average dyed in the wool canoe cruiser can give about as interesting and instructive an exhibition of skill as any one that I know of.

It was suggested two years ago that a feature be included in the A. C. A. Regatta Program that would tend to increase interest in canoe cruising. Our association was formed by a few cruising canoeists and the greater part of our membership to-day is composed of canoeists who do, by far more cruising than racing.

Until the Wilderness Cruising Contest was made a part of our Regatta, one attending our meets would conclude that racing was our main object, not that I wish in any way to belittle the importance of canoe racing it is a sport to be encouraged in every way, very interesting, healthful, and a big factor in the success of the A. C. A. camps; but we do not want to overlook the cruising canoeist, and want to attract more of his kind to join our association and attend its meets and take part in the activities.

The Wilderness Cruising Contest is not a race in any sense of the word, but rather a practical and interesting exhibition of the canoe cruiser's ability to care for himself and his outfit when actually cruising and camping in the woods. The contest is judged entirely by the way things are done: Thoroughness, foresight, neatness and practicability of outfit, are the determining factors in awarding the points. There are no fixed rules governing the contest other than the necessity for all to start from a designated place, make the same carry, go into camp in a specified area, and use practically the same amount of outfit, consisting of the following articles, per man:

Canoe, 3 paddles, tent, blanket, poncho (or ground cloth), axe, cook pot, fry-pan, coffee pot, knife, fork, spoon, cup and plate. The contest starts off with the inspection of all outfits, and loading of canoes, the courts being given on the following things: Most practical outfits, way packs are made up, way canoe is loaded, and unloaded; way carry is made; selection of camp site, making camp, building fire enough to boil pot of water, neat and trim appearance of camp, breaking camp and again loading canoes for paddle home.

It is to be hoped that more cruisers than ever before will attend the meet at Sugar Island next August and that a goodly number of them will enter this contest.

In addition to a handsome shield offered by the A. C. A. the Forest and Stream Trophy will again be offered. This handsome cup must be won three times to gain its permanent possession; the second prize will be a specially designed pennant. The judges will be men selected for their experience in canoe cruising and camping.

Any suggestions pertaining to the Wilderness Cruising Contest will be most welcome. Don't hesitate to send them along; we want to make this contest as interesting and instructive as possible.

A. F. SAUNDERS,
Chairman Regatta Committee A. C. A., 1916.

PROPOSED NEW DIVISION A. C. A.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 15, 1916.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with Article X of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association I herewith present the matter of an application for the formation of a new division in the association. It is proposed that the division shall be called the Delaware-Chesapeake Division, the name being considered an excellent descriptive title. The proposed boundaries are as follows: "This division to embody the lower Atlantic Seaboard, the lower Delaware, Susquehanna, Potomac and James rivers. Starting at Point Pleasant, N. J., running west through Trenton, Mauch Chunk and Harrisburg, then along the eastern watershed of the Allegheny mountains to the Valley of the James River at Lynchburg, Va., then following the James River to Chesapeake Bay, which will include all the waters entering the



**Here Are Six Great Killers—
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Realizing the great and well known fish-getting qualities of spinners, the Pfluegers have here devised a set of spinner baits, with interchangeable parts readily attachable, to enable the angler to meet any and all conditions of water, time of day, season of year and other causes, with a bait that will attract game fish under the special conditions existing at the moment. This year don't start away on that long anticipated trip without having in your tackle box at least one set of

"Pflueger-Lewis" Interchangeable Spinner

Each set contains:—Two rust-proof piano wire shafts, each with a "Jack" to which the blade is secured; one hollow point double hook, ringed size 1/0; one hollow point California bass hook, ringed size 4/0, with a copper baiting wire attached; one Wyoga bass fly, Royal Coachman pattern on a hollow point Sprout hook, ringed size 2/0; one hollow point treble hook, ringed size 1/0, feathered, and six interchangeable spoon blades.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will mail you one set postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.



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Bay, and returning along the Atlantic Coast, to Point Pleasant."

Twenty applicants in good standing have signed the petition, praying for this division. They all live within 100 miles of a given point and I have received a check for \$10.00, as provided in the constitution, to defray the expenses of taking a rate of the members within the proposed boundaries. An expression of opinion, addressed to the Commodore, is requested from all members interested. The required circular letter will be mailed at once to all members within the proposed boundaries.

The names of the petitioners are as follows: F. R. Welch, C. T. Hatch, F. C. Craighead, J. W. Burch, R. Rutherford, C. H. Wagner, W. A. Rogers, H. V. Rouse, C. B. Vaux, M. D. Wilt, S. L. Woodhouse, E. R. Coleman, E. K. Merrill, J. W. Durman, E. F. Kerber, D. J. Bory, M. D., D. G. McCaulley, H. J. Cauffman, I. C. Rodemick and W. S. Fretz.

I visited Washington last year in company with Governor L. T. Coppins Central, for the purpose of arousing interest in the A. C. A. in this section. We found an enthusiastic group of paddling and racing canoeists, and a desire to become affiliated with the association. The Washington Canoe Club sent a crew of four to the annual meet at Sugar Island, and the members not only won several prizes, but they made warm friends of all by their gentlemanly and sportsman-like bearing. From a personal contact with the men and the locality I believe the best interests of the association will be served if a cordial interest is taken in granting the division. There are 2,500 canoeists in Baltimore and Washington. The division would be geographically a unit and there is water transportation between all points in the proposed division. There is reason to believe that this division will in time become our largest division. While it will take some members from the Atlantic division, that fact is favorable as the old members will carry A. C. A. traditions to the new men. A great deal of hard and enthusiastic work has been done in this section by W. A. Rogers, No. 6150 and C. T. Hatch, No. 6551. With a knowledge of most of the conditions I am heartily in favor of this progressive step, in which conviction I trust all members of the A. C. A. will join
C. A. SPAULDING, Commodore.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION OFFICIAL PROGRAM.

Thirty-seventh General Meet, Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 4 to 18, 1916.

REGATTA PROGRAM.

Wednesday, August 9th.

Event Start
9:30 A. M. Inspection. All canoes and sails must be submitted for weighing and measurements.

- 1. 9:00 A. M. Decked sailing canoes. Relay race three times around Sugar Island, time limit 2 hours.
- 2. 9:15 A. M. Open sailing canoes, twice around Sugar Island, time limit 1 1/2 hours.
- 3. 2:00 P. M. Decked canoes. Handicap race 4 1/2 miles on triangle, time limit 2 hours.
- 4. 2:15 P. M. Open canoes. Handicap race, 3 miles on triangle, time limit 1 1/2 hours.
- Friday, August 11th.
- 5. 9:00 A. M. Paddling trophy race. Racing class 1 mile.
- 6. 9:30 A. M. Cruising class, tandem single blade, 1/2 mile.
- 7. 10:00 A. M. Racing class, tandem single blade, 1/2 mile.
- 8. 10:30 A. M. Cruising class, one man single blade, 1/2 mile.
- 9. 11:00 A. M. Racing class, one man single blade, 1/2 mile.
- 10. 11:30 A. M. Record paddling, cruising class, 1/2 mile.
- 11. 2:30 P. M. Racing class, tandem double blade, 1/2 mile.
- 12. 3:00 P. M. Cruising class, tandem double blade 1/2 mile.
- 13. 3:30 P. M. Tail end race, 1/4 mile.
- 14. 4:30 P. M. Racing class, club fours, single blade, 1/2 mile, each crew must be from same club.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP DAY.

- Saturday, August 12th.
 - 15. 9:00 A. M. Decked canoes, sailing trophy, 3rd heat, 6 miles on triangle, time limit 2 1/2 hours.
 - 16. 9:15 A. M. Open canoes, sailing trophy, 3rd heat, 3 miles on triangle, time limit 1 1/2 hours.
 - Monday, August 14th.
 - 17. 9:00 A. M. Decked canoes. Sailing trophy, 1st heat, 6 miles on triangle, time limit 2 1/2 hours.
 - 18. 9:15 A. M. Open canoes, sailing trophy, 1st heat, 3 miles on triangle, time limit 1 1/2 hours.
 - 19. 2:00 P. M. Decked canoes, sailing trophy, 2nd heat, 6 miles windward and leeward, time limit 2 1/2 hours.
 - 20. 2:15 P. M. Open canoes. Sailing trophy, 2nd heat, 3 miles windward and leeward, time limit 1 1/2 hours.
 - Tuesday, August 15th.
 - 21. 9:00 A. M. Record race, open canoes sailing, 4 1/2 miles on triangle, time limit 2 1/2 hours.
 - 22. 9:30 A. M. Deck canoes. "Mab Trophy." 7 1/2 miles on triangle, time limit 3 hours.
 - 23. 2:00 P. M. Wilderness Cruising contest. A practical demonstration of the cruising canoeist's ability to care for himself and his outfit on a cruise. A test of thoroughness, not of speed.
 - Wednesday, August 16th.
 - 24. 9:00 A. M. Record combined sailing and paddling, 3 miles on triangle, time limit 1 1/2 hours.
 - 25. 10:00 A. M. Tilting contest.
 - 26. 2:00 P. M. Open canoes, "Gardiner Trophy," 3 miles on triangle.
 - 27. 2:30 P. M. Open sailing, novice, 3 miles on triangle, time limit 2 hours.
- A. C. A. REGATTA COMMITTEE 1916.**
A. F. SAUNDERS, Chairman.

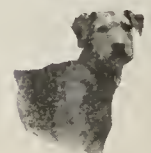


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BARRINGTON, ILL.**

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PUPPIES FROM \$25.00 UP

This celebrated fox terrier has beaten every other fox terrier of note in England, and on several occasions has won "special" for the best of any breed in the show.



HEADS GUARANTEED

**in the best big-game country
in the northwest—the Rocky
Mountains south of Glacier Park**

Guarantee bear after May 15; elk in season. Six camps, with grub and conveniences. Finest trout fishing in the world.

I have hunted this territory for twelve years, and have no other business but hunting and guiding. References from people I have guided.

Address **CHICK GRIMSLEY, Guide, Valies, Mont.**



TRAP SHOOTING



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

Edited by Fred. O. Copeland.

The design of this department is to diffuse among all who are interested in trapshooting correct information of nation-wide interest on the sport, to familiarize its readers with the developments in guncraft both for the trap and the field; but it cannot hope to include the now enormous mass of trapshooting scores made each month throughout the nation. In fact, this department is bound to place before its readers more interesting matter than columns of figures.

Let's Get 'Um All.

In the Spring a cherished hope rises in the shooter's breast;
In the Spring he asks the new trap-gun to do better than his best;
In the Spring he'll show 'um what he learned that shoot last Fall;
In the Spring, sir, all of us pray most fervently to get them all.

Lewis Class System Popular.

In the matter of the division of trophies at both large tournaments and small shoots the Lewis Class System seems to be quite fashionable this year. That fascinating thing we call luck enters and in fact comes to the front so bewitchingly that the 50 per cent. as well as the 95 per cent. shooter is enticed a long way from home when the program announces a goodly array of attractive trophies to be awarded Lewis Class System. To be a success a tournament must be well attended and a tournament management recognizes the powerful advertising value of this system. Even though it were possible to know accurately the target smashing ability of the visiting contestants, both the management and the prospective contestants know it is impossible to say who shall be hailed to the "office," who shall have his name called out when the day is done. Lucky indeed is he who falls into a place by himself and may pack his gun away, his mind undisturbed by the thought that although he has fallen in the magic circle in one of the classes he must needs call up his very Nth power of skill at the eleventh hour to win the elusive prize in a shoot-off.

Small Proportion of Distance Shooting.

In spite of the fact that distance handicap shooting is charming sport and in use at the largest shoots, it is rare indeed that we get a program calling for or a score sheet indicating distance shooting. Two instances of distance shooting have come to our notice recently. The Hoosatic R. & G. Club of Stratford, Conn., ran a special distance handicap event at their first annual registered tournament April 1st. L. C. Wilson, a contestant at this tournament, went straight on the 25 targets from the 22 yard mark thereby winning the first prize, \$20 in gold. The second case is that of the Morris G. C. of Morris, Ill., in their shoot on April 12th, and some high scores were turned in from some very lonesome yard marks.

The Elapse of Time Between "Pull" and the Crack of the Nitro.

The hands of the clock have not traveled far since we timed the shooters at a tournament where the nation's best were participating. After the time was ascertained, based on a number of readings, a man of nation-wide trapshooting experience was asked to guess the length of time between the call for the target and the report of the gun. His guess was far off and it will be of interest to know that the time ran very evenly on 3 seconds. This was proved out further by timing a squad down the line for 5 targets and the short in-

**REMINGTON
UMC**

**Steel
Lined
SHOT
SHELLS**

*When a Covey Flushes with a Whir-r-r
at Your Feet—*

or the trap boy rings in an unexpected angle on you—it's a moment to make a man glad of the "Speed Shells" in his gun—Remington UMC steel lined smokeless shells.

Sportsmen everywhere are noting the consistently satisfactory shooting results achieved every day with "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" shells at traps and afield. There are thousands of good old guns and new that mean much more to their owners since the change from ordinary shells to Remington UMC.

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terval between the referee's decision and the next contestant's call was almost 0 for the squad's time ran from 15 to 17 seconds.

Furthermore, it is interesting to note that in a field of 29 very lively squads shooting 25 target events in 3 sections over 3 automatic traps with the height of efficiency in "squad hustling" a man would wait just

one hour between his last shot in any one event and his first shot in his succeeding one; this of course understanding he did not shoot down the line of the 3 traps.

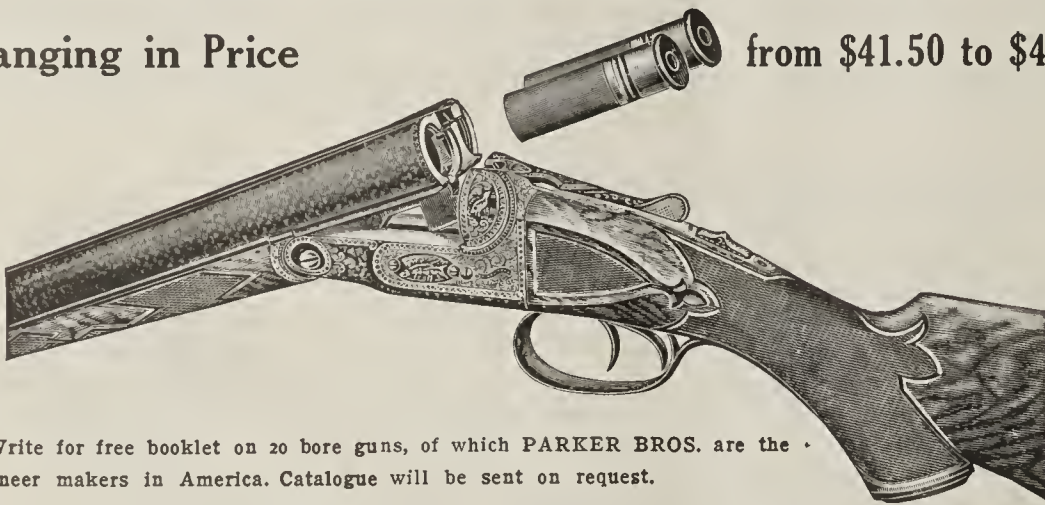
Trapshooting Strengthens the Nerves.

The great and popular detective of fiction, Sherlock Holmes, once admitted that a man's knees were the

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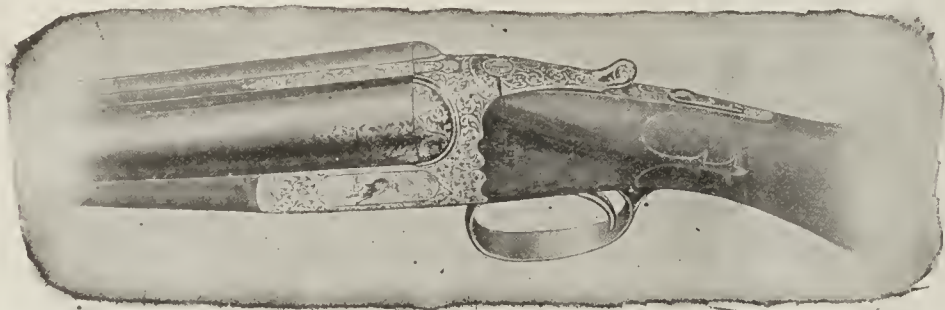
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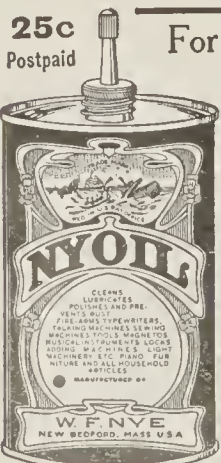
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seat of great enlightenment and from this source he drew many of his deductions. We may, therefore, scrutinize with interest a trapshooter's knees while he is in action. Do they wobble not? He is a seasoned shooter in good physical condition. Do they wobble? He is anxious, perhaps a little new at the game but so happy and willing to get that next target he cares little whether the sun shines or the equinoctial is on.

It is a fascinating sport without placing any strain on the nervous system, in fact, trapshooting strengthens the nerves. It combines sport with fresh air and sunshine and saves many doctors' bills. Physicians and nurses recommend the sport as a health tonic, and if the patients follow the advice given there will not be much need for the physician and the nurse.

State Champions of 1916 Crowned.

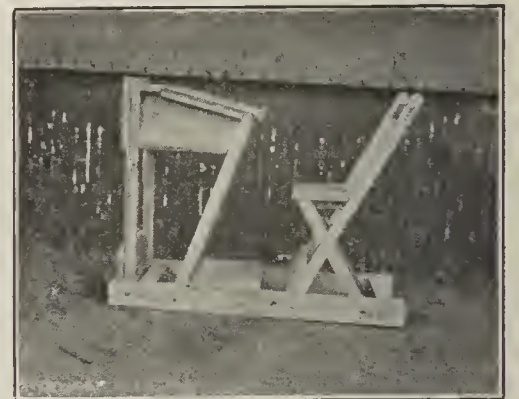
J. N. Walker is champion of Oklahoma with a score of 94 x 100 and Brad Timms is king of Georgia turning in a score of 98 x 100.

A Clean Cheek May Add Targets to Your Score.

It may seem a small matter and some may be inclined to smile but you will find that if you have neglected to visit your barber or performed a usual function of toilet on the morning of your shoot the stock of your gun will slip very readily on your cheek. The back sight of any shot gun is the comb of the stock and your cheek must cling to it tenaciously or targets will slip by you.

"Score Keeper's Combination Desk and Chair."

The Trapshooting Division, DuPont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del., will forward on application blue prints for a "Score Keeper's Combination Desk and



Chair." The cost of the device is approximately \$5.00 and can be constructed by any carpenter or Secretary, who possesses a little skill with hammer and saw.

The Country's Trapshooting News in a Twelve-Gauge Shell.

The heading of a notice of a meeting of the Missouri Fish and Game League can't help but make us think of what is going to happen in St. Louis before many moons. Here is the heading:

A CALL TO ARMS!

THE CLANS ARE NOW GATHERING!!
THEY ARE HEADED THIS WAY!!!
THEY ARE GOING TO SHOOT UP THE TOWN!!!!
ARE YOU PREPARED??????

To the pioneers of every sport must come feelings of satisfaction with the realization of the dreams and hopes of years.

The history of trapshooting will record no greater step forward than the recognition of the interests of our women trapshooters by the decision of the Interstate Association, the governing body of the sport, to arrange for an event for women at the seventeenth Grand American Handicap trapshooting tournament in St. Louis in August.

But a few years ago the women trapshooters of the country who were to be found regularly at the traps could be numbered almost on the fingers of two hands. While we do not recall all of these women pioneers, the names of Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Shattuck, both of Minneapolis; Mrs. Dr. D. H. Day, of Duluth; Mrs. Ad. Topperwein, of Texas, and Annie Oakley are still fresh in our mind. Unquestionably hundreds and possibly thousands of other women enthusiasts visited the traps from time to time; otherwise the rapid influx of the past three years would not have been possible

Most people go in for trapshooting on account of sport or pleasure. They like to shoot and go to the nearest trapshooting club. Often they take their friends and they in some cases join the same club. Such interest is putting trapshooting in the first rank of sport-dom. There is a new club formed every week.

In Sedgwick, Col., the city authorities have hired a professional trapshooter to give exhibitions every Saturday afternoon during 1916. Surely the sport has flourished in that locality to make civic authorities take a hand. In most cases officials have to be begged into submitting to new ideas or the "people's" wishes.

Only 700 of the 4,500 gun and trapshooting clubs in the United States are members of the State associations. It behooves the secretaries of the State associations and the Interstate Association to find out why such a condition exists, and then show the clubs that are outside of the fold the light.

The country clubs in and about Chicago, Ill., have taken to trapshooting enthusiastically, and as the sport knows no season the members of the clubs can enjoy themselves at the traps when they can't do anything else out of doors.

The Topperweins (Mr. and Mrs. Ad.) are again touring the Western States giving exhibitions of their prowess with the gun and rifle. In her first three appearances Mrs. Topperwein broke 144 out of 150, 97 out of 100, and 98 out of 100 at 23 yards, which we might add is "some shooting."

Members of the New York Stock Exchange are interested in trapshooting to such an extent that they conduct an annual championship tournament. The sixth titular event was recently held before the traps of the Westchester Country Club and was won by Howard Boulton with a 93 score.

The Wausau, Wis., Game and Gun Club—the club that has on its roster the oldest living trapshooter, Joe Heineman—has 125 members and is only one year old.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association has a membership of 135 clubs, and is making a determined effort to have every gun club in the Keystone State become affiliated.

There is a lot of space being taken up these days in various sporting publications on the subject of handicapping, and every writer has his own solution of the problem—for it is a problem. It is one that cannot be solved in a day.

Virginia has just enacted a law which provides for a State game department, with a paid warden system.

Hon. George Black, Lieutenant-Governor of Yukon Territory, was one of the participants in the recent shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa, Ont. The Lieutenant-Governor proved himself a very capable performer at the traps by breaking 66 out of 75 targets—an 88 average.

The Kissimee City Council and the County Commissioners have appropriated money and trophies to make the Florida Trapshooting championship at Kissimee one to be remembered.

Trapshooting is a favorite sport among the Elks lodges on the Pacific slope. Alameda and Oakland lodges now have target-breaking branches, and a movement is under way to form an Elks' Trapshooting League.

Gun clubs connected with the Elks of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Richmond and Alameda, Cal., have signified their intention of forming a trapshooting league.

Chicago has 38 gun clubs and Philadelphia has 30, but the Quaker City clubs have more members than the Chicago clubs. These two cities are the leading trapshooting centers.

Providence, R. I., is coming back. In the early days of trapshooting Providence was one of the most enthusiastic cities. With the revival of interest in the Providence Gun Club, the hustling Rhode Island city is again coming to the front.

One hundred and twenty-five trapshooting tournaments—the greatest number ever registered in any one month since the birth of the Interstate Association for the Encouragement of Trapshooting took place during the month of May.

Not so many years ago 125 trapshooting tournaments would have been a goodly number to take place during an entire year, but that was before trapshooting was recognized as a sport. For 15 years trapshooting has been coming along, but it has grown more in the past three years than in the dozen years previous. And it is growing each month. There will be just as many tournaments in June as in May, possibly more; and it was only a few seasons ago that trapshooting was only looked upon as a fall and winter sport. Now it knows no season.

In the 35 tournaments registered during the months of March and April there was but one State championship. During the month of May there were 15 State championship tournaments and one sectional championship. Kentucky, which was out of the fold last year, is back again, so that every State will be represented by its champion in the Amateur Championship shoot in St. Louis, in August. Woolfolk Henderson is most likely to be the representative of the Blue Grass State, and if he is the winner of the amateur championship will have to do as well as Newcomb did last year to carry away the title, maybe a shade better.

Sixteen "Newly Organized Gun Clubs" were presented Trophy Cups by the Interstate Association during the month of April.

On April 18th 115 trapshooters crowded the Herron Hill range for the opening of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League in one of the best representative gatherings in its history. N. G. Painter of Pittsburg, last year champion of the league, was high with 118 x 125 in a high wind.

New York friends of Lieutenant Ercole H. Locatelli, who sailed May 17th to join his regiment, and W. H. Yule, who is leaving for Ohio, arranged a special day shoot for these two trapshooters and later at a dinner given in their honor by the New York Athletic Club both were presented with a diamond-studded Mercury Foot. At the shoot R. L. Spotts of New York was in his old-time form dropping only one target in his last 25 of the 100 target program.

Guncraft.

We have been hearing for sometime now of the "Over and Under Double Barrel Gun." Recently we held one in our hands—not an easy thing to do even in the metropolis of the country. The weapon was fitted with a single trigger and detachable locks, withal, the last word in gun building. When lined it has the appearance to the shooter of the usual single barrel "trap-gun." The breech end of the barrels is not so heavy as we are accustomed to seeing on the usual American double gun while the muzzles of the barrels are a bit heavier. As it takes in the neighborhood of \$650.00 to own and try out one of these guns we await the report of some one of our readers who has been fortunate enough to add one of these guns to his arsenal.

Style of Trap-Gun of the Atlantic Coast.

It would be interesting to know what type of clay target smashing weapon is most in vogue in different sections of our land. An accurate count has been made during a popular shoot embracing contestants from Philadelphia to Boston and it was found 64½ per cent. used the special single barrel weapon, called "trap-gun," 20½ per cent. used double barrel guns and 15 per cent. used repeating guns. It is quite likely that in the middle west, say, St. Louis or Kansas City the order would be reversed and on the Pacific Coast another order of choice would prevail. For the present the Over and Under Double Gun is conspicuous by its absence.

A Bit of Practice at This Season With the Narrow Gauge.

Those of you who own a 20 or 28 gauge will find it fine practice at this time of the year before the leaves get out too far on the alders or sumachs to take the light little guns into a grove of these tiny trees and toss empty cartridge shells over their tops and try to drive the little 8's or 9's through the elusive little shells. The days have been long since the woodcock



Norman Durant, 6 years old, owns and runs a Koban.

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The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire.

Military School Championship

for 1915 won by St. John's Military Academy, of Delafield, Wis. The members of the team are C. O. Leidgen, C. F. Smythe, B. H. Brown, H. Howard, J. Anspach, H. M. Youngs, R. C. Strehlow, R. G. Gilbert, F. Leidgen, E. A. Craig, all of whom used throughout the matches

Peters



Cartridges

The Only Semi-Smokeless

The score of the St. John's team was 8,851 out of a possible 9,000 points. This is the third N. R. A. team championship for 1916 won with Peters Cartridges, the others being

Championship, Class A—Inter-Club Matches—won by Peters R. & R. Club, 10,911 out of a possible 11,000 points.

Championship, Class B—Inter-Club Matches—won by Ogden Rifle Club, 10,833 out of a possible 11,000 points.

AND STILL THERE ARE MORE TO FOLLOW

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were with us last autumn and you may wish you had a case of shells along instead of a few boxes. Indeed, you may leave the alder for the open and then wish you had a wagon load of shells when you find how provokingly the empty shells come down without a hole in them. This is of course practice for one; two would be far too dangerous. Don't go into a cover where there may be nesting woodcock, there is plenty of small cover where you need not disturb the birds.

On Cleaning a Shot Gun.

In cleaning a double barrel gun one barrel of which is plain cylinder and the other choked or when one is used to cleaning a heavily choked trap gun, it will add to your comfort of person and mind to put a heavy glove on the hand that pushes the rod through the cylinder barrel. There is a tendency to forget and push harder as the swab nears the muzzle which in the case of the cylinder bore allows the swab to pop out of the muzzle resulting in a thumb being jabbed against the sharp edge of the breech end of the barrels making an annoying cut. This same thumb on the morrow may have to push a safety slide up and back many times.

NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

By George L. Bugaly.

A new National Amateur Trapshooting Champion has been crowned. A new record at the traps has been established and to Ralph L. Spotts, representing the New York Athletic Club, go the honors in both events. The Eleventh Annual Championship Shoot of America is now a thing of the past, but to those who witnessed both the preliminary shoot of 200 birds on Friday, May 5th, and the championship event of 200 birds on May 6th, at the Travers' Island traps of the Winged Foot organization, under whose auspices the events were held, there will long cling the pleasant memory of having watched trapshooting of unusual excellence and a competition that under the efficient direction of George J. Corbett, chairman of the Trapshooters' Committee of the New York Athletic Club, was not marred by an unpleasant incident and one that went off without a hitch of any kind.

R. L. Spotts, who by reason of his consistently good shooting during the past month and the new record established by him on preliminary day May 5—the first day of the shoot—when he bettered by one target the old record made last year by the late lamented George L. Lyon, who at that time won the National Amateur Championship by breaking 192 out of a possible 200 "Tar Hawks," was a prime favorite with the large gallery that followed the shoot, but as E. L. Bartlett of Baltimore, C. H. Newcomb of Philadelphia, former Amateur Champion of 1913; J. H. Hendrickson of the hard hitting New York Athletic Club crowd and who had distinguished himself by running a straight string of 107 clay birds in the preliminary event, and J. G. Martin of Harrisburg, Pa., had also equalled the 1915 record in the curtain raising event, it was freely forecasted that Mr. Spotts would have his work well cut out for him if he intended to annex the title this year; but being calm, collected and also arising to the occasion under just such circumstances are a few of Mr. Spotts' greatest assets. However, as far as bettering the record of 193 birds already made by him, even his most enthusiastic admirers and well wishers did not anticipate. Shooting at that same steady gait, so well-known to those who have followed the fortunes in the trapshooting game of the scatter gun artist, Spotts ran off strings of 24, 25, 25, 25, 25, 24, 23 and 25. A score of 196 x 200, which not only won for him the applause of the large gallery that followed him from trap to trap, but the Amateur Trapshooting Championship of America and the honor of holding the record with the highest score ever made by an amateur in a 200 bird event. Breaking the record twice in two days, a sure enough example of Spotts shooting the spots with Spotts at his best.

"Al" Heil of Allentown, Pa. and J. H. Prendegast of Phoenix, N. Y., last year's New York State Champion, were tied for second place with a score of 191 x 200, Mr. Prendegast taking the shoot off with a score of 24 x 25. Mr. Heil losing five of his birds took third place. C. H. Newcomb and W. H. Walstencroft, both of Philadelphia, and E. L. Bartlett of Baltimore, were tied for fourth position with a score of 190 x 200 each. On the shoot off Bartlett lost one of the "Tar Hawks" and with a score of 24 x 25 landed the disputed position—fourth—Newcomb and Walstencroft finishing as named.

The team race between the Independent Gun Club of Philadelphia, the New York Athletic Club first team; Boston Athletic Association, Little Falls Gun Club and Jersey City Gun Club, resulted in a tie between the New York Athletic Club team and the Independent Gun Club of Philadelphia; each team having a total score of 947. Boston Athletic Association, third; score, 918; Little Falls Gun Club, fourth; score, 905; and Jersey City, fifth; score, 871. The Independent team was composed of Heil, 191; Walstencroft, 190; Newcomb, 190; Foord, 188; Martin, 188. Total, 947. The New York Athletic Club teams: Spotts, 196; Stephenson, 189; C. J. Stein, 188; Ramsey, 188; Martin, 186. Total, 947.

Prizes known as trap prizes were also awarded to the high guns at each trap, their being four traps, in 50 and 100 bird events. The following won trap prizes at 100 birds: No. 1, McMahon, 96; No. 2, Corbett, 98; No. 3, Speer and J. G. Martin, 97; Spotts, 100.

At 50 birds: No. 1, Prendegast, 49; No. 2, Corbett,



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The New York Athletic club house was handsomely decorated for the occasion with large American flags and pennants of the New York Athletic Club and the Boston Athletic Association, while the line of traps were marked off with small American flags. While the fair sex were well represented among the large gallery that followed the shooting, the lack of their number among the contestants was very noticeable—only one woman contestant facing the traps—a Mrs. A. G. Wilkes of San Francisco, who accompanied her husband across the country to take part in the shoot. Mr. Wilkes was the 1915 State Champion of California; Mrs. Wilkes represented the Family Club of San Francisco, and broke 74 out of each hundred on the preliminary day while in the championship event she broke 65 in the first hundred and 66 in the second; a total score of 131 x 200. The following gentlemen had charge of the office, and to them and the men who acted as scorers and referees is due the credit of conducting a trapshooting tournament that will last long in the memory of scatter gun enthusiasts. The office: P. B. Keenan, Paul Pilgrim, W. M. Hammond, J. L. Clark, L. R. Lewis, Chas. North and Tom Davis.

Scorers and referees: N. Apgar, H. Keller, Haze Keller, W. H. Meyerhoff, M. Dowse, Harry Wells, L. G. Parsells, W. Behm, Tom Davis and C. T. Summerson.

NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONS.

1905.	J. H. Hendrickson, New York Athletic Club....	94
1906.	W. M. Foord, Wilmington.....	94
1907.	E. F. Gleason, Boston.....	95
1908.	G. S. McCarty, Philadelphia.....	98
1909.	G. S. McCarty, Philadelphia.....	98
1910.	No competition.	
1911.	H. Kahler, Philadelphia.....	173
1912.	B. M. Higginson, New York Athletic Club.....	185
1913.	C. H. Newcomb, Philadelphia.....	179
1914.	R. L. Spotts, New York Athletic Club.....	188
1915.	G. L. Lyon, New York Athletic Club.....	192
1916.	R. L. Spotts, New York Athletic Club.....	196
	1905-1909. Competition at 100 birds.	
	1911-1916. Competition at 200 birds.	

It is interesting to note that R. L. Spotts' 188 made in 1914 would have only tied him for eight place this year.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of FOREST AND STREAM, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. L. Wise, who, having duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, 128 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Editor C. A. Hazen, 128 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor C. A. Hazen, 128 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, 128 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)

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C. L. WISE, Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this fourth day of April, 1916.

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New York County.
County Clerk's No. 77. Register's No. 7005.
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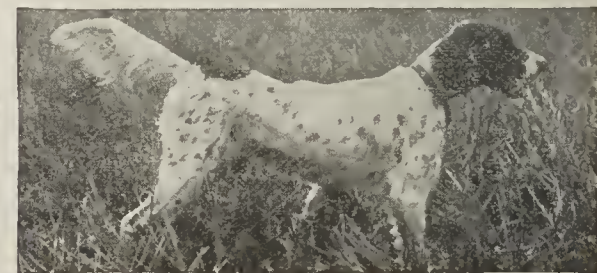
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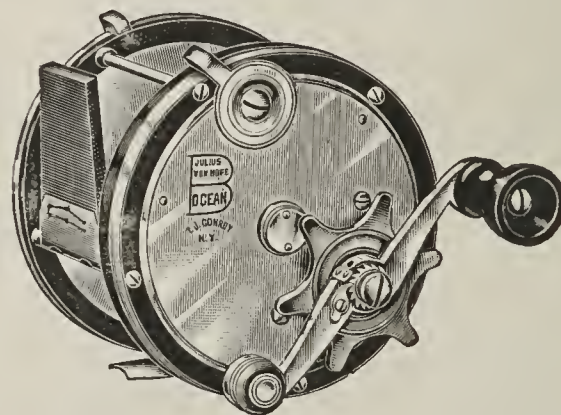
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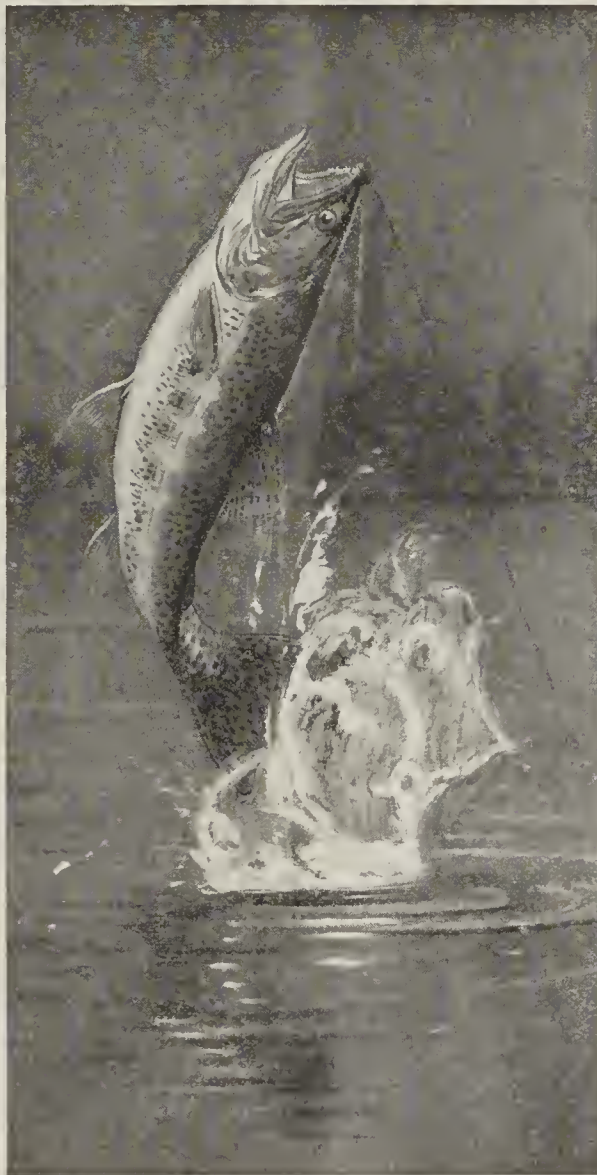
MOST anglers will grade their conception of real sport by the practice of the fish leaping, and with reason, too, for here it makes its supreme effort to escape from the barb, not so much of the pain, but of the restraint of its freedom. The hook always pierces the muscular skin of either upper or lower jaw when the artificial fly is used—and sometimes when live bait is used, though in the case of bass and pike being encouraged to gorge live bait, such as frogs and minnows, the hook often pierces a tender part, and, of course, they at once try to eject it. As they cannot do so owing to the resistance of the line and water, they then try to leap over it, and by doing so, often succeed in ridding themselves of the offending hook—especially if the line be too slack or too taut.

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Of the fresh water game fishes there are the Atlantic salmon, ouananiche, brown trout, rainbow trout, brook trout, black spotted trout of western waters, the muscalonge, bass, grayling, and in some places the eastern pickerel.

In the treatment of this subject, one can only describe personal observations of the many varied ways in which fish leap and to take a general view of it. Other anglers of wide experience will doubtless have somewhat different experience than what I describe—which is also true of my own, and I shall give some curious instances due to unusual or extraordinary conditions.

I have found in all species of game fish it is almost universal that the youthful, vigorous age more often produces active leaping on the restraining line than do the ponderous mature fish, which invariably sulk, tug or gigger at the bottom. This is especially true of very heavy



The Rainbow Trout Is the Acrobat of the Whole Family

trout and salmon. It is also true that the leaps are more likely and more frequent when fish are captured on the fly than on bait.

Moreover, the chances are infinitely greater of a savage and prolonged resistance if the fish inhabits a rushing river than a placid lake, for the reason that in the capture of their prey, fish habitually move more rapid by constant battling with the flood. This fact is evidenced by the fiercer gameness of the land-locked salmon in the whirling flood of the Saguenay compared with the same species caught in Maine lakes.

It is strange that readers of sporting magazines have not long ago become weary of those oft repeated minute details of how the *big one* fought, when all know (who have caught them) the big ones are generally little more gamy than a dead log—that the trout of fourteen or sixteen inches show much greater resisting power and savage effort than those fish of twenty inches and upwards.

A number of game fish leap in play, or after their food. Salmon are constantly seen making a bow-like curve in the air two feet from the water and then slip back with barely a splash. In a like manner do brook trout, and bass, sometimes only half out of the water for an insect, then, again, seemingly in pure wantonness or joyousness. Bass break water oftener than do trout; especially on quiet evenings we may see bass (where they are plentiful) time and again rising clear from the water's surface, both in play and feeding on insects. But the superb gameness of the bass is most evident when, on feeling the restraint of the line, it starts off on a fiercely mad rampage and such rapid movements as to bewilder any but the calm, cool expert.

In my favorite trout stream, bass are abundant in the deep smooth, though rapid pools, and I frequently cast a large green or brown drake, fishing it dry at the surface, to lose it invariably on trout gut-casting leaders when a bass rises to it, though a trout of larger size is invariably landed safe in the net. This, to my mind, is conclusive evidence that bass are stronger, more ingenious in resistance than trout, native or brown. It has also been my experience that



The Chatauqua Muscalonge Leaps With a Sort of Bull-Like Ferocity.

bass leap more often than do trout, both on fly or bait. Yet I confess to a preference for playing and capturing a trout.

Of the three most popular trouts, the rainbow up to fifteen inches has proved to be far ahead in active resistance to either the brown or native speckled trout. So rapid are the rainbows, I have almost fancied a quick succession of three leaps in a second of time. There is also a boldness in the strike that one needs only to keep the rod tip upright to have the fish safe—no wrist jerk is required on a rainbow—its dash at the fly is a positive shock.

This sudden shock is apparent, though in a lesser degree, with the brown trout, which I consider more active, gamy, and certainly prolongs the fight more than does the native trout, size for size. The brown is a more dashing antagonist, and up to a certain age fights well to a finish. It invariably leaps, sometimes five or six times in quick succession. The worst quality of the brown trout is its erratic nature. It is not always responsive to your fly, but, if you are lucky, and come across one of fair size when on the feed, you are almost sure to capture it, either with fly or a floating "nature" artificial minnow.

Of course, all trouts, and bass too, lie at or near the bottom, even when feeding; the rise and return are equally swift. They never stay near the surface, when on, or off feeding.

The leaping traits of the speckled or brook trout are extremely varied. It all depends upon the size of the fish, the condition of the water, and the lure you offer to entice them. It is rare, indeed, for brook trout to leap when caught on worm or minnow, as compared to being caught on the fly. Yet one would imagine that the fish, after being impaled in the gullet instead of the lips, as with flies, the greater pain would induce more activity both under and above water. My own experience is exactly the reverse.

On one occasion my fly happened to hook a large native trout through the tongue. Either from fright or extreme pain its actions were extraordinary from the moment after being hooked till I released it. The case was exceptional, because my experience of brook trout is that they rarely do make a leap above the surface after taking the fly, but dash hither and yon, always under and low down, in short turns and quick darts.

This spring, on private water on Long Island, I had a most unusual display of speckled trout leaping after capture on the fly. Out of twenty fish caught, averaging a pound in weight, twelve of them leaped above the surface, one or more times. They were all captured on one fly, a small black April nature fly I call needle-tail. My companion fished with worms and had no leaps with the fish he captured.

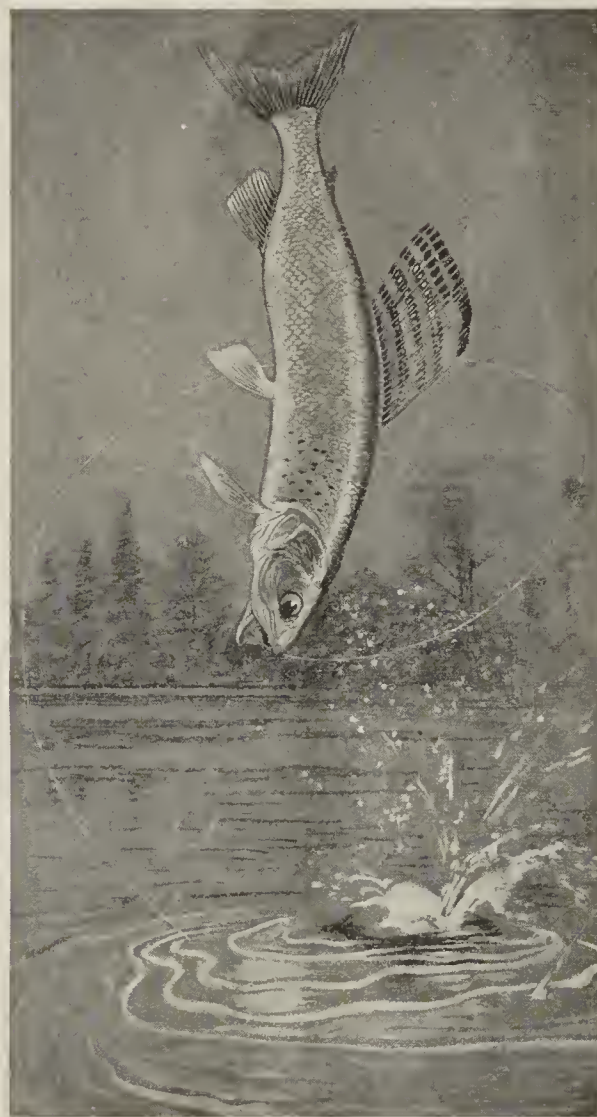
My experience with muscalonge, pike and pickerel is a wide one in many waters. I never

had the St. Lawrence muscalonge to leap above the surface, yet the Chatauqua muscalonge always leaps many times in a sort of bull-like ferocity and fierce anger at the restraint of the line. When it leaps it is like slipping out and sliding along—similar to an arrow which has touched the water and glides along the surface.

The long, heavy body of the muscalonge prevents making a graceful curve like that of the salmon, whose leap is sidewise, instead of the upward movement of the muscalonge.

When fishing last year in the city water reservoir, situated on the south shore of Long Island at Rockville Center, I was agreeably surprised to capture several large pickerel that leaped above the surface many times on being hooked with live minnows as bait, fished at the bottom with a sinker. It is the only place I ever remember of the eastern banded pickerel leaping above the surface.

In nearly all cases it is the fish which take their food at the surface that make leaps from the water after being hooked, and all species



The Grayling—Their Silvery Bodies Flash in the Sunshine Like Iridescent Shells.

have a strikingly different way in which they do it. The bass (small mouth) and ouananiche of Lake St. John, Canada, are very similar in the way of resisting capture. They both shoot straight out and, for a moment, their whole bodies quiver—then turning, dive back and disappear beneath the surface. By doing this they very often succeed in ridding themselves of the hook, especially so if the water is running swift.

In such water it is next to impossible to land a fish that makes a run towards the angler and then breaks to the surface, close in. On the other hand, if it runs away to break, the line will have sufficient tension to keep the fish securely hooked. There is no doubt in my mind, that when the line is slack, they can gouge out the hook with their hard, stiff tongues.

If he be a fair sportsman every angler looks on with admiration at the ingenious resistance,

the brave effort, most game fish make to get away, and he should at all times with forceful calmness give them every chance to use their skill in getting off to fight another day, for we all know that most fish are very likely to be taken again in the same spot.

My experience with the grayling has been confined to British rivers, the Dove and Derwent. It is a fish that should be more widely known in America. It has for centuries lived in amiable relations with trout in English and European rivers, and no doubt could do so in America if planted and allowed to get a fair start. The rivers Neversink, Esopus and Beaverskill in New York State are ideal grayling streams.

They are an excellent table fish and though they never attain any great size (three pounds) they are as game as any fish that swims, taking the fly and bait with equal vim. They lie in shoals at the bottom of deep water to dart upwards at the fly like an arrow; if they miss it, they go down just as rapidly; if they succeed in taking the fly then begins a fight under and above the surface equally aggressive. Time after time their silvery, slim bodies flash above in the sunshine like iridescent shells waved in the sunlight.

So very different is the bold, stockily built black bass, ugly in shape and color by comparison, yet a born scrapper from only four inches long. To use a phrase of its champion, "he has come to his own," for bass is now the most popular game fish all over our continent, north, south, east and west.

But the "simon pure" method—that is casting the fly to capture it—has yet to gain a much larger number of adherents. I think this will be attained when proper flies are made more suitable to the fish—that is, nature flies, copied exactly from the insects most abundant where bass lie, and what they are familiar with. The monster commercial fancy flies are a grotesque farce, driving the angler's art to a greater absurdity than plug line fishing, though not so brutal, because flies have but one hook, whereas plugs have as a rule fifteen barbs.

The bass is not so ugly when observed sailing along in the water, and though very different in their mode of leaping, most all the game fish are in appearance trim and shapely—built, as it were, for swift movement through the water. They are equally capable of fighting and resisting capture, not only by quickness and cunning, but by strength and energy. Not the least of these fine qualities is their habit of leaping from the water on a slack line.

The great army of true sportsmen—in which I humbly trust to be classed—should endeavor to discourage this everlasting desire to capture the biggest-big fish, and the customary talk about it. Big-fish prize competitions, indeed all such affairs, are neither a test of skill in the art of angling, nor are they edifying to our higher ideals. We should rather aim to make our beloved recreation, first a study; then it will be a pure joy, so that we can truly say, "we fished for pleasure and we caught it."



The Graceful Curve of the Salmon Is a Picture Artists Love to Paint.

BAIT ANGLING FOR BLACK BASS

THIS ARTICLE TELLS YOU HOW TO EQUIP YOURSELF
IN GOING AFTER THE GAMEST FISH THAT SWIMS

By Black Bass.

THE Fourth of July is the generally accepted time among black bass fishermen as the date on which to start night fishing, or casting. Earlier than that, as a rule, the waters have not warmed up enough to bring the bass in to the shores in their nightly pilgrimages for frogs and crawfish. The frogs have just about gotten settled on the edges of the deeper water and at the mouths of brooks, etc., previous to this time having been far up the brooks in the shallow and stagnant water. Crawfish have just become brave enough to venture forth from their homes under rocks and sunken logs in search of food in the dark hours. About this time it is very likely that some night when there is a gentle southwest wind blowing the bass will come in with a rush, and he who happens to be on the spot on this night is pretty sure of a number of hours of wild sport, while previous to this time one might fish the whole night through and get not even one strike. Of course, on occasions, from the first of the season a "stray" or two may be run across, hardly enough, however, to cause one to lose hours of sleep and spend it in hard work in the darkness on the lake. Later though, one does not think of the work when the chances of success are great, and even though the trip be barren of results one feels that they have had their chance and does not regret the time expended. Bait casting has become such a popular sport during the last few years that perhaps it is superfluous to speak of the outfit needed for night fishing. During July there is really no question that frogs are better than artificial baits at night on nearly all occasions, but at the same time they are hard to secure and plugs make a good substitute. The most universally used method of hooking a frog is through both lips with a single hook, but unless the fisherman understands the game thoroughly it will prove to be almost impossible to hook the fish with this style of tackle. Bass do not take a frog by the head at the first attempt, many fishermen going so far as to say that they do not eat the frog at all, but just strike at it in the desire to kill. This, however, is a fallacy if we can take the fact of frogs being found in bass's stomachs to the contrary. The fact remains, though, that the frog is always taken in the middle, or else the bass follows it up and takes one or both legs in its mouth first.

This simply means that if the fisherman strikes when the fish is first felt it is almost certain that the bait will be pulled from the fish's mouth.

In the use of frogs during the day the method is to count ten seconds from the time the fish takes hold until the time the fisherman strikes, and this same rule works out fairly well at night; but the best way is to let the fish have the bait at first with a slack line, at the end of ten seconds lift the rod slightly and "feel" if the bait is held securely. If so drop the tip of the rod about six inches and strike hard. The cartilage about the mouth of a small mouth bass is tough and it requires a good blow to set the hook properly.

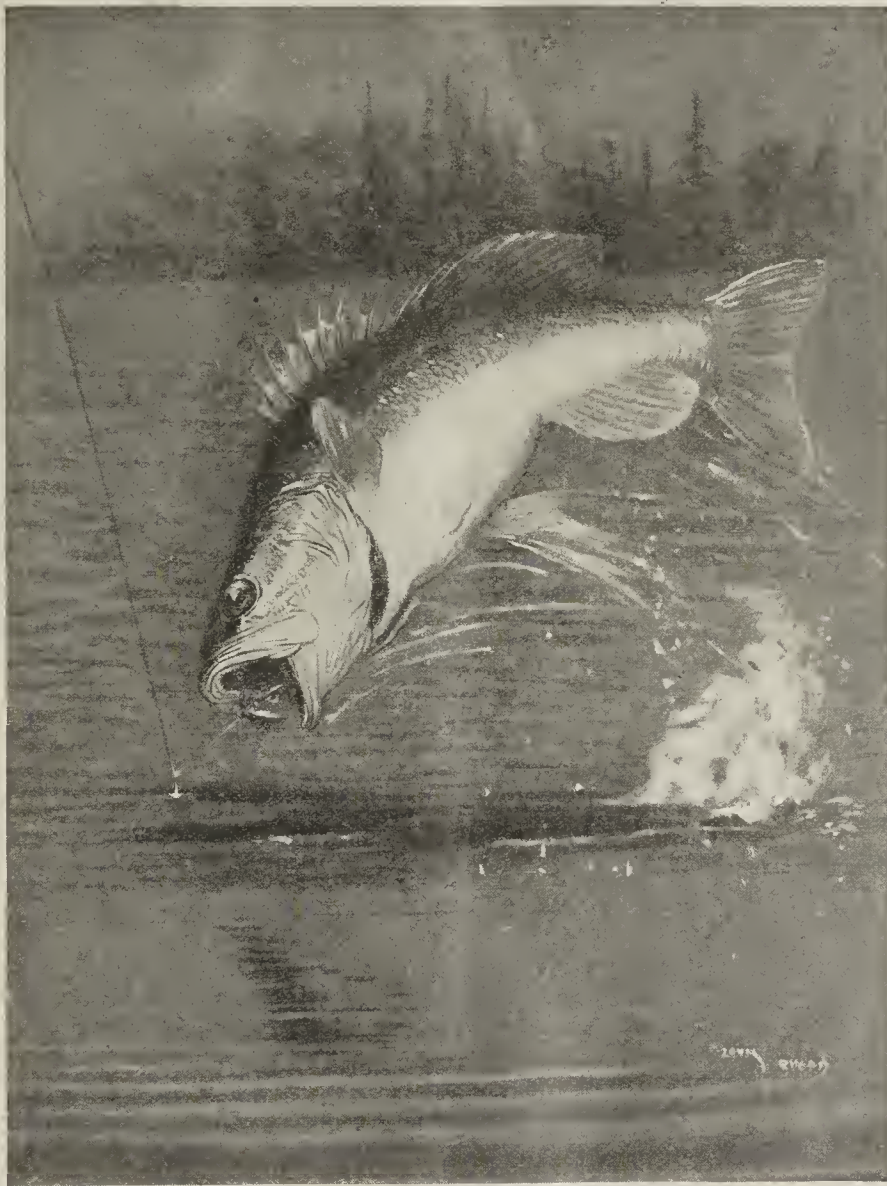
There is a style of arranging the rig, however, that will prove to be much more certain than the single hook.

Take two heavily snelled hooks, cut off the

snell of one so that there are not more than five inches remaining, bind the end of this snell to the shank of the other hook so that it will form a set of trailing hooks about four inches apart, with the rear hook facing down.

These may be bound with silk thread and varnished or cemented with an elastic cement, which will render them perfectly secure and waterproof.

Place the upper hook through both lips of the frog, so that the frog will not fill with water, and



From An Oil Painting by Louis Rhead.
The Superb Gameness of the Black Bass Makes Him the Favorite of the
Whole Angling Fraternity.

the lower hook through one of the legs as near to the foot as possible, with the hook, as before mentioned, facing down.

When the fish takes hold strike quickly and the rear hook will almost invariably take effect; if the leg itself is not taken the hook will usually land in the outside of the jaw.

To be entirely human it is always well to kill the frog before impaling it upon the hooks.

As the frog at night is a favorite small mouth bass food it would be just as well to try out the small mouth bass waters first, should the body of water fished contain both the large and small mouth species.

The haunts of the small mouth are in the deeper, cooler waters off the rocky shores, and with the aid of a few split shot on the line the bait can be gotten well down into these depths.

If, when the first fish is taken, it is found that it was caught on or near the surface it is just as well to discard the sinkers and use the frog.

If no fish result from a thorough fishing of the deep waters the large mouth ground should be visited, muddy bottoms and among the lily pads and pickerel weeds, where it sometimes happens that all the small mouth bass have congregated in the search for some particular kind of food—very likely frogs.

In using plugs, or wooden baits, at night it is generally best to use the surface variety, although there are times when only the under water will be successful. In their use the fish must be "searched out"; that is, their places of feeding on that particular night, or rather the places where the style of bait used will appeal to them, must be found. If the whole night be before one it might be well to start on one shore and fish the whole length of it, taking in all the kinds and conditions of bottom and shore line in the process; or if time be limited try various places thought to be good. For instance, first try a rocky point, then a muddy cove, a level stretch of grassy shore, etc., casting fifteen or twenty times in each. When the fish are discovered stick to that particular spot until assured that there are no more left there, after which try some other spot that was formerly successful. Should a frog be heard croaking on the water's edge row over to that place and cast four or five times directly at the frog. Very often a bass is lying in shallow water waiting for him to start to swim. In that case the bass is sure to mistake the bait for the frog and start to demolish it. On moonlight nights always try to cast towards the moon, if it be low in the sky. Otherwise a shadow will prevent the fish from rising. As an example, when the moon is rising cast along an east shore; when setting, along a west shore. After the moon is high it makes very little difference which way the casting is done. If no fish are biting while the moon is up it is very likely that they will start as soon as it sets, and vice versa. As a rule if they are taking hold before the moon rises they will stop as soon as it shows above the horizon. Just why this is so no one can tell. Bass have their hard and fast rules, most of which are utterly incomprehensible to humans. This strange method of feeding works out much the same way with the wind. If the wind be from the east and no fish are feeding it is very likely that should it swing to the west they will start immediately, not one or two at a time, but all of them as a body, although the two varieties of bass, large and small mouth, very often feed under opposite conditions. For this reason it is best to fish different shores; deep water and rocks for small mouth, and muddy coves for large mouth.

A favorite trick of the large mouth bass is to hang around the edge of pickerel weeds waiting for a frog or a minnow to make a movement, so these weeds should be fished thoroughly, which will prove to be a rather hard task on a dark night unless gone about in the right way.

The edge of the weeds must be "felt" out with the bait and once located try to make the bait travel along the edge, rather than away from them. In this way the whole ground is covered instead of a patch here and there.

It is a good idea also when casting along an

(Continued on page 1070.)



Whether on the Roof of the Continent or Elsewhere, the Spot Where the Big One Was Taken Is Ever Remembered.

THE BIG TROUT OF COLORADO

FAMOUS STREAMS THAT YEARLY DRAW
THE EXPERTS FROM FAR AND NEAR

By Arthur Chapman.

THERE'S a certain New York stock broker, who buys a ticket to Denver every year along about the end of June or the first of July, on the strength of a telegram he gets from a friend out west. The telegram consists of just two words, and they're these:

"She's fine."

The "she" is the Gunnison River, probably the most famed of all Colorado's trout streams.

For the rest of the summer, this particular New Yorker may be found any day hip-deep in the Gunnison. And he'll have for company there, cattle kings from Texas, range kings from Oklahoma, and mining kings from Colorado, and other monarchs of trade or finance. For however divergent their interests back home, they all agree on one thing: all love to angle for the big ones that fill the streams up there on the roof of the continent.

Those who angle there claim that fishermen can be found on the Gunnison from more widely scattered localities than on any other trout stream in the world.

And the number of different places from which they hail took a big jump, and the distances from which they come lengthened out considerably, when the Rainbow Trail, already a famous automobile route, was completed a few years ago. The trail extends across Colorado east and west, and rainbow and other trout actually may be caught from its roadbed for hundreds of miles.

It is not unusual for a skilled fisherman, his automobile halted to pitch camp, to wade into the Gunnison and catch enough trout for supper before the frying pan is well unpacked.

The big trout are imprisoned by natural barriers within forty or fifty miles of good fishing water. They never wander out of the Gunnison, but spend all their days between its banks, where they grow constantly bigger until they fall victim to the angler's lure, save for the few who may be said to die from over eating and drinking.

One reason for the great size of these trout—ten-pounders are frequently caught in the Gunnison—is said to be the prevalence of helgramites in the stream. These insects form one of the chief articles of trout diet and, incidentally, they are an ideal lure for the angler who is not "too proud to fight" with anything except the artificial fly.

There are other Colorado streams that crowd the Gunnison hard for fishing honors. Some of the crack fishermen of the state insist that the Rio Grande near its headwaters, in the vicinity of Creede and Wagon Wheel Gap, yields as many trout as the Gunnison, and that Rio Grande creels will weigh up with Gunnison creels, pound for pound.

Others prefer the White River, in the northwestern part of the state. Still others claim that there is no fishing that quite equals that on the headwaters of the Laramie, in North Park.

The South Platte and its branches have furnished good trout fishing at Denver's door for many years, though the really big fish have not flourished in these "urban" waters.

As a matter of fact, Colorado is a veritable network of trout streams. From timber-line on the Continental Divide, trout waters flow down in both directions, and one can travel the length of the newly created Rocky Mountain Park (which fits over the backbone of the continent like a saddle), crossing a trout stream every few miles.

The fishing resources of this new National playground alone, which is only seventy-five miles from Denver, probably never will be exhausted. But in order to make doubly sure that the trout especially shall be preserved, the citizens of Estes Park, a famous resort region adjoining the Rocky Mountain National Park and crossed by the same fishing streams, have built a model fish hatchery to protect them.

In addition to this and several other private fish hatcheries in the state, there is a fish hatchery at Leadville conducted by the Government. There are also six state hatcheries, which contribute materially to the millions of trout fry placed in the streams of the state every year. In the planting, rainbow and natives have been about equally divided, and many eastern brook trout are now being introduced.

Scenery and trout, it may be said, compete to lure the greater number of people to Colorado every year. The Colorado fish commissioner says it is the trout. Perhaps it is a combination of both.

At any rate, a modest army of anglers patrols the banks of Colorado's fishing streams from the day the ban is lifted in the spring. And, from the grizzled veteran to the youthful beginner, they're there because the trout are there.

TAKING THE RECORD TARPON

TO A LADY ANGLER FELL THE HONOR OF
HOOKING AND LANDING THIS FLORIDA GIANT

By E. L. Evans, Secretary Fort Meyer Tarpon Fishing Association.

MR. ASHBY JONES, of Gloucester, Va., is already somewhat of a familiar name to readers of this journal. His exploits in the piscatorial line have not been accomplished in a corner, and the numerous trophies that adorn his private sanctum did not come there by chance. But Mrs. Ashby Jones heretofore has not been so well known. She has been her husband's chum and companion in his various excursions, but shone as a lesser light—a reflection of his prowess, and a most loyal and efficient coadjutor in all his plans.

But now all this is changed: While Mr. Jones still remains the indomitable fisherman of yore, and while Mrs. Jones is still his faithful comrade, yet by a peculiar flip of fickle fortune, it is now Mr. Jones' turn to shine with a reflected light, and to receive congratulations for the exploits of his partner, for—on April 24, 1916—a date that will long be memorable in tarpon lore—Mrs. Jones landed a fish that cast all previous records in the shade and caused the big ones of previous seasons to show like minnows, in comparison.

April 24, 1916, the day after Easter, our fishers decide to conduct a "drive" against the entrenched tarpon on the upper Caloosahatchee. The morning was superb, a fitting setting for the tropical landscape, and as the little launches threw the spray from their prows one could almost imagine the drops pearls and diamonds, so much of a semblance was there.

About 7.30 A. M., the party started from Ft. Myers, and little did either Mr. Jones or his wife dream that history was following close in their wake. For an hour or more up the big river they sped; the smaller fish played about in the clear water; an occasional splash heralded and accompanied the appearance of a fish as he rose clear from the water, described a semi-circle in the air, and disappeared again. The alligator was not altogether wanting to complete the tropical setting, and as the palm covered banks sped by, the fisher folk were themselves almost carried away by the spell of the time and place.

For many miles they proceeded, with nothing to break the spell. Apparently the tarpon were not yet come out from their winter siesta. The party had covered some twenty-five miles, and reached the vicinity of Upcohall, before there was any change; then suddenly Mr. Jones sat up: "Did you see it?" he shouted. His question was superfluous—they had all seen "IT."

Then "it" came again, and another, and another—there seemed suddenly to have materialized a whole school of tarpon. The tackle was hurriedly re-examined and everything carefully scrutinized to see that it was in proper form; then away again, this time for tarpon. The "spell" was broken.

Trolling here and there, up and down, back and forth, went the two boats. The fish seemed wary; they were not afraid of being seen, that was evident. But when it came to "striking" they didn't seem in the mood for it just then. Noon came; a short rest for lunch; but Mr. Jones isn't much for lunch when the big fish are about, and soon all were at it again—but the fish didn't seem to care for closer acquaintance.

And then it happened: all at once, without any

preliminaries or warning. The big fish was hooked, and it was on Mrs. Jones' line.

Mr. Jones came near, just out of curiosity, to see what was doing. "Don't you want me to take him?" he asked. But she didn't want—she was going to "land this fish all by herself—without any help"—or lose him—and off they went again. It wasn't long before Mrs. Jones began to realize that she had not hooked just an ordinary tarpon but had a tartar sure enough. Again Mr. Jones came near and offered his services, or the services of his guide but Mrs. Jones was still game and needed all her energy and breath to give to the matter in hand.

But Mrs. Jones, she didn't give any time or strength to useless expostulation; she didn't have any to spare. It took all her attention to look after the big fish. First one way and then the other he went; now jumping high in the air, and again sinking deep in the water; now running as though struck with a sudden desire to return home, and then thinking better of it, slowing up for a parley. It can be imagined that a wary eye and a ready hand were absolutely essential; otherwise in a jiffy the line would become hopelessly tangled, and all hope of a capture at an end. But Mrs. Jones proved equal to all the requirements. Every "drive" was humored for a time. A gentle but increasing pressure from the line would gradually check and turn the fish back, then the hurried reeling in of the line, just enough to take up the slack. The guide, Mr. Capling, although not as experienced as many of his older associates, certainly covered himself with glory by the clever manner in which he manipulated his boat, ably seconding every move of the mistress of the expedition. He turned this way, and that, stopping, starting, slowing up, going at full speed, and always with an eye to the channel and for any floating or half submerged obstruction. Thus his part in the general result is by no means small.

But we are getting away from the fish—and so was Mr. Jones. A sudden drive had taken the fish and his party some way to one side, but Mr. Jones was following. The big fellow had just given a dramatic exhibition of his strength by executing a jump of twenty feet into the air—up!—up!—it seemed as though he would never come down—but he did—and as Mr. Jones' boat again glided into the fishing zone, its occupant, standing up and straining nerve as though his own efforts would aid, suddenly gave a yell. "Look there," he cried. "There's another!" and sure enough, there was another, and such another as mortal man has never yet landed, for according to Mr. Jones' version, the free fish which evidently was the mate of the hooked fish was swimming near, apparently trying to encourage his partner, and help if possible, but as much larger than the captive fish, as he was larger than the ordinary ones. Mr. Jones collapsed. "I'll sure get him," he said, and suddenly lost the sharpest edge of his interest in the chase in the thought of what might happen later.

But all this took only a fraction of the time in happening that it does in the narration, and almost as soon as sighted, the biggest fish was again gone, and the struggle between the determined fisherwoman and the equally determined fish again became the all-

absorbing thought. The chase had been proceeding up the river, and had now reached a part where the banks approach each other until the bed of the river is barely 100 feet across. The banks are thickly grown with palmetto and live oak, and hang far over the water. In his struggles the big fish, despite all efforts, was now making directly for one of these wooded banks. Nearer and nearer he drew to the scraggy fringe, and frantically and ever more frantically did the brave manipulator of the line attempt to check or turn him, but to no purpose. A sudden prodigious jump—right up through the projecting branches and down



Mrs. Ashby Jones' Big Fish, and the Guide Who Helped Land It.

"Gee," suddenly exclaimed Mr. Jones, as his boat again came into a visual angle with the fish. "Just look at that"—but there wasn't anyone to look, except Mrs. Jones and the two guides, and they had already looked until their eyes were ready to pop out of their heads, for the monstrous fish struggling in the water was the biggest he ever saw, as Mr. Jones averred, and he claimed to know somewhat of tarpon, too,—

And now he went wild, while Mrs. Jones needed all her nerve to fight the fish. Her husband almost lost his head, standing in the boat, and itching to have a hand in the game, yet compelled to be only an idle, though hardly a silent spectator.

came the huge bulk of the fish through the twigs and falling like a huge log on the water underneath. Already in her mind's eye, Mrs. Jones was prepared to feel the sudden strain that would indicate that the line was caught upon a branch, and was, as one might say, resigned to the sure loss of the quarry. But the strain didn't come—neither the snapping of the line, rather the line was slackening rapidly and she came to herself again just in time to realize that by a miracle the line had escaped entanglement, and that the fish was at last coming directly toward the boat. Hurriedly she reeled in the slack, but what is this? the fish is going slow; then he stops altogether, and again forward slowly. A great shout from Mr. Jones: "He's 'winded'; play carefully and you've got him."

It was true. The big fish had been fighting his fate for more than an hour, but even big fish cannot hold out forever and the bigger the fish the more strenuous the exertions must be, and he was now exhausted, almost too tired to swim. He was drawn slowly and carefully to the side and his final struggle successfully combatted. A moment later a deft thrust of the gaff and the largest tarpon ever recorded as being captured in American waters was landed and dispatched.

* * * * *

Although the last two years have seen each a successive break in the tarpon record, the present catch by Mrs. Jones far overtops them all.

The return trip to Ft. Myers was uneventful and as the shades of night were wrapping the landscape from view a happy party disembarked well satisfied with the result of the day's sport.

* * * * *

An application of the tape line gave the following results:

Length 7 ft. 5 inches.

Girth 3 ft. 7½ inches.

And the scales gave:

Weight 210 pounds.



Photo of Mrs. Ashby Jones, and Her Big Fish, Weight 210 Lbs., Caught April 24, 1916.

Caught in the Caloosahatchee River, Lee Co., Fla.

Rod used: Greenheart.

Reel used: Julius Vom Hofe, No. 6.

Line: 21 thread E. L. Evans.

Lure: No. 7 Wilson spoon.

Caught by Mrs. W. Ashby Jones, Gloucester, Va.

Guide: Chas. Capling.

Time of play: Over 1 hour.

* * * * *

Although not a member of the Ft. Myers Association, in recognition of the record fish, Mrs. Jones has been presented with an honorary membership in the Association, and wears the gold button of the club—the highest distinction possible to a tarpon fisherman.

The estate of the late William C. Whitney, known as October Mountain, which includes property in the towns of Lenox, Washington and Lee, Mass., has long been regarded as one of the best tracts of land in Massachusetts for the propagation of wild game—elk, moose and deer—and for several years it has been under the control of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission as a game sanctuary. Through recent litigation it has been brought out that Mr. Whitney spent \$272,902 in developing this estate which during his life was a center of interest to tourists visiting western Massachusetts. The City of Pittsfield has recently taken over 652 acres of this land for a system of reservoirs, which will be three miles long and a third of a mile wide.

Reports from New River Inlet (N. C.), state that channel bass fishing this season has been excellent. Three members of the Onslow Rod and Gun Club, Dr. R. N. Freeman, T. C. Ellington, and John Rowe recently landed 18 fish that totaled 536 pounds, giving an average weight of very close to thirty pounds each.

WHERE ONE MAY BE HIS OWN PATHFINDER

A LAKE FILLED COUNTRY NOT INACCESSIBLE THAT
AWAITS THE FISHERMAN AND THE CANOEIST

By Seneca.

DURING the last few years most American canoeists and fishermen have heard something of eastern Canada's great reserve, the Algonquin Park of Ontario. The writer had the good fortune to spend part of the summer of 1893—the year in which the reserve was set apart as a playground for the people—in this district, and has fished its waters and paddled over its lakes each succeeding year.

The regularity with which its "old-timers" return year after year is one of the best indications that the park has attractions out of the ordinary. To deal with all its points of appeal, however, would require more space than is available, so I must content myself here with describing some of its canoe routes.

While it is a maze of lakes, there being over fifteen hundred within the park's area of 1,754,473 acres, you can cruise throughout the district without a guide and encounter no particular difficulties. You must, of course, be prepared to tackle the portages. But these are not severe, and, in fact, for the most part the lakes are joined by streams affording ample room for the paddler. If you want them, good guides are obtainable. Their charges in the park are three dollars a day, including the canoe. If you prefer to go without a guide, maps depicting the territory make it possible for you to find your way easily from lake to lake, and from one good fishing ground to another.

Cache Lake, at Algonquin Park station on the Ottawa division of the Grand Trunk—within eight hours run of the City of Toronto—is the best place in the park from which to start on a cruise. The outfitting store and the inn are situ-

ated there, and complete outfits can be hired at reasonable charges.

One of the best trips is the southerly one, proceeding first westward through Cache Lake, then along a branch of the Madawaska River, navigable for some little distance, into White's Lake, a beautiful body of water. This is crossed to the first portage, a short trail which leads to Beaver Pond. A quarter of a mile paddle across the pond brings you to another portage, one hundred yards long, at the end of which lies Little Island Lake, lovely in its natural beauties and picturesque in all its surroundings. A mile paddle across the lake brings you to a quarter-mile portage to Smoke Lake, quite large in comparison with other lakes in the district. It is about four and a half miles long, with a width averaging from a third of a mile to two miles in some places. The bosom of Smoke Lake is beautified by islands, and the shores of the mainland are high and well wooded. Fishing is good, and magnificent camp sites are scattered along the shore and on the islands.

Smoke Lake offers a good location for a permanent camp site or one for a few days. The log-cabin hotel camp of the Grand Trunk, "Nominigan," is here, and many trips of not more than a day's duration can be made from camp. From Smoke Lake, one interesting and profitable trip is south into Ragged Lake, thence into Porcupine Lake, Bear Lake, the three Bonnechere Lakes, Crooked Lake, Lake Louisa, Boundary, and Head Lakes into Cache Lake, the starting point.

The most enthusiastic fisherman will find sport here to his heart's content. From Ragged Lake

there is a quarter-mile portage into Porcupine Lake, over a lumber slide—which makes the task easy, especially when you know that at the slide's end, where the rivulet leads from one lake to another, capital speckled trout are caught in goodly numbers.

Ragged Lake itself is very beautiful, and, as its name suggests, the contour of its shores is irregular and made up of innumerable bays and inlets. Good salmon trout fishing is its attraction.

North from Smoke Lake, the canoe route is through the headwaters of the Ox Tongue River (which flows from this watershed into the Lake of Bays) thence into Little Tea Lake, and through another small stream into Canoe Lake. Canoe Lake is about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with pretty bits of scenery at the south end. There are some very good fishing districts to the southwest of Canoe Lake, easy of access. At its north end, a small stream is navigable for canoes to Canoe Lake station on the railway. Parties going into the region can leave the train at this point.

The waterways constituting the natural canoe route leading to the lakes of the northern portion of the territory, are connected by a narrow stream called Joe Creek, which passes under the railway about half a mile east of Canoe Lake station. A short paddle from this point brings one out on Joe Lake—the next gem in this necklace of pearly lakes, of which Joe Creek may be called the thread. Many of the little ponds are so small that they go unnamed.

Proceeding for two miles across Joe Lake the explorer finds a small stream which leads into

WHY SIT WE HERE IDLY WORKING?

Little Joe Lake. Passing through Little Joe, we come to a stream long and winding, thick with rushes and water vegetation. Sometimes it broadens out into river-like proportions; in other places it narrows until there is barely room for a canoe to pass through. Ducks in large numbers are a common sight in this region.

After following the stream for a mile and a half, and making three portages, all short ones, we come to Baby Joe Lake. This we traverse for a mile, and then, after a portage of 150 yards, enter Island Lake through a picturesque gap joining a small pond with the main sheet of water.

From Island Lake to Little Otter Slide Lake, there is a real portage of three-quarters of a mile, but the trail is good and well blazed, and there is a shelter hut at its Island Lake end. The forest through which it leads is composed of heavy timber, pine, hemlock and birch predominating. After about a mile paddle through Little Otter Slide Lake, we enter a stream a quarter of a mile in length and pass into Otter Slide Lake. Crossing the western end of this sheet of water, we come to a section of the Petewawa River, which connects Otter Slide and White Trout Lakes. On the stream there are five portages, ranging from one hundred yards to half a mile. But they are not difficult, and the route is through a diversity of scenery, with something of interest at every step.

White Trout Lake, next in the chain after the Petewawa River, is quite a large body of water, about five miles long. Its scenery is picturesque and its fishing good. In places it is three and sometimes as much as four miles across. At the north end, a lift over a dam brings us into Longer Lake, which connects White Trout Lake and Red Pine. Longer Lake is more of a stream than a lake, and there is good fishing near its outlet into Red Pine Lake. Its water rushes over a rocky bed, and speckled trout are there in such abundance that a skillful angler can actually pull them in two at a time.

A sight of Burnt Lake is one that should not be missed by anyone who gets in its locality. Its waters are dotted with islands clothed with tall cathedral pines, like the shores surrounding them, and these forest monarchs stand out strikingly against virgin growths of pine, balsam, cedar and birch. At the upper end of Burnt Lake, near where the clear waters break and tumble over rocky shoals in their descent toward Perley Lake, is a fine camp-ground, ideally located for trout fishing.

From Burnt Lake, the canoeist may continue on down through other series of lakes and streams. Or he may return to White Trout Lake and, striking a portage on the eastern shore, proceed through a series of other lakes, noted for their clear water and large trout, to Great Opeongo Lake, a favorite spot for anglers. From Red Pine Lake, one easy route brings the tourist into Longer and Hogan's Lakes, thence through Crow Lake and Crow River into Lake Lavielle, celebrated for large and gamey salmon trout. At the south of this lake there is an easy route to the railway.

One of the chief attractions of this country, of course, is the ease with which one can travel through it and be one's own pathfinder, simply by following routes outlined on the maps secured at Algonquin Park Station. Those who know something about a canoe, and are willing to do the carrying that usually devolves on the guide, if there is one, can find their way through the park without any trouble. The cost of such a trip, without guides, apart from railway fare and the cost of canoes and camp equipment, need not exceed ten dollars a week for each person.

FLY-FISHING FOR A FROG.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Apropos of your editorial in last month's issue, "Do Fish Feel Pain?" I cannot resist the temptation to scribble the following, an episode of long ago.

Fish are not bullfrogs, but sometimes frogs are fish—I've seen it. I was fishing a trout stream in Westchester County when I stopped to eat my lunch beside a fascinating spring which gushed out between some rocks on the hillside. The spring formed quite a pool immediately



Emerson Hough, Well-Beloved Outdoor Writer, Answers His Own Question—Here He Is, Busily Idling at Pyramid Lake, in Jasper Park, Alberta, Canada.

where it flowed from the rocks before meandering down through some swampy meadows to the brook. This miniature pond was only about three feet wide, clear as crystal and cold as ice, and as I silently squatted on its brink a large frog rose from its soft bottom and lazily swam to the other side. He crawled up the grassy bank, hopped around and stood there complacently surveying his visitor. His eyes blinked as the sun shone full upon his glistening back. He seemed warm and comfortable after his cold immersion and his gaze shot straight into my eyes, as we both sat there wrapped in abstruse thoughts of each other.

At that moment a strange obsession seized me, the barbarism of youth flashed into my ardent blood. Opening my fly book I abstracted a red ibis. Then with slow and furtive movements I detached a branch from a bush almost at my side, stripped it of leaves and twigs and fastened

the snell at one end. During this devilish procedure the frog never moved, only continued to blink his red eyes, and stare with hypnotic insistence straight into mine.

The red ibis somehow fluttered in the air just two inches this side his nose. A spring,—I was fast in a—(frog)—tell it not in Gath. He came instantly to shore and I removed the hook from his lip while his wet and clammy fore feet pressed my hand. I then threw him into the pool and in less than five minutes his affable frog-ship was again on the bank blinking and winking with his former friendliness.

Will you believe it? Twice more that amazing frog grabbed the ibis and was drawn from the water. When I left to resume my fishing there he sat on the bank basking in the sunshine, with three tiny punctures in his lip and a benignant smile of farewell in his indolent eyes.

HERBERT JANES.



Painted by Edmund Osthaus.
"He Is a Real Artist on Quail"—What More Can Be Said of a Bird Dog?—And the Well-Trained Pointer Always Lives Up to This Requirement.

THE YEAR OF THE POINTER

THE SHORT HAired BREED WAS THE VICTOR,
BUT THE SETTER MAY YET COME INTO HIS OWN

FIELD trials were never so popular or so prosperous as at present. This is because we are becoming more esthetic in our sports and pastimes. The casual observer may think it far-fetched to attribute the present great interest in high class setters and pointers to such a cause, but it is the real one.

It may be logically reasoned out in this way:

In the old days, when game was more plentiful and more evenly distributed than now, the average man interested in field shooting considered his gun the principal accessory, for his one great ambition was to kill—to bring home as large a bag as possible. The mighty hunter was he who could show the most game at the end of a day's hunt. He had a dog, of course. But the dog was usually a half-breed or of nondescript origin, and was only a helper, a necessary adjunct to the desired end. It mattered little how he did his work, as long as he brought results. Both hunter and dog lacked genuine skill.

Then came magazines devoted to field sports, and with them came higher education and loftier ideals. The succeeding generation grew up with an inborn desire for better guns and higher class dogs. Large bags, it was taught, were not the *sine qua non* of the gentleman sportsman. In the dog, it was style and finish that were sought: not the frequency with which he pointed, so much as the nature of his performance. The idea became general among the higher class of sportsmen that there was more satisfaction in killing a few birds skilfully, over a dog that worked scientifically, than in filling the game-bag in the old pot-hunter style.

With this higher education, came correspondingly greater demand for better dogs. As this demand increased, sportsmen began seeking a way of testing their dogs in competition. Thus there came about the birth of a great sport—field trials. And a nation of dog lovers has been developed, among whom the majority place high-class work above the slaughter of birds. This class is growing daily, and it has been aptly said that the best game protector is the field trial follower,—for he kills but little game.

The season of 1915 went down in field trial history as the greatest of them all. Never in the forty odd years that the sport has been in existence have there been so many trials, nor have there ever been so many men interested, or so many dogs in competition.

The season began with the All-America trials, which took place at Denbigh, N. D., the first week in September. Prairie chickens were plentiful in the locality, and probably the most successful field trials ever held on the game bird of the prairie were those staged by this progressive club. Not only were the trials successful in the matter of good grounds and abundant game, but there were more starters in the three stakes than in any previous trial.

It was an auspicious beginning for the season, and brought together a greater number of handlers than ever assembled for a trial before. Many new recruits made their debut in the All-American prairie trials and the majority of them there began a successful career, going on down through the circuit with splendid success. Field trials are like baseball: there is always room at the top for a new man, provided he has the material to make good. Last season proved that there are several new handlers who have it.

In the all-age stake, won by pointer Security (Pace and Rowe, Knoxville, Tenn.), there were forty-two starters. The derby, won by pointer Rap's Pansy Blossom, had forty four, and the championship brought out a field of eighteen of the best known winners ever pitted together in an event carrying the title champion. One hundred and four dogs in three stakes is a record which

it is not likely any other club will pass very soon, though with the present interest in the high-class bird dog, there is no telling what the coming season may have in store.

The redoubtable Texas pointer, John Proctor, began his winning career for the season by outstepping and outpointing the whole of that magnificent championship field, and acquiring for the second time the title of chicken champion of America. In 1913, a successful season for him, he won the title. When he began the season of 1915 in the same manner, the regular followers began to ask the question: "Is he going to repeat?"

John Proctor not only repeated, he did more than any other field trial dog ever accomplished before. In this championship stake of last season the competition was even keener than when he won the title for the first time, yet there was hardly a spectator on the field who did not freely admit that his race was in a class by itself.

From the prairies, John Proctor was brought down to the Independent trials at Sparta (Illinois) where he won the all-age stake. Then he went to Georgia and won several minor places. In Alabama he won second to Desoto Frank, whom he ran against in the Southern trials. From here John Proctor came up to Grand Junction, Tennessee, where he won the National Championship in another great field. Only three days after the conclusion of this stake, he started in the free-for-all championship at Calhoun, Alabama, and once more met Desoto Frank, defeating him with something to spare. The way John Proctor was going last January, there was not a dog on the circuit that could head him off.

Pointers, during the past season, were far and away ahead of setters. This is probably a temporary condition, and no doubt the long-haired breed will soon come back to its own. But the fact remains that the pointer, though outnumbered three to one, captured nearly all the important stakes for all-age dogs. John Proctor himself won all three championships on the field trial calendar. Security, previously alluded to, always a dangerous competitor in chicken trials, won the forty-two dog stake of the All-America Club at Denbigh, and was placed several more times in minor places in the later trials.

Lewis C. Morris (now owned by Haggan, of the Mt. Brilliant Kennels, Lexington, Ky.) was a formidable contestant in all stakes he started in. In January, 1915, he won the United States all-age stake in the largest field of quail trials that season. Second to him was setter La Besita (F. M. Stephenson). Two weeks later, however, La Besita turned the tables and won the National Championship, with the pointer runner-up.

In Texas, Lewis C. Morris won first in the all-age stake. He was not in the money on the prairies last September, for this pointer is not a great chicken dog like Security or John Proctor. But as his handler frequently said: "He is a real artist on quail." This pithy description fits him, for when Lewis C. Morris is at his best, there are few dogs, pointers or setters, that can surpass him in handling the wily Bob White.

After the prairie trials, Lewis C. Morris was not started until the Georgia series of trials, where he won the two-hour subscription stake. He was always a good long-distance dog, and would not cause much surprise if he won the National Championship before another two years, provided his owner sees fit to start him.

Another pointer that showed to good advantage last season was Rowena, a diminutive white-and-liver bitch owned and campaigned by W. D. Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala. She began her season by being placed runner-up in the All-America Championship on the prairies. From then on she gave a good account of herself in all stakes she started in. She finished the season by winning

first in the all-age stake of the Oklahoma trials at Vinita last February.

Still another pointer that attracted considerable attention was Jack Davis, Jr. He is a white-and-lemon, good in conformation and general outline, fast as a ghost, and a real bird dog. Major D. C. White, trainer for the Babblerbrook Kennels, brought this pointer out as a puppy at the All-America amateur trials at Rogers Springs, Tenn., in January, 1915. The writer was one of the judges, and spotted Jack Davis in the first heat he ever ran in public.

The dog eventually won the derby. Subsequently he was purchased by A. G. Sage, of New York, who started him the first time in the Georgia all-age stake, where he won first. In the Southern trials a few weeks later he was placed third to Desoto Frank and John Proctor. In this latter stake, it might be mentioned parenthetically, there were twenty-two starters, of which twelve were English setters and ten pointers. The latter breed won all three places in the stake.

Among all-age setters, the dog which gained the most prominence was Joe Muncie, a white-and-orange rather plain looking animal, but a wide, fast and easy-going dog. In the matter of class, there are few dogs superior to Joe Muncie, for he has an intelligent way of seeking the birdy places. While he goes as far as the country permits, he is one of the most easily handled dogs to appear in field trials in the past season or two.

Joe Muncie is owned by J. K. Smith, of Eminence, Kentucky. He was handled by W. D. Mask, of Bolivar, Tennessee—a young handler, by the way, who has been quite successful.

The dog won the all-age stake of the Great Western trials the week following the All-America meeting, and later in the season he won the most important all-age stake on quail, that of the United States Club at Grand Junction, Tennessee. From here he was taken to Texas, where he won third in the Texas all-age stake, and the following week he again won third in the trials at Vinita. Among setters, therefore, Joe Muncie stands first for the season. The only other setter to win first in all-age stakes during the past season was May Blossom, daughter of Free Lance and Cotton Blossom.

In the derby stakes, where the puppies compete, setters showed to superior advantage. The leading dog was Gunner, also of Free Lance-Cotton Blossom breeding. This young dog won the American Field futurity at Sparta in November, was placed second in the Southern derby at Letohatchie, Ala., in December, and in January won the National, the Texas and the Oklahoma derbies. He proved by this performance that he was unquestionably the best bird dog among the puppies of last season, for all of his wins were made by demonstrating his ability to handle game.

Another good puppy among setters was Commissioner's Amorette O'Crabu (J. Craig Huff, Philadelphia) handled by John Willard Martin, of Newton, N. C., a young handler rapidly coming to the front as a developer of high class field trial dogs. This setter bitch with the long name won first in the Great Western Derby, first in the Southern, and was placed third on one or two occasions. She did not go any farther than the National trials on the circuit, otherwise she might have had several more wins to her credit.

Old Joe's Vic, owned by the Babblerbrook Kennels, of Pittsfield, Pa., was another good one placed. Another of the Babblerbrook's was Old Joe's White Fox. The latter is especially promising. Only a few weeks ago she was started in Setter Club trials at Medford, N. J., and won first in the all-age as well as in the subscription stakes. She was then scarcely two years of age, so if early promise bodes good, she should make a great all-age contender by next season.



Courtesy of the "Winged Foot."

A Parlor at the Travers Island Club House of the New York Athletic Club, One of the Largest and Foremost Organizations of the Kind in the World.

THE VACATION SHOOTING IRON

FURNISHES AMUSEMENT AND IN THE HANDS OF THE CAREFUL IS HARMLESS

By Fred. O. Copeland.

ALL over the land July is the month of vacations. In a high per cent. of cases the trap-gun cannot go along for while many of the large summer hotels now have trap-shooting ranges, many prefer the quieter, smaller resorts further in the "bush" where regulation clay targets would be as hard to find as alligator tracks on the shores of Hudson's Bay. It is true the little 20 or 28 gauge might go along but it probably will not, for shells are heavy in quantities even in these miniature sizes and they are not easy to obtain at the village drugstore. In short it is the month of the small bore target rifle, pistol or revolver. I say it with perhaps a

prejudiced note but I believe it had better be the revolver.

To those who will instantly arise and intimate that I am old-fashioned, I will say that the automatic pistol handling the inexpensive .22 cal. ammunition will not be on the market again for two or three months. I am willing to admit there is a trace of sentiment in my choosing the revolver. Though our frontiers have met these many years, the thrilling days of the golden west and the type of weapon that played so great a part in its history still charm me.

Then consider a good revolver, one made by any of our best makers, one with a long lean lit-

tle six inch barrel, indeed, one beautifully proportioned and fashioned by the hand of an artist. As in the case of any weapon all the money you can afford in ornamentation will never be regretted. An artistically engraved little weapon of .22 cal., graced by ivory or pearl stocks bearing your monogram, is a beautiful object and a joy to shoot.

The small target revolver is cozy to carry and so is its ammunition. Thousands of shots may be fired with a minimum of expense. It will undoubtedly be a "six shooter" and although it will take longer to clean it on account of the six chambers of the cylinder and the escape of powder around the breech of the barrel the satisfaction of having six shots at hand will perhaps balance the advantage of the easier cleaning single shot pistol. A stiff tooth brush or such a brush as is used in cleaning the type on a type-writer will very readily clean away the fouling about the fore part of the cylinder and breech end of the barrel.

It takes skill to hit a small mark with a revolver even though it is made especially for target work and that is why it is fascinating sport. Remember, Pat Garrett, the New Mexican sheriff, said: "If you can hit a black spot the size of a silver dollar twice out of five shots at fifteen steps, you are 'shooting some.'" It is better to begin at 12 yards shooting at a 1½ inch bull's-eye which is the theoretically correct size for this distance—by the way, it adapts itself to your cellar, your winter range—or even a larger mark in order to gain confidence; then, as skill is acquired, draw back to 20 yards, shooting at the regulation 2.72 inch bull's-eye and at last when you are nearing the master's degree, take the full distance, 50 yards, at the standard American target with its 8 inch bull's-eye.

Most people enjoy seeing something drop or at least wiggle when they hit it. The standard regulation American tomato can attached to a string suspended from a bough over water will not only furnish the proper contortions of agony when hit but you may see where you are holding by the misses striking the water beyond the can. Remember to squeeze the shot off, not pull it off, and that a good revolver allows the front sight to be elevated or lowered and the rear sight a lateral movement, called "windage" by the faithful. Therefore, adjust the sights to you and make it your religion, like that of the frontier, not to miss.

In conclusion it is hardly necessary to say that this article is written only for the man who knows what a revolver is and how to use it. He holds all small wild animal life sacred, does not wantonly shoot birds, squirrels, etc., simply because they furnish a moving target, and is extra careful in knowing that his practice will not send a bullet where it is liable to injure human beings or live stock.



Courtesy of the "Winged Foot."

Showing the Approach of the Travers Island Country Club House of the New York Athletic Club—This Is the Scene of Some of the Most Notable and Famous Trapshooting Events Held in the East—Champions Have Been Graduated Here.



Photo by Hearst-Selig Co.

This Crew Is Proud of Seventeen Straight Victories.

WHEN THE CREWS TAKE THE WATER

THIS IS A RACING STORY BUT IT TELLS THE ORDINARY CANOEIST
MANY THINGS OF VALUE IN THE OPERATION OF HIS CRAFT

By Jule F. Marshall, Member of the Racing Board of the American Canoe Association.

CANOE racing has come to be a very popular sport. This is best shown by the large number of canoes built and building in a one design class. Gradual changes in design and rules have been made until racing men in general are quite satisfied with the present design of craft. (See illustrations.) Most of these canoes are built in Canada. The type is a striking one with straight lines, beautiful flares and the unique torpedo deck that sheds water faster than the curved and rising bow. The hulls are made of varnished American cedar, Spanish cedar or mahogany with a close ribbed interior protected again by floor boards. The seams are usually sealed with brass strips running the full length of the seam to prevent leaking. The torpedo deck is either of fibre or mahogany. The former is the better for it does not smash as readily in shipping and handling the canoes. The outside is either a highly polished finish or is painted to the water line with a mixture of shellac and graphite. Both finishes give about the same results in reducing friction in the water but the high polish is by far the harder to keep in condition.

Canoes for single and tandem crews are 16 feet long, 30 inches wide over all, 21 inches on the water line in beam, 9 to 12 inches deep and weigh about 45 pounds. For crew of four, the canoe is 20 feet long, 30 inch beam, 27 inch water line, 13 inches deep and weighs 75 pounds. War canoes for fifteen men are 30 feet long, 32 to 35 inches wide, sixteen inches deep and weigh around 120 pounds.

About the best single blade for crew work is the type known as the "Sugar Island" blade. This also was designed by the long experienced Cana-

dians. The sides of the blade are straight, the end is square, the shaft is very full and strong and the grip is designed to fit the hand comfortably. The blade is flat on one side in order to hold all the water possible while on the reverse side a "beaver tail" is carried down the center of the blade from the stout shaft. This prevents the blade from snapping under the strain. The length of the paddle should be no longer than the height up to the paddler's eyes,—never higher. The stroke, explained further on, will show the reason for this.

Racing men agree that the "spliced" double blade is the only thing. While this would ordinarily make a cumbersome shaft some nine feet and odd inches long, according to taste, it proves worth while as there is no danger of the two blades shifting or coming apart during a race. There are no ferrules to rot the wood nor add to the weight as in the case of the ferruled type. Double blades should be of the spoon style and are better when chunky in area rather than in the long oar design. The opposite blades should be turned at a little less than right angles to each other. This makes one blade feather the air when the other is pulling water. The lesser angle than the right angle greatly relieves the strain on the one wrist that does all the turning. The splicing is an eight inch angle across the middle of the shaft. This is glued together, riveted with copper rivets and washers and bound with strong fish line and varnished. I have only heard of one double blade that ever snapped at the splicing. Double blades are usually tipped with copper to prevent splitting. Copper gathers dirt, rots the wood, dents up and enters the water badly. A much better and stronger tip is a piece of Spanish

cedar with the grain running opposite to that of the blade, mitered to the blade, glued and tacked with tiny brass escutcheon pins. This, when sandpapered and varnished, will make a clean job that will stay that way. All blades should be of selected, clear white spruce, free from knots and attractive grains.

I have been asked a good many times for suggestions as to exercises that would keep one limbered up when away from training quarters. Now there is no need to tire oneself of this delightful sport and the fellowship of training and competing with other men by overdoing the matter and going in for serious gymnastics. In paddling a hard race, the strain is more mental than physical by far. However, there is one exercise that will benefit paddlers immensely and that is the one of bringing the arms full length up and over the head, inhaling and then bringing them forward, exhaling and bending until the finger tips touch the toes. It will be found when starting this exercise that the floor can hardly be touched with the finger tips and later on by persistent trying, you will be surprised to find the palm planted flat on the floor beside the feet and done easily without bending the knees. This exercise will stretch all the joints used in paddling and especially the back, taking out the annoying "kinks." If this stunt is followed conscientiously morning and evening, it will be found a great help to paddlers and everyone desiring an active body. The training at canoe quarters should be done entirely in the canoes the crews are to race in. More team work can be gained this way than in any other manner. Some men believe in training in slower boats thinking that they will go faster when they race in the shells. In their

minds this is theoretically right but in reality is wrong as experience has shown many that have graduated from the realm of theory. Get the regular crew out in the right canoe and take good long "hikes" against the current and you will be on edge but not too fine at all times.

Let us pick a quad crew. The "fours" are by far the prettiest races of a regatta. Coming down the course, they resemble the graceful rush of a flock of ducks as they trip along the surface of the water just before flying. Four well trained men make a fine nucleus for a war canoe crew, assure two good tandem crews and at least two fine individual paddlers that a club can depend on to score many points in a regatta. The crews, both in single blades and double blades, ought to be regular fours in order to get as used to each other as possible. If there are several good men trying, they should be given a steady position in the crew they are best fitted for and allowed to substitute in the other style whenever possible. Especially in the single blade crew, there should be substitute paddlers for each side of the boat.

In both crews the men awarded the positions of stroke and stern should remain there throughout the season, if possible. Both of these positions break about even in importance. The stroke or bow man should be a natural paddler, steady in the boat, fearless, regular in practise and one that paddles so well that the others will naturally follow his stroke and work. It is quite necessary to have the stroke man a left side paddler as this brings the fourth or stern man on the right side for the reason that there have seldom been stern men that were anything but fair on the left side. So much depends on the clever work of stern men that it is best to have them in the most natural position to paddle in an angle that seems to be the right side. It is up to the stern man to keep a straight course that wins races, to prevent collisions with the crews to right and left of him, to guard against shifting of the canoe in its course due to currents, wind, waves and the possibility of one side of the crew paddling stronger than the other side. I have often seen a good crew lose a race by the stern man knocking down his mates through bad steering and altogether poor work. He will find that by using the outward turn of the blade at the end every other stroke, letting the water run off the blade at a slight angle, he will keep a canoe on a straight course and also get in his full amount of work in pulling water. Some stern men are too powerful. At times, I have seen them deliberately hold their blade for three or four strokes to get the canoe back on its course and then with mighty strokes try to make up for lost time. This is the "get there anyway" plan and does not assure consistent work, no matter how good the crew may be. I wish I could emphasize the full importance of No. 2 man after having spoken of the stroke and stern men before him. Having the stroke on the left side also brings the No. 2 paddler on the right and natural side. No. 2 paddler is the stroke of his side of the canoe but he must work in unison with the bow paddler. If he does, the stern man will also be in stroke and the whole crew will work like a machine for the back paddlers always follow those in front of them. If No. 2 paddler is not working like a machine with the stroke man, the sloppiest paddling will result that one could ever imagine. So this brings me to the axiom of team paddling, when both sides are in stroke the canoe will be steady and when the canoe is steady both sides will be in stroke. When a crew is found rejoicing over a steady boat, watch out, for they are on their way to win many races. Wherefor it is to be seen that in a great measure, success lies in the fact that the No. 2 man be a machine-like



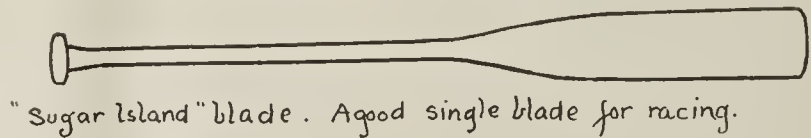
A Veteran Four.

Photo by Pathe's Weekly

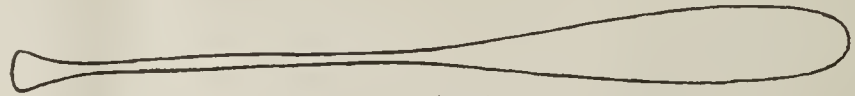
driving paddler. Fourth and last, but not of the least importance, is the No. 3 position. This place can best be filled with a man a little heavier than the rest of the crew. Weight in this part of the craft gives balance and stability and lends a planing disposition to the canoe when travelling at high speed. This position can also be given to the man with "brute strength,"—the carry through man. Or if there is plenty of competition for a place in the crew, this place can be made an objective point and the fellow that makes it will work hard to stay there. Substitutes should be given trials in all parts of the boat for the obvious reason that we never know what may hap-

pen. It is advisable to have the captain in the crew plan practise and races, choose courses and settle disputes with opposing crews. The actual selecting and directing of men can best be done by a very interested person or committee not in the crew.

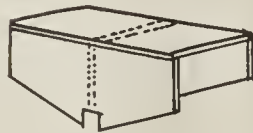
The correct position and balance of the paddlers in the canoe is very important. Most of the canoes sent down from Canada have the thwarts in the wrong place and, if left that way, greatly hinder the paddlers from taking the correct position in the canoe with a view toward the proper working distance from each other and the proper level of the canoe in the water. The thwarts should be specified as follows: first thwart placed 70 in. from the tip of the prow to the center of the thwart and each succeeding thwart 41 in. apart from center to center. In single blades, the men half kneel directly in front of the thwarts so placed, each braced in a tripod position; the knee on the side that that man is paddling on, is placed in the center of the floor board where that man is and is cushioned from the board by a small pad. The back foot should come on the opposite floor board and as near its center as possible. The ball of the foot is braced against foot blocks, provided by the manufacturer and screwed to the floor board wherever needed. Some men prefer to lock the back leg under the thwart and still others like a strap to hold down the back foot good and solid. Any of these methods are all right and none are dangerous. The stern man has his troubles as he kneels in the narrowest part of the canoe and has to have his back foot, knee and front foot nearly on a line which tends to make him unsteady. His back foot block must be of substantial size and screwed down to the keelson. His



"Sugar Island" blade. A good single blade for racing.



A poor style of blade for racing.



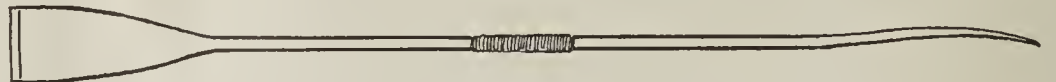
Seat for Double Blade work.



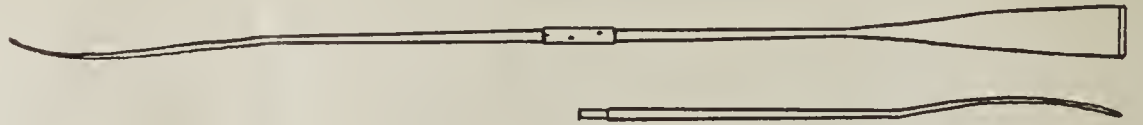
Cushion with slanting bottom for single blade work.



Back foot block for single blade paddlers.



Spliced double blades are best for racing.



A frail and uncertain style of double blade for racing.

knee pad can be a trifle larger than the others and if made of canvas, stuffed with cork shavings and designed with a slant bottom to fit the shape of the canoe, the top will lie flat and comfortable. There is a trick in placing the front foot. If this is placed pigeon toed fashion right across the center of the canoe, it will be found that the heel and toe give two points of support, making in all a four point support instead of three as a tripod suggests. Try this and notice how steady the leg is as opposed to the unsteadiness resulting when the foot is placed nearer to being parallel with the keel. A light corrugated rubber sheet, six inches by twelve inches, tacked down to the floor boards will prevent the front foot from slipping out of position.

A good many styles of stroke for single blade crews have been worked out and most of them exploded. But the one that seems to have stood the test the longest and looks as though it will last is that which is known as the "Push and Pull"; both arms working simultaneously. With the body poised and balanced directly over the center of the canoe (no hanging over the sides or leaning forward) and the backs in a straight line, grip the paddle with the hands about thirty inches apart even though the lower hand is well up the shaft, reach out with the lower arm full length and with the shoulder slightly turned to add to the reach, the upper hand on a line with the shoulder and about eight inches forward, drop the paddle cleanly into the water, pull back with the lower arm and push forward and downward with the upper arm simultaneously finishing the stroke with the lower hand just a trifle back of the hip. The pivoting should be done between the shoulders, throwing the full strength and weight of the shoulders into the stroke. Otherwise the body must be steady and rigid. Any body movements check the momentum of the boat which lowers its speed. The recovery must not be too rapid. Take the blade out of the water without lifting a wave, feather the air if possible and the water if necessary until the arms are in position for another stroke. Never bat the water on the start of the stroke as this "jumps" the canoe. Drop the blade in so that all of it is working and fully under water. All of the "push and pull" stroke comes in front of the body. Just as soon as the paddle begins to slant behind the paddler, the power begins to wane. The best purchase on the water can be found as close to the hull as it is possible to paddle and still keep the weight of the body in the center of the canoe. The reason for having the paddle no taller than to the paddler's eyes is shown in the fact that far more power is applied by pushing straight from the shoulder instead of upward on a slant. A great many paddlers make the mistake of letting the upper arm simply carry one end of the paddle



Photo by Dan Gutsel

A Junior Crew—One Year Out and Going Fine.

instead of making it do half the work required. The "push and pull" stroke is a fairly long and slow stroke when worked properly and really assures more uniform work than any other known stroke. The same method of stroke applies to the double blades, except that the stroke alternates from one side to the other with the crew seated on little box-like seats about six inches above the keelson.

The distances paddled in canoe races are mostly at one-half mile with some at one mile and a very few at the quarter mile. The most successful crews practise over the mile and two mile course and even take jaunts for five miles without stopping. When the crews take the water, it is best to take short cruises until all the lameness is out of the men and then gradually work up to fast practise over the mile course. The crew that is on the mark for a half mile race and is set for the mile will paddle a hard, fast race all the way whereas the crew that practises over the half mile course for the race of the same distance will be a sorry sight before the finish is reached. This has proven so hundreds of times. Furthermore, the practising over the longer courses will better prepare the men to compete in a number of races in the one day.

Getting away at the start is a feature of the successful crew's work. Like styles of stroke, there have been a good many theories as to starts. Here is one that has proven its being worth while. On hearing the word "Go," take two long, slow, steady and powerful strokes (this gets the canoe started and does not snap paddles) then gradually increase the stroke in count and de-

crease the length of the stroke up to "ten" and again gradually decrease the count and increase the length of stroke up to "twenty-five," at which time the racing stroke will have been reached and should be held, without increasing again, to the finish line. Do not try to "steal" at the start. Wait for the word "Go" and go like gentlemen, not like robbers. "Stealing" provokes the starter who has volunteered his services and delays regattas, when races are called back, and spoils the interests of the spectators. I well remember my old paddling partner, Mr. D. J. Finn, drumming this "Do not steal" into my head. I was always nervous on the line and could not resist taking all I could get at the start. As a result he used to turn the bow of the canoe well off the course so that I could paddle it around straight before he started on the word "Go."

There is absolutely no use of a hurry-scurry, raise the stroke sprint near the finish. Crews that practise this sort of thing break and lose just as a race horse "breaks" and loses. I have too often seen a leading crew start a sprint at the finish and an opponent running smoothly and with the same hard, steady stroke, come from behind and pass the leader, winning the race. People say, "What fine form." Yes, but the other crew had finer form and threw it away.

The whole secret to success in the double blade crew lies in having all the members of the crew paddle with the blades turned the same way. To illustrate, when you hold the double blades before you and the right hand spoon is pulling water the left hand spoon should have the curve down or facing the water. If all the blades are made to turn the same way, all the paddlers will catch the water in the same way and at the same time. I will compare the rhythmic work of such a crew to the best trained eight-oared shell crew's work. If a crew does not work along these lines, it might as well quit or trust to luck for the properly bladed crew will simply run away with the races. The total length of the double blade paddle for No. 2 and No. 3 men should be about 9 feet 3 inches long and for the stroke and stern men about 9 feet, allowing for the difference in width of the canoe where the different men sit. The steering of the double blade crew can best be done by the whole crew by lengthening the blade on the same side that the canoe is running to and with long sweeps on that side and short ones on the opposite side, it will soon come back on its course without lowering the speed or breaking the stroke to do so.

It will be found that there is more pleasure in training for and living in anticipation of a big race than there is in the race itself. Still it may become serious work so it is best to relieve the strain of mind with some good gingery chatter and a "Hip" altogether on the stroke and with a "Come-on" near the finish. Add plenty of good fun, mix well and you will have a gentlemen's sport that you will never regret taking part in or helping to boost. Whether you are a canoe racing man or not, give a great big "Whoopie" for the sport for it has come to stay.



The War Canoe Still Maintains Its Popularity Among the Older Racing Clan.

THE SHERIFF, THE SALMON AND A POACHER

IT WAS A LIVELY MIXUP FOR A TIME BUT THE SHERIFF SUCCEEDED IN GATHERING IN THE FISH AND THE LAW BREAKER AS WELL

By H. A. Smith, Sheriff of Digby, Nova Scotia.

The water was right, the sky was right, and the south wind blew gently.

It was the first day of the season.

How sweet the click of the reel, as you pull off the neat enameled line and shoot it through the agate guides. How pleasant the old familiar "chuck" as it tightens at the end of the cast, the tinty "spat" as the Silver Doctor or Durham Ranger lights above the rips. The jump of the old rod as the line curls out!—who wouldn't be a salmon fisherman?

The morning, as I have described it, was slightly overcast and quiet. I had waked just before daylight, and the purr of the river alongside the little hostelry had almost lulled me to sleep again. But the goodly smell of coffee, simmering on the big wood-stove in the kitchen below, proclaimed that Henri's wife, the hostess, was already up and doing.

I was out for a few days' vacation in an isolated settlement in Nova Scotia. My private intention to investigate the extent of salmon poaching in the little stream that flows through the settlement was not generally suspected. I had concluded to limit my activities on this trip to teaching as many as possible of the natives a lesson by merely confiscating their nets.

Dressed in hip rubbers, sweater and shooting coat, with my old fedora (christened by Henri the "lucky hat") from its peg where it had hung all winter, I had hurried down to breakfast.

nearer the alders and was being sucked under them, when out shot my salmon with a flash of silver sheen. Right over the fly, again and yet again, he rose short as it swam crosswise of the river. Then with a final lunge he dove straight for the bottom and was gone.



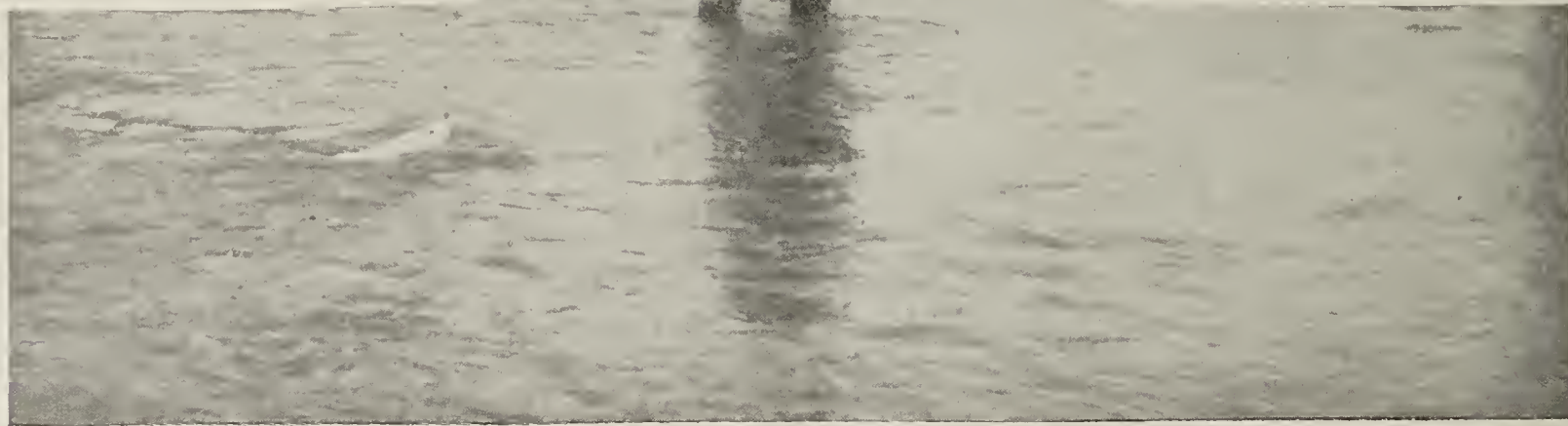
At the very first cast he rose. It was more than a rise, though, it was a leap. Out and straight up he shot, showing every inch of his silver body.

I rested him about two minutes, and then began again. As the line straightened out, away from the alders, a wake as quick as lightning followed behind the fly, until well out from the shore, but sank as I stopped the rod to give him the hook. During the following half hour the old boy rose some twenty times. He would leap each time just over the fly, with a flash of yellowish white as he left the river's bottom, and another when he turned to the light his gleaming side.

Gaspard, my poacher friend, was watching every move, doubtless praying that I might not hook the fish. If he was, his prayer was answered. For it became more and more evident that the old boy was full of play, and did not intend to touch the fly. Finally I left him to his antics, and went down to fish the lower pool. It proved barren. But at its very bottom, where the river took a sweep to the left, on a bit of green some silver scales of *salmo salar* showed more plainly than words could, where at least one beauty had been netted and dragged on shore the night before.

When darkness fell I had scored a blank.

My mind was made up, though, to watch the pool—to make a night of it, with the hope that



It Was a Whole Half Hour More Before the Rod Won and the Gaff Slipped Home.

That done, I was out of doors with the first glimmerings of morning.

And just as the sun straggled up and sent a few level rays through the alders that lined the stream, before mounting into the haze that was to obscure it for the rest of the day, I reached the Upper Pool.

For a while not a fish rose up. Then a fair sized river trout, out for breakfast, paid the penalty for his hunger and curiosity. I twitched him onto the greensward at the foot of the pool, and consoled myself for landing him on such heavy gear with the thought, "he will do for supper."

Then on down the rapids, to the head of the Mill Pool, I worked my way. Here were spruces, birches and alders growing in profusion, many of which overhung the river. The birds spring had brought north welcomed me with their cheeriest songs.

Sport, though, more than the glories of re-awakened nature, was what I was out for. So pushing on through the tangle of alders, I waded out to the head of the pool. A clear cast was easy, provided you switched your line neatly overhead, clear of the trees.

After one or two casts, the fly lit gradually

Down, down, step by step, pulling off a little more line every few casts, and watching intently for another rise, I made my way, with a slight detour to follow the sand bar and stay in wadable water. But nothing moved. Reeling in, I stood looking down stream, cogitating what to do, when a plump splash from behind caused me to wheel with a start.

Two things arrested my attention: First, a broadening ring under the alders on the left bank. And there, directly across the stream, sat Gaspard, famed as one of the worst poachers on the river.

"Good morning," I remarked, "seen any salmon?"

He lied with a face of clay: "No fish in de river yet; heap too early."

But I knew he had seen the rise, and I was perfectly sure that unless I hooked my fish that evening, a sweep-net would pull him on shore after nightfall. To prevent it, I would have to watch the pool until morning.

Wading back until I got well above the scene of my first rise, I began to cast again, allowing the fly to fall just at the edge of the alders, where the current quickly sucked it under the bushes.

I might hook my fish in the morning. So, leaving Henri's again at dusk, my long-handled gaff slung across my back and a wicked feeling in me toward poachers and all their tribe, I crossed the upper foot bridge. Keeping well within the shelter of the spruces, I tip-toed down the stream, entering the thicket by a sheep path.

Halfway down it, a hollow snort and a rush through the bushes ahead gave me an honest scare. But it was only the ungainly image of a sheared sheep against the blurred skyline that greeted my startled gaze, as she stood there and stared down at me from the hill. My nervous laugh frightened her away.

Arrived at the pool, where I had left the salmon a few hours before, I chose a spot where anyone approaching the pool must cross my field of vision. There I found the end of a log to sit on. I lighted a cigarette, and began my vigil.

With the voices of the day all hushed and still, how loud the rumble of the river sounded—swelling, dying and swelling up again. A sheet of fog rose like a trail of smoke, marking the river's course where it hung low above the water. Bullfrogs in the shallow overflow tuned their bellows one by one. Lights in the farmhouse kitchens went out, and the tiny village slept.

A WOMAN FISHING TACKLE DRESSER

Suddenly a sharp whistle, from somewhere behind me, was quickly answered by another from across the river. I knew that it was poachers, signalling to one another. Listening intently, I heard the rustle of alders, followed by the thump of rubber boots as a man pushed through the bushes on the other bank. It was followed immediately by the slosh of wading legs. Two forms met, well out from shore. Without exchanging a word, each waded back to his own side again.

The slap that the head-rope of a net makes upon the water reached my ears, and the swish of the twine grew nearer and nearer. A ghostly figure loomed up in front of me, not ten feet away. The time for action had arrived. Crouching low, a couple of side steps brought me near enough to charge. He received squarely the full impact of my two hundred pounds, where my left shoulder caught him in the ribs.

The blow sent him sprawling on his back into the river. I grabbed the rope in my left hand as he let go of it. Not until he started to rise, gulping and sputtering, did I recognize that it was Gaspard, my visitor of the afternoon, who I knew now I had rightly suspected of designs upon my salmon.

No wounded bull moose ever made a mightier racket than that Frenchman, as he struggled and floundered toward the bank. The thump and pound of his rubber boots did not cease as he tore through the thicket, until his form was outlined for an instant against the sky high up on the bank. And with an imprecation hurled back over his shoulder, he was gone.

As I stood there in the water, slightly taken off my guard by this hurried retreat of one of my antagonists, the rope I still held in my hand tightened with a jerk that almost took me with it. I made a grab for it as it slid past me through the water, and caught it again. The tug of war which followed was probably as desperate as any ever pulled by two swarthy anchormen.

The poacher won. I could not hold him. In brute strength he had me beaten. To escape a useless ducking, I let go.

As the net swished out of my grasp and was dragged hurriedly up the other bank, there flashed through my mind a vision of the lower bridge. If I could reach it first, and intercept the poacher, his net might yet be mine. He must cross the bridge, I remembered, to reach the main road and a clear run for home. At the risk of eyes and limbs, I plunged down the narrow sheep trail, running through inky darkness, stumbling through thickets and over boulders. The sound of other running feet brought me up sharply, as I struggled, breathless, up the embankment and onto the bridge.

Another instant, and we met. We grappled, fell and rolled over and over along the rough planking of the bridge. Every muscle in my body strained and ached, from that impact in the water, and from the desperate effort we each made now for an advantage.

But I saw that the huge Frenchman's purpose was to force me to the end of the bridge, and off it into the roaring, rushing river twenty feet below. Desperately I writhed and twisted, but I could feel that he was gradually forcing me beneath him, and would soon be on top. The stale smell of long-munched tobacco came to me as his teeth gripped my ear in his frenzy.

Then luck came to my aid; my right foot scraped against a spike protruding through the planks.

It is an ancient saying that a drowning man will grasp at a straw. However true it may be, there is no doubt that I felt in that rusty spike one last desperate chance for safety from a bad fall and a wetting, if not from drowning.

Pressing my heel against it, and exerting all my strength, I forced myself, by a strenuous sidewise kick, on top again. The poacher's head and shoulders now hung over the bridge's side. Mercilessly I pressed the thumb of my right hand into his jugular. He squealed.

There are certain incidents that happen to most



Miss M. C. Thorburn, in Her Workshop at Edinburgh, Scotland, Making Salmon Flies.

American sportsmen have grown accustomed to seeing fields of outdoor recreation and activity they once thought restricted to mere man, invaded—and successfully, too—by their new partner in fun, the sportswoman.

Many of them, however, probably do not realize that the broadening out of woman's activities in the countries at war has included her entry into the field of dressing expert fishing tackle for anglers all over the world.

The picture shows Miss M. C. Thorburn in her workshop at Edinburgh, Scotland, dressing spring salmon flies. She conducts the entire business herself, which besides the making of both wet and dry flies for trout and salmon fishing, includes the manufacture and sale of trout and salmon gut casts, rods, nets, and other equipment for the expert angler.

of us in this world that we never forget. In my own mind, these words must always remain among my most vivid recollections: "For God's sake, don't kill me!"

He blurted on: "The net—it's under the bridge—"

Our muscles relaxed, and we stood up. Then I knew him. He was the village blacksmith. No wonder his strength had surprised me! The village blacksmith: "de boss man dere," the natives proclaimed him, in feats of strength at all the country fairs for miles around!

Without a word, we parted. And sure enough, the net was stuffed securely into a crevice beneath the bridge. Trudging wearily back up to the road, I leaned against the pole fence to regain a little strength, and let my racing blood cool down. From the road I could see across the fields to where a light in the little cottage beside the smithy glimmered for a few minutes and then went out.

All the weariness of that whole long day and strenuous night came down upon me then, as I staggered along the dark highway, half dragging and half carrying the confiscated net. No house ever seemed more like home to me than Henri's did that night. Reaching it, I locked the net safely in the ice-house, and crept silently up to bed.

In the morning, a scheme that my day of hard work and excitement had not seen mature, flashed through my mind. If my salmon seemed still determined to mock all my temptings, and continued his derisive antics around the fly, would not a dropper-fly be his undoing, with a naked hook dangling from the leader?

But I could not quite smother a feeling that such a trick was a little unworthy of a battle with this, the king of all sporting fish, and so it was a silver doctor that I used to attract him from his hiding place. When he had risen

once, and slid confidently down past the line, I substituted for the doctor the trick leader with its double hooks.

The first couple of casts, with the line thus accoutred, seemed to puzzle him. Then there was a *souse!* upward, and the same returning splash as before. A quick twitch of the rod, and the big hook caught him just behind the dorsal fin. Over and over he flopped, turning somersaults, jump after jump. A crazy fish, he streaked down the river.

After him I pounded, waded, slipped and slid. By the time his first run was finished, we were a long way apart. As he sulked on the bottom, I took advantage of his ill-humor and reeled in quickly. A little extra pressure on the rod, and he was away, on a long lightning-quick run; with a leap at the end.

On down the river I struggled, jumping from boulder to boulder, until I worked over to the bank again and my feet were on dry land. Here it was all clear bank and river, with the exception of a gaspereau net across the river, which my salmon jumped.

One more brief run, and we were at the estuary of the stream. Where it met the flood tide, there was plenty of water and no obstructions. Even with these circumstances in my favor, it was a whole half hour more before the rod won and the gaff clipped home.

Laid out on the green moss, he certainly was a thing of beauty.

His weight?

Twelve and a half pounds exactly.

Thousands of wild geese have made their homes on farms in North Dakota, and grain fields uncovered by wind storms are being completely devastated. Under the state law geese are protected from attacks by hunters and cannot be ousted.

THE GENTLE ART OF PLUG CASTING

AN ARTICLE FOR THOSE WHO FOLLOW THAT METHOD OF TAKING THE
PISCATORIAL SUBMARINE—THE BLACK BASS—A WORD AS TO OUTFIT

By George Langworthy Buguey.

AS THE time draws near when the advocates of the short rod and plug—with single hooks—will have an opportunity to once again cast away for that "piscatorial submarine"—the Black Bass—a word as to outfit necessary for this modern method of fishing seems appropriate. The fishing crank has most decided views as to what he should or should not pack along with him, so to that class of individuals efforts to describe a casting outfit would be a waste of time, but to the neophyte at the game who is generally at sea when a "casting with plug" outfit is mentioned, the following is hereby dedicated.

To determine the best rod, reel, line and plug for bait casting is a question hard to answer, as bait casters each have their likes and dislikes. The likes of one and the dislikes of another may be however all good or all bad, therefore to lay down a hard and fast rule as to what is or is not the best equipment for the beginner is an impossibility.

As one noted authority puts it, "The preference of different anglers of equal experience and skill varies in about the same proportion as do the noses on their respective faces." It must therefore be borne in mind, "you regulars," that the following outfit is not claimed to be the one and only one for the method of land the "pound for pound fish," but as the equipment mentioned is the same as is used by a number of well-known followers of "Friend Walton," and has always been found to be satisfactory in every respect, it is, therefore, at least food for thought and worthy of more than passing consideration by "Mr. Beginner."

The Rod.

Bait casting rods are made of split bamboo, lancewood, greenheart or steel and run in lengths from 4½ to 6½ feet. They are built in three styles—short butt and long tip, rod with butt and tip of equal length, rod in three pieces and in one piece construction either with attached or detached butt.

Between the rod with the short butt and long tip and the rod with butt and tip of equal lengths, there is not much difference. It is claimed, however, that in the rod with the short butt and long tip, the chance of breakage is reduced to a minimum as the strain in casting and in playing the fish after he is once hooked does not fall on the wood at the ferrule, whereas in the rod with butt and tip of equal length, the ferrule coming as it does in the center of the rod, the greatest strain is placed during action at the ferrule, which is considered to be the weakest part of any rod, the chance of breakage at this point is necessarily somewhat increased.

While the writer has seen some good size fish played and landed on the rod with tip and butt of equal length without this looked for break occurring, he has a strong preference for the rod with the short butt and long tip construction made of bamboo and in lengths from 5 to 5½ feet. It is therefore this type of rod that is recommended to "Mr. Beginner." The three-piece rod is passed over with the statement that its only advantage lies in the fact that it is convenient to carry. Its disadvantages are many. After the neophyte has reached that stage where he feels fairly sure of himself, the rod of one piece construction is suggested either with the attached or detached butt, as the added casting power and action of this type of rod will recompense one for any inconvenience that may be experienced in transportation.

The cost—were that we were all born rich instead of handsome—while it is well to remem-

ber that, generally speaking, the best is the cheapest in the long run, "Mr. Beginner" is not advised to lay his last penny down for the first casting rod for two reasons: The first: There will be other paraphernalia that it will be necessary for him to purchase before his outfit is completed. The second: It is possible to obtain a popular make of casting rod (short butt, long tip construction) that will not only answer the purpose but at the same time serve him well for the nominal figure of \$2.00.

When the neophyte is more proficient, he can then purchase a rod more to his liking and requirements. He will either know or think he knows them by this time.

The Reel.

"The reel question is not a real question." One thing is certain. It must be a quadruple multiplying one that revolves four times with each turn of the handle. As to price, they can be purchased at most any old price, but "Mr. Beginner" must bear in mind that money is well spent in buying a reel, as in bait casting much depends on this item of the outfit. A most dependable one can be purchased for \$3.50 and if the angler desires a "free spool" (handle of reel not revolving when cast is made—which is not a necessity, a \$5 bill will get it for him.

Lines.

The line to a bait caster is just as important as are the lines first assigned to the budding tragedian. In both cases, if they are poor, the result is a catastrophe and is therefore one of the most important subjects that a bait caster has to contend with. It is not all of us, by any means, that can explain what efficiency in this part of the outfit consists of. I am not going to try in this article, "Ye Editor" would use the blue pencil, I fear to good effect. However, one of the best rules for "Mr. Beginner" to follow in selecting a line, and at the same time be reasonably sure he is getting something to suit the plug he is using, is to buy a line from any of the several plug manufacturers who have recently put out lines adapted to the plugs they manufacture. Their catalogues are obtainable on application for same.

Plugs.

Plugs—Old man Noah, he of dictionary fame, defines the word as "Any piece used to stop or fill a hole": "a worn-out horse."

Yet the magic word "plug" has another distinctive definition, dear to the ears of that great army of fishermen, known as "bait casters."

The late James Heddon has said, "Bait casting is surely the sport of a thousand thrills." To the neophyte of the game the baits or plugs used in this alluring sport seem to be endless. Take up any fishing catalogue and the following phrases meet one's eye: "The very best bait in the market." "This is the most successful black bass plug used in a decade." "This is the plug used by John Jones when he made his wonderful catch of fourteen black bass in an hour." Mr. Neophyte immediately says, "I must have this; I must have that"—with what result? He loads up with all kinds of plugs, surely enough to meet all conditions, yet the same condition can be met with a few well selected types.

Plugs can only be divided into three classes: (1) Underwaters. (2) Semi-underwaters or wobblers. (3) Surface lures. What are the best of each class is the question and one without doubt a hard one to answer. This being due to the fact that what is a killing lure to-day, "Mr. Bass" will hardly notice to-morrow, yet the poor plugs cannot be blamed, as they are all good—at some time or other.

The most tempting live food for black bass is the minnow. Naturally artificial lures are made to pattern more or less after this delicate morsel.

The Underwaters—The underwaters, the first division of plugs to be considered, are ones that sink deep when cast and are mostly used when the fish are feeding deep. They are made in all colors to meet the fancy of the caster, or the conditions of water being fished. Standard colors in red, green, white and yellow are quite effective.

The underwaters, while they are fish getters, are not advised for Mr. Beginner, as many a one rests well hung upon some hidden log, due to the caster being unable to retrieve the lure when that vocabulary straining back lash occurs.

The Semi-underwaters—Now, "Brothers," here is the plug. It's practically new, yet it's the goods, and it gets the fish. The semi-underwater, or wobbler, is a spinnerless plug that sinks slowly to a certain depth and when retrieved moves with the wobbly motion that attracts the fish, and last, but not least, when the back lash occurs, who of us don't get them at times?—"Mr. Plug" rises majestically to the surface, awaiting our pleasure as to future casts.

Surface Baits—Ye gods! There are more surface baits than one has fingers and toes, yet who will deny that all have some redeeming feature? Here, again, the spinner at each end of the plug is frequently eliminated, the manufacturers depending on a collar or winged rotary motion device to throw the water and attack the fish.

Thus, if "Mr. Beginner" desires to save plugs, and plugs mean money, let him use either "the underwater" or the surface or both.

So much for plugs. Now about a tackle box to keep them in. There seems to be a fascination about tackle boxes, the more boxes one acquires the more he seems to want. As to the fisherman a tackle box that meets his requirements is a gift from the gods when once found. The writer has found two, both desirable from a plug caster's point of view and both within reason as to price. The first is made of a good quality of tin. There are two trays, each tray being divided into compartments. Each compartment holding one plug of large size or two of the small. There is also space for two reels and spaces for smaller articles. The angler who likes to take a lot of spoons along for trolling or casting will find that they can be carried in this box without getting into a hopeless tangle. The cost of this box is \$2.00. Now listen carefully, for you will hear, brother, not of the very latest tackle box for "Mr. Plugger." It's good. This box is built to look like a leather grip finished in a durable brown baked enamel and is built to stand the gaff. It has leather handles and a Yale lock. It has also two trays, numerous compartments for plugs, reels, spoons, etc., a real example of "a place for everything, and everything in its place." The price of this box is \$4.50.

One last word. A little article found to be of the greatest use, especially in fishing strange waters, when you often have to change plugs to get the right one, a swivel snap on the end of your line will save not only the line but will prevent one straining his vocabulary.

With best wishes for success to Mr. Beginner, let him remember:

"It's easy enough to be pleasant,

When they're striking so fast, and so thick,
But the man is worth while

Who wears a broad smile

When he lands nothing more than a stick."

THE DEN

UNCLE NED BUCKSHAW INTERVIEWED—THE USUALLY AMIABLE DR. BRECK FREES HIS MIND ON A NUMBER OF TOPICS IMPORTANT TO THE SPORTSMAN

By An Occasional Contributor

UNCLE Ned is hard at work at Camp Buckshaw, Nova Scotia, having laid off the toga of orator to the Navy League of the United States, and donned a costume more appropriate to our idea of the old chap, consisting mostly of moccasins, woolen shirt and knickers. Ned kindly allowed us to sink down in a comfortable arm chair before the big fire-place where many interesting individuals had warmed themselves, including Albert Bigelow Paine of "The Tent Dwellers," Nigghy, the calf-moose and a hundred other wild or semi-domesticated pets.

We were going fishing, but Ned vowed that he was no longer an angler, though he angled nearly every day.

"I don't think our uneducated trout take much to the dry fly, but I use it mostly here, all the same, for, though the wet fly gets five where the dry lures one, the use of the dry is far more fascinating. The best luck I have had with some flies made for me by that finest of all anglers, the late Theodore Gordon. These were tied by Gordon from insects, well preserved, that I sent him from here, and were beautifully wrought. I shall tell you more about Gordon some time, for though I never clapped eyes on the man, I knew him pretty well, on account of a years-long correspondence. There was nothing of the sensational about him; he had no 'punch.' You didn't see his stuff much in the so-called up-to-date magazines, for it wasn't at all juvenile enough. But it was real literature, and simply breathed the woods and fishing. Gordon was a writer for the aristocrat among anglers and nature lovers. It is one of the glories of *Forest and Stream* to have had such a contributor for so many years.

"The news? Well, can't say that I have much. Lou Harlow tells me that he saw a young bull moose with its antlers still on the morning of Good Friday, which was April 21, about a record for lateness, so far as I am concerned. On the other hand, the this year's moose calves are coming early. On May 20th a couple were seen by a friend of mine. This is, of course, not abnormal, though they come a week or so later mostly.

"The moose are reported very thick by the lumbermen and trappers. The protection of the cow has done wonders for Nova Scotia, and moose are now found in places that never knew them twenty years ago. The fact that the number of bulls killed has increased every year is the best sign of the times. A moose hunt here costs much less than in New Brunswick, and, though the spread of antlers is smaller on an average perhaps (though that is disputed), a man is pretty sure of his bull if he takes a good guide along.

"Yes, I like moose hunting more and more every year. I don't much care about killing, though I sometimes do if we need meat, but the whole game is the most fascinating thing within my experience.

"I begin to plan for my next hunt the day after I get back from the first!

"Partridges? Yes, I chased one off my porch just before you got here. There's a nest over yonder somewhere, and there are four other nests of different species full of eggs within twenty yards of my cabin, not counting those I haven't found, for I really haven't looked at all. Any quiet day you can hear at least three her-



The Den at Camp Buckshaw, Showing Mollie the Setter and Part of Dr. Breck's Collection of Weapons and Things Ancient and Modern.

mit-thrushes singing. One female is nesting right in that bunch of stuff there. There's a gull's nest (black-backs) on that big rock in the lake, and on the other side of it a loon's nest. A lake without the cry of the loon is robbed of much of its witchery.

"No, I haven't seen the latest woodcraft books. No doubt they are all right, but most things are written just to fill space, and these books are too apt to be a lot of articles thrown together to form a volume, and they show it, too.

"Curious what funny things you often find. A man named Crossman, who writes well about rifles, tells of throwing away a knife in its sheath, which he carried slung from his belt at his side, because it caught on things in traveling. If Mr. Crossman would imitate us woodsmen, and sling his knife further round, even at the very back, he would not be troubled by its catching the brush.

"These youngsters are constantly discovering new things. I have just read about a chap who says that red is a good color to protect hunters of deer from being shot by their companions. How original! Gordon and I have been using the dry fly for these many years, but about five years ago a lot of New Yorkers discovered that it existed! I have been trying for many years to persuade the manufacturers to make several things needed, amongst them dry flies tied after American insects (I believe Rhead is now doing it), a head-net of black veiling, a front-sight protector for sporting rifles, etc. The sight-protector has not yet been turned out, though a manufacturer once wrote me as follows: 'Your sketch for a protector arrived this morning, and by noon we had perfected it,' or words to that effect. Nevertheless I have heard nothing more about it.

"Are people getting to be better sportsmen? In a way I should say yes. I mean that the fish-hog and the game-hog are in deeper contempt nowadays. And the Audubon Society (of which everybody should be a member) and other bodies have done much to make folks understand that creatures should not be killed indiscriminately. But there is still a whole lot to be done, for people are, in the main, very ignorant.

"Do not talk to me about the humanity of the world as long as our laws permit the use of the steel-trap and the live bait. For the trap there

is more excuse, as the general public cannot know personally the awful cruelty connected with its use. But how a man of any bringing up or decency can deliberately attach to his gear a living frog or small fish, and drag it through the water is simply astounding. But they do it, and the magazines are full of advertisements of appliances for the use of live bait. One of them, in a this month's magazine (June) gives a cut of the 'harness,' with the live frog hooked through the snout. The words are, 'Holds the bait securely without the slightest injury! No injury, perhaps, to the feelings of the brute who would use a thing of torture of this kind, but has the manufacturer ever inquired the frog's opinion about it?

"Another magazine, in the west, publishes a letter from a correspondent, showing how to fish with 'mad-toms,' i. e., small cat-fish. Listen to this:

"Take Mr. Tom in your hand (careful of his prongs), and with your sharp knife skin about a quarter of an inch of hide from the back of his head. This will keep him out of weeds, rocks, etc. * * * The idea is this: Suppose you had a wound on your hand * * * and in some way the skinned surface came in contact with a board or your coat. You will pull it away, wouldn't you, and mighty quick, too! Well, so will the mad-tom."

"Just analyze this a moment and get the full meaning of this delicious treatment of a live creature! But the inventor goes further and says, in closing: 'Try this, boys, and if you don't have more pleasure (!) with less swearing and catch more fish, then—I am stung!'

"Is this the limit? And yet it appears in a so-called respectable magazine. It is one case in a thousand. The public is quite indifferent. The superintendents of Sunday Schools go on disputing whether certain Bible rules and images should be taken literally or not; but they never pay any attention to the foul cruelty going on right under their noses by the use of the steel trap and the live bait devices.

"No, I haven't time to talk about the trap. Besides it makes me too 'hot.' I shall not let up until every state and province on this continent makes the use of the steel-trap illegal. A Canadian monthly has just started a department of trapping. Shame to it!"



The object of this Journal

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

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873

It is Up To the Sportsmen

THE Department of Agriculture has announced the proposed changes in the regulations of the Migratory Bird Law. These changes are to be published for a period of three months, during which time those interested may submit suggestions, or offer amendments dealing with the zone classifications.

Careful study of the new schedule as a whole indicates that criticism will not be lacking. To begin with, the season for wild fowl in the middle western states has been extended to March, while in contiguous regions the old regulations are adhered to. The storm of protest which followed the shortening of the open season in certain sections of the country has not been forgotten. Whether it represented real sentiment will not be argued here. The fact remains that it seems to have impressed Washington.

Now, in all legislation, final readings and rulings are more or less a compromise. But interpretations of that character deal in the majority of cases with matters of finance. The usual test is how much or how little the burden of tax is going to be, or to what extent the restriction will affect the individual.

In this migratory bird legislation, however, a different phase presents itself. We can tax Nature, and seemingly she submits without protest. Nevertheless she imposes the penalty on mankind, for in the end he pays the cost of his temerity, and assumption of superior wisdom.

Man may violate the laws of Nature, but having done so, he cannot hope to escape the consequences. As well might a legislature hope by enactment to abolish bad weather, or prevent the recurrence of earthquake.

And that, brother sportsmen, is the situation, the condition, you confront when dealing with the migratory law. You may persuade yourself that you have a just grievance because the fellow in the next county has a few days more shooting than you are permitted to enjoy; you may even prevail on the lawmaking powers to let you kill a dozen or two extra ducks just to prove your supposed right to equal privileges.

But in the light of what is bound to follow when outraged Nature exacts the penalty; when the migration of wild fowl ceases for the reason that there are no more wild fowl to migrate—this as the result of your own shortsightedness—

will you be proud of the memory you will leave in the minds of those who are to follow you, and who are the owners of wild life, quite as much as you, though they have not yet entered into possession of it?

If you are a real sportsman you must already have studied the question from this viewpoint. It is the only ground you can take. Unfortunately there are men so limited in their vision that the real intent of the migratory law is beyond their ken. Their eyes are not lifted above the boundaries of the local duck marsh—their thoughts deal with to-morrow's pleasure. After them, the Deluge!

And it will be the Deluge for you and your children and your children's children if you do not take some interest in this question, now that it is up for decision.

The Fishing Number

THIS is the month of the angler. It is the season for which he has longed. His innings are due, and his brother of the chase will not begrudge him, for the nonce, all the space which we give him.

Ahead stretch the summer fishing joys. The trout angler has long ago ventured abroad, to take advantage of opportunities offered by spring, but to the majority of people July and August, with some overlapping into September, are the vacation, and therefore the fishing months.

May they bring to the army of clear-eyed, healthful and happy men and women who constitute the readers of this journal the best of good luck in their favorite sport.

The lakes, the rivers, the ocean are ready; the water is right. Whether the destination be remote wilderness, or points nearer to home, is immaterial. The spirit of sportsmanship is the same. It means playing the game fair. There are no other rules.

But as July drifts into August, and insensibly there come into the air and over the landscape evidences of approaching fall season, the gunner will step into his own.

If he believes that we have neglected him in this number we can assure him that we have many good things in store for him at the proper time. New series of articles dealing with upland shooting, big game hunting, and last but not least, instructive advice by experts on hunting subjects, are in course of preparation and will follow soon.

Between A Saturday and Monday

CRUSTY old croakers and vinegar-spirited wisecracks solemnly assure us that summer half-holidays are a device of the devil, and that working men and women would be far better off if they stuck to their work six full days in the week all the year around.

This proposition has just enough truth in it to give it at first blush a tinge of plausibility, for it is not to be gainsaid that multitudes do make a miserable failure of their half-holiday, and would be better in spirit, body and purse if they worked all day Saturday instead of going off into foolish dissipation.

Nevertheless the fault is not in the holiday, but in the ignorance, or folly based on ignorance, of those who mis-use the holiday.

What the busy world needs is not fewer holi-

days, but more sensible ways of spending those it has.

They who can truly help the holiday seeking man are not the croakers, who would wall him in the more securely for the good of his soul, but the men and women of large heart and ready sympathy and thoughtful concern and inventive genius, who will point out the ways and provide the means for a more profitable enjoyment of his play time.

If in his unwonted freedom from the drudgery and grind of his accustomed round, he mis-spends his opportunities and fails to pluck the golden fruit of a summer's day in the open air, the remedy is to be sought not in repression, but in instruction, encouragement and enlargement of opportunities.

The problems—and they are important problems—of rational holidays for the great masses who do the world's work, will never be solved by the croakers. Let these Knights of the Sorrowful Visage go to the rear. The voices the half-holiday world wants to hear are of those cheery souls who will show it how to get the most good out of its play hours.

And what a world of suggestion, what an offering of expert advice, the columns of a paper like *Forest and Stream* contain! The man to whom falls the good fortune of a whole summer's play-time can find much that will make his long holiday brighter and better, while he to whom is vouchsafed but the brief interval between a Saturday and a Monday may discover that a new world is open to him in the great outdoors that lies not so far away, but creeps unnoticed, soft-footed and gentle, as do all wild things, to the very gates of populous cities.

Shakespeare makes Prince Hal say:

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work.

That is the case exactly. The little holiday is frequently the most enjoyable.

The season of the day-off is here. Take advantage of it. Every field is an open book of natural history; the song of the brook is a symphony in minor chord, while the deep diaphason of the ocean is music such as man never made. It is all yours for the asking.

A Summer Sport

THE growing popularity of trapshooting is an encouraging evidence of the outdoor spirit in America. Not so many years ago trapshooting could not be called a recreation, for it centered around experts, a few specialists and men who really belonged to the field shooting class.

Trapshooting now bids fair to become as popular as golf. It is being taken up by people who never point a gun at the flying live bird, or over a dog, but to whom the fascination of a test of skill and accuracy is not lost.

The swelling ranks of the trapshooting clubs everywhere are an encouraging sign. After all what better method of practising preparedness could be devised? The modern soldier, barring the sharpshooter and the "sniper," is a snapshot artist—in action at least. Familiarity with the shotgun and the flying target makes better men in the military field, just as much as it makes better men in the business or professional ranks. The future of trapshooting involves more than the promotion of an interesting sport. It should have the serious attention of the State.



NATURAL HISTORY



PAIN IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

DOES THE BEETLE THAT WE TREAD UPON "FEEL
A PANG AS GREAT AS WHEN A GIANT DIES?"

By B. C. Tillett.

DURING one of my walks in the country last summer I saw a school lad admonishing some other boys for stoning a toad. And not content with rebuking them, he ran and caught up the toad and hid him out of harm's way. That lad would, from sheer interest and curiosity, watch anything alive "just to see what it would do." His knowledge of many birds, beasts, and insects, commencing in this way, soon gave him a sympathetic insight into the most intimate character and doings of living things. He would lift a snail, a beetle, or a frog into the security of the fence, rather than suffer the apprehension that it might be trodden upon by a passerby. Such a lad, grown to manhood, will assuredly desire to lift his fellows out of rough and dangerous ways into the security of a peaceful and painless life. Of such stuff are reformers made.

How many thick-skinned people there are who stolidly harbor the illusion that birds and animals feel no pain. This may be partly due to the fact that many creatures seem to lack the power to give vent to cries of pain. Many creatures, as for instance, the pigeon or the dove, will suffer pain and even serious injury in a pathetically mute and expressionless manner. It is possibly such instances which lead some people to imagine that animals do not suffer pain, or at least not in the same way as human beings.

People will pluck live poultry, convey live birds with cruelty, torture song-birds in a barbarous fashion, and even starve captives of the feathered tribe. Again, there are men who cannot resist the impulse to aim a gun at anything which moves. Thus whole bird species suffer decimation—to satisfy the epicure, may be, or the "sport," or the love of decoration.

Taking the animal world as a whole, it is perhaps admissable that there is a considerable range of variability in the sensibility and individual species to pain. But it is self-evident that this variability in the degree of pain nowhere extends to the verge of insensibility. All the world over, the nervous organization of Nature's creatures is built upon the same plan and principle, and with the same character and quality of vital material nervous matter is identical all the way from micro-organism up to man. Marked symptoms of pain are observable among animalcules of the minutest size. If we drop from a needle's point the veriest minim of acetic acid into a water drop of micro-organisms, we immediately see the tiny creatures flee from its presence as if in fear of pain or extinction. If we feed a bell-flower animalcule with yeast-cells, it will vomit, and afterwards refuse them. Another micro-organism has the power of attacking a smaller one by discharging nettle-like filaments or darts. The organism attacked will immediately stop swimming, and feebly beating the water, is seized and eaten.

With regard to the higher animals: Pain appears to be the result of stimulation of the surface nerves of the animal skin. As the nerves of the eye are excited by light, and vision ensues, so when certain nerves of the skin are excited, pain ensues. The animal skin may be regarded as a sense organ, responding to touch and pressure by one set of nerves, and to temperature by another set. If this were not so, it is difficult to

conceive how an organism could exist and survive as a separate individual.

As to the susceptibility of animals to feel pain, no definite statement can be made. While many instances could be cited which would seem to point to their sense of pain being very slight—seemingly non-existent—others are not wanting to indicate that the contrary view is the more correct one. It is at all events safer to assume that animals and birds do feel pain more or less acutely, and as their sufferings are often caused while meekly ministering to our wants and gratifying our pleasures, we should do all in our power to alleviate their distress.

Some remarkable instances, which if there were none to controvert them, would point conclusively to the lack of all sense of pain in animals, are given by Colonel Sir Charles W. Wilson in his work "From Korti to Khartum." Speaking of camels, for instance, he says, "they showed no alarm, and did not seem to mind being hit. One heard a heavy thud, and looking round, saw blood rushing from a wound. The camel went on chewing his cud as if nothing had happened." Again, "A shot carried away the lower jaw of one of the artillery camels. The camel walked on as if nothing had happened, and carried its load to the end of the day." Speaking of reindeer Mr. Lamon says, "We broke one of the forefeet of an old stag from an unseen ambush; his companions ran away, and the wounded deer, after making some attempts to follow looked about a little and seeing nothing, actually began to graze on his three remaining legs."

I think it is Sir John Lubbock, in his "Senses of Animals," who relates a remarkable experiment tried on a dragon-fly. The entire abdomen of the insect having been removed, a straw of the same length and weight was carefully fixed in its place, whereupon the insect flew away. The same author, I believe, tells of the abdomen of a wasp having been removed while intent on feeding at some honey, and how the wasp continued to feed unconcernedly.

But if anything can prove to the sceptic the reality, the universality, and the significance of pain in the animal world, surely the existence of offensive and defensive organs throughout all life, ought to. We need not ask why the wasp or the bee possesses a sting, or the serpent its fangs, or the buffalo its horns. But if we ask why the brambles have their thorns; the cactus its powerful spines; the stinging-nettle its poisonous hairs; the Venus fly-trap its mechanism for insect assassination; the pitcher plant its juices for insect drowning; what is the answer? Just this; that the existence of such organs of offence and defence implies also the corresponding existence of the sensibility to pain, injury and death. They are a warning to the animal world that trespassers will suffer, even unto death. And as Shakespeare has finely said:

"The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies."

But was Shakespeare, with all his wisdom, literally correct in saying that the poor beetle that we tread upon finds a pang as great as when a

giant dies? Death which is instantaneous as from a lightning flash is suffered by the victim unconsciously. There is no pang. The person who is struck by lightning knows nothing, he neither sees the flash, nor hears the thunder. Few indeed are there who die so merciful a death as this. And is it not so with the bird or animal who falls before the hunter's gun? Wherein then does cruelty enter into sport as some would have us believe it does? It finds no place at all save when by misjudged aim the bird is merely wounded.

Honestly can it be said of every man entitled to be called a sportsman, that he finds no pleasure in seeing a wounded bird or animal, if for no other reason than that it is a reflection upon his marksmanship. And were sportsmen to be more sure of their aim, even these instances would be fewer still. He who can stoop to inflict useless pain on the birds and animals which contribute so much to the joy of outdoor life by their beauty and their song, is unworthy of the name. It is such as these who justly merit the criticisms of opponents of such "sport." The sportsman all the world over is he who wages his skill against that of bird or beast, often at great personal risk. If in the undertaking of these pleasures the lives of birds or beasts are shortened, we may remember that life in the animal kingdom is comparatively short. Again it is not too much to say it is a case of "Eat or be eaten," from birth to death! Death at the hunter's hand comes quickly and generally with less pain, it may be said, than where, even though the natural course of his life has been run, the end comes, as it usually does, by capture on the part of a stronger animal enemy, or a slow lingering death, that perhaps of starvation.

THE DINNER OF DADDYLONGLEGS.

By D. Cromett Clark.

I WISH to make a record of a natural history observation which fell to me during the course of a vacation spent in a pedestrian tour in the Canadian Province of New Brunswick. On September 11, 1915, I was walking from Lepreau to Musquash, and, something more than half way of the ten miles between the two hamlets, stopped at a brook on the northern slope of a hill, for a drink of water. The wooden plank bridge was too high for the taking of a drink from it with a dipper, so a passage was worked through the thick bushes to a point some six or eight rods above, where a pool about five feet across was fed by a trickling little current, while the main stream rushed down on the farther side. A nice large smooth rock afforded a seat with my back to the grassy bank, while feet were stretched out to the somewhat lower rock just beyond. After a rest of fifteen minutes or so, I was about to reload my shoulders with the pack when a fat green worm about an inch and one-third in length came tumbling down the brook and into the pool just below me. I was wondering if he was of a species known to me, and noticed him climbing upon a dead leaf which was slowly turning in the otherwise imperceptible eddy in the center of the pool.

The pool was inhabited by six of those queer specimens of animal life—probably insects—variously known as water daddylonglegs, skippers, water horses, and perhaps by other names. They were darting restlessly about the pool with their feet resting lightly on the water. No purpose was apparent in their movements until one of them bumped against the worm on his leaf refuge. The insect drew back three inches or so, and then darted directly at the worm, following his

impact by instant retreat. The worm flung his head around in the direction of the blow, and found nothing. The insect kept up his blows and retreats. I could not see the worm closely enough to determine whether he tried to bite his tormentor, but that was the idea suggested by his head's frantic efforts to reach the source of those blows.

A thick, whitish fluid began to ooze from punctures in the worm's sides. The assailant, aided by the eddy, had attacked the victim from every direction. The poor worm abandoned his efforts to reach the destroyer, and was writhing, seemingly in helpless and aimless agony. The slayer continued his attacks, but made his retreats less quickly.

Another water daddylonglegs bumped against the worm, and drew back, as if to attack in the same way that the first had done. The possessor of the worm darted around his prey and launched himself at the intruder. He struck the second insect fairly in the side, and bowled him over, so that for a moment he lay struggling in the water with feet flourishing frantically in the air. He soon regained his feet and promptly evacuated the neighborhood of the worm.

The first of the water daddylonglegs turned to his finally motionless victim, and placed himself astride the partially submerged body. With head tipped down and pressed against the green skin of the slaughtered worm, he stood in a huddled attitude and apparently without moving for three or four minutes. Then he went away, skipping over the water after the fashion of his tribe.

I had partially risen to go, when the other insects began to dart across the pool to the body of the worm. It seemed as if they did so deliberately and not by accident, though each had to make several tries before finding it. One would hurry three-fourths of the way across the pool, turn back and again pass the worm, but not so far, and turn again. Not one of them found the apparent object of his search in a single trip directly from the edge of the pool to its center, where the food supply was slowly turning round and round. Within about ten or twelve minutes, all of them reached the spot, and all repeated the movements of the first water daddylonglegs, by hovering over the green object that was a hundred times larger than themselves, and each one's head was pressed for a few minutes against the green skin. At one time two were peacefully standing over the prostrate worm together.

How they knew of the dead worm puzzled me. I was satisfied that it was not by sight, for the first and second insects had plainly bumped against the worm by accident, and the later insects had been unable to find the food except by experiments in the matter of direction. I lifted the worm out of the water with a stick, and tried to determine if there was any odor which may have guided them, but the evidence was negative. Human nostrils are not keen enough, anyway, to afford very valuable scientific information on the matter of odors. It may have been from the worm's bodily juices spreading over the surface of the water, though I could detect no discoloration to indicate that. If the knowledge was water-borne, and reached them through the contact of their feet with the water, did it do so by means of a sense of feeling or of taste? I give it up.

I had spent more than half an hour at watching the natural act of one life maintaining itself by the taking of another life. As I trudged toward Musquash village with the knapsack on my sweating back, the war in Europe was far away, but the water insects and the worm were a present object lesson of the tragedy of the world. There came to me a consciousness of having heard or read of some one who had by a struggle in lowly nature been moved to feelings such as were stirring me. At last it came; I was turning over in my head not merely the thoughts but some of the language used by Thoreau in his story of the battle of the ants. I knew how that other man had felt, years before, and he would have understood how I felt on that September afternoon.

HYBRID PHEASANTS.

By Edward T. Martin.

AMONG the various experiments tried on the Pacific Coast with the breeding of game, has been the crossing of a Cochin bantam hen with a ring neck pheasant. From a sitting of eggs thus obtained seven chicks resulted. The youngsters grew apace and appeared reasonably healthy, but when half grown one died, then another and finally a third. A postmortem examination to ascertain the cause of death produced no successful results in that direction but disclosed the fact that these hybrids possessed absolutely no evidence of sex; a remarkable condition which is certainly worthy of note. Two of these birds are now alive. A person studying their characteristics is puzzled to determine just what they resemble, certainly neither hen nor pheasant and really, so far as can be determined, no other bird but themselves. They are heavy, weighing between four and five pounds each, double as much as the mother bantam, considerably more than the father pheasant. They are pugnacious in the extreme,



Cross Between a Cochin Bantam and Ring-Necked Pheasant.

which trait they come by naturally, inheriting it from both parent birds. Their heads are perhaps hawk-like in appearance, only they are not crested but nearly bald like that of a buzzard. Bills are sharp and slightly curved. The predominating color of one is between a royal purple and a crow black. The neck and back feathers much resembling those of a jack-daw blackbird excepting that they are more glossy. The plumage of the second bird is of a darkish brown coloration having no particular beauty. Otherwise the bird has the same characteristics as its companion.

The experiment which was made in hopes of developing a species of bird that while possessing the beauty of the pheasant, would have the home-loving qualities of the bantam, resulted in flat failure for the cross-breeds are as wild as a cock pheasant on his native heath without either his beauty or his grace. They have but one redeeming quality, the little food required to keep them in good condition which perhaps if they could be raised in sufficient quantities, might make them desirable for table use.

LOOKS LIKE A FOX BUT CLIMBS TREES.

Houston, Texas, May 1, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

When I was a boy of twelve years of age, something like 55 years ago, I was in company with two other boys hunting rabbits, when we heard our dogs barking as if they had something "treed." We had a long run to catch up with them as they kept on the move and when we did get up with them we found they were after an unusually large fox squirrel, but we were experienced enough in woodcraft to soon see that it was an entirely different animal, and we began to stone in the hope of causing it to miss its footing in jumping from tree to tree. It finally took refuge in the top of a very tall tree beyond reach. Two of us concluded to

stay with the dogs while the other went home to get his father to come and shoot the animal for us. When Mr. Bryant, the father, came with his rifle and our unknown game was on the ground an old negro who accompanied Mr. Bryant and who, by the way, did the shooting (on account of Mr. Bryant having badly inflamed eyes), exclaimed, "Dat's a tree fox. You don't see many of dem."

The following is a description of the animal: Head and tail very much like a fox, pointed nose and canine teeth. Tail more round than flat. Color a mixture of red and gray, making it a little lighter than the red squirrel and darker than the ordinary gray fox. As near as I can remember, its claws were sheathed but on this point I am uncertain, as it is a long time since that day.

Perhaps some of your readers may be able to give the name and genus.

INGRAM PYLE.

IT IS A BASSARISCUS ASTUTUS FLAVUS—(RHOADS).

Bureau of Biological Survey,
Washington, D. C., May 12, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your letter of May 11, inclosing one from Ingram Pyle of Houston, Texas, regarding a strange animal which he calls a tree fox, is received. Mr. Pyle's description of the animal in question is very indefinite and can not be positively connected with any species, but apparently it refers to the civet cat, *Bassariscus astutus flavus* Rhoads. This little animal is about the size of a mink but with a fox-like face, a long, somewhat flattened and banded tail, and generally buffy gray color. It climbs trees, but I do not know whether it jumps from tree to tree as this individual is described as doing. It is common in western Texas, but we have no record of it so far east as Houston, the vicinity of Corpus Christi being the easternmost record for the state. In one of our publications, *North American Fauna* No. 25, opposite page 182, you will find a picture of the head and face of this animal and a brief account of its distribution and habits.

The gray fox, *Urocyon cinereoargenteus*, also occurs in that region and is known to climb trees but does not jump through the branches as this animal did, and is probably well known by Mr. Pyle. I think the animal is undoubtedly *Bassariscus*.

H. W. HENSHAW,
Chief, Biological Survey.

Laysan Island Albatross.

Showing the bird executing its peculiar matrimonial dance—In the June number of *Forest and Stream* mention was made of the fact that owing to insufficient protection by the United States Government, poachers had destroyed 300,000 of these birds in one year for their plumage—A crime for which there is no excuse.



Victims of Government's Carelessness.

THE UNBALANCER OF NATURE

HIS CROWSHIP, PRISONER AT THE BAR, IS ACCUSED
OF BEING EVEN BLACKER THAN HE IS FEATHERED

By John Bernard O'Sullivan.

TO BE sure, the woods are full of perils; there's the yellow fellow, the white; poverty, rum and so on, and we grownup campfire boys of the middle west—who tell our troubles to the chief at 128 Broadway—are now thoroughly aroused to the fact that the time has come to fight the new peril—the millions of crows (American crow, *corvus brachyrhynchos*)—tooth and nail.

His crowship is pretty evenly distributed over the entire middle west, and everywhere you find them, there is a shortage of feathered game.

Here in Nebraska, these ebony hued rascals became so destructive a year ago that we sportsmen organized several county-wide game protective associations whose sole object is the regulation of the overbalanced "balance in nature."

Away back fifteen years or so ago, these ravens were represented in this neck o' the tall timber by a sprinkling here and there. Before this time, the country was too barren of trees to suit them, but when the homesteaders' clumps of saplings stretched into sizeable timber, the crow multiplied like cut-worms at a barbecue—so fast, in fact, that some flocks number as many as 25,000 birds.

The heavens, the fields and the woods are now not unlike the wooded regions of Wisconsin when the passenger pigeons flourished; it is the same in all but the color of the great flocks. 'Tis strange, but true, that the crows of this region have some friends, and amongst them are naturalists of world wide renown; nevertheless, here is what I know of the tramp of the feathered world and you can draw your own conclusions as to whether they are just a harmless child of the great scheme or a little bird with an appetite comparable to that of an egg-sucking elephant.

In the first place, they are utterly unfit for food. If you doubt this try one sometime. Then call the horse doctor. Maybe you'll need two of them, but no matter; it is well known that these ravens, at times, subsist on the eggs of quail, grouse, ducks, young song birds and, now and then, the parent birds themselves, for a crow has no morals—nothing but a bottomless appetite.

Last July I saw dozens of robins, thrushes, orioles, wrens and various other worth-their-weight-in-gold birds busily keeping house in the limbs along a stream. Like a curse from the master-grief-maker of the hot regions came an army of roost hunting ravens. First thing they did was to clean house. They ate all the eggs and young birds, tore the nests to bits and "cawed" about it for a half day. As though this was not sufficient for the nonce, they drove every single songster out of the vicinity.

Several years ago I thought these black birds were harmless—part of the great plan—and that to destroy them was to upset "the balance in nature." About three months ago, a clique of healthy-minded nature lovers organized to protect the game and hand the crows the hot end of the shotgun. Mr. Mike Kirwin, the association's game genius, evolved a plan calculated to decimate the numbers of crows and, at the same time, offer a chance for some good sport to the participants.

The association met, two captains were chosen, the rank and file equally divided and a date set for a crow hunt.

The side bagging the smallest number of crows was to pay for a banquet for all. The writer was invited and was paired with a member of the other side. All were so paired this way; so no unfair tactics in securing the birds could be used. Outsiders were invited to go, provided they signed up to go with a member of the other side.

Six of us went to a ranch ten miles from town—a place known to be a rendezvous of thousands of our quarry.

This ranch was then feeding a thousand head of cattle on shelled corn, and Mr. James Ryan, the proprietor, had invited us to go there and shoot to our heart's content. When we arrived there wasn't a crow to be seen, but a look through a ten-acre grove of cottonwood trees foretold the coming of a myriad of ravens, sooner or later. The ground beneath the trees was literally hidden from view by black feathers and offal.

After reconnoitering, we selected our hiding places and waited. Not a sign of a bird did we see until almost sundown, at which time the ranch-hands began to feed the bovines.

As the men scooped the grain into the feed-boxes, the bees bled vociferously, and that was as a mess call to the dusky denizens of the timber and the heavens. From out of the pale blue nothingness of the northern sky there appeared a thin, ragged line of crows which looked like a river of giant flies. On they came, straight to where we crouched behind the trunks of the cottonwoods.

I was never more nervous in my life, not excepting the time a rattlesnake entwined himself around my shotgun and I discovered him there after shooting twice.

Man, oh man, a multitude there was, of raspy voiced, hunger-driven scoundrels bent on banqueting on corn they had no right to whatever.

In the short space of one and a half hours we



ANOTHER ALBINO DEER.

Pottsville, Pa., May 22nd, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed find a photo of an Albino deer head. This buck was killed Nov. 29, 1915, on the east branch of the Mattawamberg River, Maine. It is a 10-point, 15-inch spread and very symmetrical head. It was a good sized buck. This head was mounted up by myself and is one of the largest I know of in the Albino deer family, as they are usually smaller than the true colored ones. This head does not seem to bring the much attributed proverbial ill luck so much as many people think, as it is one of the most admired specimens in my collection to-day and valued far above any of the other deer I have.

C. W. ERB.

killed one hundred and fifty, so you can see they were pretty numerous. They actually got right into the feed troughs and helped themselves. As they finished eating they alighted in the upper reaches of the timber where we shot at them until our shoulders were numb.

The foreman of the ranch told us he was tired shooting at them; said there was not less than a quarter million in this flock. This man's stories of what he had seen these worthless birds do to nesting prairie-chickens and other game birds is enough to convince a wooden man that the crow is the tramp of the air—the quintessence of parasites. He is a bloodsucker.

Some advocate placing a bounty on them, others claim poison will do the trick, and still others want them let dead alone. I am satisfied that you can not poison a crow. I have fed them strychnine on meats, corn and several other ways, and I have yet to find a carcass of a crow. Have been told it is practically impossible to poison any bird that has a crow, and I believe this, for I once fed a captured specimen a poison in a dozen graduated doses, and I discovered that he was the champion vomiter of America.

Then I tried to wring his neck. This was a success, I am happy to say.

The good old shotgun appears to be the remedy, but that is a mighty costly remedy when you stop to think that, usually, your crow is a little out of reach of same.

I do not wish to go on record as a crow hater, nor do I want to indulge in personalities with the gentlemen who advocate letting all things live. The ravens of other parts of the country are not included in this creed. In all the world there is no one likes to hear the cheerful raven's call better than I, but too many "cawls" make a thunderclap. Nothing makes a nature lover feel as satisfied as to hear a crow cry in the early morning.

You step out into the sun burnished morn, observe the drowsy flowers, the busy birds and the indescribable foliage; you inhale the exhilarating air, listen to a medley of chants and still you listen. You smile and enter the domicile.

You heard a crow's "caw-caw-caw"!

DEATH OF ALLEN KELLY.

Mr. Kelly, old newspaper writer and author, died recently in Los Angeles, California. He was a man of great ability, extraordinarily competent as a newspaper man, and a facile and interesting writer. Old readers of *Forest and Stream* will recall many contributions from his pen in its columns.

Mr. Kelly was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1855, and as a young man went to the Pacific Coast, where he was employed on the San Francisco "Chronicle" and other papers.

Having returned to the East, he became an editorial writer on the Boston "Globe," and then managing editor of the Fall River "Globe." He was the first city editor of the New York "Evening Sun," but after a time returned to San Francisco, and occupied a number of responsible positions on the San Francisco "Examiner." For several years he was city editor of the Los Angeles "Times," worked on other papers East and West, and for some years lived in the Imperial Valley, in Southern California, where at one time he conducted a paper at El Centro. In 1905 he visited Australia and New Zealand, in behalf of the Los Angeles "Times," and some of his observations and experiences there were printed in *Forest and Stream*. At one time he was Commissioner of Forestry in California, and he wrote a book entitled "Bears I Have Known and Others."

Mr. Kelly's great ability and remarkable charm impressed themselves on everyone who met him, and his loss is severely felt.

An Angry Bull Moose

Ferociously Charged Theodore Roosevelt

near Quebec, last hunting season.

How the Colonel killed the Bull in self defense, after having previously obtained his legal limit of Moose, is told by him in the February 1916 "Scribner", and by sworn affidavit at Quebec.

Caribou and Deer

are abundant in parts of Quebec Province, as well as moose and bear.

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Answers to Queries from FOREST and STREAM'S Family of Anglers

THE EDITOR of this department will be glad to receive inquiries from angling readers of Forest and Stream.

Brief inquiries on subjects of general interest to anglers, with their replies, will be published monthly under this heading. If replies at length are desired, a stamped self-addressed envelope should be enclosed with the inquiry, and the reply will be sent by mail, without charge.

Readers are also invited to submit brief "tips"—devices or methods that they have found useful or convenient—for the benefit of brother anglers.

THE RIGHT ROD FOR BAIT CASTING.

Editor Angling Department: I am particularly anxious to take up bait casting this year, and am somewhat undecided as to the kind of a rod that I need. I notice most of the bait casting rods that are advertised are made in two pieces. Are one-piece rods used, and would you advise me buying one? I would also like to know what length of rod to get.

E. T. W., Providence, R. I.

As you are just starting in the game, I would advise you first to purchase a two-piece rod. They are easier to carry about, especially on the cars, and as an extra tip comes with most two-piece rods, you can use the extra tip if you break one. While one-piece rods are used quite extensively they are for the experienced angler. You had better start with the two-piece rod. A rod either five or five-and-a-half feet is suggested.

A TIP FOR BAIT-CASTING READERS.

Editor Angling Department: Here is a tip for some of your bait-casting readers. It frequently becomes necessary for the angler to change plugs in fishing strange waters, which is more or less trouble if the plug is tied on the line. Now here is the trick: tie the line to a swivel snap. The lure can then be changed frequently with little trouble, and at the same time your line is saved.

H. V. V., Chicago, Ill.

Thank you. The idea is excellent and no doubt will be used this season by many of our angler readers.

HOW TO BUY BETHABARA.

Editor Angling Department: I want to get some Bethabara for a fly-rod, the rod to be about 9½ feet long. Can you tell me about how much to get?

J. T. S., Portland, Me.

Would advise that you get two pieces, both in five-foot lengths, one piece of half inch squared wood, the other of three-quarter inch squared wood. The surplus material is advised so that you can use the best part of each stick.

OUTFIT FOR A YOUNG SIR ISAAC.

Editor Angling Department: I wish to purchase a fly rod and equipment for my son. He is seventeen years old, and as I am not a fisherman, do not know what to get. You have been recommended to me as the proper one to seek information from, and I assure you any suggestions you can give me will be greatly appreciated. My son is a constant reader of *Forest and Stream*—in fact the whole family looks forward to its coming each month.

P. J. S., Wayne, Penn.

We suggest that you purchase a rod 8 to 9 feet long, weighing between 4 and 6 ounces. Have the line as light as can be cast; it should be double tapered. A fair reel, entirely satisfactory, can be purchased for two dollars. A small assortment of flies, a few spinners, fly book, leader box, leaders very light and assorted as to length, landing net, creel and waders.

A TROUT FLY FOR EACH MONTH.

Editor Angling Department: What trout flies would you recommend for the month of June, and is there any book published that takes up the subject of trout flies by months? I will surely appreciate your attention to this letter.

E. S. W., Dalton, Mass.

Try these: Coachman, Cahill, General Hooker, Claret Fly and Lightning Bug. The book you inquire about is written by Louis Rhead, his address is 217 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. We would advise you to write him.

USES RAW BEEF FOR BAIT.

Editor Angling Department: I have frequently tried the following little stunt when worms were hard to get, and it's the goods, so pass it on to the readers of the "up to the minute" magazine, *Forest and Stream*:

Take a piece of raw beef, cut in narrow strips about two to three inches long, and place on the hook in the same way as you would a worm. This beats the artificial rubber worms one sees in the tackle stores.

J. S. P., Superior, Wis.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CARP.

Editor Angling Department: Have you a book or any literature giving the habits and general nature of the carp? What they feed on, how they spend the winter, if dormant, etc.? I have heard they bury in the mud during the winter months. Would like to get a book or any information you have at hand.

W. S. Neppel, Wash.

I am sorry to say we have no literature on the carp. However, would suggest that you write to the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C. The following may be of some help to you. The carp (*Cyprinus Carpo*) is a fresh water fish. The mouth is small and toothless, color is dark brown above, growing quite light on the ventral side. The carp feeds largely on vegetable matter but will also eat insect larvae, worms, etc. It spawns about June and during the winter months, it hibernates, not taking any food.—G. L. B.]

PURCHASING A BAIT-CASTING ROD.

Editor Angling Department: One frequently hears that in purchasing a bait-casting rod, it is better to buy one of the short-butt, long-tip construction, and not one with the tip and butt of equal lengths. Will you kindly explain why this is? I intend to buy a new rod this year and I would like your opinion on the subject before going ahead.

R. O. P., Rochester, N. Y.

The reason that the short-butt long-tip construction is frequently recommended, is because in this type of rod the ferrule is placed where the least strain occurs in playing the fish, whereas in the rod with tip and butt of equal lengths, the ferrule coming directly in the center of the rod, the strain being placed at this point, the chance of breakage is supposed to be increased. However, I feel that this is more of a theoretical idea than a practical one, as I know of several rods made with tip and butt of equal lengths that have accounted for some good sized bronze backs and are none the worse for wear.

A BOOK ON STATE GAME LAWS.

Editor Angling Department: Can you tell me where I can get a book showing the game and fish laws of the different states? I have not been able to find what I want in the stores.

R. E., Columbus, Ohio.

Forest and Stream publishes a book called "Game Laws in Brief for the United States and Canada." The price is 25 cents.

ONE WAY TO GET LIVE BAIT EARLY.

Editor Angling Department: Can you tell me where I can get live bait early in the season? I am not an advocate of the plug with its numerous hooks, but have trouble in finding live bait—I mean crawfish and frogs.

A. C. K., Toledo, Ohio.

Why not stock up with them when they are plentiful? You can keep them during the winter in a large box filled with mud. Place your frogs and crawfish in the box, and at the first frost they will bury themselves. Then when you want them, dig them up, they will be there, alive and kicking.

LITTLE THINGS FOR THE TACKLE BOX AND KIT BAG.

A few months ago a correspondent told in these columns of an "invisible leader" which he had obtained from Scotland, and which had proved to be all that was claimed for it, both as regards strength and invisibility. These leaders, American anglers will be pleased to learn, are now obtainable in the United States, as announced elsewhere in this issue.

A landing net—folding, at that—weighing only eight ounces and strong enough to lift out the biggest trout, is certainly something that the fishing world has reason to hail with delight. Mr. C. G. Young, of 320 Market street, San Francisco, will tell you about it if you drop him a postal and mention *Forest and Stream*.



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RECENT INTERESTING OUTDOOR PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH
CONTRIBUTORS TO FOREST AND STREAM FIGURE AS AUTHORS

ANOTHER most interesting and instructive book has been added to American angling literature! This time it is from the pen of Louis Rhead, the well-known writer, artist and all around angler.

Its title is "American Trout Stream Insects" and the preface tells anglers:

"The object of this book is to furnish anglers, amateurs, students of entomology, and others interested in aquatic insects, with a colored selection of the most abundant and well-known trout insects that appear, month by month, on the rivers and lakes of the temperate regions of North America."

The book consists of two parts. Part one is devoted to "American Trout Stream Insects" and is written especially for fly-fishing anglers, while part two deals with "New Artificial Nature Lures" and is intended for the fishermen who more often use the bait method of fishing.

Mr. Rhead has shown rare good judgment in the handling of his subjects. He has eliminated to a marked degree many things that would confuse most anglers and prove of little value to them. From the standpoint of the average fly-fishing angler a knowledge of the science of entomology is only of interest and value up to the practical point of increasing his chances or his ability to catch trout with the artificial fly. The author writes for all anglers who fish with artificial lures and he "plays no favorites," for he says:

"Of this I am sure: for every insect a trout takes alive at the surface, a thousand are consumed under water or near the surface; and to one natural insect able to float on the surface, there are hundreds which cannot float.

"Because of this fact, I believe it to be the height of folly to fish exclusively with dry flies on the surface. Wet fishing with two or three accurately copied insects is in every way as effective on the average American stream.

"I do think the dry-fly method is excellent on large pools, and more or less placid water; but the trouble is that trout prefer to lie under a rock where turbulent water flows above, from which in a runaway they get insects alive or drowned as they go swiftly by.

"In general fishing the method is merely a matter of preference, and is really of very little importance compared to offering the right artificial that will make trout fancy is its regular food."

There is hardly an opportunity from either a logical or practical standpoint for anglers to differ materially with Mr. Rhead when he says:

"Every thoughtful angler will agree that to fish with an exact artificial imitation of the natural insect is certainly a desirable thing."

True, there are times on nearly all trout waters when, now and then, trout will take a "fancy fly" apparently in preference to a natural fly or an almost perfect imitation. Such instances, however, are few and far between, and if these prove anything it is that, in the vast majority of cases, trout will rise to and take in preference to any other the artificial fly which more nearly resembles the natural insect. Would it not seem then as if anglers could accept as a fact and without any reservation whatsoever, the statement that the desirable artificial flies to use at most times on all trout waters are those which best represent the natural insect and by so doing "hold the mirror up to Nature"?

Based upon this theory, and perhaps we are fully justified in saying this truism, Mr. Rhead has, after several years of research and study of the subject, given to the American angling world in this new book of his, a simple, well arranged and useful classification of the insects found upon our streams and lakes. This is not all, for he has also carefully selected and arranged in a concise form the insects that are, in his judg-

ment, best suited for the artificials to be used during the different months of the open season for trout as it exists in most states at the present time. With each month's classification there is an insect chart, and plate showing the natural insects as they appear in life; these are indeed a great addition. On each insect chart there are a certain number of flies marked with a star; these are choice flies, and the artificials representing them which are finely tied from the author's own patterns are to be obtained from William Mills & Son, Park Place, New York City, who have the exclusive right to make them.

The different flies are exceptionally well made and are very good imitations of the natural insects as shown on the various plates. I have carefully examined all of these flies and purpose "trying out" all of them during the present season, and I am confidently looking forward to proving for myself everything that is claimed for them.

As a general proposition we quite agree with the author's contention that most fly manufacturers make the under portion of the fly body much too dark and this is certainly contrary to what is nearly always found in Nature. "New Artificial Nature Lures," which is the subject of the second part of this new book, should strongly appeal to such anglers as have not as yet taken up fly-fishing in preference to any other method, because the elementary scientific side of the sport of fishing is brought home to them in a comprehensive and pleasing manner.

Mr. Louis Rhead has written a most readable and instructive book; it is unique; it is the first of the kind to be published for the use of anglers about our native stream insects. It should prove of great value to all classes of anglers and more especially to those who fish with the feathered lure known as the artificial fly. We can truthfully say that here is an angling book that should be read and not simply be placed upon a library shelf.

"American Trout Stream Insects" is published by Frederick A. Stokes Company; it is of convenient size and is gotten up in an attractive manner. The book contains 177 pages, 20 chapters, a colored frontispiece, 4 colored plates of stream insects and 10 plates in black and white.

CHAS. ZIBEON SOUTHARD.

RAMBLES OF A CANADIAN NATURALIST. By S. T. Wood, New York. E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.00 net.

A very charming volume of some 250 pages, liberally illustrated, and containing a number of beautiful colored plates. The author, while a finished naturalist, writes in a popular, easy and essaylike style that leads the reader from one chapter to another until he may find that he has sat up later than he had intended. Excursions afield with an author like this are delightful, even in the form of a book.

MAROONED IN THE FOREST. By A. Hyatt Verrill, New York. Harper and Brothers, \$1.25 net.

We forego criticism of this book, confining ourselves to the explanation or description by the publishers, as follows:

The thrilling story of a young man stranded in the forest who was forced to face nature with bare hands. What would you do if you were lost in the wilderness without supplies? That was what happened to this hero. Without food, fire, arms, matches, watch, or compass, how can he win his fight for life? This tale of adventure will appeal to every lover of outdoor life, old or young.

It is safe to say that no reader of *Forest and Stream* will ever undergo the experience which the author so deftly and plausibly sets forth—that is, if said reader has stored away and absorbed the scores of lessons touching on woodcraft that have appeared in these columns. Still, the book is well worth reading, if only to recall these lessons to mind.



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The Prize Winning Rods

They are true sportsmen and they depend on them as so do many thousands of real fishermen who bring home the prize fish, because "Bristol" Rods are so accurate on the cast, so quick on the snub, so pliable for playing and so absolutely reliable in the fight of landing gamey fish.

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Surface Plugs for Hot Weather Casting

That's the time when you can coax them to the surface; the time when you can get the most enjoyment. We show here three tried and proven South Bend surface baits. Proven fish-getters.

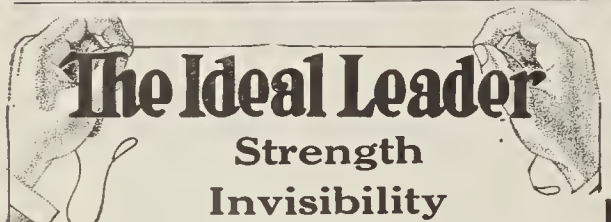
The Woodpecker, which is made in Standard and Midget sizes is a well-known bait among Anglers. Its collar head is concaved and creates a strong rattle, which seems irresistible to the gamey fellows.

The South Bend Surf Oreno is a floating bait that has proven a big killer. The bait rides very high, so the spinners cut the water, creating just the proper commotion to make it most attractive.

And—the wonderful **Bass Oreno** (wobbler) bait. Ask anyone who has used it or try it yourself and you will never be without this remarkable fish-getter.

These baits can be secured at most sporting goods stores. Read "The Days of Real Sport"—a book you will never forget. Sent free.

South Bend Bait Co. 10266 W. Colfax Ave., South Bend, Ind.
Makers of the famous South Bend Anti-Back-Lash Reel



The Ideal Leader
Strength
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The Joe Welsh leader (Telarana Nova) is colorless as water and has no knots. There's a size for every fish, fresh or salt water. Guaranteed breaking strengths, 4 to 30 pounds. Test them out. One leader landed 1,600 pounds of fish! Many last an entire season. No longer any need for losing big fish or expensive lures. Send this ad and 25 cents for 3-foot sample. Six and 9-foot lengths, 50 and 75 cents. Accept no substitutes.

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IMPRESSIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF A FRENCH TROOPER. By Christian Mallet, New York. E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.00 net.

The retreat from Belgium, the Battle of the Marne and the great Attack at Loos, as seen by a French private soldier who fought his way up to the rank of Lieutenant. It is an astonishing piece of work—simple, poignant and heroic.

* * * * *

WARPATH AND HUNTING TRAIL. By Elmer E. Gregor. Harper and Brothers, 60 cents net.

Mr. Gregor is well-known as an author of outdoor books, and as a distinguished contributor to *Forest and Stream*. He has written a book for boys, old as well as young, thrilling stories of Indian boys, of adventures and hair-breadth escapes from their enemies, and their hardships and achievements as hunters. Mr. Gregor, who knows the ways of the red men, has told in this book stories of boys of many different tribes of the East and West—Iroquois, Mohawks, Delawares, Sioux, Blackfeet and Pawnees.

* * * * *

THE TRAIL OF THE INDOOR OUTER. By Raymond E. Manchester. George Banta Publishing Co., Menasha, Wis.

A little booklet of about 50 pages, with a series of essays, based on subjects that form the substance of angler's dreams in winter, and very well done, by the way.

* * * * *

TREASURE ISLAND. Harper's, New York. Price \$1.50. Illustrated by Louis Rhead, whose cover designs, and contributions to *Forest and Stream* make him one of "our own family."

A perfect edition of a perfect book at a popular price. There are more than one hundred illustrations and decorations.

* * * * *

IN PASTURES GREEN. By Peter McArthur, New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. Price \$1.75 net.

This book is an account of Mr. McArthur's life on a Canadian farm, told in a style that is instructive, illuminating and humorous. It is in the form of short delightful essays, each essay dealing with a different phase of farm life, e.g., the opening of an apple pit, summer wood, agricultural education, hunting, etc., etc. A book that may without impropriety find a place on the library shelf beside the well beloved John Burroughs.

* * * * *

THE DETERMINED ANGLER. By Charles Bradford-G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price \$1.00 net.

This is a new and enlarged edition of a very popular book—one that no less an authority than Grover Cleveland declares to be the most sensible and practical volume of its kind he had ever read. The author needs no introduction to readers of this paper, as he has been numbered for many years as one of its most valuable contributors. In fact, among the new chapters of the book Mr. Bradford has amplified some of the charming little essays that he published during the last year in *Forest and Stream*. No angler's library can be deemed complete without this important and instructive work.

THE CANADIAN COMMONWEALTH—Everybody who has read her fascinating books or her brilliant articles about Canadian History and Wilderness Life knows that Agnes Laut speaks with interest and authority about our neighbor to northward.

Now she has written a compelling, thought-provoking book about this great growing Empire—a picturesque interpretation of the people of Canada; their character, ideals and temper; their problems of trade, labor, immigration, government and defense; their relations to England, America and Japan; their development in the past, their expansion in the present, and their future big with opportunity.

The intense conviction, the glowing expression, the command of facts, large and small, up-to-date and often new; the mass of vivid details to be gained only by an eye-witness; the range of comparison; enlist enthusiastic interest and repay the reader.

The book is beyond doubt the most notable interpretation of the great Dominion ever published. (Bobbs Merrill, \$1.50.)

Forest and Stream Publishing Company will supply at regular publisher's rates any outdoor book mentioned above or any other outdoor book that our subscribers may desire. Address Book Department, Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 128 Broadway, New York.

Motoring Masses Coming to Cords



TWO-THIRDS of all the new cars being equipped by the makers with cord tires are going out on Goodyear Cord Tires. But a growth even more striking than that is taking place.

Goodyear Cord Tires are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White and the Haynes Twelve.

But you will also see them widely used now on cars like the Hudson, Stutz, Velie, Buick, Hupmobile, Chevrolet, Apperson, Dodge Brothers, Kissel, Oakland, Jackson, Oldsmobile, Chandler, Paige, and so on.

Simply because owners have learned that any good car gains in looks, in power-saving and gas-mileage, and in smooth riding, through Goodyear Cords.

Oversize, flexibility, and resiliency combine in these tires to produce real riding luxury by absorbing most of the jolt and jar of travel; to give unusual freedom from tire trouble; and to work economies by giving long service, and by saving power and fuel.

Their flexibility and resilience enable them to absorb road shocks without danger of stone-bruise and blow-out; add miles per gallon; assist in a quicker get-away; and make the car coast farther when power is shut off.

The oversize is very marked, and provides an increased cushion of air, which serves to emphasize the easy-riding and the other good qualities built into Goodyear Cord Tires.

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Double-thick All-Weather and Ribbed Treads, for rear and front wheels. The deep, sharp All-Weather grips resist skidding and give great traction. The Ribbed Tread assists easy steering.

No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, for gasoline and electric cars.

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\$7.50



Makes An Expert of the Amateur

While gritting your teeth over a back-lash snarl, you have had to pause and exclaim in admiration of the ease and accuracy with which the expert beside you—the old greybeard of many summers' casting experience—gets his bait out, with nary a hitch or snarl or catch.

Ten, fifteen, twenty years of fishing experience will give you that same deftness and skill.—But why wait those weary years when inventive genius has placed within your reach a reel with which you can cast, with all the expert's ease, this season, on your very next trip—NOW!

The "Pflueger-Redifor" Anti-Back-Lash Casting Reel

makes casting a real pleasure, for beginners as well as experts. Automatic thumbers, attached to the flange of the spool enclosed within the reel, free from all dirt and chance of harm, thumb mechanically, retarding the spool as the bait slows down. Will hold from 60 to 100 yards, according to size line used.

Price, \$7.50. (Fully guaranteed against defects of all kinds, FOR ALL TIME.) If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send it, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

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 Ashaway, R. I.

Gentlemen:

Away back in 1830, my Father, John Conroy, bought his first bill of Fishing Lines from your concern and every year since then, we have placed our orders with you for our requirements.

During my personal experience of forty years selling these goods, I can honestly say I have never had a single complaint which is a testimonial to the high standard of your Lines.

Very truly yours,
Thos. J. Conroy

ESTABLISHED 1830.
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 CONROY, BISSETT & MALLESON, 1875. CONROY & BISSETT, 1881. THOMAS J. CONROY 1883.

OFFICE OF
THOMAS J. CONROY,
 IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
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 28 JOHN ST., NEW YORK.

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
 Ashaway, R. I.
New York May 13/15.
 Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
 Ashaway, R. I.
 May 13/15.

Gentlemen:

Replying to yours of the 11th inst., I am perfectly willing to have you use the letter you refer to as it contains true facts.

Yours truly,
 Dict. T. J. C. Thos. J. Conroy.

Notes from the Field

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ON THINGS OF CURRENT INTEREST IN THE OUTDOOR WORLD

BAD EFFECT OF NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU LAWS.

Philadelphia, June 1, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

May I call the attention of *Forest and Stream* to the very bad effect the unwise game laws have had on the caribou in Newfoundland? I feel that I am qualified to speak for I shot in Newfoundland in 1896, 1897, 1898 and 1899, as well as in 1914 and 1915. I understand that through the advice of certain American clubs and sportsmen, the shooting of caribou in the lakes and rivers was forbidden. This has worked great harm to the caribou. I believe that ninety per cent or perhaps ninety-five per cent of all the caribou killed in Newfoundland are killed by the natives for meat.

When they were allowed to kill them in the water, few wounded escaped to die in the woods. Now that the killing of caribou in the water has been forbidden, the natives, who are very bad shots and armed with poor rifles, shoot them by firing into the herd as they cross the railroad tracks or near some stream where they can take the meat out in canoes. The result is that for every caribou killed four or five go away to die in the woods.

A native will not follow a wounded caribou far as it is too much work to pack back the meat and he stands a better chance of killing his limit by letting the wounded ones go and wait for new arrivals. As far as the sportsmen are concerned, if he is going to shoot caribou in the water, he would probably do so anyway. In 1914 and 1915 I was much impressed with the poor quality of the heads I saw compared to those in former years. In fact I shot no caribou except for meat.

GEORGE L. HARRISON, Jr.

MISSISSIPPI'S EXCELLENT NEW GAME LAW.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

After years and years of absolute wholesale slaughter and almost criminal neglect of all wild game and fish life in Mississippi, its legislative department has in its wisdom realized that unless some protection in the form of law was at once given, our wild game and fish life would soon become extinct.

Since the legislature has enacted this all important statute, our people wonder how it could have been that the law-making body could have met year after year and made laws affecting almost everybody and touching almost everything, passed on into history, and failed even to consider this one need, which, if delayed much longer, would have been just too late. In Mississippi, in the heart of Dixie, where nature blooms its richest and best, the wild birds that sing their sweetest songs will receive protection. Their protector will be the strong arm of the law.

The Department of Game and Fish must not be looked upon as one of the small departments of the state, but must be regarded as the most powerful branch of protective government. There is a State Game and Fish Commissioner, three Deputy State Game and Fish Commissioners, eight County Game and Fish Wardens, and under each County Game and Fish Warden there will be appointed at least three Deputy Wardens. At least three hundred and twenty strong, active,

\$1.00



**Here Are Six Great Killers—
 And Twenty-four Interchangeable Combinations!**

Realizing the great and well known fish-getting qualities of spinners, the Pfluegers have here devised a set of spinner baits, with interchangeable parts readily attachable, to enable the angler to meet any and all conditions of water, time of day, season of year and other causes, with a bait that will attract game fish under the special conditions existing at the moment. This year don't start away on that long anticipated trip without having in your tackle box at least one set of

"Pflueger-Lewis" Interchangeable Spinner

Each set contains:—Two rust-proof piano wire shafts, each with a "Jack" to which the blade is secured; one hollow point double hook, ringed size 1/0; one hollow point California bass hook, ringed size 4/0, with a copper baiting wire attached; one Wyoga bass fly, Royal Coachman pattern on a hollow point Sproat hook, ringed size 2/0; one hollow point treble hook, ringed size 1/0, feathered, and six interchangeable spoon blades.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will mail you one set postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.



The Enterprise Manufacturing Co. Dept. 21 Akron, Ohio

NOTICE—Write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information of interest to anglers.

courageous men will be engaged in this work. So, at a glance, one can see that this department is not without strength.

Financially, this department is destined to become one of the wealthy departments of State Government. The license fees alone will bring into its treasury more than fifty thousand dollars each year, to say nothing of the fines, forfeitures and penalties.

The Game and Fish law provides that open seasons for quail, partridges or bob whites shall be from November 15 to February 15; for doves, from July 1 to October 1; turkey gobblers may be killed from November 15 to May 1; the turkey hen must not be killed for a period of five years; squirrels are protected from October 15 to January 1; deer must not be killed except during the month from December 1 to January 1.

Under this law there is a limit as to bag during the hunting season. No one person is allowed to kill more than one deer in any one day, nor more than five in any one season; the killing of more than twenty game birds in any one day by a hunter is a violation of law; the killing of over ten squirrels in any one day is prohibited; the sly and cunning fox is given a chance for his little white alley and must be actually overtaken by the dogs in regular chase, and must not be chased during the months of April, May, June and July.

Violations of this law are considered misdemeanors, and the punishment to be inflicted when one is found guilty ranges from \$10.00 to \$500.00. Farm sentences may be inflicted in some cases for violations of this law.

The department of game and fish having just been created, the State Game and Fish Commissioner was appointed by the Governor of the state. In the year 1919, the State Game and Fish Commissioner will be elected by the qualified electors of the state at large.

The present incumbent and appointee of the Governor is the Hon. Z. A. Brantley, an attorney of ability and a gentleman of pleasing appearance and address. He does not believe that it is necessary in order that the best results may be had to enter upon a campaign of prosecution or persecution, but believes that it is only necessary to convince the people that the protection of its wild game and fish life is indeed vital, in order that the wild game and fish may not be numbered with the things that are no more. He earnestly solicits and gladly welcomes the aid and advice of all true sportsmen and feels the necessity of a co-operation of the entire citizenship of the state. He desires to make new friends and intends to hold his old ones, at the same time realizing that he must serve the people and enforce the laws.

So Mississippi has now joined the ranks where are to be found many states that have decided to conserve its wild game and fish life.

W. E. DAVIDSON,
Deputy State Game and Fish Commissioner.

FROM HERE AND THERE

Now that the fresh-water fishing season is well under way, reports of large sized fish being caught are drifting in.

F. A. Cook, of Gloversville, N. Y., fishing recently at Wheelerville, landed an exceptional brook trout that was twenty-two inches long and weighed four and one-half pounds.

Lovers of the "Pound-for-pound fish" will envy the reported catch of Dan T. Watts, of Portland, Ore., who hooked into an old grand-daddy of a black bass. It tipped the scales at 7 pounds 10 ounces.

The Association of Commercial Club Secretaries of the Black Hills, S. D., in which each community has a membership are making extensive plans for taking care of tourists expected this year. Camping sites with tents are being arranged. A committee will go over the different highways, mapping out the best routes for tourists. Since June 4th, the Burlington Railroad has put on a buffet observation coach on trains stopping at the Hills.



The distinctive flavor of Budweiser comes from the genuine Saazer Hops used exclusively in making it.

Its food value comes from fine, nutritious malt. Brewing and brewery cleanliness and pasteurization give it its germless purity.

Few other beverages offer you as much as this in food value—no other food (liquid or solid) offers you more than this in purity and wholesomeness.



Budweiser

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS

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Realizing the great and well known fish-getting qualities of spinners, the Pfluegers have here devised a set of spinner baits, with interchangeable parts readily attachable, to enable the angler to meet any and all conditions of water, time of day, season of year and other causes, with a bait that will attract game fish under the special conditions existing at the moment. This year don't start away on that long anticipated trip without having in your tackle box at least one set of

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Each set contains:—Two rust-proof piano wire shafts, each with a "Jack" to which the blade is secured; one hollow point double hook, ringed size 1/0; one hollow point California bass hook, ringed size 4/0, with a copper baiting wire attached; one Wyoga bass fly, Royal Coachman pattern on a hollow point Sproat hook, ringed size 2/0; one hollow point treble hook, ringed size 1/0, feathered, and six interchangeable spoon blades.

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Our Expert Casting Line

Hard Braided, of the Highest Grade of Silk. The Strongest Line of its size in the World. Used by Mr. Decker in contest with Mr. Jamison. Nuf sed. Every Line Warranted. 50 Yard Spools \$1.00.



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| 18c. | for an assorted dozen. Regular price.....24c. | Quality A |
| 30c. | for an assorted dozen. Regular price.....60c. | Quality B |
| 60c. | for an assorted dozen. Regular price.....84c. | Quality C |
| 65c. | for an assorted dozen. Regular price.....96c. | Bass Flies |
| 75c. | for an assorted dozen. Regular price.....\$1.00 | Gauze Wing |
| 2.00 | for an assorted dozen. Regular price.....\$3.50 | English |



Steel Fishing Rods

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| FLY RODS, 8 or 9 1/2 feet..... | \$1.00 |
| BAIT RODS, 5 1/2, 6 1/2 or 8 feet..... | 1.25 |
| CASTING RODS, 4 1/2, 5 or 6 feet..... | 1.50 |
| BAIT RODS, with Agate Guide and Tip..... | 2.00 |
| CASTING RODS, with Agate Guide and Tip..... | 2.50 |
| CASTING RODS, full Agate Mountings..... | 3.50 |

ORIGINAL and GENUINE

OLDTOWN CANOES

Introduced and made famous by us. 16 to 19 ft.



The H. H. KIFFE CO., 523 Broadway New York
Illustrated Catalogue free on application



75c

"It's Livelier Than A Live Minnow!"

exclaimed an old bass fisherman on first seeing this new floating, diving and wiggling bait at work.

And when he had tried it out in a day's hard fishing he agreed that it had brought him more strikes, and landed more bass, than any live minnow—or bucketful of 'em—he had ever seen.

The great strike-getting qualities of the

"Pflueger Surprise" Minnow

are due to the fact that it can be made to perform, and the great control exercised by the "man behind the rod."

The "Pflueger Surprise" floats until reeling in is commenced, the depth controlled by reeling speed. Coming in, its peculiar construction causes it to wiggle and dart about with the characteristic movements of a live minnow—arousing the combative instincts of the gamey bass. Stop reeling, and the bait rises to the surface.

Made in seven color blends, as follows:

- No. 3970 Luminous Enamel Over All—Red Throat.
- No. 3950 White Enamel Over All—Red Throat.
- No. 3973 White Enamel Belly—Blended Rainbow Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3955 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green Cracked Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3969 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green and Red Spotted—Red Throat.
- No. 3971 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3993 Yellow Perch—Red Throat.

This year do not fail to try out the "Pflueger Surprise." See it at your dealer's. If he can't supply you, send 75c for a sample bait, or \$2.50 for an assortment of four, sent postpaid.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co. Dept. 21 Akron, Ohio

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THOMAS

The Thomas hand made split bamboo fishing rod has been perfected to meet both the all around and the various special requirements of the modern angling sport. Made of the finest bamboo, light, resilient, perfectly jointed and balanced. In the Thomas rod the acme of perfection has been obtained. Send for our interesting booklet.

F. E. THOMAS, 117 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

CHANGES IN THE MIGRATORY LAW

IF NOT SATISFIED YOU HAVE UNTIL AUGUST TO FILE OBJECTIONS

THE OFFICIAL CIRCULAR.

United States Department of Agriculture,
Bureau of Biological Survey,
Washington, D. C., May 16, 1918.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am sending you herewith a copy of the proposed new regulations under the Federal Migratory Bird Law. These regulations are to be published for three months subject to comment, suggestions, and hearings where thought desirable.

At the expiration of three months the regulations with any changes that may have been made resulting from suggestions received will be recommended for the President's signature and then become effective. This will occur in time for the earliest date of the open season, which is August 16, for shore birds.

You will note that a number of changes are made in the regulations now in force and the Biological Survey believes that many criticisms concerning the regulations have been met without in any way interfering with the proper safeguarding of migratory birds. I trust that you will give the proposed new regulations full publicity in your paper since you reach many people who are much interested in this subject.

H. W. HENSHAW,

Chief, Biological Survey.

REGULATIONS FOR THE PROTECTION OF MIGRATORY BIRDS.

Closed Season at Night.

A daily closed season on all migratory game and insectivorous birds shall extend from sunset to sunrise.

Closed Season on Insectivorous Birds.

A closed season on migratory insectivorous birds shall continue throughout each year, except that the closed season on reedbirds or ricebirds in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina shall commence November 1 and end August 31, next following, both dates inclusive: **Provided**, That nothing in this or any other of these regulations shall be construed to prevent the issue of permits for collecting birds for scientific purposes in accordance with the laws and regulations in force in the respective States and territories and the District of Columbia.

Closed Seasons on Certain Game Birds.

A closed season shall continue until September 1, 1918, on the following migratory game birds: Band-tailed pigeons, little brown, sandhill and whooping cranes, wood ducks, swans, curlew, willet, and all shore birds except the black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jacksnipe, woodcock, and the greater and lesser yellowlegs.

A closed season shall also continue until September 1, 1918, on rails in California and Vermont and on woodcock in Illinois and Missouri.

Zones.

The following zones for the protection of migratory game and insectivorous birds are hereby established.

Zone No. 1.—The breeding zone comprising the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, West Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Oregon and Washington—31 States.

Zone No. 2.—The wintering zone comprising the States of Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona and California—17 States, and the District of Columbia.

Construction.

For the purposes of regulations below each period of time therein prescribed as a closed season shall be construed to include the first and last day thereof.

Closed Seasons in Zone No. 1.

Waterfowl.—The closed season on waterfowl, including coots and gallinules, shall be between December 21 and September 6 next following, except as follows:

Exceptions: In Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York (except Long Island), Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia the closed season shall be between January 1 and September 15;

In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Washington, Oregon, Utah and Nevada the closed season shall be between January 16 and September 30; and

In Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri the closed season shall be between March 11 and September 15 and between November 16 and February 9.

Rails.—The closed season on sora and other rails, excluding coots and gallinules, shall be between December 1 and August 31 next following, except as follows:

Exceptions: In Vermont the closed season shall continue until the open season in 1918.

Shore Birds.—The closed season on black-breasted and golden plover and greater and lesser yellowlegs shall be between December 1 and August 15 next following, except as follows:

Exception: In Utah the closed season shall continue until the open season in 1918.

Jacksnipe.—The closed season on jacksnipe or Wilson snipe shall be between December 16 and September 15, next following.

Woodcock.—The closed season on woodcock shall be between December 1 and September 30 next following, except as follows:

Exceptions: In Illinois and Missouri the closed season shall continue until the open season in 1918.

Closed Seasons in Zone No. 2.

Waterfowl.—The closed season on waterfowl, including coots and gallinules, shall be between February 1 and October 14 next following, except as follows:

Exceptions: In Alabama, Arkansas, District of Columbia, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia the closed season shall be between February 1 and October 31, next following.

Rails.—The closed season on sora and other rails, excluding coots and gallinules, shall be between December 1 and August 31 next following, except as follows:

Exceptions: In Louisiana the closed season shall be between February 1 and October 31; and

In California the closed season shall continue until the open season in 1918.

Shorebirds.—The closed season on black-breasted and golden plover and greater and lesser yellowlegs shall be between December 1 and August 15, next following.

Jacksnipe.—The closed season on jacksnipe or Wilson snipe shall be between February 1 and October 31, next following.

Woodcock.—The closed season on woodcock shall be between January 1 and October 31, next following.

Hearings.

Persons recommending changes in the regulations or desiring to submit evidence in person or by attorneys as to the necessity for such changes should make application to the Secretary of Agriculture. Hearings will be arranged and due notice thereof given by publication or otherwise as may be deemed appropriate. Persons recommending changes should be prepared to show the necessity for such action and to submit evidence other than that based on reasons of personal convenience or a desire to kill game during a longer open season.

Florida Joins the Clans.

The first annual tournament of the newly organized Florida Trapshooting Association was pulled off under perfect weather conditions on May 18 and 19 with 50 shooters struggling for first place. T. H. Evans of Orlando won the state championship with a score of 91 x 100. Not only citizens of Florida will be pleased at its trapshooting activity but its many winter visitors will now have no excuse to leave the trap gun at home.

Trapshooting has been officially recognized as a minor sport by the Cornell Minor Sports Association. The action came as the result of the increased interest in shooting at Cornell, brought about by the organization of a Cornell Gun Club.



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AUTO-TENT 8x8 FT - \$17.50

Stop anywhere you will; pitch your tent and stay awhile whenever fancy strikes you; enjoy the benefits of sleeping in the open.

Tent weighs only 15 lbs., rolls into compact bundle and carried easily in car. Fastens to side of car—no poles—and entered from front to side. Sleeps four people; set up in 3 minutes.

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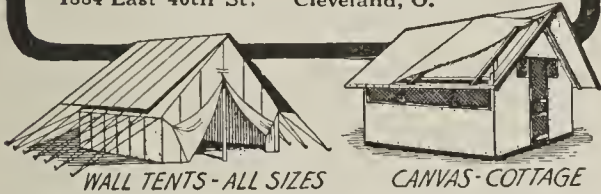
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PERFECTION Sleeping Bag with Pneumatic Mattress

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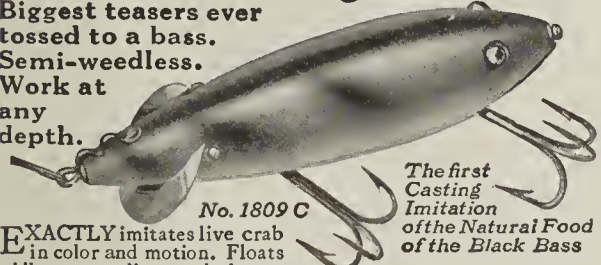
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EXACTLY imitates live crab in color and motion. Floats while at rest, dives and zigzags when reeled in. Last season's success proved this crab idea to be the sauciest lure and deadliest killer of all the Heddon inventions. The New "Baby Crab."

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Send for beautiful, free catalog of Heddon's Genuine Dowagiac Rods and Minnows, containing splendid fish pictures and new fishing charts.

James Heddon's Sons, Box 17, Dowagiac, Mich.

CHANGES IN NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

Albany, June 9.—Game law changes in addition to those which were summarized on page 992 of the June issue of *Forest and Stream*, were made by the subsequent signature of several highly important bills by Governor Whitman. The chapter numbers and significance of each of these are as follows:

Chap. 451.—A general revision of the Conservation Law relating to lands, forests and private parks, making practically a new statute on these subjects to conform to modern ideas as to scientific forestry. The changes deal exhaustively with forest fires, reforestation, taking private land for conservation purposes, the reservation of timber by the owner of land thus taken and the establishment of "communal" forests and their management. The new law is specially exact as to definitions and in the provisions for penalties for its violation.

Chap. 521.—A general revision of the conservation law relative to fish and game, making many highly important changes. Fines and penalties for violations are increased to fit the crime and provision is made to compel their payment promptly; non-payment means jail; collection of judgments for violations is made certain; compromises before magistrates are made possible, but full record of each case must be made; the commission is empowered to dispose of game or devices seized; right to search automobiles or other vehicles is given; also right to confiscate all illegal devices used; provision is made for the lawful transportation of fish and game under license issued by the commission and heavy penalties are provided for violations; any public officer who does not do his full duty under the law is made guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a fine of \$100; owners of private preserves are authorized to prosecute trespassers on hunting and fishing rights, and exemplary damages of \$25 for each offense is now possible.

Every hunter after January 1 next must wear conspicuously when afield a button two inches in diameter bearing his license number and such other inscription as the commission may prescribe, and failure to do so forfeits the license; all that portion of Oneida, Lewis and Jefferson Counties west of the U. & B. R. Railroad from Utica to Ogdensburg is added to the deer hunting territory; the limit for the possession of deer or venison is extended from November 21 to February 1, instead of January 1, if a \$1 license is secured from the commission; dogs may be taken into the forest if licensed and tagged (for \$1), but must not be allowed to run at large unaccompanied by the owner and may be killed if caught running a deer; a \$5 license may be had for the buying and selling of hares and rabbits raised in captivity for food, but they must be properly tagged when offered for sale; raccoon is added to the animals that may be taken and possessed from November 10 to March 15 (formerly the date was April 20); pursuit of flocks of ducks in fresh water to such an extent as to drive them from a locality is forbidden; possession of upland and shore game birds is authorized for an additional period of five days following the open season; the great blue heron and the bittern are added to the list of unprotected birds; changes are made in the netting regulations affecting Chaumont bay and the rendering of food fish into oil or fertilizer is forbidden.

The plan to establish a rod license failed because the anglers of the state objected to being tied up with hunters and trappers, and for the additional reason that the summer hotels and guides, and especially the salt water fishermen, rose in opposition. There was much said both for and against the plan which the Conservation Commission proposed and the matter is likely to come up again at the next session of the legislature. Certain concessions which anglers want probably will have to be made if there is to be a "combination" hunting, trapping and fishing license for \$1.10. A considerable number of anglers seem to favor a rod license of 50c. for an individual and possibly \$1 for a family, with a decided increase if the fish are taken for sale or the fisherman is hired to fish to supply the table of a hotel or similar place.

J. D. W.

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Watch the Crown Top. See that it bears the name "BARBAROSSA." Accept no imitation.



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You can do the hardest work or play without strain, chafing or pinching if you wear a Suspenders Sack Suspenders. The S.S.S. has no irritating leg straps, no oppressive band on the sack, no scratching metal slides. It is made just as nature intended. (Note illustration)

With the S.S.S. you always have a clean suspensory every morning. Each outfit has two sacks, you can clip one fast to the supporting straps while the other sack is cleaned. All sizes. Mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet.

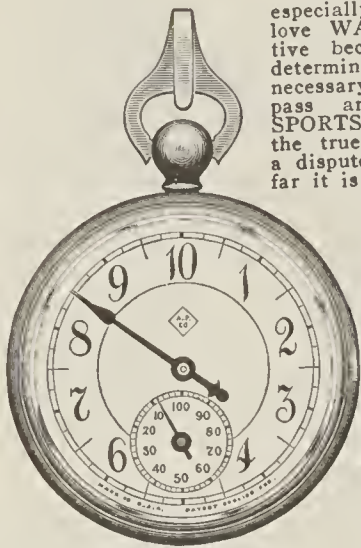
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Conducted by Old Camper for All Campers

KEEP THEM ALIVE.

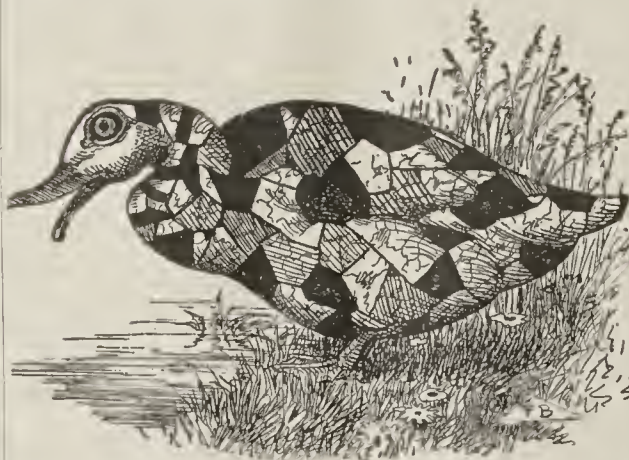
THERE are any number of fish-cages on the market which you can tote along, hoping against hope that you will be able to fill before night. They are a fine institution but when there are any fish within and the boat goes along to the other side of the lake the wash of the water will in all probability kill them. And then the cage is a nuisance, a hindrance in rowing. Furthermore, there is no protection to the unfortunate occupants from the wash. That in itself will kill a fish. That's what killed those fine ones you caught last summer, caught after many trials and had alive only just before you started for the shore.

Just before you start the next time look up an old potato sack, only see that there are no holes in the bag. Take it along.

When you catch that fish put him in the bag and hang it on the shady side of the boat jamming over the oarlock and letting it hang in the water. Into this drop your fish as you catch them. Then when you are ready to move along you can let the bag stay where it is or bring it in for a while. You may bring in a little water but that never hurts anyone on a fishing trip. Even when left out it will not hinder the rower half as much as a cage. Furthermore, the bag acts as a protection to the fish, keeps it in the shade and from the rush of water that will bang it lifeless. I have left fish in the bag all night after having rowed across a stretch of a mile or two and have then found them lively in the morning.

FOREST AND STREAM'S GUESSING CONTEST.

Natural history guessing contests seem to be popular, but to vary the monotony *Forest and Stream* hereby announces the inauguration of its Great Unnatural History Guessing Contest, with the first subject outlined below.



Answers or surmises should be directed to the Guessing Editor, and as a prize we offer to the lucky subscriber who comes nearest hitting the mark, or the duck, a setting of the fowl's eggs, if indeed we can induce the blooming bird to lay—and if it prove to be that kind of a bird.

Reports from Alaska state that below-zero temperature has seriously interfered with the opening of the canning season, the past winter being unprecedented for the long drastic period of continued cold. Streams in western Alaska are frozen over solid. The navigation of Bering Sea will be greatly impaired until late in the summer.

HOW TO MAKE A CANVAS COVER FOR A CANOE.

By John Anderson.

In running falls and rapids in a canoe, when it is heavily loaded, such as is often the case when on a cruise, it is found very convenient at times to have some sort of a covering over the canoe to keep out the water, which may come in over the bow and sides.

A very satisfactory home-made cover of canvas may be made with little trouble. Cut out the canvas the shape of the top of the canoe and about six inches larger all around. Sew in a drawing string around the edge. Then cut two holes in the cover, one directly over each seat. These should be cut so as to come even with the back of the seat and extend about a foot in front, the sides of the holes coming to within four inches of the sides of the canoe. In front of these holes are attached aprons, which may be drawn up around the paddlers when necessary. When not in use these aprons are thrown forward on the canvas cover.

These covers are attached to the canoe by means of small holes in the canvas which are fastened over screw-eyes placed in the sides of the canoe. Beneath these, around the canoe is the drawing string, which when drawn tight will prevent the water from coming up under the cover. The screw-eyes must be placed so as not to interfere with the paddlers, for if they are in reaching distance, it is almost impossible to keep from tearing the hands on them.

Such a cover requires only a few minutes to put on, and not only will it keep the duffle dry, but it may also prevent the canoe from swamping.

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- 1.-Special Boats of 130 Leading Boat Builders.
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 - 3.-Book of Boat Models for work, fishing, cruising.
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Two mounted moose heads, 60 and 58 inches, spread of horns, heavy palms and frontals.

Two 50 inch spread moose heads.

Large Rocky Mountain sheep heads.

Mounted woodland caribou head of the very best class. 31 points; double brow palms.

12 and 14 point mounted elk heads.

Mounted 8 and 10 point black and white tail deer heads of best class; perfect in every way.

Terms, prepaid by me on approval.

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EXPERT TAXIDERMIST
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PROTEST AGAINST SPRING SHOOTING.

Cedarville, Ill., June 5, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

New regulations governing the open seasons on migratory wild fowl, under which ducks and geese may be killed in the states of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri from February 9 to March 11, have been formulated by the Biological Survey.

This re-opening of spring shooting in the Middle West is the result of insistent demands by market-hunters, who have perfected a fighting machine of no mean ability. They have established a newspaper, sent a representative to Washington to present their case before the Department of Agriculture, and enlisted the aid of Congressmen and United States Senators. They have banded pot-hunters together by the formation of clubs in practically every city and hamlet, and were successful in prevailing upon the Biological Survey to send a representative on two separate tours through Southern Illinois and Missouri, to meet the clubs and listen to their demands. That their efforts have been reasonably successful is attested by the fact that new regulations granting nearly all the privileges demanded have been issued, to go into effect Aug. 15.

While the pot-hunters have been thus active, the sportsmen, conservationist, Audubon Societies and some sportsmen's magazines have been peacefully slumbering, oblivious to an assault upon a cherished American institution. For this is not only a question of wild life conservation. It is a revival of the question of state's rights.

I can perhaps better illustrate the injustice and the un-American spirit shown in the formulation of these proposed new regulations, by reference to my individual case. I am a resident of Northern Illinois and under these new regulations I may shoot ducks from September 15 to November 16 and from February 9 till March 11, while the sportsman living just nine miles north must stop all shooting on December 21. Under the Federal Law and under laws governing the migratory period he is forced to stop from twenty to thirty days before the date named under the Federal regulations. In other words, Nature's laws curtail his fall shooting while the Federal law deprives him of all spring shooting.

The lack of data evidenced by a perusal of these proposed new regulations is appalling and the unpleasant knowledge is forced upon the reader that the cause of conservation is in sore straits and sadly in need of aid from outside the Biological Survey.

The re-opening of spring shooting in the Middle West is not only a step backward in the cause of wild life conservation, but it establishes a precedent far reaching in the entailment of evil consequences. For when the present regulations are changed to meet the vicious demands of an organized band of the destroyers of our wild life, it is only reasonable to suppose that a similar demand, made by a well organized force anywhere in the North would receive the same favorable consideration from this same Bureau. In following this proposition to its logical conclusion—taking into consideration the difference in latitude between Missouri and Northern Minnesota, with the attendant shortening of the season of one day for every twelve miles north from a given point, it is evident that if the Department of Agriculture wished to be fair and impartial, the open season in the northern section of Zone 1 would be made to extend up to the *first of May*.

It is apparent that vigorous action is necessary if the cause of wild life conservation is to evade a damaging blow—a blow that it will take years of hard work to repair, and that might have been stopped in its incipency had the leaders in the conservation movement been awake. But it is not too late. The battle is not yet lost. Much can be done in the way of circulating petitions and presenting evidence before the Bureau of Biological Survey before August 16. And though we have lost the first scrimmage through somnolence, the decisive battle may yet be won by our forces, providing we have efficient officers.

Now, brother sportsmen, the time for slumber is past. Duty calls you to arms.

And let your battle cry be: No spring shooting.

WM. REINIGER.

It's Mighty Nice After a Strenuous Day's Sport

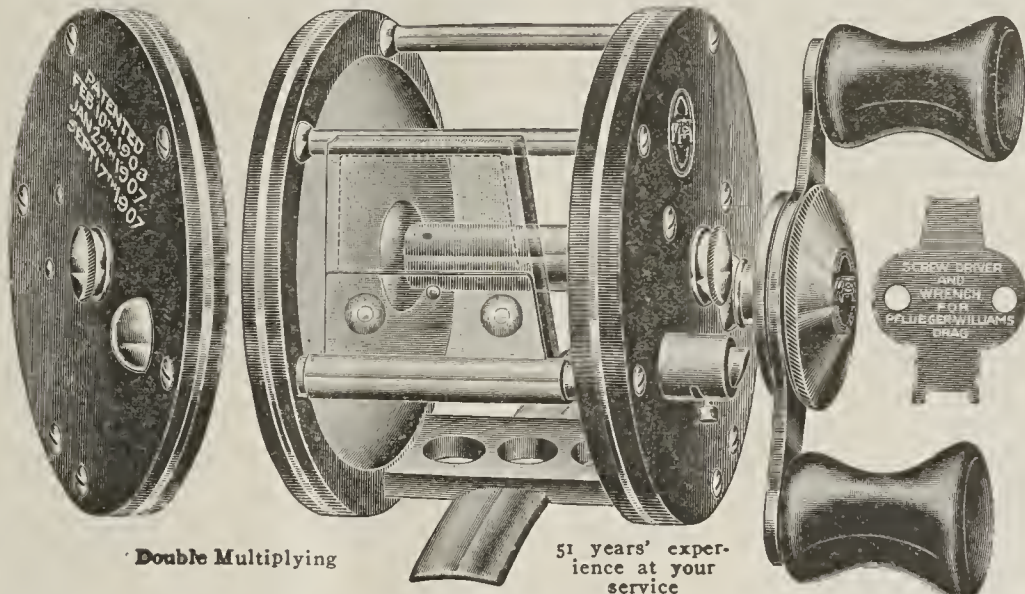
to find that there is something at hand to refresh and satisfy the "inner-man." A supply of

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is the lucky find when one returns to camp for the well earned meal and rest. They possess the "eternal fitness of things" that makes for comfort, ease and solid enjoyment, coupled with satisfaction. *Evans' Ale* and *Evans' Stout* double the joys of outdoor life and meet the demand of every occasion.

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The "Pflueger-Avalon" Reel is of superior design and construction throughout. It was thoroughly tested out by actual salt water fishing and under the most unfavorable conditions before we placed it on the market. Every possible weakness usually found in salt water reels has been eliminated and we will guarantee this Reel to

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2728	250	2 3/8 Inch	3 1/2 Inch	22.00	2730	450	2 3/4 Inch	4 3/4 Inch	38.00
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That's what you get with the use of a Caille Five Speed Motor. Turning two thumb-screws clamps it to any rowboat in a jiffy. In an hour you can be in the midst of the fishing grounds—9 miles from home. Troll all the way if you wish for the



has an ideal trolling speed. It starts without cranking by simply pulling a strap. Has a high speed, trolling speed, neutral, slow and fast reverse. Magneto is built in the fly-wheel. Has water-cooled silencer on exhaust. These and many other features of this highest developed outboard motor are fully described in free catalog No. 10. Get a copy—now.

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They are worth Money

FOR the first time in the history of the American Canoe Association and in that of the City of Schenectady, N. Y., the Central Division Meet is to be held here under the auspices of the Edison Club from July 7-9, inclusive. The Edison Club is an organization supported by the General Electric Company, for the benefit of its test men. Its membership of nearly 500 includes some of the most prominent engineers in the works. It is primarily an engineering club with bowling, tennis, baseball and canoeing as side issues. The latter receives the greatest attention and is really the major outdoor activity of the Club. Bowling is very popular, and club teams won the City Championship and Championship of the Meribo leagues last winter.

Through the election of Mr. E. S. Dawson, Jr., as vice-commodore of the Central Division, it became the privilege of the Club to hold the meet in Schenectady. The Club is ideally located on a branch of the Mohawk River for aquatic sports. Seven minutes from the works and a man can be on the water. A modern concrete boat house housing 144 canoes with steel lockers for the convenience of the men—furnishes every facility for making canoeing a pleasure. About a five minute paddle and you are on the racing course for short distances in front of the Schenectady Boat Club—the Club which with the Edison Club holds joint regattas every year. However, to get a suitable course for the longer races it was necessary to drop about 5 miles down stream to Niskayuna Pool. This is one of the most picturesque sections of the Mohawk River and there is clean water and ample space to take care of any number of entries. At this point also the Division Camp will be held. The Edison Club is making every effort to hold the most successful meet the Division has ever known—we, here on the ground, are doing our part, now it's up to the members of the Division to jump in and do theirs—if we wish to have our hopes realized as regards the meet.

Seems to me if the American Canoe Association is going to remain alive and healthy, something must be done to stimulate the interest of the divisions in it—for really they reach more members and go to promote better fellowship than among the comparative few who can make the trip to Sugar Island. As attractive a program as possible has been prepared by the Regatta Committee and a bully good time is assured to every member of the Division who will make the trip and thus contribute to the success of the meet. While the racing is the principal object—the measuring of your strength against some other lusty paddler in friendly competition—still the mixing and exchanging of views

with the clean, upstanding men who will come here—men who have the right ideas as regards sports as well as conduct in general—really is the prime object of the camp. The friendships formed under such conditions are usually lasting with the result that the habit is formed of attending the division meets just to keep in touch with the friends you have made.

While I can't answer for other divisions, so far as the Central is concerned it is in a very lethargic state. To date only one club—Ka-ne-en-da of Syracuse—has sent in entries. Buffalo and Rochester seem to be completely out of it.

Something is radically wrong with the young manhood forming those various clubs or a greater interest would be taken in the racing game. They are loath to endure hardships which are necessary if a man expects to round into satisfactory racing form—sort of a "pussy foot" spirit exists—so long as he can doll up and take a young lady out canoeing he is satisfied and hasn't the stuff in him to get out and train and thus put his Club where it belongs in the Division—right on the starting line here ready for the gun. The A. C. A. is all right as a sailing organization but as a paddling outfit it has a long way to go to approach our brethren of the C. C. A. Our paddling rules are in need of revision and some action ought to be taken at the next General Meet to bring them up-to-date. If the A. C. A. is ever to come into its own, then it is up to each club in the Association to do its "little bit" toward developing real paddlers. Between the Schenectady Boat Club and the Edison Club there are about 300 paddlers—so far only the Edison Club is in the A. C. A., but it looks promising for the S. B. C. outfit to come in. If they do, Schenectady ought to become the racing mecca of this section of the country. A lot will depend on the amount of outside competition that we get on July 8th.

The Edison Club racing team has been training hard despite the cold, backward Spring and any visiting crew that beats us will know that in every event they have had a real race.

The Vice-Commodore has made an earnest effort to arouse sufficient interest among the men whose membership numbers are less than 1,000 to gather here and renew old friendships and form new ones with the lads who are endeavoring to carry forward the work so auspiciously started by them. Their presence would lend dignity and distinction to the gathering. So far the replies have been negative. Whether interest in the A. C. A. is dying out or whether this lack of enthusiastic support is due to our not making some strenuous efforts to stir them up—I am at a loss to know just where the trouble lies.



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So that all enthusiastic paddlers may have a chance to show what is in them—singles, doubles, and fours races have been included in the regular program for men who have not won a point in any regatta. This ought to encourage these men to strive a little harder so as to get in the class of the men who set the pace.

The success of the meet will be measured by the interest taken in it by the active members of the Division—interest to the extent of being here for the camp and if possible, competing. Wake up Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and Jamestown—shake out the dirt that has accumulated on your shells and get your teams on the water. The time is short—the Edison Club is ready and willing—now all we want is competition—the more the better. On behalf of the Edison Club and as Chief of the Central Division, I extend a most hearty welcome to all A. C. A. members to join with us in making of this Central Division Meet a most memorable occasion.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division—George A. Linton, 2653 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y., by Edmund vom Steeg, Jr.; William Willing, 153 W. 16th St., New York, N. Y., by George Willing; Bedford Brown, 1925 Eye, Washington, D. C. and Adrian Sizer, Colorado Bldg., Washington, D. C., both by James W. Burch.

Central Division—Charles B. Bradish, 548 Rugby Rd., Schenectady, N. Y., Claude B. Huston, 7 Moyston St., Schenectady, N. Y., Byron A. Bailey, 62 Van Antwerp Rd., Schenectady, N. Y., and Stig Linton, 17 N. Wendell Ave., Schenectady, N. Y., all by E. S. Dawson, Jr.; Carlton W. Ellnes, 8 Eagle St., Schenectady, N. Y., Arthur C. Brettle, Box 470, Schenectady, N. Y. and Mathias Bruhn, 1030 Stanford St., Schenectady, N. Y., all by Julius Gordon; Roger P. Walton, 124 Elmer Ave., Schenectady, N. Y., by Frank D. Phillips.

Eastern Division—Ernest A. Cooper, 119 Clinton Ave., New Haven, Conn., by Fred F. Fischer; Arthur E. Rickard, 27 Knightsville Ave., Edgewood, R. I., by Homer Tatro; Horace S. Putney, Ash St., Manchester, N. H., by C. E. Page; Clinton H. Cheney, 1962 Elm St., Manchester, N. H., and Murray H. Towle, 967 Elm St., Manchester, N. H., both by Chas. F. Jackson; John H. H. Turner, 42 Maple St., Auburndale, Mass., by Bancroft L. Goodwin; Clifford L. Lougee, 125 Walnut St., Somerville, Mass., and I. M. MacDonald, 45 Otis St., Medford, Mass., both by Theodore P. Bell; Clifford H. Richardson, 141 Grove St., Waltham, Mass., and George A. Baxter, 387 Moody St., Waltham, Mass., both by Herbert B. Arnold; Ralph C. Poore, 463 Andover St., Lawrence, Mass., by Harold Boynton.

Western Division—Llewellyn L. Cayvan, 319 Hampton Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., by C. A. Spaulding; Arthur J. Barclay, 359 Park St., Elgin Ill. by Robert F. Abercrombie; Wendell H. Palmer c/o Warehouse Dept., Ill., Steel Co., Chicago, Ill., and Arthur C. Johnson, 805 Third Ave., Lockford, Ill., both by H. F. Norris.

Atlantic Division: J. Alden Herring, 156 Valley Road, Montclair, N. J., by Clemens Schroeder; Harold J. Walters, 3140 N. Rosewood St., Philadelphia, Pa., by Earle F. Kerber; Alexander Wright, 701 E. 219th St., Williamsbridge, N. Y.; by Emerson F. Parker; Arthur J. Ehrlinger, 156 Sumac St., Wissahickon, Pa., by Earle F. Kerber; Bert De Foe, Roseland, N. J., by Fred W. Wright; Geo. J. Thom, 299 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., Addio R. Alstatt, 248 Sherman Ave., New York, N. Y., and Verlyn A. Trussell, 52 W. 96th St., New York, N. Y., all by Alfred N. Rea, Jr.; Geo. C. Small, 21-24 State St., New York, N. Y., by Frederick Garlick; Keith Baldwin Hubbard, 39 Claremont Ave., New York, N. Y., by Edmund vom Steeg, Jr.; H. G. Cambeis, 728 W. 19th St., Newark, N. J., by Martin A. Charles.

Central Division: Lyle W. Smith, P. O. Box 470, Schenectady, N. Y., and Frank W. Peters, care of Edison Club, Schenectady, N. Y., both by J. Gordon; J. Fullilove Myrick, 809 Stanley St., Schenectady, N. Y. and Ramon L. Hall, 23 Jay St., Schenectady, N. Y., both by E. S. Dawson, Jr.; W. E. Merz, 921 Highland St., Syracuse, N. Y. and Harvey Klein, 929 Highland St., Syracuse, N. Y., both by A. F. Saunders.

Western Division: Llewellyn L. Cayvan, 319 Hampton Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., by C. A. Spaulding.

Associate Membership.

Annalea M. Hopf, 130 Third St., Elizabeth, N. J., by Edmund vom Steeg, Jr., proposed for Associate Membership for action of the Executive Committee at Sugar Island.



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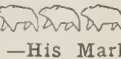
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THE BIGGEST LITTLE IMPROVEMENT

The wrist watch may be regarded in this country as effeminate, although that does not alter the fact that for military and police purposes it is a boom. But why did nobody ever think of a wrist compass, that always needed compass that could not only be strapped around the wrist, but around the coat sleeve, or by the same token, to the gunwale of a canoe or boat, or to a saddle, for that matter. The Nighthawk Compass people are now making such an article, which marks the biggest little improvement in outdoor things in years. Two wire loops, and a simple strap and buckle, and the thing is done.

PETERS' VICTORIES.

High amateur and high general averages at Indiana, Pa., May 25, were won by Mr. C. A. Ruff of New Stanton, 95 ex 100, using Peters' "steel where steel belongs" shells.

At the Cincinnati Gun Club, May 21, Mr. Harry J. Myers of Covington, won high general average, 97 ex 100, with Mr. R. O. Heikes high professional, 92 ex 100, both using the "P" brand shells. Mr. Heikes also won high general average at Niles, O., May 20, with Peters' shells, score 144 ex 150.

High general average at Pipestone, Minn., May 24-25, 289 ex 300, was won by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, using Peters' "steel where steel belongs" shells.

At Easton, Pa., May 27, high amateur average was won by Mr. E. L. Wilson of Frenchtown, N. J., 144 ex 150; Mr. H. S. Welles was high professional, 144, and Mr. T. H. Keller, second, 140. All three of these winners shot the "P" brand.

At East Moline, Ill., May 30, Mr. D. J. White of Springfield, won high amateur average, 146 ex 150, and Mr. W. R. Crosby high general average, 149 ex 150, both using Peters' shells.



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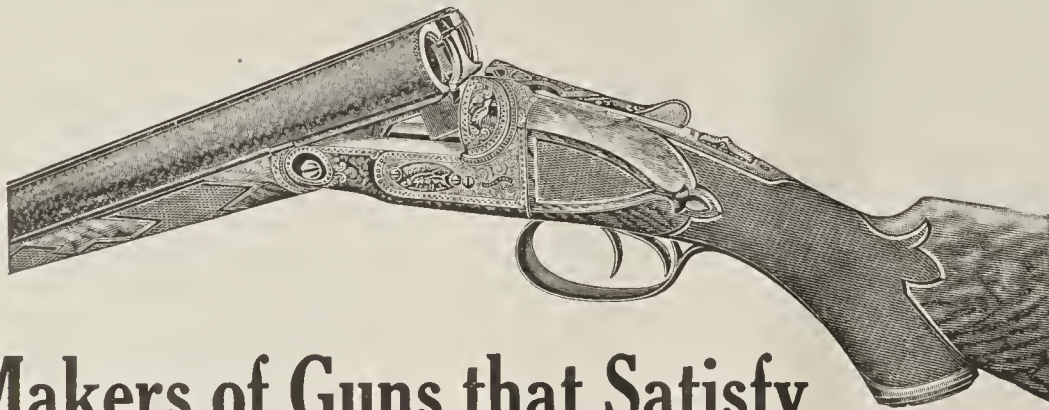
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WIN FOREST AND STREAM CUPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter offering to donate a cup for our trap-shooting competition was received some time ago, and we sent you a card showing the date the shoot would be held. Bad weather kept the number of competitors small, but we staged the contest successfully, with ten shooters competing. They decided to shoot for two small cups instead of one big one, and we assume that is agreeable to you.

G. H. Hunt, 39 Nazing street, Roxbury, Mass., and W. W. Waldheim, 50 Winslow avenue, Norwood, Mass., were the two winners. Please send the cups direct to them.

We put about a hundred notices of the shoot in the mail, and feel confident that if it had been a better day we would have had a much bigger crowd.

I am enclosing a money order for ten dollars, with the names and addresses of the ten competitors who are to receive the subscriptions to **Forest and Stream** in accordance with your offer.

I have just read Dr. Brulette's book "Guncraft," and like it very much. I got a lot of pointers from it. The next time you are in Boston, be sure and come out to our club, as we are practically all members of **Forest and Stream's** family now.

ROBIE E. KEMPTON,
for the Everett Gun Club.

Somerville, Mass., June 3.

The other competitors in the Everett Gun Club's shoot, in order of high scores, were W. F. Saunders, Daniel Munn, W. A. Taft, Jr., E. P. Higgins, W. I. Willoughby, E. O. Redstone P. H. Fish and A. L. Brackett.

The Shoot at Maplewood, N. H.

The Maplewood, N. H., shoot which was first held last summer is again staged for July 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8th this summer. The Maplewood tournament is what the Pinehurst tournament is in January. Such talent as Henderson of Kentucky and Newcomb of Philadelphia were at this shoot last year. The program and notice of trophies in brief follows:

Programme.

Practice Day.	Third Day.
200 targets\$ 4.00	*Entrance\$ 7.00
Optional sweep 10.00	Preliminary Hcp. ... 5.00
	Optional sweeps 6.00
First Day.	2 optional 100 T
*Entrance\$13.00	sweeps 5.00
Optional sweeps 12.00	Fourth Day.
2 optional 100 T	*Entrance\$ 7.00
sweeps 5.00	White Mtn. Hcp..... 10.00
	Optional sweeps 6.00
Second Day.	2 optional 100 T
*Entrance\$13.00	sweeps 5.00
Optional sweeps 12.00	Fifth Day.
2 optional 100 T	Entrance first 100...\$ 5.00
sweeps 5.00	Consolidation hcp... 5.00
	Optional sweeps 7.50

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TRAP SHOOTING



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

Edited by Fred. O. Copeland.

Already one of the great trapshooting classics of 1916 is history. Another first magnitude constellation of the trapshooting firmament reaches the zenith this month. Surely the good spirit and wishes for success that typify the holidays of the new year may be extended to the first month of the year's last half and Forest and Stream most heartily wishes success to each of its readers who attend the Eastern Handicap.

This department will welcome questions on trapshooting and guncraft. It will leave no stone unturned to give a clear decisive answer. It does not, however, desire questions which may lead to a controversy in its pages; such, for instance, as the general question of the best method of handicapping or the type of gun best suited to trapshooting. In so far as possible the answers will be published and the questions should be addressed to the Editor of the Trapshooting Department.

TO A LOST TARGET.

By Editor Trapshooting Dept.

Target! that in silence slippest
Over the meadows, light and free,
Till at length they rest thou findest
On the bosom of the leaf!

Four long years of careful pointing,
Half in practice, half in strife,
Still finds me sadly wanting

Yet in better hours and brighter,
When I solve thy illusive gleam,
I know my gun will point lighter,
And land on thee with full steam.

KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING.

DO you keep a separate record of your practice targets and targets shot in competition? It has been our experience that the percentage of broken targets will range higher in competition than in practice in spite of the fact that many "competitive" targets are shot away from home where conditions are new and therefor strange. Of course a word may be said here on the other side for your away from home targets may be shot under more favorable conditions than those obtaining at your local lay-out; the equipment may be better or more important than that you may shoot against an unobstructed sky background—inasmuch as the sky may be called a background—while the home grounds may be dark. But leaving this aside, whether at home or "abroad" you are apt to take a day off for competitive targets while practice is more frequently enjoyed at the end of the day's work. The freshness of the new part of the day is personified in you and the eye and muscles are quick. Then, too, practice is the time to try out that difficult target while the club shoot or tournament is the time to try nothing new but to summon all the experience that seasoning brings.

KEEPING THE FOREGOING IN MIND all trapshooters will wish to get hold of the new Winchester Average Chart which the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., will be glad to furnish their trapshooting friends upon request.

The chart enables the shooter to tell at a glance whether he is tending in a way no figures ever could. If you can shoot above 50 per cent. or less than 100 per cent., the chart is for you and enables you to keep tally from the week ending January 8th to the week ending December 30th. You record your weekly aver-

age by carrying forward from week to week a black line to the line on the chart corresponding to your average on targets shot at during each week. Moreover, with a red line you may on the same chart keep your average on total number of targets shot at from January First to date. Furthermore with different colored lines you can plot lines of your other years'

averages for comparison. Practice, club shoot and registered tournament targets can be shown by different lines. First make the dots then connect by a line, the dots will show the number of times you practiced, went to club shoots, etc. Besides being interesting it is a fascinating method of indicating whether you are drifting. Let us hope your line tends ever upward!

GAME ENEMIES

VERMIN is the name given to the numerous enemies of game birds, by the English writers and game keepers. Captain Maxwell, in his book on Partridges, devotes a chapter to vermin and the methods of its control, and the English sporting magazine often give space to the destruction of game by its enemies.

Until a means for preventing such loss. Until a means for preventing such loss. Until a means for preventing such loss. Until a means for preventing such loss. Until a means for preventing such loss.

- 1 Crow
- 2 Foxes
- 3 Coyote
- 4 Snapper
- 5 Hawk
- 6 Black Snake
- 7 Skunk

Write for a Copy of This Book

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"Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure" is a carefully edited and profusely illustrated manual on the breeding of game birds. It describes in detail the habits, foods and enemies of wild turkeys, pheasants, grouse, quail, wild ducks, and related species. It tells of the best methods for rearing. It discusses the questions of marketing and hunting.

The breeding of game birds is profitable and pleasant for many reasons. The demand for birds, both from city markets and from those who wish to raise game, is much greater than the supply. There is also a continuous call for eggs by breeders.

Furthermore the birds you raise will afford you good sport in hunting, and also food for your table. If you own large acreage, you may lease the privilege of shooting over your land to those who will gladly pay for it.

If you cannot raise game yourself we will try to put you in touch with those who will raise it for you to shoot. The more game raised, the more good hunting there will be for you and the more often you will enjoy game on your table.

But the book tells the whole story. You will find it most interesting reading. Write for your copy today. Use the coupon below.

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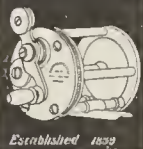
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L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, S. Dak.

The Interstate Association's Eleventh Southern Trap-shooting Tournament was held at Memphis, Tenn., May 9, 10 and 11, 1916, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

The program for the tournament differed to some extent from that of last year. Several new events were added by The Interstate Association. These were the Southern Introductory, the Southern Special and the Southern Overture. Trophies were awarded in all of these. Also competition for women was provided and special trophies for the fair enthusiasts put up for award. This is a new venture and is anticipated as one of the things which will well advance trapshooting generally.

Practice Day—May 8th.

There was some great shooting on practice day. Not for some seasons has anything the equal been achieved in a Dixie meeting. In fact, high scores came in such profusion that when a contestant ranked below 95 he really didn't amount to much.

H. D. Gibbs and W. R. Crosby were high over all with perfect scores of 100. The two "pros" from Union City, Tenn., and O'Fallon, Ills., respectively, moved from trap to trap, shooting with deadly aim. None of their targets were dusted or partially broken either, both cleanly powdering every one of them.

These "pros," though, did not have the field to themselves in distinction. Three amateurs dropped but a single target and tied for high gun in their class. One is a Memphian, A. H. Campbell; the second hails from the Far West, H. P. De Mund of Phoenix, Ariz., and the last is a Georgian, J. D. Allen of Atlanta. Their 99's, coming together as they did, marked one of the best amateur exhibitions ever resulting in any southern tournament.

A total of 89 competed in the opening contest, one of five 20-target events. The day, as far as weather conditions went, couldn't have been beaten. There was no wind to bother, while the sun, though somewhat hot with its first real summer rays for Memphis, lacked the glare which handicaps some.

Taking a glance over the field, one found shooters who are known in all portions of the United States, while there were several whose reputations are international. State champions and holders of many titles in the past shot alongside the star professionals or the mediocre. The latter, however, were few and far between, indeed a good majority of the contingent which fell below the marks of the expert had plausible excuses or, to put it plainer, had a bad day, their "reps" upholding their standard.

On the heels of the leaders came eight who ran even for third place. Ninety-eight was their figure. They were Woolfolk Henderson, Lexington, Ky.; Sid Dodds, Hickman, Ky.; Harvey Dixon, Oronogo, Mo.; Art Killam, St. Louis, Charley Goodrich, Chicago; Johnny Noel, Nashville; Tom Fox, Lynchburg, Va., and F. C. Koch, Phillipsburg, O.

They are all notable for either past performances or positions in the trap world. Dodds won the Southern Handicap at Nashville in 1909; Henderson was Grand American Handicap winner in 1914, and that year also national singles and doubles title holder; Harvey Dixon was first in the Grand American Handicap in 1911 when he smashed 99 from the 20-yard peg, setting a record for that distance in the feature. Johnny Noel is president of the Tennessee Association. Three of the number are "pros"—Killam, Goodrich and Fox.

Those with 96 breaks were: Fred Bills, Chicago; Charley Spencer, St. Louis; J. R. Rinkle of Oklahoma City; Homer Clark, Alton, Ills.; J. W. Hawkins, Baltimore, and A. R. Ludlam, Raymondsville, Tex.; Hawkins and Ludlam are amateurs.

There were some fine long runs and not a few unfinished. Campbell went straight from the eight target of the initial event, which he dropped, for a run of 92. This was the best of the amateurs. Others ranged around in the seventies, some half dozen popping off fine strings before dropping one or finishing their 100.

First Day—May 9th.

The first day was one of peerless shooting, long runs and keen competition. Indeed, the field, augmented by several score stars from many outside points, rivaled any shoot in the country for all-round excellence in trap merit.

Charley Goodrich, the little "pro" from Chicago, wrested the lead over all from a total of 22 squads. Goodrich dropped the eight target at the first trap, but went straight from that point and completed the final event with an unfinished run of 142, the second best string of the tournament so far. A left quartering target in the opening event, shooting into the sun, escaped the aim of the Illinois man, and he was deprived of a possible in the 150-target contest.

Of the amateurs, William Ridley, from far-off Iowa, showed the way with but one less break than his professional competitor. Ridley, who lives at What Cheer, also had bad luck at the first trap. He missed the first and third targets shot at, but then powdering the remainder for a 148 total. His run of 147 was the best for an amateur. He was tied for second by W. R. Crosby, who also counted up quite a string of shattered targets. "T-Bill" was down one each on the fourth and fifth 15's, but before losing a target mounted his unfinished string of 100 on Monday to 156.

Ridley is a former Western Handicap winner and has taken the Iowa State Title repeatedly. While it is his first appearance in a Southern Tourney, he has been a most dangerous competitor in the Middle and western meetings for years.

Two more men of the trades followed next. Homer Clark, Alton, Ills., and Art Killam, St. Louis, Mo., shattered 147 of the flyers. Then the South came into its own. John Livingston and W. H. Jones shot their way into a tie for the succeeding position with the splendid scores of 146. Livingston is an Alabamian, residing at Springville. Jones is from Macon, Ga. Both had some fine consecutive breaks. The Alabamian, who is a vet in the game, ran 69 on a Monday holdover and later totaled 62, the latter being unfinished. Jones passed the century mark, powdering 103. This was, however, coupled to an unfinished string of Monday. Unlike the others, he got away flying, dropping his first on the fifth 20. He then lost one of the sixth, eighth and ninth, the latter costing him a tie with Ridley. Livingston was bothered at the outset, missing two on No. 1 and one on No. 2.

The Arizona Champ, H. P. De Mund, who is carrying the colors of the Phoenix Gun Club, and H. D. Gibbs, a leader on Practice Day, were the remaining contestants to get into the class of 145 or better. Each broke this figure. The Westerner had a run of 136 when he rounded out his total of yesterday with breaks of 15, 15 and a 19 on the first three traps. Gibbs, following his perfect run of 100 Monday, secured a 73 in yesterday's events.

Homer Clark missed but three of 15 pairs in the doubles after lunch and was ahead in a good field. Fifty-three found an interest in this and the great majority made fairly good scores.

Woolfolk Henderson, William Ridley and Charley Spencer were tied for second.

Second Day—May 10th.

Alabamians sprang to the fore and carried off the bulk of honors for the second day. John R. Livingston, the veteran from Springville, captured highest place in the Preliminary Handicap after a shoot-off with a fellow statesman, Charles A. Courtney of Sulligent.

The two were real leaders, topping the entire field of 131 amateurs and "pros" with total breaks of 96. Courtney broke but 17 of the 20 in the shoot-off, while his opponent went straight. The handicap committee evidently realized the big Alabamian's ability, for they placed Livingston on the 22-yard peg. Courtney was set back to the second line, shooting from 17 yards.

Third trophy went to W. Williams, a Nashville boy, who had a clean run of 20 in his shoot-off with P. C. Ward, Hickman, Ky., and J. F. J. Hixon, Turrell, Ark. The trio all broke 95 in the main event. Williams and Ward were 17-yard men, while the Arkansan was stationed at 16 yards. The latter secured 18 and Hixon 17 in the special 20.

Charley Spencer, the St. Louis professional, led the trade representatives when he smashed his way through for a tie with three amateurs in second place. Shooting from the last peg, 23 yards, Spencer cleaned up with 95.

It was another day of brilliant shooting. There were long runs, together with some of the best exhibitions so far. The wind was exceedingly high in

the forenoon and accounted for many misses. It came in gusts and swept over the traps in gale fashion until well past noon. Later in the day when the first squads for the handicaps were called its force had diminished somewhat.

Homer Clark had a clean run in the forenoon events. It was the Southern Special and Clark took top place over all with 100 straight. The Alton "pro" not being eligible for trophies, the first cup went to Woolfolk Henderson, former national champion, who scored 98.

Charley Goodrich, the little trade representative from Chicago, was but one down on the 100 and went into second place. He dropped a target in the third 20, but before missing one totaled a high run of 192 from his unfinished string of Tuesday which was 142. Goodrich says this is his best.

A. H. Campbell captured additional honors when he took second amateur trophy after a tie with F. C. Koch, the man in brown from Phillipsburg, O., and C. A. Burks, Knoxville's star, for second place in the Southern Special. The trio had 97. In the shoot-off the former Memphis Gun Club vice-president ran 20 straight. Koch had one down and Burks had 18. The Ohioan earned third prize.

Third Day-May 11th.

In one of the closest and most exciting finishes ever witnessed among trapshooters, F. C. Koch, of Phillipsburg, O., won the Eleventh Southern Handicap after a shoot off with Mr. R. E. Duvall, of Belleville, Ills. Koch and Duvall tied on 95 out of a possible 100. In the first shoot off at 20 targets, they again tied on 19. In the second shoot off Koch made a perfect score of 20 to Duvall's 16, this giving the first place trophy to the Ohioan.

Never was there a more perfect shoot held anywhere than this Eleventh Southern Handicap of The Interstate Association. The weather was perfect for the three days' shooting, everything connected with the big shoot itself ran along with the smoothness of a well-oiled machine, and the scores made were excellent. More than 200 shotgun artists participated in the events, and the entire program was completed exactly as set out in the beginning, and all the sportsmen who participated expressed themselves as being more than satisfied with the meeting.

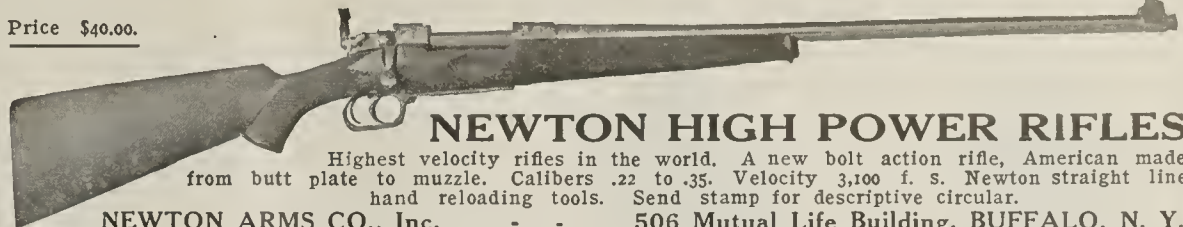
Handicap Committee.

A. H. Campbell, Memphis, Tenn.; S. L. Dodds, Hickman, Ky.; W. H. Jones, Macon, Ga.; D. J. Holland, Springfield, Mo.; L. G. Van Ness, Memphis, Tenn.

TROPHY WINNERS AND THEIR SCORES.

Southern Introductory.		
Name	Score	Shoot Off
Wm. Ridley	98	15-15-1
W. H. Jones.....	98	15-14-2
H. P. De Mund.....	97	—3
Southern Special.		
W. Henderson	98	—1
A. H. Campbell.....	97	20-2
F. C. Koch.....	97	19-3
C. A. Burks.....	97	18
Southern Overture.		
W. H. Fitzgerald.....	99	—1
J. R. Livingston.....	98	—2
P. R. Miller.....	97	19-3
A. R. Ludlam.....	97	18
Preliminary Handicap.		
J. R. Livingston.....(22 yards)	96	20-1
C. A. Courtney.....(17 yards)	96	17-1
Walter Williams	95	20-3
P. C. Ward.....(17 yards)	95	18
F. J. Hixon.....(16 yards)	95	18
Southern Handicap.		
F. C. Koch.....(19 yards)	95	19-20-1
R. E. Duvall.....(16 yards)	95	19-16-2
J. D. Allen.....(18 yards)	94	19 —3
A. R. Ludlam.....(19 yards)	94	18
L. C. Larsen.....(18 yards)	94	18
D. P. Hughes.....(17 yards)	94	18
H. N. Bellingier.....(19 yards)	94	17
B. J. Robertson.....(18 yards)	94	15
Women Contestants in the Southern Handicap.		
Mrs. B. P. Remy.....(16 yards)	82	
Mrs. J. L. Doggett.....(16 yards)	73	
Columbus, Ga., Cup.		
J. R. Livingston.....	546 ex 580	
Winner of High Average on All Single Targets.		
William Ridley	340 ex 350	
The Office Force.		
L. J. Squier, Cincinnati, O., cashier; Frank Morancy, Versailles, Ky., compiler of scores; W. O. Le Compte, Nashville, Tenn., assistant compiler of scores; L. H. Hall and C. W. Hawkins, both of Memphis, clerks.		

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Catalogue on Request

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Hard Cash—Alford's Royal Rags

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POINTER PUPS—Fishes' Frank, Champion Comanche, Champion Manitoaba Rap, Champion Nicholas R., Champion Alford's John, Hal Kent, Hard Cash, blood. Clem E. Stewart, Centerville, Pa.

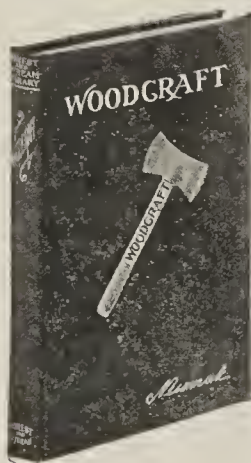
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topics are considered. Beyond this the book has a quaint charm all its own. Cloth, illus., 160 pages. Postpaid, \$1.00.

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Mohawk Valley Town Will Celebrate Founding of Firearms Industry in America.

At Ilion, N. Y., in that historic country of the Leather Stocking Tales, one morning a hundred years ago, a young man plucked up courage to ask his father for the money with which to satisfy his yearning for a rifle. What a yearning it must have been! From the little blacksmith shop on the family estate he could look off on the hills alive with game. The request was refused but the traditional conservatism of American fathers suffered one of its worst if not one of its first jolts for Eliphalet Remington, Jr., so the familiar story of the valley runs, told and retold from father to son by many a fireside, picked up scrap iron here and there, hammered it into a billet, carried the bar 15 miles to Utica to have it bored and rifled, and then assembled and completed the first Remington rifle. It was a well made weapon and there was a demand for more. To-day 25,000 workers are making firearms and ammunition which go forth under the Remington name.

The young Remington of a hundred years ago bids fair to become very well known to marksmen of the present day for Albin Polasek, the Bohemian sculptor, is creating in clay, his conception of the making of the first Remington. From this model bronze statues will be made to be used as trophies for proficiency in marksmanship in the National Guard. Moreover, the world's greatest poster artists are competing for a prize of \$1,000 in gold for the best poster commemorating the Centennial occasion.

Indeed, it seems an almost uncanny episode in our country's history that the first lasting rifle industry should have been staged in the land of the Six Nations, our highest type of American woodsman.

Billings Plan a Good One.

The Billings Rod and Gun Club of Billings, Mont., says the DuPont Magazine, has a regular shoot program that is novel and interesting, and at the same time provides a wide diversity of shooting for the members, giving them practice in handicap and double target shooting, as well as singles. The regular program consists of 50 targets, made up of 4 events, as follows:

- 25 targets at 16 yards.
- 5 " " 18 "
- 5 " " 20 "
- 10 " (5 pair) doubles.

Mr. Secretary, try this program out at your club. We predict your members will like it.

New Handicap Idea.

Out in the Middle West, trapshooting clubs are giving a new handicap system a trial, which so far has proved satisfactory. The system is simple and works automatically once it is started. By way of example—we will suppose five men are shooting a match in 20-target events. They all start at 16 yards. Thereafter each man's handicap in yards is governed by the score he makes in the preceding event. A man breaking 18 from the 16-yard mark in the first event, shoots from the 18-yard mark in the second event. Should he break 20 in the second event from the 18-yard mark, he shoots from 20 yards in the third event. Should he break 16 from the 20 yards in the third event, he shoots from the 16-yard in the fourth event. Breaking 19 in the fourth event, he shoots from the 19-yard mark in the fifth event. Suppose he breaks 17 in the fifth event his total score would be 90 x 100. The advantage of this system is its simplicity. No extra work is necessary by the secretary or handicap committee. Every man knows where he shoots the next event and promptly takes his proper place when called upon to shoot. This system can also be worked in 15 and 25-target events, on the same basis as above outlined. A man breaking 15 x 15 would shoot from the 20-yard mark in the next event, as would a man breaking 25 x 25. An example of this system follows:

Handicap 16 Yds.	1st Event		2nd Event		3rd Event		4th Event		5th Event		Total
	Hdcp.	Score	Hdcp.	Score	Hdcp.	Score	Hdcp.	Score	Hdcp.	Score	
John Doe16	20	20	19	19	18	18	19	19	17	93 x 100
R. Roe16	19	19	18	18	17	17	19	19	19	91 x 100
B. Smith16	18	18	17	17	16	16	20	20	18	89 x 100
J. Jones16	17	17	16	16	20	20	17	17	18	88 x 100
T. Bones16	16	16	20	20	19	19	19	19	18	92 x 100

—DuPont Magazine.

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THE PIPING OF THE CLANS

Mr. C. A. Young has already placed a number of fine runs to his credit this season. Among these are 265 straight at Peru, Muncie and Columbia City, Ind.; 260 straight at Logansport and Peru, Ind., and Springfield, O., and 231 straight at the Central Ohio Trapshooters' League Tournament, Springfield, O.

Some have "gone straight" with the little 20 gauge at the Shooting School at Atlantic City. Many would be glad to go 25 straight at 12 yards rise with a 12 gauge.

E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co. has just off the press a very interesting book bound in Fabrikoid. There are 251 distinct commodities listed, with an explanation of each one.

Gil Wheeler, the one time well-known "pro" of New England is again in the game. He had gone with the Hercules Powder Co. of Wilmington, Del. It will be a pleasure to see Gil's smiling face and hear his stories again.

The 1912 Grand American Handicap brought out 377 entries. In 1913 the entries totaled 501 and jumped to 515 in 1914, and mounted to 884 in 1915. How many will St. Louis have this year?

In his last two times out Art Killam, the St. Louis target-breaker, has broken 99 out of 100. He missed one clay bird at Collensville and one at St. Louis. He is out for a record this year.

Now that the Missouri State Championship is over, St. Louis trapshooters can turn their attention to the Grand American Handicap.

Astoria, Ore., has a gun club with 257 members, and quite naturally is one of the most enterprising clubs in that section of the country.

The Vancouver Gun Club, Limited, of Vancouver, B. C., will conduct a registered shoot on July 1.

Toledo, O., announces that it desires the 1917 Grand American Handicap. There is nothing like making the announcement early so that the Interstate Association will know who is interested.

The Westy Hogans' annual shoot will be held in Atlantic City on September 12 to 16, inclusive. The shoot will take place on either the new Garden Pier or at Venice Park.

Atglen, Pa., a town of 750 persons, boasts of a gun club of 20 years' reign that has never been defeated in league competition or interclub contests.

The recent Oklahoma State Tournament was the largest ever held in that State, having 90 shooters competing. The shooters decided to make an effort to prevent the State authorities from spending \$75,000 received for gunning licenses for the building of new roads.

In a recent shoot of the St. Paul (Minn.) Rod and Gun Club, J. E. Harker had a run of 114.

Princeton University trapshooters by breaking 451 out of 500 targets, won the 1916 championship of the Intercollegiate Trapshooting League. Yale was second, with 448 breaks; Harvard third, with 390 and Dartmouth fourth, with 352. Yale won the championship last year and Princeton the year before.

Frank Troeh, of Vancouver, Wash., is hitting the clay birds with startling regularity. In a recent tournament at Lewistown, Ore., he had a high run of 113, breaking 100 straight the first day, and 148 and 146 out of 150 on each of the succeeding days.

O'Brien, Rankin, Hubert, of Hutchinson, and Bachellor, of Kansas City, are making a tour of the Kansas shoots, and the same arrangement that they had a year ago is in effect. The man making the highest score is known as manager of the party for the next day, and his word is law. The second high score gets the rank of assistant manager, who has no particular duties. Third highest score achieves the rank of gun-toter, and all of the guns of the party must be carried by him. The member of the shooting quartet with the lowest score for the day has to be porter on the next day and carry the grips, run errands and do all of the drudge work connected with the outing.

Portland and Seattle are very much interested in telegraphic shooting contests just now. Several of them have been held by the clubs of the two cities, the male shooters trying it after the fair Dianas began it.

Trapshooting at night is something which the Portland Club is strong for, too. Four large 100 candle-

power lights have been erected over the traphouses and the trapshooters now enjoy themselves in the evenings as well as in the afternoons.

Preparing for the Washington State Tournament, Frank Troeh broke 100 straight in a recent match.

At a recent shoot of the Green Lake, Cal., Club there were 47 contestants, 11 of them being women.

J. M. Walker won the championship of Oklahoma in the State Tournament, breaking 94 out of 100 thrown targets. Tulsa, Okla., will conduct the 1917 championship shoot.

Trapshooting is one thing the war doesn't seem to affect. The sport is growing by leaps and bounds, more persons becoming attached to it each week.

Eight clubs are now affiliated with the Delaware State Sportsmen's Association, which is pretty nearly every club in the peach-growing State.

Possibly the oldest shooting club in the United States is the Leather Stocking Club, of Oswego, New York. This organization was formed on March 17, 1860, and is still very active.

OCEAN AND STREAM FISHING CLUB SURF-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

The Ocean and Stream Fishing Club held its First Annual Surf Casting Tournament at Weequahic Park, Newark, N. J., on Saturday, June 17th, as a part of the celebration of Newark's 250th Anniversary.

It was a thorough success in every respect except unfortunate weather for although it attracted a galaxy of the world's greatest casters including the champion of them all, Dr. Carleton Simon of New York, not a lead reached the 360 ft. mark, showers and a baffling cross wind dashing the high hopes of the contestants.

Four events were cast as follows:

First—Club members only. Best average of 3 casts. Open field.

Second—Open to all. Best average of 5 casts. Open field.

Third—Open to all. Longest cast of 5. Open field.

Fourth—Open to all. Distance-accuracy. Total of 5 casts.

Two exhibitions of 5 casts each were given by Dr. Simon, the holder of the World's Record.

Winning scores are appended:

Event 1—Club Members Only.

					Avg.
Robert Haviland	302	296.5	200	266.2	
Louis Poeter	244	239.3	266.8	249.8	
Wm. Diganard	212.3	271	254	255.9	
H. Boutillette	203.6	225.9	216.6	215.3	
F. Hoffman		318.9	319.7	212.5	

The bright particular star in this event was Hoffman, a youngster of less than 20 years, who has been handling the surf rod but a few months. His swift smooth delivery would have won him first place by a large margin but for a regrettable break-down on his first cast.

Event 2—Open to All.

						Avg.
J. E. Clayton, A.						
P. F. C.	351	322.11	313.7	338.1	353.8	335.10
Carleton Simon, Jr.,						
M. B. F. C.	324.11	296.3	318.8	338.1	324.4	320.5
Howard Kain, A.						
P. F. C.	323.2	297	318.4	308.4	331.1	315.7
C. T. Maginnis, O.						
C. F. C.	343.4	312.9	318.11	292.8	300	313.6
C. H. Wells, A. P.						
F. C.	295.2	317.6	266.7	284.7	341.4	301.5

Event 3—Open to All.

						Ft. Inches
J. E. Clayton, A. P. F. C.—Longest Cast	346					7
J. E. Newman, Belmar F. C.—Longest Cast	344					1
Howard Kain, A. P. F. C.—Longest Cast	342					7
C. H. Wells, A. P. F. C.—Longest Cast	338					4
E. E. Davis, A. P. F. C.—Longest Cast	325					10
E. Holzman, M. B. F. C.—Longest Cast	308					8

Several other contestants entered but failed to reach the 300 ft. mark, notably Mr. Sahdala, who left a sick bed to compete.

Event 4—Distance-Accuracy, Open to All.

					Avg.
C. T. Maginnis, O. C. F. C.	276.5				
J. E. Clayton, A. P. F. C.	272.7				

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Defender Pocket Knife

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For Sportsman, Fisherman, Trapper

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Howard Kain, A. P. F. C.	271.5
C. Simon, Jr., M. B. F. C.	264.11
J. E. Newman, Belmar F. C.	258.9
E. Holzman, M. B. F. C.	257.6

Exhibition by I. r. Simon, Midland Beach F. C.

					Total
5 casts	347.6	329.11	339	1016.5	
5 casts	347.4	321.10	300	305.1	1597.8

Dr. Simon was distinctly not up to his recent form in his exhibition but in spite of this it was only the unfavorable weather conditions which caused him to disappoint his admirers by exceeding his 1915 record of 379 ft. 10 inches.

The Ocean and Stream tournament speaks volumes for the gains made in surf casting during the past three years. From 1910 to 1914 the American record stood at 314 ft. 10 inches. Here in one unfavorable day are seen seven men and a boy in action who exceed it by from 4 to 40 feet. The possibilities for new records during the coming 1916 tournament highly flattering.

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this year try the justly famous old Sullivan County trout streams—the Willowemoc and the Mongaup. Restocking every year has kept these streams the most reliable for good sport of any in this section. You can put up at the Old Cooper Homestead—of high reputation for almost half a century as a fisherman's resort. A new house, all modern improvements, good rooms and every comfort—open fireplaces. Season opens April 4th. Make arrangements now and come early. Write for booklet and rates. Address

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To close estates I have several very fine camps for sale. These places have every improvement of a city home. They vary in size from 30 to 900 acres.

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When you are ready to purchase a camp or cottage in the Adirondacks, consult me, for I have the properties.

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21 Stewart Building**

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**Golf, Fishing, Farming
MANCHESTER-IN-THE-MTS.**

Desirable property for summer residence, located in Village of Manchester, Vt. Fine trout brook, 3 small ponds all well stocked, 8-room house, 2 barns, 3 poultry houses, 600 maple trees and sugar house.

Cottage life surroundings.
Write
C. F. ORVIS CO., Manchester, Vt.

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to be had in the two lakes near the Stevens House, in the Adirondacks.

And hunting can be enjoyed without the necessity of a long trip.

The Lake Placid golf links are on the hotel grounds. All outdoor diversions.

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For Special June Rates and Booklet Address
STEVENS HOTEL CO., Lake Placid, N.Y.

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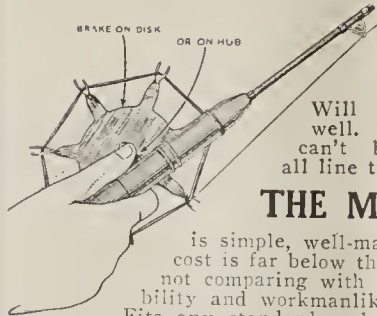
On Lake Bomoseen, 7 hours ride from New York—ideal for boating, bathing, fishing, and all outdoor recreations.

Large-mouth Oswego bass abound up to 8 lbs., small-mouth black bass to 6 lbs., besides pan-fish and large pike.

Cottages, park grove, 50-guest hotel with modern improvements, local produce; tennis, baseball, driving, with hotel livery, tramping with guides, steamer and launch on the lake.

Rates \$10 to \$15 per week.
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This Practical Casting Reel



Will serve you long and well. It is easy running, can't backlash, eliminates all line trouble.

THE MONARCH REEL

is simple, well-made, efficient—and the cost is far below that of the average reel not comparing with the Monarch in durability and workmanlike qualities. Fits any standard reel-seat, will handle any standard casting-line, 80 yards capacity.

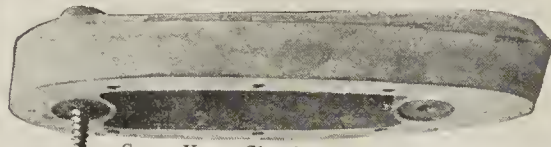
While the bait is on its journey through space, from the tip of the rod to the chosen spot "where the big ones are," THE MONARCH never fails in its duty of paying out the line with surprising smoothness.

When you have finished, and returned from 10 minutes "shore leave," your line will be dry on the reel.

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For Stocking Purposes. Eyed Eggs in Season. Hotels Supplied.
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PLYMOUTH, MASS.

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My name and address is
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Highest temperature is

Does your water now contain trout?
Fill in above, mail to us and we will send you interesting circular on Brook Trout and suggestions for stocking. Address all correspondence to

R. E. HAYFORD, Superintendent
Willowemoc Creek Hatchery
De Bruce - - - SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.

THE YEAR OF THE POINTER.

(Continued from page 1039)

Another good setter derby of last season was Kirk's Buss, a son of Wise's Ruby's Sport (H. D. Kirkover, Buffalo).

The pointers in the derbies were not a bad lot by any means. On the prairies, Rap's Pansy Blossom won the All-American derby. In the Independent trials, Sanlou Ned won out, and in the Continental trials three pointers won the entire purse, Lady Wayne taking first, Speculation second, and Attakapas Rap third. In the Georgia derby, Speculation won first, but the other places were accounted for by setters.

Naturally after these successes the pointer breeders feel that they have a slight edge on the setters. But it must not be forgotten that there are seasons when one breed or the other, for no apparent reason, fails to show at its best. Last year happened to be such a one for the setter. Perhaps there is a reason, but to go into a prolix dissertation as to the whys and the wherefores is not in the scope of this paper.

In conclusion it might be said, however, that setter breeders are aware that they have gone wrong in some of their breeding operations. Realizing this, they have set about to remedy the evil, and, therefore, we may look to the setter to hold his own in the future. No doubt when balances are struck from season to season it will be found that one breed is as good as the other, whether he wears short or long hair.

BAIT ANGLING FOR BLACK BASS.

(Continued from page 1033)

open shore and the boat drifts in before a wind to cover the section into which the boat is drifting and then let it settle quietly against the bank and cast as far as possible on both sides. This will very often pick up a fish that would otherwise be missed through the spaces between casts being too great.

It is well to remember that bass will not always take the first cast at night. It may be the tenth one before they will rise to investigate.

There are fishermen who go out on a windy night and anchor the boat in one spot for an hour or more at a time, sit back comfortably and cast on all sides during that time, and come in with fish.

During July there is generally good casting during the day with frogs and wooden minnows, providing the sun be not too warm, the best casting being from sunrise until nine o'clock and from sunset until darkness, or if it be a rainy day the whole day may prove to be good.

There is really no telling just when they are going to feed, consequently one must stay on the grounds and wait for the luck to change.

The Grand Trunk—and the Grand Trunk Pacific—will give you this year if you desire, an opportunity to go clear west to the Pacific, over a route that is absolutely new, and which will enable you to gaze at regions that until now have been beyond the reach of even the hazardous traveler—or adventurer. More immediately interesting is the fact that the Grand Trunk will take you past the north shore of Lake Nepigon, that wondrous sea of some 70 or 80 miles in length, and the breeding ground of the world famous Nepigon trout—nearly as long, if some tales are to be believed. From Prince Rupert, the most northerly railway terminal on the continent, the Grand Trunk has established a quick steamship service to Alaska.

Fifteen hundred elk wantonly shot by poachers within the past sixty days east and north of Gardiner, Mont., have been reported by State Game Warden De Hart, who has just completed an investigation of game law violations in that locality. The animals were slain for their teeth. Many toothless yearlings, however, were included in the massacre.

NEWS, NOTES & COMMENT FROM

FLY-FISHING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.
Montreal, July 6, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
Apropos of Louis Rhead's interesting paper in your July issue and with special reference to the item on fly-fishing for bass. Last Saturday with a friend I spent on the water in the rapids of the St. Lawrence a few miles above Montreal. We secured a basketful of small mouthed bass, all on the fly, mostly on the Parmachenee Belle, bass size, the same fly which we use for trout in the smaller size. The largest fish we killed weighed 2¼ pounds. E. W. MUDGE.

OWLS ESTABLISH A SANCTUARY.
South Bend, Ind., July 11, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
It is a pleasure to me to be able to announce, as the Supreme Secretary of the Order of Owls, that the organization, numbering three hundred thousand members, with twenty-one hundred lodges, the membership of which is well established in all States of the Union and in all English speaking countries and provinces outside the United States, a year since determined to establish an International Park, to be controlled by the Order, where recreation angling and game shooting could be furnished to its members. The park has now been established.
The Order has purchased a large tract of land in central Vermont, one mile distant from the village of Gaysville. It is threaded by trout streams and lies in the center of the best deer shooting in North America. Grouse, rabbits, bear and other game are there in abundance. The organization will maintain this park permanently. Within the present year the construction of buildings thereon will be begun.
GEO. D. BERTH,
Supreme Secretary.

ENJOYS IT THOUGH NEITHER AN ANGLER NOR HUNTER.
New York City, July 13, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
First let me say I am not a fisherman or hunter for one reason only, I have not the time. However, I read the magazines that make a specialty of these sports. I happened across the July issue of your paper, and let me tell you right here, from the leaping fish on the cover to the last page with its covey of birds in Remington's advertisement, it takes one to the great outdoors.
I was particularly interested in the Anglers' query department; it seemed to me to be a very mine of information and in itself it would look to be the price of the paper.
EUGENE ELMORE.

BIG BASS AT LAKE BONAPARTE.
Bonaparte, N. Y., July 20, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
The bass fishing is good at Lake Bonaparte this season, and several good catches have been made.
The partridge have had a good season in this locality. Deer are on the increase.
DAVID SCANLIN.

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READERS OF
FOREST & STREAM

SALMON FISHING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.
St. John's, Newfoundland, June 24, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
We are having ideal weather now, and many American visitors are now on the various streams, and their reports are very favorable. We are expecting more tourists this year than ever, and have made preparations. The number of rivers wardened for the current year exceeds 100. American anglers can get good salmon fishing in Newfoundland for the next three months. Intending visitors needing information about any special river should write Mr. Gower Rabbitts, Secretary Game and Inland Fisheries Board. He will give reliable information.
Many rivers are over-crowded, while others equally as good have scarcely any visitors.
A word of advice from the secretary would be valuable to any angler intending to visit the island.
W. J. CARROLL.

THE BIGGEST DEER POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES.
Oakland, Oregon, June 30, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
Curry County, Oregon, is the westernmost county in the United States and is one of the wildest and least explored. It is said to have more wild deer than any other county in the nation. Its deer population is estimated at 20,000. Its human population is only 2,628.
In this county is Cape Blanco, the windy headland where this nation reaches farthest towards the sunset. In this county also is Lakeport, once a thriving town, now a ghost city in the wilderness, its good hotel still keeping its appointments intact except for a few minor disarrangements, its register telling the history of the town's sudden rise and fall in its multitudinous entries at first and dwindling till the clerk wrote, with original orthography but with unmistakable meaning, "Not a dam sole."
ALFRED POWERS.

GOOD GRAYLING FISHING.
Hancock, Mich., June 21st, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
Am inclosing check in answer to summons from *Forest and Stream*. Have enjoyed the grayling articles published from time to time this last year, as it has been my privilege to fish upon this Grayling stream and to make a splendid catch of the famous fish. A cousin of mine, Prof. C. H. Bryan, of the Soo Schools, journeyed with me to this stream some two summers ago, and the sport we had casting at Montreal into their pools made a day of fishing that we will never forget. It seemed to us that they struck the fly more quickly and more savagely than do the brook or rainbow trout. Mr. Bryan has fished the Au Sable, the Manistee, the Bear and many other trout streams, but he paid the Grayling the compliment of saying that the day had been one of the best sport that he had ever enjoyed. Best wishes to *Forest and Stream*.
M. D. ROBERTS.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST



WARREN'S CAMP

The Gateway to the mountains, in a mountain paradise. Bass and pickerel ponds; mountain streams full of trout. Deer, foxes, rabbits and partridges plentiful. 2,000 feet above sea-level; 13 miles north of North Creek terminal, Delaware and Hudson R.R. Terms: \$2.50 a day; \$10 to \$15 a week. Illustrated folder and references.
A. E. WARREN, Prop., Loch Muller, N. Y.

DEER'S HEAD INN

in the Adirondacks is now open. Excellent fishing and shooting: trout, bass and partridges, squirrels, rabbits, woodcock and deer, plentiful in season. No safer or more delightful place for the children; golf, tennis, croquet, billiards, horseback riding, driving, baseball, mountain climbing and tramping. Dancing nightly.
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Its rivers are full of hungry salmon and trout, and great bands of caribou wander over the barrens. And there are many other kinds of game, waiting for your rifle or fishing-line. I can arrange your trip, if you will write to
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Cottage life surroundings.
Write
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For Your Trout Fishing Trip

this year try the justly famous old Sullivan County trout streams—the Willowemoc and the Mongaup. Restocking every year has kept these streams the most reliable for good sport of any in this section. You can put up at the Old Cooper Homestead—of high reputation for almost half a century as a fisherman's resort. A new house, all modern improvements, good rooms and every comfort—open fireplaces. Season opens April 4th. Make arrangements now and come early. Write for booklet and rates. Address
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If you could give them an outing at the beach with bountiful food, rest, coolness, fresh air, a daily dip in the surf, shady porches and sandy beaches, would you not regard such a gift as well worth giving?

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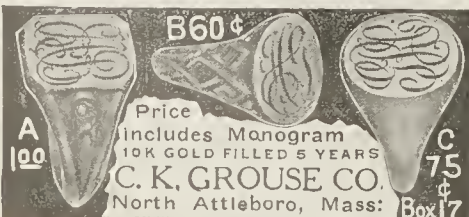
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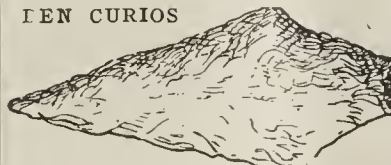
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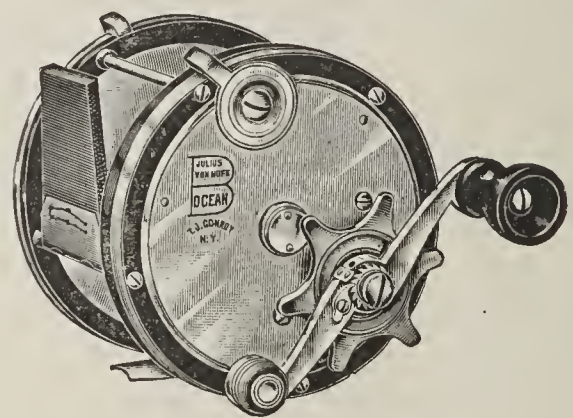
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1886

VOL. LXXXVI

AUGUST, 1916

No. 8

SEASON OF THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN

A GAME BIRD THE QUALITIES OF WHICH HAVE ATTRACTED HUNTERS SINCE
THE FOUNDATION OF THE REPUBLIC — STILL SURPRISINGLY PLENTIFUL

By William Bruette.

THE pinnated grouse, commonly known as the prairie chicken, is the most conspicuous member of the grouse family, and has been more intimately associated with the development of our country than any other game bird. "Whither thou goest, I will go, your people shall be my people," said the prairie chicken, and followed the white-top wagons of American pioneers from the plains of Long Island to the mists of the Pacific. In the course of this pilgrimage, these birds have furnished the sportsmen and settlers of several generations more sport and toothsome food than any game bird with which the Creator has blessed this country. In return they have been pursued with a relentless savagery and a disregard of consequence paralleled only by the story of the buffalo.

The pinnated grouse, although he loves the broad spaces where vision and flight are untrammelled, is not a bird of solitude, but is happiest and thrives best upon the edges of civilization in new countries where the plough has only broken into the grasses of the prairie here and there, and where there yet remain the virgin sod on which to woo his mate and raise his little ones. Here the nests are made and here the long days of summer are happily wiled away pursuing grasshoppers and other insects. Then when the grain falls before the reaper and the cool days of autumn kill off the insects, the birds become the gleaners of the wheat fields, and in the sharp-

ened air of the northland soon wax strong of wing and keen of sense, for although the simplest of birds when young, none learn more rapidly how to protect themselves against enemies, and they become strong enough to face the snows and blizzards of winter.

The prairie chicken is a larger bird than the ruffed grouse, light brown in color, beautifully

the forms of dancing the minuet, scattering about on the short turf, nodding their heads at one another, and going through the figure which in a country dance is known as a "cross over," with "back to places," uttering meanwhile a short cooing note, the last syllable much elongated. Then they salute partners and keep up the merriment for hours at a time. There is a close rela-

tive of the prairie chicken known as the sharp-tail grouse. These birds live on the same prairies, feed on the same food, and associate amiably. The sharptails derive their name from two middle feathers in the tail extending beyond the others, thereby forming a long pointed tail in contra-distinction to the square tail of the prairie chicken or pinnated grouse proper. There is little or no difference in the size of these birds, but in color the sharp-tail is much lighter, and instead of dark brown bars on its breast, it has little V-shaped spots of a light, ashy brown color, and is also feathered down to the first joint of the toe. The flesh is somewhat lighter than that of the prairie chick-

en and more delicate in flavor. It may be mentioned that the sharp-tail bird usually displays a preference for the willows and heavy shrubbery, and, as a rule, lie much closer to dogs, and when training young dogs, more definite point work can be obtained than on the square tails.

The sharp-tailed birds also have the dancing habit more highly developed than the pinnated grouse. It is not related with the mating instinct,



An Old-Fashioned Prairie Chicken Shooting Outfit.

barred on the breast and spotted on the back with dark brown. Their distinguishing feature is a row of stiff feathers which decorate the neck and two yellow sacks on the side, which they have the power of inflating at will.

Prairie chickens have some peculiar ways. One that has been subject of much comment is their habit of gathering on some knoll, where the vegetation is scarce, and going through all



A Prairie Minuet—The Dancing of Prairie Chickens Is One of Their Strangest and Most Characteristic Habits.

but is purely an expression of social tendencies.

The prairie chicken, as we have mentioned, dance on some knoll, or only sparsely covered with grass. There is no well defined limitation to their ballroom floor, and the birds scatter over a considerable extent of ground. The sharptail grouse social set are more gregarious. They have a little ballroom of their own, twenty or thirty feet around, which by the stamping of feet and the beating of wings; of successive soirees has become cleared of grass. The natives call these spots "chicken stamping grounds." The better name would be the ballroom of the sharptail grouse, for here, every morning and evening, they pirouette and courtesy with all the grace and elegance of a ballroom of Colonial days.

There is no hilariousness or boisterousness at these parties. Many male birds join in the dance, but are gentle and make no attempt at untimely battle. So under the blue Western sky and to the music of the prairie winds sweeping through the swaying grasses and the goldenrod, they recede, advance in twos and fours, turn on their toes, swell out their feathers and cluck with pleasure and excitement.

During the mating season the males are pugnacious and strut and prance with wings expanded, and by the beating of the wing feathers against the air, make a thumming noise that can be heard for miles. At this time they assume the most grandiose airs, and when two birds meet there is a royal fight. They spring into the air, strike at each other with their wings and feet, and finally one is defeated and departs to lead the life of a celibate, while the other joins a waiting member of the fickle sex.

In "American Game Bird Shooting," Dr. Grinnell says:

"After the close of the mating operations the locations of the nests are selected. Often they may be in hedges and the margins of clumps of underbrush, in fence corners or along the border of

sloughs, but often, again, in the middle of a field amid the tall grass. The eggs number from eleven to fourteen, and sets of twenty or even twenty-one eggs are not unknown. They vary in color from cream to light olive or pale brown, and are often regularly spotted with fine pinpoints of reddish brown. Capt. Bendire regards the prairie chicken as one of the most prolific of our game birds.

"Now, however, comes the season of danger; the eggs have been deposited in a slight depression, scratched out among the weeds or grass, and the hen begins to brood. If she has nested early and the season is late, the streams may rise and flood her nest and destroy the eggs or drown the tiny young, if they have already hatched; or early prairie fires, burning among the dead grass and weeds of the preceding season, may destroy mother and clutch alike, or later still, the mowing machine may kill the mother or the young, too small to fly and too inexperienced to force themselves through the thick grass away from the approaching danger. In old times it used to be said that in wet seasons thousands and thousands of prairie chickens' nests were ploughed under while the fields were being prepared for grain. Certain it is that the combination of all these dangers, together with the insatiate gunner, at one time came very near exterminating the pinnated grouse from the states of Illinois and Indiana.

"If the mother bird is fortunate enough to bring up her young, she leads them about much as do other grouse, to the best feeding grounds. She is watchful of danger for them, and at her warning cry the young squat on the ground, which they so closely resemble, that it is almost impossible to find one of them. The mother uses every art to lead the intruder away from the brood. The birds grow rapidly, and by the middle of August—the date at which up to within a few years it has been legal to shoot them—are nearly two-thirds grown. They are then very easily killed, and the sport becomes mere butch-

ery. When cold weather approaches, however, they grow stronger of wing, and soon after this pack.

"Audubon was perhaps the first to announce that the pinnated grouse is easily tamed and easily kept. He declares also that they breed in confinement. A number that he had while at Henderson were turned loose in his garden and orchard, and within a week became so tame as to allow him to approach them. They really ate corn and vegetables, became so gentle during the winter as to feed from the hand of his wife, and altogether acted as domestic poultry might act. In the spring they went through the operations of mating, just as did their wild brethren, and a number of them hatched, but at last they were ordered to be killed.

"Birds sent to England became quite tame, and many years ago I had a dozen of these grouse in New York, which, when turned out in the spring, so readily accustomed themselves to their surroundings that they followed a man who was spading the garden, and scratched and crowded over the freshly turned-up earth in search of insects. They were less wild than so many domestic hens.

"In many of its ways, the pinnated grouse suggests a domestic fowl. Though often carrying its tail drooping toward the ground, it often carries it upright, as a hen carries her tail. The mother of a young brood will fight for it, or at least will try to frighten away an intruder. The young chicks constantly talk to each other as they move along, and if one of them discovers an insect and runs after it, all those within sight join the pursuit.

"No game bird has shown greater adaptability to environment than the prairie chicken. From time to time they have changed their habits to conform to the advance of civilization. And today if given sufficient protection to enable them to rear their young and to attain strength of wing and feather, they will take care of themselves in any country that they formerly inhabited.



Smith's Lady Gladstone, A Quail Champion, Handling Chickens in Dakota.

held. This year promises to be a repeat of last for the club will run three stakes as usual; a Derby, an All-Age and the All-America Championship. The entries are large and the best dogs of the land will be gathered there. The trials will begin on August 29 and owing to the number of dogs nominated it is likely that they may continue well into the following week, but the time will not hang on anybody's hands for there will always be something of interest transpiring.

AMONG THE HANDLERS.

Most of the handlers are located this year in North Dakota. The law there allows them to

work dogs after the first of August provided they comply with the requirements by paying the license which is the same as for non-resident shooters. Some are under the impression that it is a hardship on the handlers by not being allowed to work dogs before August, but after all, that is really ample time, for no actual work can be done in July. A few of the boys have gone farther north, and among these are J. T. Jones and W. H. Martin. The latter lives at St. John, N. D., but does his training on the other side of the border.

CONTINENTAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

The Continental Field Trial Club, the premier organization of Eastern Field Trial Sportsmen identified with Carolina and Georgia trials for a quarter of a century, are going to the prairies and are out with an announcement that they will hold a trial beginning September fifth somewhere in the Dakotas. The place not definitely determined will be announced in due time.

The club will stage three events, consisting of Derby, All-Age and Champion Sweepstakes, with purses of \$600 each in the first two stakes named, divided into three prizes, \$300 being awarded to first, \$200 to second and \$100 to third. The first forfeit in each of the stakes will be \$10, with \$15 additional to start, payable at time of drawing. The Championship Sweepstake will have an entry fee of \$25, not transferable, dogs to be named the night before the running and all moneys in the stake to be awarded to the winner. In addition, the Bernard Waters Memorial Cup has been donated for the Champion Stake, to be won twice by the same owner before becoming his permanent property, and a small replica will be given the winner. Edmund H. Osthaus also offers a portrait of the winning dog in the stake.



Gunner, The Leading Setter Derby of Last Season.

It is unnecessary for us to say anything about a portrait of a field trial dog from the brush of Edmund Osthaus. No man approaches that gifted artist in portraying the American Bird Dog in the haunts of our game birds, whether it be the soft sedge fields of the Southland, the hillsides of New England when the woodlands are aflame or under the subtle charm of the boundless prairies.

(Continued on page 1108.)



Whether on the Prairies or on the Uplands, Game Bird Shooting Has the Same Fascination for the American Sportsman.

WITH THE GEESE AND BRANT OF PAMLICO

HARDEST WORK IN THE WORLD IS GATHERING DECOYS,
BUT IT IS MERE PLAY WHEN YOU ARE SUCCESSFUL

By H. S. Humphrey.

THE great bodies of salt water off the coast of North Carolina, comprising Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, are feeding grounds for countless thousands of water fowl from November to April. One who enjoys this kind of shooting is sure of excellent sport in these waters, if he plans carefully and obtains a good local guide.

The water around Ocracoke, a small island at the southern end of Pamlico Sound, was chosen by the writer and a companion for a few days' shooting recently, and it proved to be an excellent choice.

We arrived about noon at the little town of Oriental, where the Captain, our host and guide, was at the dock with his power launch, ready for the trip to his island home. After a forty mile trip, with a stiff east wind blowing and the launch bucking or quartering a heavy sea all the way, we arrived cold and wet at the island. Here the Captain had his camp. We were met by his cook, and everything was quickly and safely transferred to the cabin, where a warm fire and a hearty meal awaited us.

The little island consists of only a few acres, and is right in the heart of some of the best feeding grounds for geese and brant in eastern waters. Stationary blinds are built around

the island, so you may head in any direction from camp and find one properly located according to wind and weather conditions.

These blinds are built over the water and are covered with rushes, and look more like packing cases on stilts than anything else. Inside they are most comfortable, being wind-proof and dry. They have a board seat, with a shelf in front and convenient places for shells, lunch, drinking water, pipes, tobacco, and other adjuncts of a shooting party.

For miles in all directions the water covers the flats, to a depth of two or three feet at high tide, with a fall of nearly two feet. Perched in a blind, several miles from land, with every appearance of being over deep water, you can climb down and find it hardly more than two feet deep. These conditions make the flats ideal feeding grounds for wild fowl.

After an evening spent unpacking our duffle and getting our guns and shells ready, we turned in early. On the Carolina flats they seldom start after ducks before sunrise, waiting until then to get a line on what the wind and weather promise for the day. It takes time and work to put out a goose set, so they take as few chances as possible on the weather, in deciding which blind to use for the day's sport.

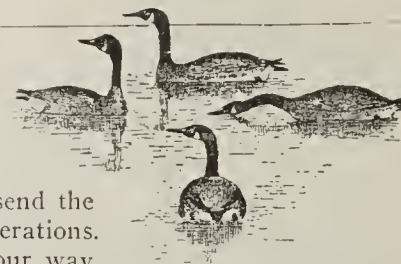
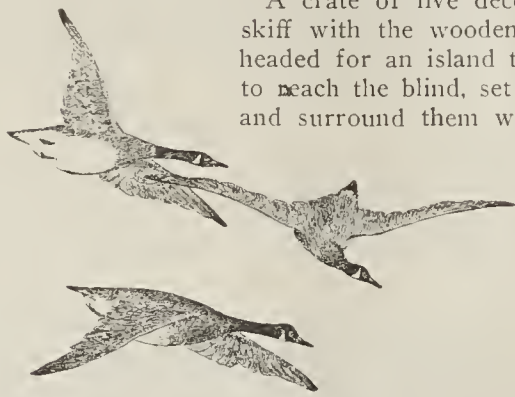
We rose at daylight, and found such a gale blowing, accompanied by a heavy rain, that it was not possible to start immediately. We passed

the morning exploring the island and becoming acquainted with the flock of tame live geese decoys that were to play an important part in our sport during the next few days.

At eleven o'clock the wind suddenly shifted to another quarter and the rain stopped. We now got our first long distance view of our surroundings, as we could see little during the storm, and had arrived after dark the night before.

Our chief desire was to see birds and, sure enough, there were flocks of them visible in every direction, as far as the eye could reach. Raft after raft of geese and brant, bedding on the water, on shoals, and on beaches of small neighboring islands, presented a sight as fine as any sportsman would wish to see. The geese were just beginning to move after the storm, so we made haste to start the afternoon's shooting.

A crate of live decoys was loaded on to the skiff with the wooden stool. We piled in and headed for an island two miles away. An hour to reach the blind, set some fifty wooden decoys and surround them with a semi-circle of about



twenty live ones, and we were ready to send the guide off to a safe distance and begin operations.

A flock of geese was already headed our way. Down we ducked. Peeping carefully through a small slit between the rushes of the blind, I could see them. But they held off much too far until our old gander decoy began to call them. Then they turned and started to circle our way, engaging in lively long distance conversation with the decoys.

Finally they decided to join the flock on the water. As they were just about to settle down, we sprang up.

The flock was headed by an old gander, and was flying in the familiar V-shape. They had gotten almost upon us before we discovered it, and why it was not warned by some movement of ours, I never understood. The birds circled over and around us several times, keeping up a continuous conversation with our decoys, until after one rather long flight away from the blind, they suddenly turned, and, with wings spread and necks outstretched, made straight for the decoys.

I whispered to my companion to take the birds on the left, and we held ourselves in readiness.

It took the birds several seconds to come within range. As the first one dropped onto the water, we stood up. We delayed the few seconds necessary to take careful aim, and we each dropped a bird at the first shot. As they started away, I got my second bird. My friend missed

his, but brought down another at long range with his third shot. It took two more shots to finish this last bird—he was only winged.

Out of the blind we climbed and waded around in that two feet of water to collect our birds. We climbed back as soon as possible, to be ready for anything that might come our way. In a short time a single goose, flying low, headed straight for the blind. On he came, making no investigations. He dropped carelessly among the decoys, and started to swim about. We watched him some little time, and then became suspicious. So we climbed out. But the plunge into the air he made when he saw us did not take him very far, as he was an easy straightaway shot and came down at the first crack of my gun.

Our next excitement—followed closely by keen disappointment—came when four geese headed toward us. They began to rise, circling around the blind, then suddenly they made off, and did not turn back even at the calls of our live decoys.

Something was wrong.

But neither of us had moved, and we were at a loss to know what had frightened them. After six more birds had done the same thing, we began to investigate the cause of their suspicions. Our search convinced us that it must have been the reflection from a tin drinking cup on the shelf of our blind. And sure enough, after we had removed it, no more birds were scared away from the blind.

By this time the wind was blowing hard from the west, and the sun was rather low on the horizon. The geese were returning to their night feeding grounds, flock after flock. All were flying high, and those coming directly against the wind were making hard work of it.

While we were watching the distant birds our decoys began to talk, and soon a flock of about a dozen was hovering above them. The visitors did their preliminary investigating in the prescribed goose manner, and finally spread their wings to settle in among our birds. We stopped five fine geese from that flock before they were out of range.

This made a total of ten birds for the afternoon, and by the time we had waded out and brought them in, we saw the Captain on his way to the blind. So we called a halt for the day, well satisfied with our afternoon's sport.

The coldest work in the world is gathering live decoys at the close of a cold, windy, winter's day. It had to be done, however, so we went about it rapidly, and soon had them all in the boat. To get back to camp, we ran up a small leg-o'-mutton sail, and made fine time before the heavy wind. Back at camp, it did not take us long to gather about the table, on which the cook spread out as fine a meal as hunter ever asked for. Our appetites were keen from the afternoon's work combined with so much fresh air, and seldom have we enjoyed a meal more.

For the next day we had decided to go in an-



other direction and somewhat farther from camp, to the "brant grounds." The brant is half the size of a goose, is harder to decoy, flies faster while circling, and is a much smaller target. They usually move in larger flocks, however, than do the geese, so a favorable position for wing shooting offers by no means a bad day's sport.

This morning we were in the blind and ready by sunrise. For a time we were doomed to disappointment. There was little or no wind, and in consequence few birds were moving. Occasionally a single bird or a pair was attracted to the decoys, and circled within range over them, but up to noon we had collected only six. A huge flock on the water near us had seemed to attract everything to itself, as is often the case.

Our guide came up for lunch, and we decided to have him try and float this large flock toward our blind. He accomplished this in a very clever and skillful manner. Making a long detour in his skiff, he finally succeeded in placing the main flock directly between himself and our blind. Poling his boat in the shallow water so slowly that it hardly seemed to move, he gradually edged toward the flock. The birds nearest him became a little restless and began to swim away, but gradually the large part of the flock moved toward us. The guide was very careful not to frighten them, but kept at such a distance that their natural drift was toward the blind.

On they came, very slowly but in the right direction. The reader can imagine our excitement while, cautiously looking out, we could see hundreds of these fine birds approaching nearer and nearer. In a short time—it seemed ages to us—the first birds came within range. We waited, however, for a considerable number to approach quite near. Then it seemed impossible to restrain ourselves another second.

We rose together, and as the birds went into

the air, we cut loose with our pump guns. There followed one of my few experiences at having more than one bird fall to a single shot. They were flying so close that four fell at the first crack of my gun, and several more at each successive pull of the trigger.

Our guns both worked at lightning speed

distance snooting and wading in kncc-deep water. But we succeeded in gathering them all in, except one bird which swam away. This gave us a total of some thirty-one brant. And though the afternoon was less than half over, there was not a breath of air stirring, and the prospects were poor for more shooting that day. We signalled the guide, who packed our birds and decoys into the skiff, and headed back toward camp.

The next few days were warm and calm with few birds moving except at dusk when we sometimes had an hour of fair sport. We managed to kill from four to eight geese a day, which gave us something to add to our collection hung on the side of the cabin.

Each night we had geese for dinner, and nothing has ever tasted better than those birds, filled with oyster stuffing made from small oysters gathered on the island, and roasted to a turn. When the morning came to leave, we packed our outfits in the power boat and headed for Oriental—and New York.

Our geese and brant, packed in ice and expressed to the city, arrived only twelve hours behind us. Many a dinner we made with these birds as the "piece-de-resistance," but none surpassed the meals we sat down to in that little camp at Ocracoke.

In going fishing or hunting one's boots frequently get wet—that's all in the game—however, wet boots if not cared for become stiff on drying, so listen, brother, here is a way to prevent it.

Just before the boots become completely dry rub castor oil all over them. This will do the trick. We frequently forget to watch these little things and it is the little things that make life in a camp worth living.



through all six shells, and when the smoke cleared away we found twenty-six dead and crippled brant on the water. The latter demanded several minutes of quick action, in both long



A Composite Picture—In Summer Dreamed—in Fall Come True—Perhaps!

THE STRIPED BASS

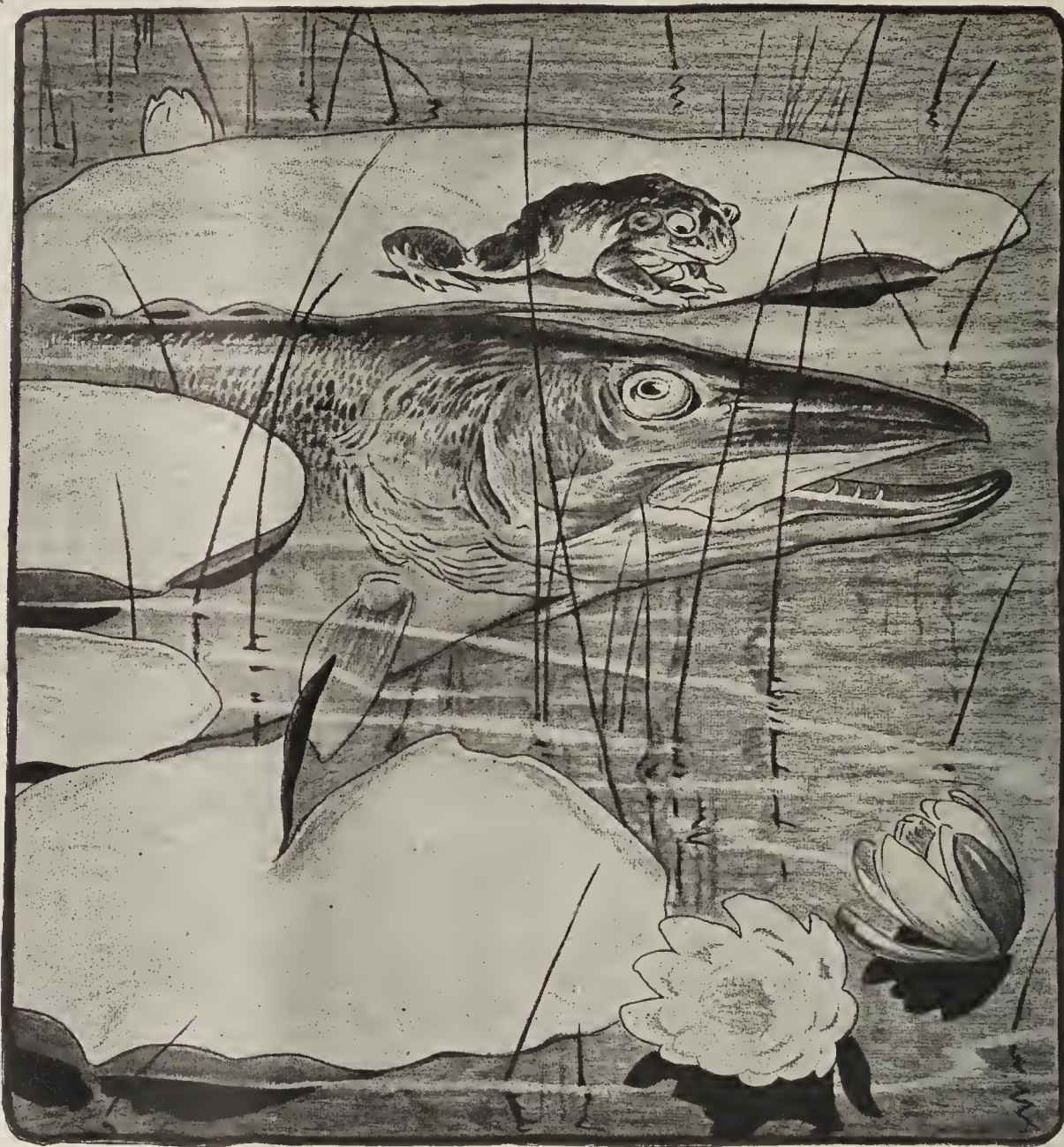
A FISH OF POETRY AND
A PRIZE DE LUXE

By Russell A. Bowen.

IN a recent issue of *Forest and Stream*, a most commendable article by Leonard Hult appeared. I hope his words were read and digested by all. In continuation, I am saying a few things about the striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*) which, while fundamentally elementary in character, will no doubt be of interest to the budding novice as well as the seasoned expert.

Not always, but nearly always, the average article dealing with things piscatorial is written above the head of the amateur who does not grasp the real import of the ideas and suggestions imparted and loses much because of this. The seasoned regular, however, absorbs it all and sometimes doesn't even bother giving it more than a cursory glance saying, "Gosh, same old stuff, I've been through all this." Now I am not trying to animadvert nor appear anilious. This condition actually exists and quite a number of my own friends are doing the complaining. They have even gone as far as to suggest that I write something along A-B-C lines regarding the subject of this article.

Of course, we all like to read the pen pictures about the big frothy combers that come rolling and tumbling in regular succession, breaking at our feet in fummy, spummy whirlpools. How, in the last stages of darkness in the early morning a streak of gray in the eastern sky followed by an aureate orb announces daylight will soon be (Continued on next page, middle column.)



The Muscullonge at Home—The Frog Is Also Nearly Home.

SURFACE BAIT FOR GAME FISH

THE LIFE ACTION OF ANY LURE IS
THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL ANGLING

By Louis Rhead.

(With illustrations by the author.)

SEVERAL bass fishermen readers of *Forest and Stream* have sent me word they don't want lures that float at the surface, because in the waters they fish, bass take baits (live or artificial) under water. In order to correct any misunderstanding concerning my new theories I would have it known that "nature lures" are not, of necessity, surface baits, although I am convinced that after many successful tests of them that much more satisfaction to the angler is attained if bass or any other game fish can be persuaded to rise at the surface to take any lure.

When you see a good sized large-mouth bass dash above water with wide open jaws after a floating frog, as I have seen, more than once, you will agree that real sport is keener when visible than a strike unseen under water. With live bait, many and varied are the stunts performed by fish; not so with artificial lures; they are almost always taken in the same old way, according to the methods pursued in fishing.

It is a very easy matter, and much cheaper, by long shots, to make a sunken lure. It is also quite easy to make a floating lure sink by the aid of lead, but a mighty hard one to make a sunken

lure float. The advantages of a light floating lure are two-fold. First, that it may be cast in a similar manner to a fly or worm on a long, lightweight rod; second, to make the lure to float in suspension near the bottom, or any depth of water you wish to tie it, so that it will not drop dead and still on the bed of the river, as dead natural baits do, and weighted artificial baits do.

Movement or action in the water is absolutely necessary to success in all kinds of artificial baits. No fish was ever caught on a plug that was still, or a spoon, pork rind, or even dead minnow, unless they were in active movement. It is the activity of living bait that insures success in fishing. Some anglers assert they enjoy watching the peculiar water stunts of a popular plug now on the market quite as much as they do in capturing fish. But such fishing is not my theory of the aims of true anglers.

Fishing is a science, not a moving picture show. Our desire is to match our wits to capture fish, and they try to evade capture by fair and sportsmanlike methods at both ends of the line which gives, all must agree, the keen delight in our much beloved recreation. Thus it is, if an artifi-



A Game Fish to the Very Last Pound and Ounce.

cial nature lure is attached to the line by a three-foot gut leader two feet from the bottom, its weight gives buoyancy to enable it to stay suspended from the bottom and the life action given it by manipulation of rod tip.

This life action of any bait is the very soul of fishing, and without it either artificial or natural baits are more or less ineffective. After you have hooked any species of live bait, watch its action immediately it touches the water, whether it be minnow, frog, crawfish, helgramite or grasshopper. Each one of them at once takes every means in their power to rapidly get back to their natural habitat, and these movements are exceedingly enticing to all game fishes. From the moment your hooked crawfish drops on the surface it begins to move its legs and tail while it slowly sinks to the bottom and hides under a stone, its natural habitat. If bass are within sight they are almost sure to dart after it with wide open mouth to pouch it; then slowly they move away, taking perhaps twenty feet of line without any real active resistance on their part.

That is the time to strike and drive the barb home, with the result Mr. Bass is taken unawares. Instantly he finds out the trick played upon him, he starts off on a crazy fight to get free. I have had large bass leap clean out of the water after my floating frog. If bass sometimes rise to the surface after a natural insect and artificial fly, it seems plausible it would do likewise to a frog and certainly to a grasshopper, minnow or even crawfish. It is only the latter that habitually abides in deep water.

I have just returned from several successful trials of a new small crawfish, lifelike enough to deceive either angler or fish. It captured bass in two ways. One being cast as a fly with only a light buckshot placed on a six-foot gut leader to slowly sink near the bottom and slowly brought back to the surface, which procured the desired strikes. Another way was by trying a round half-ounce sinker at end of line to lie on the bottom, with a short three-foot gut leader fastened two feet above. This latter method proved much the better one, because it floated in the water and by rod tip manipulation acted like the natural bait. Every one of these nature lures has captured the game fish they are intended for.

It is the soundest of logic, that game fish must

be conserved and not used as baits, for if you do use live baits in ratio with the growth of anglers, you will not only stop fish from getting large in size and plentiful, but you will gradually exterminate the game you desire to get and defeat your own ends. It is very gratifying to learn from many sources that nature lures and nature flies are a distinct success. The famous "London Field" in a long review gives the highest praise. Sir Edward Grey, an ardent angler and British Foreign Secretary, sends word, "After the war is over he will be glad to try nature flies." Dr. Henry Van Dyke, ambassador at The Hague, writes, "I must confess, after reading 'Trout Stream Insects,' makes me long for a few days fishing more than ever; I mean not fishing in a canal, but fishing in a live stream."

THE STRIPED BASS.

(Continued from preceding page.)

with us. And the ambient atmosphere, laden with the aroma of the deep, fills our hearts and souls with the joy of life and living. Well, if you are intent upon hooking a striped bass, all that has been said in the preceding paragraph, and more, will be yours.

After a sharp fight with a good-sized striped bass, in which man is the victor, the sight of this magnificent specimen heaving and gasping on the sands is one that will remain indelibly fixed in the minds of all who have taken part in or witnessed such a struggle. Those wonderful narrow, braid-like longitudinal stripes, usually seven or eight in number, seem sparkling with silver or diamonds and emeralds as the sun covers him with her effulgent rays. Its symmetry, markings and satin-like sheen, to my mind, make the striped bass one of the most characteristically handsome, picturesque and interesting fishes anywhere, aside from its great gameness, lavish play, and luxury to the epicure. Nor should we forget the beautiful color blendings on his back of black, blue and green, running down to a bluish-gray at the sides, to a belly of chaste satin white. The scales are rather large and hold a metallic-like lustre; with sharp-edged serrated gill-covers. The front dorsal fin is composed of seven spinous or spiked rays, with two spines almost concealed. There is no chance whatever in the world of confounding this fish with another. It is in a class by itself. It has a personality all its own, so the chances of making a mistake in distinguishing him are narrowed down to nil.

On the coast of the broad Atlantic from Portland way to Norfolk our striped friend frequents the tidal waters and estuaries which empty on the coast between these two places. Its limitations are not, however, confined to these localities as it is very often found in a most perfect state in the rivers and along the coast north and south of the places named.

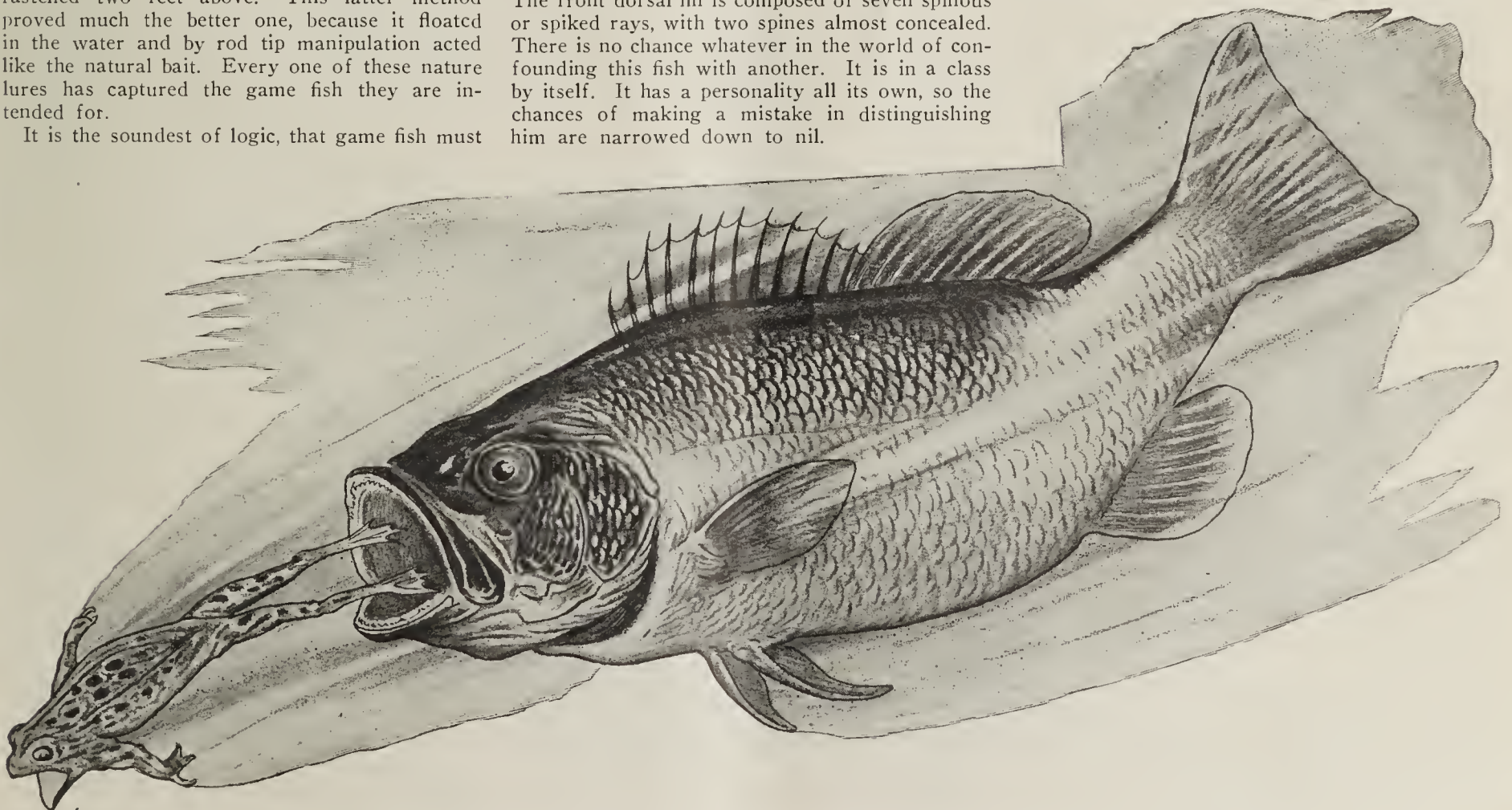
That the striped bass affords excellent sport, we all, of course, know. And when his proportions attain the importance of ten to forty pounds the skill and mettle of the angler is brought to a test supreme. In muscular power, which he seems to have in abundance, the striped bass is the equal of the salmon, but, of course, lacks the caudal power for leaping, which is so palpable in the form of a salmon.

The bass is not given to itinerancy or vagrancy. His habits are most domestic. He can usually be found at home. In the case of the female the eggs are deposited in fresh and brackish water; never in the sea as some suppose.

During November it is usual for the bass to shoal and assemble in brackish water ponds, or the back waters of tidal rivers, in the bays and bayous of rivers having an outlet to the sea, after which time, of course, it will not take bait until the following spring, after having spawned and returned to active waters.

These lustrous beauties simply delight in rocky shoals, and when in such spots strike and flap their tails and brush their scales in excited animation in their prospectings for crustacea, of which shedder crab and soft-shell crabs are considered by them morsels of great delicacy.

They are enabled by their extreme swiftness and power to raid perniciously and with impunity disable menhaden, spearing shrimp, crabs, shedder lobster, etc., among the breakers as they lash and lave along the rock-bound shores of our coast. It is at such times, when the sea is in a turmoil or unduly agitated, that casting becomes more attractive and animated and offers more in the way of pleasure, indubitably more, than the angling for many other game fish.



The Bass Almost Invariably Takes the Frog From Behind. (Drawn for Forest and Stream by Louis Rhead.)



WHY AND WHAT IS THE SURF CAST?

HISTORY AND EXPLANATION OF AN EVER
INCREASING POPULAR ANGLING SPORT

By Switch Reel.

SOME years ago a style of bait casting was brought out in England known as the Holt-Schooling double-hand overhead cast. It is equally adapted to fresh and salt water fishing, and particularly to the surf.

The author of the cast states that it is essentially a fishing cast, although it can hold its own in tournament casting, except in competition with a few crack side-swing men.

In its delivery the caster stands facing the direction of the cast. The right hand is just above the right shoulder, grasping the rod at the reel seat. The left hand grasps the butt of the rod and is forward of and horizontal to the reel. The tip points directly backward. It is lowered a bit by raising the left hand and immediately the rod is brought over by a downward pull with the left hand, the right hand at the shoulder being the fulcrum upon which the cast turns.

For accuracy of direction no better cast can be devised.

Last year the United States won the world's record for a cast with the four-ounce lead. The thanks of the country are due to Mr. J. Schooling-Holt, as well as to two members of the Anglers' Club of New York, Mr. E. B. Rice and Dr. Held, for starting us on the trail which led to the honor of having made "the longest cast in the world."

As the train of circumstances may be somewhat obscure, the following incident may be recalled.

In 1909, soon after the Schooling-Holt cast had received wide discussion in the columns of the Fishing Gazette, Mr. Rice and Dr. Held appeared at the tournament of a prominent surf fishing club with long rods and silk lines. They swept all before them, the former casting a three-ounce lead 305 feet, and establishing an American record for that weight. As the commonly used American rod at that time was about 7½ feet over all and silk lines in the surf somewhat taboo, there was a little pique following the fine achievements of the two courageous ones.

It found expression in two ways. The tournament committee of the club put an eight-foot limit on rods and ruled flatly against silk lines. It must have been some wise, little, good angel sitting upon the crest of a foaming breaker that put such a repressive idea into the heads of the committee, for the second way in which the pique found expression was an enthusiastic effort by a few hopeful casters to exceed the record in spite of the repression.

By making the most of the lesson taught by the long rods and the light lines, they persevered, the effort becoming easier a few years later when the rod limit was placed at nine feet.

Crowding the rod limit to the utmost, seeking a linen line whose weight approximated silk, and favored by the best reels in the world, at least twenty of our men have become able to do better than 360 feet, and the Schooling-Holt cast has made no headway here. That it will ever find popularity with us despite its beauty and accuracy is doubtful as long as the rod limit remains to handicap it.

A style has grown up, however, which combines as much of its accuracy as possible with all the power of the old "side swing." Its distinguishing feature is that the right hand goes over in exactly the way it does when making an "overhand" throw with a baseball, wherefore it may be termed the overhand cast until a better term be found.

Words are incapable of giving as good an idea of the cast as the accompanying illustrations do. The caster does not "set" for the delivery, but rather bends backward and "springs" for it. The backward swing of lead and rod is timed to coincide with that of the body, and when legs, body and arms are at their greatest extension, they commence the transfer of their force to the rod. The tension of the latter smoothly increases as it moves over until it would seem that the frail six-thread line should break. Then comes the release.

The mechanical principle of the overhand cast

is that of a spring bent backward, its anchorage being a triangle whose base is the space between the feet. The right leg and foot act as a prop in starting the cast, and at about the instant of release the foot goes forward, and in that position again acts as a prop to maintain the equilibrium of the body after the work has been done and the lead is in flight.

Undoubtedly the American overhand style is capable of achieving the greatest distance which man can make, as it brings into play every muscle of body, legs and arms that can possibly aid, and the caster extends his reach to the limit.

The whole pose is typical of force.

The danger of over-running is great in the overhand cast with the popular American reel, because our reels are a bit heavier than the wooden reels used abroad and are built and balanced to attain the highest freedom of revolution; whereas an advantage claimed for the Holt-Schooling reel is that it can be adjusted so that its bearings bind to eliminate the danger of over-running. The price paid for the elimination of the danger is the loss of distance. Our men will not pay the price, but prefer to face the danger and overcome it by accurate and extremely delicate thumbing or checking. Again, roughness points to disaster.

In the English style, a 10 foot 6 inch rod, with reel seat 24 inches from the butt, becomes a lever, the right hand acting as the fulcrum. Its power is about 4¼ to 1. The arc through which the tip travels has a radius of 10 feet 6 inches minus 24 inches, or 8 feet 6 inches. In the overhand cast the point upon which it turns is the left foot, and the radius of the arc, which the tip of a nine-foot rod describes, is about 14 feet in the case of a six-foot man, for the cast goes over with the right arm extended fully and the left hand at about the level of the eyes.

In the overhand cast, therefore, a nine-foot rod is about the equivalent of a sixteen or seventeen-foot rod in the Holt-Schooling cast, depending upon the distance between the hands in the latter.

Thus it becomes clear why American rods and American style have made the world's record.

In order that the confession shall be complete, a word as to reels becomes necessary. The American reel differs from the English in two important respects. The spindle or spool of the American reel revolves between two fixed plates, and there are bars or a curved shield half way around the reel holding them in place. Checking is therefore accomplished with the thumb upon the spooled line. Indeed, it is termed "thumbing." The English wooden reel seems crude in its construction compared to the American metal and hard rubber beauty. The Holt-Schooling reel is so constructed that its bearings may be caused to bind in order to prevent a too rapid delivery of line. The American caster boasts that his reel will spin freely for six to ten minutes under the impetus of one strong twirl of the handle.

The handle in the Schooling reel is attached directly to the spool. The handle in the best American reels is provided with an arrangement to disengage the gears so that the spool is entirely free from the retarding influence of the handle in the delivery of the cast.

In the Schooling cast the weight pulls the line from the slow running reel. In the American cast the momentum of the spindle imparts the initial motion to the line and the lead is only required to continue it.

Under these conditions, a given amount of energy imparted to the lead is bound to yield a longer cast than if the lead must expend a considerable portion of its energy in turning the reel and imparting initial velocity to each successive inch of line taken therefrom.

The American reel vivifies the line. The Holt-Schooling reel yields a dead line.



The Bass Love to Hide Around Islands and in the Channels Between.

FISHING FOR BLACK BASS DURING AUGUST

HOT WEATHER MAKES THE FISH CAPRICIOUS BUT A CAREFUL SELECTION OF BAIT WILL BRING RESULTS

By Black Bass.

IN August, the days and nights being so warm, bass fishing generally falls off greatly. If there be a number of days of very hot weather the bass are apt to go down into the deepest holes of the lake and start a sort of mid-summer hibernation, until the wind swings into the north or northwest and cools the surface of the water, when they will once more spread out and start circling the shores in search of food.

The feeding directly after these hot spells is generally done at night, and the fisherman who happens to be there on such a night will reap a harvest.

The fish at these times are very voracious and take almost any kind of bait—frogs, minnows or wooden plugs—on the surface or under water.

Sometimes this feeding will last well into daylight and then the day caster may come into the sport, and the still fisherman have the time of his life. All over the lake the latter may be seen standing in their boats, holding quivering rods.

But outside of these occasions, the fish are hard to get and it takes one with a thorough knowledge of the game to get any at all.

For use at night, frogs seem to be the most tempting bait. During hot weather the live frog will show to a decided advantage over the wooden imitation. Still, once in a while the plug will be taken by a stray. And these strays (fish driven into the shores by a hunger not felt by the whole school) are the ones that must be looked for during most of the month.

At night, the Decker or Manhattan surface baits will do as well as any. Or perhaps one might use a small wooden frog, with white belly, green back and a spinner at each end. The latter will sometimes prove alluring on the misty, moonlight nights.

During the daytime an under-water swimming minnow or an imitation crawfish will often pick up one or two fish. More than that can hardly be expected. August is not a black bass month in the eastern states, and one should be satisfied with a small catch during this part of the season.

As a rule the still fisherman fares a little better than the caster. For this work the boat should be anchored tight at both ends, so that there can be no drifting from side to side, and no dragging of the bait along the bottom. If the bait drags it is almost sure to become fouled with weeds and rendered useless.

In putting the anchors over the side, take care not to be noisy or make a splash. Row some

twenty feet nearer shore than the intended fishing spot, and lower the first anchor. Now back water for the full length of the rope at least thirty feet. When the bow rope is taut, lower a heavy anchor straight down from the stern, fastening the rope securely to the stern cleats as soon as the anchor touches bottom, to avoid any slack from the drift of the boat.

Good places to anchor are as a rule directly off the mouth of a brook emptying into the lake, where the water will very likely be much cooler than at other spots.

The water should be from twelve to twenty feet in depth, which can easily be determined if the stern rope has been marked.

Fly rods (two being legal to each person) are liable to furnish the greatest amount of sport after the fish is once hooked. But bait rods will hook the fish much better, on account of the extra backbone which they possess.

Fishing in deep water requires a rather heavy strike to set the hook properly, and it is a question as to whether a fly rod can stand the strain and the deeper the water (which, of course, means more weight) the harder the strike must be to make it felt on the hook end of the outfit.

The rod may be of any length, but the longer

it is the more easily can the bait be handled. Ten feet is a good length, and will afford good sport even in the heavier bait rods.

A rod of such a length really plays the fish itself, the fisherman simply seeing that the line is kept taut (not tight) at all times. Hold it at an angle of forty-five degrees and the fish will very soon tire of bucking against the spring of it, when the landing net may be thrust under him and the fish brought safely to the boat.

It is just as well to use two different varieties of bait, until it is discovered which one the fish prefer at a particular time.

Minnows, soft or hard shelled crawfish, frogs, helgramites, worms, and sometimes salt water shrimp do the work, all according to the humor the fish happen to be in at the time. Most of the old-time fishermen have an assortment of all the baits and try them one after another until the successful one is found, when they discard the others and continue in the use of the one.

There are several ways of hooking all these baits and most of the old timers have methods which they swear by and will not change for any new ways that they hear of.

Minnows are generally hooked through both lips—not one lip—to keep them from drowning through the exhaustion that comes from carrying through the hook about. If a very small hook be used, it may be put through the back just under the dorsal fin. But do not put it deep enough to go through his spine, or the minnow will be unable to move.

Crawfish can be hooked through the back, through one of the upper joints of the tail, or through the tail itself; frogs through both lips to keep out the water, as with minnows, or through the fleshy part of a leg. With helgramites, the hook can be put under the bony collar around the neck or through the tail.

In the case of worms there are two good places, a spot just back of the head, or through the body midway between head and tail leaving the tail to wiggle as much as possible. Some fishermen say, however, that it is best to hook them through the tail alone, as the head will wiggle the most if left free. This must be determined for oneself.

Cast the bait well away from the boat. With a ten foot rod, this is very easy of accomplishment after a little practice. Cast it gently, from side to side of the boat, stripping a little line from the reel after each cast until the desired



A Likely Spot for the Black Bass During August.

length is out. Then let it settle to the bottom, preferably on the edge of some under-water bank or gully.

These gullies are often found off the mouth of a stream, having been cut deep into the bottom of the lake during the high water of spring. They are great haunts for bass, which are continually nosing about in them to find any new food that the water may have brought down.

Use no sinkers or floats—just a three-foot smoke-colored leader and a sroat hook of medium size, snelled or eyed. The latter, of course, are the thing if one prefers to tie his own hooks on the ground. At ten minute intervals, strip in a little line; pull in the line above the reel and let it rest in the bottom of the boat to make sure the bait has not fouled in the weeds or crawled under a stone.

When the bait is first taken, do not strike at once. Bass seldom take the bait wholly into their mouths at the first attempt, as pickerel and some

other fish do. They fumble it and turn it about before trying to swallow it.

The proper time to strike really depends on the kind of bait. If it be a worm, the fish will fumble a moment and then take it all in its mouth and start away, swallowing as it goes. In that case the time to strike is when the "run off" starts.

With a minnow, the fish will run with it a few yards, stop, and immediately begin the swallow. The time to strike then is ten seconds after the first stop.

The same rule holds good with crawfish and helgramites, but with frogs a longer time should be given. Bass seem to have a decided antipathy to frogs in general, and when once they are killed there is no hurry about eating them. Their method of taking them seems to be somewhat in the following fashion:

It is first taken by the legs and two-thirds of the body, thoroughly crunched and mouthed until all struggles cease, when the bass runs off with it ten yards or so and stops to mangle it some

more. If no struggles ensue, the frog is turned about and swallowed head first, and when it is started well on the way to the fish's stomach, off he starts once more in search of other food. So the time to strike then is when the second "run off" starts, for it is only then that one may be sure of hooking his fish.

This method of striking necessitates much patience on the fisherman's part, but if one tries to hook the fish too soon it simply means a fish lost. Nearly every time the frog will be pulled from the fish's mouth. Being dead and half skinned, it will not be taken again.

For the benefit of those who prefer trolling, it can be said that it is all but hopeless during these hot days—the fish have no appetite nor ambition to chase a bait that moves as fast as a troll. They require something that is alive, but at the same time practically stationary—something that can be taken with little effort. And that is why the still fisherman sometimes makes the best catch of all at this season.



French Broad River, Brevard, N. C.



On a Train in the Mountains of Western North Carolina.

MUSCALLONGE ON THE FRENCH BROAD

By Ernest L. Ewbank.

A new lure in the bait box and an invitation for an automobile ride out to the Pothole, form too much of a temptation for any old fisherman to withstand. And so, when the two came together one day early in the season, I set out with a friend in his machine for the French Broad.

It is a large rock that goes down and out into the river, and gives you a vantage point on which to stand or sit while casting. I started with my smallest bait rod, casting so that each time it reached a little further, until finally it was making forty or fifty feet.

Then came a strike, and my friend saw it and hurried over with the gaff. It was a sitting cast, and I guessed the fish to be some three pounds heavy. I could not tell yet whether he was bass, rainbow trout, or muscallonge, as he played deep, and never came out of the water. So my pal stood ready with the gaff, a rather small one, determined to get him in his gills. We managed, as the fish came up by the rock, to barely touch him. Out of the water he came with a swish. I was on guard; I gave him the line, and he was off on a run again, taking some fifty feet of line.

I had seen now that he was a muscallonge.

Again I brought him to the shore, and this time the gaff reached him and went between his gills, lifting him on to the rock.

This move was not to the fish's liking, so he promptly threw off from the gaff and was back in the river, now on the upper side of the rock. It was a favorable location for him, because on this side there was a fallen tree, some twenty-five feet from the rock, making it difficult to play him.

However, I did manage to play him back into the lower pool, and got hold of the gaff myself. Bringing him once more to within reach, now well played out and turned belly up, I brought him out—this time for keeps.

He was not a large fish, as these fish go, measuring just 31 inches and weighing up to 6 pounds some few hours later. But he gave me some sport at that, considering that I had landed him with my little rod.

Two weeks later, I had some business at Pisgah Forest station, near the mouth of Davison's River. This stream empties into the French Broad a quarter of a mile from the station, and I had a whole two hours to waste before return train time.

I had not fished here myself for a number of years, but meanwhile it had been yielding fish weighing up to more than twenty pounds.

I rigged up the same little rod and outfit I had used at the Pothole, and began to cast. For a while there was not a sign of a fish. Then,

suddenly, there was a swirl close in to the shore and a big fish took the line. As I played it out—he was too close for me to strike the hook in yet—he slipped from under it, and started, with angry darts, to spar for minnows. Twice he went out of the water in his headlong rush after the little fellows. And his pettishness afforded me a little breathing spell during which I got the lure caught on the bottom of the river, and only after much effort got it loose again.

Then I recollected that my train would be along perhaps in a few minutes. Hurrying now, and without "wasting" any time in testing my line and leader, I commenced casting again. Again the big fellow made a dash for the bait, this time almost at my feet. Then I spoke to him, in no uncertain language:

"Strike, you son-of-a-gun, strike!" I whistled, "so I can strike back."

He did it.

It was a pretty sight, to see a big fish shoot up through the clear water and seize the lure nearly on the surface.

He was about fifty feet away, and I struck the hook in well. As I did so, the line and leader flew back behind me with a whish! When it swung back into my line of vision, I saw that the little brass snap was broken in two at the bend. Should I have "wasted" the time to look over my line and lure, after I recovered it from the bed of the river a little while before? This little experience has convinced me that the only proper answer to that question is "Yes."

It does not pay to take chances with your
(Continued on page 1112)

WITH THE REDEYES OF LITTLE BLACK

A STORY OF THE FIGHTING BLACK BASS
AND THE TACKLE THAT TAKES THEM

By Wandering Walton.

LITTLE BLACK has its origin from a spring that burst from a cliff, and immediately broadening assumes the pretensions of a fair-sized stream. The natives had told me about its bass, but whether they were the fighting redeyes or the big mouths in advance I gained no knowledge. But the moment I got into my waders and slipped into the cold, brawling stream, I thought that it was an ideal home for the small mouths, and that they were to be found there surely.

So dense was the timber on each side of the stream that the sun only penetrated here and there through little openings. It was one of those little ideal waters for wading-shoal in the center, and within easy casting distance from the bank, where deep water raced along. The bed was full of boulders, and threatened a bath to the unwary angler.

The earliness of the season and the dark water prompted an offering of Yellow Mays, tied salmon pattern; and the first cast brought an immediate response from an undersized redeye, which for what he lacked in strength he amply made up in agility and resoluteness. His first appearance out of the shaded water determined me to give him a little slack. The wise little fellow availed himself of it promptly, and in a single aerial flight freed himself from the hook.

I worked on down stream, feeling my way with caution. Such excessively shaded water for once brought into exhibition a latent timidity 'gainst willingly participating in a venture over my waders. But luck came my way, and I brought two fair-sized small mouths to creel within a short distance.

At an abrupt bend in the river it began to assume different characteristics. The boulders were infrequent, and small rocks seemed every fifty yards or so to accumulate in a line, which formed a miniature dam across the river. It was a succession of little falls. In working my flies among ideal places I had many responses, but the fish ran exceedingly small, but in almost unbelievable numbers. Sometimes as many as fifty together would charge at my flies, and the most inconspicuous little one invariably was captured. At once this induced me to try tactics of another sort, and I shifted my choice to a less gaudy pair of Silver Doctors.

A yard beyond the first fall I sent my cast, and, as I recovered, there was a great swirl of water. I recovered promptly. It promised a fish of some consequence. So I waited until everything had resumed a tranquil state, and sent the flies again in the same place. Then came the charge. A great, agile, dark bronze fish lunged at the dropper, and tore down-stream with it. It exerted all my strength to stop him; and then realizing the limitations of a light rod, line and fine leader, I gave him plenty of line. What a grand vault he made from the water, as the shimmer of the spray mingled with the splotches of sunlight! Only for a moment did he seem to care for the restraint, but charged

petulantly for the deep water along the right bank. Upon attaining this desired fighting ground, he executed those spiral dives that invariably puzzle the most experienced wielder of the rod. But soon I regained my squandered line, and brought him to the surface, fighting, mad, in a series of graceful leaps. Promptly he went for the bottom again, but I only permitted him a bit of line, well aware of his intent, if he could only gain some obstruction of rock or submerged log in the bed of the stream. This check enraged the fish. And for an instant I thought we had parted company. But it was only the rascal's determination to change his route of battle. He came directly toward me, giving me all the fast work in taking in slack line that I could well care for. Luck was my way; for I coaxed him from boulders, until finally the lithe rod persuaded him of its mastery. He looked to weigh fully four pounds.

The day wore on rapidly—as all days pass on a stream when there are no extraneous thoughts to mar the pastime—but my Silver Doctors lost their potency when morning yielded to afternoon. Every light-colored fly that I tried brought myriads of mischievous bass of very small size that wanted to test their prowess. And when these failed uncountable armies of brilliantly colored sunfish tried to eat up my flies. No large fish had an opportunity to contemplate an attack amid these greedy, militant hordes.

At the time fish refuse to rise everybody has a favorite fly upon which they depend, even though the little ones inexorably torment his cast. One year there is a certain favorite, then another, but of all in my experience in fishing none have performed so faithfully for me as the humble salmon fly Butcher. There is something about its sombre colors and contour that make it irresistible. And I chuckled to myself as I peeped into my fly book, fully prepared to delude myself into the conviction that there might be one that had never felt the jaws of a small mouth bass. There were just three, my only three, and very much chewed flies they were, though they reposed almost reverently in the same compartment. I selected the first that I touched, and with some verbal homage to its former achievements, I affixed it to the leader, and proceeded down the grumbling shoal. The water at once became deeper, but fast enough for me to begin to exercise more vigilance at every step.

It was the fifth cast that brought the monster. At first he merely flung longing eyes. At the second he failed to regard it with the slightest movement. The third one he bolted for it but quickly turned to his headquarters. The fourth brought a sagacious exhibition of recognition of my presence. Like all big fish, there was something about that black bass that made me want to tie up with him; and now that the innocent-appearing little Butcher had brought him from the dark water, it was but loyal to afford it one more opportunity.

I left the water and moved some fifty yards

down-stream. At once I took to water again, and began to forge my way back as quickly as I could. When within easy casting distance I shot my dependable Butcher in the small mouth's haunts. It began to float down in the grasp of the current, and I commenced to retrieve the unrecognized lure. Something inspired a small sunfish with the notion to seize it for the afternoon meal, for it came in one of those jerky little hesitant advances. Then I saw it disappear in the sudden seething of the water. I never saw that small mouth take the fly—so intent was I on the antics of the little fish. But in the instant I had the forethought to sink the steel, and then the battler madly burst on the surface. I gazed down-stream, giving that red-eyed terror all the line he wanted, providing he did not get too greedy about it, for the sport of the thing, as he rushed on quite a ways from me, caused me to endeavor to turn him. My, how his remonstrance strained that rod! I think it sensed every ounce of him, and I again gave him play. That fish had no limit to his craving for enameled line, for he persisted on down-stream; and just as often as I turned him inevitably came his instant rebuke with a mad flight in another direction. There was only one way to whip him—I saw that then—and that was to exercise patience, and to follow on as often as the length of line demanded.

My mind must have been all on that fish, for I know I would have given no attention to the stream ahead, had not the noise of the rapid announced some of its terrors. White water was but a hundred feet in advance of me, and this intractable fish was resolute about reaching it at all hazards. It was no time to spare tackle, and I gave him the strength of the rod against his. Enraged he leaped angrily from the water, and on return manœuvred his utmost for a fighting position close to the rapid. But the rod had more strength to it than I had given it credit; and it acted its part nobly. Twice the powerful fish almost got the best of me, though each time through good fortune I turned him from the white water.

Presently another humor seized him, and much as he seemed to gain hope from it, it inspired him in proportion. Working up-stream, he fought in circles, and then strove for a sunken log along side of the bank. So far the rod had fought him at every turn, now it was to deny him even this possible retreat. And then it came to the real test, I gave him no more line and fought him simply with the merits of the tackle. At once his circles contracted. His aerial flights though more frequent became but mere frounces. Finally he took to quiet water at my persuasion, but reluctantly yielding distance at every turn of my reel.

A moment later I extended him at full length on the damp lespedeza. Then I gazed at the rough green-clad hills, then back at the fish and the pretty little river, and I realized that sometimes the smallest bass streams yield the largest trophies.

THE KINGFISH AND THE KING OF FISH

HE IS NOT SO BIG AS SOME OF HIS MARINE
COUSINS BUT HE IS AN ANTAGONIST WORTH WHILE

By Leonard Hulit.

CONTEMPORANEOUS with the arrival of the striped bass along the New Jersey coast is the kingfish. While there is a wide difference between the two species in all particulars; still the subject of this sketch is a prime angler's favorite and growing in importance with each succeeding season. When taken under well considered conditions and with proper tackle he affords much excellent sport, and as a table delicacy is inferior to but few of our many choice coast line fishes.

Like many others of our well known varieties, the kingfish is known by many names and it does seem peculiar that any fish whose characteristics are so well distinguished should have so many titles. Many years since a well known writer, commenting on this subject, observed that there should be a revision of fish nomenclature, and each specie be given as well defined a name as our birds and animals have.

The kingfish is known as such about New York waters and along the New Jersey coast as far south as Manasquan Inlet, where we find the name Barb is quite generally in use among the native fishermen. The same applies throughout the Barnegat district and down to the Delaware Capes, where from there southward the names Sea-Mink, Black Mullet and others are in use until it appears to lose its identity with the surf whittings of the Southern waters.

And at this point another confusion enters in relation to this much misunderstood fish.

While no intention of controversy with students of genera and species is in mind, still just where the line of demarcation between the kingfish of the North and the surf whiting of the South begins and ends would be most interesting. I have studied them under all conditions and, save in coloration, can find no difference. The conformation of fin, body and all other physical points are identical. But the difference in color is most pronounced. When first taken from the water our kingfish have beautiful bronze lateral stripes, which is entirely lacking in the Southern fish, which is of a very even silvery white, but sometimes to a dark grey on exposure to the air, but the lateral stripes are at all times absent. As is well known to ichthyologists, habitat has much to do with the colors of many of our fishes.

This may be true of the kingfish, as where they are most abundant in the South, the bottoms are uniformly white, and as nature provides so many shields to her children against their enemies, this may well be another scheme, as a dark fish looms up strongly against a light background. However, the family tree of our valued friend may not be so important in this sketch as his relation to hook and line.

The kingfish has a coast range from about Cape Ann in the North until he becomes lost in confusion with the surf whiting along the Carolina coast. It usually makes its appearance along the New Jersey coast about the first of May, and is taken quite freely in the ground nets during the two following months, moving inshore and out as the water temperature, which is very erratic at this season of the year, suits its fancy. Its spawning habits are not at all well understood, although the ova seems well developed on arrival in the spring.

Still I have examined many specimens well advanced in the autumn months. This is a peculiarity most marked. Another noticeable feature is that of the fish taken on the hook. Perhaps four out of every five fish are females. Whether or not the females predominate so greatly or whether the gravid fish are so much more eager for food, must be left to conjecture; that perhaps the greatest number spawn during the early

summer months must be conceded, and that they do ascend the rivers along our coast to perform this function cannot well be denied, although many writers assert that nothing has been learned in this relation. The fact, however, that during the early autumn months myriads of the fry are to be found in the quiet waters of the sand beaches near the mouth of our coastal streams, is an argument so patent that the parent fish have deposited their spawn well up stream during the early season as to admit of small doubt.

To the angler the kingfish is full of intent and is growing in importance rapidly. While so many of our very important fishes show a marked diminution in numbers, this species apparently holds out well against the various agencies of distinction. Like most other varieties, it appears to be much more plentiful some years than in others, yet the past four seasons have given better catches than a corresponding period previous. The kingfish can be taken on many baits, such as clams, sandworms, bits of fish, etc. The two baits which can always be depended on are the white or blood worm and shedder crab.



The Rig Should Be Much Lighter Than Used in Bass Fishing—Although of the Same General Make-Up.

Like almost all varieties of fish, the kingfish is taken in all sorts of tackle, and frequently when fishing for others. Yet to get the true enjoyment from the sport the fisherman should go forth equipped especially for it and lend his endeavor to the sole direction of the game.

We will consider first the quest in the open ocean, where, undoubtedly, the best sport is to be obtained. The rig should be much lighter than that used in bass fishing, although of the same general make-up.

A 1-0 reel with light caliber rod and a line of 9 thread weight is good. A sinker just heavy enough to place the bait is sufficient, no matter if it tumbles about in the surf somewhat.

That is an advantage rather than an objection. The leader should be short—never more than a

foot in length; the reason for this will be explained later on.

And now the most important part of the outfit—the hook! Just here I expect criticism, as I have met it in the past. While the kingfish can be and has been taken on many sizes and makes of hook, still my belief is firm that the 1-0 first quality sproat hook is the ideal one. The mouth of the kingfish is of peculiar shape and located just under a protruding upper jaw. The hook, being very low from bend to point, appears to fit well; this formation is easily gorged and where well embedded holds extremely well.

With us the kingfish seldom exceeds two pounds in weight. While we have records of three pounds and over, still the average is below the first figure.

When in quest of this quarry exclusively the angler needs to exercise his wits at all times, as this fish is a most erratic feeder—now at the points of bars or away out in the flats or again in the deepest waters of the cuts along the beach. Practice, however, teaches its lesson, and the apt student will soon learn that at low water the distant points of bars are usually productive of best results. Then, as the tide advances, shorter casting can be pursued until at high water, directly behind the swells as they break on the beach, good catches can frequently be had, but so erratic are they in their feeding habits that a catch at a given point at one time argues nothing, for another time they are a game which must be persistently followed up, allowing no apparently favorable points to go untried.

The kingfish will take the bait at any stage of the tide and bites equally well day or night, but the flood tide is usually the most favorable and, as before mentioned, as the tide advances shorter casts may be made, as the fish usually work shoreward with the tide, feeding on the crustacea as it is laid bare by the action of the water.

The strike of this fish is peculiar, and once felt, is rarely mistaken for that of any other fish. Accustomed to wrenching loose mussels, and other like creatures from their moorings, the movement is a series of nervous twitches as rapid as thought and yet extremely vigorous. The man of experience when out for kingfish seldom allows himself to be off his guard; his line must be kept taut, and his mind continually on the work at hand, as the rapidity with which this fish can steal a bait and get away is most remarkable. It is here where the short leader plays its important part, as the instant the strike is felt, the angler brings the rod sharply up, and the less slack or swing there is to the outfit the greater the certainty of success. In river and bay fishing, a good black bass bait casting rod may be used and the same bait as for surf fishing, selecting the spots where the water swirls around points of bars or near some sunken object, where the waters have worn out basins. If not too deep a float may be used, which affords fine sport, always bearing in mind the fact that the bait must be kept near the bottom, when taken on tackle as described.

The pastime is of a higher order as we have no fish of equal weight that is more full of fight, and the determined resistance the little kingfish sets up is truly remarkable. The saying that it is not all of fishing to "catch fish" might well be amended to read that it is not all of "catching fish" to catch "big fish." There are but few pastimes which afford greater pleasure to him who is in need of the restful hour and knows when and how to drop his hook to the luring of the sprightly kingfish. If he is successful, he is welcomed home the possessor of a marine tid-bit worthy the palate of the most pronounced epicure.

THE ABSORBING TOPIC OF RODS

ONE FOR EVERY KIND OF FISH, EVEN THOUGH
THERE MAY NOT BE A FISH FOR EVERY ROD

By Bait Caster.

WHILE it is a pleasant pastime and, of course, a good deal of satisfaction to the angler to construct his own rod, manufacturers are placing on the market almost every conceivable kind of fishing rod at prices that fit most anyone's pocket. So it is now only the dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast who still insists that balance, pliancy and strength can only be obtained in a homemade rod.

The day of the "one rod for all fish" is now a thing of the past, with so many different methods of fresh water angling in vogue—bait casting, with artificial and natural baits, fly casting for large and small game fish, and trolling. The style of rod used in each method makes interesting study.

Before the several styles of rods are discussed, a few words on the materials of which rods are made will not be out of place. Our English cousins do not favor the use of the bamboo stick as much as we on this side do. Here, split bamboo is used almost to the exclusion of anything else in the better grade of rods. Solid wood is found only in the cheaper grades. Bamboo of good quality is usually made of either Toukin or Calcutta cane, in from six to eight strips, being either hexagonal or octagonal. As far as the merits of each are concerned, it is a toss up, with the favor, if there is any, being with the rod of six-strip construction.

Of the solid wood rods, bethabara, greenheart, lancewood and hickory are the most popular, preferably in the order named. This last statement is, of course, open to discussion, but what item in the anglers equipment is not?

There is one more material of which both bait casting and fly rods are made, and at the very least it deserves honorable mention. That is the rod of steel.

Don't throw your hands up, brother, and yell: "Put him out," too hurriedly. For there are any number of experienced followers of the illustrious Sir Isaac with a warm spot in their hearts for the steel beauty, and it will—either in the short rod for bait casting, or the long rod for bait or fly work—stand the gaff and come back smiling.

Now that we have seen of what materials rods in general are made, let us go back to the original discussion—the style of rod used in the several methods of sweet water angling.

First consider the rod used for casting natural bait; minnow, crawfish, small frog and night walkers. Of course it is of bamboo, and should be about eight or nine feet in length. While a too heavy rod should be avoided it is inadvisable to sacrifice strength for the sake of lightness. A rod from 5½ to 7 ounces would be considered about right. One used for natural bait casting must have a certain amount of bend and play to it, but at the same time plenty of backbone to stand the gaff, for in its use (particularly in bass fishing), the angler will have a fight on his hands from the time of the strike until "Mr. Fish" lies in the bottom of the boat.

The rod for the modern method of bait casting, that with the short rod and the artificial lure, is made in three pieces of equal length; two pieces, short butt and long tip construction; and one piece, with butt either attached or detached. We will pass over the three-piece rod. Its only recommendation is that it is easy to

carry, yet I have a three-piece rod that has had many an argument with "old Mr. Bronze-back," and is still looking for more.

The rod that meets all requirements and the one most generally used is the one with the short butt, long tip construction, in either bamboo or steel. The popular length is 5 or 5½ feet, but the length is best decided by the angler himself, for after he has been in the game for a time he will have very decided views on this matter. The usual weight of a rod of this kind, in bamboo, is from 5 to 6 ounces. If the rod is of steel it will weigh a little more. No one will, I think, dispute the fact that the one-piece rod has it on all others as to action. But when it comes to transporting it—that is an entirely different question. If you are a "regular bug" and must have a regular rod, by all means the one-piece, but hold your tongue for ever after if your "one-piece regular rod" gets knocked over and stepped on.

Now for that seemingly delicate little wand of bamboo, that is the delight of every wader of the stream—the rod for fly fishing. The weight of this rod will depend a good deal on the strength of the angler. A very light rod, while, of course, not so tiresome to handle during a long day's fishing, is harder to lengthen the line out with. However, a well known maker

of fly rods has placed on the market a two-piece rod 7 feet long that weighs 1¾ ounces, and a three-piece rod 8 feet long weighing only from 2 to 2½ ounces. It is claimed that the 2½-ounce rod has laid a fly ninety-two feet. Rods of this weight are, of course, for light trout angling. But still, if the angler is experienced, there is no reason why that prize winner cannot be landed as well.

After having taken into consideration any number of circumstances under which the fly-caster finds himself, when all is said and done it is the fly rod weighing from five to six ounces and from nine to ten feet in length, that, as a general thing, meets all requirements.

Then next, the salmon rod.

Few of us have the opportunity to angle for this "king of game fish," as the majority of waters where this mighty fighter holds sway are closed to the general fishing public. But to those that have the privilege, the following may be of interest.

Some years ago when salmon fishing was in its infancy, the salmon fly rod was made in extreme lengths, weighing not ounces but pounds. This has been overcome in later years and we find the salmon rod of to-day about fourteen feet long and weighing from fourteen to twenty ounces. Here again has bamboo the call for the material of the rod, although wood rods of greenheart find great favor among some salmon fishermen.

When the angler goes for lake trout, pike or muscollonge, the trolling outfit is used. All "now-a-day's fishermen" have a bait-casting outfit, and, as the mouse said, "this is the very cheese" for the work in hand. Here, once again, the steel rod shows its worth, and the choice lies with the angler between the rod of steel or split bamboo (with the little "iron toy" coming very near having the call) in lengths from four and a half to five and a half feet.

One last word, as to fittings. If possible, all guides should be of agate. While, of course, agate guides are more or less expensive, they are worth it in the long run. If some of the guides are to be agate, let it be the first and tip guides, with the others of German silver. Reel seats and butt-tips in all first-grade rods, irrespective of kind, are as a rule made of German silver, the nickel trimmings being found on only the cheaper rods.

Handgrasps are made of "solid cork," or cork, are cane-wound, or of hard rubber or plain wood. All are good and will give general satisfaction except the "solid cork," which is only thin coverings of cork glued over a wood handle. The cork has the call with the cane-wound handle second.

On the subject of ferrules, a separate paper could be prepared. Let it therefore be enough to say that they should be of German silver, waterproof and serrated. Ferrules of this kind are always found on first-class rods. The cheaper grades have ferrules of nickel or cheap brass. Avoid them both.

The tyro fisherman should remember that it will be impossible for him to buy a rod that will prove suitable for all kinds of fishing. Bait casting rods, it is true, can be used for trolling, but would be found impossible for fly work. Decide on the kind of fishing you want to do, then buy accordingly.



The Art of Nature and the Art of Rod Making
Combined Tend to Create an Angler's
Paradise.



CANOEING AND CAMPING



The Loaded Canoe.



The Lumber Camp Bateau.

UP AND DOWN THE CAUCOMGOMOC

THE BREAK INTO CAMP LIFE CAN BE TAKEN BY DEGREES ON THIS TRIP, ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST IN THE STATE OF MAINE

By Palmer H. Langdon.

WHEN Thoreau, in 1853, in his classic the "Maine Woods," mentions the Caucomgomoc region, he says:

"We had designed to go on at evening up the Caucomgomoc—but some Indians of Joe's acquaintance gave so poor an account of the moose hunting, so many had been killed there lately, that my companions concluded not to go there."

And if Thoreau were to paddle his canoe up and down the stream to-day he would probably have the same complaint of no moose, for man, in his bullheaded destruction, has not only shot away the moose from the Caucomgomoc region, but from the entire wilderness of the State of Maine, and the State's Legislature, scenting the doom of moosedom, has ordered a four-year closed season on moose—that the monarch of the forest may be saved to the Maine woods—the caribou has already walked over the border.

Though the moose have dwindled to a remnant and the caribou have gone, the woods, lakes and streams are still there, though in a degree dwarfed and mutilated, and if Thoreau should return, he would find a canoe trip on the Caucomgomoc both fascinating and refreshing—like the other canoe excursions into the depths of the Pine Tree State, several of which have been described by the writer in *Forest and Stream*.*

As usual, in paddling through Maine waters, the natural starting place is Kineo. Manager Judkins, of the Mount Kineo House, has a list of over one hundred guides. For this particular outing the services were secured of Guide Baxter Smith. The break into camp life, however, can be taken by degrees for the customary practice is to take a steamer from Kineo to the North East carry—stay over night at Winegaret Inn—which is a lumberman's hotel in winter and a tourists' resort in summer—then in the morning haul over to the Penobscot River, where canoe transportation and camp life gener-

ally begins. Though even then tent life may be deferred further, for about every canoe puts into the settlement at the head of Chesuncook Lake to mail letters at the last post office, and (if the camper is wise) to invest some silver in the famous doughnuts which are obtainable from the postmistress. If the city sport is still reluctant to try tent life, he can get comfortable overnight accommodations at the post office. By this time the sport may also be imbued with some of the spirit of Judge G. V. Leveritt of Boston, who has spent his thirty-ninth season in canoeing and camping in the Maine woods. As we came down the river we noticed his tent pitched on the banks of the stream.

Guide Baxter Smith was ready for sleeping under canvas, wishing to tarry only long enough to take lunch at the half way house on the Penobscot and get a stock of potatoes from Ansel Smith at "Suncook." With the stowing of the doughnuts and potatoes, the twenty-foot canoe was surely loaded with four hundred pounds of campage and four hundred pounds of humanage. The dunnage weight was divided into twenty-four packs, besides paddles, pole, dip net and fish rods.

Hardly had we set out on the morning of September 7, 1915, when the guide remarked that there was "no water this year." In the East Branch of the Penobscot there was not enough "juice" to float a canoe—the West Branch was all "dynamite" and "auto-mobiles." The pulp mill was building a dam there with the consequent destruction.

"No water" in the Maine woods was a shock to expectations when the Atlantic coast had been deluged with a flood of rain during the summer months.

But there were the dry rocks in the Penobscot, and it was with difficulty in places that the canoe could be poked down to Suncook Lake. In fact,

Joe Smith, the venerable mail carrier whom one always meets in going or coming on this stream, reported a specially dry and hazardous paddling season. It was a pleasure to note, however, that even with low water the United States mail was still carried in a canoe and the lumber supplies in a bateau. Fortunately for the tourists' delectation the river would not float a power boat.

All the way down the Penobscot's banks surveyors' marks were noticed and the guide explained that the new dam was to raise the water to the level of the marks—and then he exclaimed, "I have not a word to say against them 'mobile roads, but the way the corporations has treated the water flottage is enough to turn a man against the State of Maine." And then he pointed to a mass of tangled dead snags on the river banks and said the new water level increases the height of the dead wood. "Look there," he said, "see them trees on the Cemetery point? Well them and the cemetery will be washed under when the new dam gets in its work."

And then as we left Chesuncook Lake and pushed up Caucomgomoc stream we were confronted with absolute desolation—a shore of bleached snags—the result of killing the timber by overflowing the banks—and all that the wood pulp companies could float down a greater quantity of logs to be ground into paper stock, a large quantity of which goes into the making of "yellow journals."

Apparently, the only hope to save the fine evergreen forests from the hopper of the pulp mill, is for some genius to develop a new base for the making of paper, but the experts tell us that this development is still a hazy dream, for every base besides wood that has been tried for the making of paper has failed, and the authorities say that only when wood pulp becomes extremely scarce and costly will the paper men be com-

pelled to take up a cheaper and inferior base stock. In the meantime the forest destruction and shore desolation must continue in man's effort to get more and more spruce to the pulp mill.

The result of man's commercialism was so much in evidence at the headwaters of Chesuncook Lake and at the mouth of Caucomgomoc stream, that the joys of a canoe outing were temporarily forgotten, but as we pushed further and further up stream and reached above the pulp dam water levels, we left behind us without regret the dead snag region and paddled into Black Pond, where we steered for one of the fine camp sites. The place had previously been occupied by a party of ladies, which meant that the guides had taken extra pains in rigging up the camp with rustic comforts, such as extra seats, shelves, tables, etc. The balsam bough beds were specially thick and decorated with cedar trimmings.

The camp was so attractive that we did not mind spending a rainy day there, but on the morning of September 10th we were up at six, with everything in readiness at 8 A. M., to paddle on to the Horse Race, where Bob Eddy was doing a thriving business in carrying canoes over to Caucomgomoc Lake. The State law requires that there must be a natural flow of water when the lumber companies are not driving logs, but there was a log jam in the stream, hence the canoes had to be hauled overland.

Upon unloading the wagon at the lake and reloading the canoe, we worked up the twisting connecting stream to Round Pond, camping there over night.

The intention of the writer was to then carry over to Allgash Lake, thence to Chamberlain Lake and down the East Branch of the Penobscot, but on account of the low water and the disinclination of the guides to go down the East Branch, this trip had to be abandoned and Round Pond was the turning point of the outing. The Pond, however, proved to be attractive camping ground, and it was a pleasure to paddle about and up the branch streams and to take walks through the woods with the guide. He had been a lumberman and guide for forty years, and loved to relate about the former days of lumbering, when the woods were full of "pumpkin pine" as large around as a hogshead. No one thought of taking the upper trunk of the tree in those days; only the part below the limbs was fit for lumber.

One of the fine strolls was over the rough road to Allgash Lake, which the guide said was "the longest three miles that ever lay outdoors." The route is through the heart of the forest with refreshing springs along the path. On reaching the extensive shores of the lake there was not in sight a living creature, save a single deer which was moving unconcernedly along the beach. Indeed happy and tame seemed the deer to-day, but in another month, remarked the guide—"they would take notice with the bullets flying over their back."

It was with regret that we had to turn our backs on attractive Allgash Lake and retrace our steps to Round Pond, for this meant the beginning of the return journey. As the guides complained that the water was too low even to return via Chamberlain Lake and Umbazookshus stream, the alternative was to go back via the Caucomgomoc. We therefore walked and paddled back to our camp on Round Pond, spending the morrow (Sunday) there. The guide put in

his time making palatable ginger cookies and apple sauce, while the "sport" could swing an axe to his heart's content.

One of the bracing features of Maine woods' life is working about camp—doing your share of the daily camp routine. Many go to the woods and let the guides do all the work, but that is a mistake for the man who makes the trip for, among other reasons, to become physically a hundred point, he must use his muscles.

On breaking camp from Round Pond on Monday morning, September 13, there was a bit of fall chill in the air and it was a still gray September day. The Crooked Sis (the outlet of Round Pond) was a placid mirror and there was not a sound discernible save the swish of our paddles. We watched for deer and saw one. This made the sixteenth deer sighted so far on the trip—not exactly an over supply. But what can be expected with the indiscriminate shooting by city sports even with the woods guarded by game wardens and guides. Now the paper companies are building automobile roads through the forest which, of course, mean easier accessibility—and easier slaughter of game. The only hope apparently to save the noble game that once roamed through Maine's forest is Federal or state ownership—national or commonwealth parks.

On again reaching Lake Caucomgomoc (the Indian name for Gull Lake) and going into camp we were welcomed by rain, which was most desirable, considering the low water and dryness with the consequent danger of fire and, in mentioning fire, it was interesting to watch the guide's pains to put out all vestige of camp fires and the way he watched the sparks that shot up into the trees. When the moss on the trees becomes dry it is readily inflammable and a spark might start a flame in the tree tops which would devastate a valuable lot of timber. Constant vigilance is the price of fireless woods, and well it is for the Maine woods that no city folk are allowed to stray through the wilderness without a guide.

While trolling along Caucomgomoc shores without result, in the afternoon we came upon a grove of big pines—a noble sight they were—a remnant of a vanishing race—and they reminded the writer again of some of Thoreau's opinions of years ago in which he said: "They (the lumbermen) rapidly run out of these immense forests all the finer and more accessible pine timber, and then leave the bears to watch the decaying dams, not clearing nor cultivating the land nor making roads, nor building houses, but leaving it a wilderness as they found it. Think how much land they have flowed without

asking nature's leave! When the state wishes to endow an academy or a university, it grants it a tract of forest land; one saw represents an academy; a gang a university."

What would Thoreau say to-day if he returned and saw his beloved forests being ground into pulp? However, we can all be thankful that the early lumberman left the woods "a wilderness as they found it."

If the present owners or the government or the Kennebec Valley Protective Association will take steps to keep it a wilderness there will be reason for more thankfulness. But the rumbling of the blasting in building roads over at Loon Lake within audible distance of Caucomgomoc Lake did not vouchsafe a perpetual wilderness.

It was break camp again the next morning (September 15th) and to be carried past the log jam and horse race to Bob Eddy's camp—then paddle down stream to Black Pond, passing eight deer on the way, making a total sight to date of twenty-eight deer. In the evening we paddled around the pond to watch for more, and as we drifted by the different points in the beautiful twilight stillness—the fascination of the scene brought to mind Remington's memorable sketch, "Calling the Bull Moose." Alas, now-a-days the moose was missing, but the spirit of loneliness was relieved by the bull frogs, which began their evening chorus that resounded and re-echoed around the pond. We returned to camp in the light of the silvery moon, recalling the lines of the song—

"Oft in the stilly night—

Ere slumber's chain has bound me."

A thunderstorm was the awakener the next morning, but the double tent kept us dry. On the way down stream we visited a lumber camp and saw them slashing down 12-inch logs for the benefit of the newspapers. One of the choppers, who had lumbered on the very same spot seventeen years ago, remarked that spruce then was considerably thicker and larger.

The next task was to get up the Penobscot River in the extremely low water and wonder if, when we were over the North East Carry, nature would be kind enough to let us paddle back to Kineo instead of being dependent on the steamboat. Nature was more than obliging, for Moosehead Lake was a beautiful mirror overhung with balloon-shaped clouds. It was, therefore, a great pleasure to push the canoe over the shiny surface to Duck Cove where we camped amid Moosehead's charming scenery. In the evening moonlight the guide made the call of

the moose as we sat on the moonlit shore, but nary a moose answered the call.

Despite the beautiful evening, rain and wind swept upon us during the night and the guide was anxious about venturing out—but by creeping along the shore we were enabled to paddle down behind the rock of Kineo, have dinner on the shore and reach the beach of North Bay at 4 P. M. on September 19th, ending a delightful thirteen days of up and down the Caucomgomoc.



Desolation.

*Down the Penobscot; Up Katadin; Down and Around the Allgash. Other articles written by the writer and published for *Forest and Stream* were: To Honolulu in a Bark; Through the Yellowstone in the Saddle; A Drive Over the Great St. Bernard Pass; Down East on a Schooner; Climbing Mount Marcy.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

on happenings of note in the outdoor world



The Good Old Days Back Home

AUGUST is the vacation month—at least it is the month in which people think most of vacations, and indulge in them, for that matter. But when you were a boy at home, what vacation did you long for more than the “letting out” of school, and the prospect of several months surcease from the grind of daily lessons?

If, happily, you lived on a farm, it no doubt was quickly impressed on you that man lives by the sweat of his brow, a maxim that has done more to drive the country boy to the city than any other inspiring cause of which we have record. Not that the country boy is lazy. Far from it. But he did, and still does, like to play occasionally, and the periods of days off were, and are, discouragingly far apart.

So the boy came to the city, and made a success of it. His name stands for much, perhaps, in certain circles, and he has time to slam down the lid of his desk when fancy—or more like the doctor's warning—moves him to seek relaxation, if it can be found, in doing the things that appeal to him most.

What he does is immaterial. What appeals to him he never can have, save in remembrance, for he is thinking of the old days on the farm, and some way the memory of toil and monotony fades into nothingness besides the keen recollection of the joys of country boyhood.

How homely the old barn used to look; what a dreary vista of dust ribbon the road past the house presented, although it was ever fascinating, for in its lengthening perspective it led to the world outside—a world of infinite possibilities, until in years afterward one got to know how hollow and disillusionizing that big outside world could be.

But the man in the city likes to forget that. He thinks rather of the past. No waters seem so beautiful as those wherein as a boy he caught his first fish, or rowed or paddled. No woods present the mysteries of those in which he first essayed the role of Nimrod. What of the roseate dawns, the sweet sounds and fragrance of spring; the time when every fibre thrilled with life?

The tired man, however, while he is thus comforting himself with sentimental reminiscence, is only fooling himself. When he was a boy he wasn't thinking of roseate dawns and the like. He was only longing that a stern parent downstairs would some day come to his senses and let a fellow have one good night's sleep, instead of turning the family out at an unholy hour in the morning.

The robin's carol meant nothing—the robin was worse than the old man—for he and his tribe began their racket even earlier. It is a beautiful memory, nevertheless, and wonderfully comforting to those who can conjure it up from experience. Let us not begrudge it to them.

Still, to speak the truth, the sunrises now are as beautiful, and the sounds and scenes of Nature quite as ravishing as in the old days. We

lose in appreciation, perhaps, but that is not the fault of Nature. The blame lies with us.

The “good old days” were just like these, that are born every time the sun comes up. The past may be a treasured memory; the present is better, for it is being lived. But the future is best, for it is yet to be enjoyed.

The Cost of Out Door Sport

REGRET is expressed betimes by people whose fondness for wholesome out door sport is in inverse ratio to their means of gratifying it that, as the different forms of it become more specialized in general and more refined in particular, the expense increases to a degree so high that their participation is almost prohibited.

In a majority of cases, however, their standard of the sport is based on the fashion and luxuries rather than on the substantial factors of it. There is no doubt that the most expensive forms of sport, within certain wise limitations, may be made the most pleasurable, but it does not by any means follow that less expensive forms are therefore devoid of all pleasure.

In the serious affairs of life, people recognize that there is a law of supply and demand which determines values, and that there is a limit both in respect to quality and quantity beyond which they cannot venture.

The same common sense applies to standards in sport, for in a similar manner it has its necessities and its luxuries. It has its implements of rare material, of mechanical excellence, of artistic design and finish. It has others of equal utility, although perhaps of less elegance, to supply the needs of him whose purse permits him to engage in sport at all.

There is nothing inherently changeful in the sport itself which has made the transition from the inexpensive recreation of years ago to that of the present time. The essentials remain the same. Taste has been cultivated to a higher artistic plane. Skill has improved and demanded finer mechanism. Wealth has become greater and more general, furnishing the wherewithal to gratify the craving for the best. The interests of sport have kept pace with the general advancement.

Sport was less expensive some years ago, because at that time one could not make it expensive if one endeavored to do so. There were not the thousand and one implements for the sportsman's need then on the market.

The expensiveness of out door recreation, like that of living, is much as one makes it. It may be cheap or dear, sensible or foolish, original or imitative, wholesome or unwholesome—it is a matter in which the personal equation dominates.

But at no time in the history of out door sport could its devotees obtain so many essential articles at so cheap a rate as they can at the present time. The true standard is to enjoy life within one's means—a precept which was sound in the years gone by as it is to-day, and will be in the years to come.

The New Outdoor Spirit

IF GOVERNMENT is but the expression of the people—although we are afraid that this comfortable doctrine is too often only a theory—then it is clear that the outdoor spirit is growing. For many years the only contact between government, field sport and angling has been manifested in the elaboration of statutes known as the game laws—and the sad mess often resulting furnished evidence that this contact was based on anything but scientific principles.

But affairs are improving. Not only are the game laws more nearly interpretative of conditions as they are, but the fact has dawned on the modern legislative world that because a man sometimes feels like seeking the woods, he is not, necessarily, a loafer, nor if he manifests a desire to take his family with him, is he insane.

Thus we find that whereas twenty years ago the setting aside of a small fraction of the public domain for conservation or recreative purposes was regarded tolerantly as a confession to a loaferish or idling spirit, opinion to-day views the matter in an entirely different light.

So we are not only getting more and more “parks,” as they are termed, comprising what in some instances constitute really great areas of beautiful domain, but the law is granting to the people whose property they are, the privilege of using them for rightful purposes.

For instance, it is now possible for the citizen to obtain the right to make some small spot in these wildernesses a sort of transient home for himself and family, to be occupied during the outing season.

No equity reverts to the holder of these privileges, and while the State of New York asserts its actual ownership to what might be termed fixed or permanent improvements, made, of course under official restrictions, the same principle would apply elsewhere almost without formality of enactment.

The point is that the American citizen now realizes that some of the luxuries heretofore regarded as beyond any but the very wealthy, are his for the asking. It means much for the national health, now and in the future. There will be abuses, of course, but these will be the exception, rather than the rule, and we have an idea that the transgressor will fare hard, indeed, if his neighbors are allowed to deal out his punishment.

To own, even in the pleasant fiction expressed in a Government permit, a little spot that may be regarded as individual, is something that appeals to the imagination of the ordinary man and woman. This privilege is now within reach.

As for the preservation of game in these areas, transient and limited occupancy will do little if any harm, for shooting is strictly prohibited, and there is a conservation lesson in the well demonstrated fact that wild life thrives in contact with a sparse human population that does not harass or destroy it.



THE LAW OF SUBSISTENCE

INEVITABLY IT DRAGS IN THE LAW
OF PAIN—A SERMON ON BOTH

By W. H. Bentley.

Till one has actually entered into the realities of camp life—has tramped the great wood alone or with a cheerful guide; has pulled the trigger on a bounding deer only to see the small, white flag at its rear briskly wave a defiant farewell among the bushy firs, or perchance if the aim was true, dressed out the warm carcass and left it hanging on a bowed sapling to be brought in at a later date to grace the pole; has blazed away at a swiftly ambling bunch of black fur that, strangely enough only ambled out of sight with more celerity at the rifle's crack; has heard the crash of a monarch moose tearing with resistless momentum through the alders, just out of sight; has lunched with genial companions met by appointment about the noon-day fire, miles away from camp beside Roaring Brook or up the East Branch; has sat down at a table bountifully supplied with game, vegetables and pastry, at the end of a day's long tramp, and, while serving the appetite sharpened to healthful keenness by the activities of the day, has stimulated digestion with the piquant sauce of friendly jest and stingless gibe—one cannot know camp life in its finer features.

Furthermore, till one has joined the after-dinner group gathered in the "big room" in which, scattered about the great, open stove in restful attitudes, are kindred spirits whose hold on the comforting trivialities of earthly existence are indicated by clouds of blue smoke rising above their heads; and while tireless guides with cleaning rod and oily rag are slicking up each well smoked rifle, has both told and heard of the moving incidents that the day brought forth; till one has been infected with the spirit of unselfish comradeship and thoughtful solicitude that the atmosphere of camp life inherently exhales, and that levels caste, smothers incongruities of temperament and harmonizes religions—one has missed the essence of the prevailing virtue there, that broadens a narrow mind, adds a benignancy and wholesomeness to daily conduct that were never before present, and last but not least, cures an ailing body and freshens a tired mind.

That there may now and then be a hunter in the woods over whose crass and selfish nature the mystical charm of the atmosphere there, apparently fails to throw its gracious spell, I cannot well deny. The game laws allow a hunter to take his game without an investigation of his motives. He may go out seeking his carcasses in the spirit in which he goes to the butcher's stall for his steak or roast, and grumble if he does not easily obtain them. There is no law civil or criminal, prohibiting sordid and mean ambition. If through a lack of moral sense a bounty

of nature that the Almighty palpably intended for the reasonable use of mankind, is now and then basely and avariciously claimed without the slightest recognition of the beneficent, general principle in accordance with which it was bestowed but of which it is only an insignificant illustration, I believe the instances of such obliquity are growing fewer with the better sentiment of the times.

"But," interrogates one of my good friends, "why shoot at all? Why not roam the woods; absorb the beauties of nature; study her wonderful laws; get from the beech ridges an inspiration of the Almighty's wisdom, and from the pine groves their health-restoring virtues, if you please, without taking the life of a harmless creature whose existence is as much God-given as yours? Why draw fine distinctions between the man who visits the woods solely to get a deer carcass, and the one—yourself—who in sheer hypocrisy prates of the love of nature and of the beneficence of the Almighty, but—who shoots his deer? Upon what authority do you stand, when you insist that back of the eye sighted along the deadly rifle barrel, there must be a mind committed to a recognition of the beauty of nature before the trigger rightly may be pulled? The sleek naturalist shoots: Dead deer! Hurrah! The brawny butcher fires the fatal bullet: Dead deer! Alas! What a shame!

Now let me understand you, my good friend.

Since the days of Nimrod the Mighty before the Lord, and of Esau the Cunning, there have been many hunters. Am I to understand you entertain the idea that there is no warrant in religious law or in the law of human necessity, for the destruction of innocent, animal life? No; that idea would be untenable, you admit: you do not take so broad a stand. Very well, then narrow your strictures against my killing deer, down to their essence.

"Cruel."

Anything else?

"Unnecessary."

Go on.

That is sufficient, you say. Now let me consider the first charge.

You are a religious man in the general sense of the term?

"Perhaps so; perhaps not."

But you are at least a deist and, therefore, a believer in a supreme being under whose direction the universe was created? Consider you an atheist for time being? O, in that case our discussion stops; for with nothing greater than mere accidental conditions with which to deal, I hold my arbitrary judgment on a matter of

this kind as sound as yours, and discussion is not worth while. We merely then entertain different views on a practice to which no status except that of human custom can be given; no authority except that of human expediency.

Why drag in religion? Because in your strictures the religious view of the creation is clearly relied on. If you desire to re-draw them you may do so. They are to stand as they are then; but I am to admit there is nothing in the divine law that tolerates cruelty. I make the admission without hesitation or caviling. The dispute, then, practically narrows down to "What is cruelty?"

An over-bold physiologist once said that if the designing of the eye had been left to him, he could have improved over that designed by the Almighty. Scarcely less egotistical was the assertion of a student under Dean Wayland, that the Proverbs of Solomon exhibited no evidences of remarkable intellectual superiority; to which the Dean rejoined:

"Perhaps not. Suppose you write out a few yourself and bring them into the class room tomorrow."

Now, my friend, in the scheme of creation the physiological phenomenon of pain, for some good reason, was included. Physical pain is the normal sequence to certain abnormal conditions of the body, resulting from injury or disease. Why pain rather than a pleasureable sensation was thus incorporated in the scheme of creation, is a matter beyond our present controversy. It is sufficient to note that it is inherently produced under the conditions mentioned.

The operation of the law of pain nothing animate can escape. Human agencies may allay and even entirely dissipate pain itself; but if there be a way by which the law that governs it may be nullified, human intelligence has not yet searched it out. On the young and old of the human race; on the just and the unjust; on the beasts of the field, fowls of the air and fishes of the sea, the inscrutable law inexorably and relentlessly works.

Also included in the scheme of creation is the natural love of existence, over against which paradoxically stands the grim law of subsistence: the law of universal depredation, in accordance with which the lion devours the zebra; the hawk, the pigeon and the sparrow; the fox, the partridge and the rabbit, and the spider, the fly. Under the law, too, man drives to the shambles myriads of the beasts of the field, and takes from the sea his daily levy of fish; and all under a system so wondrously concomitant in even its minutest details and so marvellously intricate in its operations, that the human mind cannot intelligently hope to fathom it.

Inherently related are these two laws: the law of pain and the law of subsistence; but the conventionalities of society do not permit mention of their connection. At the family board we touch not on the details of the butcher's art, lest tender nerves be wrung. In the banquet hall we flare upon the whitened screen no motion

pictures of the shambles, lest pleasures of the feast be spoiled and joy be marred by grewsome thought. We may praise the goodness of the juicy steak and tender fowl, but must stifle all reference to the painful tragedies of which they are the evidence.

"All very well," you say, my friend, "but not to the point." What, then, is the point?

How do I justify the killing of a beautiful animal such as a deer, merely as a recreation—a sport? Is that it? Yes.

Please bear in mind, my friend, that susceptibility to pain does not vary with symmetry of contour, color of eye or gracefulness of poise. The sting of the bullet that does not instantly kill is as poignant to the skunk as to the deer. The skunk is harmless if undisturbed and more useful than the deer, inasmuch as it is a destroyer of noxious vermin. The agency that created the one created the other; and if we accept the religious view, for such use as man can make of them. If the skunk occasionally becomes noxious as a depredator of the farmer's fowl yard, the deer becomes more noxious as a depredator of his crops. If deer were domesticated, they would be done to death by the butcher; and you and I should feed upon their flesh with the same, smug complacency with which we now eat our slice of bacon, or roast of beef or mutton.

Still evasive, am I? I shall try to be more specific.

The deer of the woods is among the beasts of the field provided for man's sustenance, by the Almighty. I know of no divine law, no rule of hygiene, that establishes a fleshless diet for the seeker after health or merely recreation among the few, natural retreats that the resistless progress of civilization has left available for such use.

I do not absolutely need the flesh of deer?

Perhaps not. Neither do I absolutely need the flesh of the fowl I take from my yard, and the neck of which I wring without being called on to defend myself against a charge of cruelty. My sin, apparently, according to your views, lies in personally killing my own meat instead of allowing it to be killed for me. I may be a butcher in town and escape your abhorrence; but if, once a year I turn hunter in the woods and put a bullet through the heart of a deer, your ire and disgust are aroused. I am a worker of unnecessary cruelty.

I am a simple man, my friend, and have had no training in the subtleties of the logic whereby, perhaps, you still hold me guilty of the charge; but if I am a worker of unnecessary cruelty—a willful agent in needlessly causing the operation of the law of pain on a beast of the field provided for man's sustenance, what views do you hold with respect to the very Maker of such a law; and what motive do you attribute to His agency in its continuous operation on mankind?

"You cannot fathom the mind of the Almighty," you say. No more can I, though religious dogmas are as plentiful as grass in the field. But what is the momentary suffering of the stricken deer, compared with the extended agonies of accident and disease one may see in any hospital or even in one's own home? And recall, too, that only in recent times has the art of man found means to allay the horrors of the surgeon's table. For countless ages the divinely created law has wrought on helpless humanity—

on the upright as well as the unrighteous; on the innocent as well as the guilty—torture and unallayed misery that only death could relieve.

Existence for most animal life is comparatively short. What matters it to the soulless, mindless beast, be it ugly or beautiful, whether its end is to-day or to-morrow? And when the end comes, how much more merciful the bullet of the hunter, than disease, the helplessness of old age, or even the knife of the butcher. Were a well directed bullet the cause of the ending of every human life, half, at least, of the physical suffering of humanity would be precluded.

Perhaps, my friend, there is the physiologist or the student who would blot out the law of pain. From the wonderful, awe-inspiring system that has governed the operations of nature from the beginning, he would extract that offending unit; and then, no doubt, appalled by the results of his supercilious boldness, would, if he could, restore it to its place. Perhaps, too, in his folly, he would modify the law of subsistence, so that to the love of existence it would not stand as a grim, menacing paradox. But from what source could he draw the wisdom to re-write it in harmony with the plan of creation? Can he improve the design of the human eye? Who dares even the task of re-writing the Book of Proverbs?

I wish, my friend, you would go with me next autumn to that comfortable little camp on the Seville stream to which I have turned my steps for many years past. Together we shall tramp the woods from "Big Bog" to the summit of Matamiscontis, and from Big Silver ridge to Joe Mary's waters; and if, when the trip is ended you still believe me a hypocrite, I am a poor judge of human nature. To season our city legs we shall tramp only lightly at first. The first day it will be sufficient to go round Robert's ridge, by the tote road to the Davis camps; then across to the A. B. camps long since abandoned to the hedgehogs and the weather, and down the log road back to camp. Five miles the distance is—not the geography mile or the city mile; but the Maine woods mile; the generous mile; the mile that, after one has encompassed a "hell hole" of fifty acres in extent and worked back almost to the place of beginning, starts on where it left off, the distance round the "hell hole" not being considered. No matter how many alder swamps and hell holes are dodged, the Maine woods' mile complacently ignores detours and deals only with bee lines.

The second day we may try the Lard Pond road. As we cross the Little Bog we may start a deer out of the bearded hackmatacks; and if you are quick with your camera you may catch



a negative of it as it scurries over the spongy suds, tossing moss and pitcher plant from its agile heels. We shall go as far as the old Bartless camps; and while we lunch you may play with the red squirrels there that are dodging in and out of the tangled roots. They will resent our invasion of their premises, growling and scolding as they defiantly hitch along the log we occupy, as though to drive us from our seats; but we may calm their rage and sweeten their tempers by carefully extending a twig and scratching their backs.

On the way home we shall go round by the Davis camps again, and behind the deserted hovel may find the flock of spruce partridges that, for three years, I have found not far away. There were a dozen or more of them last year, and one can be spared if you would like a cock for mounting. I will kill him with a stick while you are at the spring drinking, and, therefore, cannot see what I am doing. His plumage, perhaps not so attractive as that of his cousin the birch partridge, is marked by a red bar either side of the head that sets him off well.

Taking to the tote road straight over the ridge, we may stop to gather nuts in the grove of beeches; and as we sit quiet a while, may hear the rustling of a flock of ruffed grouse among the dried leaves, as they stalk into our line of vision seeking a meal of beech nuts. You may watch them till, undisturbed, they slip out of sight; for I am too poor a shot to pick off a bobbing head with a rifle bullet, and it would shame me to strike the body and tear it into shreds.

If fortune favors us we may see a fox stealthily sneaking from bush to bush in search of a meal of partridge breast; and if you are as lucky with a chance shot as I once was, can put a bullet through his eager heart. You may then have his pelt made into a mat for your den. The next day, while one of the guides and I are thrashing the country round Endless Lake for moose, you may amuse yourself in fishing for pickrel in the cove a mile below camp. Were not the season too late, Roaring Brook would furnish you with such trout that you would take delight in telling your grandchildren of them in years to come; for by the time that generation arrives it is likely the trout will all be gone from the brook.

Perhaps, too, by this time grown accustomed to the sight of dead game hanging on the pole—for I have but once seen it empty—and infected just a little, maybe, with the spirit of the hunt, you may slip the old camp shot gun into the canoe as you shove the frail craft into the water; and as you round the first bend, swallow your compunctions and blaze away at the ducks you find there. You may not get them at the first shot; but you will have another chance, perhaps two, before you reach the cove where the pickerel lie; and if you bag a pair I shall not call you a hypocrite. Maybe, then, you will venture to try at least one day with the guide in the woods; and with rifle in hand gain the experience that, if it does not entirely alter your views of an honest hunter's character and motives, will at least permit you to give him the benefit of the doubt. If, the trip ended, "going out" with every film exposed, you slide into the canoe and sit with your feet on the carcass of a deer without looking to see if it be yours, I am but a false prophet. That was my own experience, and I, therefore, know whereof I speak.

PLUGS FOR PLUGGERS, YEAR 1916

AN ARTICLE FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO TRY OUT THE LATEST CREATIONS OF THE TACKLE MAKERS' SKILL

By George L. Buguey.

SOME time ago I read an article with a good deal of interest on "plugs," where the author argued that four plugs, two of the wiggler type and two for surface work, were all that was needed for any follower of the cast the plug, catch the fish game. It sounds well, doesn't it, brother, but would any of us be satisfied with four of the wooden beauties?

For some reason or other there is a fascination about these deceivers that to the uninitiated

is the sport of a thousand thrills." Well, one more thrill has been added to this attractive sport when the latest creation of the Dowagiac people—The Baby Crab Wiggler—made its bow to the angling fraternity.

This new one is of the wobbler type, floating on the surface when not in use and when working at variable depths gives the bass all the thrills of the sure to goodness live crab. This one for the plugger who leans to small plugs, and just right for the light tackle rod. The small plug for the large fish.

Many a small mouth will fall prey to this double hooker and many a bait-caster will regret that this plug is not among his collection if he fails to tie up to the "Baby Crab" this season.

"Wilson—That's all." Yes, sir; here you are son, a plug that does the work of six, from the top water sputter to the deepest wiggler and all for the price of one plug. We of the plugger class know what a fish getter the wobbler with the fluted sides has been; well, here is another from the same factory—Hastings Sporting Goods Works—and if it is as good as its brother, the "fluted wobbler," it's "full creels" for all of us.

In the trapshooting game I featured the expression "shoot 'em high, shoot 'em low." Here is one for the fishing fraternity "fish 'em low, and do it with a Wilson."

All that is necessary is to turn an adjustable



The Six-in-One Wobbler.

diving guide and one has the choice of any one of six different positions from the surface to the wiggler of various depths to a maximum of six feet. Here's to you, the "pound for pound fish," also to "Wilson—That's all."

Lots of us while we like to cast the plug regret the fact that these selfsame toys are equipped with gang hooks and for that reason these hooks are frequently removed and either single or double hooks substituted. However, the lover of the single hook contraption has this year come into his own with the advent of the Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows commonly called "The Little Egypt Wiggler," for general casting and trolling, and the "Skidder" for shallow water.

The general appearance of the wiggler can best be learnt by a close observance of the above cut. A special feature of the bait being the head which closes down over one end of the pork rind in a vise-like grip, holding same always in place.

Another attraction of this minnow is the double swivel at each end of the spinner which helps to keep the bait upright and at the same time preventing the line from kinking. Weedless baits are frequently found to be fishless, but in "The Little Egypt" we find a bait that is more weedless than the so-called weedless baits and in addition gets the fish. This being due to the fact that the hook rides upright—passing over weeds and other obstructions.

It is also well to mention the pork rind strips that Al Foss has prepared to go with this wiggler. They are the goods—especially selected from young pigs and are cut very thin, just the right size for both the "wiggler" and the "skidder," and remember they land the fish.

"Humdinger." It's all of that and then some. "Noah," he of dictionary fame, fails to define the word nevertheless Jamison could not have found a better name for his struggling bait.



Little Egypt Wiggler.

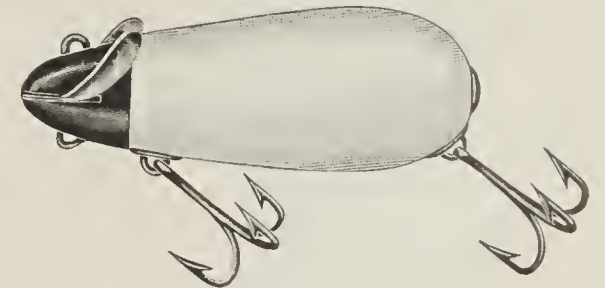
Here is another four-in-one plug, a deep diving wiggler, surface splatter bait, near surface bait and plain surface bait. Each one with a little motion of its own and so designed as to enable the angler to meet any condition of water with the same bait. It looks good, it is good and many a bronze back has fallen prey to this wiggler "Humdinger."

The most of us are well acquainted with the South Bend anti-back lash reel. Well, brother, these selfsame South Bend people have come forward with a brand new idea, a big time saver and the real goods in the way of a detachable hook for any plug top or under water.

This hook to a great extent does away with the need of a tackle box, as the plugs, less the hooks, can be dropped into the side pocket of the fishing coat, the hooks carried elsewhere and on reaching the lake can at once be put together. Guess that's bad, isn't it? Real heads these South Bend people carry around.

What is likely to strain one's vocabulary more than to find on opening the tackle box, a jumble of plugs all nicely hooked together? This worry is now a thing of the past. It will be found not a bad idea to keep South Bend in mind, also the hooks, when buying a new one.

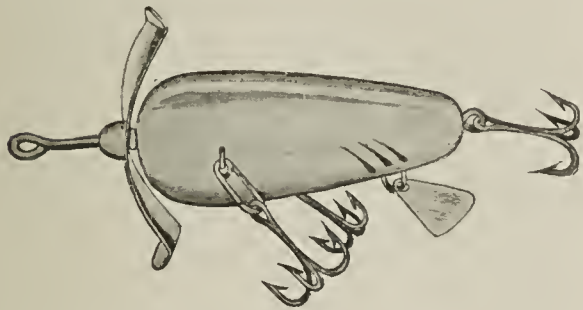
On looking over the assortment of tackle boxes and cases in any of our numerous stores catering



Jamison's Humdinger.

to this class of sport one is liable to come to the conclusion that there are as many different kinds of boxes manufactured as there are plugs, some of tin finished in gaudy colors, some of plain wood, while others, the aristocracy of the clan, are covered in leather, each one having its place in some plugger's collection.

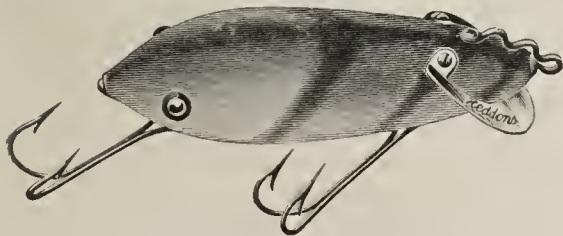
However, with them all the bait-caster, until



Donaly's Super-Dreadnought, Redfin No. 77.

is unexplainable, as no matter how many plugs are tucked away in our tackle boxes, some of them never to be used, we always fall—generally to the extent of 75 cents, sometimes a dollar—for the new creations. By the crop of 1916, sure to goodness fish getters, the end is not yet. So get busy you plugger and cast your eye over the following: They are all good and no one, whether he favors the super-dreadnought-type of plug, the light-tackle plug or the sportsmanlike contraption with the single hook, can help but cast a longing eye upon them.

The product of Brother Donaly, of Newark (N. J.), manufacturer of the famous Redfin semi-underwater, this time comes forth with the toppest top water that has made its bid for popularity in some time. Friend Donaly must have had the famous product of his home state in mind—the mosquito—when he brought forth his latest creation, the Redfin No. 77 top water as it is a stinger, mouse white in color with a phosphorescent finish for night work and a bang up one at any time a top water is useful. This plug has a propeller that sounds as it goes through the water like the side paddle of an excursion boat on a busy Sunday, but listen, brother, it



The Baby Crab Wiggler.

draws the fish and what is more to the point, gets them.

A notable feature of this plug being the hooks, which are hung way low—Oh, you Mr. Bass, there sure is a surprise in store for you when this super-dreadnought is first cast on your peaceful waters.

The late James Heddon has said, "Bait casting

very recently, has had to look on with envy each time his brother, the fly-caster, made preparations for a day's fishing with his dainty fly book that could easily be slipped into a side pocket; no bulky tackle box to be bothered with, stepped on, fallen over, or left behind on some bank.

We frequently hear more or less moth-eaten

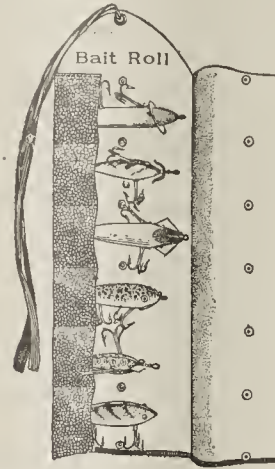


South Bend Detachable-Hook Minnow.

jokes on the home town of Willie Penn—Philadelphia—but it has been left to Klingler and Langbein of "the sleepy town" to arise to the occasion and furnish the bait-caster with a bait case that can be rolled up and tucked into the

side pocket of a fishing coat. Philadelphia may be asleep but two of its citizens at least have an eye to the needs of the bait-caster—and what is more, supplied it.

This bait roll which is made of black seal grain leather is divided into six compartments or spaces for six plugs—enough for any fishing



The K. & L. Bait Case.

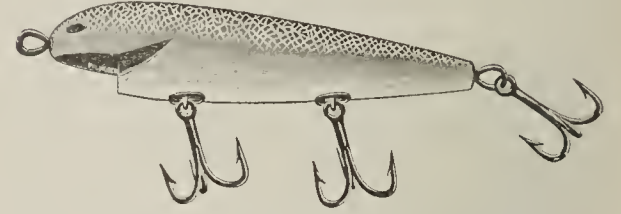
trip. The case when spread out and open for business measures sixteen inches long and six and one-eighth inches wide with a flap four and five-eighths wide which folds over the six compartments and clasps down each compartment separately. The entire case when folded rolls up into the smallest and neatest kind of a bundle.

Get away from carrying a trunk when you go fishing. "Go light but right" is well illustrated by the K and L bait roll. It sure will take the eye of any pluggger on sight.

"Surprised" I should say so, when I received this minnow. I was for the moment afraid the little cuss was alive, it was so natural and I

was not the only one fooled either for the bull pup nosing around to see what was doing ran into the thing and from the noise he made he must have been surprised too.

The Pflueger people have certainly done themselves proud in their latest creation and it makes an impression the moment it leaves the box and



The "Pflueger-Surprise" Minnow.

"Friend" Bass what is more takes to it like a duck to water.

A very large percentage of the fish that strike the ordinary surface bait are lost by the reason of the bait floating too high and the fish not getting the hook securely fastened in its mouth when striking. Don't worry Brother, "Mr. Bass" if he ever touches this plug, is there for keeps. I almost forgot to say and an important item to the beginner too, this plug is semi-underwater or wobbler, and the instant the bait is stopped it comes to the surface, good business you'll admit when that back lash occurs.

Not only the angler but the fish is due for a "surprise" when this one hits the water.

There you are, "pluggers," seven new ones for you and a case to put them in. They have all caught fish (except the case) and no doubt will for you. Take one or all, you will not be disappointed in any of them. So, here's to you, may your creel always be full.

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

THE SECRET OF STAGE MARKSMANSHIP IS
AMAZINGLY SIMPLE, ONCE UNDERSTOOD

By Frank E. Butler.

TO BEGIN with you require a black background and a supply of balloons such as street vendors sell. These are painted black and inflated to about six inches in diameter. They are affixed to the background and small white spots one inch in diameter are painted on them. From a short distance the outlines of the balloons are invisible and you have a target of some thirty inches to fire at. A repeating rifle is used and it is an easy matter to make ten targets in as many seconds. A shot anywhere would puncture one of the balloons and with its instantaneous collapse the white target would vanish.

Where lighted candles are extinguished with a rifle, candles are placed in compartments or open boxes on a background. The whole is painted black to mask the partitions in the boxes. At the back of each box is placed a loosely hung plate of steel, suspended only by the top and free to swing slightly. Before this is placed the lighted candles and the shooting begins. It should be remarked that these plates are six inches square, and consequently give an area of large size to shoot at. When a bullet strikes a plate anywhere, the concussion of the air caused by the quick movement of plate anywhere in response to the impact of the bullet, blows out the candle instantly and the trick is accomplished.

The old familiar trick of shooting glass balls, cracking eggs, etc., thrown in the air is believed to be done with a rifle. It usually is, but the rifle cartridge is filled with a good charge of bird shot.

In the feat of disrobing an assistant with rifle bullets, the garments are made in halves, front and back, fastened together with thin glass globes, about two and a half inches in diameter and of dark material, and the usual white spots painted on them, while the assistant invariably stands against a black background. If you can shoot reasonably straight it is not at all difficult. Nearly everybody has seen marvelous revolver shooting at moving targets. This is generally done with cartridges filled with bird shot, also.

You have probably seen the man or woman who goes up into the top gallery and snuffs out the lighted candles or breaks a small balloon. This is sometimes done the same way as described above, although many use a steel funnel with a twelve-inch opening which narrows down to about one inch where the object is placed. This opening on account of the black background does not show to the audience and all the marks-

man has to do is shoot into the opening and the bullet will finally reach the small end.

I remember a few years ago a Frenchman came over to America and created quite a sensation while playing in theaters throughout the country. He did about half a dozen straight shots, the rest were clearly fakes, and he had no trouble in fooling the general public. But one night while he was playing the piano, supposed to be using bullets to strike the keys, his rifle struck, the piano kept on playing, only for a few seconds, but long enough to make the audience sit up and take notice. I never found out how he worked the piano keys. Many others do it by striking a four-inch iron plate which connects with the keys and strikes a note with the assistance of the orchestra. They manage to play "Home, Sweet Home" or some other simple tune without the aid of the orchestra. You could call the tune anything. There may be some shooting acts on the stage now done fairly, but if there are I haven't seen or heard of them.

I heard of a theater manager in a small town who had some trouble with a man who was giving shooting exhibitions. The shooter threatened to quit. The manager said, "All right, go ahead and get out, but leave your trick targets and the property man can do your act." Many newspapers have exposed these acts, and as a rule those doing fake shooting do not stay long before the public, but any one who is ambitious to pose as a crack shot on the stage can do so if they get the proper paraphernalia. But I would advise them not to try any of these tricks out doors where the spectators get near and can see how it is done.

GOOD BASS FISHING IN FLORIDA.
Stuart, Fla., June 21, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Yesterday morning George W. Jones, merchant at Palm City, two miles from Stuart, up the south fork of the St. Lucie River, took me in his skiff, with outboard motor attached, to go black bass fishing.

We went up the north fork of the river about three miles, tied our boat to the south bank of the river, and walked to "Big Mouth Lake," about one mile in from the river. As he was to bring minnows, and could not catch the same, our first work was to secure bait, as at this season our bass will not take anything but live bait. We hunted through the water lily patches, opening the stems of those whose leaves showed signs of worms, and took out a white worm greatly resembling the pine sawyer worm, and with these, on very small hooks, we soon caught a supply of ("brim") small sunfish, hooking three two-pound bass on our sunfish hooks, and landing one while getting our "brim" bait.

We then fished along the outer edge of the lily patches and picked up several two to three-pound bass, and I caught a 15-pounds soft-shell freshwater turtle as we moved down the lake, which is over a mile in length and from 200 to 500 yards wide. In the widest part of the lake the float on my line started for the center of the lake, and I let 50 feet of line run off the reel before I struck, and then there was a leap into the air and I saw that I was fastened to one of the granddads of the bass family. The way I worked that reel was certainly most rapid, as my fish was headed for a big patch of water lilies, and towing a good sized skiff with us two men in it. I was not able to stop him until he entered the lily patch, but the line, an 18-thread cuttyhunk linen one, held even if twisted around lily stems, and I took it away from the stems and lifted "grandpa" into the boat. We hurried to the board landing, drew our boat up on the shore, turned it over and raised the bow up four feet from the ground, and sat under the boat and ate our luncheon, while a heavy thunder shower passed over us. After a smoke, we started out and caught some more three-pounders, until we were at the south end of the lake, where another shower caught us, and we pushed the boat through the grass and lilies close to the bank, and then pushed the oars down in the mud until they stood up over the rowing seat, and over the oars we put a rubber storm coat for a tent and sat under it until the storm passed. We concluded we had all the fish we could use and give away to intimate friends and called it a day, and got back to Stuart by 4 P. M. At the boat landing in a machine shop we put my bass on scales and he weighed 9¾ pounds.

Who, of your northern bass anglers, can beat it? Come down and try your luck.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

A new association, known as "The Outagamie Game and Fish Protective Association," has just been formed at Appleton (Wis.). An effort will be made to get every Nimrod and fisherman in Outagamie County in the new organization. In this way it is thought that the weight of public sentiment can be thrown toward the protection of game and fish and also to assist game wardens in their work. The new association has a charter membership of twenty-five.

A deputy from the State game department of South Dakota has gone into camp northeast of Belle Fourche and will undertake to capture a herd of antelope for the State game preserve in the Black Hills. It is reported that there are several herds of these animals in the vicinity of Belle Fourche and in the Harding County country.

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Game farming is the medium through which the change will be brought about. By the establishment of game farms throughout the country it will be possible not only to meet the present active demand for game birds (now far larger than the supply) but also the increased demand which will come.

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If these possibilities appeal to you, or if you are interested from any standpoint in the increase of our game birds, write us for the book, "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure". This book, which is sent without cost to those who ask for it, takes up the subject in a broad way and gives much interesting and valuable information regarding many different game birds, their habits, food, enemies, and the methods for breeding and marketing them.

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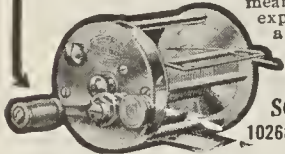


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This reel eliminates the back-lash and reduces casting to a simple operation of handling the rod. It enables the beginner to learn to cast with credible accuracy in a few moments' practice. On the other hand, seasoned Anglers use it on account of its free-running, ease of operation and good-wearing qualities. The reel is a two-in-one proposition, permitting of using it with or without the Anti-Back-Lash device. In addition to this, experienced casters find the Anti-Back-Lash feature an advantage when fishing at night. The beginner should by all means try the Anti-Back-Lash Reel first; experienced Anglers should also give it a trial and learn its advantages.



If you have not read “The Days of Real Sport,” send for your copy at once. It is a most interesting book.

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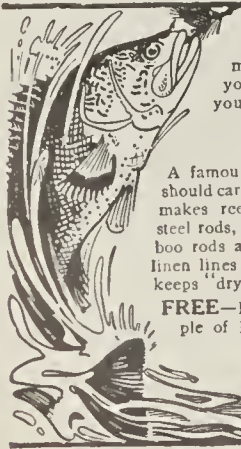


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Answers to Queries from FOREST and STREAM'S Family of Anglers

This department will be glad to receive inquiries from angling readers of Forest and Stream.

Brief inquiries on subjects of general interest to anglers, with their replies, will be published monthly under this heading. If replies at length are desired, a stamped self-addressed envelope should be enclosed with the inquiry, and the reply will be sent by mail, without charge.

Readers are also invited to submit brief “tips”—devices or methods that they have found useful or convenient—for the benefit of brother anglers.

SALMON AND SHAD—FRESH OR SALT WATER FISH?

Editor Angling Department: In a discussion as to the proper classing of salmon and shad, I claim that among fishermen they are known as fresh water fish. My friend insists they are salt water fish, as they go to the sea. Who is correct?

W. H. C., Chicago, Ill.

Forest and Stream, to secure a scientifically accurate reply to this question, submitted it to Charles H. Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium. His reply follows:

“They should be considered as sea fishes, as their habitat is chiefly in salt water. They visit fresh water for limited periods, and only for the purpose of spawning. Fishes like the shad, salmon, sturgeon, striped bass, etc., which enter fresh water to spawn, are called *anadromus*. C. H. T.”

HOW THE LAFAYETTE WAS NAMED.

Editor Angling Department: Can you tell me how the fish called “Lafayette” received its name?
J. T. R., Alfred, N. Y.

According to Louis Rhead, the name “Lafayette” was given to this fish by fishermen around New York, on account of its reappearance in large numbers in the region coincident with the arrival of Lafayette in this country in 1824.

WHERE THE FLOUNDER IS CAUGHT.

Editor Angling Department: I would like to know something about the flounder: where he

is caught, what kind of bait and hooks to use for him, and if flounders are now being caught.
A. E. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Flounders are now being caught in all waters adjacent to your city. Try any of the fishing stations along Jamaica Bay. Flounders are a bottom feeding fish and will be found in the mud. Use small hooks placing them near the sinker, three hooks are frequently used. Favorite baits for flounders are clams, mussels and sand worms.

PICKEREL NEAR NEW YORK.

Editor Angling Department:

Will you kindly advise me where one can go fishing for pickerel or pike near New York City? I have been told that the query department of your magazine would be able to furnish me with this information.

T. H. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Try any of the following places; you should meet with fair luck at any one of them: Greenwood Lake (upper end), Lake Hopatcong and also along the upper Passaic River; start from Pine Brook, a few miles west of Montclair. These places are in New Jersey, and you will require a non-resident's fishing license—cost \$2.15. In New York try Rye Lake, three and one-half miles outside of White Plains; Lake Carmel, 50 miles on the Putnam Division, N. Y. C. R. R.; Croton Lake, 30 miles on the same road, also Valley Stream, Rockville Center, Baldwins (two ponds) and Freeport, on Long Island.

A WAY TO TEST LEADERS.

Editor Angling Department: I have had some trouble in obtaining satisfactory gut leaders. Is there not some way to tell a good leader besides taking the salesman's word for it?

E. B. S., Columbus, Ohio.

When you buy a leader, look over it carefully for flat places. Roll the leader between your hands—you should be able to notice any flatness this way. Gut of good quality will be found to be perfectly round.

MERITS OF THE "POUND FOR POUND".

Editor Angling Department: I have always been a plug fisherman for bass, but this year intend to try to land "the pound for pound fish" with the long rod and the fly. What is your opinion on this subject?

F. M. A., Dalton, Mass.

There has always been more or less controversy on this subject between "the plugger" and "the fly caster." It seems to be more or less of an open question. Let's hear from some of our readers on the subject.

THE RIGHT ROD FOR FLY-CASTING.

Editor Angling Department: I want to purchase a fly rod, and am somewhat inclined to buy a steel rod. Will you kindly advise in this matter.

A. E. B., Buffalo, N. Y.

Experts differ on this subject. One says steel rods are of no use for this particular method of fishing, while another advocates the use of a rod of this kind. It is purely a matter of opinion and a question that I am afraid will have to be decided by you alone.

DR. SIMON'S CASTING RECORD BEATEN.

Editor Angling Department: What is the distance surf-casting record, and when was it made?

J. T. S., Newark, N. J.

The record for this event is held by Dr. Carleton Simon of New York, with a cast of 329 feet 18 inches, made on August 7, 1915, at the annual casting tourney of the Asbury Park Fishing Club, held at Deal, N. J. This record has recently been beaten in practice by E. E. Davis, of the Asbury Park Fishing Club of Grand City, Staten Island, with a cast of 397 feet.

TO WATERPROOF A LINE.

Editor Angling Department: I have a fishing line very loosely laid and find that it takes up quite a lot of water. I have been told that the best way to prevent this is to paraffine the line. Will you tell me how to do this? I have long been a reader of *Forest and Stream* and think it is the best of the outdoor magazines.

C. P. T., Providence, R. I.

In a quart of benzine dissolve about three ounces of paraffine; put the coiled line in the solution and let it stay about a half hour. Remove from solution and then stretch it between two poles until it is dry, and wipe it off with a clean cloth, and it will be waterproof.

HOW MANY PLUGS ARE NEEDED?

Editor Angling Department: How many plugs does one require to meet all conditions and still bring home the full creel?

F. C. M., Plymouth, Mass.

See article on this subject in this issue of *Forest and Stream*. While they are nice to have, it is not necessary to purchase every new plug that is placed on the market. They will all catch fish at certain times.

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TIME was when Goodyear Cord Tires were considered the special prerogative of the larger and costlier cars.

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Look about and you will see that they are being adopted, now, by owners of the Cadillac, Chalmers, Pierce-Arrow, Studebaker, Winton, Overland, Jeffery, Saxon, King, Case, Inter-State, Glide, Cole, Ford and many other cars.

Could there be a stronger indication of downright good value than this spontaneous and widespread

adoption of a tire whose first cost is, of course, greater?

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That something is, of course, greater goodness, and greater comfort, less-power-lost, and more-mile-age-gained.

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Ten, fifteen, twenty years of fishing experience will give you that same deftness and skill.—But why wait those weary years when inventive genius has placed within your reach a reel with which you can cast, with all the expert's ease, this season, on your very next trip—NOW!

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Dear Mr. Crandall:-

A. J. Crandall, Esquire,
Vice-President and Manager

In looking over the present and past business connections of this Company, going back beyond its incorporation, and to the time of its first establishment in 1863, we find that the Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., together with their predecessors, have been continually on our books.

We can very truthfully, and we think only fairly, state, that during this long period the various goods of your manufacture have been absolutely dependable, and that we have had none but satisfied customers for the goods which you have supplied us.

We feel fully assured under the policy established by your Company, and under its present management, that we can safely guarantee to our customers the quality and standard of goods as represented, and we ourselves consider your product superior to any other in the market.

Assuring you of our high appreciation and trusting that our business relations may continue for many years to come, and with kindest personal regards, we are,

Yours very truly,
D. P. WINNE COMPANY.

By

D. P. Winne
President

SCIENTIFIC ANGLERS MEET AT NEWARK.

Editor Angling Department: I understand that the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs will hold their 1916 tournament in the east. Can you tell me where and on what dates?

F. C. M., Daytona, Fla.

The 1916 tournament will be held this year in Newark, N. J., under the auspices of the Newark Fly and Bait Casting Club, on August 23, 24, 25 and 26, from their platform in Weequahic Park lake.

ANTI-BACK LASH REELS.

Editor Angling Department: Are anti-back lash reels reliable, and as good as the casting reels without the anti-back lash attachment?

J. L., Ridgewood, L. I.

Such reels are especially good for night casting, and for the angler who does not have much time to spend at the art. They are considered reliable.

WADING FOR BLACK BASS.

When casting with a bait rod from a boat, or at long distance while wading, either microp-terus or his big mouth relative is a pugnacious individual at times apparently devoid of fear of man. At least we conclude this from his deliberate rushes at the bait. But, when you go to wading streams for them, you will find them just as wary, and possibly a trifle more susceptible to outside disturbances than trout. The slightest muddying of the water will run them to their crypts. If you really want to test their sensitiveness to extraneous influences, just try dry fly casting while wading upstream dry fly water. Naturally black bass will not be found in abundance in dry fly water, but when they are found there and the water is wadable, just see how difficult it is to approach them. The first step you make upstream in the pool, they come rushing by you with alarming speed, and your most delicate efforts go for naught. In fast water it is different. There the little warriors seem to revel in combativeness, and put aside their notions of aloofness toward man.

BASS AND SALMON FLIES.

More attention should be given to tying bass flies. There is a healthy demand for such a product. The tiers at present see not much of a line of demarcation between the heavy affairs for bait casting, and those that should conform every way to the light fly rod. Creations so far have been limited to large hooks, and patterns that resemble no fly upon which bass feed. All bass flies, or at least the majority of them, are merely enlarged duplicates of trout patterns. It would pay tiers of bass flies to visit the streams and observe what the bass chiefly feed on in the way of insects. They would discover that the willow flies and others so ravenously seized by bass, correspond only occasionally in pattern and size with what the market provides. Even the salmon fly tier, though he has no knowledge of the requirements of bass fishing, has produced patterns that are well adapted to bass streams. This is the explanation of the recent vogue of salmon flies among bass fishermen.

WASTED POWDER.

A man who never before had been duck hunting shot at a duck in the air.

"Gee!" exclaimed the amateur's friend, "you got him."

"Yes," returned the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him anyway."—*New York Globe.*

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Realizing the great and well known fish-getting qualities of spinners, the Pfluegers have here devised a set of spinner baits, with interchangeable parts readily attachable, to enable the angler to meet any and all conditions of water, time of day, season of year and other causes, with a bait that will attract game fish under the special conditions existing at the moment. This year don't start away on that long anticipated trip without having in your tackle box at least one set of

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Each set contains:—Two rust-proof piano wire shafts, each with a "Jack" to which the blade is secured; one hollow point double hook, ringed size 1/0; one hollow point California bass hook, ringed size 4/0, with a copper baiting wire attached; one Wyoga bass fly, Royal Coachman pattern on a hollow point Sproat hook, ringed size 2/0; one hollow point treble hook, ringed size 1/0, feathered, and six interchangeable spoon blades.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will mail you one set postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.



The Enterprise Manufacturing Co. Dept. 21 Akron, Ohio

NOTICE—Write for free copy "Tips on Tackle" containing much information of interest to anglers.

THE WEAPON OF THE HOUR.

By Fred. O. Copeland.

IF the children of Uncle Sam really have to come forward and shoot to kill, a good round per cent. of them will not be at a loss to know which end of the rifle to point. It is true that the army of sportsmen which each season goes into the autumn woods and the greater army of citizens which does not but in which the hereditary cunning of the trigger finger must lay dormant, would need real experience with the military rifle in order to make things seem unfriendly in the yonder trench.

To this end the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice has sought within its means to familiarize the citizens of the land with the military rifle. During the first five months of this year 443 civilian rifle clubs, 7 college rifle clubs, 2 preparatory and military school rifle clubs, 31 high school rifle clubs, have been organized, making, with the clubs previously organized, 1,315 clubs. Every one of the forty-eight states except four has at least one club which falls in one of the above groups.

A rifleman is developed in the following manner: "Slow Fire," the target being marked after each shot and a spotter indicating the exact location of the hit.

"Magazine Fire," the target being exposed 30 seconds. Five shots are fired during the exposure. If there are more than five shots on the target it is not recorded and another string is fired. The idea is to fire deliberately instead of rapidly.

"Marksman Course" is fired at 200 yards, no rest being used. "Slow Fire"; 5 shots prone, 5 kneeling, 5 squatting, 5 standing, and the same is gone through with in "magazine fire."

"Sharpshooter Course": the arm, hand or rifle must touch a post or parapet. "Slow fire," 200 yards, 5 shots standing from post rest; 300 yards, 5 shots kneeling from trench; 400 yards, 5 shots sitting or squatting from trench; 500 yards, 5 shots prone from trench, then a skirmish run of 20 shots.

"The Skirmish Run" begins at 500 yards, 5 shots being fired at each of the above distances and positions. The targets are exposed thirty seconds for each range and down and one half minutes for each advance which is at double time.

"Expert Rifleman Course" is fired at 500 yards, no rest being used. Five shots are fired "slow fire," prone, kneeling, squatting and sitting. There are four strings of changing position fire of 5 shots each.

"Changing Position Fire" is shot at the target up 5 seconds, down 5 seconds; one shot at each exposure, the sequency positions being: prone, kneeling, squatting, kneeling, and prone.

The military rifle used by the United States Government at present is the Model 1903 Springfield rifle chambered for the Model 1906 cartridge. It is a bolt action rifle, that is, a repeating action which works by means of a bolt on the right side which is lifted up and pulled back to eject the empty shell, and pushed forward and turned down again to feed in a new cartridge and lock the action. The magazine is a box underneath the bolt in which the cartridges are placed, either one at a time or from a clip, the clip being a brass strip which holds five cartridges by the grooves in their heads. When the action is pulled back, the extractor yanks the cartridge out of the chamber and as it reaches the rear position is kicked out of the action by the ejector. The bolt, in going forward, scrapes a new cartridge from the top of the magazine and pushes it ahead of it into the chamber.

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FOREST AND STREAM each month will award a prize of any five-dollar article advertised in its columns to sportsmen telling the best story or contributing the most useful advice on fishing, hunting or camping subjects.

To the second best will be given a copy of Nessmuk's great book, Woodcraft.

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

OFTENTIMES in the hurry to get to the fishing grounds we are apt to forget to set up the rod before starting, and then the problem of setting the rod confronts us just when we are in a crowded boat or canoe. How to do this; especially with a ten or eleven footer, and do it without injury to the rod, scaring the fish or falling overboard then becomes somewhat of a proposition.

If you have any kind of a rod, and the rod should be the choicest part of your equipment—it is up to you to keep it in shape. And the mere fact that you are in the crowded quarters of a boat or canoe and needs must set up this important implement, is no reason why you should push it over or under the benches by the fragile tip. The rod, much less the tip, is not meant for this purpose and the sooner you learn this and rid yourself of this foolish habit the longer will your rod last to go with you to many another fishing tour and give you the pleasure you are after. Now there is a way to do all this and not knock the guides into kingdom come, scrape the varnish off or break the tip. It's just a knack.

Proceed as follows: place the reel on the reel-seat and run the line through the guides of the butt section, drawing through about eight or ten feet. Arrange the sections of the rod in order of their position on the rod on the bench in front of you, guides all the same way, run the line through them in order being careful not to turn them, and as each section has been taken in turn, pull your line through a few more feet so that there will be considerable line beyond your tip joint; set the tip in the second joint, then the second and tip joints together into the butt section, seeing that your line is in proper running order through all guides.

Your rod is now set up minus the leader. A few false casts, letting out line, will soon bring the loose end of the line to your hand and you can then put on the leader, flies or hook.

This certainly is much more easier than the old method and there is no danger of doing any damage to that rod. It's time tried and found to be the goods.

THE VAGRANT DOG IN THE GAME FIELD.

AFACTOR in the maintenance of the game supply of a region is the vagrant dog which is permitted to run at large in the cover in close season. It makes no difference whether the animal is well bred or a cur. A dog, when permitted to wander about at will, exercises many of his wild traits of a predatory nature. He has no perception whatever of property rights. He will chase rabbits with unbounded enjoyment. He will rob the nests of game birds, kill and eat the young quail and partridges, and betimes he will harry and kill sheep.

Hounds in particular are conspicuous offenders. They have an insatiable appetite, are eminently vagrant and predatory in their habits, and from their keen sense of smell, great endurance and skill in pack work, have superlative powers of predatory destructiveness. In the South the vagrant cur is particularly and offensively destructive.

No owner has any right to permit his dog or dogs to run at large, and the more offensive or destructive vagrant dogs become, the less value will dogs have in the eye of the law. The vagrant dog is one of the chief problems which game preserve owners have to meet, but there is no doubt that, when it becomes serious enough, it is as a rule fully settled, and not at all to the advantage of the dog.

These remarks apply more directly to regions and localities which do not enjoy regular supervision, but the vagrant dog is the same in any locality. Laws against him are becoming more stringent as his possibilities for evil are realized. Remember also that the veneer of civilization that the dog has acquired is very thin. The well mannered companion that you know at home is apt to be an entirely different animal, once he shakes loose from control and goes faring afield on his own account.

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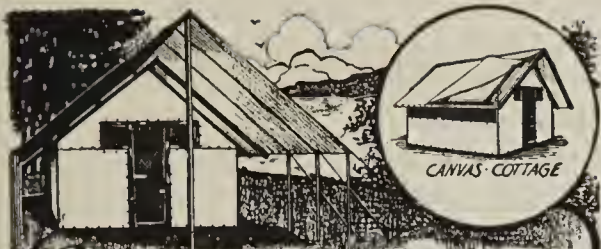
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TIRED OF THE SWEATER.

New York, July 3, 1916.

Editor Nessmuk's Campfire:

I am sick of the sweater. Ever since, as a kid, I began to read *Forest and Stream*, it has been dinned into my ears and head, "Take a sweater with you to camp." I have done so invariably. I know all the good about sweaters—and all the bad also. I will not discuss the former, or cuss the latter quality here, but suffice it to say that the sweater and I have parted company. There is made in this country somewhere, although the average sportsman would never know it if he waited to read about it in the advertising columns of the outdoor press—a garment known as the beach coat, which is a close fitting garment, buttoning up the front with snap buttons, and with four or five pockets, also closing with snaps. The material on the outside is a firm, smooth cloth, and on the inside is apparently fleece-lined. The coat is so cheap that I doubt whether it would pass an all-wool or even half-wool test, but it is snug and warm when buttoned and not warm when worn open. The coat is not guaranteed waterproof, but it will hold a barrel of water, apparently, before leaking through, and in that respect, as in many others, has the sweater "backed off the map."

Some day the fellows who make these kinds of coats will awake to their opportunity, and begin to tell sportsmen about them, but, on second thought, it may be that so many wise ones are grabbing them up that there is no need of advertising.

At any rate, the man who wants the comfort of a real coat, and has grown tired of the sweater, which is not a woods garment, and never was, ought to know that there is something better. No, I won't tell you where. The makers might get down on me and refuse to sell me another.

OLD CAMPER.

LEFT LEGGEDNESS.

It is a familiar fact that a person lost in the woods or on the prairie wanders around in circles to the right. The reason is found in the demonstrated fact that the human race is right-handed and left-legged. That is, the left leg is stronger than the right one; and the constant tendency, because of the greater activity of the left leg and the longer stride taken with it, is to bear to the right. Locomotion is a continuous pedestrian match between the right leg and the left one, and the left is continually getting ahead. As has been said, the left-leggedness complements the right-handedness of the majority of the race; and per contra, it has been demonstrated that left-handed persons are right-legged, and in walking bear to the left. From which may be drawn the useful hint that if a right-handed person and a left-handed person shall yoke up together they will probably steer a straight course through the densest woods on the darkest night.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC ANGLING CLUBS.

The ninth annual tournament of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs will be held this year under the auspices of the Newark Fly and Bait Casting Club of Newark, N. J., on August 23, 24, 25 and 26.

Arrangements are now being made to make Newark's newest hotel, the Robert Treat, the headquarters of the association during the tournament.

You Can Get 'Em With a Caille

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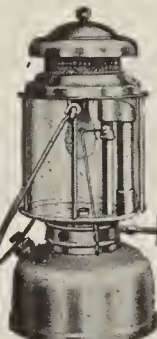
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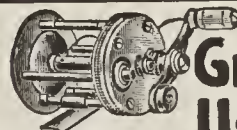


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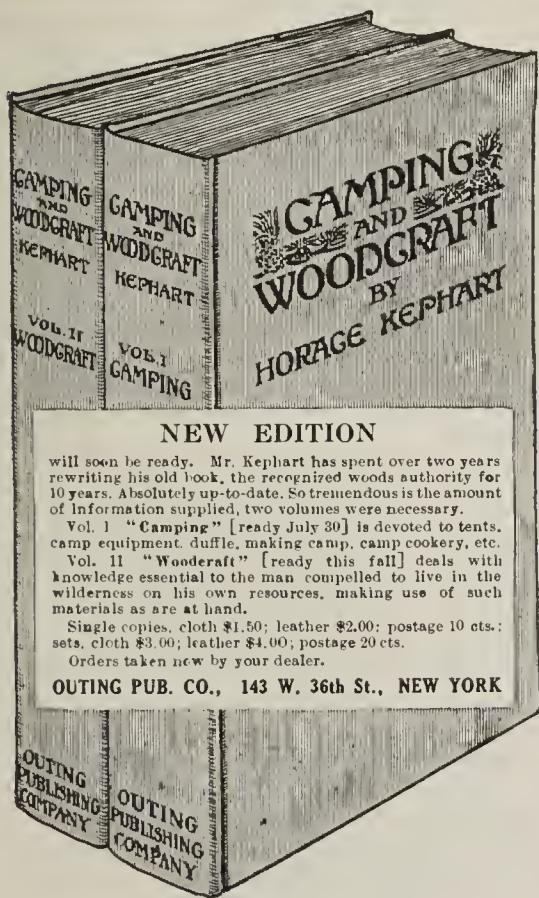


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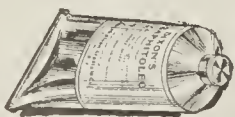


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IN THE REALM OF THE FIELD TRIALS

(Continued from page 1083.)

Year after year we hear that J. M. Avent, of Hickory Valley, Tennessee, will not go to the prairies or be seen on the grand circuit and next we hear, the Avent outfit is already on the prairies or has been there for some time and always in a particularly favored locality. History repeats itself and with becoming regularity for Mr. Avent. There was the usual crop of rumors that Avent would not be out this season, but we have just been informed that the Avent outfit is now encamped upon the prairies ninety miles straight north of Denbigh, N. D. Ninety miles straight north of Denbigh lands you on the Manitoba border, which enables Avent to get his dogs at work in Manitoba several weeks before the North Dakota law permits of them being worked in that state.

For a great many years Avent's training was done by a colored boy named Charley, that he had raised and broke. Many men, when they had nothing to do, attributed Avent's remarkable success to Charley and consequently Charley was in demand.

Eventually he left Avent and went to the Pacific. It has not been recorded that Charley has done much or his dogs have done much on the grand circuit since then, and the following year Avent had another colored boy as well trained as Charley, younger, keener, and more active.

A goodly number of men have come and gone in the field trial world since Avent first blew a whistle over Roderigo and some of the old champions that have been identified with his name but if among them there was a keener man or one who could get up earlier, stay up longer and bring more keenness and love of competition to bear we have never met him. There is always more or less talk that Avent will only win with certain dogs. This is sheer nonsense. We have watched him for years. Avent runs every dog to win. He is out to win and he is too smart a man to let any opportunity get away. Winning a field trial is too much of an uncertainty to take chances.

Colonel W. D. Gilchrist, of Courtland, Alabama, one of America's premier handlers, who at one time and another had been identified with about as many field trial surprises as have been sprung on the disciples of the check cord and the whistle, is at Towner, North Dakota. In fact, he has been there for several weeks, not breaking dogs, but getting ready to do so. Colonel Gil has been sick—just a touch of liver or malaria or something that was annoying without being real serious enough, however, to keep his mind turned toward the big stretches of the country of the pinnated grouse and the land of ozone. There was nothing for him to do but to buy a ticket for the north, where he will be joined later by Mrs. Gilchrist, the charming daughter and the ever faithful and always competent John Grant. "I have only a few dogs," writes Mr. Gilchrist, "but will do the best I can with them." Gil always has been known as a few-dog man and he certainly has done a lot of winning with those few dogs.

"Nothing to complain of but mosquitoes," writes Bob Armstrong, of Braber, North Carolina, who is now at Homefield, Manitoba, with a string of bird dogs. "I have the best six Derbies I have ever seen in my life; they were

good when I came up here and they are getting better every day." There is no man on earth who knows more about a bird dog than Bob Armstrong and no more thorough and conscientious breaker. The Armstrong family have been writing field trial history for half a century on both sides of the water and no one will be surprised if the redoubtable Robert, the head of the clan, writes a page or two this season. It is in the blood.

Roy P. Garr, who is a son of that veteran among handlers, Edw. D. Garr, is branching out for himself and this season will take on a string of shooting dogs as well as a few field trial prospects for trying-out purposes. Naturally, he learned many of the ways of the handler—the inside ways, I mean—from his father, for Ed. has always been known as the "Kentucky fox" in this handling game, but there is a great amount of natural aptitude about the son and he has acquired things, or they have just come to him naturally, that are original with himself and now he need not take lessons from any one. It was Roy Garr who broke Louis McGrew's setter bitch, Old Joe's White Fox, which enabled her owner to win the subscription and the all-age stakes of the English Setter Club's trials at Medford last spring and it was Roy who put the finishing touches on quite a few others in the McGrew string. They say poets are born and not made; that is true of handlers, too, for one man might spend a lifetime trying to get results and never succeed, while another, with a natural aptitude will prove himself efficient in a few years' time. Roy Garr has been around dogs since his boyhood days, it is true, but he has been breaking dogs only about three years. Now he is ready to take his place with any of the old timers, for few have anything on him. He did not go to the prairies this year, but he is well located at Sulphur, Kentucky, where he is doing his early fall training, and then later on in the season he will be located on a ten thousand acre preserve near Letohatchie, Alabama, where birds are so plentiful that he can find from twenty-five to thirty bevies a day.

No one knows whether or not J. A. Gude, the Bruceville, Indiana, handler, will make the whole field trial circuit this season or not. One thing is certain; he is not getting together a large string and he has not gone to the prairies, but no doubt by the time the big trials of the south are on the calendar he will very likely be in line with a few that will be able to take care of part of the money—when the purses are divided.

O. S. Redman is another of the young handlers who has been coming to the front very rapidly. Last season was his first year on the professional circuit, but he had the distinction of winning first money in the Derby of the United States trials at Grand Junction, Tennessee. This was the largest Derby stake of all the quail trials and it was some feat to capture it. The dog which carried the honors for him was Kirk's Buss, a son of Wise's Ruby Sport and Kirk's Maude. He is the property of H. D. Kirkover, of Buffalo. Redman located at Rinard, Illinois, early in June where he had the advantage of a good game country and ample acreage. It was here that his good Derby string received its preliminary work-outs. On the first of August he

treked to the north country, locating in the vicinity of Denbigh where the All-America trials are to be run. Redman has a good string this year, consisting of a nice lot of Derbies, both pointers and setters. Among his pointer Derbies are three Kidwell Comet puppies which he thinks are going to show the right kind of form to win a place once in a while. He will also have several dogs of H. D. Kirkover, one of them being Kirk's Buss the United States Derby winner of last season. This young dog will make his debut in the all-age stakes this coming season. Kirk's Buss has had a world of experience on game and therefore should be in line to repeat. Immediately after the trials last January Mr. Kirkover took this young dog with a number of others to his preserve in North Carolina where he killed birds over him until the close of the season the first of March. If anything makes a dog wise in handling game it is this kind of an experience.

W. H. Bezell, known to most field trial constituents as plain Bill, has had some reverses through distemper and other causes this spring, but the irrepressible Bill is just as optimistic as ever and will have a few of his sprinting kind of puppies to show. He located at Carlisle, Indiana, in the early spring and went on to the North Dakota prairies with Redman the first of August to be ready for the All-America trials at Denbigh.

The Tennessee handler, W. H. Martin, is at St. John, North Dakota, working his dogs in preparation for the trials, and in a recent letter says that he is satisfied with his dogs. Everybody that knows Bill will at once say, "he must have some corkers," for if ever there was a man in this world who is hard to please with a bird dog it is W. H. Martin and it may as well be said that he has turned out some of the greatest dogs that this country has ever seen. Bill Martin for years trained shooting dogs in Oklahoma and Texas. Fred Stephenson of Chicago and Menominee, Michigan, was one of the first men to recognize Martin's extraordinary skill as a breaker and persuaded him to take a trip over the Grand Circuit. Martin, just to show that his heart was right, hit the Grand Circuit at the hardest spot in the line, namely, at old Grand Junction, and the trials of the United States field trial club. If there is one trial that a handler wants to win it is the United States. They fight just a little bit harder there than at any other trial. To make a long story short Martin cleaned them at Grand Junction and the next year at the All-America when the peerless Momoney was in the heyday of his glory, gave him the race of his life and had Avert riding with his hat in his hand. Momoney won, but there were many who believed that Sports Count Whitestone-Martin's dog won the race. Another great dog that Martin brought out and started on his winning career was Benstone; in fact, he has a long list of winners to his credit, and not runaway winners, but thoroughly broken dogs, for he is one of the few men that can break a dog to handle without checking his range or breaking his spirit. Martin has in his string this year the celebrated field trial performer Joe Muncie and May Blossom, a bitch that many sportsmen are sure is the greatest chicken dog that has ever lived.

The reports that we get from Dakota and Manitoba are that they had five feet of snow last winter, an unusual amount of rain this spring and summer, with the result that all of the pot holes and little creeks are full of water and that while the hatching of chickens has been late they were never as plentiful as now.



Scenes at Last Year's G. A. H.

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Ten traps will be in operation. Ideal conditions are anticipated. All of the country's shooting stars will be there and every man will have his chance to win the Nation's Shooting Honors and the trophy that goes with them. Get ready now—come and bring the folks. St. Louis is easily accessible and there's a good time in store for all.

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DREAMIN' IN TH' DEN.

By W. Livingston Larned

(Illustration by the author.)

TH' Lodge Fire burns as brightly as a bunch of mountain stars,
An' Day, most through with roamin' is a-puttin' up th' bars.
Th' dogs—they're sort uv sleepy, in th' corner, over there,
And ME—well—I'm contented with my pipe an' easy chair.
Around about, and over, in th' big room—see 'em stare—
Th' Trophies of my huntin' an' th' game fish from th' stream;
I do th' same things over as I sit an' smoke—an' dream.

(The whirling waters, white with spray,
The dark trees, bending over.
A flash of silver and of grey
That's Heaven, to a Rover.
The net's fine web shot into space,
The song of reel a-humming.
Oh, what a magic loafin'-place
When Luck—and Fish—are coming!)

There, fast, above the mantel in an honored spot and fine,
I see that Old Trout glimmer in the golden glow, an' shine.
With rods festooned about it and with flies of multi-hue,
They seem to kind o' beckon for a day's sport, out to you.
A Shadfly—yes, a dozen—an th' longhorn's orange glint,
Th' drakes an' duns an' "needles" each one ready for its stint

(Once more I'm in my lithe canoe,
Where spruce and pine are scenting;
Once more, the skies are opal-blue
And roofs are made o' tenting.
Once more the game fish leap and start.
The dim pools show a dimple,
And all Life seems so true at heart,
So HONEST and so SIMPLE.)

(Continued on opposite page.)

DREAMING IN THE DEN.

(Continued from opposite page.)

Th' Lodge Fire is a Camp One, for an hour,
 in th' dark,
 I see th' kettle boilin' an' th' Wind blow up a
 spark.
 Then—Dawn—and Mountain quarry—Bruin snif-
 fin' of th' breeze;
 A deer comes helter-skelter, through a screen of
 slender trees,
 Or Mr. Rabbit dodges at th' scarey sight he sees.
 Th' guns in racks, are waitin'—there are paddles
 —there are lines,
 There are trails, as yet uncovered in the silence
 o' th' pines.
 (Once more I hear the rifle's crack;
 And see a brozen blurr shifting;
 A dog's bark sounds, and echoes back,
 And snow-white smoke is drifting.
 Th' air is sweet with growing things;
 Th' very fir trees love you;
 And by th' way th' south wind sings
 You know its fair above you.)

IT IS A SCOOTERUS MIGRATORII.

New York, July 4, 1916.

Guessing Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Permit me to take a stagger at your Unnatural History Guessing Contest.

The duck you outlined in the July *Forest and Stream* is a bird of the future, not of the present, but it exemplifies perfectly the wonderful scheme of protective nature coloration. It shows old Mother Nature adapting herself to modern scientific conservation. The coloring of the bird reveals a map of the zones in which spring shooting is allowed, those designated in white being where it is safe for migratory fowl to linger. Thus, by consulting her feathers the bird will not remain in doubt as to the next stopping place. Let us bestow on this new species the name of *Scooterus Migratorii*.

A. U. DOBBUN.

OUR UNNATURAL HISTORY GUESSING CONTEST.

The great success attending the inauguration of our Unnatural History Guessing Contest induces the presentation of a second subject as outlined below. We will not spoil the contest of wits by giving a hint as to the probable species of the current month's lesson, except to say that the friendly, open countenance you are now gazing upon is not a figment of the artist's imagination. It is real.



Thus far no one has won the prize offered for a solution of last month's mystery but we have selected one or two of the best guesses, which

may furnish a clue that will lead to a closer answer.

LEM IS MISTAKEN JUST THE SAME.

Horse Hollow, Ky., July 3, 1916.

Guessing Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Lemuel Hangover, one of our more or less esteemed citizens, who has seen stranger things in natural as well as unnatural history than any man, woman or children in this county, says your question is easy. He met that duck one night this spring. Lem was proceeding slowly home, about midnight, and so strongly did the beauty of the evening impress him that he mistook the location of the town bridge, and walked straight into the deepest hole in the creek. Lem's enemies, not counting his wife, swear that he fell off the bridge, but let that pass. At any rate Lem grabbed frantically at the first thing that offered, in order to save himself, and succeeded in laying hold of a fluttering object, that in its effort to escape, dragged him to shore, where Lem, in a sportsmanlike spirit, released his hold and permitted his rescuer to fly away.

Lem's powers of observation, while a little confused by the events just mentioned, were clear enough to picture in his mind's eye a large piebald duck, mapped exactly like yours. Lem insists, however, that when he saw the bird it was glowing all over like an automobile searchlight. Probably this is a scheme of nature to enable the duck to hunt at night. Your picture, no doubt, was taken in the daytime, when the light had been turned off—at least that is Lem's theory, and he is our only authority. He has seen even more wonderful things during some of his solitary observations on the way home nights, and perhaps I will be able to get him to record these for you in the near future. Stimulate Lem's enthusiasm with a five dollar bill, give him a few hours' start, and he will keep your new column supplied with material for a year.

VERITAS.

FRED HALL, President

AMBROSE GAINES, First Vice-President

WILLIAM BRUETTE, Secretary

ALL AMERICA FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S

Fifth Annual Prairie Chicken Trials

For Pointers and Setters

to be run at Denbigh, N. D., starting August 29, 1916.

JUDGES: Fred Hall of Detroit, Michigan, William Bruette of New York and a third judge to be announced later.

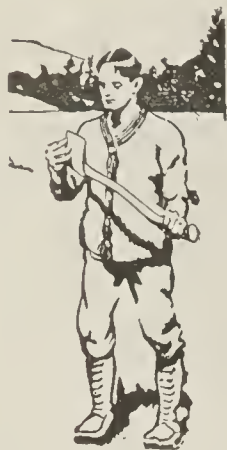
DERBY: Open to all Pointers and Setters whelped on or after January 1, 1915. Two-thirds of nominating and starting fees divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Entries to this stake close July 29, 1916, with \$15 forfeit, \$15 additional to start. All nomination fees must be paid by August 12 or nominations will expire automatically.

ALL-AGE STAKE: Open to all Pointers and Setters. Two-thirds of nominating and starting fees divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Entries to this stake close July 29, 1916, with \$15 forfeit and \$15 additional to start. Nominations will expire automatically unless paid by August 12.

CHAMPION STAKE: Open to all Pointers and Setters that have been placed in any amateur or professional field trial; \$300 to the winner. Nominations close August 1, with \$25 to nominate and \$15 to start. No running will be done in heat of the day. The owner of the winner becomes custodian of the Doctor Rowe Cup, which must be won three times by same owner before title is fixed.

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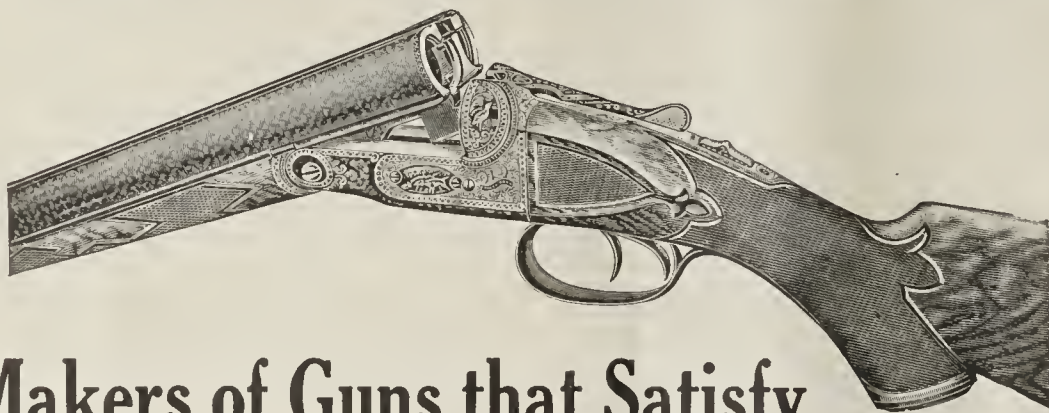
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MUSCALLONGE ON THE FRENCH BROAD.
(Continued from page 1090.)

tackle, when you are fishing for big game fish. And so, though this kind of experience costs dear, it is always worth while if its lesson is accepted—and lived up to.

If I can get to that pool again, when the water is low and clear enough, I shall try to relieve the fish of the uncomfortable mouthpiece he may have been carrying around with him all this time.

As to the muscallonge in the French Broad river, that is a fish I used to take with minnows in the same stream years ago. The French Broad is one of the branches of the Tennessee, the Tennessee flows into the Ohio, and the Ohio into the Mississippi. The very largest fish I have heard of in this little river of ours this high up, ran into the 30 pounds.

And I am told there is in or about the Pot-hole, a fish “as big through as a telegraph pole,” and “at least 5 feet long.” He has been seen there, so the report goes, for the past ten years. I am anxious to get hold of him, and I am going to try to.

GUIDES' ASSOCIATION ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

The Nova Scotia Guides' Association will hold its annual tournament and competitions at Lakeside Park, Yarmouth, on August 10 and 11. There will be, as usual, canoe races, rifle shooting, trap shooting, fly casting, log furling, and many other competitions. A new feature this year will be the “Running Deer” target. The principal ammunition companies will send expert shots to give exhibitions during the two days. An invitation has been extended to the New Brunswick Guides' Association to send duly qualified guides from that Province to take part in the sports.

The richest prize list ever offered will be for competition this year. A special feature will be a trap shooting event between J. S. Boa, of the Dominion Cartridge Co., J. Walker Andrews, professionals, against N. W. Boylston of Princeton, Mass., and H. A. P. Smith, president of the Guides' Association, Digby. Tents, wood and water will be provided free for the use of the guides. The proceeds from this meet will be donated to the Patriotic Fund. This tournament will undoubtedly be the biggest sporting event ever held in the Maritime provinces. Program giving list of events and prizes for same will be provided upon request by Roy S. Kelley, Secretary Guides' Association, Yarmouth, N. S.

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NEW YORK



TRAP SHOOTING



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

Edited by Fred. O. Copeland.

Among the dreams of the strange and beautiful days that were, when to your school-boy's brain each outing to the windswept hills, each gleam and gloom of the forest brought the large excitement, there must always come the longing to feel again this wild pulsation. With the fulfillment of greater joys long anticipated, new ones seem no longer new; but to trapshooters a paramount pleasure lies waiting. It would be hard, indeed, to find a trapshooter whose heart does not flutter at the thought of attending the Interstate's greatest classic at Saint Louis this month. And to you who participate in this week of joys when new acquaintances will be made and from which you will carry away remembrances that are ever a pleasure, Forest and Stream speeds its message of goodwill.

TRAPSHOOTING HAS HEART THROBS.

The more a man follows up tournaments, and, in fact, the local shoots of his club, the more he firmly resolves to eliminate that certain missed target in his score. Time and again he has seen it shut him out of the prizes even in so long a program as a 200 bird go, and he is quite likely to catch himself meditating on the uncertainties of life. As a matter of fact every shooter knows he and his associates must season themselves to omit seeing this missed target in their own and the other fellow's score for it is not unlike the case of Mark Twain and the proud owner of an odd looking yet high-born dachshund.

Someone asked Mark why he acted as if he didn't see the dog.

"Because," replied Twain, "I was afraid the owner might be sensitive about having it."

Verily, the old heart throb, once claimed alone by the owner of a muzzle-loader who with game in sight feverishly split the charge overboard in his haste, is not lost even in these last days.

TAKE IT EASY!

We have had it called to our attention more than ever this year that the man who tightens nearly all of his muscles and is almost rigid when he goes after his target, steadily weakens as the 150 or 200 target program of the day wears on. Often times the last few events finds him "up in the air." Of the many little "tricks of the trade" that go to break targets here is a thought that can safely be followed out; learn to handle yourself so easily that you will minimize the handicap the physical fatigue the end of the day naturally brings. "Losses" cost as much in percentage in one event as another.

AFTER YOU HAVE ARRIVED.

We like to compare our sport with other sports and in nearly every phase it is different. Athletes arrive at the pink of condition only after a severe course of training. The trapshooter attains a condition of proficiency by gradual and pleasant stages. When he steps to the score he is no different than he has been for the preceding month or year even. He is his natural self. If he trained it would spoil him; he simply keeps

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his hand in and may enjoy in full the social element that is so inherent in the sport. Indeed, he need not give up any of his habits or hobbies but bring them along with him so long

as he lays them aside when he is in actual action. He is a spectator and a participant and the blend is entirely pleasant: it is an ideal condition that he would not change if he could.

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THE WESTERN HANDICAP

ONE OF THE LATER CLASSICS OF THE
SEASON PROVES A BRILLIANT SUCCESS

WITH the dial hovering around the hour of 6 o'clock, the curtain dropped Thursday evening, June 15th, on the big shooting tournament on the Omaha Gun Club's model grounds across the Big Bridge. This was the eleventh session of the great Western Handicap under the splendid auspices of The Interstate Association, with the Hon. Elmer E. Shaner, as usual, the master hand.

As is generally known, the Western Handicap is one of the five stellar Interstate shoots, and second only to the Grand American. This is the third time Omaha, and the Omaha Gun Club, have been honored with this event, and they are already laying their plans to outbid all competitors for the 1917 session, which it is hardly likely in opposition with so many enterprising and deserving cities, that they will be successful in their laudable ambition. At that, no better point could be possibly selected in all the fair land, as the Omaha Gun Club's park, located as it is on the Iowa side of the river, atop an eminence on the rolling Missouri and commanding a grand outlook over river, hill, bluff and vale, and with a wide expanse of sky for a background to shoot against, makes it one of the most satisfactory, cleanest and fastest shotgun grounds in the world.

But the big handicap. The weather was ideal—the perfect Nebraska article, which can be beaten nowhere. A tremendous downpour Monday night served to put the grounds in admirable condition and tempered the atmosphere to a point that was absolutely heavenly and the grounds were never in better shape for a shooting carnival. There was \$1,000 added money to the prize list—\$500 by the Omaha Gun Club and \$500 by The Interstate Association. These figures show that trapshooting is no piker's sport.

While the real tournament did not start until Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, Monday was occupied by over 100 arrivals in practice, and some cracking good shooting was done. For instance, Claiborn B. Eaton of Fayette, Mo., broke his 100 straight.

Eaton isn't unknown as a tournament shooter. He won the Grand American Preliminary Handicap a year or so ago, and last month won the Missouri State Championship at St. Louis, completely outdistancing a big field of sportsmen from all sections.

The amateur who came nearest Eaton here broke only ninety-seven, so it is easy to see just how fast a pace the Missourian was setting.

Considering that this Tournament was shot across five traps, twenty targets to an event, and considering the fact that the traps are all new, the targets fifty-yard targets, the pullers slow at times, and the sky line entirely new to this shooter, his performance was quite remarkable.

William R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ills., a professional, drew a century run in the preliminary too, but, being a "pro," his score counts for nothing but a run.

Del Gross of Kansas City and Ed. O'Brien of Florence, Kans., also professionals, broke 99 out of a possible 100.

Mrs. Ad Topperwein of San Antonio, a professional, broke ninety-six.

Ray Kingsley, treasurer of the Omaha Gun Club, broke ninety-six.

\$1,000 or more added money applied to the several events as follows:

Added to the Western Handicap, \$200.00.
Added to the Preliminary Handicap, \$100.00.
Trophies for the winners of the first three places in the Western Overture, \$25.00.
Trophies for the women, \$25.00.
One cent for each target trapped in the nineteen regular program events, added to the Squier Money-Back Special Fund, \$400 or more.

On opening morning exactly 148 gallant knights of the scatter tube faced the traps, fully 60 short of the number sanguinely expected. Still that was an array of talent any tournament may feel proud of. The card, 150 targets, 16 yards, and 15 pairs, and Billy Hoon, of Jewell, Iowa, spilled the beans with 100 straight, winning the Introductory trophy over the field, setting the record, and spoiling what would otherwise have been a delightful day to several other ambitious contestants. In *passant*, Billy is one of the star amateurs of the country.

He won the Preliminary Handicap at Springfield in 1912, and tied for the amateur championship the same year, but was shot out by Ed. Varner. Hoon won the Grant Park Preliminary at Chicago last year. He also annexed the Western Preliminary at Denver in 1906.

Eddie Varner of Adams, Neb., took second prize with a score of 99 out of 100, while W. H. Fickle won the third prize with the same score, Varner having defeated him in the shoot-off of their tie.

Bart Lewis, a professional, also broke his 150 birds, but all he received was a lot of congratulations. That comes of being a professional.

The first 100 birds in the program counted in the Western Introductory, Varner shot eighty before he missed one. His afternoon's work was perfect until he reached his final event. Then he made a jump-up on the fourteenth target.

The big gallery gathered about the traps hoped Varner would get a straight so the two wizards, he and Hoon, could shoot it off.

Claiborn B. Eaton, the Fayette, Mo., wizard who shot out the 100 bird program Monday, continued his good work and took third place among the high run shots.

Bart Lewis, the professional, broke 150 straight dividing honors with Hoon. Billy Crosby was credited in the professional ranks with 148.

The double event was the gallery attraction, 15 pairs. The veteran professionals Fred Gilbert, Charley Spencer and Tom Marshall were high with 28. Of the amateurs, J. H. Severson was high with 27. There were at least 2,000 on-lookers at this event.

Six members of the Olympic Team that went to the International Games in London in 1901, completely vanquishing the British shots, and at their own style of shooting, were on the traps on the opening day, for the first time since they returned from abroad, covered with glory and lots of medals. There were ten members of the Olympic Team. The six here were Tom Marshall, the Chicago authority; Frank Parmelee, Omaha's veteran; Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa; William Crosby, the O'Fallon, Ill., professional; Ed. Banks, the popular Hercules Powder man, of Wilmington, Del., and Chan Powers, another eastern scattergun shark, and one of the old coterie that never again we fear will see a replica.

Wednesday's card—Western Special, 100 singles, 16 yards rise, and the Preliminary Handi-

cap, 100 targets, unknown angles, 16 to 23 yards handicap.

Shooting in a high wind, and firing from the twenty yard rise, George Nicolai of Kansas City, Missouri, a former Nebraska scattergun and live-bird marksman, won the Preliminary Handicap.

But Nicolai needed all of his targets. He was closely followed by L. R. Coon of Panama, Neb., O. H. Coleman of Oseeola, Ia., and E. (Bob) Tappin of Hoagland, Neb., who cracked 96 each in this program, firing from the sixteen, seventeen and nineteen yard levels, respectively.

More than 200 shooters competed in the two 100-bird programs and sensational scores were the rule, despite the handicaps, imposed by the handicap committee and the high wind, which swept the traps from west to east, causing the targets to take difficult angles all afternoon.

In one instance, six consecutive squads shot better than 90 per cent. This is unheard of at a big tournament. Occasionally there are squads that shoot 90 per cent. or better, and sometimes there are three or four of them consecutively, but never before has a record of half a dozen squads, all shooting better than 90 per cent. been hung up.

Ninety-two out of 100 men won the Western Handicap on the closing afternoon of the big shoot, and that too under as difficult and tantalizing conditions as ever afflicted this great event before. A fierce, old wind blew transversely across the grounds with hurricane speed, causing the flying saucers to commit all sorts of depredations in the way of sudden jumps, both up and down, contrary angles and *culs-de-sac* without number, and yet despite it all, a lad from Bleeding Kansas, E. T. Gibbs by name, was sturdy and steady enough to outstrip 151 opponents with a score of 92, the lowest notch at which the event has ever been won during the eleven years of its existence.

Along came J. Gilbert Fye of Ollie, Iowa, a wee bit of a village on the eastern side. Gilbert had an excellent chance to beat Gibbs, but cracked under the strain. He tied him, however, and after the balance of the fellows had completed the program, the big shoot-off was staged.

Gibbs ultimately won this, but it required two twenty-target events to settle the argument. East was down four in the first twenty, and in the second event Fye dropped his last target, being down five to Gibbs' four. There were 500 persons about the trap watching the fight for the Western Handicap honor, the premier event in the big three-day shooting tournament at the Omaha Gun Club Park.


Ray Ericson of Lake View, Iowa, and O. C. Bottger of Ollie, Iowa, got into a double-knotted tie in the race for third position. Both broke ninety-one targets in the 100-target race, and in the first shoot-off both cracked sixteen. But the second shoot-off Bottger fell off his stride and shattered but fourteen, while Ericson nailed fifteen.

B. F. Elbert of Des Moines and W. S. Fritz of Kansas City tied for fifth place with ninety out of 100.

H. L. Kennieott, the Evanston, Ill., Professional, did some remarkable shooting. Firing from the twenty-two yard line he broke ninety-five out of a possible 100, the best mark of the day.

To Billy Hoon of Jewell, Iowa, and C. C. Tappan of Hoagland, Neb., went the honors for high average. Both broke 339 out of a possible 350 in the sixteen yard events. Ed. Varner of Adams, Neb., was third with 337 out of 350, and C. E. Eaton of Fayette, Mo.; William Ridley of What Cheer, Iowa, and John Gauer of Louisville, Neb., tied for fourth with 336 out of 350.

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SEASON OF THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

(Continued from page 1081.)

of the birds, which flush either to the right or to the left, and sometimes behind the sportsman who has lost an opportunity to shoot. For this reason experienced men approach the pointing dog from in front, so that he can see the ground beaten out in front of him, meanwhile giving his attention to locating the scent, which comes to him with all the vagaries of the shifting currents of the light prairie air.

Prairie chickens are sometimes killed with clods of earth, rocks, buggy whips and in former days the ten pound ten gauge was the popular weapon that belched forth one ounce and one-half of number six shot, propelled by six drams of good old black powder, but in these days of smokeless

powder, scientific gun building, and refined sportsmanship, the ideal weapon for the prairie chicken is the twenty gauge, weighing not over six pounds, with half choked barrels twenty-eight or thirty inches long loaded with $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ounce of No. 7 shot. Some men use a heavier gun and longer barrels, but in doing so they invade the province of larger weapons.

Don't make the mistake of overloading your gun. The standard 20 gauge load of from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ of an ounce of shot and a corresponding charge of powder will give you far better results day in and day out than any of the freak loads.

American gun makers have made remarkable progress in developing the possibilities of the twenty gauge, and with the perfection attained by ammunition makers, they are now powerful enough for all upland shooting, and the man who has once seen a prairie chicken collapse at the pressure of the trigger, as he sights over the slim graceful tubes of the twenty gauge, will find that the twelve has lost its charm.

In the course of a prairie chicken shoot the gunner will be called upon to negotiate as many different kinds of shots as will be met on the

duck marsh. There will be some birds that flush from under foot and go straight away only a few feet above the prairie. Others will flush at twenty yards and go straight up in the air and then beat it for the horizon line, while occasional birds, flushed by your dogs or companions, come sailing along and afford full quartering shots.

The principal thing to remember is that the prairie chicken is a large bird and that its flight is very much faster than it appears to be. Usually it flushes from a distance of fifteen to twenty yards, and it is apparent that you will have to be quick with your first barrel and always ready to follow with the second. The birds that spring straight into the air, try and catch at the top of their flight, and be ready with the second barrel in case you miss. There is little danger of leading the cross shots too liberally and it is well to see considerable daylight below birds which are flying straight away above the level of the shooter's eye.

REGULARITY IMPORTANT.

Time and regularity are important matters to the trapshooter. In a squad of trained shots it becomes almost a matter of rhythm, the movements of each man fitting in with the "swing" of the others, and seldom does anything interfere, save perhaps a bird broken at the trap.

There is no hesitation on the part of the good shot when the bird is thrown. With instant decisive action he takes the proper lead and fires. It may be that he realizes at the instant of shooting that it is a "miss," but still he shoots, for he knows that any attempt to get a second aim would be bad for the future. He knows the value of regularity.

THE PIPING OF THE CLANS

Up where, till within a very few years, the London or New York tailored man rubbed elbows with the artistically attired woods runner of the seventeenth century, trapshooting blossoms as the rose. The record sheets of a registered tournament of the Northern Club Gun Club of Edmonton, Canada has recently come to hand. The program called for 240 targets in 20 target events. Seventy-five contestants took part in this stiff program. The high score, 235x240 with its eight straight

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G. A. H. Heroes Are Made on Fields Like These.

events made by G. M. Cowderay, speaks well for the traditional clear grey eye that once tamed our western land and is now found, apparently with a vengeance, on the last frontier to the north. What a treat it would have been to have taken part in this tournament almost in the shadow, as distances go in far places, of old Fort Saskatchewan! How about a Northern Handicap of North America?

The Du Pont Company have just issued a map showing the location of all the gun clubs in the United States. About 198,050 trapshooters regularly engage in the sport. Including all classes it is estimated that there are over 400,000 trapshooters in this country.

The delegates to the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World were initiated to the charms of trapshooting at Atlantic City a short time back. Great interest was shown and Philadelphia will see to it that no later convention is complete without a trip to Atlantic City. The attendance at the shooting school at Atlantic City has been large for the last few weeks and many have "gone straight" with the little guns.

The Interstate Association presented 12 Trophy Cups in May and 9 in June to newly organized gun clubs.

Some of the shooters who participate in beginners' day events are quite naturally very poor and some are good, but seldom does one run across a beginner who can shoot as well as John Brogan. Brogan at one of the beginners' day shoots in Philadelphia broke 24 out of his first 25 targets and finished his string of 100 with 91 breaks.

The Canadian National Exhibition has decided to hold a trapshooting tournament in connection with the annual exhibition in Toronto, beginning August 24 and running to September 11, and the dates set aside for such are August 29, 30, 31, September 1 and 2.

The traps will be set overlooking Lake Ontario and will occupy practically the centre of the southern boundary of Exhibition Park, a part of the grounds largely used by the public.

This exhibition is the largest annual affair of

its kind held in Canada, and as such is advertised very extensively.

The attendance last year was nearly 1,000,000 people, and this should be materially increased this year.

Reduced railway fares will be available from all points in Canada and United States. From the exhibition standpoint of course, the tournament is being "staged" as an attraction both for the general public and the shooter, and as such a five days' program has been thought advisable.

While the program has not been definitely decided upon, it will comprise a "Canadian National Exhibition Handicap" and "International Championships" at single and double targets, as well as regular events, and it is expected that at least \$2000 in trophies and cash will be added.

The holding of a tournament before thousands of people who are out to be entertained and interested means a great "boost" for trapshooting.

Wilmington (Del.) has a new trapshooting organization, and the promoters plan to make it second to none in the country.

Henry Pfirrmann, of Los Angeles, who won the California-Nevada State championship with 100 straight and had an unfinished run of 111 straight is only a recruit at trapshooting. Three years ago this summer he was the rawest of all novices; now he is one of the best shots on the coast.

Omaha handled the Western Handicap very well, and the Omaha Gun Club would be delighted if the Inter-State Association allowed them to stage it again in 1917.

In the New Jersey championship tournament Cleve Speer broke 99 targets according to the referee, but Speer thinks he should have been given a clean score, asserting that he broke his 95th bird, which the referee decided was a miss.

In a recent shoot at the Portland, (Ore.) Gun Club, Mrs. James Reed and Mrs. Carl J. Schilling tied for first honors and it was not until the ninth shoot-off that Mrs. Reed obtained a verdict.

The tournament of the Paleface Shooting Association at Wellington, Mass., did not take place because of the date being too close to the State championship tournament.

Up in Alaska they have a lot of good trapshooters. Juneau has a club of live business men and they shoot team matches quite often with a club of business men at Douglas, a "suburb," across the Gasteneau channel.

Portland (Ore.), is the first Western city to inaugurate trapshooting at night. Targets are thrown regulation distance. Four 100-candle-power lights make the place nearly as bright as in the day. In the first shoot four of the sportsmen broke more than 90 targets of the 100 thrown.

Eugene E. Reed, former Mayor of Manchester, N. H., and one of the best known trapshooters in New England, has been appointed a Federal Commissioner of the Philippine Islands and left for Manila on June 15. The office carries a four-year term.

The Westy Hogans shoot at Atlantic City in September will be held at Venice Park where it has been held for several years. The Hogans expect 500 shooters this fall.

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SATISFACTION.

What a satisfaction there is in running across a trapshooter whose gun actually fits him as closely as his own skin! The number of shooters who complain bitterly that their guns do not fit is legion.

It was our good fortune to shoot lately in a squad with a man whose gun not only fitted him but he had the courage of his convictions; it was a \$500 gun, made, of course, by an artist.

"Yes," said he, with a smile in which love and satisfaction blended, "that stock"—and it was a wonderful piece of wood—"is a replica, so far as measurements go, of the stock of an old gun which I padded and whittled till it was just right. It's fifteen and one-half inches long, the comb has a drop of one and three-sixteenth inches and the heel, one and one-eighth; you see, the heel is higher than the comb."

This sportsman stands without a peer in the trapshooting activity of his state and to watch the pair, sportsman and gun, stop targets is a treat.

"TRADE REPRESENTATIVES CORDIALLY WELCOMED".

Where is there a man who is so, let us say, queer that he isn't perfectly glad to speak a complimentary word for the "professionals"; those thorough sportsmen who gladly run hither and yon to do you a favor, who shoot it out through foul weather and fair whether they feel like it or not. Verily, a "professional" shooter must needs be a man of many parts. He must be a good target breaker, a good "mixer," be able to step into a vacancy in the office, to teach others to shoot, to unoffensively insinuate the goods he demonstrates are par excellence, and he must be a clean sportsman in every sense of the word. Many are the gaps they fill. The hands of the clock have not travelled far since a trap broke down during a tournament. The "pros" stepped in with a vaudeville sketch that many of the contestants of that tournament would be glad to pay real money to see again. Two rival hand traps were brought out and a demonstration of high, low, wide, and fancy throwing was inaugurated that fascinated the entire field of shooters to the extent that the wait was a glad surprise.

"Look at that one!" cried "pro" number one, "it'll reach the creek."

"There's one that'll catch it and push it along," grated number two as he warmed up to the distance contest.

In the dim distance was a house; a white speck on the landscape.

"Pro" number one had stopped in the act of throwing a target, seemingly fascinated by the distant speck of white.

"The lady is trying to move," he exclaimed. "There's a lady on the porch over there trying to get out of the way," he persisted. He motioned toward the house for caution and started to—but the auto traps were again working.

All but six of the State Associations have held their "State Shoots" and the winners will line up at the G. A. H. to see who is who. Their individual efforts at their respective shoots are recorded below.

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Mrs. Harold Almert, of Chicago, is a real champion. She won the title in the recent Illinois State tournament in which the first State championship for women was conducted. She broke 94 targets, and in the three days' shoot she broke 368 out of 400 targets, the best average ever compiled by a woman amateur shot in a registered tournament.

John G. Martin, of Harrisburg, Pa., has a run of 229 straight in registered tournaments. He broke 150 at Catawissa, had carried over a few from Allentown and then smashed some more at Newmantown. He is still going.

A row of giant cotton wood trees on the new grounds of the Los Angeles Gun Club prevents the sun from reaching the shooter at any time during the day.

Thomas Hale, with a score of 97, won the Tennessee State championship for the third time. He is the only trapshooter who has been able to put over a triple win.

Traphouses have been erected on the grounds of the Portland (Ore.) Gun Club that will hold 30,000 targets.

70,000 targets were trapped in the two days' tournament of the California-Nevada State association on the San Jose (Cal.) grounds.

Shooters who had the pleasure of attending the amateur championship tournament of the New York Athletic Club and the Southern handicap in Memphis say that these were the best managed tournaments in years.

Trapshooting is the one sport where luck doesn't figure. You have got to deliver the goods in shooting at the targets. Close doesn't count. Every break favors the shooter.

CANOEING

CANOEISTS—ATTENTION!

Due to the resignation of Commodore Spaulding, of the American Canoe Association, and the fact that Rear-Commodore E. S. Dawson has been called to the colors, Mr. H. Lansing Quick, of the Yonkers Canoe Club, who is President of the Board of Governors, has appointed Mr. A. F. Saunders, of Syracuse, N. Y., as Acting Commodore.

Mr. Saunders therefore takes up the duties of the former Commodore and will have charge of the Association's Camp, which is to be located at Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, from August 4th to 12 inclusive.

Mr. Quick also announces the following heads of Committees: Payne L. Kretzmer, Chairman of Camp Site Committee; A. F. Saunders, Chairman of Regatta Committee; Jesse J. Armstrong, Chairman of Transportation Committee; Guy L. Boker, Chairman of Entertainment Committee; J. M. McKendrick, Camp Forester; Chas. Spaulding, Camp Bugler, and W. J. Wing, Superintendent of Camps.

Mr. Quick also announces there will be no general mess this year, and the International Paddling Races will be postponed for the season.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meet and regatta of the Central Division A. C. A. was held on the Mohawk River, some five miles below the city of Schenectady, on July 7, 8 and 9. The events were won as follows:

Event 1—Open Sailing—Central Division Sailing Trophy.

- First—A. H. Davis, Edison Club.
- Second—C. F. Wolters, Rochester C. C.
- Third—R. L. Allen, Ka-ne-en-da C. C.
- Fourth—Mr. Bennett, Edison Club.

Event 2—Cruising Class—Singles, Cedar Canoes, One-fourth Mile.

- First—Albert Geiger, Ka-ne-en-da C. C.
- Second—C. F. Wolters, Rochester C. C.
- Third—E. H. Horstkette.

Event 3—Cruising Class—Singles, Canvas Canoes, One-fourth Mile.

- First—Paul E. Murrey, Edison Club.
- Second—T. B. Rogers, Edison Club.
- Third—L. H. Willison, Edison Club.

Event 4—Racing Class—Tandem, One-half Mile.

- First—R. P. Kratz and W. E. Merz, Ka-ne-en-da C. C.
- Second—A. H. Davis and J. Gordon, Edison Club.
- Third—F. Geiger and Al. Geiger, Ka-ne-en-da C. C.

Event 5—Tail-End Race—One-eighth Mile.

- First—L. W. Smith, Edison Club.
- Second—G. H. Wingertzen, Schenectady Boat Club.
- Third—A. C. Brettell, Edison Club.

Event 6—Racing Class—Singles, Single Blade.

- First—Albert Geiger, Ka-ne-en-da C. C.
- Second—E. S. Dawson, Jr., Edison Club.
- Third—A. H. Davis, Edison Club.

Event 7—Cruising Class—Tandem, Cedar Canoes.

First—R. P. Kratz and Wm. Hughes, Ka-ne-en-da C. C.

Second—J. F. Myrick and F. S. Bennett, Edison Club

Third—C. F. Wolters and R. F. Newell, Rochester

Event 8—Club Fours—Racing Class, Single Blade.

First—Ka-ne-en-da C. C. Crew—R. P. Kratz, W. E. Merz, Wm. Hughes and H. H. Kline.

Second—Edison Club Crew—Ellms, Davidson, Gordon and Hedrick.

Third—Edison Club Crew—Jacobus, Dawson, Van Meter and Rogers.

First—C. L. Bolster, Edison Club.

Second—L. Scheibel, Ka-ne-en-da C. C.

Third—C. Von Sothorn, Edison Club.

Event 10—Tilting Contest.

First—J. B. Rogers and C. B. Bradish, Edison Club.

Second—A. Geiger and F. Geiger, Ka-ne-en-da C. C.

The following Division officers were nominated and elected for the coming year:

Vice-Commodore—F. W. Peters, Schenectady.

Rear-Commodore—K. J. Viola, Syracuse.
Purser—C. F. Clark, Schenectady.
Members of Executive Committee—R. L. Allen, Syracuse; E. S. Dawson, Jr., Schenectady; E. E. Lewis, Schenectady, and C. F. Wolters, Jr., Rochester.
Member of Racing Board—R. P. Kratz, Syracuse.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division—H. Thornton Knight, Jr., Riverdale, Md., by James W. Burch; Wm. J. Flanagan, 326 E. 30th St., New York, N. Y., by Frank Dewan; W. Howard Hoefler, 624 Fifth Ave., and F. B. Holmes, 616 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa., by E. M. von Steeg, Jr.; Leroy W. Hutchins, 56 E. 34th St., New York, N. Y., Alfred Chadburn, 1193 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., Henry V. Doyle, Jr., 58 Hudson St., Yonkers, N. Y., Benjamin Greenhalgh, 39 Morris St., Yonkers, N. Y., and Philip H. Ackert, 152 Buena Vista Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., all by Alfred N. Rea, Jr.

Central Division—Chas. W. MacLyman, 144 Lincoln Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., by Francis Hall; Paul E. Murray, 226 Liberty St., and Morgan C. Davison, 8 Eagle St., both of Schenectady, N. Y., and both by J. Gordon; Clifton G. Found, 104 Jay St., Frank S. Bennett, 26 Eagle St., Earl E. H. von Sothen, 231 Seward Pl., Philip M. Currier, 123 Park Ave., Harry A. Winne, 233 Union St., Glenn H. Barnard, 28 Eagle St., and Raymond F. Newell, 21 No. Ferry St., all of Schenectady, N. Y., and all by E. S. Dawson, Jr.; G. H. Wingertzen, 703 Union St., Henry Muhrmann, 110 N. McClellan St., H. F. Harvey, Jr., 306 Lenox Rd., Alonzo P. Walton, Jr., 26 Front St., George L. Bolster, Box 457, and Clifford Clark, 785 State St., all of Schenectady, N. Y., and all by J. Gordon; Geo. F. Hedrick, 172 Nott Terrace, and Clarence W. Wolfe, 21 N. Ferry St., both of Schenectady, N. Y., and both by E. S. Dawson, Jr.; Louis J. Scheibel, 1220 Park St., Syracuse, N. Y., by Frank J. Geiger.

Eastern Division—Lloyd M. Crowther, 19 Rutland St., Brockton, Mass., by Fred Brodbeck; James Whipple Gamwell, Pittsfield, Mass., by H. M. Schwartz.

Western Division—Russell Wiles, Riverside, Ill., by J. B. Lyon; Lester Beitel, Byron, Ill., Dalmer L. Sherman, Byron, Ill., Leo E. Piper, Byron, Ill., Harlan B. Kauffman, Oregon, Ill., and L. F. Mayewski, Byron, Ill., all by H. L. Boynton; O. B. Stavoe, 815 La Trobe Ave., Chicago, Ill., Andrew J. Coward, 867 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and Sherman Wickwire, Byron, Ill., all by R. F. Abercrombie; Matthew G. Ford, 112 Laken Terrace, Rockford, Ill., by H. F. Norris.



"It's Livelier Than A Live Minnow!"

exclaimed an old bass fisherman on first seeing this new floating, diving and wiggling bait at work. And when he had tried it out in a day's hard fishing he agreed that it had brought him more strikes, and landed more bass, than any live minnow—or bucketful of 'em—he had ever seen.

The great strike-getting qualities of the

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- No. 3971 White Enamel Belly—Blended Green Back—Red Throat.
- No. 3993 Yellow Perch—Red Throat.

This year do not fail to try out the "Pflueger Surprise." See it at your dealer's. If he can't supply you, send 75¢ for a sample bait, or \$2.50 for an assortment of four, sent postpaid.

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HON. HONORÉ MERCIER,
Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries,
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A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated through stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mind-cure or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense, clearly set forth. The author will send it free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a postcard will do. Address: Edward J. Woods, 1490 B, New York City. Keep this advertisement; it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this journal.

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NEWS, NOTES &
COMMENT FROM

FISHING IN FLORIDA.

City Point, Fla., August 3, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read several articles in *Forest and Stream* concerning fishing in Florida waters, but I don't think there can be enough said about the opportunities there are here for the angler. The large mouthed black bass, especially, are plentiful in the St. Johns River.

Four of us made a trip to Buck Island for a day's fishing recently. Two of us fished for bream and perch, and our partners rigged up their bacon skins and fished for bass. We only fished about five hours, but we had plenty for ourselves, gave away many along the road home and sold forty-three pounds of bass and forty pounds of bream and perch to the Three Palms Fisheries. We made a small catch even then, compared to what others have done since.

Four men fishing with a hook and line here are making good money selling the bass they catch at four and one-half cents a pound. They have caught several specimens weighing over twelve pounds.

If one tires of fresh water fishing they can go across to Oceanus Beach and try their skill at surf fishing in the Atlantic Ocean. To reach the beach you can go down the Indian River, around the point of Merritt's Island and up the Banana River, or across the Indian River to Georgiana, walking a short distance across the island and crossing the Banana River to the beach. The last way is much shorter, and takes you close to the home of the Thousand Island Club.

The peninsula at Oceanus is very narrow and the Banana River is very shallow at this point. The flats abound in mullet that are easily caught in a cast net, and so a person need never worry about not having bait.

At present there is a movement on foot to bridge both the Indian and Banana Rivers. If this is done it will open to the deep sea angler and the tourist a new paradise of pleasure. Oceanus Beach is said, by many who have been to other beaches along the coast, to be as good as any of the rest and far superior to most. It is comparatively level and has practically no undertow. It is but a short distance south of Canaveral Light House and is protected in stormy weather by Cape Canaveral and its outlying reefs.

I have taken several sea bass from the surf but no extra large ones. I have had my hooks straightened for me several times, but being an amateur, and fishing with a hand line besides, I was of course unable to land the big ones.

The small menhadden lay just outside the breakers in large schools, and the tarpon and sharks, besides other fish, live off of them. I have seen tarpon that looked fully 8 and 9 feet long leap their length out of the sea when chasing the smaller fish. It is my greatest wish that sometime I may be able to get out among them with a boat and hook one of the silver beauties.

At present there is little such attention paid to this beach as a fishing ground, but I believe in the future it will become a fisherman's Mecca.

K. RIMBEY.

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The Editor will be pleased to consider all contributions, but "Forest and Stream" will not hold itself responsible for manuscripts and photographs submitted.

READERS OF
FOREST & STREAM

STATUS OF MIGRATORY BIRD-LAW FIGHT.
Winham, Mass., July 3, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your last issue Mr. Reiniger calls attention to the appalling menace that threatens our migratory bird laws. I refer to the organization of middle-west malcontents known as the Sportsmen's Protective Association.

Too much prominence cannot be given to the underground work of this so-called "sportsmen's" league, but I wish here merely to call attention to Dr. Hornaday's recent publication (Bul. No. 4, Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund) in which he exposes in his usual direct and forceful manner an effort to undermine Congress and the Biological Survey which we should all have been aware of long ago. This bulletin ought to be studied by all real sportsmen; others may not be interested.

I can only say here that the Audubon Societies are not slumbering quite as deeply as Mr. Reiniger supposes, although they have not used their influence as soon as they might, chiefly because the full extent of the danger was not realized till recently.

This western league is trying to undo all the excellent legislation that the nation-wide campaign against spring shooting has accomplished. It represents a small, utterly selfish and dangerous element that seeks to subordinate the will of the whole country to its own personal ends.

J. C. PHILLIPS.

FOREST AND STREAM PAYS HIM.

Middleboro, Mass., August 1, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The *Forest and Stream* has been of more real value to me as an advertising medium in the past year than ever before—as a sportsman's journal it has no superior.

GEORGE W. LORELL.

MONTANA SEASON SHOULD OPEN
SOONER.

Valier, Mont., August 18, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The hunting in this part of the country would be a great deal better if the season opened earlier, as more game is crippled up in the late storms, then later die, than there is killed all the rest of the season. All you have to do here if you want elk teeth is to just follow the tracks and one will find lots of them.

CHICK GRIMSLEY (Guide).

AN ENTHUSIASTIC FRIEND.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

First let me congratulate you on the bang up magazine that you put out in July—it's a winner from cover to cover. While I am not a subscriber to your magazine, being a traveling man, I never miss buying it from the stands.

I have always done considerable fly casting for trout, but articles on the Black Bass by "Black Bass," and the gentle art of plug casting by G. L. Buguey were about enough to convert me. I noticed you have started an anglers query department.—good stuff—I'm coming in with my ante soon if I take up with bait casting.

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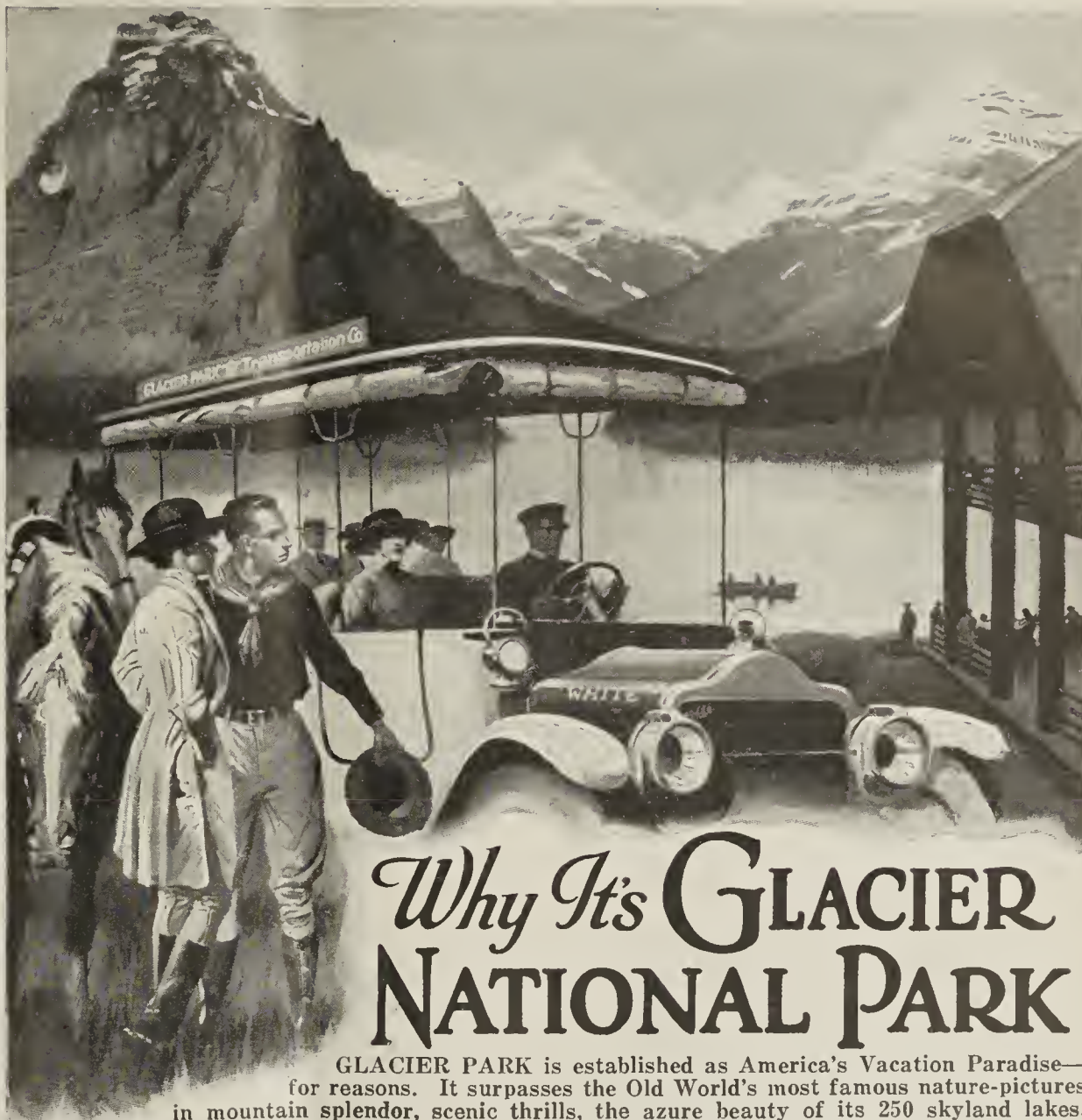
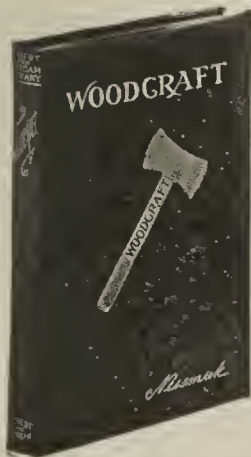
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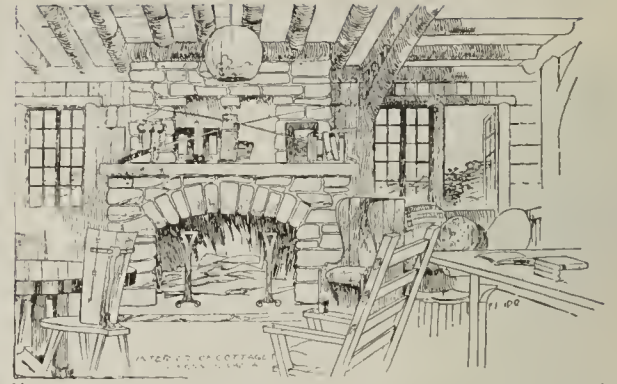


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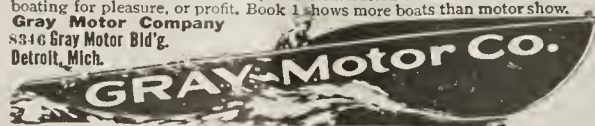
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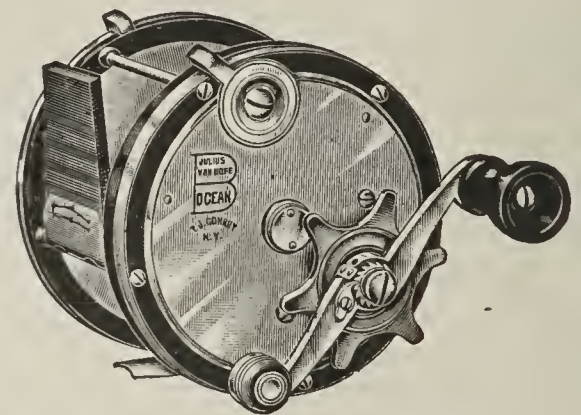
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ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA

TO CAST A FLY ON THIS FINE SALMON STREAM IS TO REACH THE SUMMIT OF PISCATORIAL AMBITION

By S. H. Fitch.

TO paraphrase "honest Izaak's" famous epigram on the strawberry: "Doubtless the Lord might have made a finer salmon river than the Grand Cascapedia, but doubtless the Lord never did." There is probably no other stream in North America that offers the attractions of the Grand Cascapedia to a lover of the angling art. The quantity and quality of the salmon taken from its waters make it unique, and the river well deserves the prefixed adjective in its title, though used to distinguish it from its neighbor, the Little Cascapedia.

The writer was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to partake of the June fishing this year. To a member of the fisherman's craft such an invitation holds about the same rank as a command to dine with Royalty does in the social world. To cast a fly on the Grand Cascapedia is to reach the summit of piscatorial ambition. *Ne plus ultra.*

With the increase in population, building of dams and contamination of the streams by sawdust and refuse, the Atlantic salmon has been almost wholly exterminated from the rivers of the United States, although we hear of occasional specimens being taken from time to time in some Maine river. Fortunately it is still plentiful in many Canadian streams, and the chief salmon rivers there are carefully protected, and the best known scientific methods employed in the preservation of the fish and their spawn. All the Maritime Provinces as well as Newfoundland have good streams, more or less known to fishermen from the States. Among the finest are those emptying into the Bay of Chaleur, which separates New Brun-

wick from the Gaspé peninsula in Quebec, and of these the Restigouche and Grand Cascapedia are *facile principes*. The former (which has two famous tributaries, the Matapedia and Upsalquitch) is in New Brunswick, while the latter is in the peninsula, and they enter the Bay of Chaleur at points fifty miles apart.

In the 'old times, before the advent of the

the Bay of Chaleur to New Richmond at the mouth of the river, requiring often ten days to two weeks to make the entire trip. He sometimes varied this route by an overland journey from St. John to Dalhousie through the wilds of New Brunswick, which was even longer and more tedious.

The Intercolonial Railway was opened in the eighties and greatly abridged the trip and the more recent construction of the Quebec and Oriental Railway from Matapedia to Gaspé has brought the entire south shore of the peninsula into direct railway connection with the outer world and removed all the terrors formerly attending an excursion to the Grand Cascapedia. Leaving Montreal at 7:15 P. M. on the Ocean Limited Express of the Intercolonial, Matapedia is reached at 10 o'clock next morning, noted as being the home of the Restigouche Club. The club house is near the station and presents an attractive and clubable appearance. The Matapedia joins the Restigouche at this point, and a few hundred feet below the station the railway crosses the river and continues along its southern shore and the Bay of Chaleur on to Halifax. At Matapedia we transfer ourselves and our belongings to the Quebec and Oriental train waiting for us on the



A Fresh Run Fish—and Just 42 Pounds.

Intercolonial Railway, a journey to the Grand Cascapedia was a long and tedious undertaking and for a New Yorker required as much time as a trip to Liverpool involved. The late R. G. Dun, who was one of the first to exploit the river, used to go in the early seventies from New York to Quebec, and thence by sailing vessel down the St. Lawrence around Gaspé Point into

other side of the platform. There may be slower trains in Canada, but we have never encountered them, and its equipment and accessories contrast most unfavorably with the comforts of the Ocean Limited. But the mountain scenery and the charming views of the bay obtained from time to time, and the queer French village through which we pass more than repay

for the discomforts of the *chemin de fer*. The sixty miles are made in four hours and after crossing the Grand Cascapedia on a long trestle bridge the station called Cascapedia is reached, nineteen hours from Montreal. From here a picturesque drive of five miles along the river road brings us to our final destination in the heart of the fishermen's colony.

The fishing privileges for miles above salt water are controlled by half a dozen gentlemen from the States including Mr. W. B. Mershon of Saginaw, Michigan, the Messrs. Spaulding of Boston, Messrs. Bonbright of New York and Mr. B. Douglass, Jr. of Llewellyn Park, N. J. All have attractive cottages or bungalows occupied during the fishing season, that of Mr. Douglass being particularly noteworthy, not only by reason of its many comforts and conveniences, but from its commanding site on a bluff one hundred feet above the river affording a fine view of the stream for two miles. From its piazza some five or six good salmon pools are visible and almost hourly during the day one can witness therefrom the whole operation of playing a salmon from the "strike" to the gaffing.

About a mile above this point begins the reservation of the Cascapedia Club and there its club house is located. The Club preserve extends up the river for thirty miles and the seven members constituting the Club, doubtless realize that they own one of the good things of earth. They are American millionaires and their names are all in Who's Who. The tales they could tell of their experiences with the king of fish would fill a folio, but into those mysteries we will not intrude.

Their waters are held on long lease from the Canadian Government and were formerly reserved for the Governor General. It was a favorite resort of the Marquis of Lorne and his wife Princess Louise. One of her favorite pools still bears the name of the Princess Pool. In 1891 when the writer made his first visit to these waters, Lord Stanley the then Governor General was fishing on the reservation, accompanied by the Duke of York, now King George V of England. On several occasions the writer saw the Prince passing up and down the river in his canoe and well remembers his courteous and unaffected demeanor.

Some fifteen years ago the Government withdrew the privilege from the Governor General and offered the whole reservation for lease. The Cascapedia Club was formed, took over the lease and succeeded to all the rights enjoyed by the Governor General.

The spawning beds of the salmon are at the head of the Club preserve, and a series of rapids and high falls prevent further ascent of the fish up the stream. Some miles above, the river separates into two forks which are narrow

turbulent streams. One of the forks arises in a beautiful lake which is said to swarm with trout, but owing to its inaccessibility it is rarely visited by others than lumbermen. The extreme length of the river from its farthest source to its mouth is some ninety miles. From the club house to the bay the river maintains an average width of about three hundred feet, flowing through a narrow valley at the base of densely wooded hills with a current of six or eight miles per hour. Occasionally is seen a primitive cabin or cottage in the center of a small patch of cultivated ground, generally homes of the guides. The agricultural possibilities of the Gaspé peninsula are however extremely limited as frost occurs in every month of the year except July, and potatoes, oats and grass only thrive.

ally clear and warm up to the 19th, no rain falling except on the 4th and 11th, and the fishing was in general most successful. The latter part of the month was however more or less rainy and in ten days the water rose two feet. On two days the fog on the river was so intense at times that the shores were almost hidden from the fishermen, and if there is one thing that a salmon will not do it is taking the fly in a fog. For these reasons the last ten days of June did not show the average results of the earlier period.

The writer is only qualified to speak of the results obtained by his own party where but two rods were fished and the time spent in casting was never more than six hours a day: from 9:30 to 12:30 in the forenoon and 3:30 to 6:30 in the afternoon. Twenty-nine salmon were killed in

twenty-three days of fishing weighing in the aggregate seven hundred and seventy-one pounds or an average of twenty-six and one-half pounds per fish, the following being the individual weights; one of forty-two pounds; one thirty-seven; two thirty-five; two thirty-four; one thirty-two; three thirty; two twenty-nine; four twenty-seven; two twenty-three; one twenty-two; two twenty; one eighteen; one sixteen; one twelve; one nine. Other parties had much larger results as far as quantity is concerned but the average weight would probably run the same. One party of four rods took one hundred and twenty-five fish and others probably did as well but they generally devoted ten hours or more a day to fishing. The above statement of weights gives a fair idea of the size of the salmon in this river. The large fish far outnumber the small ones and grilse are



Shore Fishing—Bringing a Big One to Gaff—This Is a Critical Moment.

The water of the river is clear as crystal and cold and delicious to the taste. Perhaps a hundred years hence the residents of New York may drink it from their taps when the Croton and Esopus are creeks of sewage.

The fishing of 1916 during the month of June was the best in recent years. The ice went out early in May and the freshets carried down the logs of the lumbermen in the last week of that month so that when the season opened on June 1st the river was free from logs and the water much lower than usual at that time, favoring conditions for the first run of fish. This river is now one of the few in which the use of nets at its mouth has ceased. The netters have surrendered their rights for a term of years in consideration of a cash payment by the Club and private owners of preserves, and not a net is now spread in the bay at New Richmond to intercept the salmon seeking this stream. Many hundreds were taken in nets annually and the supply in the river greatly diminished. With this obstacle removed and with the favoring conditions mentioned, the first run of the fish was unusually large. The weather continued gener-

rally clear by the June fishermen.

As is usually the case many of the largest fish escaped. One, after one hour and ten minutes of glorious fighting, during which he avoided the gaff twice by just a foot, and was apparently in the final stages of exhaustion, caught his would-be captor napping for an instant, and availing himself of a slack line escaped the fate awaiting him. Judging from the size of his tail, which would compare favorably with that of a porpoise, the two guides placed his weight at sixty-five pounds, while the fisherman's arm was so paralyzed by the strain it had undergone that it was an hour or more before he could resume casting, and also his equanimity.

The biggest fish ever taken in the annals of the Grand Cascapedia was killed by R. G. Dun and weighed fifty-four pounds. Many of fifty pounds weight have been taken and the late E. W. Davis of Providence, R. I. is said to have captured one of fifty-two pounds and there is a shadowy old tradition of an Indian having speared one many years ago that weighed seventy pounds.



Looking South From Douglass Cottage.

Douglass Cottage on the Grand Cascapedia.

The largest in the June records of this year, within the writer's cognizance, was a forty-eight pounder taken in Club waters.

The sweetest sound in the world is the singing of the reel when the hooked salmon makes his first mad rush for liberty. The reel whizzes and the line runs out with lightning rapidity. Often the startled fish springs into the air and his silvery shining body is seen for an instant at full length. Now he rests for a moment or two while the fisherman plys the reel vigorously until the strain on rod and reel cause him to desist and with all senses keenly alert he awaits the next movement of the victim. If the fish starts to go down stream and the current is swift there is no choice left but to follow after and take him into smoother water. Frequently a fish is gaffed one or two miles below the pool where the fly was taken, but often he can be held in the one pool. The cardinal maxims to be observed in every contest are "keep the line taut" and "give him the butt," and are deviated from only when the salmon springs into the air, at which time the rod tip must be lowered. Should the fish in dropping back after the jump allow his weight to fall upon a tight line, smashed tackle would result, and some slack must be given to avoid the catastrophe, but the tip must be raised immediately after lowering. At all other times the rules are absolutely necessary. After the fish has rested a minute or two the pressure of the galling hook impels him to make another run and merrily hums the reel while the line runs out dangerously near the limit of its length. Then another brief period of rest and more reeling in of the line until the fish objects strenuously and exerts his weight and strength against it, or makes another run or jump. If the fish is well hooked and does not try extraordinary stunts the contest may last anywhere from ten minutes to an hour. Gradually his runs become shorter and less vigorous and the fisherman draws him nearer to the boat where the guide stands with gaff in hand waiting to complete his part in the drama. Sometimes when within fifteen feet of the boat the salmon may make another desperate run to the center of the channel perhaps, and the process of reeling in is again repeated. But his powers of resistance are now near their limit and by degrees he is brought within reach of the gaff and the contest ended. But not always. The gaff sometimes misses the fish, or perhaps slightly wounds him without holding, in which case a sudden maddened dash and a possible slack line may restore him to liberty. In fact one is never sure of his fish until it is in the boat and the *coup de grace* administered with the small club.

A big fellow fresh from the sea often puts

up a tremendous fight making many long runs and jumping half a dozen times or more out of the water.

The novice playing with his first salmon, when he feels the terrific pull exerted on the rod and reel expects every instant to see the whole outfit smash, and wonders how the light line and leader can stand the strain put on them by a thirty pound fish. If his rod were a hickory club twelve feet long, six inches thick and weighing ten pounds he would understand the problem for at the first pull the line would certainly part. But with a good split bamboo fourteen feet long and eighteen ounces weight and perfectly handled, the biggest salmon that ever swam the Cascapedia cannot exert sufficient strength to overcome the



Salmon Leaping Falls (Reproduced From Photo by Dr. Robert T. Morris).

play of the rod. For it is built on scientific principles and the results of long experience and today has reached perfection. Of course rods are frequently smashed even in the hands of experts but not from the strain or weight of the fish. With a perfect fisherman, perfect tackle and perfect guides a fish if well hooked, very rarely escapes. The proportion of losses with experts is considerable however, owing to the latter proviso. The tackle may do its work beautifully but after a hot fight of fifteen minutes or so, an insecure hook may tear out of the jaw and against this there is no provision, and only blame can be fastened against the salmon for not possessing stronger flesh tissues. Sometimes the line is cut by a jagged sunken rock,

and plenty of other causes exist to aid a salmon in escaping and to save the fisherman from too much explanation.

A word should be said about the sea trout. They are plentiful towards the end of the month, the first run coming about June 20th. By the fishermen they are usually considered a nuisance, for the process of playing and landing a big trout is sure to disturb the pool to a greater or less degree and when one is after a thirty pounder it is small consolation to put up with a five pound trout instead. Like the salmon they are very large in this river, and six and seven pounds are frequent weights. One catch of thirteen weighed forty-four pounds. Last year Mr. Douglass took one of eight and a half pounds which was twenty-eight inches in length. They are identical with the brook trout species, but spend half the year in the sea, coming into the river in June and July for spawning purposes. In proportion to their size they are more gamy and active than the salmon. It would be a source of keen delight to play a six pounder on light trout tackle but it is rarely attempted, for the chances of a salmon being hooked are too great and few trout rods could survive such a contest. Nevertheless it has been done for Mr. Mershon successfully played and landed a thirty-seven pound salmon on a seven ounce trout rod on one occasion. But among salmon and trout fishermen Mr. Mershon stands in a class by himself, as your readers probably know, and we should not advise the ordinary man to imperil the safety of a favorite trout rod by making the attempt.

In ascending the river to the spawning beds the salmon travels only in the night and rests in day time in the various pools. These pools are of varying excellence and have distinctive names. There is no finer one on the river than Rock Pool on the preserve of the Messrs. Bonbright. It is very deep in places and the presence of some large rocks on the bottom offer most congenial resting places to the salmon after their night's toil up the river. They lay on the bottom with their noses up stream and shelter themselves behind the rocks to avoid the full force of the current, and there they lurk in the daytime. The pool rarely fails to yield one or more trophies at every fishing. Whenever the guides in passing down the river come to this pool they invariably stand up in the boat and count the salmon on the bottom, the water being so transparent that every pebble on the bottom at a depth of twenty feet is clearly visible. It was the favorite pool of President Arthur who was an annual visitant at the Woodman Cottage for several years.

(Continued on page 1166.)



CANOEING AND CAMPING



Side View of Tent—High Water—Drying Out After the Rain.

A TENT THAT MADE GOOD

WITH SOME FURTHER NOTES ON A SPRING
NEVERSINK CAMPING AND FISHING TRIP

By Dr. George Parker Holden.

ONE does not naturally expect to go on a camping trip in the middle of June in this latitude and encounter two weeks of the coolest and wettest weather that the Weather Bureau has turned out in forty years for a corresponding period. And yet if one of the chief features of the expedition was the testing of the practical qualifications of a little home-made shelter tent, no one can deny that the weather served that purpose admirably.

The place was the upper waters of the Neversink, N. Y., a stream that for recommendation has size, beauty and wildness in great variety, freedom to angle for miles without interference, and the presence of many trout in its waters, both native and brown, averaging a goodly size and never in primmer condition than during this season, the early summer of 1916.

The modest intention of the author, and designer of the aforesaid tent, was to produce a creation that should embody all the good points of all the good tents that had preceded it, and then some. Whether or not he succeeded in this particular endeavor, the tent proved a success all right; with the addition of a bath and garage it might almost pass for a Newport summer cottage.

It is seven feet square on the ground, seven feet to the peak, at the top of the front triangular side, and has an 18 inch wall at the back. It has 15 by 18 inch windows, screened by cheesecloth and provided with flaps outside adjusted by cords; and the door in the front is five feet high above a six-inch sill, three feet wide at bottom and 14 inches at top. This opening is also protected by a cheesecloth screen-door which draws to one side when not in use, and there is also a regular flap-door, hinged at the top and secured when closed by large hooks and eyes. The door may be entirely closed, be stayed out in front like that of a Frazer canoe tent, or be closed

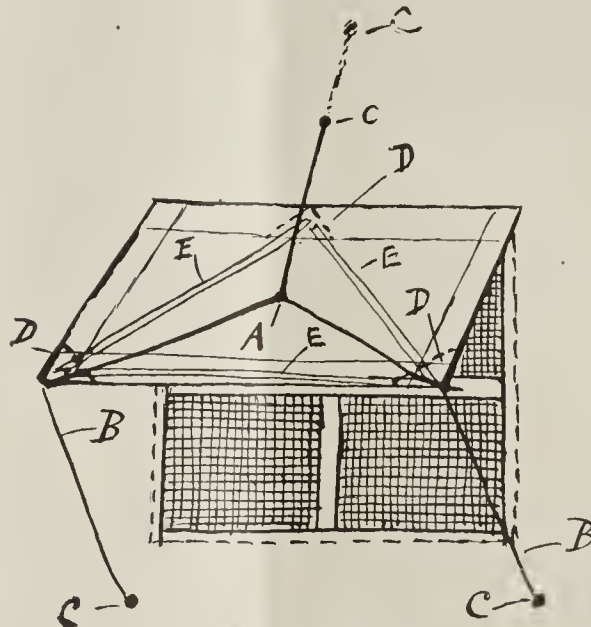
at either side with the opposite side held open. The sleeping bag flaps are likewise fastened by hooks and eyes.

The material is best quality unbleached muslin, about 25 yards, tanned by immersing in a hot decoction of ground white oak bark. It is passed through the solution three times, rinsed each

alum and lead method. The weight of the tent without the ground-cloth was a little over five pounds.

From past experience the writer holds strong convictions that the stretcher form of bed is at once the most practical and comfortable for camping, so he decided to incorporate stretcher-bed accommodations for two in the ground-cloth which was sewed to the bottom edges of tent all the way around. He also decided to provide flaps for these beds, to hold the blankets in place. Furthermore the tent bottom, in addition to serving as combined ground-cloth, stretcher-beds and sleeping-bags, was also to be the waterproof cover for the whole outfit, when packed; and could be utilized as a packsack to carry additional duffel, as a small ax, folding reflector-baker, an intrenching tool, and last but not least a half-dozen old newspapers. All this and in addition two five-pound single army blankets, which were laid out flat inside the tent, on the bottom, and folded within it. Thus the tent could be put up in a rainstorm without wetting the bedding.

The ground-cloth complete as described and waterproofed by paraffining, was made of regulation 10-oz. army khaki duck, three widths of which, laid crosswise of the ground-plan, came out just right after allowing for the lap seams. About 11 yards were required. In paraffining, about a pound was cut into shavings and melted on the stove, removed, and added to two quarts of gasoline or the roof (more incitement of neighbors' curiosity—almost painful), the whole kept warm and fluid by placing in a basin of hot water. The ground-cloth was then spread out and the paraffine and gasoline mixture applied hot to the bottom side with a paint brush. It congealed in streaks soon as applied. It was then hung out in the sun and air (neighbors forgotten by this time) for three or four hours,



WINDOW DETAIL—

A—Cord and Bridle for Raising Flap. B—Cords for Guys and Closing. C—Eyelet Holes Through Tent Wall. D—Triangular Pockets at Back and Corners to Insert. E—Twigs to Hold Flap Flat.

time and hung out to dry (thereby greatly arousing the curiosity of the neighbors). This before cutting. The proportion for the dye, as given by Kephart, were two pounds of dry ground bark to three and one half gallons of water. After drying, the muslin was waterproofed by the

and finally ironed with a very hot iron, which gave a uniform smooth result, spreading the paraffine evenly all over and into the fabric.

In utilizing the stretcher-bed feature of this tent four saplings, about two and a half inches at the butt and cut about eight or nine feet in length, are thrust through five-inch wide pockets sewed on the underside of the ground-cloth (for the middle pockets, the others being made by folding over the edges) and extending from the back of the tent to within about a foot of the front edge; a pocket along either side, and near the middle about 16 inches apart. This left a center aisle, which by sewing in two triangular side gores, and a rectangular piece at the back, gave a trough or gutter between the two beds, when the head ends of the stretcher-beds were raised eight inches from the ground, at the back. The front ends of the stretcher-poles were simply imbedded in the ground flush with the surface. Thus one could walk or stand on the canvas of the center aisle with the solid ground underfoot, when the rear ends of the poles were lifted clear of the ground.

In setting up, the beds were stretched as taut as possible sideways, and the poles held apart at the back by large nails driven against their sides and into a thicker cross pole resting upon stones and on top of which the stretcher-poles were supported, and projected some two feet beyond the rear tent wall. This arrangement is seen in the photo showing rear of tent, and also the extension flaps of sides and back to prevent wind blowing under the beds when the stretcher-beds are in use.

Of course these beds would sag some, but to make sure of comfortable results the ground underneath the middle of each bed was hollowed out lengthwise to a depth of about three inches and extending from the front ends of beds about three-fourths of the distance to the head. These hollows were filled with hemlock browse. The old army entrenching tool did this work handily and served well the purpose of camp shovel in ditching the tents, etc. When I obtained this the dealer said he had two or three more left—better hustle after it if you want one.

Plenty of trouble, perhaps you are thinking, for the sake of comfortable sleeping. Well, son, when your uncle is out on a two weeks' camping trip, if there is one thing that he's going to do, it is to sleep comfortably or he will know the reason why.—And say, speaking of trouble, did you ever attempt to make a really comfortable one of those browse affairs? Did you? That's work. And did we sleep comfortably in our beds?—Did we? Ask "Denny the Axman," 62 years young and good for a 20-mile hike any day—he'll answer.

In using the tent for only a night or two of camping, the stretcher-bed feature need not be used; the tent being set up with the bottom flat and laid over leaves, browse or grass. In this way it will easily sleep three. Used for two, luxuriating in the stretcher-beds, there is the center aisle affording room for storage of considerable duff. As the beds are six inches less than the full length of tent, there is also handy storage room at the foot of each bed.

One may stand at full height well within the

door of this tent, for changing clothes, etc., and he has headroom to sit up in his bed. Yet the walls are so steep that a good quality of unbleached muslin, treated with the alum and lead solutions, is effectively waterproof, even if the material be rubbed against on the inside. The writer and his tent-mate "Denny"—and may every camper have his equal for wearing qualities—weathered on this trip a continuous 36-hour downpour which raised the Neversink 22 inches, higher than it was in the early spring.

On the inside of the tent rear wall are four pockets and there are two more on either side wall alongside the head of the beds, for miscellaneous articles of clothing, etc. The "swellings" in the accompanying photographs show that they were appreciatively utilized.

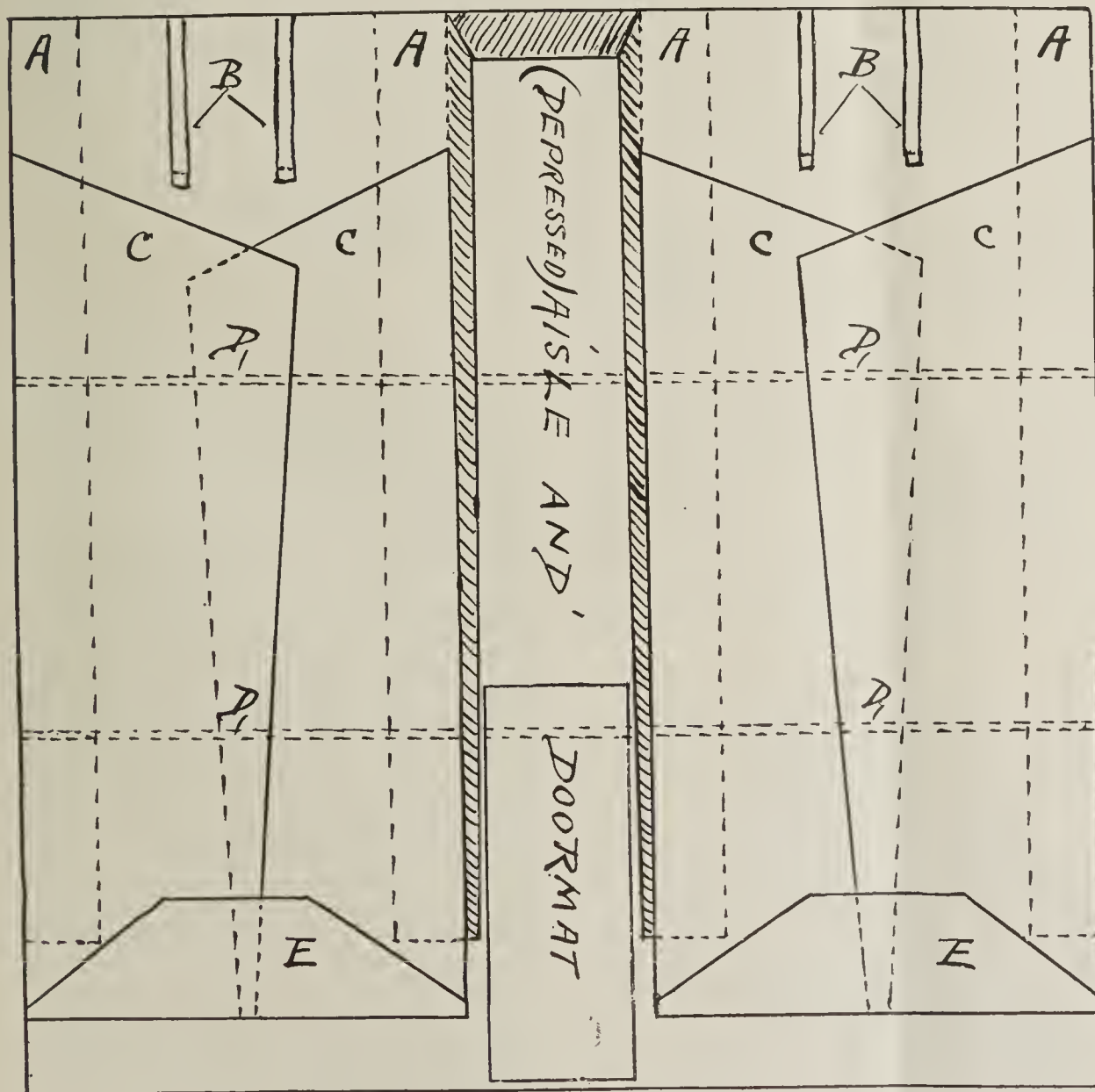
Across the top edge of the rear wall and from thence extending from the rear corners to the peak is a continuous piece of braided cotton rope, with small galvanized iron thimbles at these three corners. This rope triangle bears all the chief strain of the ropes holding the tent, and it is sewed to the inside of the roof at the edges. About two feet from the peak it is left unattached for a space to admit of the insertion of a pot-hook for suspending a folding candle lantern. At the peak and corners the muslin is reinforced by khaki patches.

The main guy-ropes are two single ropes leading from the top corners of the rear wall, and a double rope leading from the peak over a pair of sapling shears and secured at either side out in front. By easy manipulation of the shears and of the tautening sticks placed under the rear guys, slack may be quickly taken up when required.

The weight of the completed ground-cloth is about 10 pounds, making fifteen or sixteen pounds for the completed tent, and 25 to 26 pounds for whole outfit including the ten pounds of blankets, which one man may readily carry in a packstrap, while his companion lugs the grub.

Oh, about those newspapers! The added weight is insignificant, and spread out between the blankets and the canvas, under and over the sleeper, they are effective for much added warmth in chilly weather. Sheepskin sleeping slippers are another great comfort; so is a sleeping hood at times, and never go on a camping trip without an old pair of easy slippers or moccasins to wear about camp. Another pointer on the theme of keeping warm in extra chilly weather. The time that you will feel cold is about 3 A.M., and the place will be your back, between waist and shoulders. A sheepskin vest can be bought for from two to three dollars, and is a good investment; also good for automobiling in winter, especially for the doctor when he gets up out of a warm bed in the early hours to face the chill blast.

Other little details of the tent are a doormat made of an extra piece of canvas, fifteen inches by three feet, secured to the front of aisle just within the door by hooks and eyes, to save the ground-cloth proper from muddy feet; and two straps sewed at the head of each bed under which to slip the pillows so they will stay put, said pillows consisting of flour bags stuffed with balsam, hemlock or pine needles, browse or even ordinary leaves or grass. Mention should also be made here of the little pockets at the back and at the front corners of the window-flaps, for the insertion of twigs to hold the flaps out flat when raised. The adjusting cords lead through buttonholed eyelet holes to inside of tent and are secured as desired by taking a half-hitch around bits of twig which lie against the inside wall. We believe we have only to mention that along the line of strain at the sides of the triangle



Plan of Combined Tent, Ground Cloth, Stretcher-Beds and Sleeping Bags.

forming the front wall, and from the top of rear wall along each side to the front ground corners, the muslin was reinforced by three-quarter-inch tape sewed on the inside.

We were camping in the vicinity of the late home of the lamented Theodore Gordon, sage of the Neversink, super-angler and ardent nature student. It was the privilege of the writer to meet Mr. Gordon along the stream that he loved, the summer before his death, when he mentioned in the course of casual conversation that he was tying some flies for a gentleman in Nova Scotia after specimens of native insects much had been sent him. It was also my pleasure to make the acquaintance during the past winter of Dr. Edward Breck, at an interesting lecture that he delivered in the interests of the Naval Defense League. The Neversink country being mentioned, Dr. Breck inquired if I had ever met Gordon. I then recalled the incident of "the Nova Scotia gentleman." "Yes," said Breck, "I am that fellow."

The beautiful Neversink is a stream not enough appreciated by our Eastern anglers, but those who do realize its charm will be glad to learn while no one may fill Theodore Gordon's unique place as a writer beloved of all gentle anglers, that flies tied in the exquisite Gordon fashion are still obtainable from Gordon's friend and neighbor, Mr. H. B. Christian, of Neversink, who was intimately acquainted with Gordon and his work. We know of one of the Christian flies that caught nineteen goodly trout and remained in excellent working order; they certainly are tied to stay. In the July number of this magazine Dr. Breck says of the Nova Scotia trout: "I don't think our uneducated trout take much to the dry fly, but I use it mostly here, all the same, for, though the wet fly gets five where the dry lures one, the use of the dry is far more fascinating. The best luck I have had with some

flies made for me by that finest of all anglers, the late Theodore Gordon. These were tied by Gordon from insects, well preserved, that I sent him from here, and were beautifully wrought."

Noteworthy features of our trip, from the angling standpoint, were that three-fourths of all the fishing done was with the single dry fly, the "floatem" preparation being immersion of



the fly in ordinary kerosene carried in a small widemouthed bottle, that fly-fishing would creel seven or eight *fario* to every *Salvelinus*, but that fishing the riffles with minnows would fill a creel with native trout that would average eight to nine inches, and that the largest trout caught was on a No. 12 dry fly (ribbed hare's ear). He was a beauty, just sixteen inches long, and

the capture was the result of a pretty piece of scientific and persistent angling upon the part of Dr. T. of the party. Said trout, who lay behind a certain log in about four feet of water, had run off with the doctor's fly the previous day, but my friend had grimly determined on reprisal. The victim rose only after fully three-quarters of an hour of almost continuous casting, was snaked out from behind his log, downstream, in jig time, and shortly netted. The same lucky member of the outfit killed one evening, within two hours and 200 yards of camp, and with scarcely moving out of his tracks eleven beautiful fish that measured from eight to ten inches. With the aid of a glass the reader may discern the big trout's head stuck upon the end of the post from which are suspended the creels in one of the photographs.

Another interesting thing was the numerous catch of a blue fly one evening on a certain part of the stream. The air was full of them. They had about an inch spread of wings and a body approximately five-eighths of an inch long. The whole fly was a deep blue, and is termed by local anglers the "Blue Granite." A couple of miles lower down the stream the flight of this fly did not appear at all that day. I was told that they were prominent for about two weeks in June. The nearest I could match it was with a Blue Dun, and I had an exciting few moments, which was all off when after a couple of good rises the sad discovery was made that the point was gone from the hook—for I had no more blue flies with me!

A twelve foot square tent fly that we stretched between our two tents proved a life saver; it also was of unbleached muslin treated with lead and alum. We could cook under that during the rain; we had pitched camp in the rain, continued to camp in the rain most of the time, and all but broke camp in the rain.

GO FOR BLACK BASS IN SEPTEMBER

AFTER THE SUMMER HEAT THIS BEST OF ALL
GAME FISH TAKES ON NEW FIGHTING STRENGTH

By Black Bass.

IN September the black bass fishing begins to improve a little after the hot days of August.

The nights are not so warm, consequently the surface of the waters cool off, which cooling is felt immediately by the fish, evidenced by the renewal of their voracious appetites and their ranging once more around the shores in the early morning and late afternoon.

But it is not until the latter part of the month that any real fishing can be done around the shores, except in the very early or late hours, as mentioned. In the bright sunlight they are invariably in the deeper, cooler waters where there are usually enough small fish to satisfy their hunger, and not having any particular reason for going into the warm shallow waters during these hours they will not do so.

Even in the latter part of the month the shore fishing is apt to be very spasmodic. If there be a good cool breeze blowing the fish will very likely be in there and furnish a few hours of fine sport, and if one can figure these times out successfully a good catch of fish will be the result.

As a matter of fact, however, September is really a trolling month, the results being, as a rule, much better than from any other method. But the trolling must be done in the deep waters during the middle of the day and not along the

shores, as is the case with pickerel fishing at this season.

There are several methods and rigs that can be used successfully at this time, the best being perhaps somewhat in the order of the following:

A short, stiff rod, preferably of bait casting quality, a double or quadruple multiplying reel and fifty yards of rather heavy linen line, a five or six-foot leader and a medium sized sneck hook, the size of hook really depending on the bait to be used.

On the end of the line attach an egg-shaped sinker of a weight heavy enough to keep just clear of the bottom when the boat is rowed at trolling speed. This may be judged by feeling the sinker touch bottom every time the boat slows up a trifle.

Although this method will immediately suggest weeds to the "old timer," there is no need to worry about them as the trolling is to be done in waters practically clear of them.

Four feet above the sinker fasten the leader, and on the end of the leader attach a sneck hook and impail a (dead) minnow (preferably a large, hardy lake minnow about the size of an ordinary sardine) by putting the hook through the mouth, out of the gill and again through the body just above the tail.

With this rig the deepest holes of the lake should be sought. Let out enough line so that

the sinker will touch bottom every time a hill or hummock is crossed, the object being to get the bait down just as far as possible, for that is where the fish are.

The boat may be rowed as fast as desired providing the bait stays down.

There is another rig that is used largely in Vermont for lake trout, but which will work equally well for bass. It is called the "jigger" or "umbrella rig."

Secure a complete rib of an umbrella with the short, right angle rib attached. On the bottom of the long rib fasten a heavy egg-shaped sinker. To the end of the short, or right angle rib, attach a six-foot leader, at the other end of which is the sneck hook and bait. Fasten the end of the line to the upper end of the long rib.

Lower the outfit to the bottom and row at a good speed over the deep holes. At such a depth bass are not at all frightened by such a seemingly outlandish contrivance, but, on the other hand, seem to be very much appealed to by the disturbance it stirs up as it goes jiggering over the bottom.

A few years ago trolling with a wooden minnow for bass proved to be quite successful, but of late years it is in only the most virgin waters that such a bait will be taken by even a pickerel, to say nothing of bass.

Just why this is so no one can say. Fish can-

not be credited with human intelligence but in this case they seem almost to possess it.

However, they have not become quite so used to a wobbling spoon, and on cloudy days, particularly in the latter part of September, good catches of bass, both large and small mouth, can be made with it. Bass at that time have come into the shallower waters in pursuit of minnows and small sunfish, and should necessity arise, the smaller members of their own family.

To represent minnow either the pearl or silver

be controlled by the length of line out. If it goes deeper than this take in line, if nearer the surface let out line.

When a fish once does take hold it is well to remember as near as possible at what speed the boat was traveling and how much line was out at the time. It will very likely help to pick up



Drawing by
C. H. LOCKWOOD.

spoons can be used, but if the silver be slightly tarnished it will do better work in the sun than it would were it highly polished. The reflection of the sun from a polished silver spoon is dazzling in its intensity, blinding even to the human eye above water, and as a fish well knows no minnow ever shone like that, it will prove to be more of a source of fright to them than attraction. Such a spoon should never be used in a bright sun.

Pearl is somewhat better under these circumstances, as a silvery fish's scales have a tint somewhat similar to the greenish blue flash of mother-of-pearl. These spoons prove fairly good on sunny days and almost perfect on cloudy ones, that is, as far as any trolling bait can prove perfect for bass.

Pearl spoons are rather light in weight, and as manufactured have more of a decided curve than those of silver and brass which causes them to ride much higher in the water, therefore it is advisable to attach a small keel sinker to the line two or three feet above the bait, or if a leader is used, which will be of advantage, the sinker may be placed just above it on the line.

A keel sinker has the advantage of not only keeping the bait down but of preventing the line from twisting, the latter a very good feature in itself.

Brass and copper spoons seem to be good imitations of sunfish and small perch. If the day be dull row ashore on some sandy beach and rub a handful of sand on them for a minute or so and they will have a streaky polish that will be a much better attraction to bass than if they were highly finished.

Silver and brass spoons are heavy enough, as a rule, to travel at a proper depth without the aid of a sinker in ordinary trolling, unless, of course very deep water is fished, say thirty feet or more, then the boat must be rowed very slowly, which serves to retard the action of the spoon, or else a sinker of a weight sufficient to get it to the level desired must be used.

Almost any shore is good for trolling providing the water is of a fairly good depth, an average of twenty feet will do. If the water be of this depth the bait should travel at least ten feet under the surface. The bait depth may

the next one, for it shows at what depth the fish are apt to be feeding.

Although the short rod of five and a half feet or so is generally advised as the ideal one for trolling it is not in reality the one that best answers the purpose for trolling of this character.

The most sport is always obtained from a rod that is as long as it is practicable to use under the circumstances. At the same time no one can deny that it is a hard proposition to manage a fish at the end of a forty-foot line with a rod of five and a half feet. A rod of such a length has little or no "play" to it, and play is absolutely essential to handle a fish at such a distance (a common distance in trolling) from the boat.

A fly rod cannot be used for the reason that it has no backbone to stand the strain of the length of line and the heavy spoon. It is necessary, then, to have a rod that will combine both backbone and length, and a bait rod of about eight feet in length will answer the question perfectly. The material of preference is steel;

wood rods cannot stand the weight very long without warping slightly.

The reel should be quadruple multiplying, and, as it is a bait rod, of course above the hand. It may have a wide or deep barrel, as preferred, but the deep barrel has a shade the better of it as one does not care particularly about spooling the line when a fish is hooked and has to be fought to the boat for such a long distance, and if it be not spooled evenly when using a low barrel the line is very apt to pile up and stop the action of the reel when the fish is still ten yards or so from the boat, necessitating the landing of the fish hand over hand the rest of the way. The deep barrel allows plenty of room for the line to pile up as much as it pleases without interference.

A medium sized linen line is best for the work, a silk one will not stand the wear and tear for a great length of time without showing signs of deterioration.

Leaders should be smoked or mist colored and the longer the better, many fishermen claiming that the longer the leader the more fish caught. This very likely has some foundation on fact, as fish cannot seem to see a leader nearly as quickly as they can a line, even in the deepest waters of the lake.



A Freely Offered Suggestion to Anglers of Meditative Mind or
Drowsy Habit.



Moose Hunting Is Man's Work, But It Brings Its Reward in Magnificent Trophies.

MOOSE HUNTING IN MINNESOTA

A FEW DIRECTIONS THAT WILL
HELP THE BIG GAME HUNTER

By C. H. Lockwood.

THE fact that the year 1916 finds Minnesota practically the only state in the United States to welcome the moose hunter, may bring numbers of non-resident hunters to territory largely unfamiliar.

In speaking of Minnesota as a moose state one refers only to certain northern counties. The remaining moose in Minnesota are scattered along the Canadian border or have taken refuge in the several northern forest reserves. There are quite a number of moose in the Superior reserve in St. Louis County, also in Cook and Lake Counties. These counties are largely in their wild state. The last census taken by the Federal Government showed 1,500 moose in the Superior reserve alone. Illegal killing has had little to do with the shifting of the moose, but rather their location is a result of natural conditions of the country, or from the advance of civilization.

Twenty years ago the country west of Duluth, and in fact on all sides and vicinities of the great lake, was a solid mass of virgin pine forests. In those days, old settlers tell that there

were large numbers of woodland caribou, also quite a few moose; but that deer were scarce in the northern counties, the latter ranging down into the oak forests of central and southern Minnesota. To-day, where stood those mighty forests of pine (in central and northern Minnesota), we find instead miles and miles of blackened pine stumps. The great pine forests have almost disappeared, and within that time, witnessed the passing of the caribou.

With the passing of the caribou, moose were reported to have gradually taken the place of the caribou; and where the pine forests once stood, second growth hardwood, timothy and clover sprang up, an ideal feed for deer. In this territory deer may now be found in abundant numbers; while in southern Minnesota there are neither deer nor moose.

Next to the northern counties, which are accessible by rail, of equally great importance to the moose hunter is the lake dotted, rocky region lying along the north shore of Lake Superior, accessible by boat. This country is often spoken

of in the vernacular of the Indians as the "Gitchee Gume" or Lake Superior country.

The boat trip from Duluth to any of the stopping points along the north shore adds a very pleasant sensation to the trip; and in fact the journey to and from the hunting grounds should always be looked to for a part of the lasting impressions and pleasures derived from a vacation. North shore steamers leave Duluth at least twice a week and the lake is navigable until well after hunting season. However, there are apt to be storms late in the fall, thus adding the chance of a little excitement.

Principal stopping points along the north shore are Lutson, Beaver Bay, Grand Marais and Chicago Bay—it is safe to say the hunter will not go far amiss at either of these stops. Often, by writing to the post-master you can get in touch with teamsters, guides, etc.

It is always a good plan to go well prepared with tents and other outfitting so that the party can be quickly independent of outside assistance.

The distance one needs to go back from the shore to get into good moose country varies from one to twenty miles. A safe receipt might be—go as far as possible by boat or train, then travel to the limit of all wagon routes. Here pitch your permanent camp and prepare to hike back on foot for the real moose hunting.

In speaking of moose hunting camps, it is well to keep in mind the difference between a permanent camp and a temporary camp. Usually it is poor policy to waste much time hunting in the vicinity of a permanent camp. Moose are very sensitive to the presence of a camp and usually move back as soon as such is located.

The outfit for a temporary camp should consist of light weight cruising paraphernalia that can be comfortably packed for a two or three days' journey, so that the hunters may stop and camp wherever night overtakes them. With such an outfit, wood and water are about the only additional requirements; and these are easily obtained.

The greatest advantage from camping in the open is the fact that it gives the hunter an opportunity to be early afoot in virgin hunting territory.

Barring a discussion of snow tracking, the next best method of moose hunting usually employed by the Indian moose hunter is to scout the hills and from the highest points look over the adjacent territory until game is sighted. The next proposition is to get the wind right; one sniff of man and you might as well look for a new track. On the other hand, with the wind favorable the hunter has a big advantage and should not fire until he is sure of a clean shot. While the sense of hearing of the moose is remarkably acute, it is to be little dreaded compared with their sense of smell. Their sight I have never noticed to be more than ordinary.

Getting the game out of the woods perhaps presents the most difficult part of the proposition of moose hunting.

"Packing" is the word that expresses the real work of moose hunting. Whether the carcass be cut up piecemeal or packed out entire, in either case it means work.

Summing up moose hunting is man's work. It is full of real hardships, real privations; there are many difficulties to be overcome. Moose may be both scarce and apparently very wild; but usually, taken in the proper way they may be obtained. Plenty of good, wholesome food at the permanent camp, a light cruising outfit for temporary camps and a commonsense knowledge of the woods are some of the main requirements.

ATLANTIC TUNA TIME IS HERE

JUST AS GOOD FISHING AS IS
HAD AT FAR-FAMED AVALON

By Leonard Hulit.

IN treating of this fish I am well aware that its importance belongs more in the future to the sportsman than anything of its past or present might really mean.

Its natural history, however, is full of interest and may well be considered by the thoughtful of all classes. Like so many other varieties of marine life in the years gone by, it has been considered as absolutely unfit for food and a pest in general, not only to the net men, but to other fishermen, as its savageness to other fish of high market value was viewed with alarm whenever it put in appearance.

Now, however, it is fast becoming a much sought after commodity of the sea; its flesh is to be found in many of our markets, while choice portions are tinned and sold under its true name and is highly esteemed in making salads and other table delicacies.

So little, however, is known by the layman of our coast in relation to its history that in order to be at all comprehensive the best authorities have been consulted and a short compilation made.

That the horse mackerel of our coast and the tuna of the Mediterranean are one and the same fish is now made entirely clear. It is spoken of by the English as tunny, as it is known to range along the western coast of Europe to the Lof-foden Islands and on our coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Prof. G. Brown Goode, in his American fishes (and thorough as he was in his researches for the Smithsonian Institution he admits his incomplete knowledge of its natural history and quotes largely from other authorities) says of this fish, as found in American waters: The species, although abundant at certain seasons of the year off particular parts of the coast, is not a very familiar one to our writers. They seem to be rather a northern fish and are said to make their first appearance on our shores early in June, remaining until October. Of late years they seem to be increasing in abundance northward becoming more and more abundant during the summer season at Newfoundland.

Doctor Stover, who seems to have been quite an observer, relates that he saw one taken off Cape Ann which measured fifteen feet in length and weighed about one thousand pounds. He says their food while in our waters consisted mainly of menhaden of which they consume vast numbers, and in turn are pursued by killer whales before whom they flee in great terror. Continuing, he says: "Strange to relate, although highly prized in the old world from the times of the ancient Romans to the present day, they are very seldom, if ever, used for food in the United States, but their flesh is much used for mackerel bait. Although accruing in large numbers and of remarkable size no effort is made toward their capture for market. Although frequently taken in the pond nets along the coast, they are generally permitted to rot on the shore."

Another eminent authority on our coast fishes, Capt. N. E. Atwood, of Provincetown, Mass., who was a close observer, remarks: "They enter



Two Hundred and Eighty-six Pound Tuna, Taken Off the Jersey Coast, With Rod and Reel by Jacob Wertheim.

Massachusetts Bay early in June and are then very thin, but by the beginning of September become quite fat and are then hunted by certain fishermen for their oil, which is readily obtained from the head and belly portions, as much as twenty gallons from a single fish being procured."

That we so often neglect the blessings at our very door is exemplified in this fish. It would be most interesting to know the amount of money which has been spent by sportsmen from all points in the United States who have visited Avalon Bay, Catalina Islands, in quest of this very fish, when a very few dollars and a few hours on train would have placed them at the gateway of their much coveted prize. While it is true that the quiet waters of Avalon are much more conducive to capture than the billowy At-

lantic, still it would be always easy to have word from given points when the fish are there, and from New York and other nearby cities a very short time only is needed to be on hand, where good motorboats can always be procured cared for by competent hands to place the quarry within reach.

At Catalina this fish is at all times known as the leaping tuna and does not appear to reach the giant proportion of the same species on our own coast.

Mr. L. P. Streeter, of Chicago, has visited Avalon many times and has given me much information of the sport as conducted at that place, and I know of no reason why, when the ocean is quiet, the same tactics may not be followed out here.

I have been among these fish many times when

they were breaking at all points; fishermen usually say they are at play when they leap from the water; the conclusion to be drawn is plain enough they are feeding, but whether they strike their food on their upward rush or as they drop back I could never determine. Although close enough many times for a clear view I have never seen their prey in their jaws. It has been known for many years to all our coast fishermen that the tuna will strike at a trolling bluefish squid and hundreds have been hooked, but in nearly every case a broken line has been the result, as the bluefish troller does not use a line of sufficient length to admit of much play to the fish. Forty pounds or thereabouts has been the heavy weight taken on such tackle.

The essentials for the pursuit of this sport are a well made surf casting rod, preferably of split bamboo, a 4-0 reel of the highest quality, which will be capable of holding 1,200 feet of the best procurable line and fitted with a tension drag, a stout leather rod-rest into which the rod butt is braced, as it gives a good leverage and prevents the swinging of the rod butt against the body. As a lure a trolling squid of bright black tin is used, as well as different makes of the large pattern revolving spoon. Whichever is chosen, a section of piano wire should be used, as it cannot be cut by the jaws of the fish. A motor boat driven at moderate speed, behind which the line should be allowed to trail at a distance of from fifty to one hundred feet is of course a necessity.

The strike, if the hook sets, is always followed by sounding deep by the fish—200 possibly 500 feet at the first rush and at a speed almost incomprehensible—then up and away to the right or left, now out of the water, again sounding deep, all at lightning speed.

To attempt to hold would be sheerest folly. Full play must be allowed, no matter how long a time is consumed, as the fish, if a large one, will possibly take out a thousand feet of line before succumbing and it is the weight of line surging through the water which exhausts him. And the fisherman needs be of as good mettle as his tackle is in quality. An hour, possibly two hours, may be consumed in this frantic battle between patience and intelligence on one side and speed and weight on the other.

The largest tuna ever killed on rod and reel, weighing two hundred and eighty-six pounds, off Elberon, New Jersey, by Mr. Jacob Wertheim, has set a record for enthusiasts. This was accomplished the past summer, viz., 1915. That this sport is destined to become immensely popular in the near future is easy of belief and certainly assured.



A FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY

SINGLE HANDED THIS BRAVE
MAN SLEW THE FIERCEST GAME
BEAST OF NORTH AMERICA

By Howard Morgan.

THREE years ago I was resident consulting engineer for the Juneau Mining Company, and was stationed at Virgin City, Alaska.

My vacation I decided to spend as usual with my old friend, Burt Keppler, on a month's hunting trip into the Semenow Hills out of White Horse.

Each summer for five years Keppler and I had



Out of the Darkness, Accompanied by an Avalanche of Sand and Gravel, Slid a Big Grizzly.

spent a month in various part of the Semenow Range and had never failed to "bring home the bacon."

Keppler was awaiting my arrival, with everything in readiness for the trip, and evening of the first day found us well into the foothills of Mt. Laurier, the "granddaddy" of the Semenow Range.

We struck camp in the shelter of a big boulder at the base of a great bank of shifting white sand—well protected from the keen, biting wind, which held promise of snow on the morrow.

Before proceeding further, just a word about Keppler. He was, and is, without exception, the most powerful man physically I have ever met. At the time, he was a man perhaps 45 years of age, with the wind and heart of a man of 25. Barely 5 feet 6 inches in height, he tipped the scales at upwards of 225 pounds—solid bone and muscle. For a living he panned a little gold, enough to keep him in provisions through the winter months, and at intervals acted as guide to hunting parties.

We finished supper, lit our pipes, and comfortably stretched before the fire. Keppler was outlining his plans for the trip. Suddenly we were startled by a most prodigious snorting and grunting from above, and out of the darkness, accompanied by an avalanche of sand and gravel, slid a big grizzly.

With a shout of warning Keppler sprang backward, tripped and fell directly in the path of the bear. The grizzly, probably more frightened

than we were, and grasping at anything that offered by way of stopping his mad flight, caught Keppler about the body, rolled over a couple of times, and brought up with a crash against a big ash tree at the foot of the hill.

Fearing for Keppler's life I reached for my rifle, but a swirling aftermath of the slide swept me off my feet and part way down the embankment. As I crawled to my knees, half stunned, by the flickering light of the fire I made out Keppler locked in deadly embrace with the bear. Backward and forward they slipped and slid in the shifting sand, Keppler's long arms wrapped about the bear's middle, his face buried in the brute's hairy breast. As I watched, fascinated, afraid to move, the hunter slipped and fell, the bear on top. Over and over they rolled, the man clinging close to the great body, the beast clawing the air and snapping his jaws viciously.

Keppler, powerful as he was, could not stand the terrible strain for long, however. His legs, which he could not protect while rolling in the sand, were torn and bleeding.

Realization that I must act, that I must do something and that quickly penetrated my muddled brain. I scrambled up the bank and dug frantically in the sand for the rifles. At last I grasped one, shook the sand from it, and steadying myself against the great boulder awaited my chance to put an end to the unequal struggle. Suddenly Keppler let go, sprang backward and ducked like a flash, not a second too soon to avoid a vicious downward blow of those great open claws. I raised the rifle. Here was my chance.

"No, no, don't shoot, Mr. Morgan, I got him," called Keppler breathlessly, as he dodged quickly behind the boulder.

The bear rushed headlong toward us, stumbled and brought up against the rock with a thud. His great body crumpled up on the sand, heaved spasmodically, then lay still.

I turned to Keppler—the man was drenched with blood. With a cry of horror I rushed to support him, but he motioned me aside, and dragging the huge bulk of the bear over on its side, pulled out his eight-inch hunting knife, which, during the battle, he had managed to draw and had thrust it to the hilt into the grizzly's heart.

Aside from a violent shaking up and some badly lacerated shins, Keppler was none the worse for his experience.



"Old Eph" in a More Amiable Mood.

GROWING UP WITH BOB WHITE

THE BOY LEARNED EARLY THE CONNECTION BETWEEN
MAN, DOG AND GUN — AND HE NEVER FORGOT

By Ripley.

I.

Taking the Lure.

IN the dining room with the low ceiling that father's head almost touched was where they gathered at night during the shooting season. I do not know just how old I was at the time, but this much I appreciated, there were certain kinds of dogs, guns and smelly hunting coats belonging to the visitors. Furthermore, I associated these belongings with quails for breakfast; and I must have been a gourmand, too, for mother always appeared shocked when I begged for bird number two, and whispered across the table at me to keep still. I say whispered at me, because she spoke in a subdued voice, but loud enough for everyone at the table to hear.

Father had these men every fall. When they arrived they were dressed in clothes of fashion-



It Is Pleasant to Hunt, But the Noon-day Snack, With Its Recounting of the Morning's Experience, Is Not to Be Overlooked.

able cut and cloth of the finest texture. I know, for I compared them with father's. Their faces were pale, their appetite not the best, and an aroma exuded from them when they talked, very much like that from mother's plum pudding sauce. And their talk was principally on things connected with a certain street with a wall on the side of it in New York, and there were curbs, pits and stocks, which I thought had nothing to do with the things of the woods and fields, alone of interest to hunters.

Next morning they got up long before I did. They were garbed in hunting coats and corduroy trousers. They did not eat much breakfast, mother said, and I heard her say that father laughed at this. That night, however, they came tramping in, and one big husky fellow, with a voice like our town auctioneer, Bill Page, sidled over to me, inquiring about my health, and handing me a twenty-five cent piece, said:

"Slip out in the kitchen, sonny, and find out when supper will be ready, for I am nearly starved to death."

Now, that evening at table they ate everything

I had seen a half-starved tramp slink to our door and beg for food, and when food was given to him I was amazed at the celerity with which he stored it away, but his exhibition was nothing to that performed by our guests that night. Corn bread, something they had refused the night previous, could not be made rapidly enough for them; and they crunched away so fast on their food they had no time to talk.

After supper the visitors had other topics for conversation. They complained in a happy way at the soreness of their legs, and they talked loud, but not once did they say a word about that walled street with its pits and curbs. Duke's great point, May's statuesque back, the incomer Daddy made easily, Jim's double, together with a whole lot more other things not entirely clear to me they spoke of until ten o'clock. Then father chased them to bed.

I heard enough to cause me to remain awake for many hours and listen to the stertorous breathing of the slumbering ones in the big room next to mine. In my mite of a way I thought I understood a lot about hunting. It was in my

blood, my daddy's blood, and my daddy's father's blood! I would be a hunter. I would shoot quails with a gun, and I would have two dogs like my father's to find the game with. Then, I, too, could sit up and talk knowingly of incomers, doubles, straightways, false points, and with a modest oath I could express my detestation of blinkers!

I remained awake longer than was good for me, but I knew right then, mite of a boy that I was, that I had put my foot within the fascinating coil of sportsmanship, and the day was soon to come when it would draw me unresistingly into its eternal clasp.

At the ending of ten days our guests left. Their cheeks were rosy. The aloofness and tired look which their faces bore the day of their arrival had vanished with the contact of the air from frost-bitten fields. Before their departure they laughed and sang, and Kate, our cook, a cynical product of the Ozark hills, remarked:

"They'd act like humans, if they'd stayed 'nuther day!"

Just before they went the husky voiced fellow



The Greatest American Bird—After the Bird of Freedom—Bob White.

From a drawing by L. A. Fuertes.

drew me aside and told me to look for an express package from him in the near future. Then they all gathered their belongings, gave Kate a substantial present, which gave them a sudden uplift in her affections, and taking their birds they jumped in the buckboard and father drove them to the station. Before they passed the outer gate of the farm they waved back, and I saw that it was for neither mother nor me, but for Duke and May, who were tugging with all their might to break their chains, with hope of another day afield in their company.

Only a week went by when the express package was brought home by father. It contained a sixteen-gauge gun, and in another compartment, mind you, were loading tools and a thousand empty shells. What more could a boy ask for? Pardon the exclamations of a boy. My happiness was complete!

I wanted to go hunting right off the reel, but, of course, mother interposed, and I thought it presaged a stormy argument between her and father. For the moment, however, I was content to look at my gun. Father came out of the room and spoke to me. He and mother were smiling. I dared not ask the reason. He took the gun, admired it, and quietly instructed me about the action and the handling of it.

But he could have spared himself of all this, for, as true as I am writing these lines, the handling of that gun was born in me. I did not listen! I knew it all ahead. For was I not blood of his blood, and welling over with congeries of emotions which were driving me to the game?

II.

The First Bird.

Since the presentation of the gun a year had gone by. I had been drilled and drilled in the rudiments of firearms, allowed frequent shots at crows, but during the dove season, when I could have gained some experience in wing shooting, I spent with a relative in the city. All the time I longed to use the gun with our old pointer Duke. The dog had lost some of his snap, and was yielding precedence to some of the younger and faster dogs. All along father had intended him for me, for I heard him speak as though it would be impossible for me to spoil him. And, now, a longing as great as that for dog and gun overwhelmed me; it was for the opening of the quail season.

Father's absence the opening day might cause the postponement of my first venture afield. Were it to occur what a disappointment it would be!

I learned from my mother that my father would not return in time for the first day, and that they had arrived at the conclusion that I was to be allowed to hunt all day whenever there was a holiday, or afternoon, provisional on my being without a companion. They feared no danger for me were I to hunt alone. For a while I was not even to tell a neighbor's boy or anyone else, lest they might force their company on me in the field.

The burden on my mind was small in comparison to that of my shell pockets, which yawned to the limit of their capacity with their stupendous burden of ammunition. I was sure not to be caught in the field without enough shells, but in a few hours I regretted the tax it placed on my movements. I would not, however, have given up carrying that immense supply for anything.

From tales around the fireplace and from observation I knew something of a dog's requirements. The matter of intelligence, too, had a place in my sentiency. Moreover, I do not recall this as much as the thrill seizing me on my route to the hunting areas. No morning was ever so beautiful. It painted the homely sedge a golden yellow, and robbed the ragweed tops of their swart ugliness. There was a bit of frost on the ground, and the hardwoods also shone the touch of the fall pigments.

The old dog inspired in me a bond of sympathy with him, and I wished to help him all the ways possible. Duke was my kind of dog then, and I am still loyal to his memory, for he is my kind of a dog now. With bold dash and wide range in the open he rushed out and the heavy cover he worked closely. Whatever arguments may be offered in favor of different methods of work my ideal will always be this. I am aware of the difficulty encountered in obtaining the combination. We hear of them in books and noisy argument around the stove at the hunting camp, but one of the rarest things to be had is a real combination covey and single bird dog.

The very beauty of Duke's cast from the start was compelling. He went straight over barren grounds without delay and into the heavy seed-bearing ragweed cover, active as he could be. With his noble head high against the wind and black nostrils quivering for contact with the scent he loved so dearly, he raced over the wide areas down to the swale of billowing yellow sedge just out of my sight over the crest of a small rise.

Peering far ahead I saw him, a distant statue awaiting my arrival. Transfixed on the edge of the sedge patch stood the old fellow, high-headed and positive of a covey find. Every movement of the birds was recorded in those big blood vessels of the face, and his marvelously beautiful brown eyes stared ahead in happy contemplation. Duke had them!

Would I ever get to him in time? He was absolutely reliable and had been so for years. Yes, the old fellow waited for me. Breathless, I came to him. I walked with shaking knees ahead of him.

Whir! Whir! The bursting sounds of mighty muffled thunders, and I pulled both triggers. There were two separate clicks. I almost went into tears. Thank God! nobody had seen me, for I had forgotten to load my gun.

Old Duke stood still for an instant, his great brown eyes marking the flight of the birds, until they abruptly dropped into a growth of post oak and sumac. Out he went again, straight to the quarry, then into the thicket out of my sight.

Loading the gun I followed, and fighting my way through the small blackberry vines and tangle of sawbriar, I came to the old timer, who was half crouching on point. Up went the single and I fired. The sole reward for my shot was the falling of a few post oak leaves. Eight birds met the same salutation, and not one was hit.

It was not such an easy game after all! I had laughed at times when sportsmen spoke of their misses. It was no more a laughing matter. Undismayed I determined to try again—try again and again as long as my pockets held a shell. In the wheat stubble, in the corn, back in the ragweed and sedge the old timer performed miraculously and presented me with countless opportunities. I always failed.

Later in the day my little legs tired. It was no more a question who would tire, Duke or I? I sat down and ate lunch, not, however, without sharing with Duke. I patted him lovingly and out of his eye I caught a wink of encouragement; there would be better things in store for me.

Afternoon opened no more auspiciously than during the morning. Every time I thought I pulled right on the bird there was a vacancy. Once the paper, the outer covering of the wad, encouraged me. I thought, perhaps, I had brought down a feather and ran to where it fell. I searched carefully and discovered the mistake.

On the route home Duke searched persistently. Not far from the house he froze into point, just as the sun fell behind the hardwoods and the chill of evening came on. I walked slowly to him. I would control my nervousness in spite of myself. I bit my lip. Gradually I gained the dog's head, and I kicked once into the clump of matted foxtail. Up went the birds with their thunder resounding. My gun dropped automatically on one, and for an infinite part of a second it played on its back. My hand steeled my forefinger to the occasion. I pressed the trigger.

Could it be true? Yes, for I beheld the cloud



Peering Far Ahead I Saw Him, a Distant Statue Awaiting My Arrival.

of feathers! I beat Duke to it. And there, dead on the lespedeza at my feet, was a monster cock quail laying on its back, its beautiful white throat pointing to me. Picking it up I smoothed its beautiful plumage, held its still warm body to my cheeks and shouted to the world my happiness.

Laugh, if you will, blase sportsmen who have killed thousands but remember it was a boy, his first gun, his first dog and his first quail!

III.

At Fault.

Quail hunters in a way are similar in their predilections to other devotees of outdoor sports. With experience, ideals and ideas undergo a change, and instruments or tools of the sport, once so well thought of, as experience and modern inventiveness denote their deficiencies, succumb to the new. The older we become in the sport of quail shooting our requirements vary. While farming alters shooting conditions, if we are real sportsmen for nothing in the world would we have the original habitat of the birds destroyed, but instead we are seemingly desirous of having our dog work in conformity with the environments, and our guns must be especially built for field and cover shooting.

In early years, as far as my dog was concerned—and myself—I could not see any defects in his work. Father sometimes laughed at the big liver and white pointer, how he handled me instead of being handled by me, was the way he put it. Yet it demanded some little thought on my part to discover what he was alluding to. From him only I submitted criticism of my companion.

Constantly I hunted with Duke. He followed me to school when I brought my gun with me, as with increase in years I gained liberties. After foraging around for the gleanings of the lunch buckets, he went to a choice spot, where familiarity with the room taught him few ever ventured near, and that was back of the teacher's desk. There he slept peacefully.

The teacher was a liberal-minded, large, jovial woman, and permitted this privilege to Duke and seldom alluded to his presence, except when he had audible dreams about pointing some gigantic bird. He made a fearful noise then, but he subsided as quickly as the pupils when the rule was once brought into play. Duke's privilege was granted as a return favor for the fat quails I occasionally brought to teacher.

From our farm to the school was two miles of great quail country all the way, my daily shooting making but slight inroads on the immense number of birds that wandered in from the wild timber country to the cultivated lands. Just as soon as the scholars were dismissed, with a glance at my gun the old pointer stretched himself, and shaking all the kinks out of his frame, he emitted a joyous yelp and bounded for the fields. Those birds he well knew, and no matter how often they moved to other feeding places he found two to three coveys.

At this period I had only an hour to shoot in before dark intervened. Sometimes I killed one bird, and on some days three—seldom more. On Saturday I put in a full day. And it was on one of these holidays that I met a man from town, whom I knew had once trained dogs as a profession.

"Old Duke can sure find them yet with any dog," he declared, "but it's a pity the way the old fool breaks shot!"

Owing to my unseemly sensitiveness about Duke I left the man in the field. My father could talk all he wanted about Duke, but there the line was drawn. As soon as I got home I asked father: "What is breaking shot?"



Transfixed on the Edge of a Sedge Patch Stood the Old Fellow, High-headed and Positive of a Covey Find.

With a comical allusion to Duke as an example father enlightened me.

At last within the armament of Duke's perfections there was a flaw, and I had discovered it—breaking shot! I knew he was deaf as a post, but that he had another defect I was not aware of until then. Deafness could not be cured, but the other, a habit, certainly could be eradicated from him. I would stand behind him, and after shooting as he chased the flying bird I would shoot him with a light load of shot. To be sure there was no danger I withdrew the top wad of a cartridge and took out a portion of the No. 8 shot before replacing it.

Like a boy, and as many men have, I reasoned that once alone would do the work. Early the following Saturday morning in a slight drizzle I followed the old warrior, and soon discovered him tacked onto birds in a thicket in a flat between two small elevations. Here was my opportunity to cure the dog! I backed off a little way from him, firing my right barrel, at which the birds flushed, and as he rushed after them I fired the left barrel at his hindquarters.

From the thicket emanated a yelp of pain, and my heart sank within me. I regretted the act, yes, I regretted it before I ever withdrew the empties from the gun! I ran to where Duke had been. He was gone! I searched and searched, then shouted until my lungs chafed from the violence of the exertion. No Duke responded. Simultaneously it began to rain hard, and on its heels came a fierce storm of sleet from the northwest.

Journeying home I felt contented that the old dog would be waiting for me on the porch. Would he be there? No, I anticipated it at the misgivings that charged me before I even got within the front gate. There was no need of looking, for Duke was not there.

I shook off of me the wet of the storm and entered the house. Thank God no one asked questions then, for I could not have borne them. The weather saved me. Mother and father had too much knowledge of quail shooting to ask about luck, but Kate, the maid of all work, teased me, as she was glad to have "none of them little measly partridges to clean."

Little dinner did I eat. Nobody paid me any attention. I looked out on the porch to Duke's straw-lined box, but no Duke was coiled within. Yet none of the family remarked at my constancy to that place of outlook. A hundred times I went to that window where his box could be seen, my heart swelling with conflicting emo-

tions. Duke must be dead, otherwise nothing could prevent his return. Time and again until supper I faced the wind and went to the barn where father's dogs were, but no Duke had arrived.

At supper I ate less than at dinner, and mother thought I looked pale. From exposure that morning she attributed it, and I was ordered to bed. I slept on the ground floor, and before entering my bed I got Duke's box and moved it beneath mine. If the moon ever came out I could see it.

Duke must be dead. He had crawled off in his death agonies and died in the storm. Surely, if any one merited punishment for cruelty, I did! I formulated all kinds of self chastisements that I would subject myself to for the foolish act. One thing I would never do it again. I would never own another dog; I loved them too well and did not know how to treat them. Then, my little body racked with anguish. I tried to sleep. I could not. The same thought perpetually held me awake—Duke was sleeping the sleep of death out in the cold fields.

The storm was abating. Occasionally a fierce blast flung itself at the house, but all the while the storm was subsiding. I looked out once more into the night. The fields were the white of silver, as a shimmering moon broke through balls of white feathery clouds. And presently I heard a light footstep on the porch. I heard it repeated. I trembled. I heard it again. My light was turned low. I jumped out of bed to turn it up, but could not keep my eyes from the window.

Was it a robber at the window? My sleep-craving eyes centered, and the cloud of perturbation obscuring me had dissolved. The figure at the window was a big dog standing on its hind legs; and with its forepaws on the widow sill, was peering in at the light. That dog was Duke!

I rushed to the window, lifted it up and Duke jumped in the room. I threw my arms around him sobbingly, and kissed his homely face and every wrinkle on it. And I sobbed and kissed him over again.

Next morning I slept late. So when mother opened the door, and I pulled the heavy cover aside she laughed. For there together on the bed sleeping happily were her big boy and his first dog.

(This is the first installment of a series of delightful stories on quail hunting, written by an acknowledged expert. They will be continued in future numbers of Forest and Stream.)



WILD LIFE ALONG THE RIVER PEARL

A LITTLE FREQUENTED AND LITTLE KNOWN MISSISSIPPI HUNTING PARADISE THAT AWAITS THE LOVER OF ROD AND GUN

By W. E. Davidson, Deputy Game Warden of Mississippi.

HAVING previously arranged with J. W. Courtney as guide and cook on this trip, I left Jackson, Miss., on the morning of May 10, 1916, and after a drive of 23 miles I arrived at his home, where I found him with everything ready. Leaving there the next morning we drove to Offahoma in Leake County, where we began our long trip back down the river.

Offahoma is a quaint old Indian town, nestling on the banks of Yocknayouckna creek, amidst the lofty pines just above where it empties into Pearl River. It is still sleeping in its quiet way, still listening to the soft sighing of the wind in the branches of the forest trees, waving the shadows back and forth, up and down over the crystal waters of this creek, fed by a thousand springs, and flowing onward until it mingles with the waters of Pearl River, then onward to the gulf.

We saw plenty of turkey and squirrels here, but it being the closed season we could not shoot them. Pushing down stream from here, with Courtney at the paddle, we soon left behind this quaint old town. Several miles below I got out

my fishing tackle and with live spot-tail minnows soon had enough to grace our frying pan. I found black bass and white perch plentiful here, and could have taken almost any desired number for they would strike almost every cast. We finished our meal and pipes and resumed our journey at 1.30 P. M. Squirrels barked and chattered. Kingfishers swooped and cackled, and as we rounded a bend two large blue cranes rose and sailed up stream to stilt around in some shallow place until perhaps some other passerby started them up again. Nature was truly beautiful here. Stately oaks and pines, chinquapins and beech lined the banks for miles with their spreading branches entwined with muscadine vines, with clusters of green muscadines as large as Concord grapes; wild honeysuckle and magnolias were in bloom, and intermingling their perfumes, shed a fragrance over the whole forest. The white sandbars were glistening in the sun, with now and then a soft-shelled turtle drying in its rays.

We were now at the mouth of Yocknayouckna and in Pearl River proper. A place to camp

for the night was our object now. We found one about two miles on a long white sandbar, the crest covered with a carpet of Bermuda grass, with several sugarloaf shape catawba trees that made it an inviting place. Courtney called me at 4 o'clock next morning to coffee and flap-jacks, which were soon over and to pack up was a matter of only a few minutes and we were off for the day.

Twenty miles below here Coffeebogue Creek mingles its waters with the Pearl. We passed great gravel beds, worth millions of dollars, long pebble shoals, over which the crystal waters leaped and danced, and tried to tell me in mute language of Indian legions in song and story of the Choctaw braves that trod its shores in the long ago, in quest of game and perhaps the scalp of some early settler. Two miles below here we saw our first deer—two does and a fawn—that bounded away on our approach, up the bar and over the banks and were soon out of sight.

Two eagles were circling overhead and as I stepped ashore I heard the swish of the air and the "put, put, put" of some wild turkeys on the

other side that told me in the language of the forest of the tragedy that was being enacted over there.

The sandbars were pitted with the tracks of deer and bob-cat and the eagles that I saw made me know that wild turkeys were plentiful, for the cats and the eagles are both the natural enemies of the wild turkey.

There were signs of fish everywhere—especially the blue brim, that split the waters in every shallow eddy, and often in their flight would bound clean over our canoe. Blue brim, in my judgment, are the gamest small fish that inhabit

these waters. They go in schools which often run into thousands, and I have often with a 7-ounce tackle caught as many as one hundred and over. To get the best results in fishing for these fish is to use a 14-foot mutton cane rod, very small and light, not over seven or eight ounces, and a 12-foot sea-grass line with a goose-quill float about four inches long, that on casting will fall light on the water; using a number five Carlisle hook, and almost any kind of small bug for bait, for they are strictly bug eaters, rarely ever striking at a minnow of any kind. They are hard strikers and range in size from three-fourths to one and a half pounds, rarely ever going over this size. These waters are literally teeming with black bass, trout, brim and white perch. The woods with small game of all native kind—cranes, Indian hens, woodducks and sandpipers are everywhere. The swoop and cackle of the king-fisher is heard almost every moment in the day. Cowslip vines were in full bloom with their large red bell shape blossoms. The copper-throated humming bird was flitting and whirling with his soft purring hum, the wild honey bees filled the air with music from their tiny wings. Across the river and back some distance in a cypress brake two horned owls were hooting. Down the river in some tall pines the "T-kay, T-kay" of the chick hawk was heard. Would that I could stay the rifle bullets for a few years so that your children and my children might visit such places as this and see wild life in all of its glory. This vast valley of virgin forest has not yet been touched by the woodman's axe and I hope it will never be. I understand it belongs to the Interior Lumber Company, or the largest acreage of it does, and they are contemplating building a railroad along its route to remove their timber. If they do it will be a death-blow to wild game life in this part of the Mississippi, for now as it is it is nature's home; the home of thousands of song birds, the brown thrush, the oriole, the linnnet and the wren, the nesting place of thousands of small water birds.

After spending several days here we broke camp for our next run down the river. The morning was fine with its perfume-laden breeze, from the wild flowers that grew in profusion, everywhere. We had hardly gotten started before we ran plump into another bunch of deer that were taking their morning drink from the river. They broke away at sight, going down the river for several hundred yards in plain view before turning over the banks and out of sight. There were four in this bunch, one buck,

a doe and two young ones about half grown.

I saw several flocks of woodducks passing up and down stream. The young ones were about half grown. The chicken hawks are their worst enemies, and wherever you find woodducks you will find the hawks. It reminds me of the old adage: "Wherever the hen scratches you will find the bug also." Squirrels were still plentiful and wild turkey tracks were on every bar. I saw several single turkeys fly across the river. They had been scattered that morning by an eagle or a bob-cat, and were getting together on the other side.



Breakfast in Camp—A Ceremony That Requires Devout Attention, Attitude and State of Mind.

Having tired of game fishing, I thought I would pay my respects to the channel cat, so with a bucket of spot tail minnows Courtney soon put me over to mid-stream where the channel was deep and swift, and the fun was on. These fish are quite game and strike live minnows readily. They range from one to five pounds and put up a fight that has some ginger in it. After taking four of these we had dinner and a rest of several hours.

One meets some queer characters on a trip like this. I met one man here who told me he was looking for white oak timber to make gun carriages for the English army and I thought he

was "a long way from Tipperary," for we were forty miles from the nearest railway station at that time.

Pearl River undoubtedly was named for its pearl bearing mussels that you find all along its sandbars, from the size of a silver dollar to six inches long and about four inches wide. I did not see any that would measure larger or wider than those. I have seen several pearls that were taken from these mussels that ranged in value from \$10 to \$100, so I am told.

As Courtney fixed camp for the night I was taking some observation. Just below camp an

enormous eagle perched on the top of a giant cypress. He looked as if he was studying the Mexican situation, but I knew he had Mississippi wild turkeys on his mind. Bob-cat tracks were plentiful; that told me in unspoken language that wild turkeys were here. Black bass and trout were lunging in the mouth of the creek and a school of minnows were scurrying back and forth and in their frantic effort to keep out of the way would often flounce clean out on the sand. Just across the river a kingfisher with his characteristic cackle flushed a drove of woodducks that sailed up the creek and settled down for the night. Next morning we were off for Duck Pond Lake, once the stopping place of migratory birds. I am told that at night they would come in so thick to roost that you could kill as many ducks as you wanted with a boat paddle, but somehow I doubt this. This was once a lake that covered forty acres of ground that was a great roosting place for ducks and geese, but it is fast filling up and in course of time will disappear. It is yet a great place for small water birds of all kinds and still an ideal fishing ground, and especially for blue brim. Pete Lake, just below here, made its appearance over night, and I am told by the old settlers that there was a man whose surname was Pete, had settled here and owned quite a number of negro slaves, and herds of sheep that used to graze over the wild open land in those days. Wild pea-vines covered the whole country and one day one of his slave sheep herders told him that a lake of water had made its appearance there that was not there the evening before. Pete Lake has no connection with Pearl River. It is more than a mile out from the river in the flat pine woods, and one of the most peculiar things of it is the water stands at one height in it the year round. Here is an ideal fishing and camping ground.

I have seen spoon-bill cats that measured six feet long caught on a set line, alligator gars that measured five feet long that were shot from the bank with high power rifles, and would have weighed close around one hundred pounds; and white perch that tipped the scales at three pounds caught with the rod and line; black bass that weighed eight pounds and nine ounces taken with the reel and rod with a rainbow minnow, and blue brim caught by the hundreds. This is truly Mississippi's best inland fishing ground and an ideal camping place.

After two weeks spent on this beautiful stream we crossed the Old Natchez Trace, and then home.

THE VANISHING LAST FRONTIER

MOOSE FACTORY, NOW A CENTER OF IMPORTANCE, IS ASSUMING THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ORDINARY VILLAGE

By R. J. Fraser.

LOOKING at the map of Canada one sees in the lower left-hand corner of James Bay the name Moose Factory, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts. Finding it thus situated, on the shores of that ice-laden sea, there is conjured to the mind a picture of a group of stockaded buildings closely shrouded by the primeval forests, storm-ridden and dread. Rough, bearded trappers, fur-clad and armed with long rifles, busy themselves with preparations for journeys farther into the wilds, whilst buckskin-clothed Indians slouch about the borders of the post. Or, if one dwells on a summer scene he may see birchbarks with wild-looking, long-haired natives



Less Than Two Hundred Miles to "the Line", the Railroad and Civilization.

driving them through frothing rapids to a landing on the beach below the fort, where the tents of the hunters are grouped together. All is strange and outlandish and foreign to the homeland in the south.

But what delusions would be found could one be suddenly transported to the place in mind without passing through the succeeding stages of river travel, camp life and contact with the people on the way, educative steps which would prepare the visitor for the surprise awaiting him.

An aeroplane carrying one from the settlements at the end of steel over night to Moose Factory would land him in the midst of a little village such as might find anywhere near home. For such is this interesting old trading post of the north.

It has its store, stocked far better than many of the "general" stores in fair-sized towns; its church and school, farm land and vegetable gardens. Seldom is a birchbark seen, but drawn up on the river bank numerous Peterboros lie and at a wharf in summer time is moored a steamer, when not on its cruises to the other posts about the bay. Unkempt Indians, unattractive in appearance, slow of movement and sparing of speech, and timid squaws, their black locks hidden by shawls whose tartans represent a dozen different clans; gaunt, quarrelsome wolf-dogs and dark-skinned children add the necessary touches of local color to remind one that this is the country of the Hudson Bay.

Only the dearth of news and the keen interest shown by all in the stranger brings home to one the remembrance that there lie between him and the settlements on the southern side of the Height of Land miles and miles of river, woods and muskeg unmarked by civilization's hand.

All these centuries the fur posts grew and prospered. Artisans, smiths, coopers, tinkers and tailors were brought out to the country and our own particular trading post earned for itself the name it has since retained, Moose Factory. Rough furniture and homespun clothing, leather

boots, metal utensils and tools suited to the requirements of the country were made at Moose. The old buildings erected for the purpose are still in evidence, many of them in very good repair. Besides becoming the manufacturing center of the district it was also the port and distributing point of all the goods that came by ship. Up the Moose and Missanaibi Rivers, clear through to Michipicoten on Lake Superior, was the route to the great fresh water seas. Before the days of a transcontinental railroad or a ship canal many a ton of freight that was landed at Moose went west by the Michipicoten route, on the backs of tireless halfbreed packers or in the deep-bellied freight canoes.

With the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway the old route for freight and mail from Michipicoten was abandoned. Missanaibi station became the new starting point on the downriver trip for the mail packet, the year inspector, and the clerk who had spent his furlough "down in Canada." When a Moose Factory man spoke of "the line" and dwelt longingly on the words you knew he meant the railway crossing at Missanaibi. With the construction of the National Transcontinental the line has become that point where the latest steel bridges the Abittibi, only one hundred and eighty miles from the Post. The junction of that line with the Temiscamingue and Northern Ontario at Cochrane has brought the James Bay region within comparatively easy reach.

Moose Factory is now the district headquarters for the H. B. C. and one of the most important posts of the country. The district manager has under his jurisdiction fifteen posts and sub-posts. To supply these is a small steamer, the "Inenew," which is the Cree word for "The Indian." From June to October it runs about the bay from depot to outlying forts and in wintertime rests in a snug bed in the woods of the river bank, safe from the ice cakes that are borne down the spring torrents of the Moose. In winter connection is had with dependent posts by dog teams.

builder and his sons at work on a "York," or river boat, intended for inland use or for one of the other posts. At different times small fifteen-ton schooners have been built and launched here and a fleet of these craft supplement the work of the steamer in the distribution of supplies. Draught oxen are seen hauling firewood and the freight from the landing to the depot; in the meadows one finds cattle raised from stock brought years ago from England. The haying is done by Indian labor, slow but inexpensive, for in all probabilities the natives seen handling the hay forks are in this way being made to pay for trapping advances, or "debt," as it is called—it is really credit—given to them the previous winter.

Little of the picturesqueness of the days of the early fur trade as portrayed by the pen of Stewart Edward White and others remains at Moose, though not so many miles away, up the Missanaibi River, can yet be traced the site of Conjuror's House, the scene of one of the former writer's most interesting northern tales. The Chief Factor is now known as the Manager and he and his staff of traders and clerks no longer gather about the common board, where we were wont to believe huge roasts of venison and bear were daily consumed.

Each has now his own house and "white man's grub" is the common fare. Game is not as plentiful as of yore and the Indian hunter demands good payment for his kill.

Flanking the flagstaff on the river bank are two old bronze cannon, relics of the days when Moose was a fort.

Though many of the picturesque features have gone from Moose this, at least, remains: The traveler, be his mission what it may, tourist, hunter, even opposition trader, receives a welcome the remembrance of which he carries with him evermore. The old Scotch hospitality, far-famed throughout the north, has descended from Highland fathers to their Canadian sons, unaffected by time or the new regime.

A mission provides an orphanage for over fifty Indian children and has a hospital attached. In earlier years the company kept a resident doctor at the post, but in recent years the missionary or the factor have been called upon to fill the gap. If a patient can survive the long winter months of waiting he receives professional treatment from the government doctor who once a year travels from the line with the Indian treaty agent's party. In summertime the missionary, Rev. Mr. Haythornthwaite, with an assistant, conducts a school and the younger members of the hunters' families who camp about the post are taught to read and write. In the boat shed one finds the veteran boat-

TEACH HER TO SHOOT

A HEALTHFUL RECREATION FOR YOUR WIFE,
YOUR SISTER, OR THE OTHER FELLOW'S SISTER

By L. E. Eubanks.

SHOOTING has been called a man's sport; but there is less real reason to so term it than to call tennis, golf, or skating men's sports. All these require more muscular power and organic endurance than does gun practice.

In fact, shooting in itself calls for only such faculties and abilities as have the same potentiality in a woman as in a man—good eyesight, calm nerves and a sense of accuracy. Of course, adventitious elements may make shooting extremely strenuous; rough going in forest and field, killing and handling game, a military environment, etc. find favor with comparatively few women. But shooting *per se* is just as much a woman's game as a man's and many excellent scores in trap shooting prove it.

If it be true that shooting is instinctive in humanity, the instinct is latent in most women, for only an occasional woman takes up the gun voluntarily. Though the "naturalness" of gunning for women may be debatable, it is unquestionable that they like it as a sport when once initiated, and that the resultant benefits make for a high type of womanliness.

Probably more women take up shooting to be with their husbands than for any other reason; and this, if there were no other object, would justify encouragement of the practice. We men know the lure of a shoot on holidays, but the only way to make the lady fair appreciate it is to get her to break a few "blue rocks." Instead of detesting "that old gun club" she will soon be singing its praises and trying to outshoot the "mere man."

Though social considerations may prompt the beginning, the sport has a powerful grip all its own, and our sisters soon discover that they have been missing an elixir vitae of wonderful properties. Air and sunshine outrank all other cosmetics and nervines. There is just enough muscular exercise to bring a delightful fatigue and fine appetite; ennui from social functions and club duties as well as the irritability of the

overburdened mother and housewife disappear before that not-to-be-denied fascination of breaking flying targets.

It is just this ruggedness of sportsmanship that so many otherwise charming women lack. A wife who hugs the radiator all day and keeps her face buried in the "best seller," or who gives herself up for hours at a time to needless worry and subjective thinking, cannot be other than peevish. Take her out and teach her sport, get her out of herself, eradicate these pernicious ideas of "caste" and instill the fine old democracy of the gun. If there is any sportsman's blood in her, selfishness and morbidness will disappear; she will soon see how fine it is to be a "good loser" or a chivalrous winner, to be "one of the bunch" with something to look forward to every few days.

With her, skill is not the primary object; but reasonable proficiency should be sought, as it stimulates pride and interest and prevents "back-sliding" from embarrassment. Not all our sisters can rival Mrs. Topperwein and Mrs. Schilling, no more than all men can become Gilberts or Germans; but to be merely a fair shot is worth many times the necessary effort. Familiarity with a gun may be valuable knowledge some day; it is particularly desirable with all this war-talk buzzing in the air.

If your wife or sister (or the other fellow's sister) is particularly fastidious about her appearance, you will make a big point in showing that unbecoming clothes are not at all essential to target shooting. In hunting, a woman has to get "mussed up" a bit, but in target practice she may wear her daintiest things with perfect safety. Of course, you and I know that when the great sport gets its grip on her she'll forget whether she's wearing a silk waist or a sweater; but at the beginning every favorable argument will be useful. The mark of the gun-butt against the shoulder may be prevented by covering the waist at this point with a removable piece of cloth; also, there is a manufactured article for this purpose, a kind of stall that fits over the gun-butt. If you care to encourage their use, there are "nifty" shooting costumes that might add to the game's attractions for her.

But with all this ground won, she yet has to be introduced to the gun. You must go about this discreetly and patiently, or your wife will give up before she gets started. Probably the best plan is to have her use a 22-caliber rifle equipped with a silencer, while she is getting used to a gun and learning the proper positions. The silencer, doing away with the noise and lessening the recoil, "refines" the business for her and allows better opportunity for the development of correct gun habits. Then when she takes up a shotgun, habituation to the recoil will come quickly, and she will have the incentive to persevere that she wouldn't have had before making any progress. Still further, the use of a silencer makes home practice more practicable; and shooting at stationary targets is the logical antecedent of the wing and trap-work.

Choose for her a fairly heavy shotgun, with a rather liberal drop. Though a 12-gauge is a little heavier for her to hold, the difference between it and a 16-gauge is more than counterbalanced by the lighter recoil of the former. Mrs. Schilling, champion among the Pacific Coast



Hugging the Radiator All Day, Reading "Best Sellers", Will Never Give Poise and Grace Like This.

women, stands less than five feet in height and weighs but ninety-five pounds, yet she handles a 12-gauge with dexterity and effect.

Teach your pupil to use both eyes. Binocular shooting is the correct system and she probably will adopt it of her own accord. You have a blank paper and a chance to inscribe an enviable record; in this respect, a raw pupil is to be preferred to one with "some experience." There are no stubborn faults to correct, and the instructor has only to show the correct method. The teaching is altogether positive, with the average run of women and they learn more rapidly than is generally believed.

Another point you should emphasize at the beginning is the value of flexibility at the waist. Teach her to swing the body gracefully with the gun and not depend on jerking the piece spasmodically from place to place with the arms while holding her body rigid.

Elucidate the psychological phase of the art, showing that successful wing shooting must be learned *between* trials—but studying out the rational, and correcting the mistakes of preceding work-outs.

Above all, have the board of encouragement ever ready. Our women are considerably more sensitive than we, and are particularly quick to notice a slight when in a strange environment. Explain away her failures and make corrections by the suggestive method. Companionship is your aim, skill is of secondary importance; so do not let your own prowess and enthusiasm for the game cause unkindness to your best chum. Be impartial in dealing with your "two loves."



In Target Practice She May Wear Her Daintiest Things in Safety.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

on happenings of note in the outdoor world



Brother William

IN looking over the multitudinous changes in the game laws that are made every year, following the good American precept that whatever is must be wrong, and needful of quick amendment, we often wonder whether our legislators give an occasional thought to Brother Bill, who personifies the typical American citizen, appealed to tearfully and eloquently when an election is pending, and given a merry cacophony, to use a slang expression, ever after.

Brother Bill is a useful citizen. He is the bulwark of our liberties, if we are to believe the politicians. As a matter of fact he does bob up on occasion as a handy man. He is helping just now to guard the border, and the rest of the family at home, are assisting in paying the taxes.

Bill's heart is generally right, but it must be admitted that his head is not. He has an idea that a little recreation now and then is a good thing, and a half-latent instinct, inherited from some of his forebears, who were the earlier Brother Bills, and fought to open America to civilization, causes him to yearn occasionally for the woods. Bill's immediate necessities may be pressing, but he keeps an humble fishing outfit, and a gun or two, for use on odd days-off.

Bill does not aspire to much beyond a scant reward of blue gills, or mayhap a bass of uncertain size, and his Nimrod propensities are satisfied with a stray cottontail.

Still, he remembers as a boy that the old creek was a bully fishing place, and he recalls with a thrill the sound of the partridge drumming all over the neighborhood. That was before the advent of the tannery that poisoned all the water in the stream, and while, with the free disregard of others' rights that too often pass as liberty in America, the market hunters were even then sweeping the wild life from the face of the earth, Bill, or more likely, Bill's father, never dreamed that partial extinction was probable.

When he goes out now he marvels that game is scarce, that fish are so few in contrast with the old days, and sighs in recollection. But between us—and this observation may be taken as personal or impersonal—suspicion sometimes points to Bill as a chump. He is to blame for conditions as they are, and as they are to be in the future. That he allows his streams to be polluted is a crime for which no one else is to be held culpable; that he allows his game to be destroyed or stolen from him by lawbreakers, or by those who put unwise or selfish laws on the statute book, is a reflection on his own intelligence.

There are a sufficient number of Bills in this country now to bring back the fish and the game in greater abundance than ever, if the indifference of the composite Bill did not stand in the way.

"*L'etat, cest moi,*" was the proud utterance of the French monarch. Freely translated this means "I am boss."

That is what Brother William is, only he is

The object of this Journal

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

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873

not working much at it now, or probably what is nearer the truth, has not been until lately.

If he does take up the task, conditions will improve, but so long as he loafs on the job he should not attempt to shift responsibility to other shoulders.

The Error of Their Weighs

THIS is the season when the daily and weekly press begin to report the "good luck" of returning anglers, who boast of catches that far outrun the limits of credulity, to say nothing of limitations imposed by reasonable laws. Making due allowance for the proneness of mankind to exaggerate his prowess and success in the fields of sport, it is still a fact that too many of these stories have some element of truth.

A transient and gratifying local notoriety may attach the taking of an unusually large number of fish, or the capture of a record breaker by the certain and deadly process of slaughtering the smaller ones without cessation until the big one is brought to net, as is usually the case, but the true angler has only a feeling of indignation and contempt for the weak-willed brother who thus succumbs to temptation, or in whom the sportsman spirit is lacking.

Through the high favor of the red gods it may be given to almost any angler or hunter, for that matter, to find himself in a position once or twice in a lifetime where he may take at will the object of his quest, be it beast, bird or fish. And the extent of his acceptance of this opportunity measures the standard of his sportsmanship. It is not that the law says "so many and no more." Rather it is the regard for the rights of others that draws the dividing line. A severe temptation it is to forego such a chance of fortune, to restrain the ambition to make a record "just once," but he who conquers this primitive impulse has won for himself the only medal of honor that sportsmanship can bestow—a distinction which appears all the brighter when brought into contrast with the notoriety coming to him of gory record as a game butcher, or of equal guilt as fish destroyer.

A good plan it is at times to clip these stories of excessive and illegal catches and bags and forward them to the proper game authorities. It may mean a lot of useless work to the latter, for the spirit of old Ananias still stalks afield and astream, but occasionally some transgressor is brought to see the light and correct the error of his ways—or weighs.

Jack Miner's Geese

READERS of this paper do not need to have repeated to them the story of Jack Miner and his wild geese. In various issues we have recounted how this man, by simple kindness, has succeeded in attracting to his little farm in Kingsville, Ontario, a yearly visitation of wild geese in numbers so large as to overtax the capacity of the small ponds adjacent to his dwelling, and quite beyond his ability to supply in the matter of food.

In our report of the meeting of the Michigan Wild Life Association it was written that Miner, who was present, had confessed that after years of hunting, he had become impressed with the idea that all wild life feared him, and resolved to see what a different policy would accomplish.

We doubt the accuracy of this story of conversion, and prefer to think of Miner as he is in real life—a kindly man, who likes to throw the mantle of human protection around the migrating aerial army of game fowl, the seasonal drift of which writes in the very sky the basis of sensible game legislation, were we only wise enough, and unselfish enough, to heed and follow it.

At any rate, the wild geese, when they reach Miner's farm in the spring, know that food and rest await them. The man almost robs himself to feed grain to his winged visitors, counted by thousands. The story can be read in the reports of the Canadian Conservation Commission and elsewhere, and we wish that it might have more general circulation.

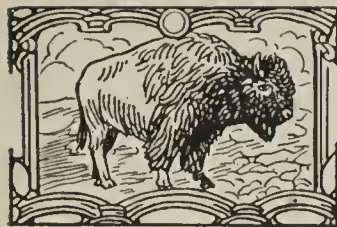
The moral—more than a moral, it is the essence of common sense—is that we can have the game with us if we will only give it a fair chance to perpetuate its existence. Shooting out of Nature's season—not man's—spells extinction. A migratory law that does not recognize this fact is a joke, a reflection on intelligence.

Conservation does not mean that hunting must cease, and all sport stop. On the contrary, it means better hunting, but at the proper time. And to that end those not obsessed by a spirit of blind selfishness can contribute their bit, their little bit, in the effort to imitate the Jack Miners, or in assisting them in a work that means only one thing—the preservation of game on this continent.

Game is Beginning to Come Back

WE have hesitated for some months to voice a confirmation, growing out of reports that have been reaching us from widely scattered sections, but the facts now fully justify such a statement—the game is coming back.

We do not mean that it is becoming abundant in all sections, nor that where it is reappearing there is anything mysterious in the fact. The evidence, resting on a drift of testimony nationwide, is that fur and fin and feather, given a fair opportunity, will not only survive, but will increase rather than diminish.



NATURAL HISTORY



"PEET-PEET" AND BROWNIE

A LITTLE NATURE STUDY OF THE
WOOD-DUCK AND HIS FAMILY

By Will C. Parsons.

"PEET, peet, peet-peet!" For twenty years the silent man on the river bank had not heard that sound.

Straight up the center of the stream, following each bend and curve as unerringly as a perfect ship follows her rudder's impulse, came a beautifully feathered tourist from the direction of the sunny southward, followed by his more sober clad wife.

As the male spied the crouching human figure on the bank, he uttered a warning cry—"oe eek, oek," and, turning sharply to the left, sped through, just where the ghostly sycamore branches thrust out the thickest. He and his plump mate were gone!

Not for twenty years before had the man seen a pair of wood-ducks (or summer ducks as they are also known) along that stream, and he then and there made mental resolution to get acquainted with the interesting pair, should house-keeping be started somewhere along the river in his favorite territory.

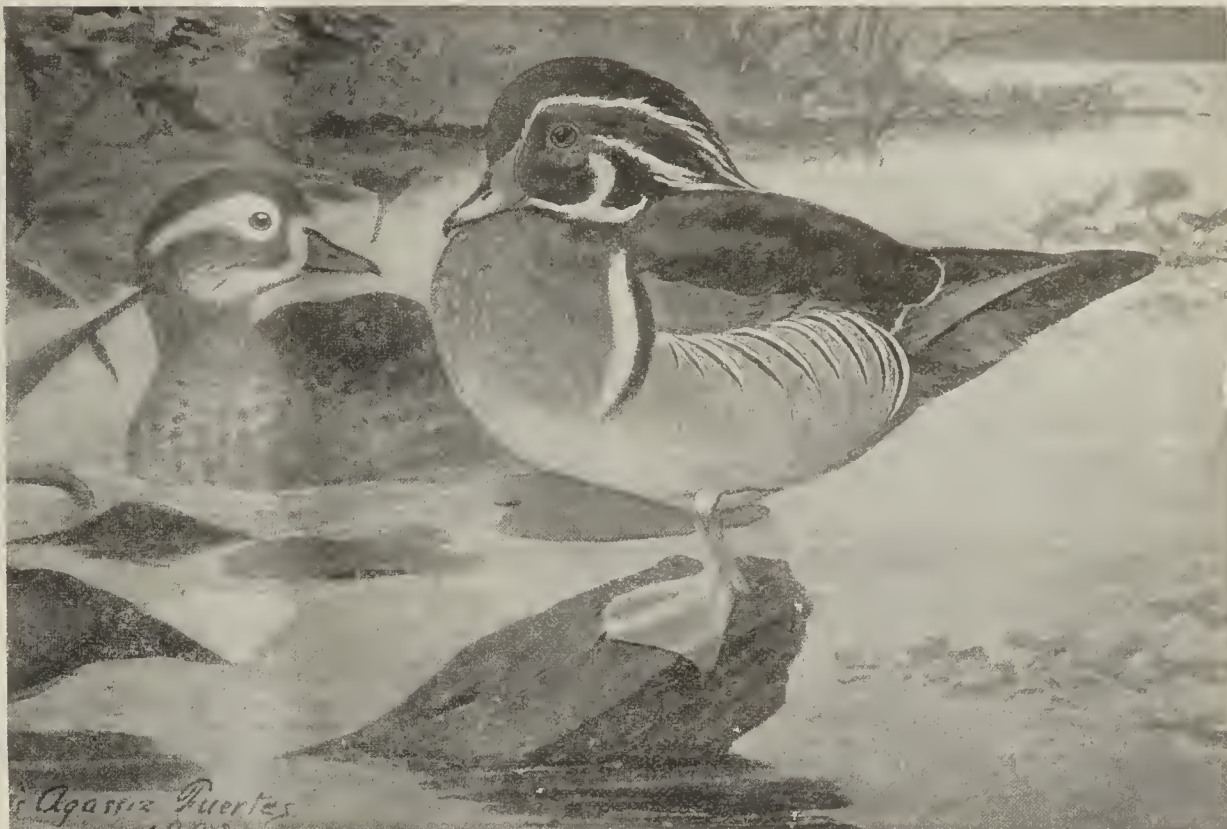
Unlike other birds, these ducks do not nest in the reeds along shore or upon some abandoned musk-rat's house, but seeking some dead and hollow monarch of the water line, choose a dark cavity, preferably in a limb jutting out over the stream, and there make their home and rear their young.

The terrific floods of spring had completely changed the physical aspect of the river. Where once were deep and silent pools, riffles laughed and sang in the sunshine. Where the riffles had once raced, beds of gravel appeared, and where the current had been normal the previous year, giant snags, bridge timbers and butts of huge walnut trees had gouged out holes in the bottom, and made a home for the bass, the sun fish, the shiners and the minnows.

Along the river's banks cottages of summer residents had been built. On the stream glided, from time to time, when the weather was propitious, gayly painted canoes filled with laughing lads and lasses, and even a motor boat (where the water was deep enough) "put-putted" here and there. Also, upon the bars of gravel and sand, appeared to the wandering Crusoes, strange prints of feet, some showing the mark of the bathing sandal. So when the "peet, peet" of the male wood-duck fell upon the ears of this present Crusoe, he pondered along and deeply, for the wary wild folk allow but few mortals to spy upon their comings and goings.

Away back in the days of the "hick'ry" shirt and one suspender the watcher had come in contact with numbers of these birds and, not much to his credit, had gunned more or less successfully for them. Long ago they had deserted the stream. Now, in spite of the march of civilization, a pair had returned!

Sitting there in the warm sunshine Crusoe turned the matter over and over in his mind,



Thanks to the Migratory Law and Better State Protection, the Wood-Ducks Are Coming Back.

and stray bits of ideas began to collect in his brain. First he remembered that he had found the nest of an upland plover that spring—something that he had never found before in that locality; that he had heard the soras chattering by the riverside, and never before had he heard them in that spot. Finally a big fish hawk—a bird not seen near there since he could remember—had, the day before, dashed from the cloud-land, seized a spawning sucker from the shallows and had gone to some distant dead tree to devour his prey. The call of the quail had come at frequent intervals that spring, a thing not heard as frequently in years.

Ah, the solution of the "Peet-peet" mystery was at hand!

By a wise legislation the state had protected the quail; the birds had not been shot, therefore they had increased. The National government had finally awakened to the necessity of bird (especially migratory) conservation, and laws had been passed that tend to protect the migrants in the spring, when they pair and go to seek their nesting places. True, the floods may have spoiled the last year's nesting places of the "Peet-peets" and disgusted them with their former surroundings, but be this as it may, the fact remains that if "Peet-peet" and "Brownie," his wife, had not been protected, they would never, never have got so far north!

Again the man harked back through the misty vistas of memory and recalled an incident mentioned by Wilson, to show that the wood-duck is fearless and tame. The great bird man says that in one instance that came to his knowledge a pair of these birds nested in a hollow tree within a few yards of where a ship was being built. Also that the wood-duck had been tamed and had bred in captivity, until they fairly over-

ran the estates that fostered them. They became just like domesticated ducks and anyone who has raised a brood of "quackers" knows that it is sometimes embarrassing to be followed to the post office by a line of waggling, quacking waddlers!

During the latter part of April and the first part of May "Peet-peet" was occasionally seen as he sped up or down the river. "Brownie" was also visible at times, but so crafty was the pair that Crusoe could not locate the nest tree until—

A sleepy afternoon; bees droning; river crooning; fleecy clouds lazily drifting; a buzzard almost stationary in mid-air, and a long cane pole "set" at the roots of a gaunt sycamore tree for "goggle eyes."

Splash!

Then, ever widening ripples circling toward the shore. Crusoe is indignant! Who could be pitching pebbles at his line?

Then—

Up pops a little fuzzy head with a pair of beady, bright eyes, and a baby wood-duck, his paddles frantically catching the water, disappears around a miniature cape, and is lost to sight!

Just beyond this "Brownie," who has been dropping like a shadow with one duck at a time carried in her strong bill, marshals an even dozen little "fuzzies" and drives them to a more sheltered and less public pool.

At the risk of a wetting (and perhaps worse) Crusoe climbs out on the snag and peeps within. There has been no necessity for elaborate nest building. Nature has provided the cavity, and floored it with the softest of wood-dust. Here "Brownie" has hatched her brood, all unbeknown to the bathers and the canoe parties!

From former studies of the wood-duck, Crusoe

knows that something unusual has occurred to make the mother duck let one of the babies take that long drop from limb to water. As has been said, the beak of the mother is the "go-cart" of the duckling in the transfer from nursery to Nature's school room. After the little chaps get into the water, it is just as natural for them to paddle as it is for a young robin to open his great, red mouth when the mother red breast comes with a wriggling worm.

A bright-eyed boy he was, who solved the mystery of the splash. Unbeknown to Crusoe, this gimlet-eyed gazer had been watching not only the ducks, but the fisherman as well, for many minutes. He spoke: "She jest brung 'em up outer the hole one at a time, same as a cat 'll carry a kitten. She did for sure for *I seen her!* Then she takes 'em one at a time by the wing, easy like, and she drops down to the river. The little fellers all stay quiet in a gang where she puts 'em. But one little chap, he's either 'fraid, or else he's stubborn, for what does the mother do, but jest *root him ofen the limb*, and he comes down by yer cork!"

Was "Brownie" a Spartan mother?

The man figured the problem about like this: He had come on the scene of the family moving at an inopportune time. "Brownie" had landed all but one of her brood in safety, but the little fellow, seeing the strange form below, had balked at the last minute. The mother, divided between her duties to the little ones below, and fear of the solitary chap above had, in desperation, thrust "Fuzzy" out to chance and had dropped silently to "herd" her brood, while the last duckling paddled for safety. Bless his dear little fuzzy back! Crusoe would not have harmed a solitary "fuz"—and, neither would the gimlet-eyed boy!

"Brownie" must have had a very strenuous time of it raising that brood. An old moss-backed snapping-turtle had to be watched. He just loved little ducks. A big-mouthed black bass that lurked in the shadow of a root in a deep pool was another enemy. Hawks and owls from above, and minks and weasels from the banks, all had to be guarded against, but mother "Brownie" knew their tricks and wiles, and by unceasing vigilance protected her offspring from all harm. Beautiful, harmless "Peets"; no wonder the red Indian took your beautiful feathers to ornament the stem of his pipe of peace!

DEER IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I read with much interest a letter in your July number from a Digby correspondent on game conditions in this province, in which reference was made to an open season this year for deer. I had just been informed by local authorities here (Liscomb Harbour) that they were hoping for such an event, as the deer had become "real plentiful" in this neighborhood. As though in answer to unspoken doubts on my part I was given tangible evidence two days ago to that state of plenty. Running about among the islands between Liscomb and Mary Joseph Harbours in a gasoline launch, surrounded by the ever present dense fog of this coast, I suddenly came on two beauties swimming about in the sea, a two-year-old buck and a pretty doe. We lassoed them with little difficulty and lifted them into the launch and trussed up their four legs. It was our first intention to take them to Halifax for one of the public parks there, but after considering the difficulties entailed, we set them free on the beach and they are now, I hope, back in their woodland haunts.

R. J. FRASER.



RUFFED GROUSE, STRUTTING.

(From Life)

Illustration from "American Game Bird Shooting."

FAMILY LIFE OF THE RUFFED GROUSE

A SEASON'S OBSERVATIONS AND THE INTERESTING THINGS THEY REVEALED

By Charles S. West.

TWO generations of pioneer ancestry might make anyone peculiarly susceptible to the lure of the woods, and perhaps that is why the hunting spirit took possession of me when I was but a boy. With an old smoothbore rifle and the company of a younger brother I was supremely happy when wandering through the timber on our Michigan farm, climbing over brush and stone piles, struggling through deep snow, and coming home at night bringing a rabbit or perhaps a partridge or a quail. Also in this way I gathered a store of vital energy which has kept me from disease throughout the long succeeding years.

One winter there was much snow in Michigan, and because of continuous cold weather but one crust formed and that was near the ground. We found that partridges, walking through the deep and dry snow, would become so tired that their wings would drag beside them, making deeper and deeper marks in the snow, until, probably almost exhausted, the birds would rise in the air and fly for perhaps a hundred feet and then drop into the snow and burrow under for a few inches in depth and about two feet to one side, and there rest and probably sleep. They could not have been feeding, for almost everywhere the crust beneath the soft snow would have kept them from the ground, and there were several strong indications that the birds slept. It has been said that partridges sometimes spend the night in the snow in extreme weather, but I have never seen this habit of resting beneath the snow in the day time described. That winter I observed it often.

By following and closely examining a trail we could tell when we approached the point of flight by the depth of the marks made by the wings, and then, by moving cautiously, we could ap-

proach the spot where the bird rested. The direction taken by the partridge after entering the snow was always uncertain, but by firing a charge of shot into the snow about two feet from the point where the bird entered, from a position on one knee so that the shot would rake the ground, we stood about one chance in four of hitting the bird. If not hit, it would rise with a whirl-r-r-r that was startling and would be far away long before we could recharge our old muzzle-loader. This was, of course, pot-hunting of a very virulent type, save for the element of chance which entered into the transaction by reason of our uncertainty as to the bird's exact location; but we were just boys and did not know. Pot-hunting is ever the result of ignorance, for selfishness is rooted in ignorance. Unfortunately, it is not always the excusable ignorance of the small boy.

Winter passed into spring and there was no more hunting but instead much work to do on the farm. Another winter was in prospect, however, and the sound of drumming which sometimes came to me from the woods brought pleasure with it only because it reminded me of hunting days to come. Ignorance again; for that sound should remind one of many things:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

At that time the sight of a game bird would set my blood to surging, and the desire to kill the thing was quite beyond my control. I had not learned, although I was about to learn, that wild things may be the subject of keen interest and the source of pleasure entirely aside from the enjoyment of hunting them for food.

One afternoon the long roll of a partridge drum in the dark depths of the woods awoke

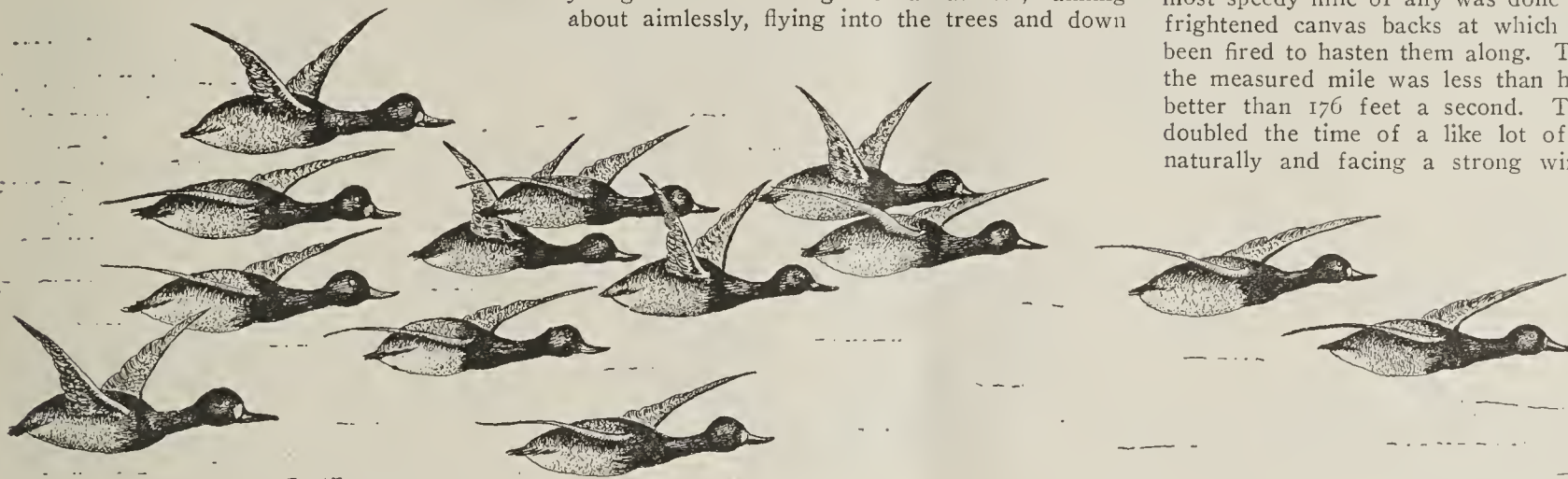
within me a strong desire to see the bird make the sound. I wanted to know how he did it. I could not leave my work then, but I kept the desire, and a few weeks later when at leisure one day I stole away alone into the woods. In the deepest part there was a small opening which I called "The Glade," where no trees grew and where my father had established his "sugar-camp" in the days before the great forest-fire seriously checked maple-sugar making in that section. I approached the Glade with that almost silent tread which a barefoot boy accustomed to the woods can assume, and, concealing myself behind a fallen tree, I watched, eagerly, in the hope that the partridge there on the ground before me would drum. Soon I discovered that instead of being the old cock whose drumming I heard, it was a mother bird, and all around her were little fuzzy chicks.

On she came, all unconscious of my presence. She would choose a spot close to tall grass which might form a convenient cover in a moment of danger, and would there scratch like a hen, uttering soft clucks when she backed away to allow the little chaps to gather up the food she uncovered. Always she kept raising her head and looking about for danger, and when she changed her scratching place she would scoot

On day in October when the youngsters were as large as their mother I came across them at about the place where I had first seen them in the spring. The sound of a distant drum came from somewhere down in the swamp. The birds heard it, too, and then one of them mounted a log and after strutting about and spreading his tail-feathers he gently waved his wings in the air, hesitated and waved again. Soon he seemed to realize what he was trying to do, and then his wings began to move at an increasing rate until they produced a roar that was music to my ears as it was to his. He was drumming, and I was seeing him do it!

After that the family remained together for some time but the young ones seemed more independent of their mother. Late one afternoon when the weather was getting cold and there was the feel of snow in the air I found the flock on the edge of the woods. There were but three of them! This looked bad for the winter's hunting, but suddenly I realized that I did not care. I have no quarrel with the legitimate sportsman, indeed I enjoy good sport myself; but I had lost, forever, my passion for useless destruction of bird life.

While wondering what had become of the rest of the flock I noticed that the three remaining young ones showed signs of uneasiness, running about aimlessly, flying into the trees and down



across the open spaces between bunches of grass with her chicks gathered close about her. Once a hawk swept across the open, and at her warning every chick disappeared as if by magic. For an hour or more I watched her, and not for an instant did she relax her keen vigilance nor did she cease working except when danger threatened.

Thus opened for me an ever-widening view of things. By fall I had learned that partridges and quail are more than pieces of game; that they may be mothers or members of happy families; that, living, they are useful if only because of the pleasure and profit to be derived from watching them at work and at play; that they are to be taken for food, of course, when needed, but not to be wantonly destroyed to gratify the lust of killing. All summer I followed the little family about. I located their principal haunts and learned how to find them without letting them find me when I went into the woods. For hours at a time I watched them, silent and entranced. Deerflies boomed about my head, gnats annoyed me, mosquitoes stabbed me cruelly; but what I saw amply repaid me for the sacrifice of physical comfort. I watched them in our sugar-bush, saw them among the great oaks in Hinds' woods, followed them along the edge of Berger's wheat field and by slow stages away down through the tamarack swamp and back across the Briggs' farm to our woods.

again without any evident purpose. Suddenly one arose and flew straight away across the fields until he was lost to view in the gathering shades of the night. The next day none but the mother remained.

It is a fact, I think, that there comes a time in the life of birds of the grouse kind when they seem to go crazy and soon afterward fly straight away for many miles, sometimes returning, but generally not. I have heard observers of bird habits express disbelief in the occurrence of this crazy flight, and have heard others claim to have witnessed it. If the partridges I watched that evening many years ago were not, for the time being, stark crazy, they surely acted the part.

Although I have known those who claim to have witnessed this phenomenon, I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of it. It is sometimes thought to be a partial survival of a former migratory habit. I cannot accept this hypothesis, for I know of nothing in natural history to justify the supposition that a species addicted to migration would abandon it. It seems to me probable that in the case of the home-dwelling partridge Nature has introduced this unique method of scattering the members of families so as to prevent inbreeding. This, I believe, is the explanation of "the mad flight of the partridge."

The Speed of Ducks

The Canvas Back can Make two Miles a Minute But Only When Frightened

By Edward T. Martin.

TESTS have been made recently under direction of the University of California to ascertain the speed with which common birds usually fly.

It is generally admitted that the canvas back is the most rapid flyer of all birds of the air. This based on tests made early in the seventies when a gunner-author, to obtain accurate data for a book he had in preparation, spent much time in experimenting. He had a course of an even mile measured along a straight stretch of the Illinois River one winter when it was solidly frozen; then as soon as the spring ducks came, began his tests which were so thorough he could not finish his work that year but was obliged to complete it the next. From what I have been told no timing of horses on a race track was more accurate than his of the waterfowl. The most speedy mile of any was done by a flock of frightened canvas backs at which a volley had been fired to hasten them along. Their time for the measured mile was less than half a minute, better than 176 feet a second. This, however, doubled the time of a like lot of ducks flying naturally and facing a strong wind. Between

canvas backs and ducks of the other deep water variety, red head, blue bill, mergansers and such, there is no considerable difference in velocity but puddle ducks, including teal and also geese, are from 20 to 30 miles an hour slower in extreme speed. The larger the bird the more slowly it seems to fly which is why a little greenwing teal has a name he does not deserve, that of being as swift of wing as either blue bill or canvas back.

The experiments made by the university were very simple in their nature and, to my mind, lacking in completeness, for the reason that it was possible to consider only a slow food searching flight. The birds had no long distance to travel, were in no particular hurry to get where they were going and even wind was not figured on as increasing or diminishing their speed.

The experiments were made from an auto passing over a straight and level piece of road. If a bird showed desire to fly close by in the same direction the auto was going, the speed of the machine was regulated to correspond with that of the bird, then the speedometer was consulted to see how fast both car and bird were moving. The distance often was short, very short, only a small fraction of a mile, and at its best a speedometer can hardly be said to possess the accuracy of a stop watch, which is why, though interesting, the results—to me—are far from conclusive.

(Continued on page 1148.)

THE SPEED OF DUCKS

(Continued from page 1147.)

An Angry Bull Moose

Ferociously Charged Theodore Roosevelt

near Quebec, last hunting season.

How the Colonel killed the Bull in self defense, after having previously obtained his legal limit of Moose, is told by him in the February 1916 "Scribner", and by sworn affidavit at Quebec.

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It was found that a lark whose spread of wings was only 8 inches and a lumbering heron 6 feet from tip to tip each flew at 27 to 28 miles an hour. A red-tailed hawk when loafing in search of his dinner was given credit for only 22 miles, with a sparrow hawk but a shade faster, and yet I have seen a hawk outfly a duck. A yellow-hammer's speed was placed at 25 miles, a crow's 24 and a shrike's 28. The investigator thinks "all these birds could have flown more rapidly if frightened," while my idea is that twice the speed stated would have only been about normal. This is based largely on observing crows, common domestic pigeons and blackbirds from swiftly moving trains. There was a time when I made almost daily trips between Chicago and Milwaukee on a fast special. The mile posts were large, white and easy to be seen. A stop watch showed that during much of the journey the distance from mile post to mile post was done in from 58 to 62 seconds, say a mile a minute. A pigeon under ordinary conditions could just about keep up with the train. A crow had about the

same speed but more stamina, holding the pace longer than the domestic bird. A flock of blackbirds, badly frightened, for a short way outstripped the train but soon tiring fell far back. A little bunch of golden plover flushed from a burning, left the train behind with ease until they circled back to their feeding place. In no instance except that of the blackbirds were the flyers fully extended and using the above as a basis I should put the speed of crows and tame pigeons at from 60 to 70 miles an hour, more if carried by a gale but flying ahead of a heavy wind is something all birds avoid if possible, preferring a quartering course. As for larks and song birds in general their velocity will about equal that of blackbirds. Sixty miles for a short distance under most favorable conditions but not much more than forty for a prolonged flight. My idea as to speed is borne out to a considerable extent by the conclusions of the university expert that these birds, larks, hawks, yellow-hammers and such "could have flown more rapidly if frightened."



THE REAL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Theo. A. Aldrich.

ONE who signs himself as "Reelfoot," in writing "Southern California Notes," is certainly writing about a portion of Southern California which I never have had the pleasure of seeing. While I believe that every man is entitled to his own opinion, I feel that when the expressed opinion of one man is contrary to the opinions of thousands on the same subject, that at least the mass should be heard.

In California we speak of the lower end of California as Southern California. Having been in the sporting goods business for the past ten years, I have come in contact with and have covered nearly all of the territory included in the very broad term of Southern California. There are men who would kick if they were being hanged with a new rope; and no matter how ideal the country might be, they would be dissatisfied.

We who live here are strong for it and are always ready to defend Southern California.

The opening paragraph applies more to Arizona, New Mexico, the small desert section of California known as the Mohave Desert, and Death Valley. As the records will show, we have a very even climate with as many summer as winter tourists. The inland (Southwest) states furnish our summer tourist and the North and East our winter tourist.

Regarding the fishing in this section, I will say that San Diego County and Imperial County lack fresh water fishing. There are, however, in San Diego County, plenty of black bass, and in another year we will be supplied with excellent trout fishing. There are any number of mountain streams that run the year 'round. Our duck shooting is excellent and it is not necessary to belong to a gun club to get in on it. I have always got my share of ducks and have only shot twice in ten years on a duck preserve.

In our particular section, the only game planted has been the turkey, and they are still here, having become tame. The records of the Fish and Game Commission do not show that Hungarian

grouse or China pheasants were ever planted in San Diego County. I cannot imagine where "Reelfoot" was. A rattlesnake skin is more highly prized than the limit of quail, and the whole world will tell you that it is hard to get the limit of quail; not particularly here, but anywhere if you shoot them on the wing (Mexico barred). Heat, thirst, and cactus are absurdities, as they do not enter into the hunting conditions. We shoot quail from October 15th to December 31st. Scarcely one hunter in a hundred packs a canteen of water on his back when going bird shooting, because the weather is such that they do not suffer from heat, consequently have no need for the water. Only the rankest amateur shooter ever comes in contact with the cactus. One experience is sufficient for those who have to learn by experience, the average hunter taking one notice and avoiding the little there is. We do have cactus here, and some good sized patches of it, but neither the quail, doves, no ducks are in them. The most and the best valley quail shooting runs true to name, in open valleys. Mountain quail are also true, and if "Reelfoot" ever shot any mountain quail, I am sure that he saw real, live oaks and had to crawl to get through some of the underbrush to get at his birds.

Regarding the dog question; I have seen the time in Southern Minnesota where even Bobwhite (foot quail) would not lay, a thing you are apt to find in any section. Some of the most beautiful working dogs and the best laying birds I have ever seen have been in this section.

I am always ready and willing to take any one out and show them our back country; where the pines and live oaks grow, where the crystal pure water trickles down the mountain, where the game abounds, where you can hunt all day and never see cactus and where even the natives sit up and take notice when you say you saw a rattlesnake. One of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in the world—a veritable gem in the mountains.

ONTARIO STOPS MARKET SHOOTING.

CANADA was in advance of the United States in prohibiting spring shooting, and it is pleasant to note that the Ontario legislature has passed a law which is designed to stop the selling of wild ducks, wild geese and other water fowl.

This does not in the least interfere with the legitimate sportsman—in fact it adds to his pleasures and opportunities, as it will also to those of the gunner on this side of the boundary line, for the ravages of the market hunter were beginning to show their effects in lessened number of migratory fowl. It is to be hoped, once the constitutionality of the migratory bird law shall have been decided by our Supreme Court, that the United States and Great Britain, acting for Canada, will find it possible, through treaty, to make this law international in scope.

THE RUFFED GROUSE.

The letter below shows that there is real interest in the grouse question—an interest which it is hoped will be sustained in the future.—Ed.]

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Will you kindly answer the following questions?

1. I have made the statement that the partridge (ruffed grouse) is found in every state in the country.

2. Does it also breed in every state?

3. This refers to the partridge found in the New England states.

Your reply will be awaited with interest. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

W. G. PAYSON.

The ruffed grouse is peculiar to North America, and is found mainly in the Transition and Canadian life zones. Ornithologists recognize four geographical races in different sections of the continent. Of these four forms, the typical species (*Bonasa umbellus*) inhabits the eastern United States as far north as northern Massachusetts, thence westward to and beyond the Mississippi River; in southern Vermont, southern New York, through Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and southern Minnesota, touching the eastern portions of North and South Dakota, eastern Nebraska, eastern Kansas and Missouri, northern Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and in the Alleghanies to Georgia. The ruffed grouse of northern New England, northern New York, northern Michigan and eastern Oregon, known *B. umbellus togata*, the Canada ruffed grouse, is found also northward to Nova Scotia, Manitoba, central Keewatin, southern Ungrava and British Columbia. The gray ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus umbelloides*) occurs in the central Rocky Mountains, from Colorado, Utah and western South Dakota, to Alaska, along the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers, throughout much of British North America, east as far as Manitoba. Another darker race (*Bonasa umbellus sabina*) inhabits the wooded country of the northwest coast region of southern Alaska, to Humboldt County, California.

All these forms are very similar in appearance, and it is not unusual to find in one locality a bird which, in color, may closely resemble those of some far distant locality. The most that can be said for these races is that they average lighter or darker—as the case may be—than certain other relations, the center of whose abundance may be far distant.

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The more birds raised the better hunting there will be. Already, in some parts of the country, those who own large acreage are being paid by sportsmen for the game they raise and liberate.

If you are interested in the subject from any standpoint write for our booklet, "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure". It is well worth reading. Sent free on request. Please use the coupon below.



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THE GALLUSES OF THE GUIDE.

By Old Camper.

YOU have beyond doubt, dear reader, gazed upon hundreds of pictures illustrative of camp life and scenes. In most of these reminders of happy days in the wilds the faithful guide occupied the center of the stage.

The reason for this is not difficult of explanation. The guide generally had real work to do and could not bother himself about picture taking. He did not object to being made the photographic snapshot target, nor did he bother his head much about results, unless the ambitious and appreciative amateur mailed him a few prints later on. Then the remarks of the victim sometimes assumed a lurid hue.

But what we started to call attention to is what you yourself may have noted in looking at such pictures—something that differentiated the guide in any group of his employers or charges. He wore suspenders, or in the vernacular "galluses," whereas the city woodsmen appeared in the full panoply of buckled belt and girded loin, with a comprehensive arsenal of hunting knives, camp hatchets, tin cups and a few other indispensables, dangling therefrom.

Now, we are not criticizing the belt as an adornment or essential feature of the human form. As long as civilization or climate makes us wear clothes it follows that we have to use something to hold them on. But why is it that a man who by sad experience has found suspenders the only comfortable or safe way to control or to keep within proper boundary limits what the mid-Victorian novelists were wont to allude to as "unmentionables," will insist, as soon as he heads for the woods, in discarding these tried and faithful attachments to his habiliments, substituting therefor a belt, which, nine times out of ten, does not accommodate itself to the eccentricities of his architecture, and does hurt him?

Perhaps he reasons that he must have some-

thing whereon to hang the assortment of knives, etc., already alluded to, and which the enticing sporting goods literature tells us are a matter of life or death to him who ventures around the woodland lot corner—knives that should come within the prohibition of the deadly weapon law, and almost do, every time the unfortunate wearer sits down on the point of one—tin cups that come unhooked and are lost, after having made enough noise to scare all the game out of the country—revolvers that are even more useless, and far more dangerous—and the whole list of paraphernalia down to the patent emergency ration flopping alongside, welcomed and beloved by ants and flies.

That may be the motive that lures the victim into the belt habit, but in most instances folly overtakes him because of his vanity. He has gazed in fond admiration at pictures of dashing riders of the plains, engirdled of hardware, belt-dangling; the red *cincture* of the devil-may-care French-Canadian *voyageur* to him is the acme of all the poetry of the wild.

So he fares forth, not realizing that the cowboy's belt has no connection with "pants," that the *cincture* of Jean Bateese is but an ornament to catch the eye of feminine fancy when approaching town, for Marie and Denise and Delphine do dearly love them.

If he only stopped to think, he might recall that the belt in the picture encircles a lithe form, trained and conditioned to the moment, and not afflicted with what the French delicately allude to as "*em-bong-pong*," but which Squire Western, in Tom Jones, calls by a shorter and more nearly descriptive English name.

Where does the guide come in? you may ask. Only as a living illustration of these truths. How he arrived at them is immaterial. He knows. Therefore he hangs to "galluses," or rather they hang to him. The guide's favorite, we are inclined to believe, from having followed closely behind many of these gentlemen in various wil-

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derness ventures, is a brand with the word "Police" engraved thereon, front and back, and indicative, no doubt, of the mental processes and yearning of guidedom.

But the real reason for the guide's choice is comfort. It is easier to cuss a minute and look for a sliver or a shingle nail in the pocket when a button comes off than it is to set down canoes and heavy packs in order to recover the fast-

slipping and most important feature of one's apparel, or to be making tighter belt hitches and inviting appendicitis.

Let us take a lesson, therefore, from the guide's galluses. They mean simply the discarding of the non-essentials, the choosing of comfort rather than clinging foolishly to the customs of the amateur, and the making of a better woodsman of him who is not above learning.

EMPTYING THE CAPSIZED CANOE

By J. F. Marshall.

"The canoe alone, of all things fashioned to carry man, has a soul—and it is a soul at once obedient and perverse."—(Nicholson.)

NO matter how obedient the canoe has become to the experienced, its preverse side will bob up when least expected or least wanted. Perhaps you have never upset, but suppose you should some day, when you are far from help and have an expensive outfit in the canoe or a passenger who cannot swim, would you know what to do? Preparedness, to borrow a modern expression, is also a foreword in the art of canoeing.

Take the first fine day you have to spare, when the water is warm and the sea is calm and find out what your canoe will do under water as well as afloat. Submerge the boat and note that it will easily support four people clinging two to each side as long as no weight is pressed on the craft and it will hold them indefinitely. It is perhaps more difficult to crawl into a submerged canoe than it is into an empty one, but it is worth while for when two people are seated in the middle of the filled craft, it will hold them head, shoulders and a good part of the body out of water when they can easily paddle and balance with their hands until they get to a nearby destination of safety. Freak races are even paddled in submerged canoes with a crew of one with either single or double blades.

Emptying the capsized canoe in deep water is something every canoeist should know. If your canoe has the gunwales built entirely on the outside of the hull (known as outwales), swim at once to the middle of the side, right the canoe so that the gunwales are level with the surface of the water and with your hands gripped on the gunwale about shoulder width apart, begin shaking the canoe to and from you until the water is all spilled over the side toward you. The course of your hands through the water will describe a semi-circle. From your shoulders, push forward and downward causing the water to spill over the side and then upward, sharply to prevent more water from entering, draw yourself up to the side of the canoe and repeat. The opposite side of the canoe will slowly rise above the surface until all the water or nearly all is tossed out, enabling you to vault over the side into the canoe and bail out the little that remains.

If your canoe is constructed so that the gunwales are inside the hull, you cannot start at the side as this "lip" prevents the first outrush of water that must come when the boat is entirely under water. Swim to one end and with almost the identical motion to be used on the side but with a longer sweep, shove the end downward and forward causing the first rush of water to come over the end nearest you and allowing the farther end to come up out of the water. This time the canoe will have to leave your grip in order to hold the momentum of your shove. If you have kept the sides level, which you must do, the ends will also come to a level at which time you must follow up quickly and repeat the

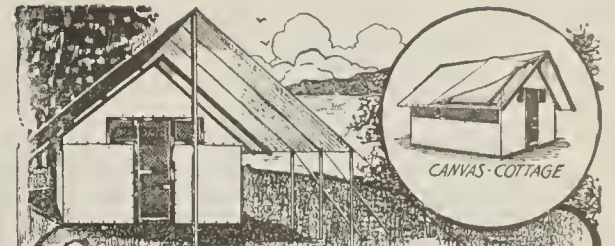
performance three or four times until you have lightened the canoe, when you can go around to the side and shake as described above. Of course the inside "lip" of the gunwale will cause a good deal of the water to remain in the canoe but this can be bailed out as soon as you have climbed aboard.

The best part of the canoe to board from in the water is about half way between the center and the end at which place you can reach up and put a hand on each gunwale and kicking your body to the surface of the water, gradually crawl straight across the gunwales, balancing with your arms until fully aboard. It is a mistaken idea to crawl in over the end of the canoe. The weight placed on one end causes the center or flat part of the boat to be forced up in the air leaving only a sharp "V" bottom under you which is most unstable, and the odds are that you will go back into the water with the canoe again capsized. The middle of the canoe is too wide to reach across without forcing one side under water when crawling aboard so that the "happy medium" is reached about four feet from the end. Two people can climb aboard the canoe from the water when balancing each other from opposite sides.

Canoes can be emptied in rough water just as they can in smooth. In fact some of the fastest time in canoe emptying contests has been made in rough water. From a sitting position in the canoe, experts have submerged the boat, turned it completely over under water, shaken the entire water out and climbed back into the original sitting position in 15 seconds.

"Flipping" the canoe is another "stunt" of the adept. The performer stands in the canoe, say with his right foot on the keelson, the left foot on the gunwale and the right hand gripping the opposite gunwale. Then by throwing his body over the side, releasing the weight off the keelson, pushing down with the left foot and pulling up with the right hand, the canoe is tossed into the air turning a complete circle and coming down, rests on its bottom once more on the surface without picking up any of the water. Mr. E. K. Merrill, of the Red Dragon Canoe Club, Philadelphia, can toss the canoe so that it makes two complete turns in the air before resting again on the surface of the water.

A good deal of capsizing would be prevented if canoeists learned to "roll" the canoe, or rather let the canoe "roll" itself. A canoe, if left to balance itself, will naturally keep its gunwales parallel to the plane of water it is riding on, no matter how sharp or high the wave. It will remain perfectly safe and will ship but little, if any, water. A good many canoeists think they have to balance this natural tilting of the sides of the canoe by leaning their weight to one side, which mistake causes many an upset. Canoes are built exactly like the great ocean liners and there is nothing to balance their natural roll, and who ever heard of one of the "grey hounds" capsizing when properly loaded.



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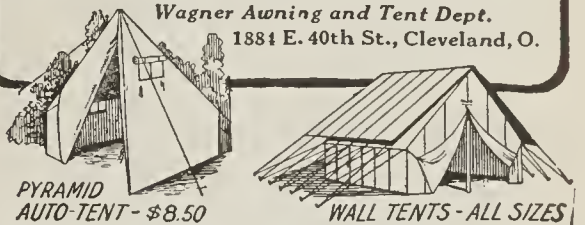
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February 15th, 1915.

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Yours truly,

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Wm. F. Nye

UNCLE NED BUCKSHAW TAKEN TO TASK.

 Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I find in your handsome issue of the first of July an interview with an "Uncle Ned Buckshaw," unhappily known to me not at all, and therein a comment on a certain article on knives by a certain Crossman. The said comment goes on to aver that the article in question recounted having to throw away a sheath knife because it caught on the brush, and quoted said article as proof that reading a lot of woodcraft books and articles was a waste of time because they were thrown together.

The said comment went on to suggest that if the knife had been worn in the rear of the person infested by it, the trouble would have been overcome, and the said comment went farther to say that such wearing would be in "imitation of us woodsmen," which modesty seems to afford a fair index to the state of mind of this "Uncle Ned Buckshaw."

This comment goes to prove exactly the truth of the remarks of Uncle Ned Buckshaw as to the waste of time reading many magazine articles, the waste being greatest when reading the inaccurate summing up and incoherent comments on articles already in print—such a case being that of the said Uncle Ned Buckshaw.

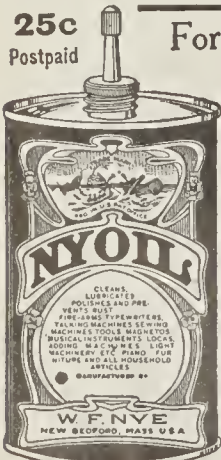
Being unquestionably the person referred to, and having refused to garner my woods knowledge out of books written by eastern tenderfeet out of the fullness of their eastern knowledge of western conditions, I shall be obliged to add somewhat to the store of knowledge of "us woodsmen," and to teach at least one lesson of accurate reading of the articles of others before comment thereon is made.

Firstly, no statement was made as to the throwing away of any sheath knife because it caught on the brush.

Secondly, without even reading the inspired and entirely authoritative eastern tenderfoot books on outdoor stuff, we had discovered some years ago, in fact about five minutes after wearing a knife in brush, that the said knife, distributed farther around the human form by a matter of 90 degrees, was less in the way, but still a nuisance. This is an instance of the wonderful things that "these youngsters are constantly discovering," another one being that if a boot full of water be tipped so the open end is lower than the closed one, the contained fluid will thereupon run out. This is added for the benefit of "us woodsmen."

The sheath knife was "canned," as stated in the article above referred to, for the reason that the cartridge belt and every other outside appurtenance was also left off, the endeavor being to reduce the hunting equipment to the irreducible minimum of rifle, stuff in pockets, and small rucksack. Admitting this, we also admit that we err, as the surest sign of the reader of the eastern books on outdoor equipment, is the young sword dangling somewhere from the exterior equipment of the alleged huntsmen. We should hate to be taken not as a tenderfoot but as one of "us woodsmen," the difference being that the tenderfoot is capable of learning, not sot in his ways, and not persuaded that the eastern way of doing things must be the only and the correct way.

As we patiently endeavored to explain in the article—having however evidently failed to observe the rule of talking or writing to the most stupid one of the class knowing that all the others would then be sure of understanding—northern California and Oregon hunting is much of it through the thickest sort of brush in which


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a veritable struggle is necessary to progress and from which the hunter emerges disheveled, scratched, and minus anything not firmly attached. Also in mid-day the weather is very, very warm and such mid-day may be used in traveling through the brush.

Easterners and eastern knowledge of conditions have nothing to do with western hunting, nor have eastern books any bearing so far as equipment goes. We did not shuck our belt and our knife merely to be different or merely through theory, or because we could not get along with them. We did it because we were more comfortable without them and found that the pocket variety of lock-open or ordinary pocket jack knife was adequate to any task falling to the hunter. The standard equipment among the men who go out and get the goods in that sort of country is a pair of overalls, a hickory shirt, a rifle, a few cartridges in the pocket, and a pocket knife.

So dolled up the hunter may not look like an inmate of a moving picture camp but he delivers the goods.

We would suggest that "us woodsmen" confine their comment to articles bearing on their own sort of country and their own experience, until they have fought up a few thousand feet through brush and rocks and down a few thousand feet on the other side through brush without the rocks.

We would also suggest that "us woodsmen" cease to labor under the impression that the idea of pushing a knife a bit farther to the rear, is a heaven-sent flash of inspiration, or that to figure that out requires even as many brains as are necessary to write a book on woodcraft for eastern tenderfeet.

However, we are in hearty agreement on one point, that being that many articles and many books are worthless because of the limited experience back of them or the hasty compilation of the ideas contained within them.

We have in mind as direct proof of the fact, an interview or an article, as you choose to term it, in the July issue of *Forest and Stream*.

Verily "us woodsmen," who tinker around in the pleasant time of the year in the eastern woods, take ourselves seriously.

EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

Los Angeles, July 5, 1916.

RHODE ISLAND'S SANCTUARY.

At last there is a bird sanctuary set aside in the state of Rhode Island. It comprises about one thousand acres, with ponds, brooks and woodland and is one of the ideal spots in the state. It is situated at Middletown, bounded on the south by the ocean and on the east by the Seaconnet river.

There are two large ponds on the reservation, full of sago, pond weed and pickerel grass. At the time of migration they are full of wild fowl, including wood duck and Canada geese. Present plans include killing off vermin and setting feeding stations for quail and ruffed grouse, and by patrolling and keeping up the feeding stations, letting the birds increase normally.

There are three ridges on the preserve about three-quarters of a mile long, covered with cedars and underbrush and abounding in berry bushes and wild grape vines. In each ravine are brooks and natural ponds. To the south, behind some sand hills lies a marsh of about 75 acres, which in the fall and spring is the resting place for many kinds of shore birds.

The superintendent, Richard E. Bullock, always welcomes visitors to the sanctuary and takes special interest in pointing out the work being done and his plans for the future.

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This Department is for the ANGLER—FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME.

Readers are invited to cast a line, the pool is large.

The Editor of this Department will be glad to answer inquiries on subjects of general interest to the fraternity and replies will be published monthly, in the order received, under this heading.

FISH AND SALT WATER TACKLE.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

Please tell me what lines to use and their proper care for Large Mouth Bass, fresh water casting and trolling, Striped Bass and Trout, (salt water), tide up to 10 knots. Will the one kind of line do for all of the above mentioned kinds of fishing?

P. J. G., Portsmouth, Va.

In the first place let me impress upon you the importance of that part of an angler's equipment you inquire about—the line. A poor line is not to be countenanced; many a sizable fish has been lost on account of the angler not paying attention to his line, a matter he considered a minor detail. Now then, to your questions. First, let me answer your last question first. Do not try to use the line used in casting for large mouth bass on striped bass or trout. The game and conditions under which you labor are entirely different.

The line for large mouth bass depends a good deal on the style rod and lure that you intend to use. In your part of the country you probably strike heavy fish and you will need a line accordingly. I don't mean by this, a line in proportion to a clothes line, but one say, that will test around 16 to 20 pounds, for lighter casting, one testing from 12 to 15 pounds will suffice. Either a soft or hard braided line can be used, soft braided is suggested. Be sure the line is braided not twisted or your line will soon be useless on account of the numerous kinks in it. Its color does not matter to any great extent. However, anglers have different theories on this subject.

Do not expect a casting line to last forever. It gets hard usage and its life depends a good deal on the care you give it. I have seen casting lines discarded as useless after one day's fishing and I have seen others that last much longer, in fact I am using a casting line now that completes its second year at the close of this season.

Do not use your casting line for trolling. It will kill it quicker than anything else, for no matter how many swivels you use, you will find "Old Mr. Kink" has got in his fine work when you reel in for the day.

For trolling, waterproof lines will be found far better than a line of plain silk, while enamel lines are the best of all, as they are the most waterproof, less likely to rot and not so easily kinked. Lines that test from 25 to 30 pounds are recommended, as in a line of this strength a greater resistance is offered to twisting.

Here is a "kink" of another kind that will help get the first "kink" out of the line; attach a dipsey sinker to the end of the line, allow a

large part of it to trail behind the boat, as in trolling; this generally does the trick.

Lines for striped bass should be made of the best Irish linen and are known as the Cuttyhunk linen lines. Sizes nine and twelve are recommended for trout (weakfish) and Nos. 15 and 18 for striped bass.

As to the care of your lines. In the first place purchase a line dryer; in the second place, use it.

Silk lines not waterproofed or enameled, require the most attention to keep in good condition. After fishing take your line off the reel and with the use of the line dryer see that the line is thoroughly dried. Dry the line in the open air if possible. Stringing the line between two trees to dry is also a good idea, if for some reason the dryer is not on the job. Further than this casting lines need no further attention. It is well, however, to reverse the line when re-winding on the reel, this to distribute the wear and tear on the line equally. Bait casters sometimes rub fine tallow on about 30 feet of the end of the line; the idea being, that it tends to prevent the line from soaking up water.

Enameled lines require more care. When this line is removed from the reel it should be wiped clean with waste or chamois if convenient, then allowed to dry, rub a little line dressing on the line then clean with a soft cloth. When the line is not in use it should not be left on the reel but hung in a cool dry place out of the dust. Lines used for salt water fishing should be well rinsed in fresh water after using and dried on the line dryer.

BIG TROUT FROM NEPIGON DISTRICT.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

Recently Dr. W. J. Cook, of Fort Williams, landed a trout in the Nepigon District that tipped the scales at 14½ pounds. The size of the fish was so remarkable that its species was called in question. The trout was sent to Game and Fisheries Department to have the question settled. In order to remove doubts the Department had the fish sent to Ottawa so that Dr. Prince, the fisheries expert, could decide the question. The Department has received a report from Dr. Prince in which he states that it is a true speckled trout.

O. T. S., Toronto, Can.

The Nepigon District during the past year or two has been producing some exceptionally large trout, which is due I believe to the fact that the Game and Fisheries Department has been protecting the fish from the pike. Last year special men were employed, I am told, in capturing the pike and this year the Indians are being allowed in the district to fish for pike without the customary licenses.

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RECORDS OF WOMEN EXPERTS.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

I am keeping what to me is a very interesting record of big fish caught from year to year. I am under the impression that the ladies have entered the list as big fish hunters, but I am unable to get any reliable record of their catches. Can you help me out by supplying such a record or list?

F. E. T., Roxbury, Mass.

Yes sir, you are right in your contention that the fair sex have landed some big fish and I am pleased to be able to give you the following records: Mrs. C. F. Mander, of Brooklyn, landed a striped bass that went 44 pounds. This fish was caught at Forked River, N. J.; Mrs. H. C. Fisher holds the channel bass record, the fish which weighed 30 pounds was caught at Beach Haven, N. J., on September 12, 1915; Mrs. H. C. Fisher is the holder of the woman's record of the Asbury Park Fishing Club for striped bass. Mrs. Fisher's catch going 33 pounds; 1531 weakfish in one season is the record of Mrs. F. J. Patten, of New York City. Mrs. Patten's fish were all caught in Barnegat Bay. A muscalonge that went 42 pounds was caught by another New Yorker, a Mrs. Hermann Mann. This "musky" was taken at the Thousand Islands; another large muscalonge is that caught by Miss Georgia D. Townsend, in Lake Ripley. While Miss Townsend's "musky" was somewhat smaller than that caught by Mrs. Mann, it tipped the scales very near the 30 pound mark, 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds to be exact. Topping both fish caught by the above mentioned ladies is the 47 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound muscalonge from the Niagara river caught by Miss Lillian S. W. Tompkins, while Mrs. J. W. Reinholdt is credited with a muscalonge of 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, the fish being caught in Big Lake Manitowish, Wisconsin. Mrs. Thomas S. Witherspoon, in Georgian Bay, Ontario, Canada, landed a small mouth bass of six pounds and four ounces. Miss Juliet fishing in Folsabee Pond, New York, landed a pike of some 25 pounds and still another pike, this one 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds being the catch of Miss W. E. Peck, in Lake Mary, Minnesota. A trout (rainbow) fell to the rod of Mrs. D. L. McKay, in Klamath Lake, Oregon, that weighed 21 pounds, six ounces.

So you see F. E. T., the ladies are crowding us men very hard for first honors in a sport that many consider is a man's game alone.

BAIT FOR BASS IN DEEP WATER.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

I have not been a reader of your magazine very long but I look forward to it every month. Will you please answer these questions? What is the best bait to use for bass in very deep still water lakes, where there are no crawfish and helgramites? Is there any good trout fishing near Philadelphia and where is it?

Why not obtain crawfish and helgramites from some dealer before making trip to the lake? Minnows and lamper eels also make good bait. Little froggies frequently make a tempting lure; in addition try grasshoppers, dragon flies, and caterpillars, especially, if you try shallow waters where there are weeds and lily pads. Early morning and night are the best times to fish the shallow waters while it does not matter so much what time of day you fish in deep water. Artificial nature lures, made by Louis Rhead, are also meeting with quite some success. The following streams in Pennsylvania may be worth trying, Glen Eyre, Pike County, Penn., reached by Erie Ry. Trout, pike, pickerel, bass, in Lackawaxen River, Lakes Tudenscung and Wesco-



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TUNA FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

Members of the Atlantic Tuna Club, of Block Island, are somewhat excited over the appearance in Block Island waters of large numbers of tuna. Messrs. C. W. Willard and A. Julian Crandall both members of the club returned on August 7th from a short trip to the Island. Mr. Crandall's boat brought in about ten fish

and Mr. Willard and Dr. Keefe, of Providence, R. I., brought back fifteen fish, four of which weighed about 100 pounds.

Many beautiful yachts are at anchor in New Harbor and the owners and their guests are having the best of sport on the fishing grounds.

C. W. W., Westerly, R. I.

Truly great sport, this tuna fishing and the best remedy ever for the jaded nerves.

In connection with the above mentioned club we are pleased to note a recent report of the annual meeting of the Atlantic Tuna Club, at which time Charles W. Willard, of Westerly, R. I., was re-elected president, and the Hon. Z. W. Bliss, secretary.

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**"A LITTLE BIT O' HEAVEN"**

By J. B. Hume.

We arrived at Bathurst, New Brunswick, about noon on a train whose fame is continent-wide—The "Ocean Limited," and were met by one of the numerous family of Ford. Followed a period of restful enjoyment and sport which is likely to live long in the memory of the writer, for after passing through the busy little town our "jitney" pointed us out into the country, and the woods, following along a road which has been improved until one might almost call it comparatively good.

In due course we arrived at Camp Bogan where we found that the owner Mr. Bishop has done everything humanly possible to promote the comfort and enjoyment of that most peculiar animal—the salmon fisherman. My guide luxuriated in the name of "Jimmy Gray," and I must say that in everything that a guide should be Jimmy excelled. We lost very little time in getting into our camping togs and he proceeded to show me where the best ones were to be found and incidentally found some of them for me. This was in the early part of August, and it is a thing peculiar to this Nepisiguit River that in the latter part of July and for the first two weeks in August there is an exceptional run of fine fresh fish in from the sea—something, I understand which does not happen in any other river in New Brunswick—and we came in for this great run of luck, with a tally for the writer's first day at Camp Bogan of one salmon (12½ lbs.) and two grilse of about five to six pounds each. This was the writer's first experience with the grilse; but I most certainly take off my hat to him as "some" fish. The first one I caught gave me about 35 minutes play and came near being lost at the end owing to a last wonderful spurt which he made to get away with the "Jock Scott" which Jimmy said truly was the right fly for that afternoon. The flies which our party mostly used were Nepisiguit Gray, Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, and I think we found for most days the Silver Doctor was the most effective. The largest fish we caught was a 27¼ lb. salmon taken by my brother and our total catch for three rods in nineteen days fishing was 46 salmon, 83 grilse, and 174 sea trout, which I consider com-

pare very favorably with tallies I have seen made on other rivers and by similar parties. At any rate we all considered it wonderful and refer to the trip now as "a little bit o' Heaven" for the surroundings of Camp Bogan in themselves are worthy a trip from the uttermost parts of the earth. During our stay there we saw in the vicinity of the Camp, 18 moose, five deer, and innumerable partridge which of course we couldn't touch as the game laws of the Province proclaim a close season on all game up till September 15th, and we could not wait another month. However if the fates are kind the writer, with another member of the party intends going through sometime this fall. I cannot conceive any happier hunting grounds than these appeared to be in the month of August so I'm going to go through there and get the proof. Not being addicted to photography I had to come away without those pictures I'd like to have had.

NEW WORLD'S SURF-CASTING RECORD.

With the close of the Tenth Annual Casting Tournament, held under the auspices of the Asbury Park Fishing Club, at the casting grounds, Deal (N. J.), on August 4, 1916, a new casting champion in the personage of E. E. Davis, of the Asbury Park Club was crowned and the former world's record of 379 feet 8 inches made last year by Dr. Carleton Simon, of New York City, broken four times, three times by the present champion E. E. Davis and once by a youngster, Charles Elinghausen, of the Midland Beach Fishing Club.

Davis cast in succession 380 feet, and 384 feet, 2 inches, only to have his record broken by young Elinghausen with a cast of 384 feet, 10 inches, Davis later breaking this record with a cast of 388 feet 6 inches. Then to show he was still there broke his own record with a cast of 392 feet 6 inches, which now stands as a new world's record.

Dr. Carleton Simon, the former champion, failed to show his usual good form, which was a big disappointment to his large following of friends.

The King is dead, long live the King.

ASBURY PARK SURF - CASTING TOURNAMENT.

The scores of the winners in the open events at the surf casting tournament of the Asbury Park Fishing Club on August 5th are as follows: Average of 5 Casts, V Shaped Court, 3 or 4 oz. Lead. (Distance in Feet and Inches.)

					Av'g.
1. E. E. Davis....	368.5	363.8	348.6	348.8	343.8 —354.7
2. J. E. Clayton...	369.1	362.11	309.0	334.0	332.10—341.7
3. J. G. Young....	324.3	287.4	304.4	304.4	326.1 —309.3
4. A. H. Newb'rg'r.	323.6	300.8	236.1	333.5	326.2 —304.9
5. J. E. Newman.	299.11	321.5	222.3	309.9	293.0 —289.3

Longest Cast of 5, Open Field, 3 or 4 oz. Lead. (Distance in Feet and Inches.)

					Longest Cast
1. C. Elinghauser.	356.1	305.6	375.3	384.10	349.1 —384.10
2. E. E. Davis....	371.4	360.3	380.8	384.2 —384.2
3. J. E. Clayton...	356.9	331.9	357.4	351.8	353.3 —357.4
4. Dr. C. Simon..	...	337.8	340.5	350.8	309.7 —350.8
5. Howard Kain	331.3	339.10	350.1	342.1	332.2 —350.1

Average of 5 Casts, Open Field, 3 or 4 oz. Lead. (Distance in Feet and Inches.)

					Av'g.
1. J. E. Clayton...	378.1	325.0	348.7	338.3	331.9 —344.4
2. C. Simon, Jr....	345.7	307.5	328.8	278.3	305.4 —315.1
3. J. J. Yates....	295.7	174.6	300.0	314.2	305.0 —277.10
4. W. M. M'C'tch'n.	264.9	302.1	278.3	249.6	289.0 —276.9
5. A. Vogt	304.8	278.7	129.6	291.1	291.0 —258.11

In this event Davis cast away his first lead and thus lost his chance for a place but continued in hope of regaining the world's record which he won from Dr. Simon in the previous event by twice exceeding the Doctor's 1915 record of 379 ft. 8 in. only to lose to Elinghausen who in the second open event made 384 ft. 10 in. Davis' second, third and fourth casts in the third open event were 378 ft. 8 in., 388 ft. 11 in. and 392 ft. 3 in., the latter becoming the new record.

The tournament was notable for the distances made. A total of 105 casts over the 300 ft. mark were scored by eighteen of the contestants in the three open events and several others in the club events. Two new world's champions appeared, beating the previous record five times. A veteran of many years in the surf first won the blue ribbon of the casting world only to have it snatched from him by the ruthless hand of vigorous youth. Immediately the veteran put forth new efforts and came back promptly with a new record which eclipsed the youth. Probably the eclipse is but temporary for Elinghausen is a phenomenon. He is under 20, and has been casting only one season yet he is as cool and steady as a tried veteran.

During the summer of 1912 and 1913 *Forest and Stream*, in commenting editorially upon surf casting weights, said: "Some of the surf fishermen of the New Jersey coast have frequently objected to the 2½ oz. weight, claiming that it is not so heavy as the weights they use in the surf, for which their rods are adapted, and that the standard weight should be three ounces or more. While there is reason in their claim, it has not been deemed wise to change the weight, and the records do not show that appreciably better averages have been made with the 3 and 4 ounce weights, which are employed by the Asbury Park Fishing Club in its annual contests."

Thanks for those kind words. They have borne fruit. The surf fishing clubs of the Eastern seaboard promptly took up the implied challenge, firm in the belief that American rods, reels and lines are the best in the world and American casters the equals of any. The above records represent the study and practice of four short years and were made with rods under 9 feet in length, four spool reels, linen lines and four ounce weights and the sport is only in its infancy.

SWITCH REEL.

MORNING AND LATE AFTERNOON.

Editor Angling Department: What is the best time of day for bait casting with the top water plug, and is there any particular make of top water plug that is usually successful?

P. T. B., Danville, Ky.

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TROUT FLY-FISHING IN AMERICA

By CHARLES ZIBEON SOUTHARD

The hook contains 18 colored plates of the different species of trout found in this country, 1 colored plate of popular wet-flies and 1 colored plate of favorite dry-flies. There are in addition 12 illustrations in black and white. The plates and illustrations are by H. H. Leonard.

The scope of the work can at once be seen by the following table of contents:

<p>Chapter</p> <p>I. Trout Found in American Waters.</p> <p>II. The Art of Fly-Fishing.</p> <p>III. A Comparison of the Merits of the Wet and Dry Methods of Fly-Fishing.</p> <p>IV. The Fly-Rod and its Function.</p> <p>V. For the Beginner at Fly-Fishing.</p> <p>VI. The Rod, The Reel, The Line, The Leader and The Fly.</p> <p>VII. The Habits of Trout.</p> <p>VIII. The Coloration of Trout.</p> <p>IX. The Sight and Hearing of Trout.</p> <p>X. A Few Words About Casting the Wet-Fly.</p>	<p>Chapter</p> <p>XI. How to Fish the Wet-Fly.</p> <p>XII. How and When to Strike Trout.</p> <p>XIII. When to Fish Dark and Light Colored Flies.</p> <p>XIV. The "Expert" Fly-Fisherman.</p> <p>XV. How to Make Your Own Leaders.</p> <p>XVI. Trout Fly-Fishing in the Rangeley Region.</p> <p>XVII. Wet-Flies Used in Various States.</p> <p>XVIII. Dry-Flies Used in England and America.</p> <p>XIX. List of Wet-Flies.</p> <p>XX. Miscellaneous Matters. Glossary. Index.</p>
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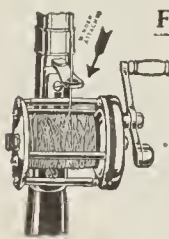
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DESPITE the pressure brought to bear to permit the taking of migratory fowl during the spring season, the Department of Agriculture, backed by representative public opinion and co-operation of real friends of conservation, has resisted this pressure, and in the new regulations promulgated August 21 retains the spring closed season. The latest date for wild fowl shooting is January 31, and in many cases a month earlier. The official announcements by zones are given herewith:

Open Seasons for Migratory Birds Under Federal Regulations. (Dates are Inclusive. Effective on and After August 21, 1916.)

ZONE 1.

Waterfowl (except Swans and Wood Ducks), Coots, Gallinules and Jacksnipes:

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York (except Long Island), Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and MissouriSept. 16-Dec. 31
Rhode Island, Connecticut, Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Washington, Oregon, Nevada and UtahOct. 1-Jan. 15
Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and ColoradoSept. 7-Dec. 20

Rails (except Coots and Gallinules):

..... Sept. 1-Nov. 30
VermontClosed until Sept. 1, 1918
Black-breasted and Golden Plover and Greater and Lesser Yellowlegs:

Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York (including Long Island) and New JerseyAug. 16-Nov. 30
Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and NevadaSept. 1-Dec. 15
Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming Sept. 7-Dec. 20
Washington and Oregon.....Oct. 1-Dec. 15
UtahClosed until Sept. 1, 1918

Jacksnipe:

Same as waterfowl, coots and gallinules
Woodcock Oct. 1-Nov. 30
Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri,
Closed until Oct. 1, 1918

ZONE 2.

Waterfowl (except Swans and Wood Ducks), Coots, Gallinules and Jacksnipe:

Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana,
Nov. 1-Jan. 31
Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California Oct. 16-Jan. 31

Rails (except Coots and Gallinules):

Sept. 1-Nov. 30
Louisiana Nov. 1-Jan. 31
CaliforniaClosed until Sept. 1, 1918
Black-breasted and Golden Plover and Greater and Lesser Yellowlegs:

Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia and Virginia Aug. 16-Nov. 30
South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas,
Nov. 1-Jan. 31

North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona
Sept. 1-Dec. 15

CaliforniaClosed until Sept. 1, 1918

Jacksnipe:

Same as waterfowl, coots and gallinules
Woodcock Nov. 1-Dec. 31

Insectivorous birds protected indefinitely. Band-tailed pigeons, cranes, wood ducks, swans, curlew, willet, upland plover and smaller shore birds protected until September 1, 1918.

Shooting prohibited between sunset and sunrise.

Consult State Laws. A state date governs when it opens the season later or closes it earlier than the Federal Regulations.

The following statement with reference to the above regulations has been issued by the Federal Advisory Committee of the Migratory Bird Law:

The members of the Advisory Committee to the Department of Agriculture on the Migratory Bird Law, in view of the fact that new regulations setting forth closed seasons on migratory waterfowl and birds were made public August 21, issued a statement as follows:

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES:

The Advisory Committee appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. D. F. Houston, to cooperate with the Bureau of Biological Survey in fixing the regulations for closed seasons on migratory birds, as authorized by the Federal Migratory Bird Law, desires to state to the people of the country that after the most exhaustive investigation, and the most careful consideration of every point raised, the regulations as promulgated were unanimously recommended by the members of this Committee. We realize the utter impossibility of even attempting to satisfy all that desire to shoot migratory birds.

In recommending the regulations we were controlled by the following considerations:

First—A most earnest desire to save from certain depletion and threatened annihilation the valuable waterfowl, game and insectivorous birds which migrate across the United States twice each year.

Second—To accord the hunters in the various states as nearly as possible an equal opportunity of taking migratory waterfowl and nomadic game birds.

Third—To open the seasons during which these birds can be legally killed in those months when under normal weather and food conditions the largest number of migratory waterfowl and birds sojourn in any particular state.

Fourth—To absolutely eliminate spring shooting, when migratory waterfowl and birds on the northward migration are journeying towards their breeding grounds, thus impelled by the restless force of nature, to mate, nest and reproduce their species.

Fifth—To recognize unusual and extraordinary conditions existing in a few of the states, without affecting the equity or vested rights of the people of the whole country in the migratory wild life.

Sixth—To submit reasonable, practical, fair and just regulations that should invite the support of all true conservationists.

Seventh—To guarantee not only to the present generation a reasonable supply of migratory wild life, but to so protect it that it will multiply and be handed to future generations as their proper and rightful heritage.

The imperative necessity for the enactment of the Federal Migratory Bird Law is palpable to every thoughtful and discerning mind.

Migratory wild life does not even recognize national, to say nothing of state, lines. The variability of the statutes of the states protecting these migrants, the lack of uniformity in these laws, the rapacity with which the nomadic birds are slaughtered by voracious annihilators of wild life in many of the states to the detriment of the

people at large, compelled the conclusion of Congress that the exigencies of the situation demanded Federal regulations that would, in reality, save the migratory waterfowl and birds from extermination.

The people of no country have been so abundantly blessed with valuable natural resources as ours.

The American people are notoriously a nation of wasters. Only by reason of the fact that their natural resources are fast disappearing have they been induced to extend even a modicum of conservation to these fast-vanishing assets.

Conservation does not mean preventing the use of our natural resources as a miser would hoard his gold, but means the wise and careful use of our national heritage, taking therefrom only a sufficient quantity to supply our needs, with the full realization that we are trustees for future generations.

The wild or passenger pigeon that formerly swarmed over Eastern North America in countless millions has become extinct. The American bison, found on the great plains of the West, was slaughtered by hide-hunters to the point of extermination, the great auk, the Eskimo curlew, the Labrador duck, the Carolina parakeet have been exterminated. There are many other valuable North American birds that are candidates for extinction, including the whooping crane, trumpeter swan, American flamingo, roseate spoonbill, scarlet ibis, long-billed curlew, upland plover, Hudsonian godwit, red-breasted sandpiper, golden plover, dowitcher, willet, pectoral sandpiper, black-capped petrel, American egret, snowy egret, wood duck, band-tailed pigeon, heath hen, sage grouse, white-tailed kite, prairie sharp-tail, pinnated grouse and woodcock.

Future eventuations can only be judged by those that have gone before, hence the enactment and the enforcement of a comprehensive system of Federal conservation of migratory wild life was made necessary if this valuable asset was to be retained among the resources of the United States.

Aside from aesthetic consideration, birds and game constitute a valuable article of food. From a recreational standpoint, this resource is of the greatest value to our people.

We feel that the failure of any American citizen to accord the Federal Migratory Bird Law his most active support is due either to lack of information or selfishness.

We, therefore, urge and request all patriotic citizens to exert their influence to the utmost to the end that the incalculable benefits contemplated by this law, and most specifically accruing to the people under the regulations just promulgated, be given their moral support, that the enlightened conscience of the people may be quickened to a full observance and vigilant enforcement of this wise and progressive conservation measure.

- John B. Burnham, New York, Chairman.
 - Hon. Edward G. Bradford, Jr., Delaware.
 - Hon. F. W. Chambers, Utah.
 - W. L. Finley, Oregon.
 - Dr. E. H. Forbush, Massachusetts.
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 - Hon. John H. Wallace, Jr., Alabama.
- New York, August 21, 1916.



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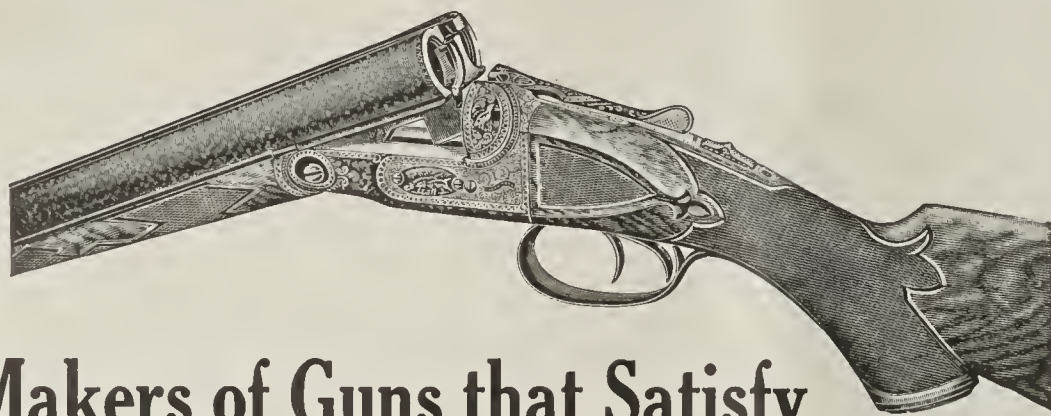
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NEW YORK

TACKLE FOR TROUT FISHING.

I wish to begin trout fishing but do not know what tackle to choose. Kindly give me your opinion on this subject. J. A., Detroit, Mich.

For trout fishing you will need what is known as a fly rod, that is a rod having the reel seat below the handle. The rod should be of three piece construction, butt, middle joint and tip (an extra tip will come with the rod). It should weigh about 5 ounces and be from nine to ten feet in length, the guides being what is termed snake guides. An agate first and tip guide will help greatly in getting out the line and at the same time tend to lengthen the life of the line. Would advise you to purchase a bamboo rod. The steel rod, however, has many advocates, a special feature being, that it will stand knocking around to a greater extent than the rod of bamboo and come back smiling for more. To an angler, a good rod is a joy for ever and an article to be well taken care of.

You will need at least 30 yards of E size water-proofed line, either braided oil silk or enamel silk. This line can be purchased for about \$1.50.

In trout fishing, the reel is the least important of any article in your outfit. See that it is single action, light and just large enough to hold your line. A very satisfactory reel can be purchased for \$1.50.

Leaders used will be of single gut about six feet. They should be perfectly round and free from flat places. What is known as mist color is advocated and would advise that you have at least three.

Flies are a matter dealing a great deal with the waters you fish. A great number is not needed. I would suggest the following, as what can be termed all round flies, Coachman, Cow Dpng, Parmachenee Belle, Silver Doctor, Montreal, Ibis and White Miller.

With a leader box, fly case, creel and waders your outfit will be about complete. You will soon learn to add to it without suggestions from anyone.

NEWARK (N. J.) PROVIDES FOR HER FISHERMEN.

If you live in Newark (N. J.), and at the same time have a fondness for wetting a line now and then, you are twice lucky as both of the City parks, Branch Brook and Weequahic have good size lakes which are stocked yearly with Bass, Pickerel and both White and Green Perch. Other municipalities would do well to follow the lead of Newark.

TRAP SHOOTING

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

Edited by Fred. O. Copeland.

The hunting season, the great rival of trapshooting, approaches. May the added skill, acquired over another summer at the traps, walk with you on the marsh, on the prairie, in the uplands.

"THE LITTLE JOKER".

DURING the last few years there has been inaugurated an added amusement at the tournaments of the Interstate Association. It has been termed The Little Joker and takes the form of a tiny trap house accommodating two expert traps with hand lines running back to the puller who sits on the ground in readiness to spring the surprises that the little trap house certainly does contain. The shooting is done from the regular distance but with only one man up. All of the targets thrown are extremely nimble, surpassing by far anything the regular traps throw. Just enough normal targets are thrown—so far as elevation and angles go—to keep the contestant in a constant state of surprise. The Joker targets are worthy of their name. They consist for the most part of almost perpendicular targets that rush up with the peculiar whistle of a sky rocket and it takes extremely sure judgment coupled with a high lead to get them for they are close in and when hit are completely obliterated. The two other characteristic targets are the left and right quartering birds which tear away hardly clearing the ground and the fastest shooters can kill them only after they are far away. It is impossible to snuff out one of these targets as is often the case with the regular quartering targets and they break in a few pieces if at all. It is a common sight to see a seasoned trapshooter miss them quite regularly and again some of the super-amateurs run 10 straight but not with ease even when they are in good form.

The method of procedure at the Joker Trap, which is placed in a quiet place away from the regular traps, is as follows: A contestant may buy three chances for \$1. If a contestant breaks 10 straight, which is the limit, one of his chances is gone. As soon as a shooter misses one target one of his chances is used up, and, of course, when the three are used he is ready for another dollar's worth, but as the trap is very popular it usually happens that the contestant is willing to seat himself carefully to one side and enjoy a double pleasure; that of watching another hopeful miss them, and that of reflecting on his lost youth when to his regret he skimmed swiftly over geometry, angles and such things.

EMPTY SHELLS ARE WORTH MONEY.

Gun clubs will find their empty shells are worth money if they will gather them up after each shoot, and sell them when they get a barrel or so. A gun club secretary informed us a few days ago that he had secured 95 pounds of brass from two barrels of empty shells. The brass he sold at 11 cents per pound, or \$10.45 for the lot,

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proving that it surely pays to save and sell the empty shells.

In another market the empty shells have dropped to \$3 per barrel.

Not many years ago there were very few trapshooting tournaments in the summertime; now the tournaments occur all the time, in fact, there is as much shooting in the summer months as there is in the winter season.

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If you see more than one hole in a hammer look out for toggles or stirrups whether shown or not.

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HOW THE WESTY HOGANS GOT ITS NAME

By Fred. O. Copeland.

WHILE attending the Eastern Handicap at Philadelphia, the writer, in an interview with Mr. J. S. Fanning and Mr. Neaf Apgar, learned from these two charter members of the Westy Hogans the history of this famous trapshooting organization. The name is so odd for a shooting association it must have, times without number, aroused the curiosity of the country's trapshooters. Curiously enough, the recounting of the origin of its existence, its history, and reason for its name was listened to on the very eve of the tenth anniversary of the Westy Hogans.

On the 19th of July, 1906, a group of professional trapshooters were gathered in the office of a hotel in the innermost recesses of Pennsylvania. As is quite likely the case in a small tavern in the evening a goodly sprinkling of the citizens from the hills were present, augmented no doubt on this evening by the presence of out-of-town trapshooters and the shoot itself.

Unexpectedly one of the professionals spoke up: "Why don't we professionals give the amateurs a shoot?"

The suggestion was enthusiastically received and an organization was perfected then and there.

The question at once arose as to where and when the shoot should be held. Happily the glorious month of September, which was just the right distance in the future, was seized upon and Atlantic City for the location. For four or five years the shoot was regularly staged on Young's pier at Atlantic City but a severe storm finally wrecked the pier and thus enforced a change of location to Venice Park where it has since been shot.

A name for the organization came as spontaneously as the suggestion of the shoot; many a queer name has become affixed to the map of North America with less provocation. Among the visitors to the hotel office on this epoch making evening was a man from the mountains who was somewhat of a character and who sometime before had enlisted his efforts with others in holding up the hotel hitching post where it invited a moonlit anchorage in the offing. His name was Westy Hogan. In a spirit of jest the name was suggested, adopted, and, regretted, now that the tournament has gone beyond the wildest expectations of the group assembled at the little Pennsylvania hotel.

The shoot rivals the Grand American Handicap in popularity; the name has stuck through a decade, and yet, it does add an individual touch to the now famous tournament given by the professionals to the amateurs. For the tenth time this tournament will be shot at Atlantic City on September 12th to 16th. The flower of the trapshooting East will participate. It is a shoot where good fellowship expands to the Nth power and where the trophies show unmistakable evidence of the cunning hand of the most skillful artists.

One of the added features to the program of the Westy Hogans Trapshooting tournament, in Atlantic City, N. J., in September, will be a shoot between teams representing the East and the West.

A competition between the Eastern and Western trapshooters has long been talked of, but it remained for the Hogans to put it on the schedule. This event will be like all other team shoots. The respective sections of the country can enter as many shooters as desire to shoot—the highest five scores counting.

This event should settle a lot of argument or make a lot more. In trapshooting, like other sports, there is always that question to be answered: Is the East better than the West. In the Interstate Association averages last year there was only a fraction of a point difference in the averages of the first ten Eastern and first ten Western trapshooters. This indicates that they are about on a par. Anyway, the decision of the Hogans will be a good thing for the sport and will make a rattling fine event.

TRAPSHOOTING IS STEADILY GROWING.

Fifty-three newly-organized gun clubs have received trophies from the Interstate Association for the encouragement of trapshooting so far this year, nine of them being approved during the month of June.

It is the purpose of the Interstate Association to give trophies to the first 200 newly-organized gun clubs, or re-organized gun clubs, that are brought to their attention each year. The idea is to stimulate interest in gun clubs and trapshooting. The trophies are to be used for competition among the club members. The offer this year has been the means of awakening additional interest in the sport in many sections of the country.

In Iowa, for instance, nine new clubs have received trophies. Iowa leads the list in the number of new clubs, and is rapidly encroaching on the territory of Pennsylvania as the leading trapshooting center. Kansas and Illinois have each formed four new clubs: Indiana, five; California, Delaware, West Virginia, Ohio, New York and Nebraska, three each; Minnesota, Virginia, Michigan, two each; District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, Texas, Colorado, Tennessee, Missouri, Maryland and Connecticut, one each.

Thus the 53 clubs have been formed in 21 states.

ACTIVITY ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The members and friends of the Green Lake Gun Club, Seattle, Wash., may well be proud of their first annual tournament run on July 4th for it drew a larger attendance than any other one-day shoot held on the Pacific Coast to date and exceeded in attendance the state shoot. Seventy-eight shooters from the cities of the Northwest were on hand, and among them Frank Templeton who won the high amateur honors by turning in a score of 144 x 150, the same to a bird as that made by the high "pro," L. H. Reid.

ADVANTAGE OF SQUADS ARRANGED IN SECTIONS.

The entire field of shooters at the Grand American was divided into sections as in the big tournaments of the Boston Athletic Association and the New York Athletic Club early in the year. The scheme has the advantage of spreading a contestant's pleasure over the whole day. Under this system, a shooter's squad is assigned to a certain section and he gets to shooting in an hour or two even though his squad is at the very end of the list. The section as well as the squad completes its performance, event one, over its trap—it may be the last trap in the line if it is a late squad—and then moves to the next trap in order. The shooter does not need to plant his shells down the line or carry them along in a bag but has plenty of cool time to collect himself and his belongings before the next event. Moreover, all of the shooters get a taste of the

different brands of weather and light. Under the old system one shooter might shoot all of his events in sunshine and a contestant in a late squad might shoot all of his events in a rain storm. The day is not over at once for one contestant nor is there a wait of almost a day for the late shooter.

LATEST FASHION IN GUN STOCKS.

TRAPSHOOTING has caused shooters to experiment with straighter and straighter stocks till they have now lifted them to an altitude of comb and heel that a few years ago would have been looked on as extreme. Moreover, this straightening of the stock for trapshooting has been found to be of such advantage for pointing at flying targets it has by its influence straightened the stock of the field gun and many are now using the same or a very slightly modified stock on upland birds. And now we are beginning to see the comb and heel of equal measurements, with numerous instances of the heel higher than the comb. Mr. Lester German, a shooter in the very first row, advocates equal measurements for comb and heel. He shoots a gun having an inch and one-quarter drop at both comb and heel thereby giving to the stock no pitch whatever. Some may say that this is all well enough in a trap gun. But Mr. German will then take this same gun and snuff out the wildest targets that can be thrown with a hand trap, targets that have an "english" on them to such an extent that they lift away from the earth like the horn of the new moon. There is this much about it, a stock without pitch, in your measurement, will not hook onto your cheek bone when it drives straight back at the moment of firing.

HOW TO AIM A RIFLE.

Walter Winans, the famous American sharpshooter, who lives in England, writes to the "Scientific American" the following directions as to the proper way to aim a rifle:

"The way to shoot is, first, put a big ivory front sight in place of the black one used for target shooting.

"Most real objects one shoots at are more or less dark, and the black front sight is difficult to see on the object; the white one shows up at once.

"Next, have your hind sight put on the rifle at the distance from your eye that you can read print best.

"When shooting do not try to focus a black bull's-eye, a black front sight and black hind sight and a half dozen other things alternately while you hold on to your rifle like grim death.

"Look at the object you want to hit. If it is moving, judge how much allowance in front you must make; bring up your rifle to your shoulder, swinging it with the movement of the object you want to hit, and press the trigger as the butt touches your shoulder.

"The bullet will go where you want it to without your noticing sights at all.

"If you want to be a good rifle shot at game, or as a soldier, join the nearest clay pigeon shooting club, and when you can break 90 per cent. of the clays, you can rest perfectly confident that you can hit a man every shot you fire if being charged by an enemy if you have a rifle in your hands instead of a shotgun.

"If you practice in a 'coal hole' rifle gallery at a stationary black bull's-eye with a black front sight and see 'three front sights' and a 'blurred back sight' you are not learning to shoot, but merely ruining your eyesight."

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WULF WINS GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

Captain John F. Wulf of Milwaukee won the Grand American Handicap in the national trapshooting tournament at St. Louis, Aug. 25. Opposed to Captain Wulf were nearly 700 of the best shooters in the United States. He shot from 19 yards.

The Milwaukee man was hard pressed by Eli Maland of Jewell, Iowa, who scored 98 from 16 yards; H. C. Daley of Carlinsville, Ill., who shot 97 from 16 yards; C. A. Atkinson of Creighton, Mo., who shot 97 from 17 yards, and D. C. Rogers of Logansport, Ind., who shot 97 from 19 yards. Wulf broke the first two sets of 20 targets without a miss, failed in his third frame, then finished the last two sets of 20 targets in perfect form.

No New York shooters finished among the winners, but E. L. Bartlett of Baltimore, with a score of 95 from 20 yards, kept the East up near the top.

The Middle West's win in the main event was partially compensated by Mrs. Frank Johnson of Philadelphia and Mrs. C. B. Dalton of Warsaw, Ind., representing the East, who won the special East-West women's event. They defeated Mrs. H. L. Potter of Madison, Wis., and Mrs. J. L. Hooper of Chicago, representing the West, by a score of 43 to 40.

Phil Miller of Dallas, Texas, won the professional championship surprising the entire field by beating Homer Clark of Alton, Ill. Clark had won every event in which he entered during the tournament with scores of 99. The two shooters tied at 97, and then Miller broke 25 straight to Clark's 24.

Mrs. C. B. Dalton of Warsaw, Ind., won the

women's championship over Mrs. Potter by a score of 23 to 20.

The five high scores in other events were: National Amateur Doubles Championship.—Allen Heil, Allentown, Penn., 89; Frank Troeh, Vancouver, Wash., 88; J. Seahorn, Mineral Ridge, Ohio, 81; G. V. Dering, Columbus, Wis., 80; B. S. Donnelly, Chicago, 80.

Special for women.—Mrs. H. Almert, Chicago, 45; Mrs. L. C. Vogel, Detroit, 48; Miss H. D. Hammond, Wilmington, Del., 44; Miss L. Muesel, Green Bay, Wis., 44; Mrs. F. A. Johnson, Philadelphia, 43.

A technical review and analysis of the meet, with comment from the trapshooter's standpoint, is being prepared for *Forest and Stream* by Fred C. Copeland, and will be published in the next issue.

American Duck Shooting

By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

No single gunner, however wide his experience, has himself covered the whole broad field of duck shooting, and none knows so much about the sport that there is nothing left for him to learn. Each one may acquire a vast amount of novel information by reading this complete and most interesting book. It describes, with a portrait, every species of duck, goose, and swan known to North America; tells of the various methods to capture each, the guns, ammunition, loads, decoys and boats, used in the sport, and gives the best account ever published of the retrieving Chesapeake Bay dog.

About 600 pages, 58 portraits of fowl, 8 full-page plates and many vignette head and tail pieces by Wilmot Townsend.

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FORT MYERS TARPON CLUB.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

The 1916-17 season of the Fort Myers Tarpon Fishing Club will open December 1st, and it is anticipated that more than usual interest will be evidenced by the sportsmen who make Fort Myers their headquarters on account of the revised schedule of prizes that have been arranged for by the Fort Myers Association. Mr. A. H. Disston, of Philadelphia, has recently been elected president of the club and it is expected he will arrive in Fort Myers early in the winter.

J. T. L., Fort Myers, Florida.

PIPING OF THE CLANS

In one of the events in the Northwest Sportsmen's Association Mrs. Groat broke 86 targets; Mrs. Wilkes, 85, and Miss Meyers, 84. They had a little race all to themselves.

It would pay trapshooting clubs to give closer attention to their traps, and if they are not properly set, to have them installed properly. If the targets are not thrown properly it interferes with the making of good scores.

Southern trapshooters tell a good yarn on T. P. Fitzgerald, who won the Mississippi State title. Fitzgerald went up to the last trap all right. When he became aware that he led the field his knees wobbled a little. He was so nervous when the last bird was thrown that he shot as he called "pull." As fortune would have it, the thrown target was a broken one, and he got another chance, broke the target and scored 99 breaks—and carried off the title.

There will be a simon-pure amateur trapshooting tournament in Kansas City, Mo., in September, in which the trapshooters of Kansas, Illinois, Nebraska, Iowa, Arkansas, Kentucky, Colorado and Missouri will participate.

When one is talking about gun clubs that have seen many years of service the Omaha Gun Club should not be forgotten. It was organized 63 years ago.

The Metropolitan Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., has the right idea in promoting trapshooting. Three years ago the club began its existence with six members and the one pronounced feature—that of trapping targets to the members at the rate of one-half cent each.

The club was organized to bring the cost of clay bird shooting down to where trapshooters of all classes could participate without being encumbered by long events or large entrance fees. Members pay a monthly due of 50 cents and for this are given 100 targets. The announcement by the Metropolitan Club of its plan caused laughter in some parts of the new world but the Metropolitan officers went right on about their business and to-day has one of the most active and progressive clubs on the shores of Lake Michigan.

From one room and a hand trap the club has grown to a large clubhouse and two automatic traps. Quite a number of women are members of the Metropolitan Club and the organization is always open to receive visitors and prove to them what a healthful sport trapshooting is.

At the Maplewood, N. H., shoot, July 3-8, Fred Plum, of Atlantic City, N. J., won the Maplewood White Mountain Handicap, 100 straight, from 21 yards, and made the long run of the tournament, 283, and Woolfolk Henderson of Lexington, Ky., won the Independence Day Handicap by breaking 100 straight in the shoot-off after tying on 98 ex 100. Mr. Henderson also won the Maplewood Championship 100 straight and was high on all targets, 590 ex 600 (tie), and in the shoot-off 25 straight.

The idea of having trapshooting schools at resorts is proving a success. There are now two prominent schools, one at Venice, California, an amusement place near Los Angeles, and another on Young's Million Dollar Pier, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The gallery of the Venice school is located at the end of a pier and is probably 50 yards long. At the farther end of it, is set up a high wooden shot stop about 20 ft. high. An old fish net slopes down from its top to the floor of the pier at a gentle incline to catch the clay birds which are unhit.

There has been a reorganization of the Lefever gun plant. The Lefever Arms Co., Inc., of Ithaca, N. Y., has just been incorporated to manufacture shot guns. One of the incorporators is Howard Cobb, of Ithaca, N. Y., who is attorney for the Lehigh Valley R. R. and many other large corporations. Another of the three incorporators is Nelson Genung, a graduate of Cornell University, vice-president of the immense steel plant known as the Coatesville Boiler Works, of Coatesville, Pa., a man whose hobby is the shot gun and whose successful business career assures the success of anything he undertakes. Mr. Chas. Rinehart, a graduate of Lafayette College, is the third incorporator. Mr. Rinehart is at present manager of the New York office of the Lehigh Car Wheel and Axle Co. He is a thorough sportsman, spending his vacations in Maine fishing and in the South with the quail shooting. Mr. Rinehart has been a great athlete in his day, having made the All-American football team in his college days.

Mrs. Harry Harrison, of Rochester, averaged better than 90 per cent. in the New York State championship tournament and shot all the way through.

One of the most progressive gun clubs in the New England States is the Hartford Gun Club. It always has something on tap.

In the Illinois State championship tournament one squad, comprised of Billy Hoon, Johnny Jahn, Mark Arie, L. B. Clarke and G. A. Graper, broke 493 out of 500 targets. Hoon broke 98; so did Graper and Jahn; Clarke smashed 99, and Arie 100.

Hand traps are getting to be so popular that many dealers are now hiring them out. Many parties do not wish to purchase a trap for two or three outings, and dealers, realizing this, now offer them to hire.

Six of the Olympic trapshooting team, which won the world's title in the International games in London, Eng., in 1901, enjoyed a reunion at the Western Handicap in Omaha, Neb. The shooters were Tom Marshall, of Chicago; Frank Parmelee, of Omaha; Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia.; William Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; Chan Powers, of Omaha; Edward Banks, of Wilmington, Del.

Six shooters broke 99 targets and six more shattered 98 in the Ohio State championship event. On the shoot-off first place M. S. Hootman broke 60 straight.

Sixty-one thousand five hundred and seventy targets were thrown in the New York State championship tournament, at Syracuse.

G. A. Osborne, who won the Massachusetts State championship in 1914, came back this year and won it again. He broke 96 targets in 1914 and 97 this year.

More than 500 trapshooting tournaments were held by the trapshooting clubs of this country on July 4.

The Power Boat Gun Club of Toledo, O., is hot after the 1917 Grand American Handicap. This club has the equipment, 160 acres of ground, background looking out to bay, and excellent trolley service.

There are as many opportunities to show courtesies while fishing a stream as when shooting over a dog afield. No one needs to tell you what they are; merely observe, and act.

THE STORY OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" HANDICAP.

After a one-year lapse the Eastern Handicap Tournament is again on the sporting calendar.

The "Great Eastern" as it is more commonly called by trapshooters, was shot over the traps of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmsburg Junction, Pa., on July 17, 18, 19 and 20.

This was the tenth running of the Eastern handicap, the first tournament being staged in Philadelphia in 1906, so that it is only natural that Philadelphia should once more bring the tournament to life.

The Eastern has been won 4 times from 18 yds., twice from 19, twice from 20 and once from 21 and curiously enough on this occasion, the last time it was shot (1914), with the same score of 97 and from the same distance as in 1916. Once it has been won with a score of 91, twice with 93, once with 95, twice with 96, twice with 97 and once with 98.

With a field of 164 actual starters, with a score more entries, and a winning score of 97 out of 100 from the 21 yard mark by Clarence B. Platt, of Bridgeton, N. J., the Eastern Handicap event produced a fitting climax to a week filled with keen contest, well scattered winning, well fought shootoffs, and general satisfaction to every participant.

When Platt outshot his field in the Eastern Handicap with a score surpassed but once before in the history of these events, he outscored by a single target three other shooters who had been running neck-and-neck for the honor. The other winnings were distributed impartially to all sections of the country about as follows: Preliminary Handicap to H. W. Lodge, Philadelphia, Pa., with 96 out of 100 from 19 yds.; Introductory Event to John G. Martin, of Harrisburg, Pa., with 99 out of 100 and 49 out of 50 and 39 out of 40 in the shootoffs; Special Event to John Noel, Nashville, Tenn., 99 out of 100; Eastern Introductory Event to Charles H. Newcomb, Philadelphia, Pa., with 99 out of 100; Double Target Championship to Fred Plum, Atlantic City, N. J., with 29 out of 30; and high average on 16 yard targets to A. B. Richardson and Fred Plum on 343 out of 350.

This summary of the victories achieved by the representative field that competed in this tournament shows an average of victories that has seldom been equalled in the history of trap shooting. Peculiarly enough it required a score of 99 out of 100 targets to win each of the special events.

This tournament, like its predecessors that have been under Interstate jurisdiction, ran with the smoothness of a piece of well-oiled machinery. Tournament Manager Elmer E. Shaner, of the Interstate, never showed to better advantage.

CHANGES IN ONTARIO GAME LAWS.


There are several revisions in the Ontario game laws this year principally in connection with the non-resident license fee for hunters which has been reduced from \$50 to \$25. The open season for moose, reindeer or caribou north of the C. P. R. from Mattawa to the Manitoba boundary and that part of the Province lying to the south of the C. P. R. from the City of Port Arthur to the Manitoba boundary has been changed, and is now from the 1st of November to 30th of November, both days inclusive.

Non-resident hunter's license has been reduced from \$50 to \$25.

The division of territories known as Northern and Southern mentioned in paragraph dealing with ducks and other waterfowl has been discontinued, and same regulations now apply to

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all parts of the Province. This division of territory is also referred to in other paragraphs under "Hunting Regulations."

The open season for moose, reindeer and caribou in that section of Ontario lying north of the C. P. R. from Mattawa to the Manitoba boundary and that section lying south of the C. P. R. from Port Arthur to Manitoba boundary has been changed from October 16 to November 15 to November 1 to November 30.

Woodcock: Open season from October 15 to November 15.

Quail: Open season November 1 to November 15. No person shall take or kill more than 6 quail in one day or 25 for the season. (Will in all likelihood be closed by Order-in-Council.)

Wild turkeys: Open season November 1 to November 15.

Black and grey squirrels: Open season November 1 to November 15.

Grouse: Close season until October 15, 1918.

Prairie fowl: Close season until October 15, 1918.

Partridge: Close season until October 15, 1918.

Ducks and other waterfowl: Open season September 1 to December 31.

Capercaillie: Close season until 1920.

Hare may be taken at any time between October 15 and November 15 by any means and between December 23 and January 2 following, and hare may be taken at any other time by any other means than shooting.

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FOR SALE—I have two spayed English setter bitches, two years old, thoroughly housed, yard and auto broken, and with a little work this fall should come in fine. Was hunted last fall and guaranteed to point. Sire and dam both field broken and registered. If you want to finish up your own dog they are nicely started. If you want a dog, I know of several who have them for sale. Write E. H. Bailey, 27 Spring Street, Danbury, Ct., for price and further information.

WANTED—Sportsmen and bird dog fanciers to know that they can see the big All America Trials in the movies. Why not have field trial night at your local movie theater? Birds in the air, famous dogs pointing and ranging, camp scenes, prairie life, and the famous handlers and their dogs just as they appeared at the All America Trials. For full information write WM. CORCORAN, care 220 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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What is the Answer to This Month's Lesson?

OUR UNNATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

THE mystery of the piebald duck remains unsolved, and as the species is, we confess, extinct, the learned readers of *Forest and Stream* need bother their heads no longer over the exact classification.

But last month's lesson was easy. No fewer than fifty of the class in unnatural history sent in the right answer. The specimen was a Florida manatee.

This month we present a legitimate picture, and one, we believe that will set some active wits to working. The young animals are among the most commonly known species in North America, but what are they? We will give only one hint, and that because the picture itself conveys it. Observe the spruce or balsam boughs in the background. But don't guess martens or any of that family, because "they ain't." Address answers to the Natural History Editor, *Forest and Stream*.

ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA.

(Continued from page 1129.)

Salmon Hole is another splendid pool, but at its best in low water. R. G. Dun took his fifty-four pounder mentioned above, from this pool, and C. B. Barnes captured one of fifty-one pounds here a few years ago. Among others of the choice pools are Judges' Pool, Steve's Beach and Moen Pool and a number of others that need not be particularized but equally as good.

Sometimes rocks are placed in inferior pools to improve them. Occasionally owing to the swiftness of the current the banks are undermined and washed away and the channel diverted from its former course and good pools rendered useless by the change. To avoid this, expensive and durable cribwork along the banks has been resorted to in several places.

The ascent of the river is always made by "poling" and it is a fascinating sight on a bright day to watch the process, the long poles flashing in the sunlight as they rise and fall in perfect time and rhythm. The boatmen make the descent of the stream at the rate of ten miles per hour by paddle and current while in poling up stream the rate is about two and one half miles.

As to flies the Silver Gray seemed to be the favorite and more fish were probably taken with it, than with other kinds, although the writer fared better with the Dusty Miller and one member of the party took his total of six fish on a Durham Ranger exclusively.

When a salmon rises to a particular fly it is good policy to immediately substitute another and continue the process until perhaps His Majesty's capricious whim is satisfied and he strikes home.

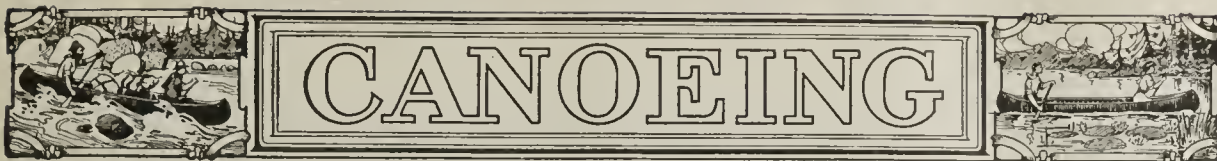
All good things must have an ending and those delightful June days passed only too quickly. On July 1st, our party bid adieu to the Grand Cascapedia and came out by motor car as far as Campbellton. It was the first time an automobile had made the trip and its feasibility was a subject of grave doubt. We met with no difficulties however, and accomplished the sixty miles in four and one half hours' actual running time, and pleasantest memories are associated with the trip. For forty miles the road skirted the Bay of Chaleur and more picturesque scenery cannot be imagined with the shining bay on one side and the ever changing hills and peaks of the Gaspé mountains on the other, and it was a fitting termination to the most delightful outing the writer has ever known.

ASBURY PARK WINS OCEAN CITY \$1,000 SILVER CUP.

The first casting tournament for the \$1,000 silver trophy offered by the Association of Surf Angling Clubs was held on August 12, 1916, at the grounds of the Ocean City Fishing Club, Ocean City, N. J.

To the five members of the Asbury Park Fishing Club that represented that club in the tournament goes the trophy and the honor of being the first to have their names engraved upon it.

The four clubs, Asbury Park, Midland Beach, Belmar and Ocean City, comprising the Association were represented and finished in the order named. The total score in feet of the Asbury Park casters was 7,315 feet 10 inches, an average of 292 feet 7 3-5 inches per man. The winning team was composed of E. E. Davis, the new world's champion caster; J. E. Clayton, H. Kain, A. J. Sahdala and C. H. Wells.



CANOEING

Forest and Stream is the Official Organ of the American Canoe Association.

SUCCESSFUL A. C. A. MEET AT SUGAR ISLAND.

THE National Meet of the American Canoe Association held at Sugar Island this year, the organization's thirty-seventh gathering, was perhaps the best that has been held since 1912, even considering the eleventh hour resignation of Commodore Spaulding, Secretary McClelland, the camp caterer and the extraordinarily delayed appearance of the "Year Book" leaving practically nothing done toward the start of the Meet. Too much praise can not be given to Acting Commodore A. F. Saunders and the competent staff, quickly gotten together, that gave the Association such a bully good regatta and gathering. In point of numbers, it surpassed every Meet since 1912. Entertainments were fewer and less pretentious, however, possibly due to the lack of preparations by the head of the Committee for Entertainment. The racing program was held well to schedule and competition was the keenest seen in many a year. Representations from New York, Washington, D. C.; Syracuse, Toronto, Buffalo, Boston, Schenectady and Rochester kept things busy for the Regatta Committee whose program was so ably planned and handled by Commodore Saunders.

The Trophy Races for the big silver bowls are always of the most interest. Mr. Leo Friede successfully defended and won for the third consecutive time the Decked Sailing Trophy, winning the first heat, losing the second to Ginn, of Boston, and winning the third. Aubrey Ireland, the wonderful Canadian paddler again won the Paddling Trophy for one mile straight-a-way. He was pressed closely by Grant, of Yonkers Canoe Club, who put up a hot fight for the honors and who in turn was followed closely by Marshall, Neumann and Rutherford in the order named. The race was paddled close to record time. The Open Sailing Trophy went to George Denhart, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, who obtained two seconds and one third in the heats. Payne Kretzmer did the best sailing for this trophy, winning two firsts in the heats but lost out through having committed a foul in the first heat. In a similar manner Jule Marshall was deprived of the Record Race, having won the open sailing heat, the sailing and paddling combined and then losing out by 7-10 of a point to Douglas Cummings through having started behind all the others in the paddling race. The Manhattan Trophy, tandem double blades one-half mile was won handily by Wagner and Knight, of Washington Canoe Club, from a large field. The Gardiner Trophy for open sailing canoes went to Dudley Cashmore and the Mab Trophy for decked sailing canoes was captured by the consistent sailing of Mr. Edwin Ginn, of the Winchester Boat Club. The sailing race around Sugar Island for open canoes was once more a procession with Mr. George Douglas winning. No one can remember any one else ever having won this race.

Perhaps the most closely contested paddling race was in the Racing Class Tandem Single Blades. Four crews representing New York, Syracuse, Washington and Toronto swept down the half mile course all within the same boat's length. It looked to be anybody's race when within a

hundred yards of the finish the break came. Hawgood paddling with Ireland, fainted and fell overboard, putting Toronto out. The Washington crew also fell back a length leaving the New York and Syracuse crews to fight it out, both being on even terms. Every bit of reserve muscle and form was seen brought into play as the remainder of the race was paddled and brought home Marshall and Grant three feet ahead of Kratz and Merz, the Syracuse boys, leaving Washington a close third. Aubrey Ireland won the Single-Single Blade race with Kratz a close second. Ireland and Grant romped in winners in the Tandem Double Blades with Marshall and Neumann second and Rutherford and Knight third. The Single Blade Fours was run off with five crews in the race. The Ka-ne-en-da Canoe Club four in a regulation 20 foot racing shell started 100 feet behind the other four crews in 16 foot cruising class canoes. The smooth running and beautiful paddling crew from Syracuse easily finished first with Washington, Toronto, Atlantics and Knickerbocker crews trailing in the order named. The Tilting Tournament went to Young and McKendrick, Mr. Young putting up a fine exhibition of tilting.

The *Forest and Stream* Trophy for the Wilderness Contest created an interest as keen as the competition proved to be. Outfits and the handling of them were so much alike and the required rules so closely adhered to that it was hours before the judges could pick a winner. Jule Marshall won the Trophy with a perfect score of 55 points, A. P. Gumaer was second with 54 and Edmund von Steeg, last year's winner, was third with 47 points. The contest is highly educational in that it instructs the large number of spectators how to take care of themselves, the outfits and the forests when cruising far away from civilization.

Acting Commodore A. F. Saunders was duly rewarded for filling the breach in the organization by being re-elected to the commodoreship. The Meet next year will be held under the auspices of the Central Division at Sugar Island. The Atlantic Division forfeited its turn in electing the commodore as an available candidate could not be found. There has been some talk about taking the Meet from Sugar Island and having it at Lake George. A general vote was taken at the Meet this year on this score and a unanimous vote was turned in requesting the governing body to have all future National Meets at Sugar Island, the Canoeing Paradise in the Thousand Islands.

NEW DIVISION A. C. A.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 27, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Under Article "X" of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association, it is possible, after certain votes have been taken, that a new division of the association may be brought into existence, by giving fourteen days' notice in the Official Organ of a meeting of the new division at which it shall proceed to elect officers. Will you kindly publish in the next issue of *Forest and Stream* this notice:

That all the provisions of Article "X" of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association have been



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complied with, and that a majority of the Executive Committee have favored, through their votes, the formation of the Delaware-Chesapeake Division. Mr. W. A. Rogers, of the Washington Canoe Club, who has been very active in the formation of this Division, has notified me that the Vice-Commodore of the Atlantic Division has agreed that the Labor Day meet of the Atlantic Division will be held at Baltimore, Md. Mr. Rogers, representing the proposed new Division, suggests that the organization meeting of the new Division be held at Baltimore, Md., on Labor Day, September 4, 1916; at which time the new Division will proceed to elect officers. I, therefore, under the provisions of the Constitution, designate Baltimore as the meeting place for the election of officers of the new Division and the date to be September 4, 1916.

A. F. SAUNDERS, Acting Commodore.
Per C. A. Spaulding, Executive Commodore.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division:—William H. Bratton, 4803 Leiper St., Philadelphia, Pa., by H. Lansing Quick; Robert Atwood, 132 N. 11th St., Newark, N. J., by Martin A. Charles.

Central Division:—C. Dantsizen, 103 Nott Terrace, Schenectady, N. Y., by E. S. Dawson, Jr.; S. R. Meaker, Auburn, N. Y., by H. M. Schwartz.

Western Division:—L. F. Mayewske, Byron, Ill., by H. L. Boynton; O. B. Stavoe, 815 La Trobe Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Andrew J. Coward, 867 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., both by R. F. Abercrombie; Sherman Wickwire, Byron, Ill., by H. L. Boynton; Matthew G. Ford, 112 Laken Terrace, Rockford, Ill., by H. F. Norris.

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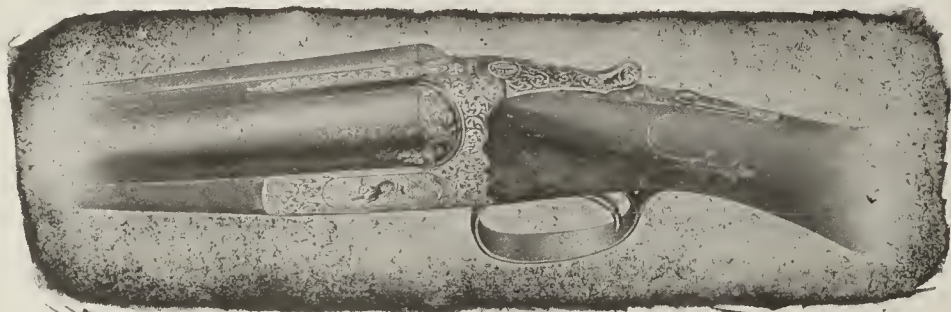
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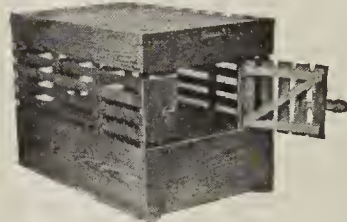
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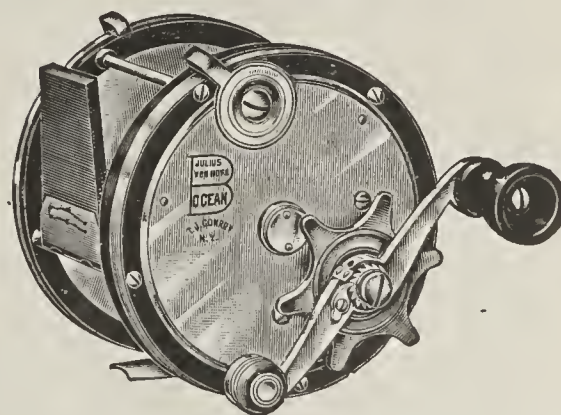
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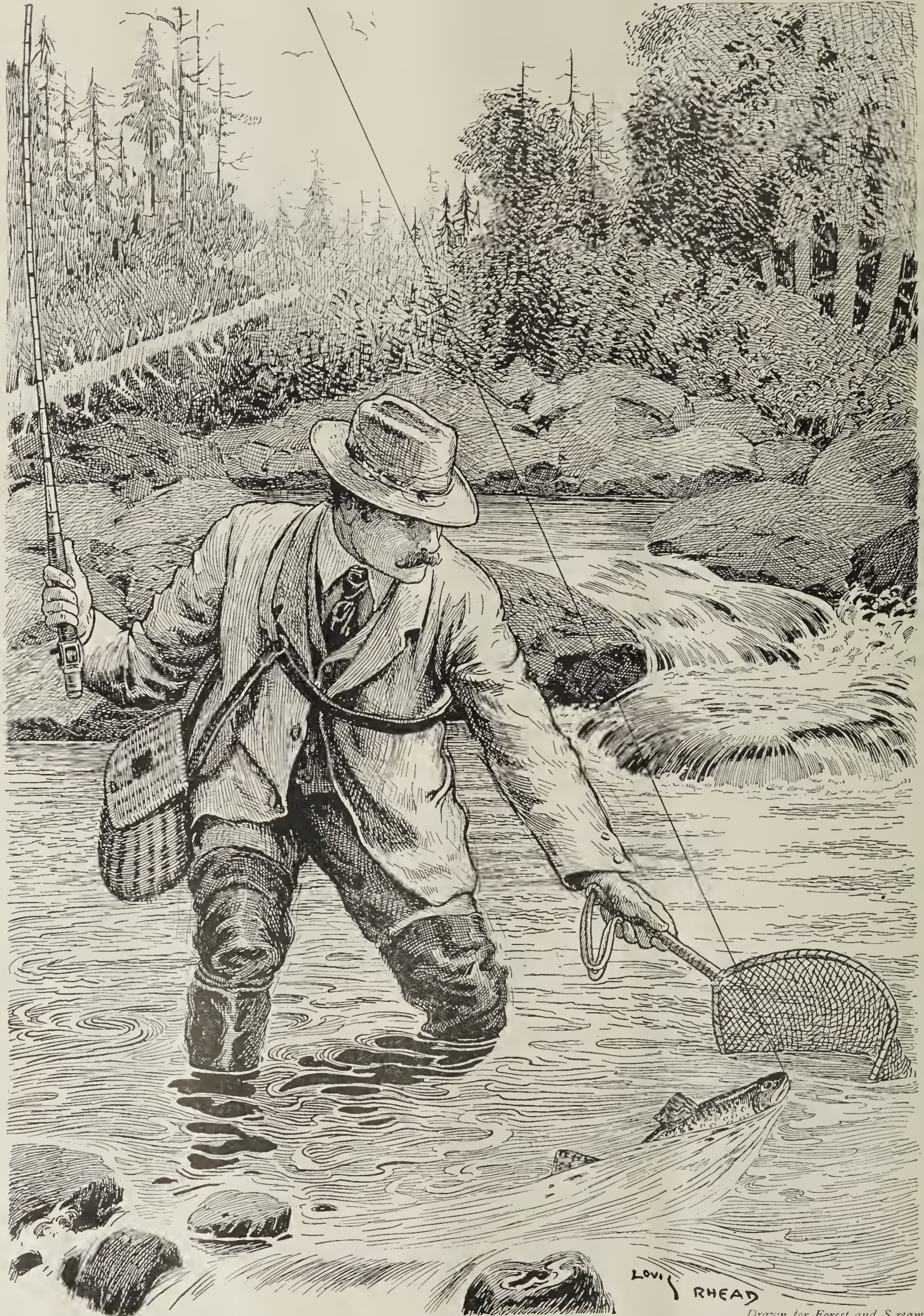
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VOL. LXXXVI

OCTOBER, 1916

No. 10

CANOE AND PADDLE ON THE ST. MAURICE

NEW CRUISING COUNTRY OFFERING BOTH FISH
AND GAME AVAILABLE TO AMERICAN SPORTSMEN

By John M. Cooper.

THE ringing spiral of the olive-back and the mellow whistle of the white-throat greeted us as our train pulled up at Escalana at dawn-break of a morning in June. And as we assembled and tumped our scattered packs, close to our ears sounded the gleeful purr of another greeting, more cordial if less disinterested, from the fairy surgeon of the bush, our old friend and enemy, Sir Muskity. We felt at home again and welcome. We had come up via Quebec to La Tuque where we outfitted, thence to Parent on the local, and from there to Escalana on the twice-a-week *avant-courier* of civilized life, technically known as the "mixed." Escalana may to-morrow be an adult village or an adolescent town; to-day it is a platform and an Indian trading store, on the newest section of the National Transcontinental Railway just 284 miles northwest of Quebec City and 290 miles east of Cochrane. Neither my guide, Paul Mercier—and one would have to go far to find a more congenial camp-mate or a better man in the bush—nor myself had been over any of the country that lay to the north of us, but with a compass and the very accurate though small-scale maps issued by the *Commission du Regime des Eaux Courantes de Quebec* the route was easy to follow. The first ninety-five or hundred miles of it lay through the cluster of big lakes that form the headwaters of the St. Maurice River near the Hudson Bay divide at an altitude of about 1,300 feet above sea level; the last sixty-five miles carried us down the river proper through alternating dead-water and very fast current or rapids.

The country is par excellence a cruising one. Portages few and far between, and rarely over a quarter mile in length; day-long stretches of unbroken paddling over lakes varying from

about five to twenty miles long by two to five miles wide; swift currents calling for only a little care in the eddies; numerous deep rapids many of which can be run—what more could be wished for?

Much of the country is low, but from almost

the flanks of the cloud-flecked sky. We were north of the red and white pine belt, but the territory we cruised through is heavily garmented from the topmost ridges down to the water edge in canoe birch and aspen and spruce and Banksian pine, with here and there a clump

of tamarack, and farther down the river balsam fir and maple. Mile after mile of unending virgin forest, untouched as yet by the lumberman's axe and saw. The wounds of a fire that ravaged the region half a century ago have now quite healed, and only now and then at long intervals a bit of recent brule breaks in upon the symphony in green. If we may judge from our short two week's reconnaissance, game is not very abundant. There are probably no deer or caribou, and we saw only one moose. Moose are reported in great numbers in the La Tuque district, a hundred and fifty miles farther down the river. Only once too did we hear a drummer—whether a spruce or ruffed grouse we could not tell. Of feathered fauna we identified some thirty or thirty-five species, probably all nesting. The more common were the herring gull, black-duck, one of the mergansers, spotted sand-piper, great horned owl, northern flicker, yellow-bellied sapsucker, nighthawk, olive-sided and least fly-catchers, Canada jay, northern raven, white-throated and song sparrows, red-eyed vireo, tree swallow, yellow, myrtle and black-throated green warblers, water-thrush, redstart, winter wren, olive-backed and hermit thrushes. Loons and great blue

herons were uncommon, and the Nashville warbler I heard only once.

We were out for the cruising rather than for the fishing, but the little trolling we did netted us plenty of pike and once a dore. We played most of the rapids, but without a strike. Trout



The Tumbling, Roaring Rapids of the Picturesque St. Maurice.

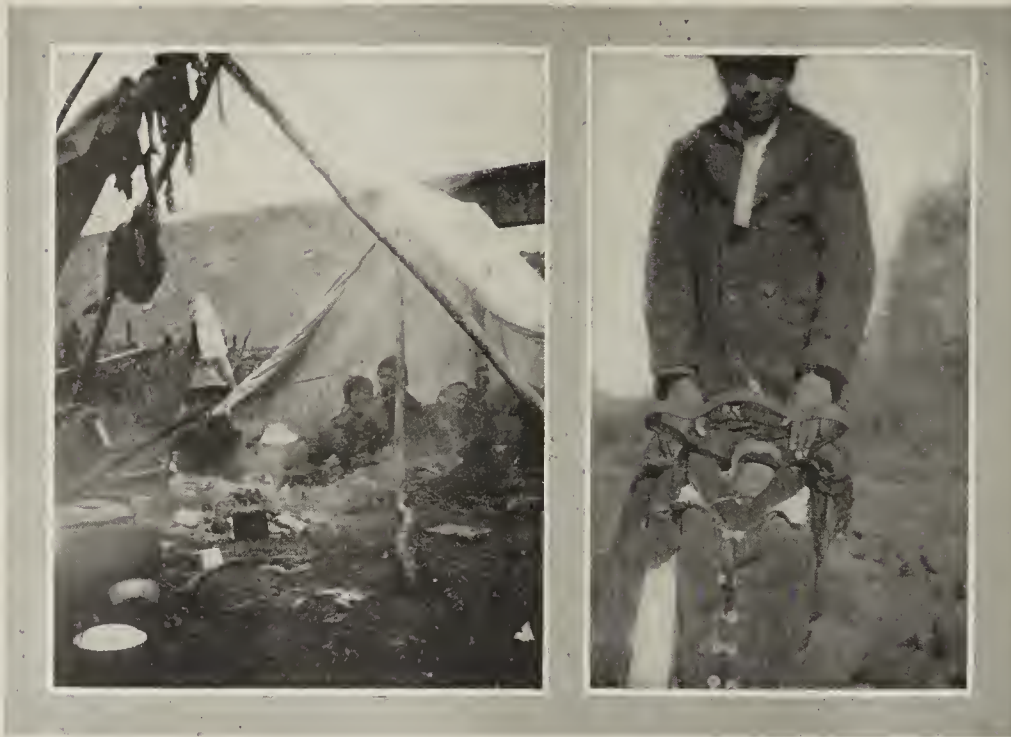
any point you can see in the distance the amethyst-veiled hills, while often their massive Laurentian slopes, carpeted with delicate emerald and studded with deep olive patches of spruce and pine, heave up sheer from the sepia water-depths three to six hundred feet against

are, however, probably to be found in some of the lakes and streams off the larger waters. For the benefit of those who have any morbid interest in the painful subject of man-eating insects, we may say that the beasts were not as bad as we had expected nor as vicious as we had met on most other Canadian cruises, but withal were discreetly plentiful. One sleepy morning we counted a rough thousand mosquitoes silhouetted on our net against a dripping leaden sky—but this was happily exceptional. The St. Maurice open season for mosquitoes and black flies does not end, I was told, until September. With the exception of the two Hudson Bay Company Posts, one at Lake Obidjuan and the other now abandoned at Lake Kikendatch, there are no clearings throughout the country. It is uninhabited except by the nomadic Tetes de Boule Indians, an Algonquin tribe closely related to the Montagnais and Ojibwa. We met them at various points, and in numbers at Obidjuan Post, whither they had come to trade their furs for flour, pork, sugar, tea, tobacco, clothing, etc. In the late summer or early fall they will scatter again to their trapping grounds.

Although dressed as the white man and using the white man's artifices—one of them was smoking a calabash!—they live almost the same life their fathers lived in pre-Champlain days. The band we met do not, with rare exceptions, speak any tongue but their own, although they can read and write. They have no farms or cattle, not even the familiar potato patch, and until the last year or two had no shelter but their tents. Recently they have acquired a small reservation fronting on Lake Obidjuan and a few have put up substantial log shacks. Soon too a mission chapel now being built by Brother Lepointe of the Oblates will crown the little bluff on which the village is perched. At the time of our visit, the missionary, Father Guinard, was away looking after the spiritual needs of some of his flock at Lake Waswanipi about 150 miles by canoe to the northwest.

These natives appeared to be a kindly and good-natured people. They are said to be lazy—but would the most strenuous among us be over-enthusiastic about paddling and portaging twenty-foot canvas canoes forty-five miles in a day, as we saw the Tetes de Boule doing and as they are wont to do often? Their nomadic winter life is a hard one, and many of the weaker succumb. The white plague too takes a heavy toll; one victim, a young girl, died while we were at Obidjuan camp. Day and night until her burial, some of her people watched by the side of the shrouded body, singing unceasingly their death hymns, now in a low murmur scarcely audible at the door of the cabin and again at eventide in a fuller chant that could be heard throughout the village.

At one of our camping sites, one evidently much frequented by the Indians, we found not hidden but in the open a platform about five feet high, made of four uprights and some cross-sticks, and on it were snowshoes and woolen clothing loosely covered with a strip of bark and lashed with a light thong. These valued possessions had been cached in the spring; their owners would not return for them until



Scenes of Local Family Life Along the New Transcontinental.

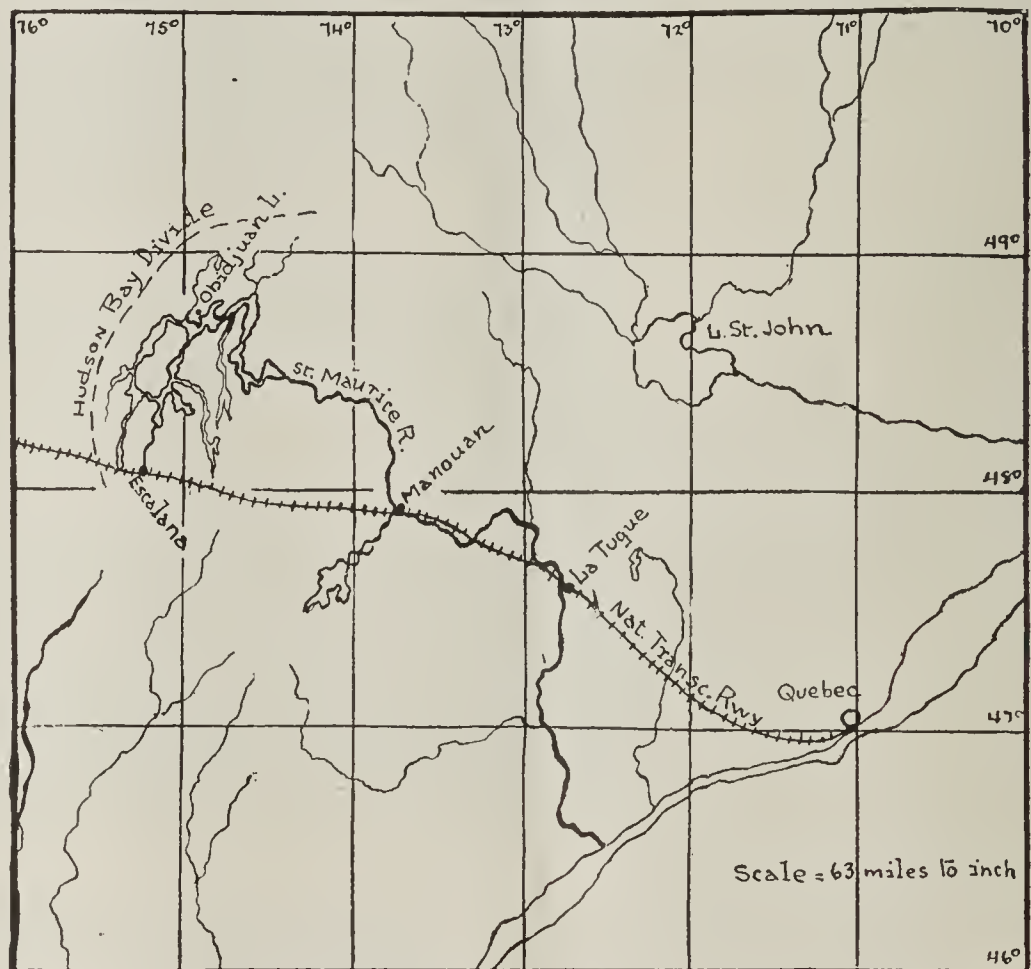
the fall; perhaps a hundred Indians would camp there meanwhile, but the cache is as safe as if it were in a bank vault. Such is the common custom among the hunting tribes. Diogenes would not need his lamp at Obidjuan, and perhaps we who have progressed much since the days of good King Alfred when our ancestors could safely hang their gold Walthams on highway cherry trees might have something yet to learn from these backward children of the northern woods.

The Indians' dogs are unfortunately as pugnacious and thievish as their liege lords are peaceable and honest. Gaunt and hungry-eyed

they sit on their haunches in a circle around you at mealtime, envying you every mouthful of your mouldy bread and greasy bacon, and hoping with a patience worthy of a better cause that in a moment of distraction you may relax your vigilant guard over the spread-out eatables. One unprincipled scoundrel actually purloined under cover of darkness our pails and frying pan. But if they are adepts at watchful waiting, they are not too proud to fight. A slight unpleasantness or an old grudge in the canine colony comes to a head on the average about once every two hours, night time not excepted. The air is rent with a din of yelps and barks, small dogs and big dogs scurry to the scene from four points of the compass, and there ensues a general melee—only to be ended ignominiously by a skilfully aimed stick or stone from one of the tents.

One of the dogs, a little fox-like black fellow, took quite a fancy to us—or was it to our grub-pack? By starlight he kept guard over his new-found friends and curled up in the warm ashes of their fireplace. Mild-mannered, courteous and unobtrusive, thankful but never fawning, he was one of nature's Chesterfields—albeit patently not of aristocratic lineage. As at last our hour for parting came, his low tremulous whines told of his sorrow, and as we got well down the lake he was still on the shore looking wistfully at his vanishing friends—and their bulging brown grub-pack.

Much of this cruising paradise is destined soon



Map indicating route—Within a hundred miles of this spot more canoeing rivers have their source than on any other portion of the continent—They include the St. Maurice, the Ottawa, the Gatineau, the Lievre, the Mistassini, not counting others over the Height of Land, flowing to Hudson's Bay.



Indian Boys at Obidjuan.



An Indian of a Different Tribe.



Indian Lads of the Tete Boule Nation.

to disappear beneath the water. At La Loutre rapids the government is building a great dam to harness the "white coal" that runs the mills on the lower St. Maurice. By 1918 where now are clustered lakes linked by silver rapids will be an inland sea with unnumbered crooked arms. The clean-wooded lake and river shores will be fringed with unsightly deadwood, and the rapids will be no more.

The N. T. R. has given; the N. T. R. has taken away; blessed be the N. T. R. that has opened up some thousand other cruising paradises.

DATA FOR HEADWATERS OF ST. MAURICE RIVER, QUEBEC.

The following data, made up of notes taken during the trip, may be of assistance to sportsmen who contemplate making a similar journey:

Guides: Very difficult to procure at La Tuque, the nearest town of any size—3,000-4,000 inhabitants—few if any of residents have been over ground, nor had my guide, Paul Mercier of La Tuque. Perhaps Mr. Alphide Tremblay, of La Tuque, or Midlige and Edwardson, of Escalana, would furnish guides and canoes if applied to in advance.

Canoes: Found none for rent in La Tuque and only one for sale.

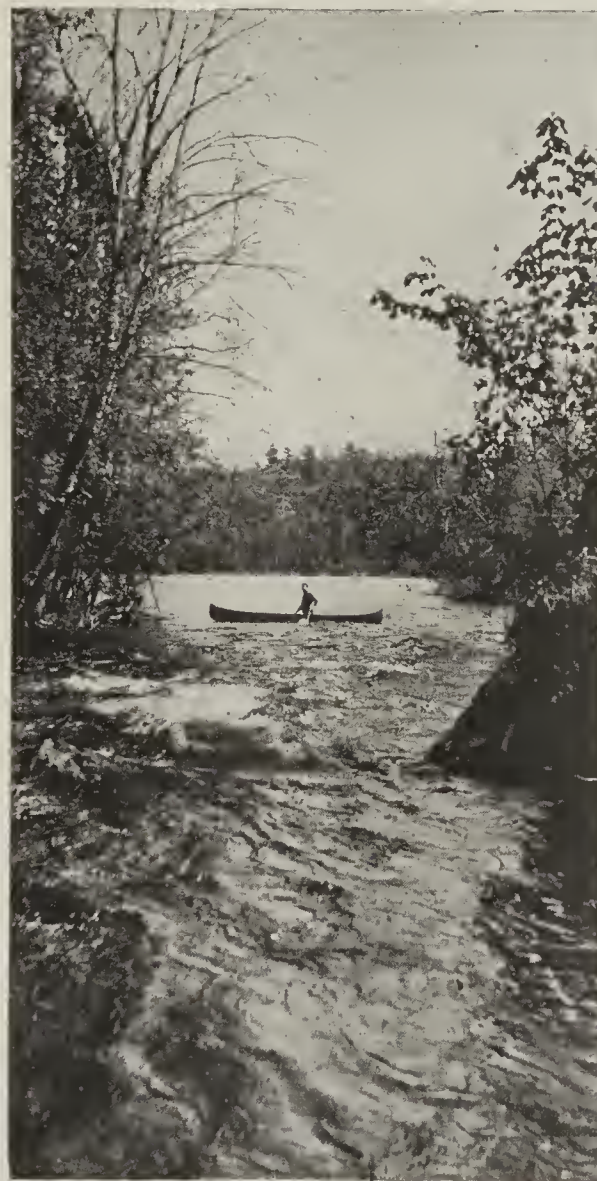
Provisions, etc.: Easily obtainable in La Tuque, and there are small stores at Escalana and Manouan; but tents, dunnage, bags and blankets had better be brought along.

Maps: The only available ones are those gotten up by the *Commission du Regime des Eaux Courantes de Quebec* in connection with the La Loutre dam project. On small scale, but very accurate and show distances, portages, rapids, elevations; with compass can be easily followed.

Railroad: Take National Transcontinental (consult "Canadian Gov't Rys." folder) via Quebec or Cochrane to Escalana (called "Oscalanea" by Ry. time-table). Start can be made instead at Manouan, but that would mean upstream paddling. Through train Quebec to Cochrane has been running since middle June; Quebec to Escalana in 12¾ hours; 3 days a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Canoe route: Describes a rough semi-circle north of steel, beginning at Escalana and ending at Manouan; total distance 165 miles. Numberless side trips could be taken. First 100 miles through following lakes, varying from 5 to 20 miles long and on an average 2 to 4

miles wide, all at nearly the same elevation above sea level, namely about 1,300 feet, and connected by short bits of stream or rapid, with portages never over a quarter mile: Escalana, Grand Lac du Sud, Lac du Nord, Obidjuan, Onigamis, Aux Sables, Traverse or Asewawasenon, Cou-



The Long Summer Days in Northern Canada.

tidiwasten; short cut if desired from Onigamis to Traverse via Lac a la Perchaude. Last 65 miles down St. Maurice River proper; as far as La Loutre dam, no rapids, mostly dead water or slight current; below dam are following

rapids, none safe to run: La Loutre, portage R; Cypres, Bouleau, La Montagne, portages L; Petit Rocher, Wendigo, portages R; Chaudiere, portage L; Chaudiere portage about half mile, others average about quarter mile; watch bad draw above some of rapids, especially Chaudiere; about halfway between Chaudiere and Manouan is Nine-mile Rapid—can be easily run—and several miles of swift current, not dangerous if you watch the eddies well.

Topography: Country is well east of the clay belt. Rolling ground; hills never over 500-600 feet high.

Trees: Heavily wooded throughout, chiefly with canoe birch, aspen, Banksian or Jack pine, spruce; no red or white pine; a few tamarack, and down river some balsam fir and maple. Much of country badly burnt about fifty years ago; very little recent brule. Timber has never been cut at all along route, but some pulpwood has been taken from eastern section back in country.

Fish: No strikes in any of rapids we tried. Trolling: pike and dore; former abundant; wire leader for troll advisable. Trout to be found perhaps in some of smaller waters off main route, as is case around La Tuque.

Game: Caribou and deer: none apparently. Moose: only one seen, and tracks seen only once or twice: Grouse: only one drummer heard, that on river. Moose reported by best and disinterested authorities to be abundant around La Tuque and Vermilion River.

Mosquitoes and black flies: Not so bad on lakes; quite bad at some points on river; active from May to September.

Inhabitants: None but Indians of Tetes de Boule tribe—related closely to Montagnais and eastern Ojibwa—chiefly at Obidjuan Lake where there is a newly-acquired reservation and a Hudson Bay Co. post, factor Mr. Chas. Mackenzie. The Obidjuan Tetes de Boule do not, with rare exceptions, speak French or English at all.

La Loutre dam: About 45 miles up river from Manouan, and a little above La Loutre rapids; when finished will raise water level 37 feet at dam site, and will drown shores and low country as far back as Escalana Lake; an enormous project, to be finished in 1918; construction company, superintendent, Mr. J. J. McCarthy, runs steamer and launches from Manouan to Chaudiere and railway from Chaudiere to La Loutre, and has telephone from Manouan to La Loutre.



[Drawing for Forest and Stream by C. H. Lockwood]

The Moose Had Emerged from the Heavy Timbers Between Us and the Lake.

PARDNER JACK'S SOFT SPOT

SENTIMENT MIXED WITH GOOD, COMMON
SENSE PRESERVED THE LORDLY MOOSE

By Charles H. Lockwood.

WE were located in northeastern Cook county, Minnesota, about ten miles back from the shore of the great Gitchee Gumee. One day in November we packed our cruising outfits preparatory to a hike back into the wilder regions, where the sounds and smells of camp life had not disturbed the wild animals and where we could see Nature at her best.

Let me add that at the time of our visit to this lake it was little known on geographical papers, much less had it ever been honored by a name; yet it was certainly a most beautiful body of cold, clear water where later we found excellent fishing and game about its shores in abundance. But the first thing that attracted our attention as we looked out over the waters were the numerous little islands nestled here and there through the lake. Thus, in the absence of a better name, we called it Island Lake.

We were looking for a place where we could get in touch with the things of Nature in their original state, and here we found it, evidently just as God had made it, without much touching up. Moose tracks were visible everywhere and around the shore line a deep runway showed the marks of years of travel by moose and deer and other wild animals.

Early morning found us back among the higher hills some distance from the lake shore. From a rocky hill top we sighted our first moose. He was wending his way down to water and in the dimness of early morn he looked no larger than a black speck. The dot continued to grow in size, as it drew near, until Pardner's far-seeing eyes pronounced it a bull. The moose had emerged from the heavy timber between us and the lake and would no doubt return there after his drink. We were at a distance of a possible six hundred yards and after a whispered conversation we decided (the wind being in our favor) to approach nearer.

Our objective point of observation was another hilltop some three hundred yards closer. Imagine our surprise on reaching this place to see the moose standing on a high shelf of rock with the big pines looming up directly behind him. Whether he had become suspicious or not was problematical, but we conjectured a few steps might easily take him out of sight.

"It's now or never," I whispered to Pardner (who, by the way, carried our only big game rifle, leaving to me the small-calibered game-getter). "It's now or never," I reiterated as we peered out through the bushes. As I looked I

turned my eyes for an instant on Pardner's face. Was it imagination that I caught a fleeting glimpse of a peculiar soft look in his eye?

His next action belied the thought, however, for lying low, he took a deliberate aim. The rifle spurted its flame and ball, but I was surprised to note that the big moose stood as motionless as before. Neither the sound of the rifle or the closeness of a speeding bullet seemed to disturb him.

Again Pardner repeated this performance and again the same results. I was now puzzled considerably for I knew Pardner was an exceptionally good shot, and while the distance was considerable yet the target certainly was a large one.

The third shot brought better results; the huge bull wheeled and I caught a distinct view of a large set of antlers. Like hounds we took up the trail. There was no blood in sight but the footprints were of such size, the depth of the impressions so great that we had little difficulty in following the trail.

After reaching the thicker woods the bull soon slowed down to a walk and we felt that he little suspected the presence of man. Perhaps in all his life he had never had any dealing with the two-legged bipeds and their shot-slinging smoke poles.

Down into the soft, oozy depths of a spruce forest he led us, where yielding, spongy moss more completely silenced our foot falls. Here we crossed a tiny stream that seeped away through underlayers of decaying mosses. Here also a pungent odor of cedars and withering leaves was noticeable; then up a steep hillslope among the birches intermingled with thickets of balsam and pine. Now the tracks began to wander and we surmised he was looking for a place to lie down. The wind continued to be in our favor and we crept forward with the utmost stealth.

Finally, just as we were passing through an exceptionally thick tangle we again started Mr. Moose and this time there was no mistaking his fright. He had caught his first smell of man, but one sniff was enough. We were within plain sight of him as he leaped from his bed and went crashing at full speed down hill.

As he wheeled I caught a view of his antlers and in that same instant I heard the report of Pardner's rifle.

The big bull had adroitly sprung behind some green balsams, barring further shooting. As he crashed away I could distinctly hear the tattoo of his antlers on the bushes. Each moment I expected to hear a dull thud, as of a heavy body falling to earth; but in this I was disappointed. The sounds faded away and I turned to where Pardner Jack stood leaning upon his rifle. Searching that mask-like face I thought I again noticed a soft expression in his usually cold gray eyes; but as we silently searched for blood signs I could not bring myself to utter words of criticism.

"Missed him clean" was Pardner's only comment after a short search, but to me his simple words, or way of saying them, seemed to carry a world of meaning, more like a clarion note of triumph than the thought of regret.

The following day I stood upon the same spot alone. There, on a big limb, some thirty feet from the ground I finally discovered the tell-tale marks of a bullet. I also learned that the moose had been first started, by our third shot, from a flying splinter off a nearby log.

Yes! We had killed many deer together, Pardner Jack and I, but as Pardner afterwards explained, "There was no use killing a huge moose and leaving the greater part of his meat to rot in the woods."



OCTOBER THE REAL BLACK BASS MONTH

WHEN THE HEAT LEAVES THE WATER THE BASS
RESUMES HIS FIGHTING STRENGTH AND WAYS

By Black Bass.

OCTOBER is the black bass month. At no time since the opening of the season have their appetites been so keen as now, and at no time have they been so lively and in a condition to show so much fight. The doubters of the gameness of the small mouth bass have only to catch one during this month and their whole opinion is changed, and they will admit that after all Dr. Henshall was right. "Ounce for ounce and pound for pound, the black bass is the gamest fish that swims."

There are two primary things that tend to make the fishing better now than it has been all summer. The cool waters invigorate them for one thing, the same as it does human beings upon the land, but the chief reason is that they must fatten up for the winter's hibernation, during which time they do very little feeding. Just as a bear will hunt about in the fall and eat more than it requires for actual food, so that there may be a layer or two of fat to sustain life during the bleak winter, do bass gorge themselves in the latter part of the summer.

As October advances and the frost is felt the minnows are driven away from the very shallow water along shore and seek refuge and food among the weeds, occasionally venturing into even deeper water, but as a rule keeping well within the weeds.

The crawfish feel the frost and begin to burrow into the mud and sand for the winter, and are soon gone, except the largest and hardest fellows whose shells are much too hard for any but the very largest of bass to swallow.

Frogs have all grown too large or else have gone into the mud the same as the crawfish.

These circumstances render the conditions perfect for the bait caster, and very nearly perfect for the still-fisherman and troller as well. The bass must have food and plenty of it and will take most anything providing it is served in a natural way.

For night fishing at this season the frog has proved to be the bait par-excellence, and if it be a dark night sometimes they will take every cast.

be it a whole frog or just the leg of one, but so frantic are the fish that, as a rule, no more than one out of every ten will be brought to boat. They will rise to the bait, sometimes even before the bait touches the water, give it a yank, which pulls the frog from the hook, and be gone before the fisherman has a chance to strike or figure out just what to do next.

Such nights do not generally occur except in late October when there is a low-hung mist and the fish do not seem to be able to distinguish between it and the water. When they do occur the fisherman has a chance that he may never see again, and should he be rigged right and have the right bait he might consider himself decidedly fortunate.

A short, heavy rod is the thing needed, one about four and a half feet in length and weighing from five to eight ounces, preferably of solid wood. Theory does not enter into the question here, and long slender rods, which theoretically give the fish a chance will, in actual practice, be absolutely fishless. One must have a rod with backbone enough to lift the fish bodily out of the water if necessary. This may sound brutal and unsportsmanlike, but when one has been through such a night the need of a practical rod is realized, greatly to the detriment of the slender bamboo. It is well to give the fish a chance, but foolish to give it all to them, one is fishing for fish and not for sentiment.

A quadruple multiplying reel is necessary; one of wide, low barrel and the very best that one can afford. A large amount of satisfaction is derived from a fine, easy-running reel, and above all, a reel that can absolutely be depended upon, for one has no time nor opportunity to stop and fool with a reel that will not do its work well in these dark hours.

Use a braided silk line fifty yards in length and tested to at least twelve pounds, although a heavier test will do a little better work, even though it only inspires the fisherman with more confidence in his tackle. It should be strong enough to allow of a rather heavy strike, a strike

that will effectually hook a big small mouth bass in its frantic leap and keep it hooked during the continuation of such frantic leaps until it is brought to boat.

On a night like this great care should be taken in approaching the shore for any purpose. Cast into the expected landing place at least a half dozen times before rowing in. Even then one is apt to hear a big bass dash out as the boat approaches the shallow water.

On moonlight nights the wooden surface bait will do almost as good work as the frog. But care must be taken that a shadow does not fall on the spot to be fished, a shadow cast by the moon will frighten the fish before the bait reaches them. The shadow of the boat will not bother them particularly, but waving arms will.

Incidentally cast along the shores where possible rather than into and away from them, by so doing ten times more bass ground can be covered than by the latter method.

In day casting most any bait can be used with success, some of them, of course, more successfully than others.

There is a bait made in imitation of crawfish that will prove highly successful at this time of year, chiefly because the soft shelled crawfish have entirely disappeared and the others are fast following suit, the fishes' hunger for them being in consequence rather more keen than at other times. The scarcer any standard food is at this time the more successful an imitation of it is apt to be.

However, during these crisp days all the



As the Indian Summer Days With Their Golden Glamor Come Again, the Black Bass Deserts the Shallows for Deeper Water.



Does This Look as Though the Bass Season Was Over?

baits will prove their worth at one time or another, under water and top water plugs, minnows, frogs and even heavy spoons will all get fish.

Try all kinds and depths of water. The fish are ranging widely and are apt to be any place, sometimes a number being taken in places where none have been all summer long. But as a rule the old favorite haunts are the best, at the base of deeply set stumps, particularly where there are roots under water, in which places the bass hide in wait for unsuspectingly passing minnows and other small fry of all descriptions, and under overhanging ledges out of the bright rays of the sun. These are the spots the big small mouth bass generally occupy.

If they are not there then find a muddy end of the lake where the pickerel weeds grow tall and extend far out into the water.

Very likely the bass have chased schools of small fish up into these places, or if not, then one can be almost sure of a large mouth bass or two, and in the cool waters the large mouth will put up a grand fight, particularly if it be a four pounder, which is very apt to be the case at this season.

There is a profitable way of taking bass at this time that may be used by the non-casters and by those who do not care to pull a heavy boat around all day trolling.

The fish particularly dote on a small yellow frog if it be found by them in the deep water, and if it can be served to them in the proper way very likely a good catch of fish will result.

On a slightly windy day (common enough in October) it is often possible to drift with hardly a stroke of the oars the whole length of the shore, or mayhap directly across the lake trailing a frog deep down in the water. A sinker is needed which should be attached to the line about three feet above the hook.

If the frog be very small, one of the smallest sized keel sinkers will be heavy enough. If it be large, lead should be used in proportion so that it will float at a good depth, well down on the bottom, no matter what the speed of the boat or how deep the water.

A bait casting rod, or at least a short, rather stiff one, is the best to use, for the frog being at quite a depth it places decided strain on the rod, necessitating a heavy strike when the fish takes hold.

Use a leader at least three feet long and a sproat hook of a size commensurate with the size and strength of the frog. Do not weight the frog down with a great hook so that it will

be unable to move. The more the frog kicks the more likely will it look to the fish.

It is sometimes well to select the entrance to some cove and drift directly across it from point to point, the fish going in and coming out of it can be picked up very handily at times.

Wherever a high cliff is encountered on shore let the boat drift in silently and get the frog well down at the base and close in to it. These cliffs are the haunts of the big fellows, the ones that never seem to be hungry except in the cool fall days, but now they will consider a small yellow frog a great luxury and pick it up readily enough.

Crawfish can be used in the same way at this season, but they really seem to do better in the deep weeds rather than along the rocky shores. Incidentally a great many of the weeds will be picked up on the hook, but this can not be helped, the bad must be taken with the good and if the fish be there one must get the bait there also, weeds or no weeds.

Sometimes while casting this method of drifting with a frog may be employed, thus killing two birds with one stone, as it were. The frog line may be let out directly over the stern of the boat, the rod resting across the seats with the tip well down and out of harms way. Quite often a bass that refused to take the casting bait will be picked up by the trailer. The casting bait does not cover the deep water near and under the boat, but starts up at a decided angle when still quite a distance away and is on or near the surface for the last ten feet of its journey, and it may be that right down in this deep water under the boat there are several fish that refuse to rise to the surface.

In that case they will almost invariably take the frog, which comes along after the boat has passed.



CHAMPION LADY ANGLER

MRS. BRIMLEY'S UNUSUAL
CATCH AT NEW RIVER INLET

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your "Records of Women Experts," on page 1155 of the September issue, you have overlooked a 33-pound channel bass caught by Mrs. H. H. Brimley in 1914 and recorded and pictured in *Forest and Stream* for August 29, 1914.

Our club boasts of several women hunters and *fishermen*, and I am enclosing photo of a large sting ray caught by Mrs. Brimley at New River Inlet on August 23. This fish measured forty inches across, forty inches long in the body, with a total length of six feet. It pulled my sixty-pound scales down flat with about a third of the weight still on the porch floor. Some onlookers called it a hundred-pound fish, but



The Lady and the Tiger—Revised Version

we finally compromised on eighty pounds, though I believe it was heavier than that. It was caught on a fifteen-thread "Original Cuttyhunk" line, six-foot hickory surf tip and 27-inch hickory spring butt.

When finally beached in the "suds," it required two of us to gaff the fish, its tail and dangerous sting making caution a requisite in the work. The "sting" when cleaned and dried measures exactly six inches, a dangerous weapon.

H. H. BRIMLEY.

WHO HAS A MAN-EATING SHARK FOR SALE?

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The Sept. animal I would say was a Sea Cow. J. F. KEPLER, Librarian, Chicago Athletic Association, Chicago Ill.

P. S. Could you tell me where I could buy a man-eating shark, alive or mounted?



An English Expert Making a Long Cast on a Scotch Salmon River—Note the Absence of Drift and Brush.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH ANGLING COMPARED

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS ENJOY GOOD SPORT,
BUT UNDER WIDELY DIFFERENT CONDITIONS

By Louis Rhead.

IN the following remarks it is not my intention to praise one method above another but to show what may be learned in a casual visit and what an American angler can do on a British stream. Unfortunately business prevented the writer from fishing till the tag end of the trout season in September, but then, the grayling season was just in its prime. So I chose the midland county of Derbyshire for the rivers Wye, Derwent, and the Dove—undoubtedly the three best grayling and trout streams in England. There is ample reason why the cheeks of England's children are rosy, verdant fields ever green, for the rain—"it raineth every day," not showers, but steady down-pours day after day, making the rivers always full, if not in flood, so that, during my short two weeks' sport I learned the art (new to me) of bait fishing with gentles or maggots.

The gentle is a live bait unknown here, or if known, rarely, if ever used, and the main purpose of this article is to introduce it, if possible, to take the place of the common garden worm so universal and popular in our mountain brook trout fishing. The name gentle is preferable to maggot, and as a bait, should be called gentle. In its larval or "creeper" state the gentle grows from the egg of the large bluebottle fly and when mature (especially if well fed) attains to three-quarters of an inch in length and one-eighth of an inch thick at the head. At all stages of growth it is perfectly white and if properly hooked, will wriggle and kick continuously both in and out of the water, and better still, permits of a considerable amount of casting without being flicked off the hook. No matter whether we fish on the surface, or with split shot at the bottom, two or three gentles on the hook shows a savory and lively tit bit which no trout or grayling will ever be able to resist successfully.

The case in which gentles may be procured is a decided advantage over worms. They are perfectly clean and dry, and the breeding of them is simplicity itself. The largest and best are fed upon raw beef or liver, either of which should be placed in a small box of sawdust in the open air, if the temperature is warm enough for the parent bluebottle to blow its eggs. The young creeper soon appears, very small at first, but in a short time, by continual feeding, grows big enough for use. Care should be taken to keep the sawdust and food dry so that no unpleasant odors are present, and the handling of the gentles more agreeable. We now select from the breeding-box a goodly supply and place them along with plenty of sawdust in a round tin can, the cover of which should be perforated for fresh air, then with our tackle we start off for the river, which, if we find flooded, it will be best to fish in quiet eddies at the bottom away from swift-running water—in fact, precisely as we fish with a worm. In previous articles I have described in detail the art of worm-fishing for trout, and in gentle-fishing no deviation from that method is necessary. All species of fish swallow worms immediately, so they do a gentle, for that reason, strike the fish at once it bites.

I shall now briefly describe the British angler, his tackle and his streams. As with us, the great majority (in words) scorn live-bait fishing, but strangely enough how oft we find these scoffers well supplied with gentles, as they innocently remark, "in case fish fail to rise to the fly." Most British anglers wield a longer and heavier trout rod than we do, for what reason I am unable to explain, as their fish are no bigger, nor are their streams. They rarely wade, but fish from the banks, ten, sometimes fifteen, feet back from the water, more necessary with them than with us because their fish are more shy. Neverthe-

less, the custom is excellent, when possible, either in quiet or rushing water. Where the British are in advance of America, is in the use of small, fine flies and more delicate leaders. Though I neither saw nor heard of any remarkable catches, the streams I fished were well stocked, and both trout and grayling seemed to be feeding at the surface almost all the time. Yet I confess I made no great havoc among them, any more than did the resident anglers, a thing which could hardly be expected from one inexperienced with every feature of the weather, fish and water. On my own stream I am, by long practice, familiar with every lurking place on the river, no matter how often trout have been taken therefrom. The best fishing of the river Wye runs down from Chatsworth to Haddon Hall and at Rowsley joins with the Derwent, where, thus enlarged, it continues on to Matlock and beyond about ten miles with considerable flow of water, what we should term a little river or large brook. Various clubs and private persons rent or own stretches of water from three to eight miles in extent, and the members' dues are from twenty to a hundred dollars per year and made up mostly of local residents of the middle class. A few hotels sell day tickets to guests for a dollar and some of the clubs issue a limited supply of day and weekly tickets at the same price or more.

Here lies the difference between British and American fishing; there is practically little or no free fishing in England. All waters are controlled by private persons or clubs, so the stranger is made to pay according to what he desires. If poor, the angler can get a twelve cent day-ticket to fish the plebian canal for common roach, perch and other coarse fish. We are gauged by our social standing and the cash we are willing to expend in our aspiration for sport while in England, unless, indeed, we have friends or introduc-



The American Angler Loves to Get Out Into the Water—Note the Natural Brushy Condition of the Stream.

tory letters, both of which I was fortunate to secure. In the rivers before mentioned each club or person employs a water bailiff, whose chief duties are watching for poachers, and a general caretaker of the water, as a side issue he also ties flies and, generally speaking, is an expert angler. The river Dove and manifold round about Dovedale is kept under similar conditions, except that it is more difficult and more expensive to get fishing, but the fishing is better. All these rivers are small, but deep, and they run through highly cultivated or grazing lands of which the farmers have nothing to do with anglers, being simply tenants of the nobility and gentry who lease the waters for fishing purposes separate to, and distinct from, farming or shooting rights. The English system, as now perfected, works all right. The poor angler never dreams of salmon, trout or grayling, having ages ago concluded that to aspire above angling for the common fishes, it is only necessary for him to work hard and earn money. In other words fishing in England is a regular class distinction, well understood by all ranks to be entirely under the control of a bank account. It is different with us, the "State" is our landlord, who provides the fish, giving the right to catch them both alike, rich or poor, each and all are equal on a State stocked stream. It would take centuries to get English conditions here in running order, like what prevails there, were it desirable, and I think it is not. It is thus that American anglers as a whole are free and equal, able to choose and do whatsoever they please, without the influence of caste.

Yet, with all this freedom in fishing, our Eastern or Western trout streams are equally good, if not better than the best in England. I think our fish are more or less quite as numerous, more gamey and certainly furnish better sport. I know stretches of water on the various rivers of the Pennsylvania mountains, Catskills, Adirondacks and Maine, that I much prefer in every respect to these English rivers; as, for instance, the Broadhead, Beaver Kill and Esopus, which average 150 feet wide, yet wadable, with plenty of big fish so wild and gamey as to tax the utmost skill of any expert. Though we have not the grayling, that furnishes winter fishing, we have a better fish in the bass which is absent from

British streams and lakes. Their winter fishing much depends upon the weather, while running streams rarely freeze; during this winter from October to January all rivers were in continuous flood by incessant rains; I was told it was little better during the summer. With us climatic conditions are much more favorable, at least, judging from the last twenty-five years. I have never known a single time when my trout fishing was stopped by flood for more than a few days.

Returning now to tackle and live bait methods I took along that useful tool, an American steel rod, which was a comfort in the pouring rain, and afterwards acquired an English solid wood rod made by Cummins, of Bishop Auckland, since discarded for a good American split bamboo. It is eleven feet long, two feet longer than what I have hitherto used, but so well balanced and powerful that after a few casts I had an inward thought no English trout would be big enough for me to fear. I met one angler with a fifteen foot rod which seems absurd on such small streams that average not more than thirty feet wide. The grayling gut cast is very long and fine, and the flies exceeding small with two on a cast, though some use more, others use only one fly. In fishing the bottom with gentles, a nine, or even twelve foot gut is used, to which is fastened a couple of small or single large shot to take the bait to the bottom, it is then lifted from time to time a few feet in the water. The single hook is No. 8 but must have the point very sharp. In our streams where big trout congregate at the bottom of deep pools, or where bass lie in deep sluggish water, this rig, with three wriggling gentles, I should think would prove just as deadly or more so than either minnows or worms, at any season. White, and lively in action, they do attract fish from a considerable distance much better than worms.

In England, the gentle as a live bait, is sold largely for numerous coarse fish, roach, perch, chub, and others. Dealers supply and send them by mail in tin cans, and one of the many advantages they have is, if properly fed, they will keep in perfect condition as long as they stay in the "creeper" state, whereas the garden worm soon withers and dies unless kept cool in moss.

It is in their salmon fishing that the British

Isles are more favored, and that is due to wise laws being well kept. Most of the rivers contain a fair sprinkling of this noble fish—though the best waters are rented at high prices, many good fish are reported to be taken every season. In all our rivers, salmon have been destroyed and driven away years ago by shad netting. All our Eastern rivers from the Potomac to the St. Lawrence swarmed with salmon when Manhattan was ruled by the Dutch—so present anglers pay the penalty for past greediness.

Nevertheless, in turning to salt water fishes and fishing we are immeasurably superior both as to quantity, quality and variety of fishes; indeed, so vast is the possibilities along the entire coast, East and West, that it seems impossible for any diminution of supply for centuries to come, even without legal restrictions. This is due mostly to favorable climatic conditions and the migratory habits of tropical fishes that prefer to spawn in temperate waters. We have all British salt water fishes (except the "sole") attaining a greater size, while they have no idea of the gaminess and abundance of our most valued food-fishes, like the bluefish, weakfish, tautog, sea bass, striped bass, channel bass, fluke and kingfish, etc., besides the giants of Southern seas.

These, and many more are the obvious reasons why they jealously guard what fishing is available in the British Isles. We can easily afford to be hospitably generous to foreign angling visitors in our waters, though I fear it would not be repaid, judging from my own, and others by whom I'm told have to pay dearly for sport of any worth. Another thing, this "hands across the seas" is all very well but there is an undercurrent of petty feeling, imaginary, and opinionative superiority of all that is British, and which oozes out in all their magazines and newspapers, as all Americans making a long stay will observe with smiling complacency, for, have we not got the fish and got the skill to catch 'em too? For those American anglers who take a trip to Europe, Norway is the best place for good fishing, at a reasonable cost. Ireland and Scotland are also good salmon, sea trout, and other fishing, but our methods, our flies and most of our implements will have to be discarded for theirs. I would never dream, however, from my own experience, of going to Europe on purpose of getting more sport than we can get in our own waters.



Two Handed Salmon Cast, American Tournament Style.

FOUR GREAT GAME FISH OF AMERICA

YOU MAY NOT AGREE WITH THE SELECTION
BUT HERE IS THE CHOICE OF A NOTED ANGLER

By Kit Clarke.

THE other day, or perhaps the other week, I was turning the small pages of a little book published more than 250 years ago and written by a London merchant named Walton. The book in my hand was one of the first edition of *The Compleat Angler*, published in 1653, and I handled it very tenderly. Turning the pages slowly I came upon a paragraph in which the author demonstrated that the great law-giver Moses, the friend of God, was an angler.

And I think the angler of to-day must be a friend of God, or how could he be an angler? In all the wide range of human endeavor, in the presence of the most forceful exhorter of any creed, no power exists that will so permeate the human soul with a reverence and love for our Creator as will the impressive solitude of the wilderness in which the angler pursues his delightful way.

A thousand times have I sat beside a rippling water-brook far from the haunts and contentions of men and felt every fibre of my system thrill with the unspeakable joy of God's kindly presence. The splendid, impressive solitude, the luxuriant foliage, the happy birds, the caroling stream at my feet filled my soul with soothing peace, the peace that passeth understanding.

Go to such places, my young friend, and you too, old friend, go there, and with a guileless fishing rod in your hand sit by the side of a rippling woodland brook and hold communion with your Creator. One such hour will make a better man of you, a better son, a better father, a better citizen, a better lover of your fellow-man and of your Creator.

And then, with a gladsome heart, steal gently down the stream and follow the ancient art, for it is an art, of angling. Indeed fishing for trout in a mountain brook is to-day a fine art in the highest degree, and the pretty trout in these waters are, in my estimation, the most beautiful of God's created living things. And the trout are as refined in their desires as are the human beings who seek them since they dwell in the rarest and sweetest surroundings.

Trout may possibly be taken with clumsy and offensive tackle but light, artistic and delicate tackle will always prove the most successful.

The archaic legend of the farmer lad steadily yanking out trout with a bean pole while the angler stood by with fine tackle and no fish don't operate any more and never had any basis of truth.

And the painted and hook-decorated chunks of wood which it is alleged black bass just adore will never receive the slightest attention from trout, since they have always enjoyed respectable food. I have seen these modern devices in stores made from a lump of wood vari-colored and freighted with numerous hooks that appear to me deadly beyond description, but have never made use of one and never will. I am glad to be told that only the grosser of the finny race become victims to the deadly device. To me they are on a par with gang-hooks, dynamite, spawn bait and set lines, and have no place in the gentle art of angling.

No rod weighing over five ounces has any place in trout fishing, while my four-ounce rod will land any fish I may hook in a brook. Upon the wall of my home hangs a handsomely pre-

served trout that weighed over nine pounds which I captured with a five-ounce rod. The day has gone by when taking fish depends upon heavy tackle, for now fish whose weights run into pounds, not ounces, are constantly being landed on lines of frail cotton sewing thread. It is such methods which make angling a true art—not a matter of brute force or strength—the knowledge of handling the rod, reel and line with skill, and not mere muscular power in man and tackle to jerk the "continental stuffing" out of a fish and land it over in the next county. The rising generation of anglers are becoming imbued with this fact and their pleasure will be monumental in following the art, and at the same time afford the fish equal terms of hostility. May the best sport win.

Whole acres of alleged information have been written with a view of instructing the novice in the art of angling and most of it has been wasted. Theories by the yard have been advanced to but little purpose. The right way, the only way to acquire a knowledge of angling is to sit quietly (be sure of that) upon the bank of a stream and intently watch a sportsman hook, play and land a trout. Follow this method a few times and more will be learned than from all that has ever been written upon the subject.

After a few experiences of this kind secure a light rod, reel and line and go into an open field and practice casting a line, and here, too, a few words from an experienced angler will be invaluable. It is really not difficult to acquire the art or knack of laying out the line accurately to the distance required in trout fishing, while long distance casting is merely display and will never catch fish. These long-distance casting tournaments have always appealed to me as buncombe—child's play, and silly in the extreme. When you have learned how to lay out a line, attach a leader and flies to the line and practice upon a sheet of water. A little labor of this kind will soon give confidence to the novice and the rest will be easy, for with confidence at command skill and success are a mere matter of experience.

It has been many years since I have taken trout by any method except with flies, for I do not like bait fishing in any form, and in recent years have used but these seven flies: Brown Hackle, Montreal, Cahill, Coachman, Black Gnat, Grizzly King and Professor, and if these will inveigle no trout no other flies will do so. I use the same flies for bass, with Caddis and Red Ibis, but of course in a larger size.

Don't wait until you grow old to follow this fine sport, but begin in early life, and the older you grow the more you will admire and enjoy it. The angling instinct blossoms early in the human being, as I can testify because of an incident that occurred close to myself. When my children were young our summers were passed in a cottage beside the pretty Ramapo River in New Jersey, and bass were often taken from the stream and are yet. In a deep hole in the river near my home I had located a fine bass and spent two hours of an afternoon in a vain effort to cajole a bite but the rascal was too wise and simply treated me with haughty contempt.

While at supper, my son, aged five years,

who had often watched me while fishing, took the baited rod and in a few moments rushed in with a triumphant smile upon his face and the bass hugged to his breast, exclaiming: "I got him, papa, but he tried awful to bite me." The bass weighed three pounds, and while I do not yet know how the boy managed to land him I can vouch for the fact that he has caught a great many since then.

A bass of that size can put up a peppery fight and even tax a man's efforts to land him, especially with a very light rod, as this was, and I have often wondered how the lad would have succeeded had the fish been a trout, for I consider the trout a better fighter than the bass—an opinion based upon much experience and a careful study of the methods of each when hooked with the same tackle.

I have never known an angler who was not a gentleman, an upright, honest, good man, and I remember, when I was in business in New York, an application for credit from a business man living in a small town in New Hampshire. Inquiry was made and the first reply was very conservative and added that the man was addicted to going fishing, indeed was a most enthusiastic angler, the best in the town. That settled it, and without hesitation his name went upon our books with the full credit limit asked.

The old friends of *Forest and Stream* will recall that momentous question, and regarding which no satisfactory conclusion has ever been reached; who struck Billy Patterson? It will be even more difficult to decide—which is the gamest fish?

The lover of the heroic brook trout will stand by the little speckled warrior until the last armed foe expires.

The angler who prefers the black bass will rise up and fight under the banner of the bronze-back slugger until the last enemy flees.

The follower of the stately salmon will take up the pen in behalf of this splendid fish and oceans of ink will flow to prove its monumental superiority.

Along will come the surf-bait-caster and demonstrate conclusively that the striped bass is actually and alone the monarch of the waters.

What are we going to do about it?

There is only one way out, and instead of giving all the credit to a single fish make it a quartette of equal power, call them the four great game fish, place all upon an even level, crown each with equal glory and never admit any other fish to the honored circle.

Possibly that ocean pirate, the blue fish, will crave admission. Let him crave until his gills turn yellow.

Doubtless the mascalonge, the tarpon, the tuna, the channel bass, the drums and others will knock at the door for a "place in the sun."

Into the soup with the entire bunch, and most of them will afford a corking fine chowder.

The diploma of honor belongs to the four game fish named, since all, among their other rare qualities, rise to the fly, and no fish that swims displays more skill, strategy, endurance or courage.

(*The Fish and Fishing Department, with Hints, Questions and Answers, will be found continued on page 1202.*)



CANOEING AND CAMPING



Where Wilderness Cruising Becomes Business—Did You Read the "Galluses of the Guide" Last Month? Observe Them Here—The Heavy City Sportsman in Front Trying to "Warm Up," is Not Very Comfortable, Nor Happy.

THE WILDERNESS CRUISING CONTEST

THE COMMODORE COMMENTS ON THE A. C. A. FOREST AND STREAM CONTEST AT SUGAR ISLAND

By A. F. Saunders, Commodore American Canoe Association.

THE consensus of opinion among the spectators of the Wilderness Cruising Contest for *Forest and Stream* Cup at Sugar Island this year was that this interesting event has proven itself to be not only the most entertaining feature of the regatta program but has become an institution of valuable education in outdoor life.

The difficulty experienced by the several judges to fairly determine the winners speaks well for the thorough manner in which the contestants did things.

Beginning with the outfits, it would be difficult indeed to imagine how a more compact or practical outfit for real cruising could be conceived than any one of those spread out for the inspection of the judges, when the hour for the start of the contest arrived. Jim-cracks or patent devices of any kind were conspicuous by their absence, each outfit consisting of practically the essential articles necessary for comfort and lightness. There was no question about awarding each man a complete score of points on this item.

Loading their canoes and getting under way was but a matter of minutes; arriving at the designated carry and camping grounds, the real fun began.

It was assumed that the time of arrival was late in the afternoon, the carry one mile long, and the weather fair.

Two of the contestants selected camp sites upon landing; the third elected to make the carry first, camping on the further side. This, of course, under actual wilderness cruising conditions would depend largely upon what kind of camping prospects were found when landing, how tired the

cruiser might be at the end of a hard day's trip, or what the weather signs might portend.

In making camp, starting the fires and bringing them to a point of boiling a pot of water, it was nip and tuck which one of the contestants excelled. One man carried a little roll of birch bark with which to start his fire—a wise provision, if one can get the bark. Another used a bit of newspaper—effective, but hardly likely to be handy in the woods. The third man, true woodsman fashion, used what material he found at hand. I think all three worked the one match stunt; looks foolish in print, but economy is a principle of good camping. While on the subject of fires, I must confess that I can not under-

stand why the modern camper seems to disdain the good old fashioned method of starting his fire with a handful of shavings. It is a sure go, rain or shine, if your jack knife is as sharp as it should be.

Two types of tents were used, one a simple square of canvas pegged down on three sides, the front drawn up to a peak by passing a rope over the limb of a tree. It certainly proved a practical shelter, simple to erect, and formed a splendid pack cloth when the cruiser was under way. The other two tents were of practically the same type, a cross, I should say, between a miner's and a canoe tent, light, easy to erect and splendid shelter.

The general appearance and neatness of the camps when ready for the night was generally good, but here was where the winner gained the point that gave him the cup. The judges decided that his tent was more securely set-up, his camp, generally speaking, more orderly and better provisions made against insect pests, or any contingency that might arise during the night—heavy rain, or high and shifting wind. Neatness is a most important detail about camp; upon it depends not only the comfort but the very health of the camper.

In breaking camp and making the carry all contestants scored about alike; both tasks were done in a methodical and practical manner, and last but not least by any means, every man extinguished *every bit of his fire* before breaking camp. This is surely a fundamental principle of camping, yet often carelessly forgotten at the cost of many acres of our beautiful forest lands, also the cause of the prohibiting of camping in many places.

It would seem, in running up the results of this
(Continued on page 1214.)



The Wilderness Canoe Cruiser on His Way.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST



Thluicho Lake, in the Athabaska Region. Looking North From the Portage The Twin Gorges, Taltson River—The Fall From Point Where First Water Is Seen Is 90 Feet.

FIFTY THOUSAND MILES OF NEW GAME COUNTRY

A REMOTE SECTION OF THE CANADIAN DOMINION THAT
PROMISES MUCH FOR THE SPORTSMAN OF TO-MORROW

By Charles Camsell.

(Story and Photographs by courtesy of the Canadian Government.)

THIS is an account of an exploration carried out in the hitherto unexplored region lying between Lake Athabaska and Great Slave Lake and east of Slave River, Canada. The expedition was undertaken with the object of obtaining as much information as possible on the geography, topography, geology and natural history of a region that had previously been visited by only one man who had left any written record of his journey.

That man was Samuel Hearne, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, who crossed the region in company with a band of Chipewyan Indians in the winter of 1771-72 as he was returning to Fort Churchill from his voyage of exploration in the Coppermine River.

The exploration carried out by the writer consisted of a single canoe traverse across the region from south to north leaving Lake Athabaska at a point a few miles west of the mouth of Charlot River and entering Great Slave Lake at the mouth of the Taltson River about 40 miles east of the mouth of Slave River. Parts of the route are traveled by the Indians that live and hunt in the region, but the whole route is apparently not known to any single individual, and there are certain parts of it that have never been traveled by any one of the present generation. As a result, it was found impossible to get any native to accompany the expedition in the capacity of guide and the route was followed with the aid only of a rough sketch drawn by an Indian, in which there were many blanks.

Though a period of five and a half months

elapsed from the time the party left Ottawa on May 5 until its return on October 18 only about 2 months of this time was actually employed in geographical and geological investigation of the field, the remainder of the time having been taken up in travel to the point of starting on Lake Athabaska, and from the point of completion of field work on Great Slave Lake.

Our course to the point on the north shore of Lake Athabaska where exploration actually began followed the usual boat route from Athabaska, at the end of the railway line, down the Athabaska River to its mouth and thence northeast for about 100 miles on Lake Athabaska. The return journey from Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, was made by way of Slave River to Lake Athabaska and thence by the Athabaska River to the point of starting at Athabaska.

The party consisted of eight men in three canoes. The writer was entrusted with the general charge of the expedition, with Francis Harper as naturalist and A. J. C. Nettell as geological and topographical assistant.

The unexplored portion of northern Canada, exclusive of the islands of the Arctic, is embraced in a number of blocks of territory marked off from each other by the traveled routes of explorers. The largest of these blocks has an area of about 75,000 square miles and the total number of those over 5,000 square miles in extent is about twenty-five. The aggregate area of all the unexplored blocks is over 850,000 square miles, or about one-fourth of the total area of continental Canada.

One of the largest of these unexplored blocks

is that across which our traverse was made. It covers an area of about 53,000 square miles and extends in a north and south direction from Athabaska Lake to Great Slave Lake and Hanbury River, and in an east and west direction from Slave River to the Thelon and Dubawnt Rivers. It embraces the whole of the basin of the Taltson River and the headwaters of the Thelon River. It includes the extreme northwest corner of the province of Saskatchewan and the northeast corner of the province of Alberta, but the greater portion of it is in the Northwest Territories, beyond latitude 60 degrees north.

From Edmonton, which is a convenient starting point for expeditions into that northern country, the region may be reached by either of two routes. One follows the course of the Athabaska River for 430 miles, to Lake Athabaska, and the other lies over the new Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway to Peace River Crossing and thence follows the Peace River to Athabaska Lake.

The only means of entering this unexplored block of territory in the summer and of traveling through it, is by canoe, and there are several Indian canoe routes leading into it from points on Athabaska Lake, Slave River and Great Slave Lake. Most of these routes lead to a point on the edge of the Barren lands near the headwaters of the Taltson River, which has been a rendezvous for many years for the Indians of Fort Smith, Fond du Lac, and Resolution, during the autumn hunting season.

The route followed by our expedition leaves



Napie Falls on Taltson River.

the north shore of Athabaska Lake in a bay a few miles west of the mouth of Charlot River. From there a series of five short portages, with a total length of 3 miles, leads from one lake to another, across the height of land, to Tazin Lake. From Tazin Lake, the route is down Tazin River, through Thainka, Hill Island and a number of other lakes, to the Taltson River and thence down that stream to Great Slave Lake.

From the north side of Tazin Lake a canoe route through a series of lakes and connecting rivers and portages leads to the above-mentioned rendezvous on the Barren lands and to the headwaters of the Thelon River. Another canoe route to the same point, from Fond du Lac, on Lake Athabaska, leaves that lake by way of Grease River, following a series of small lakes and streams northward. These routes are still unexplored.

The Indians known as Caribou Eaters when traveling eastward from Smith Landing on Slave River to the Barren lands usually follow one of three canoe routes. The southern of these routes touches our route by way of Tazin and Taltson Rivers at Hill Island Lake and leaves that lake again on the east side by way of Thoa River. The middle route reaches Tazin River by Klo Creek, and after following the course of Tazin River for a few miles up-stream leaves it by a portage at the lower end of Soulier Lake. From there it strikes northward to Thekulthili River into the large lake of that name and thence to the Taltson River. The northern route reaches Taltson River 3 miles below the mouth of Tazin River and thence follows the course of Taltson River up to its head. These routes also are still unexplored.

The Resolution Indians in traveling through this region follow the Taltson River from its mouth up to Deskenatlata Lake; from there they turn off the main river up one or the other of two streams which enter the east side of that lake. An alternative route carries them farther up Taltson River through Tsu Lake, 2 miles beyond which they leave the main river on the northeast side by way of Konth River. All of these routes rejoin the Taltson River above the mouth of Tazin River and follow that stream to its head.

On account of the great number of lakes and watercourses and the broken, rocky character of the region, summer travel through it other than by canoe is impossible. Consequently, there are no summer land trails except short portage trails connecting the lakes or navigable portions of the rivers with each other.

The territory through which the Tazin and Taltson Rivers flow and which forms the subject of this report is probably the most accessible of all the larger blocks that remain unexplored in northern Canada. It has, however, remained unexplored and unvisited except by Samuel Hearne in the early part of the year 1772 and by a few of the voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company and other fur traders who enter the region during the winter months on occasional visits to the Indian camps for meat or furs. That this block has remained unexplored so long might seem extraordinary on observing that the western edge of the block abuts against a part of the main highway of the whole Mackenzie basin, namely the Slave River, a highway which has been traveled constantly winter and summer for about 120 years. It is, however, not so strange when we realize that the block of territory itself has no known natural resources of sufficient importance to attract people to the region, nor does it lie on any easy or direct route to any particular place of importance beyond it.

For these reasons, as well as for the reason that it is not an easy country to travel through either in winter or summer, it has remained virtually unexplored and our general knowledge of it up to the summer of 1914 has been limited to the information contained in Samuel Hearne's book entitled "A Journey from Prince of Wales Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean," published in 1795. Besides this the writer had some additional information obtained on the occasions of former visits to Athabaska and Great Slave Lakes, in the course of conversation with Indians who inhabit the region.

Hearne's book, a new edition of which has lately been published by the Champlain Society under the editorship of Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, contains the account of his journey from old Fort Prince of Wales, now Churchill, on Hudson Bay, to the Coppermine River and return, in the years 1769 to 1772. The object of Hearne's expedition was to explore the interior of northern Canada west of Hudson Bay and to determine the source from which the natives of that region obtained their supplies of native copper. For reasons over which he had no control Hearne's two first attempts failed, but in his third effort he succeeded after an exceedingly arduous journey in reaching the mouth of the Coppermine River in July, 1771.

Returning southward from the Coppermine River late in the year 1771, Hearne reached the north shore of Great Slave Lake, then known as Athapuscow, on December 24. He crossed the lake, probably by the same route used to-day by the Indians, namely through the Simpson Islands and Les Iles de Large east of the entrance to the north arm of the lake. It is probable that he reached the south shore somewhere in the neighborhood of the mouth of Taltson River, or to the west of it, for if he had been farther to the east he would not have described this shore as "a fine level country in which there was not a hill to be seen or a stone to be found." The shore east of the Taltson River is rough and very rocky, while that to the west forms part of the ancient delta of Slave River and is consequently level and well wooded.

Hearne's course southward from Great Slave Lake is very hard to follow from his description and map, and there are many evident inaccuracies both in his statements regarding the course he followed and in his description of the natural features.

Until recently there was no other geographical information available concerning this region and the general maps of Canada nearly all either copied Hearne's map or left the region blank. The most recent maps of Canada show some changes and additions, especially in the region between Hill Island Lake and Fort Smith, which was made by H. V. Radford, the explorer, recently killed by Eskimo near Bathurst Inlet. Radford spent the winter of 1909-10 at Smith Landing, and submitted a map of the country to the east of that point to the Chief Geographer of Canada, which was incorporated in the map of Canada; but whether he visited the region in person or merely obtained his information of the geography from Indians, it has been impossible to ascertain.

Although a route across this region by way of the Tazin and Taltson Rivers has been known for many years we were the first party



A Typical View of the Country Drained by the Tazin and Taltson Rivers.

to traverse it. J. B. Tyrrell, while surveying the north shore of Athabaska Lake in 1893, met a party of Indians near the mouth of Charlot River who had just come over the portages from Tazin Lake, and he states that it is possible to follow this route through to Great Slave Lake. Tyrrell's statement induced us to enter the region by this route, for at the time the expedition was planned no other route was known to us.

The Taltson River drains practically the whole of the country between Athabaska and Great Slave Lakes, east of Slave River to the 108th meridian. Its main tributary is the Tazin, which drains the region immediately north of Athabaska Lake, while the Taltson River itself carries the water from the region between the east end of Great Slave Lake and latitude 61 degrees, its headwaters interlocking with those of the Thelon River.

Neither the Tazin nor the Taltson can be considered navigable for large boats, except in short stretches, and steamers could only ascend the Taltson River from Great Slave Lake for a distance of 23 miles, to the first falls. Falls and strong rapids occur at frequent intervals and in our descent of the two rivers it was necessary to make about forty portages, the longest one mile in length, and to run dozens of rapids.

The country abounds in lakes, all of them remarkable for the clearness of their water and the beauty of their surroundings. The largest of these are: Tazin Lake, 29 miles long and 8 miles wide; Hill Island Lake, about 24 miles long and 2 miles wide; Tsu Lake, 17 miles long; and Thekulthili Lake, a lake which we did not thoroughly explore, but which is at least 25 miles long. They are all rock basins, with irregular shore-lines and few beaches.

The lakes and streams abound in fish, including whitefish, pike, suckers and lake trout. Game, however, is scarce except in the winter season when caribou come into the region in great numbers from the Barren lands. Besides these, there are a few moose and black bears. All the fur-bearing animals common to the Mackenzie River region are found here.

The country is inhabited by Indians known as Caribou Eaters, a branch of the Chipewyan stock, who trade at Fort Smith. A few other Indians, also, from Chipewyan, Resolution and Fond du Lac hunt over parts of it.

The commercial possibilities of the region are small, and it is not likely to support any population except, possibly, such as might be engaged in mining pursuits. Agriculture is out of the question and unless economic minerals are found in it, it will always remain unsettled. So much of this block of territory remains to be explored that it is impossible to say, yet, what it may contain in the way of minerals. Quartz veins were noted in the Tazin rocks in several places, notably at Hill Island Lake, a region which it might be worth while to prospect. These veins may possibly prove in places to be gold-bearing.

All of these lakes are remarkable for the clearness of their water and the beauty of their surroundings.

The maximum temperature recorded at noon was 86 degrees F. on July 25. Frost was not noted until September.

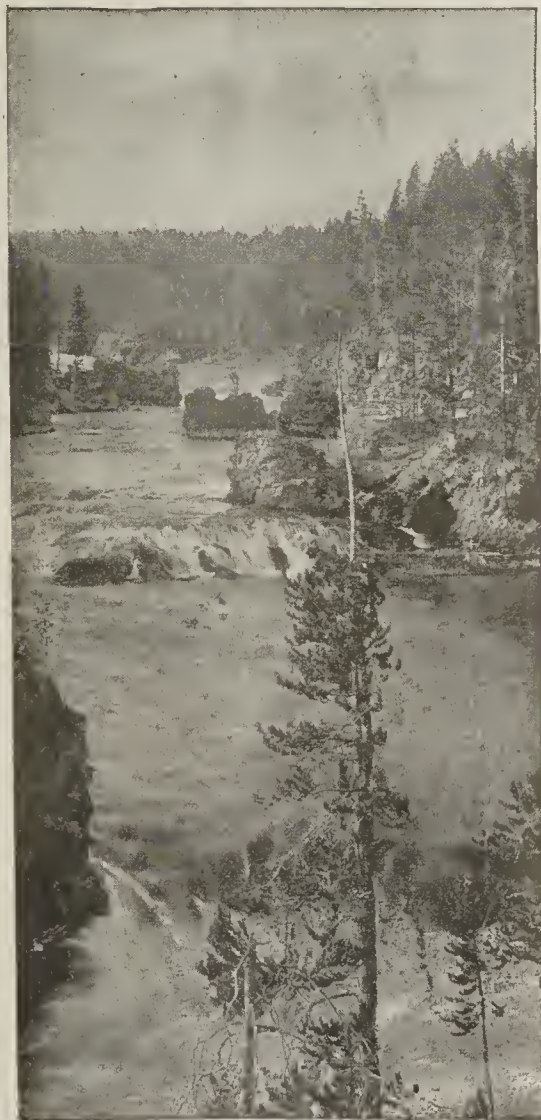
The chief drawbacks to travel and residence in the region are the myriads of mosquitoes in



The Extreme Border of Civilization—After This the Wilderness Claims Its Own.

the summer months. These pests are in such numbers in the months of June and July, and in the early part of August, that some protection from them is absolutely necessary when traveling either through the woods or on the lakes and streams.

Moose are not abundant except in the level country near the mouth of the Taltson River. Barren Ground caribou frequent the eastern part of the region in great numbers at certain seasons in the late autumn and winter, but are rarely found there in the summer months. Black



One of the Thousand Pictures of Wild Tumbling Waters.

bears are found throughout the whole region, but not in great numbers.

When Samuel Hearne visited the region in 1772, great herds of wood bison roamed over the level country about the mouths of the Taltson and Slave Rivers, but their range apparently never extended eastward into the rocky country. They have long since disappeared from the country east of Slave River and only a remnant of their former numbers is now found on the west side of that stream.

An occasional woodland caribou, it is said, is shot by the Indians in the western portion of the Taltson River basin; but, like the wood bison, the range of this animal does not extend far eastward into the rocky country. Wolves frequent the region at all times of the year and at certain seasons in considerable abundance especially during the annual migrations of the Barren

Ground caribou.

Nearly all the common fur-bearing animals are trapped in the region, but it cannot be said that any of them are abundant. They include the red, cross and black fox and the otter, beaver, lynx, wolverine, marten, mink, muskrat and ermine.

The lakes and streams of the region abound in fish. Nearly all the larger lakes contain lake trout and whitefish. Pike, suckers and loche are found nearly everywhere in the rivers. The inconnu and grayling are caught in the lower part of the Taltson River below the last falls.

The only inhabitants of the region are Indians, whose numbers are not great. They belong to two tribes of the Athabaskan linguistic group, namely, the Chipewyans and the Dogribs. The latter occupy the region about the mouth of Taltson River and the shores of Great Slave Lake, and trade at Resolution; the former occupy the central and upper portions of the Taltson River basin and the shores of Athabaska Lake and trade at Fort Smith, Chipewyan and Fond du Lac.

The Dogribs are said to number about 1,100 in all; but only about 100 of these claim the Taltson River region as their hunting ground. This region was formerly occupied by the Yellow Knives or Copper Indians, but they appear to have been either dispossessed or absorbed by the Dogribs within comparatively recent times. Evidences of the former occupation of the region by the Yellow Knives is preserved in the name of the river, Taltson. In Richard King's map, published in 1835, the Taltson River is called the Copper Indian River, suggesting that it flowed through a region inhabited by the Copper Indians or Yellow Knives. The name "Taltson" is a variation of "Tatsan" which means "scum of water" and is a figurative expression for "copper." The Indian name of the Yellow Knife Indians is Tatsanottine.

The Chipewyans who inhabit this region belong mainly to the branch called Etheneldeli or Caribou Eaters whose total numbers are said to be about 450.

Both the Chipewyans and the Dogribs live a roving life, moving from place to place throughout the year, according to the migrations of the game. They have no permanent dwellings and make no attempt to cultivate the soil. They obtain a precarious living by hunting and fishing, and supply themselves with clothing, guns, ammunition and other necessities by the sale of their furs.

GOVERNOR OF THE TRIBE OF PENOBSCOT

JOSEPH FRANCIS, A FAMOUS MAINE GUIDE AND WOODSMAN
HAS PASSED TO HIS REWARD—HIS REMARKABLE CAREER

By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

FRIENDS of his have asked me to write some reminiscences of Joseph Francis, former governor of the Penobscot tribe of Indians and the most notable man among them in recent years.

Though complying gladly, I feel that I must write chiefly for them—strangers could hardly know him now. This is a gentle bidding to them to set the doors of memory ajar. Each one of them knows that the story must be incomplete without just what he alone could supply. So I do not undertake to tell the story of Joe's life. Out of a lifetime's recollections I gather a few fragments for his friends to add to their store.

To his tribesmen Joseph Francis stood for solid success. By his service as governor, by his repeated elections to the State Legislature as their representative, by his accumulation of property and by his reputation for superiority, he was a man of mark among them. The men who went with him in the woods thought of him as an unique personality; they found his wit cheering, his health of mind infectious, his philosophy sane and corrective. To myself, in addition to an immemorial friendliness, he was a part of that old order of the woods which has passed away, and to speak of him at all now recalls Odysseus trying to consult the shade of Tiresias and holding back with his naked sword the ghosts that crowded about begging for recognition. Others can not see them—they knew only Joe—but these dead men whom he worked with and hunted with and lived with, are so real to me that it is hard to deny them recognition.

Though Joe was living yesterday his world was gone. Even in his own town there were men who did not know him. Said one of them to one of Joe's friends, before he was buried even, "Who was this Joe Francis? Why are the papers making such a fuss about a dead Indian?" "Didn't you know him?" asked the friend. "I've seen him. What about him?" "He was a Man," replied the friend, unconsciously pronouncing his epitaph.

It is by doctors and lawyers and clergymen and business men, the leaders in their own lines in large cities, that Joseph Francis will be most missed, as he was most appreciated. They are the ones who will most promptly say of him, "He was a Man." They are the ones who met him on the ground of manhood equality and professed no superiority. To the friend who pronounced his epitaph, I said, "Did you ever know anyone who dared treat Joe as a servant?" He pondered a moment, and replied slowly, "I never did."

Those who knew him only in the prime of life, alert, courteous, self-possessed, intellectually keen, could not see behind him that neglected childhood, among a race regarded as inferior, without schooling, without scope for ambition. No child could start in the world with less, provided it had health and sunshine. Like the mythical tribal hero of our Penobscots, Klose-kur-behl (the Glooscap of the Micmacs), the first created man, Joseph Francis was a "man-out-of-nothing." Yet perhaps Booker T. Washington was the only other "man-out-of-nothing" of our own day to whom so many exclusive doors opened so gladly.

Of Joe's childhood I remember but one inci-

dent. He was only a little Indian child, still hunting *sepsisal*, little birds, with a bow and arrow as he "picked rocks" on ploughed land for my grandfather. One day, missing him from the field, my father went to look for him and found him asleep in the shade of a bush, the little bow and arrows lying beside him, and my father withdrew quietly, leaving the child to have his sleep.

It was my father who got Joe his first place as guide. Some prominent clergyman had asked him to recommend an Indian guide. My father was urging Lewis Ketchum, the finest and ablest young man in the tribe and Joe's cousin, to take the place. But Lewey proved obdurate. "I tell you what, Manly," he replied with spirit, "there's one thing I have crooked my elbow on, and that

dians alone (though they volunteered freely), could not be drafted, and being almost to a man expert and willing workers, they commanded high wages the year round. The premium which the war placed upon their labor made a group of the younger Indians, then in their twenties and thirties, into men who held themselves proudly. Somewhere I have a photograph of four of them, including Lewis Ketchum, Joe's cousin, and Sebattis Shay (or Shea), Joe's half-brother, which they presented to my father just after they had finished a season's haying for him. They are dressed in the height of the vogue, satin and velvet brocaded waistcoats, long coats and gold watch-chains, a group of as able-looking men as could be found on Penobscot waters, whose clothes did not look too fine for them.

So the Civil War taught Joe his value, and a particularly happy marriage, together with his friendships with men of high character, kept him from sinking below the level of his youth. In the late sixties Joe was married to the daughter of Governor Soccabasin Swasen, a man of probity, wisdom and fine intelligence. I recollect my father saying that once during the sixties he met Governor Swasen in David Bugbee's book-store and the governor's first remark was: "What you t'ink, Manly, 'bout this Maximilian comin' to Mexico? We goin' stand that? That contrary to Munroe Doctrine, don't it?" His father-in-law was a great help to Joe.

One of the solid achievements of Joe's life was his building up a white-man's home. In my father's youth they had all lived in bark camps; in mine, all lived in houses; but the most of them still camped out in their houses. I have seen a best room, containing a tapestry carpet and haircloth furniture; but the carpet was rolled up in the middle of the floor, the chairs were herded about it, and the family received their guests squatting upon their heels. But away back in the seventies Joe Francis had a house which was well-ordered and immaculate.

How young Joe was when he went to work on the river I do not know. I can not remember when he was not counted an expert in all branches of woods and river work. In 1891 my father and I visited the West Branch Drive at Ripogenus and found him the head of the whole drive with about two hundred men under him, to be largely increased as the drive worked down. There was a clerk of the drive for accounts and correspondence; but the responsibility of getting over forty millions of logs down that difficult river fell upon Joe Francis. At the same time he was doing his share of boat and peavey work. One day when he told us to go down to the Little Arches and wait till he came with a crew to pick off a jam which had formed on the head of the island, we waited interminably. Then the logs began to run by, some cut with an axe, some broken, and we knew that he had had another jam on above. Then Joe and his men came swinging down the drivers' path, peaveys clanking on shoulder, and Joe came up laughing. "Oh, Fannie, you just missed it," cried he; "we had just the prettiest little middle jam on up above that you ever saw; and when she hauled we had to run *just like sheep*."

(Continued on Page 1200.)



Joseph Francis in the Ceremonial Dress of His Tribe—An Exceptional Photo, as He Hated Fuss and Feathers.

is that I won't go guide for any ministers." He told his reason. "And that fellow," he concluded, "after eating up most of that girl's luncheon, let her sit on the outside of the stage all the way to Greenville and never offered her his rubber coat, and she with nothing to protect her. I tell you I would like to oblige you, but I won't go with a minister. Let Little Joe go; he can do it." So Little Joe went, and if, as I believe, it was for the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, he made a lifelong friend.

In some ways the early years of Joe's life were not unfavorably placed. The Oldtown Indians, just changing from nomadic to stationary life, felt the impulse toward self-improvement, and many among them desired schools and good houses. Indian Island sixty years ago was not a decadent community. Then came the Civil War. The wages of woodsmen and rivermen trebled and quadrupled. White woodsmen, not already in the army, were open to conscription. The In-



GAME BAG AND GUN



GROWING UP WITH BOB WHITE

AS THE BOY PURSUED SPORTS AFIELD HE ACQUIRED MUCH USEFUL AND INTERESTING KNOWLEDGE OF QUAIL HABITS

By Ripley.

(The first instalment of this fascinating series of quail hunting was published in the September number of Forest and Stream)

IV.

IN time the qualities of the old dog were worth boasting of, and father more than once commented on his vitality. I am sure, as my memory lingers on my youthful days in the quail fields, that he was invariably getting a little better than ever. It could be attributed to one thing more than anything else; my legs could not set the pace of his first master, for I had never been able to cover as much ground in a day as he. At any rate Duke thrived, and if we delved further it might be that the rascal was doing less self-hunting than in his younger days and the going was selected for him.

During these days I became acquainted with a boy in a village at the termination of the branch of our railroad. We will call him Mac for short. From the first day of our meeting we discovered a bond of sympathy linking us. His father owned a big tract of valuable timber and farming land, and operated one of the largest hardwood mills in the South. Naturally this gave Mac some prestige among his companions, and they were inclined to make much of him. If he had been of any other material than what he was they would have made a first class cad out of him. But Mac was a splendid boy every way, no uppishness about him, and what drew him most to me was his love for the woods and fields.

One day I was visiting over at N—ville, and Mac confided to me his two great sources of happiness. He had a bird dog and a shot gun. There was joy in his heart when I told him about my possessions and of the amount of hunting I had done. Then I learned from him, his dog, a large setter, was as old as Duke, and he was a present from his father, as the latter thought a mild attack of chorea had destroyed his further usefulness. There was nothing to that, however, for Jocko was the best dog in the world and setters were a heap better than pointers!

My description of Duke was not much of a contrast to his old dog; but though he was deficient in chorea and long hair, he was also the best dog in the world, and pointers were a heap better than setters!

Our arguments ended good naturedly. No two boys ever got along better. No opportunity presented itself for discussion about our guns. They were the same length, the same make, and the same gauge. We had some controversy about proper loads, and I yielded to him in this. His father had a big store at the mill, and he had more means of testing out his theories with the store product, while mine were limited to home-loaded shells.



Our parents learning of our desire to hunt together arranged it so that we traded visits during the holidays. Not one of our parents had any fear of accident. If so they never expressed themselves within our hearing. We had had too much experience with guns and were too much of a kind.

Mac's shooting grounds were constituted of level redeemed swamp fields of rank corn and timber, frequently flooded and necessitating rubber footgear. On cold days I did not mind this, but on warm days I suffered much, especially so when there was little water in the fields.

The shooting my country afforded was better in a way. There was an abundance of birds in both places. But on my grounds the crops were not rank, and did not require such a heavy frost to afford good shooting conditions. And the open shooting in corn was much easier, but his cotton fields balanced this. In the woods, though, except for the underfooting his led. There was not so much second growth post oak sapling with its red, frost-defying leaves to interfere with marksmanship.

Before the shooting season we boasted much of our dogs, and though Jocko, his setter, failed to impress me much, I had good dog manners and never alluded to his physical shortcomings.



A Match for the Keenest-Nosed Pointer.

But the first day's shooting I could with difficulty alone control my desire to laugh. Jocko was a setter of unusual height. The chorea affected his hind legs and his head.

He went out well and was a good covey dog, but when he got on point he was the limit of drollery. I do not know that I every saw anything resemble him as he swayed unsteadily on point, head bobbing up and down and hind leg jerking to beat the band. A man that had imbibed too freely and was trying to hold up a moving lamp post reminded me considerably of Jocko.

Jocko surely had the goods and I admitted it; and were I to-day called upon to judge between him and Duke by performance on birds and stamina, I would admit they were equal in all things but brains, and Duke had him beaten there.

It was one Saturday at home, then one Saturday in the swamp lands where we hunted. A certain amount of rivalry was engendered through our constant association in the sport of quail hunting. I had no real proof of it, neither did he, but deep down in our hearts we each believed ourself the best shot. Why, I do not know. From practice at home I had a trifle the best of it in cover, but on his own hill he held me safe with ease. It was more from a craving to excel each other than from our performances that this rivalry was given existence.

Probably a question from an outsider about who was the best shot started the race, but one day the subject was broached. And while it is in my mind, I have never enjoyed shooting more with anybody than Mac. He never was over-eager, and if we doubled no words followed about who effected the kill.

"I believe, Mac, I can kill more birds in a day than you," I said, sheepishly sparring for a rise.

"Mebbe so, but you haven't done it yet," he retorted in his plucky way.

"Let's have a race," I suggested. I had started the ball rolling; it only required an additional shove from him to hurry its speed. "We will both shoot near the same grounds, in the same direction. Who ever makes the most kills we will acknowledge is the best man."

"That suits me," agreed impeturbable Mac.

I was sure I would win, for I had an unwavering faith in the prowess of Duke, though he detested the wet slashes of Mac's country on a cold day, where the scattered were sure to pitch into. Father said Duke would walk a mile to avoid crossing ten feet of shallow water. Jocko did not mind the water. But Duke had the shaky dog bested when it came to making the birds stick to point on bare cotton ground. So, for a real test at finding the dogs were about

equal, and the matter of winning depended on luck and the individual's shooting skill.

We started out one cold Saturday morning, and only met as evening was drawing near. Mac proudly confessed to twenty-eight birds. And, I, strangely confessed to the same number. We were in an old cotton field that sloped to a wet swale grown up in timber and briar vines. The race was now a hot one. Jocko got over anxious on bare ground and the birds running before him would not stick, flushing in a moment when they flew in the thicket.

I saw Duke drawing to a point over the rise. The birds had to stick for that hillbilly!

From where I was I could see Mac wading the wet thicket, and the birds, crazy ones at that, were flushing wild ahead of Jocko. I saw a bird rise twenty yards ahead of my companion and light on the limb of a low haw bush. Mac peered all around to see if I were near. Then satisfied I was beyond observing him he shot and missed the bird.

"Did you kill him?" I cried, concealing my pleasure and tendency to laugh aloud.

"No," he hurled back, "shot at nothing but an old sparrow hawk!"

I laughed again, but Mac was beyond hearing. Two could play at that game! I almost caught up to Duke. Ahead of him along a bare row of cotton a covey of birds was running, then they found a little growth of sedge and crouched. I was sure of that. It was impossible, dim as was the light, for them to have deceived me. Mac had attempted foul tactics, here was where I would get even and lead with two or three birds! It was doubtful, if they rose, whether I could hold on them against the somber line of timber. I took careful aim and fired both barrels in the sedge. Birds boiled out in fright and flew to the woods. I ran to the sedge for the dead. For some reason I could never explain I had not touched a single bird.

"Did you get it?" Mac yelled with a voice tingling with the mortification of defeat.

"No!" I shouted back, a trifle peeved, "just another of those sparrow hawks!"

Then darkness ended the sport.

We wended our way back to his house along a well travelled tramway. I heard the hoot of an owl in the distance. It seemed to mock me.

"Mac, what kind of a hawk was that you shot at?" I demanded jokingly.

Then Mac burst out laughing, whereupon I joined in. Immediately we confessed.

V.

The Passing of Duke.

DOGS are like humans; they succumb in time to age. The best dogs are far too short-lived. For years they perform valuable service, to drop out and leave us some time with a heavy heart until another pup develops and wins his way into our affections.

All of us who have spent twenty years with the dogs in the stubble and cover are able without coaxing the memory to recall some great dogs that added an immense amount of pleasure to our outings. As much as the shooting itself is the dog, and for that reason no outdoor pastime approaches quail shooting in reminiscences. It may be the dog of your friend or your own, but few of them will carry such a perpetual weight of happy recollections as the first dog over which you killed your first bird.

My old chum Duke showed his breeding in every act in the field, and though Osborne Ale may have had better get, I shall be satisfied if all the dogs I own hereafter will have the great field qualities of this pointer.

Duke's last year of work indicated a falling off in scenting ability. People that hunted with me never admitted it. I knew it. I never said much about it, for that he was aging hurt me more than I could bear to tell, and a reference to it pained me for a long time. But I had the field education, boy as I was, to realize that his work was entirely dependent on his bird sense, and his nose had become a very secondary organ.

Still he made the spectacular points and casts in the open, but if you observed him carefully you would promptly notice that he was using



Duke Had a Particular Aversion Toward Water.

experience, as when he arrived among birds his keenness of scent was wanting. When he got to this stage in place of scent he resorted to his extraordinary knowledge of their habits. And it was observable further on scattered birds in the woods.

I am now sure of my grounds when I say he began to point most of singles by sight, for often where I kicked them up nothing seemed to indicate that any scent whatever was recognized by him.

Father accused Duke of having more peculiarities than any dog he ever owned or saw. Everybody agreed to this. Duke loved milk, and if anything that gratified him as much as all the sweet milk he could drink on his return from a day's hunt, no one living ever noted it. My aunt's baby frequently was the victim of this passion. If the baby's bottle was left anywhere, Old Duke would surely get it, and he was a perfect highwayman in his tactics. Let anyone turn while the baby had possession of the bottle of milk, Duke would grab it out of the supplicating hands and depart with it. But he never failed to return it after it was despoiled of its contents.



On very cold nights we began to permit the old dog to stay in the house. Close to the fireplace was a large box where Duke made his headquarters for the night. One night they left the baby's bottle on the sideboard. It was half filled with milk. The sideboard was promiscuously strewn with lamps, one of them lighted and wick turned low; glasses, dishes, altogether about as much as it would hold. But Duke, cat-like, climbed on the sideboard, drank all of the baby's milk, descended without knocking over a single thing. And he had only one mode of drinking from the bottle. He tapped the nipple gently with his paw, and lapped up the slowly exuding drops.

Amongst all his bad habits his thieving proclivities were the most annoying. For this Duke caused me lots of embarrassment. No house, barring our own, was sacred from his invasions. Well-to-do or the poor, it mattered not. If he found a door open and after peering round was satisfied that the coast was clear, he seized the first bit of food nearby. The larger the amount the better it suited him. One day we were hunting up along an old hillside, where for several years a cabin had been vacant.

Quite frequently the birds used the old garden, now given over to giant undomesticated vegetation. So, when we beat up against the wind in that territory I looked for him to nail a covey of quail without fail. As I searched with my eyes for him up on the ridge of high growths I was aware that the house was occupied. Smoke was ascending in a blue circular column from the mud and stick chimney.

Duke was not in view. I hastened up the hill under the impression that I would find the infallible one on a covey. Before I gained the summit I heard a terrible noise, children shouting, a woman screaming and cur dogs barking.

Duke was holding firmly to a small side of bacon with the few teeth he had remaining. An aged lady of slender figure pulled at the bacon with her left hand while she belabored the dog over the head with a broom she wielded skilfully with the other. Two dirty young hillbillies in the rear were screaming to the limit of their lung capacity, a pair of half-breed hounds adding to the din, for they could not screw up courage to attack.

As soon as Duke caught sight of me he released his hold and slunk away in the weeds. And I, thinking to make amends for my pet's shameful behavior ventured to offer settlement for the damage with the mistress of the house. But she came at me with the broom so threateningly that I changed my plans of peace, and hurried in the wake of the cause of the disturbance.

An afternoon at the pond Duke amused us hugely. As mentioned in another place Duke literally despised water. In summertime he despised it almost as badly as in winter. There was only one thing that gave him as much annoyance as water and that was a grasshopper. I have known him in early fall to run half way home, because a grasshopper had lodged on his back. Yet he had the toughest hide imaginable. It was barbed wire proof, for he never had a cut from it. Quite a record for a bird dog!

We were at the pond, shooting doves as they dipped in the afternoon for water. We sat on the dam on the south end cracking at the pass birds. We had three young dogs that promised sometime or other to go in the water, but at present they were renowned for their refusals. Duke slept at my feet. I knocked a dove in the middle of the pond. I showed it to the pups.

They made a movement to enter the water, but backed off. The dove fluttered a wing in

its last struggle. One pup seeing it, swam half way, then lost courage and returned to shore. Duke was watching the play dreamily until the last attempt of the young dog. He got up, shook himself, took to the water, and swimming out to the bird carried it to the feet of the biggest pup. He realized instantly that he had performed contrary to custom. He turned from us and bolted toward the house. An hour later he was discovered in a new straw stack, still wet and trembling from the exposure.

Duke's days were becoming limited. He was lively as could be expected to his last day. If anything I thought his speed had increased some, but he could not find birds. He had absolutely no nose. And when he approached me, he would have said, if he had the gift of speech: "No use partner, I have lost everything, I just can't smell."

The pup with us found everything, and when Duke came up to back, it was a mechanical act. He did it in a dazed way, seemingly not cognizant of what he was doing. He retrieved one dead quail, but refused on the next one. Just the way it was happening it made me desist from so much as a harsh word. He tried his best. The vigor of the game, nose, scent, stamina and intelligence were waning. Twice he walked through coveys of quails, flushing them, though unaware of their presence. Only field actions told me he was not right. He galloped home in a wobbly way, without the incentive of hunting, and more like a piece of machinery lacking proper adjustment.

Just before supper, as I was lounging on a hickory settee, he invaded the sitting room. He showed by his tail action that he was a little embarrassed at his entrance. This was beyond his line of permit, the dining room doorway, but he came on direct to me.

There was pleading in his eyes and a pathetic cast to his noble countenance. He dropped on his hindquarters, burying his head between my knees. The sun was setting, and the big red barn took on a lavish tint of red. From the fringe of hardwood skirting the farm I heard the gathering call of the scattered quails. *Quoi Hee! Quoi Hee!* It never before sounded so plain-



This Happy Little Codger Seems to Have Several Good "Days" Rolled Into One.

tively. I placed my hands as usual with a comforting caress on his head. Heavens! His tongue was hanging limply from the side of his mouth.

"Duke! Duke! Duke!" I shouted.

The dog's spirit had flown beyond the call of man. Duke was dead! I let him gently to the floor, and laid my head on his warm body. Then I sobbed.

GIVE THE BOY HIS DAY

TEACH HIM SOMETHING OF THE OUT-
DOORS AND HIS LIFE WILL BE BRIGHTER

By Osceola.

BY all means let him have a day, and let him understand that it is *his* day. No need to proclaim it from the housetop, but talk it over with him beforehand and let him plan and perform his various duties to secure the day free and then he will feel that he has helped to earn it and will the better appreciate it.

Don't start him off with elaborate suit and high-priced automatic and an attendant. The boy who starts that way will never know the basic enjoyment of nature, nor get the most out of his future hunting.

No matter if he is to be heir to unthinkable piles of the yellow "root of all evil," let him take a few bumps at the outset. I'll venture his money-making grandsire carried a ramrod under his gun barrel when he shot his first squirrel and used tow or old newspaper or hornet's nest for wadding and knew how to make the ramrod bounce off the powder clear out of the gun, and tapped the shot wad just enough so that it wouldn't shake out when he jumped down off the fence. Many's the time I have gone into the middle of a bare pasture field and shot out my

ramrod because it was a trifle too short and the paper caught over the curl and I couldn't pull it out. Up she would go until almost out of sight, and slowly swinging over come down faster and faster to sink deep in the soft earth or split off a piece if a stone intervened. It takes an old fellow who started on ramrod hunting to appreciate the wonderful changes that have come to the hunters of to-day.

Well, if the boy's "Daddy" will take a day off, now that the boy has grown big enough to shoulder a gun, all the better for the boy *and the man*. The boy I am having in mind is not my own, but I have been out two or three times with him and his father, who takes a wholesome interest in leaving him go, and gives him a few plain, explicit and emphatic rules to govern his actions afield. Being a boy he has to be watched rather closely as to where his gun is pointed, but he is improving.

Until this year his biggest game brought to bag was squirrels and one raccoon.

On New Year's Day as he and his father were sitting on a log listening for a squirrel he sud-

denly called out "There's a turkey," quite forgetting that he held a gun and as the bird made off almost directly behind his father it was well out of range before a charge of 4s went after it. To be sure I was about a quarter of a mile up the branch and at the report I waited and a fine old gobbler came into the top of a mammoth pine, and we all had roast turkey for dinner the next day. The boy was a good deal "heckled" over this break and a little wholesome teasing we thought would put him on his guard for another trial.

The boy with his father and I were out again from 2 P. M. until sunset, trying for turkeys. We knew the range of a certain small bunch and scoured that river swamp quite thoroughly until a half-hour by sun, and saw only a few old signs. Then Fanny commenced trailing and we found signs aplenty—scratchings under oak and bay trees and where three or four had crossed a muddy branch, now without water.

One track was very fresh and Fanny went frantic for a few seconds but all at once she commenced circling and didn't find the trail again. We learned later that a neighbor had shot one of three close by this place an hour before we left home; that one had crossed the river and the third he heard but did not see. Poor Fanny did not know what to make of the case and circled far and wide without avail. We finally decided they had been alarmed and had flown off, and took up our line of march for the horses at the edge of big timber.

I was following Frank and the boy brought up the rear. It was some little time after sunset and we were hurrying to get through the low swamp while it was yet light enough to pick our way. An old swamp owl had called two or three times "*Whoo-oo-oo-ah-h-h-h*" on ahead of us; a Florida cardinal chipped sharp and clear over in a thick clump of briars and we heard a squirrel fussing at us from somewhere off among a bunch of palmettos, but it was too dark now to find him and we hastened along. Fanny had decided to stop hunting and was on the lead. Once or twice I glanced back and found the boy was close up behind with gun over shoulder and pointed well up and I felt safe.

Several times during the evening we had been compelled to urge him to a quicker gait as he was inclined to lag and a river swamp is not a desirable place for a night's outing in February when we had been having frosty mornings for nearly a week.

I had been keeping a weather eye on most of the big pines, but now the light was so dull I had almost ceased my looking, when just off the trail, out towards the westward and what remaining glow was in the sky, I saw a bunch well up in the top of a mighty pine and out on a branch close to a "swaying" clump of gray moss.

It surely looked like turkey! It was too dark to risk a lengthy investigation. I checked the boy silently and pointed. It took him a few seconds to see and realize just what was happening and then the manly little fellow shook his head and touched my gun and pointed to the bird.

I made him a most emphatic gesture and turned to leave but not so quickly but I saw him bringing up his gun and then watching, I noted deliberate aim and felt sure he was recalling our most careful instruction to shoot at the neck.

At the crack of the gun Frank and Fanny were back with us instanter and Fanny had the bird by the wing before we reached it—a fine gobbler of the year, weighing 10¼ pounds when we reached home—and the happy boy grinned his appreciation to me as he munched hot biscuit and syrurp at the supper table.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

on happenings of note in the outdoor world



No Spring Slaughter

EVENTS have moved rapidly within the last month. As announced in our September number, the effort to break down the bars on spring wild fowl shooting failed utterly, the new regulations having held firm on that point.

The victory is one that means much. It spells the preservation of a number of species of valuable wild life, and a continuance of reasonable good sport for a large portion of our population in the future.

But over and beyond that incident, which otherwise would be written as the most important and encouraging of the year, the ratification of a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, making the protection of migratory birds international as between this country and Canada, stands supreme.

The migratory bird law, be it remembered, is still the law of the land, and will be until the Supreme Court declares it unconstitutional. That it has not yet done. The case is on for a rehearing, and learned lawyers are of the opinion that no court will go so far as to rule that a law which forms the basis of an existing treaty with another nation is to be set aside on merely technical grounds.

This is not the proper place for discussion of hair splitting legal puzzles, but it may be added that a treaty takes precedence over state laws. The confusion arising out of the Japanese matter in California a year or two ago is an instance in point. National law cannot interfere with a treaty, for what is a treaty if not a national law or bargain?

The real point is that the spring shooters have been defeated, and defeated beyond hope of resurrecting their cause. Many who opposed the migratory law did so because of honest conviction. Some claimed to have just ground for their attitude. Perhaps they had. But as good citizens they cannot do else than to bow to the will of the majority. This they will do. So far as they are concerned, there will be no necessity of staging any visible manifestation of the majesty or authority of the decree of the people, in the form of wardens or special officials. The law says that there shall be no spring shooting. That is enough for the honest sportsman.

But in respect of the riff-raff, the selfish interests, the market hunters and the unlovely element which was prompt to swing in behind honest men, the least said the better. Their very presence killed what might otherwise have been an argumentative case. For them it will be necessary to institute repressive measures. This no doubt will be done.

And perhaps in the unpleasant consequences that ensue, they will be disagreeably surprised to note that the forces of whom they formed the camp followers are now arrayed solidly against them. The honest man may have his own private convictions—but he obeys the law because of his respect for it.

THE HOME CAMP

Forest and Stream desires to announce the removal of its offices from 128 Broadway to the Arcade Building, 118 East Twenty-eighth Street. The new location is more in the center of things, and accessible by all local transportation lines. The Twenty-eighth Street subway station is almost at the door. While in the middle of the big city, the Home Camp has been fitted up most commodiously for the reception of its friends, and you, brother member, will always find the proverbial latch string hanging out for you, and a warm welcome awaiting you when you call.

The Black Bear

TO NOT a few sportsmen there is something repugnant in the thought of killing a black bear. Yet the law, if prevailing statutes are a criterion, regards this harmless beast as a dangerous animal, to be exterminated as quickly as possible. Some states go so far as to offer a bounty for Bruin's scalp, classifying him with the vermin or dangerous animals that must give way to the advance of civilization.

This is nonsense. The bear is not a dangerous animal. Probably he is suffering his unhappy situation because of the literal interpretation of Scripture to which most of us, as the result of early training, are prone.

Who can forget Elijah and the fate of his mockers? True, Elijah was a zealous, baldheaded reformer, doing good in his own way, no doubt, as is the way of all reformers, but he gave the death sign to all coming generations of the *Ursus* family.

Perhaps Elijah would have more nearly lived up to the ideals of the reform clan had he overlooked the tantalizing to which he was subjected, but let that pass. He did establish one important fact in natural history, namely, how many small boys three she bears can hold.

To get back to the main subject, why kill off the bears? "The clowns of the woods" they have been aptly called. So far from being ferocious, they are the most amiable of all the wild folk. If we want to take up the question of fur protection, every argument in favor of the beaver or other of the peltry class applies in a magnified sense to the Bruin tribe. If we accuse bears of stealing sheep, we may as well accuse sheep of biting people. One habit is about as frequent as the other.

The bear is not a food animal. The Indian sidesteps him in that particular. He calls him brother. If you, with your superior civilization, rise above this superstition—well, suppose you try living a week on bear meat. You won't call him brother; neither will you hunt bears thereafter for food.

The Far Distant Places

WE OF the woods loving, wilderness faring tribe are not yet forced to tread on each other's heels, although sometimes a natural thought arises whether this happy condition will long endure. The increasing popularity of the great outdoors and the toll exacted from Nature by reason of the drift of more people towards the hunting and fishing places of remote distance—a drift made easier from year to year because of the extension of railways into seemingly impossible places—are factors that must affect the situation.

They do. But let us not despair. There should be a feeling of satisfaction that beyond the horizon, as the necessity calls for more room, it is always to be found.

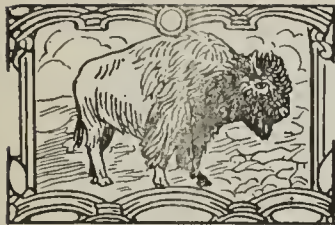
And for numberless years to come this will hold true. Look at Labrador—a vast half-explored game and fish preserve which some day will be accessible to the American sportsman. Alaska, big as the eastern part of the United States, is a paradise of wild life. The new Transcontinental of Canada does no more than fringe a section so illimitable that no sportsman will ever be able to say that he knows it fractionally.

Why, even to-day, in this waning year of our Lord, 1916, the unexplored portion of northern Canada, exclusive of the islands of the Arctic, is embraced in a number of blocks marked off from each other by the dim trails of first explorers, the aggregate of unpenetrated territory measuring 850,000 miles, or about one-fourth of the continental Dominion itself. Lots of room there!

This unknown area is being reduced, or rather made known, through the intelligent, persevering work of the Canadian Geological Survey, which counts on its staff men who are fit to rank, by reason of boldness, courage, devotion and results to be achieved, if not achieved already, with Champlain, La Salle and others who first penetrated this continent.

Forest and Stream for many years has followed the course of these men, not alone in Canada, but in our own country as well, and it has been in these pages that great hunting or fishing districts, now familiar to all sportsmen, were first located and described. This pleasant service, it seems, is not yet at an end.

Through the courtesy of the Canadian Government we are able to record, this month, an account of the exploration of a section of some 53,000 square miles in the Athabaska and Great Slave Lake districts, by Charles Camsell and his party. Written as an incident of his work, Mr. Camsell's story is one that will appeal not only to the sedentary, fireside "book explorer," but to the man who loves to be himself one of the first to view the unknown places, it offers a temptation to break away from the restraints of irksome civilization—to pack up and hike where the wind blows free and the blue of the sky and unknown lakes intermingle.



NATURAL HISTORY



From a Door-step

THE WONDER LIFE OF NATURE THAT MAY BE SEEN ALL AROUND US

By Osceola.

HOW much more is life to the one who can see attractions and beauties at every step and turn? A railroad detention is but a delightful opportunity to hunt out new and attractive birds; a cold Norther gives him keen relish for reviewing Nature only a little more hurried than before, as he strolled along coat on arm.

Good thoughts are truly the best of friends. The old Latin adage puts it—"In solitary places be unto thyself good company"—and we all might do better in that line, perhaps.

We have been passing through a heated spell here, and this evening has been more comfortable—the sun somewhat weakened in power by a hazy cloud effect. The breezes from the Gulf are generally refreshing when one can keep out of the direct sunshine. In this respect our climate seems to differ materially from a Northern hot summer and then we rarely have hot enervating nights.

Just now, with a distant thunder-cloud in evidence, the cooling breeze is not from the water, but is nevertheless invigorating.

My range of view is quite restricted; a strip of fine woods comes on the east, bordering an open lot or field perhaps one hundred and fifty yards from my house at the nearest point, and swinging back of me at about the same distance, crosses the railroad, which passes but a few yards from me on the westward; beyond the railroad a few scattered houses with trees and bushes shut out my view at a less distance than I have to the East.

Down at the end of the opening—meadow, I like to call it in memory of somewhat similar stretches long ago known—the river flows not a half-mile distant, rising and falling with changing tides, yet ever moving to the sea, but shut out from my view by other trees and buildings. My meadow, as I shall call it, belongs to my neighbor and lies open to the public, as does most of the land all about us, be it pine woods, marsh or hummock. On this meadow, besides the changing, grazing stock, come many birds with the varying seasons. In early spring I can see snipe and plover, sandpipers and herons. Recently three of the rare bartrarnian sandpipers came seemingly exhausted to a pool, not one hundred yards from where I now sit, and fed for some time.

On this same stretch in winter come from far northward, pipits running over the grass searching for food; the dainty palm warblers come all about my yard and other travelers find here a resting place from wearied flights. We are fortunate in having a thick dense turf over our open lands here, making the sun's effect far less oppressive and giving good nourishment for the ranging stock.

A road passes down through my meadow, parallel with the railroad but on the eastern side midway to the woods. Automobiles have now become frequent visitors to our ancient but primitive settlement. The fame of our fishing and oysters, no doubt, bring us callers from the outside world and our numerous springs, while not always pleasing in taste to strangers are believed to aid some of the ills of mankind and the accustomed user soon learns to enjoy the clear, cool drink.

I am brought back to my meadow view by seeing two mocking birds flit across the open, down towards the few clustered houses of our village. Another comes to a post top at the edge of my yard near where I sit, and spies for a morsel on the ground. These birds are not in tune now; the nesting season is past.

Shrikes are now in evidence on the wires by the railroad, and dropping to the ground for a lunch on some fat beetle, active lizard, snake or grasshopper. With quite a bit in common, these two birds—shrike and mocker—are yet so far apart in song that it seems a fault to bring them into contrast.

The sweet love notes of the mocking bird from top of house or bush ring clear and true to his mate while they nest. The poor squeak of the shrike, let us hope, may fall on ears attuned; with us his efforts are surely lost. Our southern blue jays I can hear calling from the large pecan tree just across the railroad in my neighbor's yard. I suspect they are already taking toll from the nuts, not yet half grown. The crows and jays together play sad havoc with the delicious crop from these trees, as the birds are numerous and we have but few of the bearing trees.

* * *

I have been interrupted in my jottings and now it comes towards eventide. Nighthawks flit high overhead, darting in quick turns for an evening meal of our many winged pests. Dragonflies are about, hunting at a much lower level for the same prey. If our thoughtless children—old and young—would only realize the mighty value of these two friends and cease to persecute them we would soon have far less distress from insect attacks.

A pair of kingbirds are yet nesting, quite late for them, in a nearby pine tree, and I can hear the sharp call of one. Occasionally it comes within my view and perches on the wire whence it pursues mocker or shrike or jay. * * * Now it is quite sunset and darkening early, as the clouds gather in the western sky. Far eastward, just over the pines a rolling, billowy thunderhead is brilliantly alight from the sinking sun, now below the horizon. The cloud was quite golden and quickly changes to silvery-yellow. The lighter, nearer, clouds above are clear pink and change to pale rose. The lower, heavier cloud, darkens to blue with yellow shadings and settles behind the pines. We will have no storm from that quarter.

The nighthawks in their circuit have returned, a dozen or more, and now they are lower, now higher, rising, falling in their helpful toil. A single bat comes on the scene to glean after the birds and he too aids in the good work. A far away owl asks: "Whoo-whoo-ah hoo—Whoo-whoo-ah hoo ah?" And the day is done.

PROTECT THE BLACK BEAR.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Somewhere along in the middle eighties the undersigned, through the medium of *Forest and Stream*, advocated the protection of the black bear at certain seasons, with a perpetual close season for juvenile bears, but received mighty little encouragement from any quarter—in fact, did receive a letter from the editor advising him that if he wished to do any missionary work in the bear protection line there was an excellent field for such work in that portion of Maine where bears are suspected of making free with the farmers' pumpkins and occasionally dining on mutton. The letter likewise hinted that the reception accorded the missionary would be warm and cheerful, more or less. This advice to "Go East, young man," however excellent it may have been, was not followed, but I have since continued to study the bear question and have learned nothing to cause me to recede from the position taken fifteen years ago, and am still an advocate of the protection of that finest of all game mammals, the black bear, and, moreover, am willing to wager a big red apple that I can show you a single county in this state where more sheep are annually destroyed by dogs than are killed by bears in all New York and New England combined.

This, however, is no reason why all dogs should be put out of the way.

I should not, in all probability, have broken loose on the bear subject at this time but for a picture entitled "What is the Answer to This Month's Lesson?" that appeared in this month's issue of *Forest and Stream*, which picture tells its own story, and no words are needed to convey its pathos to the mind of the humane and intelligent reader. Could every baby bear picture of this sort be accompanied by a companion piece showing the man who provided the material for the picture intensely interested in the pursuit of geological knowledge within the inclosed premises of some well conducted penitentiary—one run on strictly business lines, it would in a degree lessen the desire on the part of humane people to use "cuss" words.

To me it is inconceivable that a creature that has such great economic value, both as to flesh and fur, and at the same time one of the grandest game animals that this continent is possessed of, should be ruthlessly destroyed at all times, in any manner and at any stage of its existence. To my dull comprehension it seems not only a wanton destruction of the "gamiest sort of game," but at the same time a wilful waste of much valuable food and fur, for surely neither the mother of a litter of week-old bear cubs nor her helpless progeny could have any value as an item of food, even if the dam's pelt might bring a few dollars.

If we were to name a half dozen of the most desirable game mammals on this continent, we would find the name of *Ursus americanus* occupying a high place on the list; or if to name a half dozen of the most valued fur-bearing animals in the order of their value, our friend the black bear would not be found at the foot of the class by any means.

Next to the head of the lordly moose, what trophy of the Eastern game fields can be compared to a fine, glossy bear rug, the acquiring

of which in a sportsmanlike manner requires more of true, keen sportsmanship and knowledge of woodcraft than the killing of a whole herd of deer or of almost any other game on the list of protected animals?

Arkansas makes the open season on bear from November 11 to January 11. Louisiana from November 1 to February 1, Pennsylvania from October 15 to December 16, Mississippi from December 15 to February 1, and Quebec from August 20 to July 1. These are good laws in their ways, and they should be duplicated in every other state where bruin finds a home, and he would find a home almost every place if given reasonable protection, and would harm nobody.

If one may judge from what I saw and heard when the bill for the repeal of the bear bounty clause in the game law was before the Committee of Forestry, Fisheries and Game a few years ago, there need be no fear entertained on the part of the people of this and other states that the cause of progress, of education or of the Sunday school will suffer by reason of its being wiped off the statute books. The sort of people who were whining for the retention of the bounty was one of the best arguments for its abrogation, and the members of the committee were convinced that parties who slaughtered infant bears for the sake of a paltry bounty were not the proper persons to intrust with the framing of our game laws. Not one recognized Adirondack guide asked for its retention; all were apparently in favor of wiping it off the statute books.

One rather facetious individual, formerly a guide, who appeared in favor of the bill for abolishing the bounty, remarked that it could not be truly said that the state was the loser in the bounty transaction, as the bounty money when received was usually converted into rum, the rum into "drunks," and that most of the money came back in the way of fines and could be used again in payment of other bounties.

Since the bill was enacted into law there has been no particular incentive to the class named to slaughter infantile bears, but these and their dams as well at certain periods should receive protection from the rapacity of that other class of "smart Alecks" who persist in killing everything in sight "just for the fun of the thing."

All this twaddle relative to bruin being an habitual sheep stealer, man eater, etc., is the veriest sort of rot.

Our black bear from an economic, as well as from the sportsman's viewpoint, is a valuable animal and as such should be protected, allowing a reasonable open season. He is at present none too numerous.

The killing of "baby" bears such as those shown in the picture, should, from a humane standpoint if no other, be prohibited at all times.

Let us have a reasonable, practical close season for bruin and for all other valuable fur bearers, with absolute protection for the young of each species; also eliminate so far as possible the use of that horrid engine of torture and destruction, the steel trap.

M. SCHENCK.



They Must Haunt the Shore, for They Are Unable to Walk More Than Short Distances.

“HA-HA!” THE LOON

AS A BIRD OF MYSTERY AND SOLITUDE, IT REPAYS STUDY

By Will C. Parsons.

A SPARKLING, emerald-like bit of water, surrounded by giant pines. Deep little bays, the shores lined with rushes, and the bosoms studded with the countless stars of the white pond-lilies.

Above, an almost cloudless sky, and a few herring gulls from the big lake, miles away, wheeling and screaming. Otherwise, a perfect quiet.

On the big pads of the lilies, bull frogs nap; a pickerel feeds in the shallows, and gaudy dragon-flies dart and scintillate through the warm air.

From deep in the woods comes the staccato of the ivory-billed wood-pecker as he gouges great chips from a dead pine, and turns his head from side to side, listening for the creak of the pursued beetles. A canoe drifts in from the lake, like a leaf wafted over the surface of a mill pond. A doe, feeding on the succulent roots of the yellow lily lifts her head, and is gone like the fading of a light-struck negative.

Still the picture unfolds a miniature island-like mass of rounded vegetable matter rocks in the rushes, though there is no breeze; and the ever-widening ripples chasing themselves in growing circles, show to the observing eye that something, silent as the stab of a needle, has entered the water from the circular and quivering mass of woven and twisted water plants.

Seconds pass; silence; and then, far out on the bosom of the parent lake comes the hysterical, weird and demoniacal "laughter" of "Ha-Ha," the loon.

A quick dip of the paddle and the birchen vessel slips alongside the little "island." There, in a sodden mass of reeds, with a drier hollow above, lie two big chocolate-colored eggs, the pride of the Great Northern Diver, whose cries ring so roundly from the waters beyond.

"Ha-Ha" has long ago seen our approach, and quietly slipped away. Try as we might, we were never able to see the mother on the nest. Like a wraith, she vanished: always followed the burst of laughter. Through the field glasses, we sometimes, later on, saw "Ha-Ha" and one of her birdlings sport, dip and dive in the little bay. The second egg never hatched.

The loon is a peculiar bird. Its legs are set far back on its body, and it has great difficulty in making headway on the ground. It can fly, it is true, but can only rise when the wind is strong, and it can get the leverage, that any boy who flies a kite can explain. Sometimes, after dropping down into a little hidden, tree-surrounded lake, a loon will be caught for days before he can rise. The birds are solitary and seem to like, a pair to themselves, a single lake. The Esquimaux call the bird "loom"—i. e., lame.

But on the water: that is where "Ha-Ha" and her friends show to the best advantage. Of all the divers, they seem supreme. Dodging the coming of danger, they swim for long distances under water, using their feet for paddles, and their wings for oars, and suddenly "pop up" to the surface, sending forth their unearthly cries.

The young do not get their full adult plumage possibly until the second or third year, but their powers of diving are apparent from the earliest. In flight they are steady, and if necessary they can go long distances. When they alight, they come down in a long slant, making more or less disturbance in the water, especially if no danger threatens.

They cry just before a storm, and the Lake Superior fishermen begin to head for shore when "Ha-Ha" begins to scream.

As food, the loon is not to be sought after. As a bird of mystery and solitude, study it!

AN ALBINO WOODCHUCK.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your readers who are interested in albino animals will find the following clipping worth a record:

Ernest L. Gamble, living on a farm between Smithville and Henderson, brought to Watertown a rare curiosity in the shape of a white woodchuck. He dug the animal out of his hole recently, digging in about 12 feet. The animal is almost a perfect albino, being entirely white with the exception of a small fawn colored spot on his nose, and a dark streak in his tail. His eyes are pink, like those of a Belgian hare. Mr. Gamble took the chuck to the Barnes show in hope of selling it. JOHN D. WHISH.

Albany, August 26, 1916.





Thanks to the Migratory Law and Better State Protection, Flights Such as These Will Become Common Again.

“SUMMERS” AND “WINTERS”

FIFTY-EIGHT YELLOW LEGS CAME TO BAG
WHILE THE PEACE SHIP STRAINED AT ANCHOR

By Pious Jeems, Jr.

THIS IS WHAT DID IT

Marsfield Hills, Aug. 12, 1916.

Dear B.—Please try to be at my house by 3 A. M. I have discovered a lot of birds haunted in a marsh some twenty minutes' drive with machine from here, and they will probably make good shooting if we can get there by daylight. If don't hear from you, shall look for you at my house, 3 A. M., Tuesday next, the 15th.

Very truly yours,
CLARENCE H. LEONARD.

At 2:15 A. M. on the 15th, we grabbed guns, shells, duds and lunch, and Ray, Rip and the Scribe set sail for Leonard's. Clarence was on deck with a market basket full of wooden “yaller-legs” and ole Plum-centre, his trusty L. C. Smith twelve gauge. A short tack to wind'ard and we came to anchor in Uncle Lige Pratt's yard down Duxbury way. We walleder through a huckleberry pasture, fell over and demolished a couple of stone walls, located a dim and distant trail through the long wet grass of a deserted apple orchard, and fought our way through blood-thirsty, war-whooping clouds of mosquitoes defending a boggy wood lot, and we were on the marsh. A hundred yards from the

river was our stand—a low circle of water bushes enclosing a log seat, and in the shallow, muddy pond in front of us, Leonard set out the stool head on to the fresh southwest breeze, in two groups, one on either side.

Yellow-legs were calling all around us—“summers” and “winters” both. “More'n seventy ‘winters’ opened their throats all ter once,” as Clarence described one particular noisy demonstration from the east'ard. Little pods of black ducks shot by speeding toward the mud flats, at the river mouth. They were probably counting on an immunity bath till October 1, but a fusillade from a stand across the river disillusioned them. Some gunner couldn't stand the strain.

“Whew! whew! whew! And again, “Whew! whew! whew!! Mark east, a ‘winter’!”

The alluring strains of Leonard's whistle turned the bird our way, but it was still too dark to see our decoys, or else the “yaller-leg” was of a nervous disposition, for he swooped along the further shore of the pond, and landed on a mud flat at the west end out of range.

Ray and Rip were anxious to stalk the bird, which had now disappeared behind a tuft of grass, but Leonard dissuaded them by saying they would probably lose some good shots if they left the stand.

Another “winter” and several “summer” yellow-legs joined the pioneer at the end of the pond, and we literally had to “hog-tie” the two

boys to keep them from starting an offensive.

Four “summers” of an exclusive turn of mind pitched camp in another puddle to the east'ard.

Bang! bang! bang! bang! The stand across the river had opened hostilities, and one of our neighbors from the east'ard decided to pay us a call. Ray and Rip gave him a cordial welcome with four shots, and the “summer” passed out, his long yellow legs giving one last futile kick as he drifted down the pond on his back.

As the sun rose, the birds began stirring, and for a short while the fun was fast and furious. A few “winters,” but mostly “summers,” were our visitors. The former passed by unscathed, but several of the latter stayed with us. Leonard was giving us a chance to demonstrate our scattergun efficiency, and it was a minus quality. Clarence himself, had not yet unlimbered “Plum-centre,” but his efforts on the little whistle, whenever there was a bird in the air, brought him swooping our way, as if there were a string tied to him. The whistle was a piece of tin the size of a silver dollar with a small hole in the middle over which the tin was folded. With this contrivance held between his lips, the open side out, and the small hole against his tongue, Clarence could talk “shore bird” with all the migrating tribes. I have heard many callers in twenty-five years on the marshes, some with mechanical whistles and others with their lips, but none of them could hold a candle to



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Leonard, and whenever they tried conclusions with him, the result was always the same, everybody else occupied chairs in the dress-circle, while Leonard held the stage with the birds.

During a lull in the flight, Ray and Rip stalked the "winters" at the west end of the pond, a futile attempt, as the birds rose a long shot distant from the gunners, and nothing resulted from the ensuing discharge.

I routed out the kodak and snapped a picture or two of Leonard picking up the dead birds floating in the pond—the results of our last shot, six down out of a flock of seven "summers" that had come right into our face and eyes in answer to the seductive call. Then Leonard squatted down in the stand while I tried a picture of the layout.

I heard the mellow note of a "summer" and stood still while Clarence made a neat right and left. Reinforcements had arrived—"ole Plum-centre" had opened up.

A little later, while we were all in the stand, a flock of eight "summers" happened on the scene, and great was the slaughter thereof. One survivor hustled off for Duxbury—the reserves had proved too much for them.

After eight o'clock the shooting fell off. We had over thirty "summers" in the little pile under the grass in the shadow of the stand, but no "winters." The next flurry was due to occur when the tide came up over the marsh at two. During the interval we killed several more "summers," singles, and missed two chances at single "winters." One of these big fellows came in from behind us and was missed by both boys, while the other flopped right into my face to escape both barrels. The boys also burnt some powder when Leonard whistled this last one back, but only served to accelerate his departure for Duxbury.

As we were consuming the last crumb of lunch, a single "summer" dropped in. Both boys fired, and the bird fell. Up till now, Rip had claimed most of the birds after each discharge, so Leonard thought he'd get ahead of him. He ran out into the pond, picked up the bird and exclaimed, "Anyway, I got that one." Rip and Ray were so surprised that they could say nothing.

A young fellow, a cousin of Leonard's, who had been shooting just across the river, came over to visit. He told us that he and his brother had killed twenty-three "summers," and that the two men in the stand beyond them had sixty-one. He and Leonard decided that the birds

had changed their line of flight from the Duxbury marsh so that instead of passing over us, they were cutting across further to the southwest. To prove their contention, we caught sight of first a pair, and then a flock of nine "summers" following the river course. The breeze had died away and Leonard's whistle enticed the pair and four of the nine yellow-legs our way. We accounted for both the former and three of the latter.

Later on, three more followed the same route, and as they whirled over the stool, Rip jumped to his feet and fired. One bird fell, but the combination of an extra heavy load and the slippery mud on the floor of the stand proved the youngster's undoing and the salvation of the other two birds. At the crack of the gun, the boy came splashing back in a shower of mud, stumbled over Ray and the Scribe, who were just going to unlimber their fowling pieces, and all three of us came down with such a thud in the mess below us that we were some minutes getting free from the sticky mud. Leonard and his cousin were laughing so heartily at our mishap that they could not shoot, so the other yellow-legs escaped.

Leonard's cousin left us and had barely reached his boat on the river bank, before the tide, which had been pouring into the eastward end of our pond, flooded the marsh. A minute later Leonard whispered, "Look there!"

A quarter of a mile to the southwest two large flocks of "summers" were circling. At the call of the whistle they joined forces, set their wings and swooped down on our harmless decoys. We all emptied into the serried ranks, and when they reformed and swung by again, two barrels from each of us again took toll. The air was full of feathers, the pond of dead and dying yellow-legs, and the long marsh grass of cripples. Out of the invading force of thirty birds, only four survivors joined the route.

We ran out of the stand and started across the pond to gather up the cripples before the tide carried them off, then picked up the dead. While thus engaged, first one, and another single, remnants of the scattered host, tried to spy out the battlefield, but a shot apiece laid them low.

We now had fifty-eight "summer" yellow-legs in our pile, our shells were spent and the flivver was straining at her anchor. "All aboard," shouted Captain Leonard, and the rattle of the Peace Ship drowned all sounds of our final discussion of a summer shore bird shoot.

A PISCATORIAL CONTRADICTION

MERELY A POLITE WAY OF SAYING THAT THE TROUT DOES NOT ALWAYS FOLLOW SET RULES

By Virginius.

THAT is what I have learned to call the trout. Kit Clark said, if I remember correctly, that the trout is a most obstinate creature, and he undoubtedly told the truth. If that fish decides to ignore *all* the dictums and doctrines that have been evolved during the last few hundred years concerning his habits and actions, he will ignore them and continue to do so just as long as he wishes.

There are certain courses of procedure in fishing for trout that almost all anglers, including even the writer, subscribe to. These are founded upon well known habits that trout adhere to. For instance, a trout lies facing upstream; moreover the angler must not show himself to the fish lest he frighten it. Not long ago the writer was hurriedly returning to the

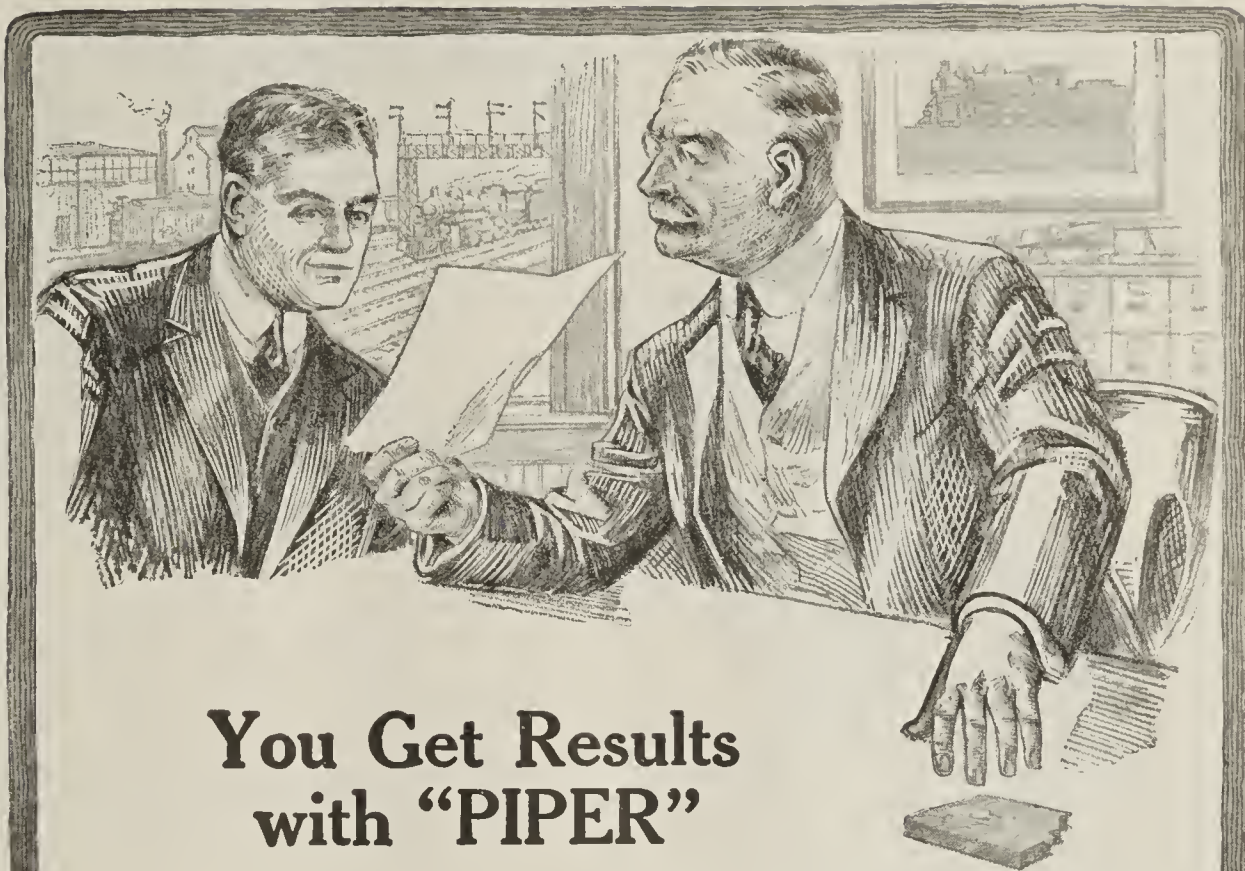
road at the end of a day's fishing by walking down the side of the stream up which he had been fishing. Nearing a certain pool which he had fished thoroughly on the way up and had taken one trout from, he saw a fish rise to a natural fly. Unable to forego the pleasure of a cast over this fish, he entered the water at the head of the pool—the surface of which, by the way, was smooth as glass; and standing eighteen or twenty feet from the spot where he had seen the fish, cast a dry fly to it. Knowing that he was a base heretic to expect any result from such ridiculous methods, imagine his surprise when the trout instantly rose to his lure! This fish when creel'd proved to be a rainbow trout.

In fishing another stream several weeks later

the writer saw a trout rise in a little rocky pool some forty feet down stream. Between the rising fish and the angler was another small pool. I stood on a rock which towered about three feet above the head of the nearest pool. Not being over-expert with rod and line, my fly was dropped by mistake on the surface of the pool at my feet. A brook trout immediately rose to it and was not hooked. After taking the fish in the furthest pool I "rested" the one in which the miraculous rise had occurred. Then silently approaching from the down-stream end, and more or less skilfully casting the fly on the rock on which I had previously stood, I allowed the fly to lightly tumble to the surface of the pool. Nobody home. I cast over that spot for fully fifteen minutes, using three different patterns of flies, and employing all the skill I could command; all to no good result. That trout simply decided not to rise, and abided steadfastly by his decision.

There is a belief—I believe it is more than a superstition among dry-fly anglers—that when a trout is feeding freely upon a certain insect on the stream, he will not take an artificial unless it is very much like the natural fly. I believe it is more than a superstition myself. Be that as it may, I had the good fortune to be present at a hatch of duns one evening and the fish appeared to be gorging themselves on this particular insect. Capturing a number of the naturals—I regret to say that I am not sufficiently learned to be able to give the name of the dun—I looked through my flies and succeeded in finding a certain Halford pattern that resembled the live fly very closely. Attaching this to an extremely light leader, and standing in what Mr. Emlen Gill so aptly calls "the point of vantage," I presented my fly to the feeding trout. They appeared to rise to everything on the stream except my lure. I persevered for a long time with no result. Finally in a rather frenzied state I put on a Parmachenee Belle just to be mean and frighten those greedy fish. I failed completely to do so; in fact three of them simply refused to be frightened and were brought home for dinner.

Another fact upon which I think the majority of authorities agree, is that trout in waters that are fished continuously take an artificial fly because they think it is a real fly. In other words, while the wilderness trout will rise freely to so-called "fancy" flies tied "in imitation of no living creature," the educated trout of our much fished streams cannot be deluded in this fashion. These latter much have a natural looking fly presented to them in a natural manner. After presenting a number of flies tied to resemble real insects to a certain trout in a stream upon which one always meets many brother anglers, and being in a position from which I could plainly see the fish in question, I attached the first fly I had ever tied myself to the leader. This fly had an "Alice" blue cotton body with a yellow tag; the wings were plucked from a feather duster and had at one time adorned a turkey; the hackle did not exist as there was no suitable material for the latter at hand when this remarkable specimen of the fly-tier's art was constructed. Thinking to myself that at the sight of this monstrosity the trout might have heart failure—for I confess that I imagined there would be more chance of killing him that way than by my "fly"—I presented it to him. Yes, that educated fish did rush at my "geezer fly"—for that is what I named it—and was creeled. (I still have this lure and would be glad to allow anyone to copy it.)



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SOLVING THE LANDING NET PROBLEM.

EVER had it catch in the brush, stretch its rubber band to the limit, then let go and, zip! soak you one in the back? or dangle, whether at the front or side, where you are continually getting tangled up in it, or your flies would become caught with a devilish persistency? Sure! Then you vowed that henceforth you would proceed netless and beach 'em, only to encounter immediately thereafter that biggest trout of all, in a deep dark pool, with beaching possibilities "forty miles away"—and you lost him. Righto!

Any reader of *Forest and Stream* who, like the writer, has lost three landing-nets in four seasons' trouting will be interested to learn that a most serviceable article is easily to be achieved at practically the cost of the netting itself and a little time and easy labor, the chief requisite for the frame being a bit of discarded common telegraph wire. In bending the wire to shape an iron vise in assistance, likewise pliers and hammering the wire against some hard flat surface, as a piece of iron.

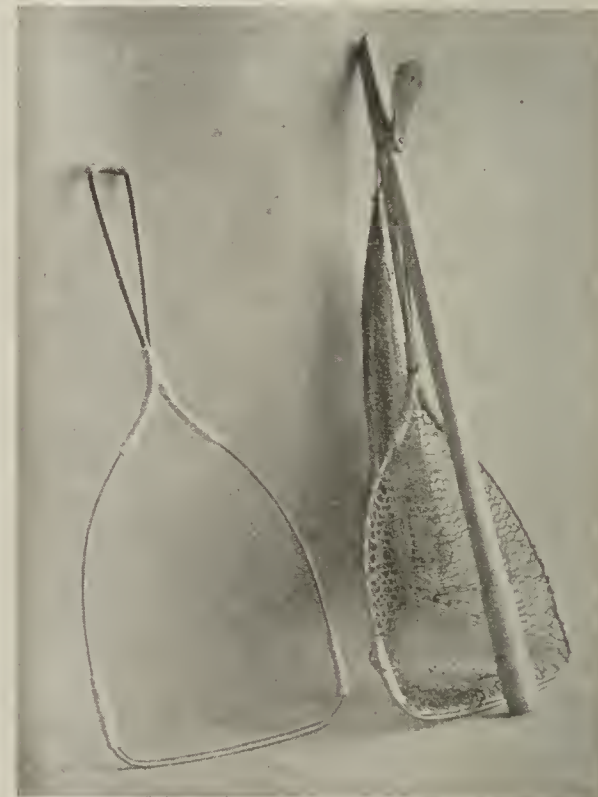
For a short-handled frame, the whole 17 inches long, make the handle part about five inches long and have the bow about eight inches at the extreme width. Make it somewhat triangular in shape with an almost straight front side. This is a good shape at any time but particularly advantageous for scooping up minnows. To this end also have the net fine meshed; and make the frame double across the front so that one wire will serve as a guard to protect the attaching cord against contact with bottom stones.

This net is light, effective and slips easily into the fishing coat left pocket through the opening at front edge of coat. There it is securely carried, entirely out of the way, yet easily accessible when wanted. If dropped it will sink to the bottom and there is some chance of reclaiming it in running water. Or for added security a cord about three feet long may be tied to the handle and fastened at the other end to a coat buttonhole.

Two pieces of wire bent in the forms shown in Fig. 1 are bound together with strong cord

as illustrated in the photo, the wire ends at the winding points being bevelled with a file.

If a longer handled net is desired, bend your two pieces of wire as shown in Fig. 2, bind together, and fashion a handle from an old broomstick, so that the whole is 34 inches long. The wire is riveted to the handle, a copper



An Inexpensive Home-Made Landing Net.

washer being next the wood on either side and also outside the wire under the rivet head. Make the openings for the rivet holes by bending the wire around a nail and then jamming it up tight in an iron vise, the jaws gripping close up to the nail. Have the part of the handle that comes between the wires of a triangular shape so that it will wedge and hold firm when the handle is extended with net in use. A buttoned-holed piece of leather is at-

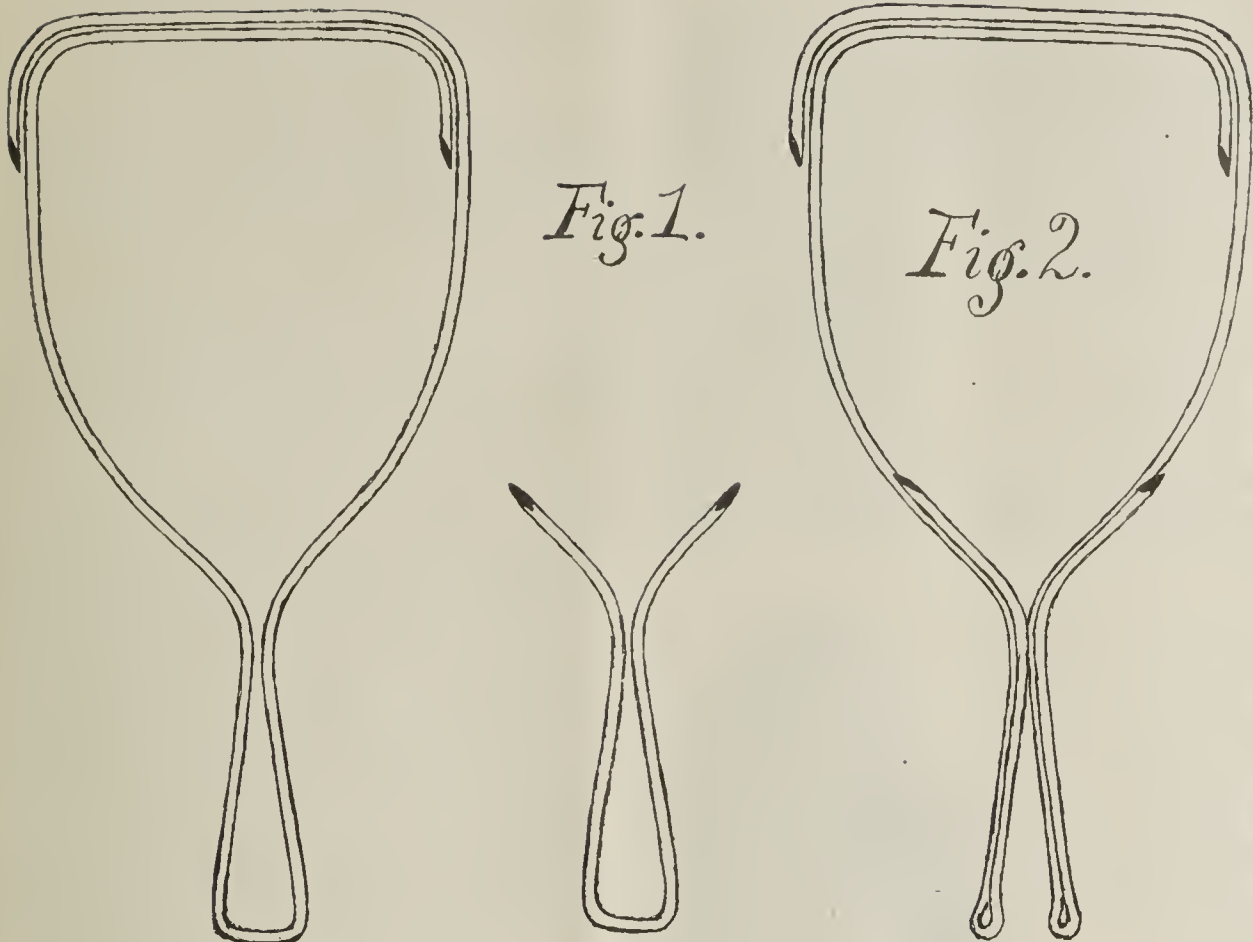


Diagram Showing How to Put the Frame Together.

tached by a small brass screw through a copper washer to the wooden handle just below the position of the rivet, by means of which this form of net is suspended from a button that fastens the left breast pocket of your flannel shirt. And the three-foot piece of safety cord may be used here also.

To prevent the net from dangling below the frame when folded, fasten a loop of cord to the bottom of the net and slip the loop over the part of the wooden handle which projects beyond the rivet joint; it will be checked at the leather hanger. The loop will release itself automatically when the handle is extended.

When either frame is completed a coat of green paint may be applied.

GEO. PARKER HOLDEN.

LIKE THE MAN WHO TELLS CHILDREN THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

"Old Camper" is getting on my nerves. He is always writing about things we ought not to do, and thus probably making us better woodsmen—but we don't want to be instructed in this school. Rather, why doesn't he tell us how to do or make more things, for that is two-thirds of the fun of camping.

It is all right to rail against the superfluous, but does Old Camper imagine that we are all setting off on expeditions such as he appears to love and indulge in, towards the North Pole, or elsewhere in the hinterland? Why, most of my recreation consists in tinkering around in the back yard, building all sorts of dew dads that I read about in the outdoor press. No, I will never use them, but it is fun, and works off superfluous energy.

It was this same Old Camper, I believe, who broke loose in *Forest and Stream* a couple of years ago, with a story of an unexpected visit from a party of lost campers, including several ladies, all needing food. The garrulous old gentleman gave us an inventory of his provisions—I am suspicious now that he was padding his

commissary list—and finished by asking what the reader would have prepared, and how.

Many of us stewed metaphorically over that problem, and sent in answers, but I recall that Old Camper kept still. At the time I thought that he was pitying our crude woodcraft and forebore to humiliate us by a display of his own superior skill, but I am disillusioned now. I will bet a nickel against one of Old Camper's soggiest biscuits that the meal he set forth was conjured up out of a sack of supplies that came as near being irreducible as some of his other hints to living in the woods without eating or work—unless you have a guide along—and that the visitors were led down to the lake and shown where they could get a drink of water.

Nessmuk used to prowl around the woods in this selfsame manner, and poke fun at those who couldn't extract the same comfort out of it, and here we have his successor on the job. *A bas*, Old Camper! Tell us how to make things, now how to get along without them.

SOLID COMFORT.

NO MOSQUITOES AND NO PLOVER.

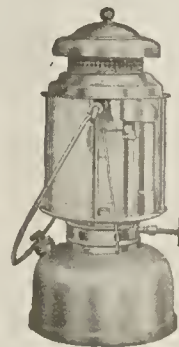
Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Does the paucity of mosquitoes compensate for the paucity of plover, is a question upon which I have meditated considerably, since September 1st. In this environment, the state has advocated the draining of the meadows, in view of preventing mosquitoes, and, at the extensive low-lands of Hammonasset, this scheme has been carried out so thoroughly that rubber boots are no longer necessary, even in the places that used to be the most treacherous. But the plover and yellowleg, as well as the mosquito, do not look at this improvement with favor! The law does not permit us to shoot during the actual flight of these birds, but Hammonasset has always been the scene of a little fun in past years. Now it remains to be seen how drained meadows will effect our ducks that used to feed back in the salt pools of such places.

T. F. HAMMER.

Branford, Ct., September 11, 1916.

THE STORM KING LANTERN

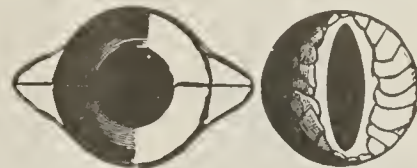


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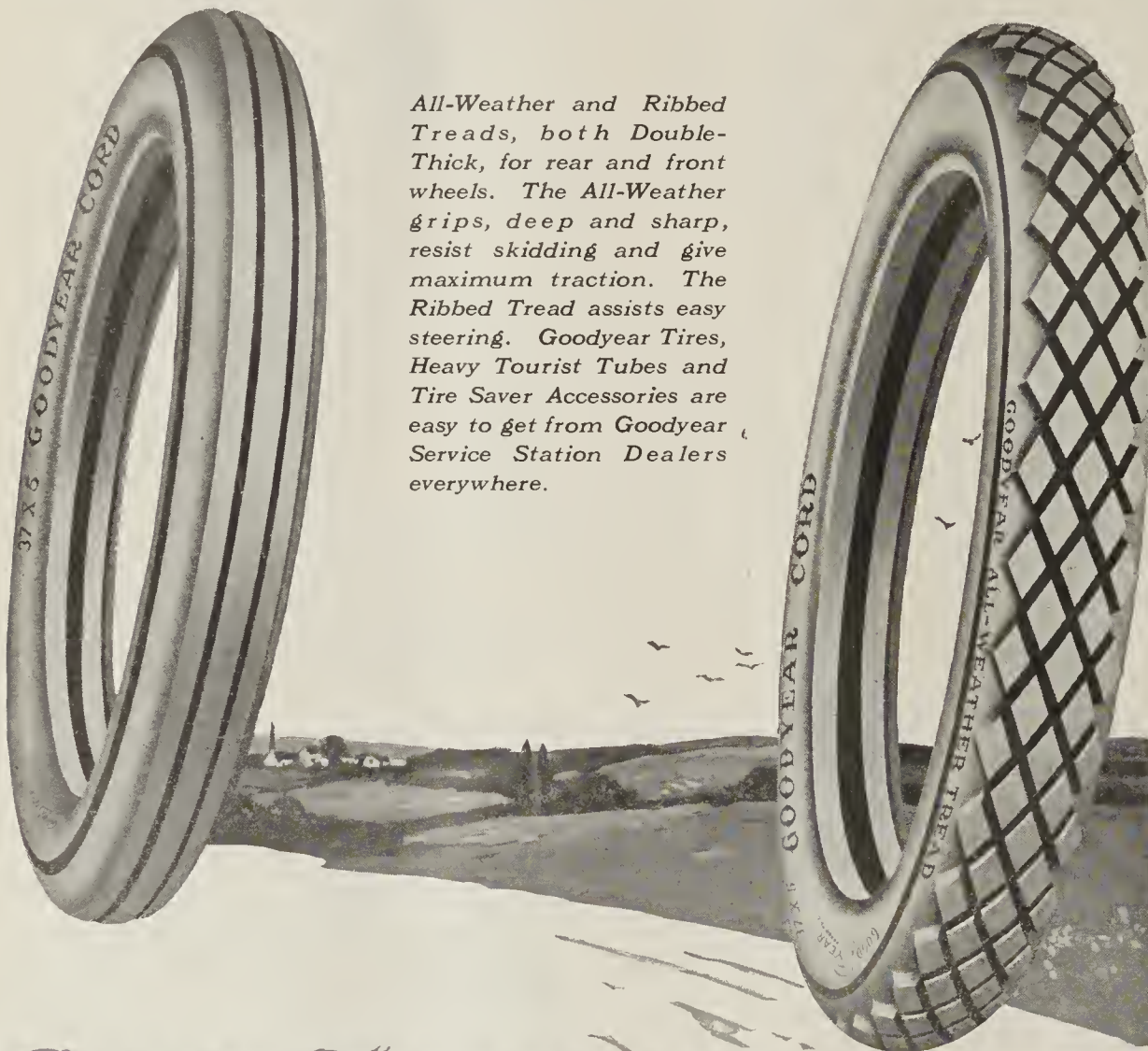
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GOVERNOR OF THE TRIBE OF PENOBSCOT.

(Continued from page 1188.)

So it is certain that at fifty he was still doing a young man's work, because he was supple and liked it. On the other hand I have no record of any notable feat of skill or daring performed by Joe on the river. Which means only that Joe was lucky.

But in one particular Joe had a record unsurpassed. That was in the amount of hardship he underwent in the woods, the tremendous drains upon his power of endurance through exposure or accident or both combined.

It is about twenty years since he told me the story of his then latest accident. I repeat it with hesitation, because I made no notes at the time, but many will know about it. He was at his hunting camp at Debsconeag in mid-winter with a party, and one very cold and windy night, not long before sunset, he left camp to go down the lake and set some traps. I could see the sort of evening, the bright yellow glow of sunset reflected on the bare spots of ice, and Joe, trudging along, head down, axe in hand and traps on back, toward the foot of the lake against the stiff wind. Suddenly he went through the ice. The current had worn it away underneath. There he was, heavily clothed, weighted with iron, darkness near, the current drawing him under the ice, and his only possible source of succor his friends inside a camp nearly a mile away. Those of us who dwell in the north know that he had just about five minutes to live. None knew that better than Joe. But he did everything in order. First he slipped his weight of traps. Then he threw his cap out on the ice that his friends might know what had happened. Then his pocket-book containing a considerable sum of money, that it might go to his family. Then he froze his woolen mittens to the ice and began to shout for help. What chance was there of his making his mates, a mile away, telling stories inside a warm camp, hear him, or, hearing, of their getting to him before he was gone? But he kept on shouting. And he shouted till they heard him, and he held on till they got to him and pulled him out. "I was about done for," he admitted. It was forty minutes—(and my recollection prompts me to say "fifty"; being utterly incredible either way it does not matter)—it was certainly forty minutes after his watch stopped before his friends got him out and by building a fire of dry cedar on the shore and wrapping him in their coats, saved his life.

Of Joe's drollery and cheerful merriment I can hardly speak. They were characteristic traits of our Indians. Whether the white blood in them made them different, or whether writers who paint Indians as silent, morose, taciturn, do not know Indians, our Penobscots were taciturn only when with people they did not know or did not like. Again it is less Joe I see than the host of men and women behind him, beside him, who dearly loved a joke and a merry tale. Yet at one point Joe stands out clear. I see those June evenings at Ripogenus long ago, Joe and Steve Stanislaus toiling wearily up the hill to our tent and lying out in the star-light, dippers of tea in hand, while we all talked of everything.

How many friends he had! What good ones! What good service he did them by being just himself! It was well said, "He was a Man!" But it is also true that he outlived the times he belonged to and we may not hope to look upon his like again.

THE LAW OF SUBSISTENCE—ANOTHER INTERPRETATION.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In *Forest and Stream's* August number a contributor defends the sportsman on a high plane of argument, in the course of which he states: "I know of no divine law, no rule of hygiene, that establishes a fleshless diet for the seeker after health."

It appears to me that there is at least a Biblical injunction to that effect to be found in Genesis, I. 29, as follows:

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree bearing seed; to you it shall be for meat.

The preceding verse gives to man dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air and every living thing upon the earth, but does not specify that they shall be *meat* for man. The 30th verse gives to the beasts and fowls every green herb for *meat*.

I construe the above to mean that meat is synonymous with food but not with flesh. Clearly the Biblical law indicates that both man and beast should look solely to the vegetable kingdom for food.

It would seem to me that in the day when Genesis was written, or at least in the understanding of the author, flesh and meat did not convey the same meaning. In this day, however, the word meat means to us flesh.

Personally I can read more Divine law in the structure of man's dental outfit, cutting, tearing and grinding, than in the words of Genesis. Venison steak, after a couple of weeks in the ice house, is a most potent justification of the sportsman.

The real driving power, the vivifying influence behind the rod and the gun is the blood lust of man. We lust for the flesh with which the butcher provides us. Emerson Hough says the true sportsman loves to pose a bit and rhapsodize on the beauties of nature. To my mind the sportsman is a potential butcher. He is a continuing assurance to the world that man need never fear starvation through a lack of blood letters. Let him pose and rhapsodize but let him not forget to kill with moderation.

The only logical opponent of the sportsman is the vegetarian. He at least is sincere. The mollycoddle is weak and all other critics are unconsciously hypocritical in that they devour the flesh purveyed by the frank and straightforward butcher.

SWITCH REEL.

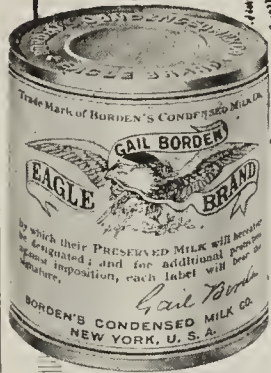
THE EDIBLE MUSHROOM.

Editor *Nessmuk's Campfire*:

This is the season of the mushroom. Can you give a few hints on how to distinguish the edible from the poisonous varieties?

YOUNG CAMPER.

Forest and Stream must decline to be responsible for any correspondence course on mushroom education. The woods and fields are literally filled with bushels and tons of valuable food in the way of "vegetable beefsteaks," and it is regrettable that the American people do not know their value, but it is too dangerous to give a few short hints in a column like this, and expect the reader to be able to choose between the good and the poisonous kinds. There are several useful books on the subject—one, by Wm. Hamilton Gibson, being particularly fine, and illustrated with beautiful colored plates. We can supply this book at \$3.50 and can recommend it highly. But—study it well and thoroughly before attempting to pass judgment on the hundreds of varieties of mushrooms.—Ed.]



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III. A Comparison of the Merits of the Wet and Dry Methods of Fly-Fishing.	XIII. When to Fish Dark and Light Colored Flies.
IV. The Fly-Rod and its Function.	XIV. The "Expert" Fly-Fisherman.
V. For the Beginner at Fly-Fishing.	XV. How to Make Your Own Leaders.
VI. The Rod, The Reel, The Line, The Leader and The Fly.	XVI. Trout Fly-Fishing in the Rangeley Region.
VII. The Habits of Trout.	XVII. Wet-Flies Used in Various States.
VIII. The Coloration of Trout.	XVIII. Dry-Flies Used in England and America.
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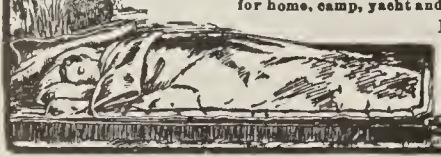
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The Editor of this Department will be glad to answer inquiries on subjects of general interest to the fraternity and replies will be published monthly, in the order received, under this heading.

THE FISHERMAN'S EQUIPMENT.

One has very little difficulty in finding adequate information as to the equipment used by now-a-day fishermen, but very little has been written on holding the fish after it is once hooked and the method successfully employed in tiring the fish out and landing him.

The handling of the hooked fish is really a subject that is not given half enough attention by the angling fraternity as a whole and it is indeed an item that the tyro fisherman should give much thought, for the novice will often get as many strikes as the fisherman of experience but if he is not wised on the matter of playing "Mr. Fish," he stands an excellent chance of not landing him.

A quick twitch of the rod, a movement of the wrist and forearm only, is the usual manner of hooking the fish. In still fishing the fish frequently hook themselves and the act of lifting the fish from the water and hooking is practically all one operation. One error that the tyro fisherman frequently makes in hooking his fish in still fishing is the unnecessarily hard striking at the bite, a yanking of the rod, as it were, as a result of which the hook is torn out of the fish's mouth or is broken and the fish is lost. It is only the heavy tackle used in deep sea fishing that will allow such tactics. It can hardly be called angling; it's fishing pure and simple.

The lighter the tackle the more sport, as the pleasure is obtained by tiring the fish out by the action of the rod and the use of the reel and not by brute strength. However, there is a happy medium even in light tackle. It must be remembered that much lighter tackle can be employed in fishing lakes from a boat where there is plenty of room for the fish to make his run, than in places where one has to keep the fish away from rocks, submerged stumps, etc.

In the use of the short rod, as in bait casting, the rod, when reeling in a artificial lure, should be held at an angle of twenty degrees; this allows a healthy strike to be made without breaking the tip.

In the hooking of all kinds of fish, one point should be remembered and that is, always keep a taut line. One frequently has to give line in fighting a game fish, but make him fight for it and when you give line do so grudgingly, then take it back at every opportunity. In playing a game fish, this operation, that of giving and taking up line, is often frequently repeated, but don't be in a hurry to get the fish into the boat. Take your time and thoroughly tire him out; over-anxiety on the part of the fisherman and the tendency to net or gaff the fish at a too early stage of the game has been the reason for many a lost prize winner.

Through the lack of knowledge on how to handle a game fish when he breaks water is another reason for the loss of many fish. In this case, according to the best authorities, it is best to lower the tip, so as to give some slack to the

line which should be immediately tightened however, when the fish strikes the water again, for if he falls on a tightened line, the result is generally a lost fish.

In still fishing here are a few "don'ts" that may be worth considering. Select the spot where you intend to anchor, then let your boat glide to the location; don't row to it in a noisy fashion; life the oars into the boat in a careful manner; don't first drop them alongside the boat with a loud splash, then yank them into the boat any old way. In dropping your anchor overboard, don't drop it with a splash without regard for noise. How much better it is to allow the anchor rope to glide through the fingers slowly! They are little things, to be sure, but they all tend to help the fishing.

THE BIRTH OF THE BAIT CASTING-ROD.

Much has been said and much has been written on the art of bait casting, the proper methods of casting, and the equipment needed, but as to the history of the game, the first short rod and the men whose efforts helped to bring the sport up to its present-day standards, little is known.

Devotees of this sport no doubt will be surprised to learn that the bicycle played an important part in the development of the short rod, nevertheless it is true.

The bait casting rod was first developed and used in the fall of 1896 and to one William Locher of Kalamazoo, Michigan, goes the honor and credit of working out the idea that is found in the dainty little stick now much in vogue.

The embryo rod was made from Calcutta cane, unvarnished and cut short. Now here is where the bicycle plays an important part, first in the guides, then in the handle. The guides being made from the spokes of an old bicycle, being extremely large and attached to the rod by windings of linen thread. Here is found the introduction to the angling fraternity of the now famous Kalamazoo guides. The next part of the rod fittings, borrowed from the two-wheel steed, was one grip from the handle bars which was merely glued on the large end of the rod, there being no reel seat, the line either being allowed to lie in coils on the ground or held in the hand. This rod was used by Mr. Locher during the season of 1896-97, when he designed a four-foot rod, this time made of lancewood that tapered from 7-16 of an inch at the butt to 1/8 of an inch at the tip, the handle 12 inches long, with a 3/4-inch reel seat of brass tubing. No reel band as now used, but fitted with a clamp to hold the reel in place. Steel guides were this time used, considerably smaller than on the first rod, while silk was substituted for the former linen windings, the entire rod being now wound at frequent intervals. A great improvement over the Adam of the rod clan, one readily admits.

To Tilden Robb, a boon fishing companion

of Locher's, goes the honor of evolving the finger hook, still found on rods and used by many present-day casters. This idea was later sent to the Horton Manufacturing Company for their use, by one Ben Bush, also of Kalamazoo. The Horton people, seeing the worth of the idea and its value, improved on it by making it detachable, the improved article being patented.

Later the well known Kalamazoo steel bait casting rod appeared on the market and met with instant favor. "Bucktail" Worden of South Bend, Indiana, later made some minor improvements on the lancewood rod and introduced what was known as the Worden bait casting rod, other manufacturers falling in line until today we have the two-piece, short butt, long tip, constructive favorite.

MORE ABOUT THE CARP.

During the past two months I have had numerous queries regarding the carp; what he is, where he is found and how to catch him. A short treatise on this subject therefore seems to be in order. The following extracts through the courtesy of Louis Rheid are taken from his well known book, "Bait Angling for Common Fishes."

"The carp is a native of Asia and was introduced in America in 1831; its acclimation has been wonderfully successful, especially in the South, where it continues to grow throughout the year and sometimes attains a remarkable size."

There are numerous species of carp. The mirror, or king carp is named on account of the few and extraordinarily large scales which run along the sides of the body in three or four rows, the rest of the body being bare. The leather carp, which has on its back either only a few scales, or none at all. Then there is the golden carp, popular in small fountain ponds and household aquariums. The common carp is found to be very abundant in certain lakes and rivers; those found in the latter are much the best to angle for and are of better flavor.

In lakes it prefers a muddy bottom, particularly near the roots of water lilies; in rivers it likes those parts where the stream is slow and stagnant, with the bottom thick in mud. They can readily be caught with dough, grains of barley or wheat, worms, maggots, wasp larvae and sometimes pieces of meat and fish. To insure the best sport when angling for carp it requires great preparation and care. The line should be entirely of medium-sized or fine round gut and a very light porcupine quill float with one good-sized shot about six inches from the hook which should be a No. 5 or No. 6 and baited with a red worm. If possible the depth of the water should be taken the night before the angler intends to fish and a quantity of ground bait, composed of bread kneaded into little balls, should be thrown in the place. Early in the morning and late in the evening are much the best time for carp fishing and the all-important thing is to take especial care and keep out of sight as the carp is very shy. Do not attempt to strike until the float begins to move off and as the carp has a tough mouth there is little chance of losing him.

AN EFFECTIVE WAY TO CATCH BASS.


Editor Fish and Fishing:

I thought the following way of going after, and, what is more, catching, the bass, both large and small mouth, ought to interest your readers. I have found it to be the real goods. The angled first needs two rods, one a fly or bait

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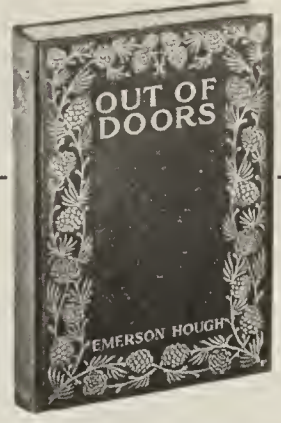
Outline of Contents

Chapter

- I. Your Summer Encampment.
- II. Bait Casting For Bass.
- III. Angling Extraordinary.
- IV. The Inconnu—What It Is Not.
- V. In The Jewel Box.
- VI. The Great-Game Fields Of The World.
- VII. The Wasteful West.
- VIII. Rifles For Big Game.
- IX. Wealth On Wings.
- X. Bear Hunting.
- XI. Hunting The Deer.
- XII. Game Laws And Game Supply.
- XIII. A Voyage Around The Room.
- XVI. Whither Are We Drifting?

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- II. The Camper's Outfit.
- III. The Vacation Nuisances; How To Prevent Them.
- IV. In The Junk Closet.
- V. The Woman In Camp.
- VI. Uncle Sam's Shoes.
- VII. Mountain Camping.
- VIII. Your Canoe And Its Outfit.
- IX. Hints And Points On Trout Fishing.
- X. Your Bird Dog; How To Use Him.
- XI. Your Gun; How To Handle It.
- XII. Your Campfire; How To Use It.
- XIII. Getting Lost And What To Do About It.
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"Let us Go Afield" is a call to the wild that tells you what to do and how to do it when you get there. From bass fishing to bear hunting it covers in detail all branches of the sport, telling how, where and when to get the finest specimens. Chapters on the camp, equipment, etc., are particularly valuable.

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Aside from their great value to the sportsman and camper, these books make delightfully interesting reading for everybody.

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rod, the other a bait casting rod. First bait the fly rod with a small froggie and cast out; 25 feet of line is about all one needs; set click and place rod in a convenient and safe position. Use the bait casting rod for casting some semi-underwater or regular underwater. You are thus having two chances to one of landing. After every third cast raise the fly rod to get Mr. Frog in motion. This two to one method has always been a favorite method of mine when after the big fellows and I generally came home with the bacon.—J. S. P., Marion, Ohio.

The method described by you is also the favorite of several friends of mine and like you, they generally "bring home the bacon." I might add for the benefit of those who desire

to try this method that if the fishing is done in shallow water the top water plug should be substituted for the semi or regular underwater also. If your strike is on the fly rod, take off click at once, as a bass drawing the line from the reel with the click set very often becomes suspicious from the vibration on the line and drops all interest in Mr. Frog.

GAME CONDITIONS IN MISSOURI.

A flight of teal already on, and the egrets are leaving their heronry for the South. There has never been such an excellent crop of quail within the last fifteen years. No rain, and the turkey crop good, too.

J. B. T.
Doniphan, Mo., Sept. 8, 1916.

OUR FRIEND THE BLUEFISH

A GAMY FIGHTER AND BITER.

By Russell A. Bowen.

A word or so regarding the bluefish will be interesting, and speaking of him as a fighter I will quote a few lines from the "Speech of Hon. N. E. Atwood, of the Cape District, 1870," anent the pugnacity and savageness of this lord of the deep.

"Call them, sir, by whatever name we please; whether bluefish, of Massachusetts Bay; snapper, of New Bedford; horse-mackerel, on the shores of Rhode Island; or tailor, in Delaware Bay, they are the same *Temnodon Saltator* still, and deal out destruction and death to other species in all the localities they visit."

By Professor Mitchell the classical name, *Temnodon Saltator*, has been given to this fish; *Temno*, to cut to pieces, undoubtedly meaning its jaws of sharp teeth, and *Saltator*, referring to a pantomime dancer, having in mind its leaping or skipping—a very fitting and appropriate name.

Along our New England coast the bluefish is usually called the horse-mackerel, but, of course, that is a different fish, and grows to the no small weight of one thousand pounds, sometimes more. The bluefish on the other hand rarely reaches twenty pounds, although there are exceptional cases, and reports come filtering through now and then of occasional thirty pounders.

His jaws are exceedingly strong and his gill covers, three in number, are like steel plates. A word of admonition—beware of his teeth for his jaws are armed with them and they are very sharp and closely set, and will cut in two a cord one-quarter of an inch in diameter just as neatly and as smoothly as could be done with the sharpest knife. And each one of these teeth are like saw-teeth so perfectly do they match, therefore, your fingers should receive the utmost consideration in taking a hook from his powerful and wicked jaws.

The shimmer and shine of his leadeny blue back, as he is taken from the water dripping wet in the rays of a luminous summer sun, we are all pretty nearly familiar with. This leadeny blue color of his back extends downward to the imperceptible lateral lines and his belly is of a snowy-whiteness. The rest of the fish, including his general appearance and shape needs no dwelling upon.

From now on bluefishing will be good and the opportunity is open to every reader of *Forest and Stream* who will, to hie away to the haunts of the blue and get some real sport and excitement. Take my word for it, brother, 'twill do you good and when you've finished your day's sport you'll say I'm right.

The call of the big outdoors is irresistible and the good it will do body and mind is beyond calculation.

Whether you hit the trail leading to that little old log-cabin way back in the woods, with its quiet and solitude, where communion is held daily with Nature, or cruise the broad bosom of old Neptune's vast and heaving domain, where you are called upon, almost continually, to guard against the strange and uncertain vagaries and vacillations of the elements, you will be working toward one common goal—good health.

The only panacea for continued good health is life in the open as much as possible. And the good that will come therefrom will exceed all the words of tomes and tomes.

"Give me, Great Father, give me strength and health,
A liberal heart, affections kind and free;
My rod—my line—be these my pride, my wealth!
They yield me present joys—they draw my soul
to Thee."

A BEAUTIFUL prayer these lines. Every angler's prayer I hope. The joys of fishing do bring strength and health. And God, man and nature are brought closer together and the result is a more happy, harmonious life. 'Tis true, friend. And most every devotee of rod and line bears out this statement. However, before I get deep into a preachment I will stop and take up the subject I have in mind—our friend the bluefish—that gamy fighter and biter.

A royal sport and pursuit indeed is bluefishing:

"And, as he darts, the waters blue
Are streaked with gleams of many a hue
Green, orange, purple and gold."
—Matthew G. Lewis.

A more glorious, exciting and healthful sport is difficult to find. Every moment is full of action and doing—there's no denying it. Place yourself for a space in one of the little craft that fly along, yes, literally fly, with her scuppers well under and your shining squid some fifty or more feet behind you flashing in the sunlight as it bounds from wave to wave. It is fascinating to watch the squid in its jerky course over the emerald bosom of the sea. But suddenly your mind is taken from the squid—you get a strike! Tense moments follow. If this is your first blue you will have your hands full. If it is not you will have them full anyhow. The veterans of the sport know his subsequent antics.

No fish makes a more gallant nor lasting fight than the blue. He will play and run away with your line. First he rushes madly and headlong to the right of you, then to the left of you; but these rushes cannot last forever and you are soon rewarded in being able to claim a little slack line. Mr. Bluefish, however, is not so easily captured. Resuming his former tactics he rushes off with the speed of an express train, darting and turning in every direction seeming to confuse you and for the moment his cunning manoeuvre is almost successful and away goes a good part of the precious line so valiantly fought for. But Man, as he generally is, is to be the victor and slowly but surely the battle is brought to a termination. Yes, slowly, for the bluefish is a very stubborn and vicious fighter and it is only after the hardest kind of a struggle that he is brought to bay and alongside the boat. Even then he lunges and plunges, and almost seems to say, "I am unconquerable," but finally he is brought to gaff and we land him—a good ten pounder, still full of life and fight.

He is a beauty. We look and look and marvel upon the splendid contour of his fine body and our laudations in the highest are his. Our admiration knows no bounds—neither would anyone else's if they had a like experience—and we then and there proclaim the bluefish "a lord of the deep."

Along with the striped bass the bluefish, to my mind, is the game fish par excellence of the brine, just as the black bass and salmon are of fresh water.

To give an outline of the various modes of capture would make this article too long, so later on, in another issue, I will touch upon this phase of the sport.

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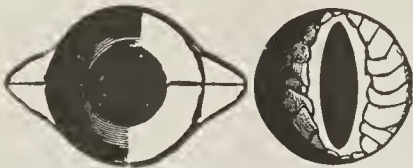
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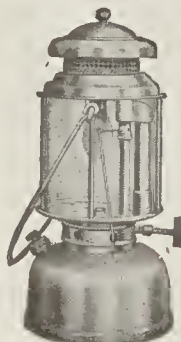
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NINTH INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT OF THE N. A. S. A. C.

THE ninth international fly and bait casting tournament of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs was held this year under the auspices of the Newark (N. J.) Fly and Bait Casting Club from their float in Weequahic Park Lake, on August 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th, representatives from the Chicago Casting Club, Illinois Casting Club, Anglers' Club of Chicago, Anglers' Club of New York and the Newark Fly and Bait Casting Club taking part.

From a Western standpoint the tournament was a huge success—that is, if the score board is allowed to tell the tale, for the Chicagoans not only captured ten firsts, nine seconds and nine thirds out of the thirteen events that comprised the program, but also of the nine regular events, the men from the Windy City took home eight firsts, seven seconds and six thirds. It is consequently impossible to make any of the Eastern casters believe that the initials N. A. S. A. C. mean anything but "Not a Show Against Chicago" and incidentally the nail is hit about on the head when such a meaning is given them because the Eastern casters were beaten before they started.

Men like Mills, New, Schwinn, Marsh, Pettit, Darling and others who were depended upon to stand the blunt of the attack seemed to have stage fright and cracked under the strain. A. J. Marsh, in particular, who was thought to have a rattling good chance in the half ounce distance bait event, came in a poor eleventh; his longest cast, however, was 214 feet, which gives an idea of what he is at least able to do; L. S. Darling, of the Newark Club, taking second place in this event with an average cast of 176 feet against 191 4-5 feet of G. G. Chatt of Chicago.

So it was in each of the thirteen events, just a repetition of successes for the Chicago casters, and when all was said and done it was found that Call J. McCarthy had regained the all-around championship which he lost last year at San Francisco to Stanley Forbes, who did not defend the title this year. McCarthy did not run away with the honor, however, as he was closely pressed by George G. Chatt, who lacked only two points of taking the gold cup, third and fourth places being taken by W. J. Jamison and William Stanley, all Western casters.

The blue pennant offered for the club point leader was won by the Illinois Casting Club with total points amounting to 30½; the Chicago Fly Casting Club second with 21; the Anglers' Club of Chicago third with 15½; Newark Fly and Bait Casting Club fourth and the Anglers' Club of New York fifth. An unattached entrant taking one third place.

With the exception of the first day the weather conditions were excellent and while no national records were broken, the records in the light tackle distant fly, light tackle dry fly accuracy and quarter ounce accuracy bait were approached. Guy R. Jenkins, of the Anglers' Club of New York, making the second best score ever recorded by a winner in the light tackle dry fly accuracy event, this event being the only standard event not won by a caster from Chicago.

The following officers were chosen for the coming year: President, John M. Smith; first vice-president, A. J. New, of Newark, N. J.; second vice-president, R. E. Carlon, of Portland, Ore.; third vice-president, H. J. Steinmesch, of St. Louis; fourth vice-president, C. Kraft, of Battle Creek, Mich.; treasurer, E. M. Town, of Chicago; secretary, F. J. Lane, of Chicago.

The 1917 tournament was awarded to the Illinois Casting Club of Chicago.



Tell the Unnatural History Editor the Name of This Migratory Bird.

THE UNNATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

Last month's lesson was a little too hard, it seems, only about a dozen correct answers having been received to date. The little animals shown were infant black bears, about two weeks old. One correspondent was moved to righteous wrath that anybody should disturb the mother bear in the breeding season, and we agree with him. Read his communication in another column.

This month's lesson may be easy—and again it may not be. At the beginning of the duck season it is appropriate. Can you tell whether there is an open season, and if so, where?



Game Farming and Good Shooting

When you are out in the fields and woods with your shotgun this fall, or in the marshes waiting for the ducks, bear this fact in mind—*your sport would be much better if scientific game farming were conducted more extensively in this country.*

Game farming is being carried on much more extensively than formerly, especially during the past year. Evidence is plentiful to the effect that eventually we will pay as much attention to this important subject as have the people of Europe for many years. The wonderful grouse shooting in Scotland is one example of the results obtained there.

There are already many places in this country where good shooting is to be had in abundance due to scientific game breeding. It is quite possible that one or more of these is located within easy reach of your home. If you are interested we will gladly advise you regarding this if we have the information in our files. If not we will tell you how to make good shooting in your locality and put you in touch with others who are interested in this.

May we suggest that you write for our booklet, "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure". It is well worth reading and sent free on request. Please use the coupon below.

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How much do you know about the powder you shoot in the fields or at the traps? You should be thoroughly informed regarding it and specify a given powder when you buy shells.

If you will write us we will gladly tell you about the two Hercules Smokeless Shotgun Powders, Infalible and "E. C."

These powders are of unusually high and uniform quality. They give even patterns, high velocity, light recoil. You can always depend upon them. The next time you buy loaded shells specify either Infalible or "E. C." Smokeless Shotgun Powder. They may be obtained in all standard makes of shells.

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Game Breeding Department, Room 190, Hercules Powder Company, Wilmington, Delaware.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure". I am interested in game breeding from the standpoint of.....
 Name.....
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OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, 1916

[Compiled by T. S. PALMER, W. F. BANCROFT, and FRANK L. EARNSHAW.]

The following table shows the open seasons for game in the United States and Canada arranged on a uniform plan. In its preparation the seasons prescribed by the regulations for the protection of migratory birds, as amended August 21, 1916, have been inserted in black-faced type.

THE SEASONS HERE SHOWN ARE THE OPEN SEASONS UNDER BOTH FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS.

The first date of the open season and the first date of the close season are given, so that CLOSE SEASONS MAY BE FOUND BY REVERSING THE DATES.

When the season is closed for several years, the first date on which shooting is permitted, as November 1, 1919, appears in the table.

A few unimportant species and the numerous local exceptions in Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington and Wisconsin have been omitted. All the omitted seasons will be published in "Game Laws for 1916," except the county seasons of North Carolina, which are published in a special Poster of the Biological Survey. These publications may be had free on application to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The term rabbit includes "hare;" quail, the bird known as "partridge" in the South; grouse, includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan and sage hens; introduced pheasant is restricted to the Old World pheasants; and goose includes "brant."

States are arranged geographically and grouped under the two zones defined in the regulations for the protection of migratory birds (see "Game Laws for 1916").

ZONE NO. 1.	STATE.	BIG GAME.				UPLAND GAME.						
		DEER.	MOOSE.	RABBIT.	SQUIRREL.	QUAIL.	GROUSE.	PRAIRIE CHICKEN.	INTRODUCED PHEASANT.	WILD TURKEY.	DOVE.	
1	Maine*	Oct. 1-Dec. 16...	Nov. 1, 1919	Oct. 1-Apr. 1	Sept. 1-Nov. 1	No open season	Sept. 15-Nov. 15*	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	1
2	New Hampshire	Oct. 15-Dec. 16...	No open season	Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Oct. 1, 1919	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	2
3	Vermont	Nov. 15-Dec. 6	No open season	Sept. 15-Mar. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	3
4	Massachusetts	Nov. 20-Nov. 25	No open season	Oct. 12-Mar. 1	Oct. 12-Nov. 13	Oct. 12-Nov. 13*	Oct. 12-Nov. 13	No open season	Oct. 12-Nov. 13*	No open season	No open season	4
5	Rhode Island	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	Nov. 1, 1920	No open season	No open season	5
6	Connecticut	June 1, 1917*	No open season	Oct. 8-Jan. 1	Oct. 8-Nov. 24	Oct. 8-Nov. 24	Oct. 8-Nov. 24	No open season	Oct. 8-Nov. 24	No open season	No open season	6
7	New York*	Oct. 1-Nov. 16	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 1	Oct. 1-Nov. 16	Oct. 1, 1918	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Oct. 1, 1918	No open season	No open season	7
8	Long Island	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	8
9	New Jersey	Oct. 11, 13, 25, Nov. 1	No open season	Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Nov. 10-Dec. 16	No open season	Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Mar. 13, 1919	9
10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Dec. 16	No open season	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	10
11	West Virginia	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	11
12	Kentucky	Nov. 15, 1921	No open season	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	July 1-Dec. 16	Nov. 15-Jan. 2	Nov. 15, 1920	No open season	Nov. 15, 1920	Nov. 15, 1920	Sept. 1-Oct. 16	12
13	Ohio	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1-Jan. 2	Sept. 15-Oct. 21	Nov. 15, 1917	Nov. 15, 1917	No open season	Nov. 15, 1917	Nov. 15, 1917	Nov. 15, 1917	13
14	Indiana	No open season	No open season	Apr. 1-Jan. 10	July 1-Nov. 1	Nov. 10-Dec. 21	Nov. 10-Dec. 21	No open season	Oct. 15-Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	14
15	Illinois	June 23, 1925	No open season	Aug. 31-Feb. 1	Aug. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 11-Dec. 10	July 2, 1920	No open season	Oct. 1-Oct. 16	June 23, 1925*	June 23, 1925	15
16	Michigan	Nov. 20-Dec. 1*	No open season	Oct. 1-Mar. 2	1920	1920	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	1920	1920	1920	16
17	Wisconsin*	Nov. 11-Dec. 1	No open season	Oct. 10-Feb. 1	Oct. 10-Feb. 1	Oct. 1, 1921	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Sept. 7-Oct. 2	Oct. 1, 1921	No open season	17
18	Minnesota	Nov. 10-Nov. 30	Nov. 10-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Sept. 7-Nov. 7	No open season	Sept. 7, 1918	18
19	Iowa	No open season	No open season	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	No open season	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1, 1917	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	19
20	Missouri	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	June 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 10-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	20
21	Kansas	Mar. 24, 1921	No open season	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Mar. 19, 1918	No open season	Mar. 19, 1918	Mar. 19, 1918	Mar. 19, 1918	Mar. 19, 1918	21
22	Nebraska	No open season	No open season	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Nov. 1-Nov. 16	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	22
23	South Dakota	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	Sept. 10-Oct. 10	Sept. 10-Oct. 10	No open season	No open season	No open season	23
24	North Dakota	Nov. 10, 1920	No open season	Sept. 7-Nov. 2	Sept. 7-Nov. 2	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Sept. 7-Nov. 2	Sept. 7-Nov. 2	No open season	No open season	No open season	24
25	Montana	Oct. 1-Dec. 15	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	Sept. 15-Oct. 16*	Sept. 15-Oct. 16*	No open season	No open season	No open season	25
26	Wyoming*	Oct. 1-Nov. 16	Sept. 1, 1918*	Aug. 1, 1919	Aug. 1, 1919	Aug. 1, 1919	Sept. 15-Nov. 16	Sept. 15-Nov. 16	Aug. 1, 1919	Aug. 1, 1919	No open season	26
27	Colorado	Oct. 1, 1918	No open season	Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Oct. 1, 1924	Aug. 15-Oct. 11	Aug. 15-Oct. 11	Aug. 15-Oct. 11	Sept. 1, 1924	No open season	No open season	27
28	Utah*	Oct. 15-Nov. 1	No open season	Oct. 1-Nov. 1	Oct. 1, 1924	Aug. 15-Oct. 11	Aug. 15-Oct. 11	Aug. 15-Oct. 11	Sept. 1, 1924	No open season	No open season	28
29	Nevada	Sept. 15-Oct. 16	No open season	Sept. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 1, 1920	No open season	No open season	29
30	Idaho*	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Aug. 15-Dec. 1	Aug. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	July 15-Dec. 1	30
31	Oregon*	Aug. 15-Nov. 1	No open season	Sept. 1-Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	Oct. 1-Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	31
32	Washington*	Sept. 15-Nov. 1	Oct. 1, 1925	No open season	No open season	Sept. 15-Nov. 1	Sept. 15-Nov. 1	Sept. 15-Nov. 1	Sept. 15-Nov. 2	Oct. 1-Oct. 15	No open season	32
33	Alaska	Aug. 15-Nov. 1	Aug. 20-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	Sept. 1-Mar. 2	Sept. 1-Mar. 2	Sept. 15-Nov. 2	Oct. 1-Oct. 15	No open season	33
34	Delaware	June 1, 1922	No open season	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Oct. 16	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Aug. 1-Jan. 1	34
35	Maryland	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	No open season	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	35
36	Dist. Columbia	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Mar. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 26	Sept. 1-Mar. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 26	Nov. 1-Dec. 26	No open season	36
37	Virginia*	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	13 local laws	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	No open season	37
38	North Carolina*	Local laws	No open season	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	38
39	South Carolina*	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	No open season	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	39
40	Georgia*	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	No open season	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	40
41	Florida	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	No open season	Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	No open season	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	41
42	Alabama	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	May 15-June 15	Nov. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	No open season	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Dec. 1-Apr. 1	42
43	Mississippi	Dec. 1-Jan. 2	No open season	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Feb. 15	Nov. 15-Feb. 15	Nov. 15-Feb. 15	No open season	Nov. 15-Feb. 15	Nov. 15-Feb. 15	Nov. 15-May 1	43
44	Tennessee*	Oct. 1, 1917	No open season	June 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 1-Mar. 1	Dec. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	44
45	Arkansas	Nov. 11-Jan. 11	No open season	Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Nov. 11-Jan. 11	Nov. 11-Jan. 11	No open season	45
46	Louisiana	Sept. 1-Jan. 6	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 16	Nov. 15-Mar. 1	Dec. 1-Jan. 1	Dec. 1-Jan. 1	Jan. 1, 1920	Nov. 15-Mar. 1	Nov. 15-Mar. 1	Nov. 15-Mar. 1	46
47	Texas	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Dec. 1-Jan. 1	Jan. 1, 1920	Nov. 15-Mar. 1	Nov. 15-Mar. 1	Nov. 15-Mar. 1	47
48	Oklahoma*	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	Nov. 30-Jan. 1	Nov. 30-Jan. 1	Nov. 30-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	No open season	48
49	New Mexico*	Oct. 16-Nov. 6	No open season	June 1-Dec. 1	June 1-Dec. 1	June 1-Dec. 1	Sept. 16-Nov. 26	Mar. 18, 1920	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	49
50	Arizona	Oct. 1-Dec. 16	No open season	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Feb. 2	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	Oct. 1-Dec. 16	50
51	California*	Aug. 1-Sept. 15	No open season	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 2	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	51
52	Br. Columbia*	Sept. 1-Dec. 16	Sept. 1-Dec. 16	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	Oct. 1-Dec. 16	Oct. 1-Dec. 16	Oct. 18-Nov. 19	No open season	No open season	52
53	Yukon*	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	Sept. 1-Mar. 15	Sept. 1-Mar. 15	Sept. 1-Mar. 15	No open season	No open season	53
54	Alberta	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	No open season	No open season	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	54
55	Saskatchewan	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Nov. 15-Dec. 15	No open season	No open season	Sept. 15, 1918	Sept. 15-Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	55
56	Northwest Ter.*	Dec. 1-Apr. 1	Dec. 1-Apr. 1	Dec. 1-Apr. 1	No open season	No open season	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	56
57	Manitoba*	Nov. 20-Dec. 10	Nov. 20-Dec. 10	Oct. 1-Dec. 16	Nov. 1-Nov. 16	Oct. 1, 1920	Oct. 15, 1918	Oct. 15, 1918	Oct. 15, 1918	Oct. 15, 1918	No open season	57
58	Ontario*	Nov. 1-Nov. 16	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Nov. 16	Oct. 15, 1918	Oct. 15-Nov. 16	Oct. 15-Nov. 16	Oct. 14, 1918	Nov. 1-Nov. 16	No open season	58
59	Quebec*	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Feb. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	59
60	New Brunswick	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	60
61	Nova Scotia*	Oct. 21-Oct. 31	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Nov. 1	Oct. 1-Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	61
62	Pr. Edward Isl.*	No open season	No open season	Sept. 20-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	Sept. 20-Jan. 1	Sept. 20-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	62
63	Newfoundland	No open season	No open season	Sept. 20-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	Sept. 20-Jan. 1	Sept. 20-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season	63

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								ANTELOPE.	PTARMIGAN.	
ZONE NO. 1.	1 Maine.....	Oct. 1-Nov. 15*	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	1	Washington.....	Sept. 15-Nov. 1.
	2 New Hampshire..	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	2	Alaska.....	Sept. 1-Mar. 2.
	3 Vermont.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	No open season...	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	3	Br. Columbia.....	Sept. 15-Apr. 1.
	4 Massachusetts....	Oct. 12-Nov. 13..	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	4	Yukon.....	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
	5 Rhode Island....	Nov. 1-Dec. 1....	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	5	Alberta.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.
	6 Connecticut.....	Oct. 8-Nov. 24..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1....	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 12-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	6	Saskatchewan....	Sept. 15-Nov. 1.
	7 New York.....	Oct. 1-Nov. 16..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	7	Manitoba.....	Oct. 1-Oct. 20.
	8 Long Island.....	Oct. 15-Dec. 1....	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 11..	Oct. 1-Jan. 11..	8	Quebec.....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.
	9 New Jersey.....	Oct. 10-Dec. 1....	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	9	Nova Scotia.....	Aug. 15-Mar. 1.
	10 Pennsylvania.....	Oct. 15-Dec. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1....	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	10	Newfoundland....	Sept. 20-Jan. 1.
	11 West Virginia....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16*	Oct. 15-Dec. 16..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	11		
ZONE NO. 2.	12 Kentucky.....	Oct. 1, 1918....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	12		
	13 Ohio.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	13		
	14 Indiana.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 16-Dec. 20	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	14		
	15 Illinois.....	July 2, 1920....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	No open season...	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	15		
	16 Michigan.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	16		
	17 Wisconsin.....	No open season...	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	17		
	18 Minnesota.....	No open season...	Sept. 7-Nov. 7..	Sept. 7-Nov. 7..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	18		
	19 Iowa.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	19		
	20 Missouri.....	No open season...	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	20		
	21 Kansas.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	21		
	22 Nebraska.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 1....	No open season*	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	Sept. 16-Jan. 1..	22		
	23 South Dakota....	Oct. 1-Oct. 10..	Sept. 10-Oct. 10..	Sept. 10-Oct. 10..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 10-Dec. 21.	Sept. 10-Dec. 21.	23		
	24 North Dakota....	Oct. 1-Nov. 2....	Sept. 7-Nov. 2....	Sept. 7-Nov. 2....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	Sept. 7-Dec. 1....	24		
	25 Montana.....	Sept. 7-Dec. 21.	Sept. 7-Dec. 21.	Sept. 7-Dec. 21.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 7-Dec. 21.	Sept. 7-Dec. 21.	25		
	26 Wyoming.....	Sept. 15-Dec. 16.	Sept. 15-Dec. 16.	Sept. 15-Dec. 16.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 16.	Sept. 15-Dec. 16.	26		
	27 Colorado.....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 7-Dec. 21..	Sept. 7-Dec. 21..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 7-Dec. 21..	Sept. 7-Dec. 21..	27		
	28 Utah.....	No open season...	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	28		
	29 Nevada.....	Sept. 15-Dec. 16.	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	29		
	30 Idaho.....	Sept. 7-Dec. 21.	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Oct. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Sept. 7-Dec. 21..	Sept. 7-Dec. 21..	30		
	31 Oregon.....	Nov. 1-Dec. 16..	Nov. 1-Dec. 16..	Nov. 1-Dec. 16..	Oct. 1-Dec. 16..	Nov. 1-Jan. 16..	Nov. 1-Jan. 16..	31		
	32 Washington.....	Oct. 1-Dec. 16..	Oct. 1-Dec. 16..	Oct. 1-Dec. 16..	Oct. 1-Dec. 16..	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	Oct. 1-Jan. 16..	32		
	33 Alaska.....	Sept. 1-Mar. 2....	Sept. 1-Mar. 2....	Sept. 1-Mar. 2....		Sept. 1-Mar. 2....	Sept. 1-Mar. 2....	33		
ZONE NO. 3.	34 Delaware.....	Nov. 15-Jan. 1..	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Nov. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	34		
	35 Maryland.....	Nov. 10-Dec. 25..	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Nov. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	35		
	36 Dist. Columbia..	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	36		
	37 Virginia.....	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Aug. 16-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	37		
	38 North Carolina..	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	38		
	39 South Carolina..	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	39		
	40 Georgia.....	Dec. 1-Jan. 1....	Nov. 20-Feb. 1..	Dec. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	40		
	41 Florida.....	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Nov. 20-Feb. 1..	Nov. 20-Feb. 1..	Nov. 20-Dec. 1..	Nov. 20-Feb. 1..	Nov. 20-Feb. 1..	41		
	42 Alabama.....	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	42		
	43 Mississippi.....	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	43		
	44 Tennessee.....	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Oct. 1-Dec. 16..	Nov. 1-Dec. 16..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Jan. 16..	Nov. 1-Jan. 16..	44		
45 Arkansas.....	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	45			
46 Louisiana.....	Nov. 15-Jan. 1..	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	46			
47 Texas.....	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Nov. 1-Feb. 1....	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	47			
48 Oklahoma.....	Nov. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	48			
49 New Mexico.....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Sept. 1-Dec. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	49			
50 Arizona.....	Sept. 1-Dec. 16..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 15-Dec. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	50			
51 California.....	Sept. 1, 1918....	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	No open season...	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	Oct. 16-Feb. 1..	51			
CANADA.	52 Br. Columbia..	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Apr. 1....	52		
	53 Yukon.....	Aug. 10-June 1..	Aug. 10-June 1..	Aug. 10-June 1..	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Aug. 10-June 1..	Aug. 10-June 1..	53		
	54 Alberta.....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	54		
	55 Saskatchewan....	Sept. 15-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-Jan. 1..	55		
	56 Northwest Ter..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Jan. 15..	Sept. 15-Jan. 15..	56		
	57 Manitoba.....	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	57		
	58 Ontario.....	Oct. 15-Nov. 16..	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 15-May 1..	58		
	59 Quebec.....	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Feb. 1....	Sept. 1-Mar. 1....	Sept. 1-Mar. 1....	59		
	60 New Brunswick*	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Aug. 15-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-Dec. 1..	Aug. 15-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-Mar. 1..	Sept. 15-Mar. 1..	60		
	61 Nova Scotia**	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Aug. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Aug. 15-Dec. 1..	Sept. 15-Mar. 1..	Aug. 15-Dec. 1..	61		
	62 Pr. Edward Isl.**	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Aug. 1-Jan. 1....	Sept. 1-Jan. 1....	Aug. 15-Dec. 1..	Aug. 20-Jan. 1..	Sept. 15-May 10	62		
63 Newfoundland..	Sept. 20-Jan. 1..	Sept. 20-Jan. 1..	Sept. 20-Jan. 1..	Sept. 20-Jan. 1..	Sept. 20-Jan. 1..	Sept. 20-Jan. 1..	63			

* Laws of 1916 not received. † Local exceptions. ‡ Certain species. § Males only.
 ** Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed until September 1, 1918, on band-tailed pigeons, wood ducks, swans, cranes, curlew, godwits, upland plover, and all the smaller shore birds in the United States.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS AND EXCEPTIONS.

Alaska.—Moose (male), caribou, sheep, north Lat. 62°, Aug. 1-Dec. 11. Moose south of Lynn Canal, Caribou on Kenai Peninsula, and sheep on Kenai Peninsula east of Long. 150°, 1918. Goat, in southeastern Alaska and on Kenai Peninsula, Aug. 1, 1918. Large Brown Bear, south Lat. 62°, Oct. 1-July 2; north, unprotected. Deer on Duke, Gravina, Kodiak, Krusof, Long, San Juan, Suemez and Zarembo Islands, Aug. 1, 1918.

Alabama.—Squirrel, also Aug. 1-Jan. 1.

Arizona.—Bobwhite quail, no open season. Yellowlegs, Oct. 15-Dec. 16.

Arkansas.—Gobblers, additional open season, Apr. 15-June 1.

California.—Deer (male, except spike buck), in Districts 1 and 23, Aug. 15-Oct. 15; District 4, Sept. 1-Oct. 1. Mountain quail, in Districts 1 and 23, Sept. 1-Dec. 1; Districts 2, 3, and 4, Oct. 15-Jan. 1. Cottontail or bush rabbit only. Tree squirrel only. For counties in each game district, see "Game Laws, 1916."

Connecticut.—Deer, if reported to commissioners within 24 hours, may be killed by use of shotgun on a person's own land.

Delaware.—Dove, Newcastle County; no open season.

District of Columbia.—Hunting permitted only on marshes of Eastern Branch north of Anacostia bridge and on Virginia shore of Potomac.

Idaho.—Big game, quail, Mongolian pheasants, in Bannock, Bear Lake, Cassia, Franklin, Oneida, Power, and Twinfalls, protected to Mar. 11, 1920. Deer (male), in Bonner, Clearwater, Idaho, Kootenai, Latah, Nez Perce, and Shoshone Counties, Sept. 20-Dec. 20. Elk (male), in Bingham, Bonneville, Fremont, and Teton Counties only. Grouse, north of Salmon River, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Quail, Lemhi County, March 5, 1919.

Illinois.—Cock pheasant, may be taken Oct. 1-Oct. 6.

Kansas.—Fox squirrel, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; other squirrels, no open season.

Louisiana.—Deer, south of Vernon, Rapides, Avoyelles, and Concordia Parishes and Mississippi State line, Oct. 1-Jan. 2. Turkey hens, protected to Jan. 1, 1920. Florida duck (black duck), Nov. 1-Feb. 16.

Maine.—Deer in Androscoggin, Cumberland, Kennebec, Knox, Lincoln, Sagadahoc, Waldo, and York Counties, Nov. 1-Dec. 1; ruffed grouse, woodcock, in same counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 1.

Maryland.—Squirrel, also Aug. 25-Oct. 2 (nine counties excepted).

Massachusetts.—Quail, Essex County, Oct. 12, 1919. Pheasants in Barnstable, Berkshire, Essex, Hampden, Middlesex, Norfolk, and Worcester Counties only.

Michigan.—Deer in Berrien, Calhoun, Genesee, Ingham, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Oakland, and St. Clair Counties, Nov. 10, 1920; Bois Blanc Island, Nov. 10, 1918.

Minnesota.—Ruffed grouse, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; sharp-tailed or white-breasted grouse, Sept. 7-Nov. 7. Golden plover, Sept. 7, 1918.

Missouri.—Yellowlegs, Sept. 15-Dec. 16.

Montana.—Elk in counties of Sweetgrass, Stillwater, Park, Gallatin, Madison, Teton, Flathead; Beaverhead east of Oregon Short Line and parts of -Missoula and Powell Counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 15; in rest of State, Oct. 1, 1918. Partridge, prairie chicken, sage hen, grouse, in counties of Custer, Dawson, Richland, Sheridan, Valley, Phillips, Rosebud, Big Horn, Fallon, and Prairie, Sept. 1-Oct. 1.

Nebraska.—Yellowlegs, Sept. 1-Dec. 16.

New Hampshire.—Deer, Coos County, Oct. 15-Dec. 16; Carroll and Grafton, Nov. 1-Dec. 16; rest of State, Dec. 1-16.

New Mexico.—Deer, wild turkey, north of latitude 35°; south, Oct. 25-Nov. 26.

New York.—Deer in Adirondacks, Oct. 1-Nov. 16; Ulster County, 9 towns in Sullivan County, and in Deer Park, Orange County, Nov. 1-16; in rest of State, no open season. Introduced pheasant protected by order of commission in several counties. When date of open or close season falls on Sunday, season opens or closes on preceding Saturday.

North Carolina.—See Special Poster for local laws.

Oklahoma.—Deer and wild turkey in Blaine, Caddo, Comanche, Kiowa and Major Counties, no open season. Wild turkey, additional open season, Mar. 15-Apr. 15.

Oregon.—East of Cascades, silver gray squirrel, Chinese pheasant, no open season; grouse, Aug. 15-Nov. 1; sage hen, July 15-Sept. 1; prairie chicken, Sherman, Union, Wasco, Oct. 1-16; quail, Klamath, Chinese pheasant, Union, Oct. 1-11; shore birds, Oct. 1-Dec. 16; snipe, ducks, geese (brant in State), coot, gallinule, Oct. 1-Jan. 16. West of Cascades, Chinese pheasant, Oct. 1-Nov. 1 (except Oct. 1-11 in Jackson and no open season in Coos, Curry, and Josephine Counties). Quail, in Coos, Curry, Jackson, Josephine, Oct. 1-Nov. 1; snipe, coot, duck, goose, in Coos (geese and snipe only), Clatsop, Columbia, Multnomah, Tillamook, Oct. 1-Jan. 1; shore birds, same counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 16; duck, Coos, Oct. 1-Jan. 16.

South Carolina.—Deer, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dorchester, Aug. 1-Feb. 1; Barnwell, Florence, Marion, Aug. 1-Jan. 1; Orangeburg, no open season; quail, wild turkey, Abbeville, Chester, Lancaster, Dec. 1-Feb. 1; quail, Chesterfield, York, Nov. 15-Mar. 1; Marlboro, Nov. 15-Feb. 15; wild turkey, Orangeburg, no open season.

Tennessee.—Quail in Chester, Fayette, Hardeman, Haywood, Dec. 15-Mar. 1; White, 1918. Turkey gobblers, additional open season, Apr. 1-25. See "Game Laws, 1916" for other local seasons.

Utah.—Deer, nonresidents not permitted to kill deer. Quail, in Carbon, Davis, Salt Lake, San Pete, Sevier, Uinta, and Weber, Oct. 1-Nov. 1; in Garfield, Kane, and Washington Counties, Sept. 1-Feb. 1, Iron County, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; rest of State, no open season. Sage hen, Rich. Uinta, Aug. 15-Sept. 16. Snipe and waterfowl, in Grand, Kane, San Juan, Uinta, and Washington, Oct. 1-Jan. 16.

Virginia.—Quail, grouse, wild turkey, west of Blue Ridge, Nov. 1-Jan. 1. (For local exceptions, see "Game Laws, 1916.")

Washington.—Deer, goat, east of Cascades, Oct. 1-Nov. 15.

West Virginia.—Yellowlegs, Oct. 15-Dec. 16.

Wisconsin.—Deer in Pierce, Dunn, Eau Claire, Trempeleau, Jackson, Juneau, Sauk, Marathon, Langlade, Oconto, Door and all counties north (except Polk), Nov. 1-Dec. 1; in rest of State, no open season. Waterfowl, unlawful to hunt on main waters of Mississippi River at any time.

Wyoming.—Deer in Campbell, Crook, Johnson, Niobrara, Sheridan, and Weston Counties, Oct. 15-Nov. 1. Elk and sheep in Lincoln, Park, Fremont (except Bridger National Forest and north of Big Wind River and South of Sweetwater), Sept. 1-Nov. 16. Hunting permitted in Lincoln County on Fall River Rim or Crest in Cattle Districts 1, 3, and 5 in Wyoming National Forest, Oct. 5-Nov. 30. During season of 1915-1916 fifty (50) bull moose may be killed under special \$100 license.

CANADA.

British Columbia.—Seasons south of Lat. 55° are fixed by proclamation. Moose, Caribou, Atlin, Fort George, Omineca, and Columbia districts only. Sheep, Yale, Similkameen, and North and South Okanagan districts, no open season.

Manitoba.—Applies to big game north of Lat. 52°. South, no open season.

New Brunswick.—Teal, wood duck and dusky or black duck, only, Sept. 1-Dec. 2 (residents of Grand Manan Parish may kill black duck Oct. 1-Mar. 1). Shore or other birds on beaches, islands, or lagoons bordering tidal waters of Northumberland Strait, Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Bay of Chaleur, Aug. 15-Jan. 1.

Northwest Territories.—Additional season on big game, July 15-Oct. 16.

Nova Scotia.—Cow moose in province and all moose on Cape Breton Island, Sept. 16, 1918. Caribou (male) in Inverness and Victoria Counties only. Ruffed grouse or partridge, Oct. 1-Nov. 1, Canada grouse (spruce partridge), wood duck, no open season; yellowlegs, curlew, tattler, shorebird, teal, ducks (except black, Harlequin, golden-eye, and scaups, Sept. 15-Mar. 1), brant, swan, Aug. 15-Dec. 1.

Ontario.—Deer in Dufferin, Grey, Simcoe, and Wellington Counties, Nov. 1, 1917. Moose and caribou (males) south of Canadian Pacific R. R. from Mattawa to Port Arthur, Nov. 1-16. Black and gray squirrels, ruffed grouse, Haldimand and Halton Counties, Oct. 14, 1917. Brant, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; swan, geese, Sept. 15-May 1.

Prince Edward Island.—Snipe, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; yellowlegs, shore and other birds along beaches or tidal marshes, Aug. 20-Jan. 1. Geese, Sept. 15-May 10; brant, Apr. 20-Jan. 1.

Quebec.—Deer, bull moose, in Labelle, Ottawa, Pontiac, and Temiscaming Counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 1. Caribou, Sept. 1-Mar. 1, hare, rabbit, Oct. 15-Mar. 1, birch or swamp partridge, Sept. 15-Feb. 1, white partridge or ptarmigan, Nov. 15-Mar. 1, in Chicoutimi and Saguenay Counties east and north of Saguenay River.

Saskatchewan.—Deer, bull elk, moose, caribou north of Lat. 52°, Nov. 15-Dec. 15; south, no open season.

Newfoundland.—Additional open season on caribou, Aug. 1-Oct. 1.

DAYS EXCEPTED.

All hunting prohibited on:
Sundays.—In all States and Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Texas, Wisconsin, and Quebec.
Mondays.—For waterfowl in Ohio, and locally in Maryland and North Carolina.
Tuesdays.—For waterfowl on the Susquehanna Flats and certain rivers in Maryland.
Other days.—For waterfowl locally in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.
Electin day.—In Allegany, Baltimore, Cecil, Charles, Frederick, and Harford Counties, Maryland.
Days when snows on the ground.—In New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia

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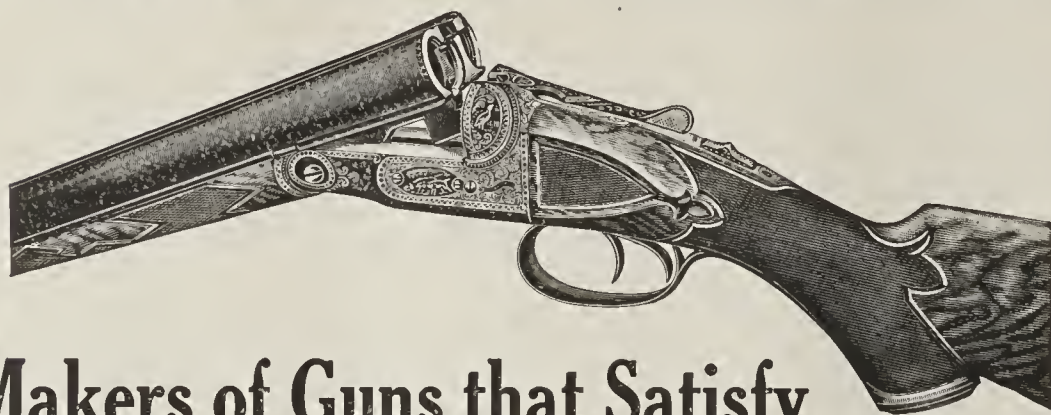
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NOTE ON THE GORDON AND BLUE GRANNOM FLIES.

IN the Neversink article in September *Forest and Stream* mention is made of the late Theodore Gordon and of his skill as a fly tier. The accompanying photograph of flies tied in the Gordon style by H. B. Christian, of Neversink, N. Y., may interest your readers.



The fly, first made up commercially by a well-known New York tackle house, generally known as the "Gordon," was called a Golden Spinner by Gordon himself. It was never as successful on Neversink waters as the Blue Quill Gordon, shown at the left in the illustration. This fly has a quill body wound with gold wire, the effect being of a bluish body with a fine brown ribbing; the wings are wood duck and the hackle and tail of a grayish blue.

The fly shown at the right is a Whitchurch Dun.

Concerning the "Blue Granite" fly noted in the same article, it is doubtless the American or Blue Grannom. Now for a pretty piece of piscatorial observation regarding the same. I have since learned that Mr. Will L. Hall, a skilful and enthusiastic angler of Brooklyn, once remained an extra week on the Neversink for the particular purpose of studying this fly, with the result that he found it to hatch out only in shallow water, and that while over the water in dense flight for a season it was very little on the water, for which reasons he regards the artificial as of very little value.

Yonkers, N. Y.

GEO. PARKER HOLDEN.

SAFETY FOR BIRDS.

A tract of Louisiana swamp land, covering 85,000 acres has been bought by the Rockefeller foundation for the use of the birds. This swamp is near Marsh Island, another tract purchased for the same purpose by Mrs. Russell Sage.

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TRAP SHOOTING



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

The Grand American Handicap

An Expert Review of the Greatest Event in the Trapshooting World

Edited by Fred. O. Copeland

THE twenty-six railroads that serve Saint Louis brought to the G. A. H. 683 entrants from 44 states, the District of Columbia and Canada. Illinois supplied the greatest number (225) and 8 states, not to mention the District of Columbia, tied for low honors with one man each. As for cities, Chicago sent the largest number, 44, while the whole state of Pennsylvania sent only 6. Any sport that will take hundreds of men of affairs away from their business for a week is not only leaving its nearest rival in a poor second place but it stands alone and high up in the sportsman's sky.

To permanently fix in the reader's mind the type of men who are drawn to this sport, an incident of the first day is recalled. It was the double target match for the Hazard trophy—emblematic of the world's championship—between G. V. Dering, of Columbus, Wis., the holder, and Geo. Nicolai, of Kansas City, Mo., the challenger. Trapshooters do not dispute the decision of the referee—his decision is final, and right or wrong one seldom ever hears a complaint.

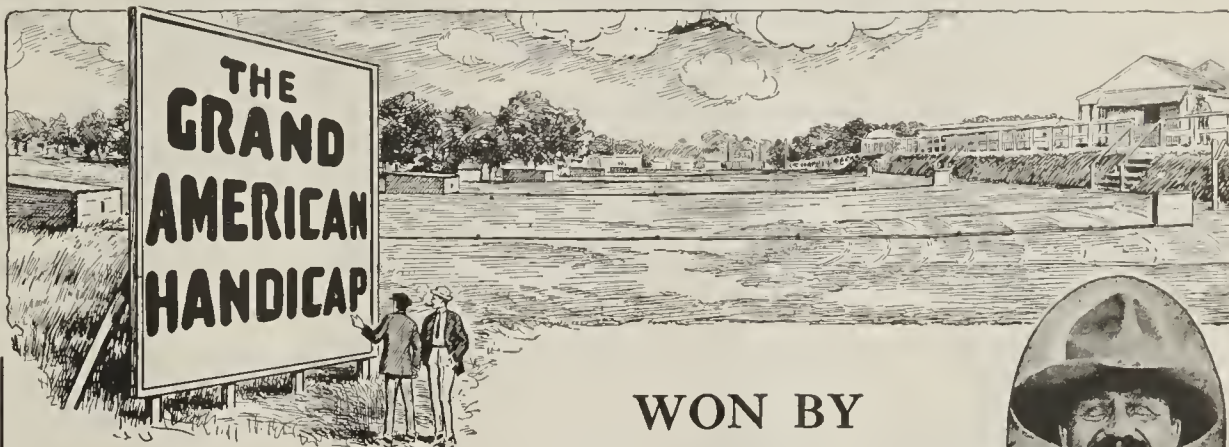
In this case Nicolai fired and knocked one of the targets out of its course. The referee called "lost." Dering asked the referee to change his verdict to "dead," declaring that he was firm in his belief that Nicolai had hit the target, and at Dering's suggestion the change was made. This target put Nicolai one target in front of Dering and it might have been the championship, too. Nicolai did win the match, for at the last 40 targets Dering could hardly manage his gun, the barrels being so warm—but there was no alibi from him when the score was announced against him.

Geo. Nicolai is, by the way, "some shooter" himself, and when he goes after the bacon there is generally bacon to be found at his house. Kansas City has, for 50 years, been noted as the home of great shots, and when a man gets to be considered a real shooter in that city, he is one.

There is no more spectacular side to trapshooting than a match at double targets between experts and over a 200-target race, as this one was, the best man usually wins.

The Hazard Double Target Championship Cup, which Dering and Nicolai competed for, is one with which trapshooting history is linked, and a contest for it recalls memories of some of the greatest "gun men" of all time who have shot for and won it in the past. Fred Gilbert, "Pop" Heikes, T. Bell Crosby, J. A. H. Elliott, Tom Marshall, Bob Elliott and many others, famous the world over, have won "legs" on the cup, and some of them are still in the ring and would make anyone hustle to-day to beat them.

The cup is a massive sterling silver hand-



WON BY

WINCHESTER

"REPEATER" LOADED SHELLS



Capt. J. F. Wulf, The Winner

The Grand American Handicap, the trapshooting classic—equivalent to the World's Series in baseball, the event that marks the climax in a trapshooter's career, was won by Capt. J. F. Wulf, of Milwaukee, with the wonderful score of 99 x 100 from the 19-yard mark, shooting Winchester "Repeater" Loaded Shells.

National Amateur Championship

Won by F. M. Troeh, of Washington, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score 99x100.

Professional Championship (Dunspaugh Trophy)

Won by Phil R. Miller with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score, 97 x 100 and 25 straight.

Hercules All-around Amateur Championship

Won by Edward L. Bartlett, of Baltimore, with Winchester Loaded Shells. Score, 185 x 200.

General Average on All Single Targets

Won by F. M. Troeh, of Washington, with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score 576 x 600.

National Amateur Championship at Doubles

F. M. Troeh was second in this event with 88 x 100 which was only one under the winner. He shot a Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

Women's National Championship

Won by Mrs. J. D. Dalton, of Warsaw, Ind., who scored 23 x 25 in the elimination contest and made the same score in the final contest with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

Mound City Overture

Won by F. M. Troeh, of Washington, with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score 99 x 100 and 20 straight.

General Average on 16-Yard Targets

Won by F. M. Troeh, of Washington, with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score 187 x 200

This was a great victory for Winchester guns and shells; and as a demonstration of "speed" and other desirable qualities in guns and shells, it shows up like the red **W** on a package of Winchester ammunition. It also shows why you should

SHOOT WINCHESTER GUNS AND SHELLS

Winchester Loaded Shells, as well as Winchester Guns, were awarded the FIRST GRAND PRIZE at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and it was intended to cover everything in this line, no matter under what designation.



wrought pitcher, standing 18 inches high, entitled "The Wave," the motive and feeling of which are successfully expressed in outline and decoration. Four heads of Tritons and Mermaids emerging from waves form the base of the

pitcher. The body is decorated with water sprites at play amidst waves and sea weed, and shell forms express the neck and lips. A gracefully poised Mermaid forms the handle, and is continued into a decorative fish form where it

Du Pont Wins the Nation's Shooting Classic

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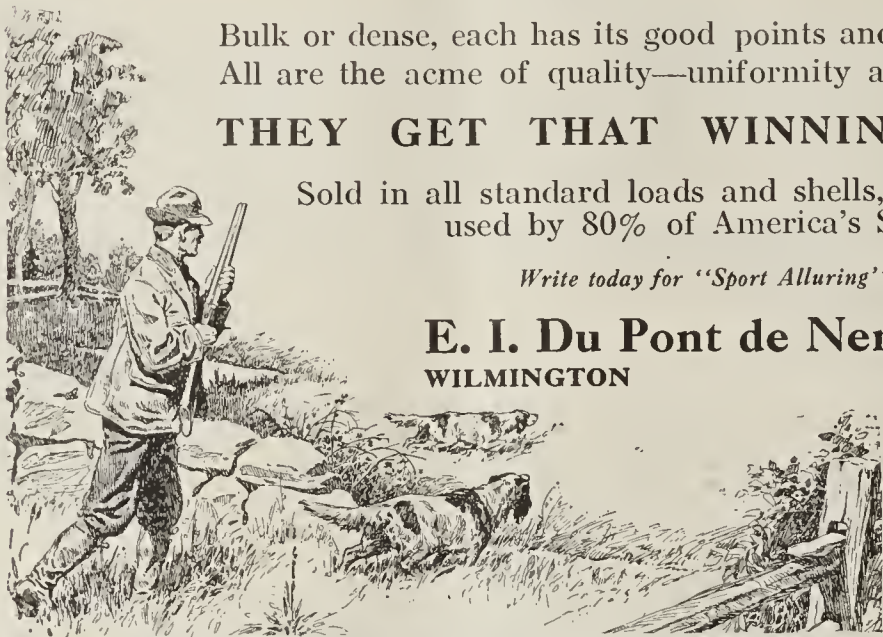
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emerges into the wave forming the body of the piece.

The artistic design, subtle feeling and vivid expression so well depicted make this trophy the most beautiful and valuable single trapshooting prize of this or any other day.

In former years the Hazard Cup was a live-bird trophy, but with the passing of that sport it became a double-target trophy.

The G. A. H. is the classic event of a classic tournament and attracts the greatest number of entries. The G. A. H. was inaugurated in April, 1893, and up to 1902 was shot at live birds. Back in 1900, however, a G. A. H. at clay birds was started and two years later, owing to the popular demand for the elimination of live pigeons as targets at trapshooting tournaments, the Interstate Association decided to recognize that demand and turned its influence toward the game as we now know it. The event at clay targets has been won from all the distances except the 21 and the 23 yard marks and leaving out the number 93, with scores from 91 to and including 100, this last from the 100 yard mark. But to turn to the most recent history of the G. A. H. and to a certain individual:

"You'll need this to-morrow," said "Captain Jack" Wulf, of Milwaukee, Wis., handing an excellent likeness of himself to a Chicago chronicler of sporting events, at the Grand American Trapshooting tournament in St. Louis, Mo., "for I am going to win the Grand American Handicap to-day."

Wulf may have been joking at the time, but it was no joke when he finished the event—for he had won. At the time of the above remark Wulf was one down in 20, having missed his sixth target. There were several with scores of 20, and a number of others who had totaled 40 without a miss. But Wulf did not miss any more, fin-

ishing with an unbroken run of 93. Then he proceeded to break into small pieces another 50 targets—more or less—for the benefit of the "movies" and other camera fiends.

"Captain Jack," as the trapshooters know him, was the only trapshot with 79 breaks in 80 targets, and this, of course, entitled him to a lot of respect. At this particular time he was asked to pose for a photograph.

"Hadn't you better wait until I break the other 20?" said Wulf. He was told now was as good a time as any, and he said: "Go to it. I won't miss any more, any way."

That's Wulf. He had made up his mind to win the Handicap; he had declared he would win, and then proceeded to realize his ambition—which is also the ambition of every trapshot in the country. And for winning Wulf received \$619.40 and will also get a lot of free advertising.

Nine straight years has "Captain Jack" shot in the Grand American—and always shot well, but never well enough to sneak in with the leaders. He wasn't nervous—he was confident that he was going to win. He had made up his mind that he would break every target and was sadly disappointed that he lost the sixth one. The Milwaukee shot gives all credit for his shooting ability to Robert A. Kane, of Milwaukee. "He taught me everything I know about trapshooting," said Wulf after winning, "so give him the credit."

Wulf is one of the most popular and picturesque characters in trapshooting circles in the Middle West. He is a member of the Badger, Parker and Bijou Gun Clubs, of Milwaukee, and is always attired in the clothing worn by cowboys, even to the wide sombrero. He also wears a Mexican bead shell bag, something on the order of the one worn by Mrs. Add. Topperwein. He is a bachelor and has one of the quaintest bachelor apartments in Milwaukee. He is 50

years of age, a Shriner, Elk and Knight of Pythias. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, and has been a resident of Milwaukee for 26 years. His business is that of selling plumbers' supplies.

For keen interest the G. A. H. event has a great rival and some say a superior in the National Amateur Championship.

There are many shooters who would give every nickel they possess to win a state champion and have the honor of shooting in this event. This race was won by Frank M. Troeh, of Vancouver, Wash., who broke 99. Three years straight this championship has been won with 99. Charles Newcomb, of Philadelphia, broke that many targets last year, and Woolfolk Henderson, of Lexington, Ky., accomplished the feat the year before. Troeh broke 79 before missing. Thirty-seven state champions faced the traps; the representatives of Delaware, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Florida, Mississippi, Oregon, Maine, Montana and Virginia being among the missing. Seven of the state champions broke 100 targets in winning the state title—and it was the opinion of the vast throng of trapshooters that it would take 100 breaks to win.

As a matter of fact, none of those who made perfect scores at their state tournaments were even dangerous. When the Washington state champion won with a 99 it was 2 better than his score at his home shoot. The Missouri representative made exactly the same score as he did at his state shoot and it got him second place. All the rest of the field in the National Amateur Championship shot not only behind the above men but also behind the score that got them there; some of them dropping from 10 to 14 targets more than at their state tournaments. This popular event must have been a great experience and a seasoner. If these same men should happen to be state champions in 1917, each, except the very few top men, may be expected to arrange for a 9 as a first figure of their score.

A peculiar thing about the week's shooting is that not a perfect score was made in any one of the 100-target competitions.

The professional shots had their own little tournaments daily and these brought out two almost unheard of shooters, who will be quite prominently mentioned in professional circles for some time. Homer Clark, a little shaver, of Alton, Ill., won the final shoot of the E. C. trophy over a varied assortment of targets, and also the E. C. trophy for the open title at doubles and singles, and then proceeded to put up the high score every day until the single target championship was shot for and then Clark was tied by Phil Miller, of Dallas, Tex., a professional of two months, and on the shoot-off Miller won. When one hears these names, sort o' makes you feel that the veterans are passing.

It has taken the Grand American Handicap 16 years to arrive at its present stage of development. There were but 74 entrants in the first championship tournament, held in 1900. Little by little the tournament grew for a number of years, but in the past five seasons the handicap has made great leaps forward. Two years ago, in Dayton, O., when the handicap had a few more than 500 entrants, the feeling prevailed that trapshooting was at its height, but last year in Chicago the entrants neared the 900 mark. There was a time when two traps were a great plenty for the "G. A. H."—now 10 are used and some long for 20, that the waits may be shorter. There was a time when a Grand American Handicap resembled a mammoth circus, with all its tents, but there were no tents in St. Louis. The build-

ings were permanent and covered a city block. The firing line was 700 feet and as level as a billiard table. Sportsman's Park is the finest trapshooting park in the United States and the seventeenth tournament of the Interstate Association will long be remembered as well as the men who made it possible.

In this 227,250 target battle the following men stepped to the front as victors in the following events:

- Grand American Handicap, J. F. Wulf, 99 x 100 19 yards.
- Preliminary Handicap, Al. Koyen, 97 x 100 19 yards.
- Consolation Handicap, H. E. Furnas, 96 x 100 16 yards.
- National Amateur Championship, Singles, F. M. Troeh, 99 x 100 (all stood on 16).
- National Amateur Championship, Doubles, Allen Heil, 89 x 100.
- Mound City Overture, F. M. Troeh, 99 x 100.
- St. Louis Introductory, Harve Dixon, 197 x 200 18 yards.
- Woman's Championship, Mrs. D. J. Dalton, 23 x 25.
- Professional Championship, P. R. Miller, 97 x 100.

MAKE YOUR GUN COMFORTABLE.

By Fred. Copeland.

TO the man who is a true sportsman, who loves his guns, there is a complete charm in a gun the model of which is obsolete, a gun which has outlived its day on account of its honest construction and the loving hands that have jealously shielded it from injury and nursed its joints against wear. Traces of blue on its straps and of casehardening on its frame may linger in protected spots on the bright steel, which, in the case of the barrels that glow like mirrors within, has these many years shown a bald spot through the browning in the neighborhood of the fore end as though to dignify its age and arouse a longing to go back through the Octobers with such a gun; such an owner.

Habits early formed will systematically fight the certain wear of steel on steel. Heavy grease such as is used for gears is a most soothing lotion for the gun's most wearing point; where fore end and frame meet. It is easy to dose the trap gun in this way for a small round metal box containing the grease may easily accompany the gun in its case and there will be plenty of time to procure a match or sliver of wood to apply the grease not only to the bearing of fore end on frame but also to the lug that hooks to the bolt on this bearing, and to the lug which receives the locking bolt. Besides being an effective lubricant when breaking and closing the gun the grease acts as a cushion for the shock sustained by the lugs and joint at the time of discharge. While the sportsman may be quite willing to take the time to protect his trap gun in this manner, his field gun may suffer from bearings wiped dry on the cloth interior of his gun case. This may be overcome, before the instant eagerness of entering the cover interferes, by applying a generous supply of grease to the concave bearing of the fore end iron before he leaves home. When the gun is assembled later in the day a twig may be pressed into service and all larger bearings be lubricated from the generous supply in the protected curve of the fore end iron. It is true the field gun suffers far less than the trap gun for it may be carried for hours at a time without its being broken open or the gun discharged, nevertheless, it is a comfortable feeling to know that the gun of your choice is being protected as far as human care can go.

Honest wear will denude the steel of the frame and barrels but if carefully wiped and oiled it will not suffer from rust.

To the accompaniment of dog and gun on the trail of the elusive woodcock with perchance many incidents of the chase worth relating at the well earned dinner that follows, a few bottles of

Evans' Ale and Stout

will add a completeness to the occasion that makes for sociability and good digestion. They are the complement of the happy outdoor life, good for consolation or congratulation.

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HOW TO CLEAN THE GUN.

HAPPILY the action of the nitro powder is confined to the polished interior of the barrels and they may be kept in perfect shape, if, after use, the following method is followed:

1. Brush out the bore with a bristle brush.
2. Wipe out with a rag.
3. If streaks of lead appear—and they are quite apt to in the 20 gauge tubes—remove them with a Tomlinson cleaner (brass gauze covered wood forms laid on springs).
4. A second rag will remove the lead loosened by the cleaner.
5. A third rag usually comes out white.
6. If the bore is now besmeared with a nitro solvent, such as Hopps No. 9, the action of the solvent will cause a black precipitate to form which may be wiped out in a day or two when another application of the solvent should be made for nitro powder residue does not allow of a thorough cleaning the first time.

The locks of the gun will not need attention for periods of several years unless they get a wetting when they should be taken down, wiped, and lubricated with a thin oil.

CARE OF THE STOCK.

TO many sportsmen nothing delights the eye more than an oil finished stock. If your purse will not allow of an oil finished stock at the time of purchase and you are having a gun made up for you at a factory they will be very glad to soak up the stock with oil and although it comes to you as dull and lacking in grain as a piece of brown chalk you may bring out all the grain you are lucky enough to get and obtain a fine finish by rubbing it down yourself. It is more to be desired than the usual finish on the stock of the low priced gun and not only can you make the stock more beautiful but also scratches may be healed by a little rubbing. If your gun has a finished stock it may be kept in perfect condition and its beauty augmented by the application of raw linseed oil. The stock should be slushed with this oil and allowed to remain over night. If it is left longer it may gum. In the morning the stock should be wiped and rubbed down either with a woolen rag or the palm of the hand. Artificial heat may be used as an aid but the natural heat caused by the friction in wiping is best suited to drive the oil into the wood. Although a dull finish is desirable a polish may be obtained by occasional applications of oil which is rubbed down at once.



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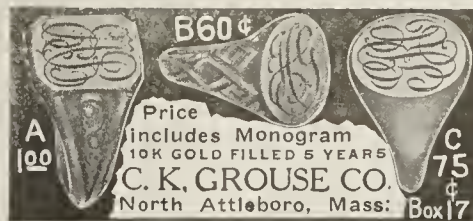
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topics are considered. Beyond this the book has a quaint charm all its own. Cloth, illus., 160 pages. Postpaid, \$1.00.

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THE SWISS CHALET IN AMERICA.

The period of the old "four square" log house in America is passing, not that people are ceasing to build in the woods, but because as time goes on the fact that much more artistic effects can be obtained without extra expenditure are becoming apparent. Thus the Swiss chalet, which lends itself to American scenery, just as it does in Switzerland, is being adopted in artistic plans for bungalows and summer camps, and in no less a degree for all the year round residences.

Under the title, "The Swiss Chalet in America," Fritz Ehrsam, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has issued an interesting booklet, which fulfills the demand for practical suggestions and plans for Residences, Summer Homes, Hunting Lodges, Club Houses, Etc., designed in the beautiful "Swiss Chalet Style." The book sells at \$2.00.

THE OPENING OF THE FIELD TRIAL YEAR—THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN TRIALS

A GRUELLING race for the Championship, and the most remarkable field of Derbies that have ever been seen on the prairies, were the high lights of the All America Trials run at Denbigh, N. D., beginning August 29th. The All Age Stake; An event always looked forward to with much interest also drew twenty-nine dogs, many of them known to the field trial world. There was not a dull moment during the running. This event was won by the celebrated pointer, "Louis C. Morris," after a hot race in the second series with "Frank's Den." It was an event of more than passing moment as it answered the question heard so frequently, "What chance has a good shooting dog to win a field trial?"

"Frank's Den" is primarily a shooting dog, and his owner, H. F. Fellows, of Springfield, Missouri, probably spends more days afield than most men. Last winter Mr. Fellows ran down to Tennessee and followed the running of the All America Winter Trials and the National Championship. He looked the dogs over critically, appraised them intelligently, and returned home with the impression that his reliable shooting dog "Den," over which he had killed thousands of birds, was capable of giving good account of himself in any company.

There was no reason that he should not do so, for through "Den's" veins course the best pointer blood in the world, as he is a son of the celebrated "Fishes' Frank." "Den" was sent to J. M. Avent to condition for the trials, and the dog that had already made good as a shooting dog, again made good in these trials as a high class field trial dog.

In his first series "Den" established the highest bird finding score, and in his second series was selected by the judges to compete with "Louis C. Morris" for first honors. These dogs had a magnificent course over which to run, and they developed its fullest possibilities and ranged from the ridges and sand hills which marked the course on one side to the extreme limit of vision on the other, and crossed and recrossed in front of the judges with intelligent precision.

No birds escaped them, and "Louis C. Morris" was first to find. He handled his birds in full view of the judges and the spectators, with a style and grace that caused one enthusiast to exclaim: "What a picture Osthau would paint if he could see that point!"

In speed and range these dogs are about equal. In action and style "Louis C. Morris" has the advantage, and this is not a reflection upon "Den's" bird dog character, for "Louis C. Morris," day in and day out, north and south, on chicken or on quail, is one of the greatest pointers of all times, and he was handled by that past master of field trial dogs, Colonel W. D. Gilchrist.

There was another dog in this stake, the "Candy Kid," ultimately destined to lower the colors of a number of field trial stars. "Candy Kid" is owned by C. E. Duffield, a sportsman of Oklahoma, who like Mr. Fellows, was desirous of finding out just how his favorite shooting dog would appear in field trial competition.

It was with this end in view that he placed him in the hands of Chesley Harris, one of the younger school of handlers. The "Candy Kid" proved to be a very attractive and smooth run-

ning setter, with an intelligent and persistent way of working that commended him to all students of the bird dog game.

In his first series he did not draw a good course and although he worked hard was unable to find birds. In the second series fortune also seemed to be against him, and it was not until the termination of his race—in fact the word had gone out to order him up—that he found birds, but he handled them so effectively that there was no doubt in everyone's mind that he was a real bird dog, and the third place award that was made to him, met with general approval.

The Derby was a sensational affair. Remarkable, inasmuch as it was won by three pointers, all sons of the great "Comanche Frank," and all owned by Mr. J. G. Graham, of New York. These dogs were originally trained and handled on game by Robert Armstrong, of Barber, N. C.

Two of them, "Royal Flush," and "Mary Montrose," were handled by Mr. Armstrong, and the third, "Comanche Rap" was piloted through the stake by J. M. Avent. The pointers have been forging to the front for several years, but it was the general consensus of opinion that this was the most remarkable trio of young dogs that have ever been seen on the prairies. They simply ran away with the stake, and so evenly matched are they that they might have interchanged positions, and will likely do so in future races.

A great deal of interest naturally centered around the Championship as it is the prairie chicken classic, the highest honor that a bird dog can obtain, and in the past has been won by such celebrated bird dog stars as "Comanche Frank," "Babblebrook Joe," and "John Proctor." Of the nine dogs drawn to run, "Louis G. Morris," both on past performance, and on account of his having won the All Age Stake was the logical favorite. He did not run as cleverly, however, as in the All Age Stake, but "Joe Munsey," who did not show up brilliantly in the All Age Stake, went out in this event, and put up a most remarkable performance. He ran in the middle of the day, and for one and one-half hours ranged as wide and fast as it is desirable to have a bird dog go.

As a result of intelligent searching he made three clean covey points, and a fourth covey must be added to his score for he picked up a new covey while working on singles that had been marked down in a little grove of poplars. There is no question but what "Joe Munsey" is a splendid bird dog, and the one thing that marked his performance in these trials is that he lacks style on point. In this event, the "Candy Kid" came back strong. He drew a better course and a better hour of the day in which to run than in the All Age Stake, and went out and delighted all of his admirers by making five clean covey finds, all of them the result of intelligent searching. He handled his birds accurately, was staunch and easily handled, and his style on action or in point was all that could be desired. After the second series were run and the judges had announced that they would run "Joe Munsey" and the "Candy Kid" together the following morning, the spectators who had been following the trials with keen interest were well pleased for they scented a dog race to a finish between a comparatively unknown shooting dog, handled by a young handler, and one of

the best known dogs in the field trial world, in charge of the dean of the handlers. The crowd was not disappointed, for those who went out the next morning saw the longest and most grueling race that has ever been run in a prairie trial, and the ultimate honors went to the tough little shooting dog, whose muscles had been steeled by days and days of work in the field with his master.

THE CONTINENTAL TRIALS.

THE Continental Club, which has been running successful quail trials in the South for a quarter of a century, this year ran a prairie trial at Towner, N. D., 20 miles from Denbigh, the week following the All America Club. Many of the dogs that had competed in the All America Trials were also entered in these stakes, including all but two of the winners, as well as a number of dogs that had been training in Manitoba, which came on for these stakes alone, so there was no lack of interest. President Udo M. Fleischman, and a number of members of the club from various sections of the country, came on to the trials, and all were amply repaid by some brilliant races. The All Age Stake was won by "Louis C. Morris," who also annexed the Sweep Stake Championship, and its magnificent trophy, the Bernard Waters Memorial Cup. "Mary Montrose" won the Derby after a race that aroused the greatest enthusiasm and from every point of view the trials were a distinct success.

THE PIPING OF THE CLANS.

Annie Oakley celebrated her fiftieth birthday by breaking 98 out of 100 targets, and is now commencing her thirty-fourth year of almost continuous shooting. It looks as though Annie Oakley, now at New Castle, N. H., would repeat her success at Pinehurst last winter.

Gun clubs have been formed aboard the U. S. S. Arkansas, New York, Solace, Florida, South Carolina, Texas, Wyoming, Oklahoma, Cheyenne and Glacier. A registered tournament was run last March when Paymaster Williams became the "Champion of the Navy."

The world's record for squad shooting was made at Maplewood, N. H., July 7th, with a score of 497 x 500. The members of the squad were A. C. King, R. L. Spotts, C. H. Newcomb, Fred Plum and the late A. B. Richardson.

The best referee in the country in the opinion of Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is John Hoerman, of St. Louis, Mo. He is unfortunate enough to have lost both legs and his low position makes it easy for him to judge targets.

Johnny was one of the referees in the Grand American Handicap. He refereed the most important matches. He has been doing this in the Grand American and the other important tournaments for years. He is not a youngster at the game; in fact he might aptly be termed one of the old-timers. He was associated with the live-pigeon sport when the Old Red Stocking Ball Park was in its heyday in St. Louis. The Red Stocking Park was the shooting grounds of those days.

Mr. Hoerman has probably handled more live pigeons—wild and tame—than any other man in the country. From the pigeon game he turned to clay targets, like all others interested in shooting. He talks interestingly of the first Ligowski clays; then the improvement to the clays, the clays with the pasteboard tongue attachment, and right on down to the present day. Hoerman has handled them all. He has seen the pasteboard discs with the small balloons in the centre, red, black, blue and white fliers, glass balls, feather-filled glass



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Place a Black Shell in water for half an hour. Let it dry thoroughly, and put it in your gun. It chambers and ejects perfectly and fires as though it had never been wet.



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Empty a Black Shell of powder, shot and wads. The primer alone will fling a quarter dollar several feet high. Try this test with a Black Shell and any other shell. Which wins?



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Fire a Black Shell at a thick magazine and count the pages shot through. Turn book around and try the same test with any other shell you like. Which has the greater penetration?



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balls, wooden balls with explosive covers, metal targets with wing attachments to upset their flight when hit, come and go, and he thinks the present style clay target will be with us for many years. He does not think they can be improved.

Mr. Hoerman is one of the best-posted men in the world on trapshooting. He follows trapshooting like the baseball bug follows his favorite batter's averages.

Some of the more progressive trapshooting clubs of this land of the free and the fair could do well to take a page from the program of the Balboa (Canal Zone) Gun Club.

This enterprising trapshooting organization conducted a tournament on July 4 and the program would have done credit to a club in a metropolitan city. On the program nothing was left to the imagination of the shooter or spectator.

There were a number of pages marked off so that the scores of the civilian and soldier trapshooters could be kept; the trapshooting rules were published in full in the center of the booklet, and the names of the two referees and two judges were published. It would be a mighty fine thing if the programs of the clubs in the States contained spaces so that the spectators could keep their own scores, and it wouldn't be a bad idea in the principal tournaments to have the trapshooting rules published in the program

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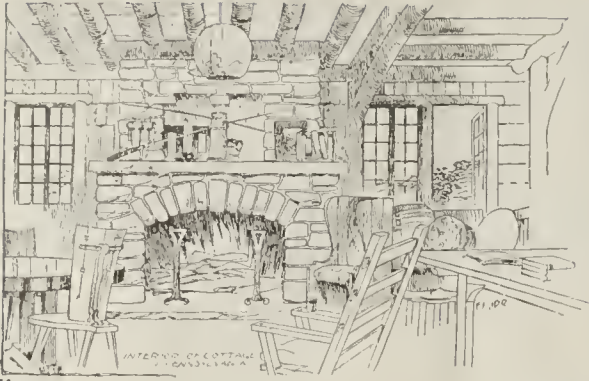
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American Duck Shooting

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No single gunner, however wide his experience, has himself covered the whole broad field of duck shooting, and none knows so much about the sport that there is nothing left for him to learn. Each one may acquire a vast amount of novel information by reading this complete and most interesting book. It describes, with a portrait, every species of duck, goose, and swan known to North America; tells of the various methods to capture each, the guns, ammunition, loads, decoys and boats, used in the sport, and gives the best account ever published of the retrieving Chesapeake Bay dog.

About 600 pages, 58 portraits of fowl, 8 full-page plates and many vignette head and tail pieces by Wilmot Townsend.

Price, library edition, \$3.50.

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Forest and Stream is the Official Organ of the American Canoe Association.

THE WILDERNESS CRUISING CONTEST.

(Continued from page 1184.)

year's Wilderness Cruising Contest, that perhaps next year we might impose harder conditions (not more rules); that is, have the conditions even more as they would be on a real wilderness cruise, perhaps a much longer carry; require the cooking of a real meal and a demonstration of one's ability to find his way about in the woods. Of course these are mere suggestions. There are all sorts of possibilities to this contest, without making it too strenuous.

I call upon the cruising canoeists of the A. C. A. to send me any ideas that may occur to them during the year. Any suggestion that will tend to make this event more instructive and interesting will surely be most welcome. Get busy, you cruisers, and send along your ideas.

I.

WE have two principal remarks to make. One is that the course that has been used for the event in the three years that the cup has been contested for is not the most difficult one on the Island. It is far too easy and too short. We would like to see the contestants come ashore at "New York Bay" and make the carry through the dense woods along the ridge that leads across to Com. Wolter's trail; camp in the valley in the center of the Island and finally put the canoes in the water from the rocky shore of the cove near Com. Wolter's camp.

By camping in the center of the Island, it will give a setting of virgin forest and will take the large number of spectators into a part of Sugar Island that very few have ever seen.

This long carry will test the participants and should show up to advantage the better methods of handling outfits in the forests.

II.

The second comment we wish to make is that we hardly believe that the judges are keen enough and hardly critical enough for such a contest. We doubt very much that they looked for waterproof match cases, for contestant's means of lighting a fire in very wet weather, that knives and axes were sharp enough, that a circle of water was spilled around the camp fire to prevent under-creeping fires, that match sticks were broken in two, that fire sticks were crossed over the fire place, showing the fire had been entirely put out, that fire wood was left for the next traveller that happened along and put in the driest place, that the tent was pitched with a wind break behind it, that paddle-yokes were lashed across the bottom of the canoe to prevent their slipping sidewise on a long, tedious carry.

III.

We also doubt whether the judges examined the birch bark used by one of the contestants to start his fire. Was it the outside dry flake that is legitimate to take and practical to use or was it peeled to the "yellow," injuring the life of the tree and giving only a damp shell that is far from practical in starting a fire?

Finally we suggest that in the future each of the judges be equipped with a pad and pencil and make note of everything he sees and ask for things he cannot see and that the notes be com-

pared only after the whole contest has been finished.—Canoe Editor *Forest and Stream*.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division:—Henry Roloff, Jr., 166 W. 96th St., New York, N. Y., by Frank C. Moore; Ira A. Kip, 3rd, South Orange, N. J., by John S. Wright.

Central Division: Louis M. Dietschler, 914 Marine Bank Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., by F. S. Thorn.

Delaware-Chesapeake Division: Albert C. Lewis, 710 Dist. Nat'l. Bank, Washington, D. C., and Karl Knight, Riverdale, Md., both by Reginald Rutherford; Raymond O. Eliason, 214 4th St., S. E., Washington, D. C., by W. A. Rogers.

Eastern Division: J. H. Goodspeed, Jr., 279 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., by S. B. Burnham; Freeman M. Miller, 124 Summer St., Pittsfield, Mass., by Edward S. Dawson, Jr., and S. B. Burnham.

Northern Division: J. B. Sampson, Gananoque, Ont., Can., by John S. Wright; J. Edgar Young, 161 Spadina Rd., Toronto, Ont., Can., by David Wing; Thomas W. Field, Gananoque, Ont., Can., by John McKay.

Western Division: Gordon Richards, 244 Liberty St., Dundee, Ill., by W. R. Petersen.

Deceased.

Western Division: 6573, Harry T. Stibb, died August 9, 1916.

Central Division: 987, (Life No. 58) Thomas H. Stryker, died August 25, 1916. Mr. Stryker was a life member of the A. C. A. and was Secretary-Treasurer of the Association in 1896 at the first Grindstone Island Meet. He is pleasantly remembered by the older members of the A. C. A. who will miss his greetings when passing through Rome, N. Y.

A LADY ASSOCIATE MEMBER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association will you kindly publish the proposal of the name of Mrs. Frank L. Dunnell, of 106 Central Park West, New York, for election as an associate member, and greatly oblige.

I have notified the treasurer but his notice to you may not be received in time to be published with your next issue and I want to have the name acted upon at the October meeting.

ROBERT J. WILKIN, A. C. A. 47.

Executive Committee Meeting A. C. A., New York, October 28.

It has been decided to hold the Executive Committee meeting of the American Canoe Association in New York City on Saturday, October 28. The annual dinner will be held that night and we are expecting a big gathering of A. C. A. men.

As yet, the exact place where the meeting will be held has not been chosen but Commodore Saunders will send out notices by October 1.

Also further particulars about the dinner will be forwarded—but in the meantime be sure to reserve that date.

OSCAR S. TYSON,
Vice-Commodore Elect, Atlantic Division.

AN IMPETUS TO SOUTHERN CANOEING.

Successful Meet at the Maryland Swimming Club on the Shores of Chesapeake Bay With Successful Contestants.

AN impetus was given to Southern canoeing by the recent Atlantic Division meet of the A. C. A. at the Maryland Swimming Club on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. Over fifty canoeists from outside clubs attended and the Swimming Club furnished almost as many more contestants.

The new division—Delaware-Chesapeake—was formed Labor Day morning, with H. Lansing Quick, President of the Board of Governors, presiding. Plans were taken up for future activities throughout this section and the following officers elected:

Theodor Quasibart, Vice-Commodore; Thomas J. Barrett, Rear Commodore; W. A. Rogers, Purser; Messrs. Knight and MacCauley, Racing Board; Messrs. Fort and Bratton, Executive Committee.

On Monday afternoon the meet proper was held and the Washington Canoe Club won with 61 points to their credit. Maryland Swimming Club were second with 11 points and Philadelphia Canoe Club third with 10 points. Results of the races were as follows:

Club Four Single Blade (Wood Canoes)—1st. Wash. C. C. Wagner, Eliason, Rutherford, Knight. 2nd. Phila. C. C. Durman, Kress, Hunter, Alterneder.

Singles Canvas Canoes—1st. Elliott—Arundel Boat Club. 2nd. Pfitsch—Maryland Swimming Club. 3rd. Bamman—Wash. C. C.

Tandem Double Blade (Wood Canoes)—1st. Wagner and Knight—Wash. C. C. 2nd. Eliason and Rutherford—Wash. C. C. 3rd. Black and Humes—Lakanoo and Red Dragon C. Clubs.

Club Fours Canvas Canoes—1st. Wash. C. C. Hazzard, Stenz, Almon, Knight. 2nd. Md. S. C. No. 1. Brickwedde, Sheehan, Pfitsch, Cooper. 3rd. Md. S. C. No. 2. Wirtz, Mehling, Kohler, Boettinger.

Single Doubles Blade (Wood Canoes)—1st. Wagner—Wash. C. C. 2nd. Hatch—Md. S. C. 3rd. Rutherford Wash. C. C.

Tandem Canvas Canoes—1st. Knight and Hazzard—Wash. C. C. 2nd. Bamman and Almon—Wash. C. C. 3rd. Kohler and Mehling—Md. S. C.

Tandem Single Blade (Wood Canoes)—1st. Wagner and Knight—Wash. C. C. 2nd. Rutherford and Eliason—Wash. C. C. 3rd. Durman and Kress—Phila. C. C.

Single Blade Singles (Canvas Canoes)—1st. Wagner—Wash. C. C. 2nd. Knight—Wash. C. C. 3rd. Durman—Phila. C. C.

Double Blade Fours (Wood Canoes)—1st. Wash. C. C. Knight, Wagner, Rutherford, Eliason. 2nd. Phila. C. C. Durman, MacCauley, Kress, Hunter.

WAR CANOE RACE (REDS VS. GREENS).

Tilting Contest—Knight and Wagner—Wash. C. C., defeated Rutherford and Eliason—Wash. C. C. Knight and Wagner—Wash. C. C., defeated Durman and Kress—Phila. C. C.

A WIDE-OPEN PRESERVE.


Permits for the construction of seven additional open camps in the New York state forest preserves have just been granted by the conservation commission to Adirondack guides and residents in pursuance of the recent extension by Commissioner George D. Pratt of camping privileges upon state land. Under the old regulations, only four open camps were constructed during a period of three years.

Considerably more than a hundred permits for tent platforms have been granted this season, and far greater use of the preserve than ever before is indicated.

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two classifications of open camps, designated camps for transients, and camps for hunters, campers and fishermen. By the regulations, "the use of the forest preserve, or the improvements thereon, for private revenue or commercial purposes, is prohibited.

"This is not intended as a prohibition against the receiving of wages for personal services. The commission desires to have guides continue to take parties into the woods and earn their living thereby, as they always have done. If the guide is paid the regular guide's wages, and is reimbursed for any expenditures that he makes, these payments are not considered as profit from the use of the state land for shelters that may be occupied.

"Thus a guide may secure a permit and erect an open camp, or several of them, and take his

parties to them for the temporary and reasonable period authorized by the commission. So long as he does not receive additional payment because of the occupancy of the camp, there can be no complaint on the score of commercial profit."

All of the camps must have a sign stating that the camps are the property of the state and open to the public.

Tents without platforms for transient use are allowed in the preserve at any time without permit. When a permit is secured, they may be occupied for longer periods or erected on platforms. Portable canvas houses are also allowed under permit. Platforms or canvas houses that are allowed to remain from season to season must become the property of the state and be free to the public.

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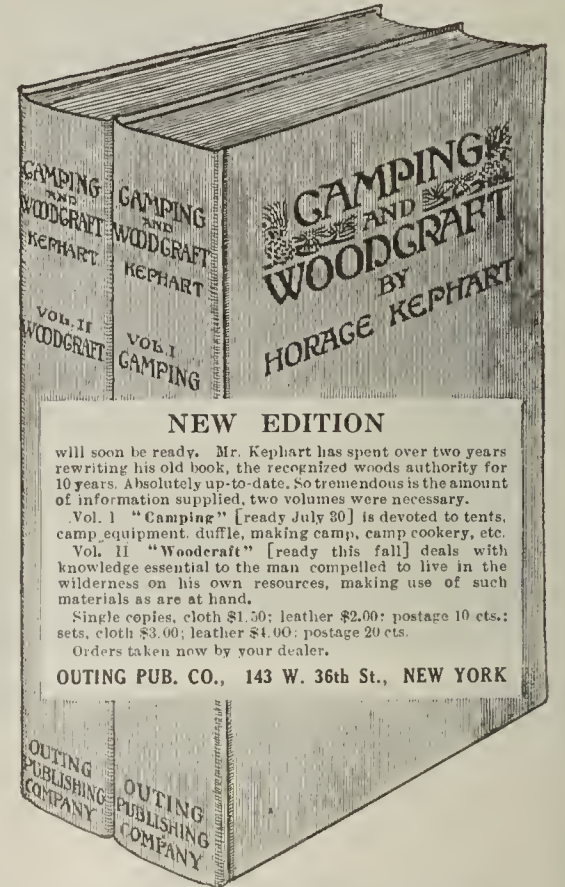
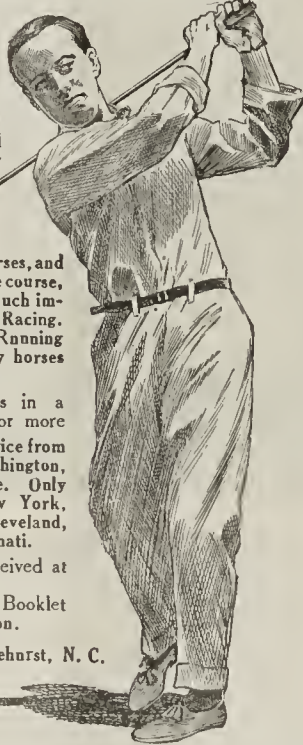
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State of New York,

County of New York, ss.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 118 East 28th Street, New York.

Editor, William Bruette, 118 East 28th Street, New York.

Managing Editor, William Bruette, 118 East 28th Street, New York.

Business Manager, J. T. Wood, 118 East 28th Street, New York.

2. That the owners holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock are:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

WILLIAM BRUETTE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of October, 1916.

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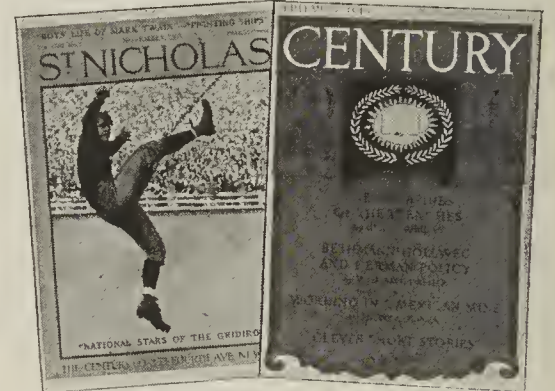
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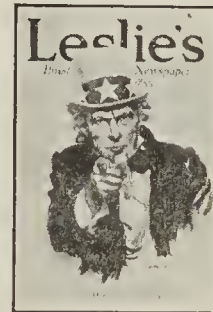
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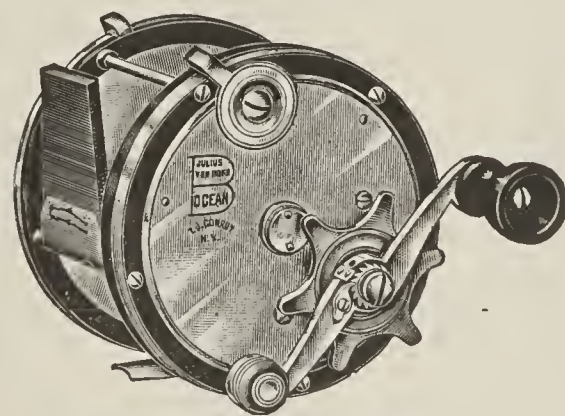
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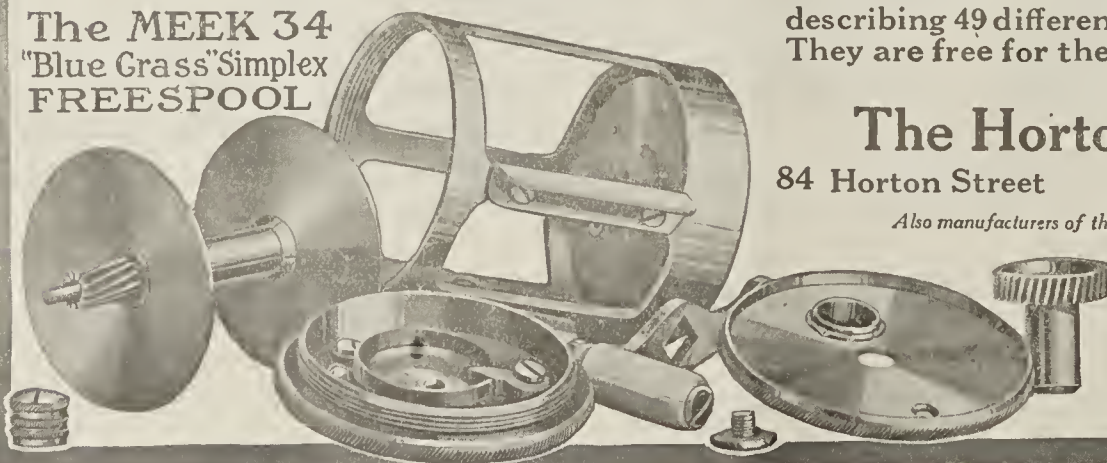
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No. 11

THE WINTER PACKET

OVER SNOW DRIFTED DISTANCES HARDY COURIERS FIGHT
THEIR WAY TO THE FAR FLUNG POSTS OF THE ARCTIC NORTH

By R. J. Fraser.

TOWARDS the middle of the month of December there is unusual bustle in the office of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Cochrane, Ontario; the winter mail packet for the northern posts is being made ready. Three long waterproof sacks are filled with letters and papers and tiny parcels. Three-quarters of them bear the old country postmarks. This is the yearly winter mail—the James bay district packet.

The limited term "district" is a singularly inappropriate one; it conveys little to the reader. For instance, from Cochrane it is 200 miles to Moose Factory, another hundred across the bay to Rupert's House; from there 60 miles up the east coast of East Main Fort; 110 farther to Fort George; and a final 130 miles to Great Whale River Post.

If one chose the west coast of the bay he would go 150 miles north to Forts Albany and Ottawapiscat. These distances are as a man can travel by dog train. With tributary outposts the number of forts totals over fifteen. Yet all these and the intervening territories over which their respective factors have control lie within the limits of the James Bay District.

And there are others much larger still. In the early seventies the mail for the district Yukon forts was assembled at Fort Garry—now the city of Winnipeg. From there, in the month of December, the dog trains started. They made their way down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg; in about nine day's travel they crossed that lake to the shore at Norway House. From thence, lessened of its packets of letters for the Bay of Hudson and the distant Churchill, the parent packet journeyed in twenty days' travel up the Great Saskatchewan River to Carlton House. Here came another lightening of the load; the Saskatchewan and Lesser Slave Lake



Rupert House, One of the Oldest and Most Celebrated Hudson Bay Posts.

letters were detached from it, and about the first of February it started on its long journey to the north.

During the succeeding winter months it held steadily on its northern way, following winding frozen stream or wind-swept lake, across the great prairies that are now furrowed by the settlers' plow. At long, long intervals branch packets were sent off to right and left to cheer hungry souls in the obscure posts away from the main line of travel.

Finally, just as the sunshine of mid-May is beginning to carry a faint whisper of the coming spring to the valleys of the Upper Yukon, the dog train, last of many, dragged the packet, now but a tiny bundle, into the enclosure of La Pierre's House. It had travelled nearly 3000 miles; a score of different dog trains had hauled it, and its frost-tanned drivers had camped for more than a hundred nights under the Northern Lights on the great, long, lonesome trail.

But to return to the James Bay packet. Just as the days are at their shortest it starts from "the line"; a man walks behind the laden sled and another some distance in advance, picking and breaking the trail. In this instance two were behind, for I was accompanying the winter mail to Fort George.

The little train held its way down the Abitibi and Moose Rivers to Moose Factory on the bay; and the packet underwent a complete re-adjustment. Then, lightened of its consignment for

vantage of short cuts through the frozen gutways behind the islands of Sherrick Mount. For stretches of many miles the indefinite way led out over the clear sea ice of the bay, far from sight of land.

At last it reached East Main. A short rest; "Farewell!" and "Good-luck!" grasped from the hands of the news-enriched traders and the packet, now grown much lighter, sped on again, still northward. At Fort George I remained behind, but the little train kept on its way, to the last lone post at Great Whale River.

Fort George! What is there in a name! The term "Fort" often conveys a wrong impression to the reader's mind. An imposing array of rampart and bastion, a loop holed wall or formidable redoubt may arise before his mind's eye as he reads the oft-recurring word. Built generally on the lower bank of a large river stands the Hudson Bay fort. A square palisade, ten to twenty feet high formerly surrounded the buildings; in the prairie region this defence was stout and lofty, but in the wooded and hilly country it was frequently dispensed with altogether.

Few of the old posts now have a stockade of any description; the time-worn timbers have been used for firewood. Inside the bounds marked by the old enclosure the buildings, numbering from twenty to a hundred, according to the location and importance of the place, are grouped together. The house of the factor and

the Albany forts, it journeyed around the deeply indented shore line, out across Hannah and Rupert Bays and halted at the door of Rupert's House—the pioneer post of the Great Company. Another lightening of the load, a change of dogs and drivers, and the train started northward up the coast. It skirted the shore in places, and took ad-



It is Something of a Trick to Round up a Team of Husky Dogs, and Trying on the Temper When the Thermometer is Forty Below and Falling.

that of the clerks, the store wherein is kept and displayed the gaudy trade goods; the depot which each year holds a king's ransom in furry pelts, these are the chief buildings of the place.

Stretched on either flank along the bank are the houses of the half-breeds and dependents. Smoke wreaths curl from every chimney; perhaps a mission, a chapel, and a school. Smoke-blackened smithy and boat-building shed are indispensable and at some of the larger establishments a barn and stables, and a saw-mill, have become fixtures. Several of these fur-trading posts have grown into little cities of the wilds.

Lounging about the buildings, or on the bank in front, one sees a half-breed in tasselled cap, or a group of Indians in blanket robes or dirty white capotes; everyone is smoking; the pointed poles of a wigwam or two rise beyond the houses and over all is the tapering flagstaff. Around the great silent hills stand shrouded in their winter white, or fringed with spear-pointed spruce tops and some few hundred yards back of the post a rude cross or wooden railing blown over by the tempest, discolored by rain or snowdrift, peeps pitifully forth from the deep mantle of snow, marking the lonely resting-places of the dead.

I doubt if it be possible to know more acute comfort, for its measure is exactly the measure of that other extremity of discomfort which excessive cold and hardship have carried with them. Nor does that feeling of home and contentment lose aught for want of a welcome at the threshold of the lonely stopping-place. Nothing is held too good for the way-farer; the best bed and the best table are his. He perhaps has brought letters or messages from long absent friends, or he comes with news of the outside world; but be he bearer of such things, or only the chance carrier of his own fortunes, he is still a welcome visitor to the Hudson's Bay Fort.

A year passed at Fort George and once more the eyes of the little colony were turned anxiously toward the south. This time I was numbered among the exiles and throughout many weary months the home-hunger had been gnawing at tired hearts. Eight days of March had passed without a sign of an in-coming dog-train darkening the expansion of the frozen sea.

The morning of the ninth, though, brought a change. Far away in the hazy drift and powder which hung low upon the surface of the ice the figures of two men and one sled of dogs became visible. Was it only Thomas Bluefeather, one of the Fort-George tribe, coming like a good convert to his prayers at the Mission House? Or was it the much-wished-for, long-looked-for packet?

It soon declared itself; the dogs were steering for the fort and not for the Mission. Bluefeather might be an indifferent Christian, but

had the whole college of Cardinals been lodged at Fort George they must have rejoiced that it was not Bluefeather coming to mass, but the winter packet from the great "outside" coming to the fort.

What a welcome did those frost-burnt guides receive when their tired dogs had scrambled up the bank and dropped, panting in their tracks! What reading we had on that glorious afternoon! News from the far-off busy world; letters from the far-off quiet home; tidings of great men passed away, word of new achievements, rumors of war; glad news and sorry news, borne through months of toil a thousand miles over the winter waste. The news might be a hundred days old—it was that morning's mail for us.

What does the year-old journal, or the letter from home, mean to those whose home is now made in the wilderness. Few of us can know; few still could realize. Even civilization—what the man south of the Height of Land knows as civilization—has scarcely reached these dreary outposts in the wilds. 'Tis true, the trader, the missionary, the soldier, forerunners of the army of civilization, are there. But the main-guard is yet hundreds of miles in the rear. To know the loneliness of these exiles of the northern wastes one must spend a twelvemonth north of "fifty-eight"; get away from roll-top desks, paved streets, and a menu card; forget the color of the mail-carrier's uniform, and the music of an orchestra; put the cities "smoke down" below the horizon; and get away beyond the end of steel. Then would one join the other exiles in calling the state of human existence on those barren, ice-bound shores, what the trader and the soldier before you have called it, what the

missionary dare not. Full well would be learnt that the sum of civilization is not made up of the few paltry necessities one has with him, but of all those tempting desirable things that had to be left behind.

So, to the fur traders at Fort George, and those at its companion posts in the farther north, the arrival of the mail packet is the event of the year. It is the one ray of sunshine breaking from a twelve months' cloud of gloom. God knows their lives are lonely. They come from the remote isles or hill-sheltered hamlets of the Scottish highlands; many from a city desk; and the mind tires when one thinks of the remoteness of some of these more northern fur posts.

Long years pass ere they can again set eyes on the shores of the old land, or return to tread the streets of the cities of their birth. For some of them there is no return; they may have married native women of the country; the "call of the wild", the wanderlust, that indefinable something that draws and holds men to the out of the way places of the earth, has many in its bondage; in some cases the home circles in the old land are forever barred to the prodigal. These life exiles scattered throughout the fur-trader's country are fancifully known to their comrades as "the men who can't come back."

Dreary and monotonous beyond words is the winter home life and hardship often is its rule. To spend the long, long cold winter months, when the dawn and the dusk, separated by only a few hours' daylight, closes into the long, dark night. What memory of early days in Highland glen, or wave-swept Stornaway beach, must come to these men as the storm sweeps the stunted spruces, and wrack and drift hurls in from across the frozen sea. Perhaps some vista of the paternal fireside, or a dreamy vision of a lonely Scottish loch banishes the dreary Hudson's Bay. But only for the hour.

The log fire in the main hall had burned low to a glowing red ere the last letter had been read. The quiet of the room was unbroken. Then the junior clerk, a raw Scotch lad just a year out from Aberdeen, slowly wound up the phonograph. Gently, as though loth to disturb the sacred atmosphere of the faraway homes brought thus near by the loving messages just received, he went through the pile of worn records till he found the one he sought. Then from the horn floated out on those wondrous notes, the simple words of that old, old song—the song which is heard at lonely camp-fires and in the snow-en-shrouded wilderness shack; which is sung by sailors at the wheel as the canvas-clouded ship reels on under the midnight stars through tumbling seas—the song which has reached the hearts of a nation and lives in the memory of a people—"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."



But Notice the Smile That Won't Come Off, on This Fellow—He's Been Fed.

BAGGING THE NORTHERN TIMBER WOLF

HOW A TRAPPER'S TRICK TURNED SHOT GUNS INTO RIFLES
AND LAID A SCENT THAT DESTROYED THE GAME DESTROYERS

By Fesco T. Ford.

THE pines had ceased their aerie whispering, the screech-owl's ominous challenge was silenced and the bats were flitting ghost-like through the columned shades when for some untold reason I awakened.

For a moment I lay—half somnolent—and was rapidly drowsing to the resonant borders of snore-land—when *the sound* was repeated.

This time I sat up, in my blanket-padded bough-bed—so suddenly that my bunk mate, the Judge, was awakened—and impressed, for, instead of his judicial "what's the matter" in sonorous chest-tones, came the muffled whisper-query: "What'n Sam Hill?"

I reached across, covered his mouth with my hand, as a noiseless injunction to silence, and sat, at strained attention, listening until certain that he chase was drawing nearer; then threw aside the covers hastily, but carefully, placed strips of birch-curl among the smouldering embers of the almost-dead camp-fire, and as they sparkled to leaping flame, added splinters from my slender kindling store, and followed these with bits of broken boughs, until the tufted boughs in the great pine beneath which we were camped stood forth in detailed tracery.

The chase was drawing nearer—was hardly two hundred yards away when I seized my shot gun, and after chambering a couple of shells, knelt beside the grim-faced Judge.

The Doctor, in his own bed slumbered nervelessly until the wolf-chorus was almost upon us—and, just as an old doe, white-tail deer with a pair of half-grown fawns leaped straight into the firelight, and turned, at bay, not twenty feet from the flames, the Medico wakened, stared and listened in incredulous amazement, thumped himself upon the nose to assure himself he was awake—grabbed the twin of my wonder gun, and, just as the wolf-pack broke through the bush screen, and halted—the chorus suddenly silenced, he leaped to his feet, yelled "Get out, you gray curs," to the wolves, and was raising the gun to shoot, when I remarked casually:

"Number eight shot at that range, would be about as effective, upon timber wolves—if they mean business—as would a handful of boiled beans, or a mouthful of corn meal mush." The Doctor grinned, shrugged his shoulders and lowered his gun.

When we looked again for the wolves, they were gone; but the deer-trio held their ground, preferring the unknown danger, to certain death in the outer darkness.

Nor did they leave our protective neighbor-



The Great Timber Wolf is a Magnificent Animal—But a Terrible Deer Destroyer.

hood until the rising sun had sent the gray marauders skulking to the swamp thickets in the great windfall to the north of our hunting grounds, and then trotted on lakeward.

They had, evidently, been running to the water, too late to have thus saved themselves, when our fire-circle served as a haven.

As we were eating our morning meal, the Judge, who had been poking "fun" at the Medico, suggested to him:

"I say Doc, can't you chloroform some of those over-ripe partridges, and poison a couple of those lean, old, she-wolves, or the pack-leader?"

"No!" answered the Doctor, soberly, "but I believe I can tallow some of our cartridges, and, can lay a trail for those gray curs to follow which should give us about half a dozen wolf-scalps as trophies!"

"Tallow cartridges? Lay a trail?" queried the Judge, in amazed repetition. "What do you mean?"

"It's as simple as the overruling of an objection!" replied the Doctor, "I'll show you, after luncheon!" and the Medico actually turned in his blankets, and, within two minutes was—er—breathing heavily; must have been that, for he never snores. He says so.

After the midday luncheon, the Doctor turned to the Judge and said:

"Now, Judge! If you care to bring me a chunk of that venison tallow which I saw, yesterday, in the cook-chest; a big iron spoon; and will build a handful of fire here at my feet, I will illustrate the backwoodsman's art of tallowing, to make a shot-gun into an emergency rifle, I have some of the shells in my belt."

While the Judge was doing as he had been bidden, the Doctor removed the top-cards from four of his shells, placed the cartridges upon their butts in the soft leaf-mold; then after melting bits of tallow in the big spoon, poured enough of the fat among the shot to cover them; replaced the top-card-wads, re-crimped the cases with his thumbnail, then remarked, smilingly: "That's the trick! Makes the shot-charge into a big, plastic bullet which may safely be fired, without injuring the gun, if fired from the cylinder bored barrel, and is not likely to spread a choked muzzle if the steel and workmanship are right; I've fired fully a dozen of them from the left barrel of my shot gun and it throws as pretty a pattern as it did when I fired the first shell from it. 'Twill kill the biggest game upon this continent at from forty to seventy yards, shoots with rifle-like accuracy and instantly gives the small game hunter a big game offensive or defensive weapon, without carrying two guns."

"But how about that trail?" queried the Judge.

"What's that! Oh! I understand!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I've saved the heads, blood and entrails of the birds which we killed yesterday. All you need do is make a blood-trail-layer from a bit of cloth or a squirrel skin—just a little porous sack as large as the final joint of one of your thumbs, filled with crushed eyes, brains, and blood, and tied loosely below the ankle upon the outside of the foot, where it will strike earth, grass and brush as you walk, and it will lay a trail which a hungry timber-wolf can, and will follow at a run, day or night, and which will hold scent for hours in this variety of weather. I'll wait until about four o'clock, and will then circle as widely as the time will allow before dark, to stand from that big rock just north of here."

"You gentlemen hunt grouse until about an hour before sundown, along the edge of the windfall to the east and south, then station yourselves upon the rock and watch for me—I may prove walking wolf-bait."

The Doctor, after affixing the bait-sack at his ankle, departed, at the appointed time, circled from the rock along the swamp's edge a mile or more to the north, turned west along a brook trail over another mile or more, and then, just as the long cold black shadows were beginning to gray, swung back toward the appointed stand, about a mile distant.

After walking a quarter of the distance he heard, far to his left, near the swamp's edge, the



Remarkable Photograph of Two Minnesota Wolves—Both Are in a Frozen State, as Brought in by the Trapper.

trail-cry of the great timber-wolf, followed, a few seconds later, by a chorus of savagely melodious bays as the pack-leader nosed the tempting trail, and, as he afterwards expressed it, "legged it" for the stand.

Peering through the shadowy spaces among the great pine-bales, the Judge saw his approach, while his pursuers were still far to the north, and called a low voiced welcome.

The Doctor waved his hand in greeting, grinned

both his appreciation of the situation and his delight at the timeliness of his arrival, and, within a moment or two climbed, panting, to the rock's broad pinnacle, and threw himself down behind the brush screen, with gun in readiness.

Three—four—minutes passed, with the chorus growing eagerly nearer, then the Judge gripped the Doctor's shoulder, and, raising his head and stealthily peering through the screen the Medico saw seven big timber-wolves, their leader nosing the fresh laid trail and running silently, while the pack kept up the clamor.

"Ready! Wait until they are within thirty yards before you show yourself; aim at a big wolf in the right of the bunch, as they halt. I'll fire into the left, then—get all you may, while they're scattering—now!"

As the two rose to their knees and swung their guns to position, the pack halted, bunched, and as the powder and charges found their billets two of the seven fell, kicking and snarling; the rest turned and leaped for shelter.

Too late, however, was the move, for by natural coincidence, the lefts from both Doctor's and Judge's guns found "centers" in the great dog-wolf who had for two seasons lorded that portion of the great north woods—and but four thoroughly cowed creatures, straggled leaderless into the windfall's cover as the night wind rose and sung requiem among the stately pines, which, could they have known, and spoken, might doubtless have told far more interesting tales of savage tragedy within their ken.

ALWAYS FISHING TIME IN FLORIDA

By W. F. Rightmire.

WHILE I have been reading the Government weather reports of the height which the heat waves recorded in the different northern states, I have wondered if the sufferers from heat in the north ever looked at the weather reports from the East Coast of Florida, and if they did, if they doubted the truth of the reports. Will your readers say it is utterly impossible that Stuart, on the East Coast of Florida, in that sub-tropical zone, almost down to the Tropic of Cancer, has not seen a day this summer of a higher temperature than 92 degrees? Yet such is the fact, and as this is my third summer here I know that it has not been above that mark for three years, and yet we are on the same parallel of latitude as Cape Bodahor nearly 300 miles south of the Strait of Gibraltar. Our immunity from extreme heat is due to the trade winds that have a sweep over 4,400 miles of the Atlantic, no land, all water, from the coast of Africa to the East Coast of Florida, making it cool and pleasant in the shade, even at noon time, and demanding a thin bed covering during the hours of slumber. I often think of my brother anglers in the northern states and pity their lot and wish they could be with me, as I sit in my skiff, driven by an out board motor, and troll over the waters of the St. Lucie River. I have 50 miles of tidal salt and brackish water beginning right at my door. What pleasure it is to fish in this manner, and the pleasure is increased by the uncertainty of the catch, which at this season of the year may be a pompano, bluefish, spanish mackerel, cavallya, barracuda, mangrove-snapper, ladyfish or (ten-pounder) sergeant or (snook), sea-trout or (weakfish), sea or striped bass; anyone or most of them are liable to hit the copper Del-Ray trolling spoon in a half day's

trip in the water along the various sandbars, if you troll in the deep water at the edge of the bar. The weight of the fish may be from two to 15 pounds for a sergeant or sea-trout.

For this kind of trolling I use a tarred linen line of not less than 21 thread, and while I may lounge on the seat enjoying the breeze and the comfort of the old French-briar pipe, when I get a strike, it is then all action, pulling in the three or four hundred feet of line, hand over hand, as fast as possible to keep the fish from throwing out the hook; and it is quick action that is required if the catch is a five or more pound sergeant or sea-trout, for he comes to the boat on the surface of the water, with mouth open, leaping and shaking his head and body to free himself from the hook.

Even when brought into the boat it is not safe to sake the hook from his mouth until you have killed him, by a blow, or the use of a knife, or he may leap out of the boat.


Several persons are making good and satisfactory wages catching fish by trolling, but as soon as I secure enough for home use, and to give to a few neighbors, I draw my fish up to the boat and take a good look to determine his classification, and then slacken the line so that he unhooks and escapes. While we have a great plenty of tarpon, the silver king of fishes, and have an organized tarpon club of which I am the secretary, yet tarpon fishing has never had the lure for me, that this trolling for miscellaneous fish, or the fishing for black bass has. Tarpon fishing must have an attraction of its own that I know not of. As an example, three weeks since, the city clerk of Lake Worth came here for tarpon fishing and in two days, while he hooked several, he only landed one of 45 pounds weight; two weeks ago he returned and

hooked several, but only landed one of 120 pounds, and Thursday, August 17, he made his third trip, and after hooking several, was successful in landing one of 145 pounds in weight, putting in over two hours of strenuous work on each fish landed; perhaps if I had not passed the 68th annual mile post I might enjoy tarpon fishing, but I doubt if it can give the genuine solid pleasure I find in a trip to the headwaters of the South Fork after black bass.


Just go with me on one trip. We will leave Stuart in my skiff at 1.30 P. M., and with the motor set at slow speed, we will troll to our destination, catching salt and brackish water fish on the first ten miles of water, then for five miles of fresh water we will take black bass and large one and a half pound bream or black sunfish, all the way for the last five miles of the trip, enjoying the beautiful landscapes unfolding before us as we round bend after bend.

It is true that I cannot point you to sculptured rocks, mountains or lofty sycamores, birches and elms, like those that border our northern streams, but on one bank you can see stately palms standing in a footing of flowering shrubs, such as hibiscus, palmetto and many others, while trailing vines like the wild pea, Virginia creeper and clematis, in full flower, hang in festoons, draping the perpendicular ten feet high bank down to the water's edge; while upon the other bank are many veteran and venerable live-oaks, with their hoary locks and flowing beards of the Spanish moss, standing against a background of lordly yellow pines. The rays of sunshine filtered through such tree growths upon the water give such changing scenes as no kaleidoscope can ever equal. The enjoyment of

(Continued on page 1254.)



GAME BAG AND GUN



BIG GAME ON THE HIGH ALLEGHENIES

GOOD DEER RECORDS MADE IN PENNSYLVANIA, WHICH BELIEVES AND PRACTISES INTELLIGENT PROTECTION

By Frank Harris.

FOR over seventy years I have lived in sight of the Alleghenies in central Pennsylvania; and for many years I have read *Forest and Stream*. Ever since I became old enough to handle a gun I have never missed a year that I did not spend some time hunting and fishing. Sixty years ago a man seen with a gun or fishing rod was considered a "no good," and yet at the risk of being classed among that class of citizens, my love for the forests and the streams has grown upon me, and upon looking back over the years I do not now regret the time or the money spent as a sportsman. As a boy living on the farm, what I spent was mostly time, and that was generally on wet days. The guns and fishing tackle I then owned were very rude and inexpensive, and the money with which they were purchased was earned by hard work. My first gun was a Harpers Ferry musket; and yet with that old relic I killed hundreds of wild pigeons, squirrels, pheasants and other small game. When I grew to young manhood I bought a double muzzle loading shot gun. I owned that gun in 1876, when I came to Clearfield to make my home. Then Al Walters and John Howe were the leading sportsmen of the town and they were the leading spirits in all the side hunts, so prevalent in that day.

I was the new school teacher and a stranger to most of the local hunters. But I butted in for the hunt and succeeded in being chosen the last man on one of the teams. The woods were strange to me, but game was plenty, especially pine squirrels, which were rated high in the count, and on the Saturday morning of the hunt, by daybreak I was two miles from town with my old shot gun after game and to make a record. That evening when I reported to my captain I laid down 26 pine squirrels, 6 grays and blacks, 2 pheasants, 2 porcupines and a ground hog and was credited with the second highest score on my team. I had made my reputation as a successful hunter of small game, thanks to my training on the farm.



Holding the Mirror Up to Nature—But the Memory of These Trophies is Reflected More Brightly in the Mind of the Hunter Than in the Looking Glass.

Some time after that I took a month's salary and purchased a double Remington breech loader. That gun was full choke and would kill more game than any other gun I ever owned. Years after that I felt that I was entitled to a finer gun, sold my old Remington and bought a Parker, and to-day "I would be happy with either were the other dear charmer away."

I have owned or had the use of several rifles, flint lock, muzzle loaders and modern breech loaders; but up until about 1902 I never owned my ideal rifle. I was then temporarily in Harrisburg and brought home with me a 32 special take down. It took me forty years to find a rifle that just fit me, never missed fire in all these years, and that made a reputation for its owner. I once lost this old companion of many hunts in Clearwater Lake in Canada, have given it the hardest kind of usage, and yet to-day, although battered and scarred, would not bring three dollars in a junk shop, it is absolutely safe and reliable, and could not be purchased for gold.

And now, with apologies to the editor and the reader I want to tell you the story of four rifle shots on the mountains of my native county. I have heretofore spoken of our hunting camp on the top of the Alleghenies, 2,000 feet up and but e'even miles from the beautiful town of Clearfield. This camp or bungalow is located on the water shed overlooking the headwaters of Lick

Run, Laurel Run and Moose Creek. By the courtesy of the Game Commission we have, on our own preserve, elk from the Yellowstone, deer from New Jersey and Michigan and plenty of the original Pennsylvania deer, the finest in the world.

The first shot that I shall speak of was fired during the fall of 1912. The deer season was then from November 15th until December 1st, and the limit for each hunter was then, as it is now, one buck deer. There was a nice tracking snow on the mountain, and the program for the day was to drive the Gordon Thicket. This thicket lies to the west of the Penfield Road and that road furnishes a fine watch for the

men who do not drive. The first drive was a mile to the west and away from the road. I didn't care to walk so far but sat down by the wayside to wait results. I was alone and had been on the watch but a short time when I saw a fine spike buck coming up through the thicket and approaching the road, and under full sail. For some reason he turned square off to the right, having scented danger.

I fired as soon as the deer reached an open place in the thicket, hitting him through the liver and lungs. Because of the thick brush the deer disappeared and gave me no opportunity for a second shot. I followed his trail about three hundred yards and found him done for, but had to shoot him through the neck, hang him up, and left him for the boys to carry to camp. This deer was a splendid spike buck, weighed 130 pounds, and his beautiful head now hangs in our camp.

The deer season for 1913 opened on November 10th and extended until November 25th. We were ready for the hunt when a fine tracking snow fell to help us to locate our game. A crew of twenty hunters struck the trail for the Gordon Thicket and the Penfield Road. Possibly on account of the color of my hair and my years the boys very generously permitted me to go as I pleased. This was exactly to my liking, as I have always preferred to still hunt for

decr. It has always seemed the fairest way to hunt and kill a deer.

We had hunted several days without any success. A few days prior to this morning I had seen a magnificent buck jump the Penfield Road, heading for Kennedy Park. On the morning in question we had about a mile to walk to the hunting ground, though we were likely to see game at any point along the way. Knowing the advantage of being alone and away from the crowd I left camp in advance of the crowd and took my time to look over the different runways along our route. But I had not forgotten the big buck I had seen the week before, and my object was to get a shot at his majesty. I had learned from careful observation that he and his lady friends were accustomed to come out of the game park at night to make love in the Gordon Thicket, and then return to the park early in the morning, crossing the road at what has since been called "Harris's Crossing." I approached the Penfield Road very early and very carefully and started up the hill toward the crossing in question. I made up my mind that my face would be turned in the right direction this time, and I was ready.

I was not disappointed, for when I got within sixty yards of his runway the same old buck was watching for me and standing very close to the road in the brush and ready to jump. The buck saw me first, and fearful that there might be danger in jumping the road directly in front of me, he turned in his tracks and went back into the thicket like a shot. I waited my opportunity for a fairly open shot, and when he entered an open place about seventy yards from me and running diagonally to my right, I fired. The shot entered his front shoulder, breaking the shoulder and passing through his neck. At the report of the gun the buck went down, like Ty Cobb sliding into home plate; but in an instant he was up and gone giving me no opportunity for a second shot. I called my companions and sent Zeke Hoover, an old trailer, into the thicket to report results. Zeke came back shortly and reported the buck badly wounded and bleeding freely. After a careful examination of the trail we concluded to hunt toward camp, get our lunch and then try for the buck. I preferred to follow the trail alone, I trailed him for over two miles. In that distance the deer had laid down several times. I finally jumped him on an open ridge. As usual, he saw me first, though I had hoped to shoot him in his bed, and was making every effort to escape. I fired at a distance of perhaps a hundred yards, breaking his left shoulder and putting him down and out. When I approached him the buck tried to get up and attack me; and while standing upon his hind legs I was compelled to shoot him through the neck and finish him.

In all my hunting experiences I have never seen so fine a Pennsylvania deer. He carried ten points, and weighed four days after he was killed, but not skinned, 246 pounds. His head also hangs in our camp, and it is with pride that I point to the head and antlers of the finest deer killed on our mountains for many years.

The season for 1914 began November 15th and ended December 1st. We were in camp, the snow was fine and we had hung up three fine bucks, Boyce, Nugent and Amerman being the lucky hunters. Saturday morning came and I had not seen a deer, though I had taken orders all week. I had in mind the watch at the mouth of Stonehammer Run, made famous by the many big deer killed there. Early Saturday morning found me at this watch, at least two miles from

camp. When I approached the mouth of the gulch I found one of our party, Charley Shoff. He had never shot at a deer, and when he saw me he kindly gave me his stand and took another position further up the gulch. In front of me frowned the rocky face of Lucky Point ridge, steep and rugged, with a beautiful sky line at the top. While I was looking over the situation, wondering whether I could reach a buck so near the sky, I heard Charley's gun up the gulch, followed by seven more shots. I saw two splendid bucks coming down the mountain sides, almost abreast; then I saw one fall to Charley's rifle



One of the Little Tragedies of the Woods that We Read About Oftener Than Witness.

and heard him call out: "I got the big one, yours is coming." I felt that it was up to me to stop that splendid buck as he followed the sky line fleeing for his life. I felt that it was a long and a difficult shot; but he fell when the rifle cracked and was hidden by a clump of bushes. I threw off all my extra clothing and prepared to push my 200 pounds up that cliff to my buck. When I came within a few feet of where the buck lay hidden in the brush, he came at me head first, looking very vicious, and I only escaped his horns by falling over a big log.

The buck headed down the mountain, but a short distance below me he went down and out. I shot him the second time as he looked back at me, and broke his neck. My first shot had broken his left shoulder, and this broken shoulder had saved my bacon. Both bucks were very fine specimens, carrying eight points each. Charley's deer weighed 152 pounds and mine weighed 175. Two more bucks were added to the number killed that year, making seven in all, and the head and antlers of mine now hang in my library beside another big buck killed many years ago, and keeping company for two fine bull moose heads and a bull caribou killed on the Miramichi in New Brunswick, Canada.

For some reason or other the deer season for 1915 was changed by the legislature, making the season the first fifteen days of December.

This is a mistake if you have any regard for the comfort and pleasure of the hunters who pay for the privilege of hunting. It is a mistake, too, if you want venison fit to eat. Deer meat killed after the winter has set in is poor and unpalatable. But strange to say the first few days of December, 1915, was ideal weather for hunting and the usual number of deer were killed; but most of them were poor and under weight and unfit to eat. At our camp we killed five fine bucks, the writer killing the last one. I had been quite ill during the month of November, and at least two of my physicians advised me to go to the hospital and have my gall removed. I had suffered from several surgical operations and I at once rebelled; besides I had no gall to spare. Instead of going to the hospital I packed up my duffle and drove out to camp on the first day of the deer season. Under the advice of my family physician I took with me a jug of buttermilk, some fresh eggs, some soups and other delicacies fit for an invalid. These were all put into the camp pantry and I have never seen them since, and when the hunt was over I came home sound and well. During the first week of the hunt I saw but two deer, two fine big ones, but passed them up. I came home for Sunday but went back to camp the following Tuesday night. Wednesday we hunted all day, without any results, and that evening I got lost within a half mile of camp. Some time again I may tell you how easily it is to get lost in a night blizzard on the mountains, and of the first relief corps that so kindly came to my rescue and then how we all got lost.

Thursday morning the boys made a drive toward the head of Lick Run and the Panther Rocks. Four fine deer were hanging at the camp. Boyce and Dowler who so kindly looked after me in my illness, had told me that unless I braced up and got into the hunt, the club would be shy one deer. We left camp at daylight. George P. Vallowe and I were assigned to the watch at the Panther Rocks. After walking almost three miles through a foot of snow we took our places and waited the coming of the deer. We soon heard the drivers and the music of the cowbell; then I heard Vallowe shoot and a fine big buck came round the knoll straight for me. I saw that one horn was missing, due, I think, to Vallowe's shot. I waited until the deer came within thirty yards of me and fired one shot which caught him in the breast. Some one had mixed a 30-30 cartridge with my 32 special, and while I tried to right this trouble the deer turned to the right and disappeared over the hill. Then I heard Vallowe call out, "We got him all right," and the deer lay dead within thirty yards of my stand. In fifteen minutes all the boys came to us and the buck was dragged to camp.



Thus Ended the Hunt—and the Story.



POINTING ATTITUDES OF BIRD DOGS

NO POSE SURPASSES IN BEAUTY THAT OF THE WELL
TRAINED INTELLIGENT ANIMAL IN FULL FIELD ACTION

By Ripley.

The first instalment of this fascinating series of upland game shooting stories was published in September Forest and Stream.

TO the bird dog is granted the privilege of executing a certain amount of work in the same way, without making his owner tire from the continuous aspect of the same thing over and over again. Even if a dog pointed always the same way, and there was always game present when the point was made, very few owners would complain. Quality of performance is what many want, and others are only desirous that a dog finds birds and holds them stanchly, not caring whether it is an upstanding point or low-headed with the body bent around in shape of a horseshoe.

Very few men ever owned a poor bird dog. At least among that class who only own one or two at a time, and put in their entire shooting over them.

One class of sportsmen alone will admit to having owned an inferior dog, a very ordinary performer or a rank dub. They are the ones that have owned lots of dogs; and, if they did not compete in field trials with them, they had many hot encounters with their friends' dogs. They confess that they have been proprietors of inferior ones, and decide that by what they see through contrast with others. The exceptional field qualities of the strains of to-day are due to the painstaking modes of breeding that sportsmen follow. They look for defects in their dogs, and upon discovering them, insure the

future progeny by breeding sires and dams entirely or as near deficient as can be in faulty traits.

To the one who will admit of no fault in his dogs, when they are glaring to anyone else, it can be said truthfully, that he sacrifices good judgment to sentiment. There is not a quail hunter who can really tell the whole story of his favorite dog until that dog competes with another in a country unfamiliar to both.

Pardon these digressions, but they leap into a hunter's mind as he thinks of certain fields in the country touched by the first snap of frost. And it makes one inevitably claim that a point—that is, an actual body-scent point, not a hesitating affair, but the real thing, no matter what position the dog assumes—is an artistic pose.

Some dogs are continually upstanding on birds, yet they may be inferior dogs. Others twist strangely through the medium of the intoxicating scent until they hardly have the pose of a dog; still they may be high-class performers. It all depends on the way these statuesque positions have of impressing the beholder. Were the majority of us to purchase an animal, just on his appearance on point, we immediately would demand the high-headed straight-up dog on point.

Every sportsman loves that kind of a point, and, if the dog almost tiptoes to reach higher,

as it were, for the invisible lure, so much the better. But with all this, how soon have we yielded to another pose when unexpectedly presented? Imagine the dog, running at full speed, and instantly coming into point, or the quick-working dog snapping up a single in the cover; the point itself may not be upstanding, but the performance almost borders on the miraculous. Yet you will agree then, that no matter what the position, it appeals strongly to you.

Dogs are not infrequently given credit for phenomenal work, but, were the occasion studied out, it might turn out otherwise. How many times, Mr. Quail Hunter, have you seen a dog point singles with a dead bird in its mouth? Should the dead bird baffle other scent? In the incidents you have noted, has it not more than once appeared as if the dog were sight-pointing?

My old pair of Papes taught me much about quick sight-pointing by dogs; and it gave me the impression that some of those side snaps by wonders, while racing at a high clip, were indisputable sight points.

I was shooting quail in the swamps. Just at dark my shooting partner killed a bird in an open field. We were unable to find it. A down-pour of rain rushed us to shelter, and when it ceased it was too wet and dark to venture out for the bird. Five days later, and after a severe freeze, we were hunting over the same ground,

and my big black pointer instantly pointed at the place where we had marked the dead bird. It was the same bird, without a doubt, frozen hard.

My friend argues me into belief in his marvelous nose. He had wonderful scenting ability I will admit, but in my opinion it was his Pape fault of carrying a low head that gave him instant sight of the bird, and he pointed it by sight.

A few days after he had occasion to repeat the performance, but it appeared more marvelous this time. From rolling cotton ground the birds flushed, and I marked a single as it dropped into an open slash. The freeze had been so rapid and severe that it only left long slabs of clear ice jutting from the bank, after the water receded. The big dog pointed the moment he put his foot on the first slab of ice. There was no bird. Nothing was to be seen. And I concluded that he had made his first false point. What made the dunce point on that ice? No quail would alight there. Then I put my thinking cap on and got down on my knees. Through the clear ice a bird could be seen that had run so far under the ledge of ice that it was unable to proceed farther. The black was pointing that bird. How was it possible for that bird to get there and for the dog to catch any scent? The first was easy; the last impossible! The bird had merely run to hide under the ice, and in fright continued, until finally it felt itself absolutely safe, as a cripple will at times under a log. My friend again gave the Black credit for scenting powers beyond the capability of any dog. I did not contradict him. Later, being very solicitous for a key to the enigma, I studied it over and concluded that the moment the Black came on the ice, it was so slippery that he walked over carefully, keeping head very low, and in this way saw the bird. The pointing instinct did the rest. There was a bench show setter that we liked to shoot over, a very big dog, with the going qualities of any of the best trailers. All he lacked in the way of making a reputation for himself was an owner that appreciated the game. He was very stanch. The shooting grounds, on which we were, were rolling, very open and the dog could be seen anywhere within a half of a mile. Buster cast out wide in a pasture and later wheeled up on point. A vicious colt nearby saw him and ran after him, endeavoring his utmost to paw him. Buster sidled off in a circle from the birds at sight of the colt, then returned to them when the rush was evaded. This was repeated five times before the birds flew. It was, indeed, a tribute to the fast dog's stanchness, and the laying qualities of the birds.

A real ludicrous case of a point was made by a very large setter that had the gift of speed, but was afflicted with clumsiness and a nose of modest power. The dog was a seventy pounder. It was nearly impossible for him to climb a woven wire fence; and he accomplished the rail fences by knocking half the rails on the ground and falling over the balance. He made a cast in a corn field. He worked to the end of it and showed signs of birds as he approached a rail fence, dividing a scope of timber from the corn. Being, however, a trifle overanxious, he made a leap evidently intending to clear the fence in a single bound. Touching the top rail, abruptly he determined that he would somehow

check his flight there. As he made to steady himself the top rail turned and pitched him flat on his back with a resounding thud in the woods. Laying there motionless for a few seconds, he did not move. Was it possible that the dog was badly hurt?

Thinking, perhaps, that it might be the case—a broken or wrenched back—I hastened to him. Through the fence he was visible, laying on his back, stiffened legs pointing half way straight up to the sky, and eyes glaring wildly. He was either seriously injured or was having a fit! Surely not the latter, though his jaws champed a trifle. The real cause had not yet obtruded itself on me. Calling to the dog, he refused



These Little Fellows Suffer Terribly in the Storms of Winter.

to budge an inch, whereat I went to his assistance.

As I jumped on the ground near his head, I landed in a clump of buckbrush. Out of it whizzed about fifteen lusty quail.

Right off the reel Big Bob got up, and was prepared to go to work on the scattered birds.



THE WINTER.

ONE winter after my father's death a fierce wind, lasting three days, blew from the northwest. Then it clouded up and snowed steadily for three days, something, the like of which only the old men of the neighborhood remembered. With the cessation of the snow followed a heavy sleet. From one end of the country to the other it was a merciless sheet of ice that would bear the weight of the heaviest man. Thinking what a good time it would be for hunting I started out with my gun for the woods. On my way I stopped at Josh Wilson's shack and asked him to accompany me, but rheumatism was having the best of him and "Sarah wuz a durned site wusser!"

Whereat I paid no more attention to my desire for companionship and proceeded on alone. Now as I think of it, I am glad I went alone, for I learned lessons on quail protection that I had never thought of before. No one had told me that the wild creatures suffered from snow

and ice bound conditions. No one had ever told me that they starved to death. And when all this came before me with its preponderance of testimony, I sensed as though I was a part of the crime committed against them by so many hunters, neglect when they needed it.

My big setter Chlo and Brownie, an undersized solid liver pointer bitch showed indications of game. At first to me all was laughable. Chlo would slip as she attempted to run, and Brownie would perform in the same way. After a time they drew on birds. The birds flushed freely, lighting a few yards before us on the ice covered earth. The first one that lit was very near me, and as soon as its feet touched the ice they gave way under it. Brownie saw the bird and brought it to me. There was not much more weight to it than its feathers. It lost nearly all fear of me at first contact with my gloved hand. "What made it so light?" I questioned myself. "There is not a thing in its craw, and, goodness! its breast bone is about all there is to its breast." "What was the cause of it?" was another of my exclamations. I pondered a while. Some paces beyond me was a fox squirrel digging frantically near the foot of an ice bound red oak. It made little headway. I petted my bird again and its body gained some more vitality, for I had been holding it carefully under my arm. I did not think long, for my eyes surveyed the sheet of ice, then uplifted to the trees, and off to saplings, weeds and bushes. Nature was unfolding the pages of her book to the ignorant. Every thing was ice bound and the quail were starving to death before my eyes. Yes, now back in the past someone had spoken of the same occurrence. It was revived again; Father had mentioned it. Presently my thoughts took action, and before noon I had that entire covey of birds in my hunting coat. Never before had Brownie exhibited such tenderness of mouth in a

better cause, and I readily forgave her for every false point she had deluded me with the fall previous. My mind was actuated by the impulse of a great undertaking. I was going to gather all the quail I could and give them a winter home!

We had one large barn of antiquated architecture which would admirably serve the purpose. On the southside it was empty, and the other was crowded with a plenitude of cow pea hay cut, with the peas on it. The potentialities of this as a home for a number of quail during this winter appealed to me. In it I put my birds.

I went to the house and told Mother, ate dinner, chained Chlo and fed the tender-mouthed Brownie a big dinner. Then I took a sack and cut many small holes in it and requisitioned the services of Mat, the hired hand. I gave him another sack and we both filled our pockets with corn and cull wheat out of the chickens' supply. Before leaving we went to the hay barn, and our fourteen little brown charges were picking industriously at the shattered peas. How soon starvation will cause the wild creatures to conform to the blessings of man!

Mat and I tramped through the woods. On finding sumac we knocked the ice off with clubs and scattered it on the ground. Where indications of a frequenting place of the quail were, we scattered grain. All wild life was suffering the consequences of the snow, and tracks of

(Continued on page 1253.)



THE OPEN CAMP IN WINTER

FINE FOR THE ROBUST AND BENEFICIAL
FOR EVERYBODY, IF CAUTION IS TAKEN

By Old Camper.

spring (what the womenfolks term "tween seasons") the tent is indispensable for warding off the unseasonable drenching shower. And, if you will, carry the tent in midwinter, but—don't let it be a burden.

If such a covering is essential to your comfort or peace of mind, if you must have the extra weight, let it be good weight; extend the limit of your load to allow for a heavy oiled silk. For after a rain comes frost and the folds of your tent will freeze together. Then only the gentlest handling will prevent tears in the lighter material. Experience taught me the usefulness and the welcome companionship of a tent in these unreliable 'tween seasons. I started on a two hundred mile hike with the dogs in Northern Ontario—one Eastertime—without a tent. Three days on the trail and an early rain caught us unprepared.

It had a thirty-mile breeze behind it. Despite our efforts to make a shelter of rubber sheets and sleigh-wrappers, our eiderdowns, blankets and duffle bags were soaked through in a short time. By daylight the temperature had dropped to six below, the rain changed to snow and a blizzard from the northward was in full swing.

Of course everything froze. Blankets would not go into their bags and the added weight of water was killing. Result: seven days late in reaching our destination, seven days added to a journey whose object was neither sport nor pleasure, and—another lesson forcibly, but well learnt.

However, it is in the cold midwinter weather that we would seek our outing; when the driving flakes are hard and dry and bite into your cheeks and the boughs crackle with the frost. Then is the time to join with those who joy in the untrammelled out-of-doors and from choice select the world-old canopy of God's blue heavens for their roof, who leave the stops of their mildew-smelling tents tied and take theirs in the open.

Try the open camp in midwinter, you who are still looking for the new sensation. Try it fairly and you will come back to the



THE style of brush camp here described is recommended mainly as a one night shelter for expeditious travelling; for those who are "here today and gone tomorrow." It has little claim to permanence. Throughout the Canadian Northland it is the commonest form of shelter used, by Indian, breed and white, and its popularity is undoubtedly due to its simplicity—as are most of the good things of life.

An attractive feature is its adaptability for adjustment to any sized party. I have used it to advantage with but a single companion—have slept comfortably in it with sixteen.

It is a winter camp that has stood the severest tests in the far-away places back of beyond, in the rare wooded areas of the sub-Arctics, where transportation facilities, even the commonest of river and trail, are lacking.

If your outfit must be carried on your back, drawn by yourself on hand sled or toboggan, or even if you have sleigh dogs to perform the heavy portion of the work, weight, figured not in pounds but reduced to ounces, is the overwhelming factor that makes or breaks the trip.

'Tis not alone for those, though, whom duty or necessity sends forth across wind-swept, snow-laden wastes or into the deep, silent winter woods that this open camp is chosen.

It is a camp for all red-blooded outers who seek their outings during the hard months of the year in a latitude where winter lasts from November to March, or longer, and the mercury in February keeps well below the zero mark—winter as we know it in the northern states and Canada.

In early and late winter time—at the beginning and ending of the season of frost and snow—when it is neither fall nor winter, winter nor

cities, bigger and better for the experience, and greet the other fellows with "I've found it—the only life! Gee! but it makes a fellow glad he's alive and has red blood in his veins!"

Rule number one, the strict adherence to which will insure a great deal of comfort and save many stumbling steps and troublesome work, is to camp early. Stop while you have at least a half hour of daylight in reserve, no matter how keen you feel for pushing on to make that extra mile.

The winter sun in northern latitudes has a disconcerting way of quickly dropping below the western tree fringe leaving no trail of twilight in its wake and the careless traveller finds himself at once surrounded by the impenetrable darkness of the chilly night.

You will stumble about on snowshoes in the blackness of the woods, tripped by half-buried stumps and wiry underbrush, endeavoring to select and fell suitable trees for camp and fire. A sharp axe then becomes a danger and the least harmful accident with which you are liable to meet is the chopping of a snowshoe frame. Many a woodsman's good axe has gashed and crippled him after nightfall.

Select the spot for the camp with a view to three things—little depth of snow, plenty of green brush, and a handy supply of firewood. The last two requisites are the more important for the first can be obtained by shovelling away the snow, though an undesirable extra task.

This is necessary for if you build your fire on a bank or drift or where there is a depth of over two feet the fire soon eats its way downward into a trench and you quickly lose the good of it unless you keep building it up with fresh fuel. That is an extravagance, especially where the

supply of dry timber is limited. One can usually locate a spot where the snow is shallow by sounding with a stake or axe handle. Oftentimes when luck is your travelling companion you will find green trees bunched together with dry standing sticks close by and can fell them right onto the site selected for the camp. The weary musher welcomes this consideration at all times; much more so when the party is large and much brush must be cut.

With your site decided on, shovel out an area that will allow just room enough for all hands to stretch out side by side, a foot to spare at the head and three at the bottom where the fire will be laid, the full length of the camp.

Snowshoes make convenient shovels. If the night is dead calm, and there is no indication of what quarter the weather is coming from, consider the north as being to windward and build the shelter to shield you from a possible frosty air from that point of the compass.

The trees from which the brush is lopped should be piled crib-fashion at the back and both ends to a height of four feet and the enclosed space well carpeted with the boughs. Bank up the snow outside of these walls and you will have a windproof shelter that will defy a "forty-knotter."

Now, if the chores have been wisely apportioned to the different members of the party—firewood to one, brush to another, camp-building to a third, and so forth, things will have run smoothly and your home for the night be ready for occupancy. There should be just room for your dunnage at your head, where it is handy, away from the fire, and serving, as well, to stop any bothersome chinks in the back wall. If all

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FUTURE OF SUNAPEE TROUT

SAD RECORD OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FISH OUTLINED BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHORITY

By John D. Quackenbos.

THE writer has been asked so often during the past few summers why angling, once prodigal of results at his favorite Lake Sunapee, has become little more than a mere wetting of lines in a tenantless waste of waters, that he is minded to give a fearless answer once and for all through the columns of *Forest and Stream*.

There is connected with the Lake Sunapee Protective Corporation, a committee on Fisheries, of which Dr. Kober of Washington is chairman, and the undersigned is a member. The duty of this committee, according to the resolution by which it was created, is to promote the interests of good angling at the lake, by planting game fishes, by securing the help of the government in the way of contributions of eggs and fry, and it has been empowered by the New Hampshire legislature to conduct operations at the hatchery on Pike Brook, which has a capacity for 1,000,000 eggs.

But the work of this committee was rendered supererogatory by the founding about nine years ago of the Lake Sunapee Fishing Association and through the passage of fishery operations into government hands. The lilliputian catches brought to basket during the past few seasons, especially this last summer, conspicuously attest the unenlightened efforts of these two factors.

The question is constantly asked—Why is the fishing so poor at Sunapee? Formerly the query was—Why is it so good? The answer points with the stretched forefinger of a century to Man, the insensate disturber of natural conditions—the selfish, irrational, time-serving destroyer of our *ferae naturae*, and at this lake the equally ignorant and irrational promoter of the restoration of our fish fauna.

The reasons why fishing has degenerated so noticeably at the lake are manifold. Let us begin with the salmon and trout. In 1883, the writer indorsed and financed an effort to restock this lake with brook trout, and to add land-locked salmon fishing to its attractions for the angler. Under the able management of Colonel Elliot B. Hodge, the New Hampshire commissioner, advised by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Charles Hallock, quondam editor of *Forest and Stream*, and A. Nelson Cheney, acknowledged as an authority the world over, fish culture became a pronounced success, and in six or seven years' operations, during the course of which the white trout was discovered in the lake and accepted as an autochthon, the waters of Sunapee became abundantly stocked with game fishes and angling was a celestial pastime.

I have seen fall to a single rod in one day forty-five pounds of ouananiche and trout, the largest being a land-locked salmon of eight pounds and the smallest a three-pound *aureolus*. In the late eighties and early nineties, the veriest tyro could capture his big salmonid. No one who devoted himself persistently to the sport went unrewarded. At the hatchery camp in September I have helped remove from the state nets six- and 8-pound land-locked salmon that gilled so fast we had to take in the seines from the sheer inability to care for the captives.

Why was this abundance? Because the streams, the natural breeding and growing habitats of the young fry and fingerlings, were cared for by a man whom all outlaws justly feared, who was never known to fish the brooks he closed, nor eat a fish that died in the nets or was illegally

taken. All honor to him. I have watched him sit up all night to bathe in a salt solution and hold in an upright position a sick or injured salmon. But with the passing of Colonel Hodge, there arose a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, and by Joseph I mean metaphorically, skill and sincerity in the prosecution of fish culture operations.

Under the new dynasty, things changed. Incompetents were employed to take and strip the fish. Politics prevailed over principle. Servitors the worse for liquor, ignorant of the fact that they were dealing with shotten fish, sought to



Dr. John D. Quackenbos.

strip salmon that had cast their eggs in the state tanks, and using such violence that death to each female was unescapable.

The late A. N. Cheney, fish culturist of the state of New York, and other attaches of the fish commission of the Empire State, who witnessed this bungling, took me aside and in righteous protest insisted that every male and female fish handled by these brutal accoucheurs had to die—there was no alternative, no possible escape. Besides the violence to ovarian sac and weakened pelvic organs, the natural protecting slime, by ruthless handling, was removed from the body of the fish and the corroding fungus known as *saprolegnia ferox*, at once attacked the denuded spots, eating out the life.

For twenty years, at least 500 spawning fish, varying in size from one to nineteen pounds (figures from records) and representing three varieties of salmonidae, were annually destroyed in this manner. I have seen numerous brook

trout weighing over six pounds, and one seven and a half pounds, thus doomed to a useless and ignominious death. Furthermore, it was a practice of these devil-may-cares to mingle the different varieties of milt and spawn, thereby filling the waters with infertile hybrids, beautiful to look at, but cursed with the sterility of the mule, and set at liberty to interbreed with the pure stock of white trout, and so spread everywhere the taint of barrenness. The devil himself could not have devised a surer method of extermination.

And we are wondering why the land-locked salmon is extinct, and why there are so few large white trout left, when at least 10,000 adult breeding fish of this rare species are known to have been brutally murdered on their bridal beds or thrown, leprosy-ridden and helpless, into the sluggish estuary to leave their bones to blanch upon the shores of the receding pool—this Prince of all our Charrs!

I once loved to ethalimize, but I can no longer sing their nuptial songs, for the glistening hordes that inspired them belong to other days.

For fifty years before I saw the lake, the big square-tails were clubbed to death on my sand beach by the natives, or pitchforked in the brook to fill their salt barrels—ignoble ending of lives we love so well, of lives united in the glows of love and heedless of the instinct of self-protection. I have records of brook trout taken from Lake Sunapee that weighed ten pounds, of a double on hook and line of seven and eight pounds respectively, and from the lips of Mr. Stickney of George's Mills, a veteran of the war of 1812, I learned of one he had weighed, that tipped the scale at twelve pounds!

Sunapee is thus capable of raising brook trout up to the record limit, but man has intervened. He wanted them all at once, as he wanted the wild pigeon by the train load, and the buffalo by the thousand, and the wild turkey, and everything else that runs, or flies or swims—as he wanted the forests that determine our water supply, the life of our trout streams, and our very climate. I heard one monster whose boat bottom was strewn with dried bass six inches long, when expostulated with, proclaim his policy: "I calculate to kill everything that bites." It would be impossible for me to lift such a being to the level of my contempt.

Stop a moment and consider why Lake Sunapee is what we see it to-day. The black bass is responsible for its development into one of the most popular resorts in the country. This fish, which Dr. Henshall said, inch for inch and pound for pound, is the gamest fish that swims, was introduced from Lake Champlain in 1868. It found appropriate conditions, multiplied rapidly, destroyed the two great enemies of the white trout—the yellow perch and the miller's thumb—and so saved this grand fish from practical extermination. Its fame brought to this lake men of means and culture; and if you look about the shores, you will see their monument in a hundred palatial summer homes.

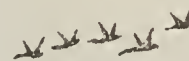
Now, what return has been made to this saviour of Sunapee the Old and Creator of Sunapee the New—this ender of the law of infecundity and the beginner of the gospel of angling here? For a quarter century it was lawful to take it on the spawning beds, and untold multitudes of gravid fish or parents guarding their young have been inhumanly slaughtered. There is not one bass in the lake to-day where there were one hundred when I first came there to live the summer through in 1878; and the summer residents who pay taxes on a million dollars' worth of property pre-eminently enjoy catching this fish for the sport it affords and for its table qualities. It is absolutely innocent of

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“OLD FREAK”

AROUND THE ROARING CLUB FIRE
DUCK HUNTERS TELL THIS TALE

By C. M. Clark



THE mystery of Hill Top is still the talk of native duck hunters of the low country around the headwaters of the Gunpowder river, in Maryland.

Old river hunters never tire of telling the story, and with a fresh log in the old-fashioned fireplace and a soft, red glow to gaze at, such guests will never tire of listening.

Hill Top is the name of an old ducking club that for generations has held forth in a weather-beaten frame house that gave the club its name. The clubhouse fronts every nor'wester that rips and snorts across the vast marshes at the head of the Gunpowder, about a mile above the Pennsylvania railroad bridge. Standing on a knoll on the Harford county side, the old house overlooks the entire marshy expanse. Some time it rocks and groans when the wind comes out of the northwest. Truly it has to put up with much more than its share of this sort of violence.

But these same winds sometimes blow much good to the gunners. They blow ducks and geese shoreward despite their strong wings and give the sportsmen many recherche shots that but for the wind they would not get. These marshes in the days to which this story relates were a paradise for wild fowls, especially mallards both gray and black. Also a great many geese bedded and fed there at night. The mallards usually made their first appearance there on their southern flight along about September, according to the weather around their northern breeding grounds. The best mallard shooting in the Gunpowder usually came between dusk and 'ark, when the birds stole in from the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries to feast upon the harvest of wild oats that a bountiful nature had scattered in utmost profusion all over the swampy ground. Legally the shooting season then did not open until November 1. From the first day Hill Top members made the most of their privilege. As

a rule, they hunted also around daybreak, killing many birds as they began their retreat to waters far beyond their merciless human foe.

Those who went to the Gunpowder in the season of 1904-5 will not forget it. Any of them could count the ducks he bagged from its beginning to end. If the birds had been scarce nobody would have thought anything of it. They were fully as plentiful as in the past few years. Flock after flock they came, tens of thousands of birds feeding on the marsh at one time. As if something had suddenly happened, the flocks got so wise that the gunners could seldom get a shot at them. Never before had it been thus with the old timers around here. Al Grupe, Bill Spicer and other veterans who shot there were considered far above the average in skill with the duck gun. Yet they were little more successful than the mere tyros who had just come into the ranks of the gunners.

What was the matter?

The question was thrashed out through long winter evenings in front of log fires. The oldest natives could shed no light upon it. Although resorting from day to day to all the old tricks that had served them so well in the past, the hunters still found their efforts wasted. Ordinarily the mallard, though accounted by old hunters one of the wildest of the feathered tribes falls easy prey to an experienced man with a gun. Something was wrong.

It was not lack of live decoys. They had suddenly become worthless, although a brand-new specimen had just been added to the flock. One evening at dark Grupe and several other Hill Top members were standing on the railroad bridge at the north shore of the river. Suddenly a huge winged shadow flew across the moonlight near the shore. Grupe was the first to see it. He threw his gun to his shoulder and fired. A heavy body dropped in the water. Two men put

out in a punt and after a battle with the fowl brought it ashore. It turned out to be merely crippled.

What all had thought to be a large Canadian goose proved to be a great curiosity to all duck hunters who ever saw it. With every mark of the drake gray mallard from the green head feathers to those of the same hue in the tail, it was plainly a huge member of that species, only ten to twelve times the normal size. Its captors' idea about its genesis was expressed in the name they chose for it "Freak."

The left wing bone was shattered by shot, but apparently nowhere else had it been hit by a single pellet. It was carried off to Hill Top and penned up in a close. The domestic flock of ducks, known as "puddlers," but in reality a domesticated breed of the gray mallard family, that made their home on the place, were all curiosity over their overgrown kinsman. In duck file, which corresponds to the single Indian style, the tame birds waddled round and round the close until they got on quacking terms with the prisoner. The friendship between them grew so fast that it was not long before the wild captive was leading the domestic flock around and enjoying all the other ducks' liberties of the estate. With one wing broken, flight was impossible. As much as possible had been done by crude surgery for the broken wing.

What a splendid decoy to call the wild flocks in the marshes Freak would make already had dawned upon Hill Top members, and they were only waiting their chance to try him out. Finally it came. Freak was tethered in the grass just as the others were and he quacked with the little ones. But there was something new in the big fellow's coarse gutturals—something extra thrown in between the familiar quacks—that the gunners had not heard before. Nor had the other decoys ever heard it, but they soon got on to it. At first their imitations were crude, but they improved them with almost every call.

But the new call drove the wild flocks away instead of decoying them within gun shot. Luck deserted the hunters. They were puzzled. The flocks kept on coming in, but almost invariably found safety in some far-off segment of the marsh where no gunner could surprise them.

The men followed them with their decoys, but there was no use. The flocks simply would not decoy to these birds. The call only made them turn and crane their necks to sense the direction of it. Then the drakes that led the flight would steer the flock away from danger.

Thinking at last that the big decoy might have frightened the fowls, the hunters decided to try leaving him ashore. The old reliables were taken out after that, but the flocks still gave them a wide berth. The hunters confessed themselves beaten and at their wits' ends.

Along toward the spring of 1905 solution of the mystery came by accident. Grupe and Spicer pushed off shore one morning before daybreak. The fussing and splashing sounds from the marsh



together with quacks and other signs of revelry told them that the place was seething with ducks. This time they turned upstream to work through a narrow gut that paralleled the main one, with about 200 feet between them. The small stream was seldom used. Thus the men hoped to surprise the feeding flocks.

But long before they got within gunshot some sentinel quacked a warning to the others. Tens of thousands of wings were spread and the next moment a cloud of ducks was noisily winging its way to safety. The whistling sound of their wings died out and the normal night stillness of the miry desert returned to reign. The hunters nevertheless paddled on to spend the hours that were to intervene before breakfast in their favorite wild haunts, deserted though they were by almost every feathered creature. Within a hundred yards or more of where the ducks had made their bed for the night, in rounding a sharp curve, the men suddenly came upon a large bird.

"Freak" exclaimed Grupe.

Spicer's gun was at his shoulder and his finger seeking the trigger. At this rather startling discovery, coming as it did in the nick of time, Spicer lowered his gun. In great excitement the fowl dashed into the cover of the reeds. The men paddled on. Grupe was puzzled at this untoward meeting with the freak prowling around at that unseemly hour for a tamed bird.

The next evening Freak was left at home again, free to roam as he listed. Grupe did not go into the house to dinner; he had taken a snack of grub with him. After darkness settled over the marsh he proceeded to the mouth of the gut in which Freak had been encountered that morning. Near where a tiny stream emptied into the main gut he pushed his punt into the reeds and set himself for an all-night vigil. He figured that if Freak visited his wild fellows again that night he would use the same round-about way to get there. A full moon shot its silvery light athwart the main gut. Through this the prowler must swim to get across to the main marsh.

After all lights had been extinguished at Hill Top and the occupants had fallen asleep, a dark object that the watchman knew at once to be the mysterious Freak swam gracefully and noiselessly into the moonlight. Grupe took out his watch and marked the time. It was about 10:30 o'clock. His eye followed the fowl until it disappeared way up the main gut instead of crossing directly to the low ground. The place was again seething with ducks. The hours that were to pass before daybreak were as nothing to Grupe, who felt that the end of the mystery and the return of good luck were near.

The man sat perfectly still for several more hours. Along toward daybreak he happened to

be gazing at the house on the hill when he caught a dim light as it appeared at an upper window. By that he knew that other members were astir preparing for the morning shooting, or another disappointment, and that they would start for the marsh as soon as they could get into their hunting togs.

A few moments after the appearance of this light a mighty b-rrrrrrr! from the middle of the marsh told him that the wild flocks were lifting from their beds. Roar after roar came at short intervals as the birds turned and returned in getting their bearings for the bay.

Presently Freak loomed into view homeward bound. With a prowler's cunning he was sneaking along the edge of the reeds. Grupe, sorely tempted to end the creature's night prowling then and there, watched him until he disappeared in the mouth of the small gut.

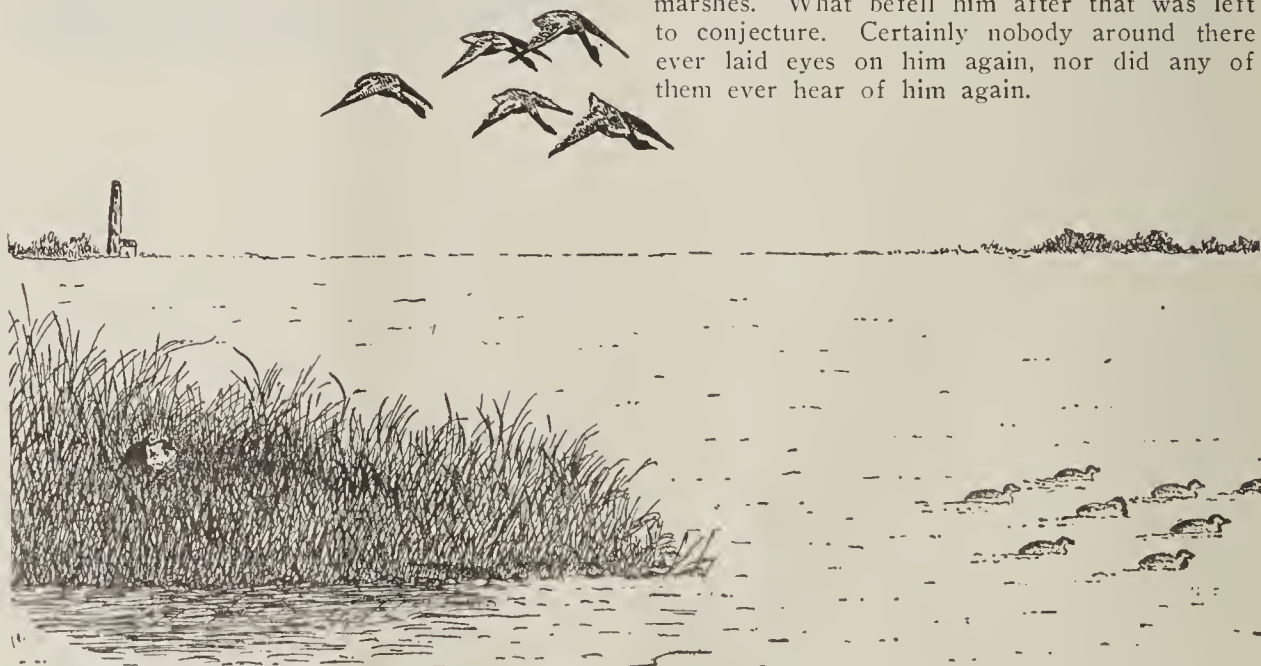
Grupe's word was not to be questioned, still there were not a few of the club members who found it hard to reconcile the significance of his discovery even with their own sorry experiences with the wily mallards. Spicer wanted to see for himself anyway. He went out with Grupe the next night and from the same spot in the reeds the pair of them watched the freak as he steered a straight course to join the revel with his wild kin as in the good old days. It was a trifle earlier than on the previous night—about 10 o'clock. Grupe looked toward the house. All was in darkness. But he kept an eye on the window watching for the first sign

of a stir within. An hour or so before dawn the light appeared. Again, within a few minutes, the flocks left the marsh, not a duck remaining save the unfortunate freak leader, which a ruthless hand had snatched into a flightless captivity. After the lapse of a few more minutes this oracle and guardian angel of all the wild flocks in the marsh swam past again, saddened-like, to make the best of his misfortune among a few tame fellows who could make but poor soulmates for one of his wild habits.

"What do you make out of it?" inquired Spicer after getting over his surprise.

"Just this," replied Grupe, "that old rascal knew what he was doing when he was calling with the other decoys. He didn't call the birds to him. He told them what was what and they understood the language. The worst of it is that all our other decoys now understand it too, and if that's the case they'll never be any more good to us. We must get new ones. Both nights I noticed that the ducks left right after the light shone through the window at the house. Also that Freak did not leave shore until after all lights had been put out and everybody was in bed. You mind how he led and bossed the old 'puddlers' from the day we turned him out of the close to run with them?"

The captive was entirely too canny to be left at large at night, if the sport of shooting was to be preserved in that section. Consequently he was deprived of his liberty each day before dusk. That did not please his wild lordship and eventually he was missed. When no captor was looking he must have stolen off to the marshes. What befell him after that was left to conjecture. Certainly nobody around there ever laid eyes on him again, nor did any of them ever hear of him again.





ON AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY

A GOODLY BAG OF DUCKS, A STRAY PARTRIDGE AND A
COMFORTABLE CAMP MAKE UP THE JOY OF LIVING

By Frederick L. Coe.

SOMEWHERE not far away I could hear the contented quacking of ducks, but it was too dark to make out anything. Even the bow of the canoe merged indistinctly into the gray, all covering mist which hid everything, making of the before-dawn darkness an ashen gray shroud. The ducks were there, anyway that was one comfort, and in all probability would remain until it lightened up enough for shooting. So I sat close, glad of the extra sweater under the hunting coat, though even that could not keep out the penetrating chill of the mist.

An hour previous the insistent call of the alarm clock had warned me that if I wanted the early morning shooting I would have to hustle. Lighting the lantern hanging at the tent door I hurriedly dressed, stirred up the smouldering embers into a faint blaze and with the addition of birch as dry as tinder soon had a fire going over which I cooked my frugal breakfast of bacon, eggs and coffee. Then, after seeing that the fire was well covered, and carrying the heavy repeater and plenty of shells, I slid the little canoe into the water, climbed in and started off across the lake for my blind.

Not a breath of air was stirring, the reflection of the stars was as clear cut in the black sheen of the water as were they themselves. Once away from the shore I was as much alone

as though in some trackless wilderness, and coupled with this loneliness came a strange, exultant sensation of being the master of this strange world whose only evidence of life was the deep-toned frog chorus from the distant marshes. But the first faint signs of the approaching dawn warned me that I must hurry. Heading due north from the camp I knew would bring me to the mouth of the river, and once there the sentinel tamarack just behind my blind could be seen. The North Star furnished me an easy guide for my course. The three-mile paddle was accomplished in record time, as I was cold and let myself out to the limit, sending the light canoe surging along.

As I neared the northern edge of the lake—here rather swampy—I found a heavy, impenetrable mist which blanketed the shore from sight. It was impossible to distinguish objects a dozen feet away. I rested on my paddle, letting the canoe run, and in so doing became conscious of the faint swishing of lily pads being forced aside. That gave me an idea. Directly at the mouth of the river I knew the water to be free from weeds, and if I could once locate that channel I was certain that, aided by my flash light, I could reach my station.

It was blind work, but I made it, and once in

near the shore found to my great satisfaction that the mist only extended a few yards above the water, the trees showing in darker blurs against the sky. The tamarack loomed up, and the canoe was soon snugly hidden in the berth prepared for it behind a clump of half submerged bushes. Then I made myself as comfortable as possible under the conditions and waited for dawn.

The latter part of October in Connecticut isn't any too warm and balmy at that time of day—or night—close to the water, and I fervently wished that I had brought along that pair of heavy army blankets back in the tent. But suddenly the cold and discomfort was forgotten when I heard the unmistakable quacking of ducks. They had evidently been there all the time and my approach had not alarmed them.

Never had I known the time to drag so—with one exception, when forced to spend the night in the Everglades due to the over indulgence of my trusty guide in the corn whiskey locally known as "forty rod" as a tribute to its powers, and thus became confused in the many turnings and hopelessly lost. There being no firm ground we stayed in the punt, he sleeping the sleep of the just—stewed—while I fought the myriads of mosquitoes and other flying and crawling

pests, and imagined cotton-mouth moccasins climbing into the boat. Thus I passed the time, thinking of that other experience of watchful waiting, and before I realized it the dawn had come.

The mist still held us prisoners in its opaque wall, but its brightening gave promise of a speedy release, together with the breeze which always precedes sunrise. In a few minutes the mist was a thing of the past, the last shreds drifting away like so many spiders' webs.

Then I saw the ducks, six mallards, not over thirty yards distant. They saw me at about the same time, rose with a clatter and were off as I swung up the gun, firing once—twice—again, as fast as I could shoot, and then twice more on the cripples. As I lowered the gun, the hot barrel scorching my fingers, and crammed more shells into the magazine, there were three ducks floating peacefully just outside of the lily pads. Seeing that the wind was inshore I did not at once go after them, but waited in hopes of others dropping in, as this section was a noted feeding place.

A half hour passed and though several flocks were visible down the lake, none came in range. I had started out to pick up my game when a lone black duck came past, flying fast and high and caught just enough of the fours to come down on a long slant towards the thick brush. Here I did some quick shooting. Knowing that once in that tangle of brush if a spark of life remained he was a gone duck to me, I commenced to shoot as fast as I could work the lever. He was just disappearing as the third shot was fired and some of them at least must have found their mark as it was an exceedingly dead duck that I picked up. As an old backwoodsman once told me: "'F ye got any daoubt whatsum'ever about yer game bein' dead—keep right on a-shootin'." Good logic, too.

The sun was well up by now and the promise of a warm, breathless fall day was being fulfilled. The breeze had dropped and the surface of the lake was as smooth as glass. An almost imperceptible haze marked it as that best of all times, an Indian summer day, when nature seems to be evening up for the vicissitudes of this many sided New England climate by showing what she can do by creating a perfect day.

Heading up the river I paddled as quietly as possible in the hope of coming upon a few ducks feeding in the little bayous and inlets. I realized that it was too late for the real river shooting, as the ducks had probably left for the lake by now, but was relying on the chance of a stray one. Twice I did raise a single, but each time it got up out of range. Thus all the damage sustained was by the trees bordering the river, though I did manage to loosen a few feathers on one which idly floated down to the water. The duck kept right on his way.

Then came the yearning to get into the brush and see if I couldn't get just one partridge. I landed, made fast the canoe and plunged into the upland of thick birches, a few scattered white pines adding their dark green to the general color scheme of white.

I had hardly entered the cover before with a whirr and a roar out crashed a huge partridge and went off through the brush untouched by a couple of futile charges I sent after him. It may be well to add that a full choke gun loaded with fours is not exactly the proper combination for close brush work. However, I marked where the bird was headed and went after him just as though I really expected to get him. After circling around for some time I got him up again and—notwithstanding the

general superstition that a partridge will not fly across water—he swung over the river, presenting an ideal shot. I waited—this I am very proud of—until he was well away and straightened out in his flight before firing, dwelling long on the aim, against all ethics of brush shooting. The partridge crumpled up in mid air as though struck by lightning, as well he might as I later found by the number of those big shot in him, and dropped on the far bank.

Arriving at the camp after an uneventful paddle down the river I found my brother waiting for me, and about famished after the ordeal of the trip up from New York. Anyone who has had the the misfortune to travel on the Shepaug Division which has been characterized as not a railroad, but a disease—will understand the above reference. Those who haven't—but why speak of unpleasant things? Rather let us par-

take, at least in spirit, of the feast we prepared.

Shall I tell of the menu? Of how we argued whether to have partridge or fish—duck being out of the question owing to such short notice for preparation—and compromised by having both? How Phil, who can cook, first steamed the partridge and then fried in butter slices cut from the breast? How the fat perch sizzled in the bacon fat? Of the ash cakes made of corn meal, and of the real coffee, tasting as only coffee can taste that has been boiled over an open fire? Perhaps it is needless to add that we ate and ate until we could eat no more, and then, sitting under the great oaks fringing the shore idly watched the vista of lake and rolling country with old Mt. Prospect looming up vaguely in the background through the magic haze of Indian summer. Is it to be wondered at that we were contented, glad to be alive?

THE LONG RANGE SHOT GUN

IS THERE A REAL NECESSITY FOR SUCH A WEAPON IN AMERICA?

By Fred Copeland.

THERE was a time back in black powder days when a shot gun could not confine its pellets to too close a circle at extreme ranges. It was the premier talking point of both the gun and its owner who shot at game "sitting," religiously visited the annual turkey shoot, and with a chip delicately balanced on his shoulder attended the three hundred sixty-four post-mortems of that shoot till the ninth commandment blushed as healthfully as an autumn sunset. Now that October, with the shot gun prominently emblazoned on its coat-of-arms, is fully upon us, it is quite pertinent and natural to ask whether in these days there is a legitimate demand for a longer range gun in each of the gauges.

There can be no doubt but that the 12 and the 20 gauges are the most popular sizes with American sportsmen to-day and in order to measure the different doses of salt necessary to take with the stories of wonderful patterns which are ever on the wing there has been sought the advice of authority personified in a friend, the superintendent of a factory turning out one of the oldest and most popular shot guns in America.



In the Good Old Days of Black Powder.

This veteran gun builder and sportsman has seen many years of opening letters from gun cranks from all over the world, observed thousands of tests on paper targets, and used shot guns in the many game fields of America. From him it was ascertained that while we hear of many guns in 12-gauge that average 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. on the 30-inch circle at 40 yards, when tested out these same guns drop back to 70 per cent. and it is a good gun that shoots 75 per cent. Moreover, skillful barrel borers at present with 20-gauge tubes do not produce guns that run above 65 per cent. to 70 per cent. One would think, therefore, that some radical change, some revolution in boring, loading or ammunition were necessary before the hearts of some were gladdened, for there is a demand for shot guns that would hold a trench against our army in Flanders.

Already there is a rumored discovery made by a barrel borer in this country, who, by a scientific loading of the cartridge case, can make a 12-gauge gun put 90 per cent. of its load in a 30-inch circle at 50 yards. If the loading were practical and adopted by loading companies, where would the demand come from? Perhaps from England, where farmers anxiously await the advent of a shot gun that will kill wood-pigeons at 100 yards, or from the users of shot guns in open places like the duck marsh and the prairie chicken country. The demand certainly would not come from the trapshooter, unless the 20-gauge were lifted to the efficiency the 12 now has, for the 7¼ or 8-pound trap gun can be handled with absolute ease and there is the joy of seeing its 1¼ ounce of shot blow up a clay target as the ⅞-ounce load never could. While there is no wish to restrict the art of gun-craft or the general advancement of science, from a sportsman's point of view it is to be hoped that nothing may be discovered that would be more deadly on our feathered game than we now have. Assuredly, if anything beyond the present shot gun range is to be reached the rifle is indicated and American sportsmen may sit content in the thought that the marksman has but one pill to do it with for the shot gun in the hands of some is not always used on flying game.



CONSERVATION



GOOD FISHING NEAR LARGE CITIES

WE COULD HAVE IT IF WE FOLLOWED THE WISER
POLICY THAT PREVAILS EVERYWHERE ABROAD

By Theodore Gordon.

ONE of the last articles written by Theodore Gordon, of beloved memory, dealt with the subject near to his heart—the fishing of the future, and the opportunities which a succeeding generation will enjoy in the way of angling sport. This article, from *Forest and Stream's* manuscript library, is published below and, it will be admitted, possesses a timely interest. The idea proposed, namely, the utilization as fishing lakes of the great artificial lakes which are to furnish New York's water supply, has been discussed frequently, but never has the feasibility been more clearly set forth than by this world-famous angler writer of the Beaverkill.—Ed.]

WE CAN still boast of having a wonderful country for sport of all kinds, yet one cannot fail to feel anxious for the future, particularly for the chances of the younger generation now coming forward. Anglers are being created by hundreds or thousands every year, and a large proportion of these seem to take naturally to trout fishing. Men of fair or large means, who have control of their time, can seek their sport at a distance, but an immense number can only get away over a week end, during the best of the fishing season.

Their annual holiday of ten days or two weeks usually comes in July and August, and the hot dry summers of recent years have caused sport to become very indifferent, except during a cool spell, or after rain, and freshening of the water. In some of our larger streams the habit

of night fishing has become well nigh universal. The trout only come out of their retreats at dusk, and the weather is too warm for fishing with success during the day. Ten years ago not much angling after dark was practiced; it was resorted to occasionally, on big pools or where trout of unusual size had been spotted. Night work has its attractions, but cannot be considered scientific angling, although very large fish are killed in this way. More streams are posted, or leased, or bought up by clubs or individuals every year.

Is it to be wondered at that old hands are becoming very anxious as to the future of the great bulk of the trout fishing fraternity? I have done a good deal of thinking, and studying if anything practical can be done to provide sport for all these good fellows, at a minimum of cost.

A few years ago I noticed that England and Wales seemed to be finding a way out of the difficulty, and that good trout fishing was being created for a vast number of anglers, many of the sort to whom the expenditure of a small sum is of considerable importance. Cities and towns are well administered in England (although at one time this was far from being the case), and municipal corporations usually own their works, as well as the source of supply and the surrounding watersheds.

Previous to 1904 a few progressive cities like Liverpool, had given thought to the matter, and after thorough stocking with trout, and a closed period to allow these to become mature, had

thrown their reservoirs open to the public, under proper rules and restrictions. A small charge was made for tickets allowing one to fish and the amount realized was used to defray all the expenses of upkeep, restocking, etc. Very often it was sufficient to cover all repairs to dams, spillways, and buildings; thus reducing the burthens of the taxpayers.

In the year 1904 the opening of Blagdon Lake, the source of the water supply of the city of Bristol, to the public, created great excitement because of the wonderful sport enjoyed by anglers on that beautiful sheet of water. The trout, brown and rainbow, averaged 5 lbs. 6 ozs. during that first open season, and the largest recorded weighed 9 lbs. 2 ozs.

Many cities were quick to see their opportunities to provide healthful recreation for their citizens at no cost to the tax payers, and since that time about 150 municipalities have stocked their reservoirs, and opened them to the public. The rules and regulations are strict but fair. Among the more important that I can call to mind are these. On the large waters, appropriately called lakes, boats owned by the city, and in charge of the guardian, are permitted. On all others fishing from the bank only is allowed. All wading, at any time, is strictly prohibited, and the baits to be used are restricted to some extent.

The charge for tickets varies, with the sport to be expected, but the average price is said to be two shillings and six pence, say 60 cents, in our money. For a week, month or season



The Average Man Must Seek His Sport Within a Reasonable Distance of Home.

ticket the price is relatively lower. It is often five dollars for the season, where the fishing is good, and their season runs to October 1st. The number of trout to be killed in one day by a fisherman is usually eight where the trout are large, and the size limit runs from 8 to 12 inches, 10 to 11 inches is the common limit. It is considered that an 11-inch trout will weigh half a pound.

Baskets are all inspected and recorded by the guardian. Watchers are on deck to see that no rules are broken. Where fishermen know what these regulations are there is no disposition to break them.

In the United States we have many reservoirs that are well adapted to our good friends the two black bass, but have we anything now near our big cities that would carry a large stock of trout? Into the mind of every fisherman will flash the thought, "Very soon we will have just what is required, in liberal measure."

There is that magnificent work, the Ashokan dam, which is calculated to create a lake 40 miles in circumference, and other dams may be built if the necessities of New York's water supply demand them. The new lake is on one of our best trout streams, celebrated for its large fish. I have had great sport with rainbow and brown trout, from the present dam near Olive City (reached from Brown's Station on the Ulster & Delaware R. R.), right up to what will be the junction of lake and stream.

The lake will be stocked automatically from the Esopus, but time could be saved by stocking liberally. A closed period of three years would be required to allow these small fish to grow into lusty trout of from one to two pounds. They would rapidly increase in size. There is always an immense food supply in water over newly flooded land and this often continues indefinitely.

The Esopus is a good stream for flies and larva and there are quantities of small fish. I took a 3-pounder on fly that at once disgorged 16 large silvery minnows, evidently just swallowed. This was in what will be the lower end of the lake. In a few years immense trout may be killed, and to keep these down minnow fishing should be allowed, at least in summer.

There is every probability that New York's great reservoir would discount Blagdon in its fishing, and afford sport to many honest anglers. A man could run up there for one day or

two, and any time that business permitted he could snatch up his rod and reel, and be on his way. To me the country round about is as beautiful as any in all the Catskills, and in a short time the water will present all the characteristics of a lake made by the hand of nature. The air is bracing and spring begins quite early, as compared with some portions of the mountains.

My great fear has been that some thoughtless persons may stock the lake with bass or pickerel, thus killing the opportunity to create the greatest trout lake in all the Eastern States. The whole matter has been threshed out, pro and con, and the fact that the trout benefit the water, and that fishing for them under proper regulations does absolutely no harm.

People are carried, in two or three hours from the city into the high mountain country, where bracing air fills their lungs. They have a strong objective, one of the most important things in exercise to tune up the whole system, without exhausting fatigue.

We must do all that we can to maintain free trout fishing in our streams, but this new lake affords an extraordinary opportunity to bless the every day hard-working man. The small-salaried man and the workman can take a day off now and then, and the value of the fish taken will, by supplying his family with a perfect food fish, defray the cost of his railway and fishing tickets.

The great aqueduct may be followed through Ulster and Orange counties, and for a man who is fond of tramping through an interesting and beautiful country, such a trip might prove enjoyable. One could start just below the Highlands, and march all the way to the dam. Then he would have the option of returning by train, if he wished.

What do you think of it, brothers? I may be enthusiastic, but it looks good to me.

Unless some action is taken and all good fishermen co-operate in using their influence, this beautiful lake may be closed to the public, and the absolutely unique opportunity to create one of the finest trout waters in the United States may be lost. Bass and pickerel should be kept out, at all hazards.

I have had my share of sport, probably far more than I was justly entitled to, and I can not avoid thinking of the young anglers and others who so long for a little good trout fishing.

"No Hunting Allowed"

THE FARMER HAS A WARM SPOT IN HIS HEART—IF—

By Rodney Random.

THE influence of environment has everything to do with the change in habits of the quail. New farms and new modes of cultivation are responsible for this. Sportsmen hold up their hands at the lack of game law enforcement, especially that pertaining to our little brown birds, but you seldom see one give the slightest assistance in feeding the birds when they need it the most.

Game leagues have done some good, though too many of them wrangle over an election of officers, when they could have spent the time more advantageously in the home of the birds. They are, while shooting in the field, imbued with the usual foresightedness of the average sportsmen, but when home shortsightedness actuates them into oblivion though the birds are suffering the privations of winter.

If we are to retain this king of game birds constantly, we must feel disposed to lend some physical assistance to their welfare. Would it not be just as sportsmanlike to feed birds during inclement spells of wintry weather as to shoot them in fall under favorable circumstances. One should exact the other.

It is only after a person has lived long in the habitat of birds that he begins to conceive the true source of neglect from both viewpoints. To bring the hunter from the city and the farmer together is almost beyond possibility.

The former regards the farmer as a stupid personage, and is highly incensed when forbidden the liberties of the quail fields, and he shows it. The farmer reverses his opinion to a degree that his ideas are restricted by an ineradicable sentiment that the sportsman has no interest in him, but in only the birds on his place. And he does not miss the mark far! Both are unintentionally sinners.

My shooting grounds have not been curtailed a single year. Living in a farming country gave me an open sesame to the quail fields, except when a newcomer from another state moved here and decorated his fences and trees with "keep out" signs. Of course, his wishes were respected in a way. But, if we did not get his permission we found ample work for a green dog to perform in our behalf. Were he a wide-casting fellow, so much the better. One requisite was important—the dog had to be unsteady on birds. He could not be too wild to suit our sport. The fences only include the cultivated areas, for the timber beyond is unfenced as the range is free to all. All birds on being flushed hit it up for the timber. You can see that at this juncture our single bird shooting began.

Seldom, however, were we obliged to resort to this after the first winter. As soon as a newcomer viewed us feeding birds when the snow was on the ground, he responded with the invitation to shoot as we pleased. Where they formerly resided they had been so pestered by town loafers and pot-hunters, they classed every sportsman in their new home likewise.

For a long time a certain farmer was perverse, we called it, in his determination to keep us out of his fields. He swore by all the mules and bulls on his place—and there were none—he would permit no one to kill "patridges" on his

farm. Whatever moved him against hunting I do not know. He was a typical quail farmer, with brush fences dividing the rail enclosed fields of cultivated lands from the larger ones of wild vegetation. What a patch of dewberry, sedge and rag weed he had! And the birds there!

About the time I craved liberties on his place I came into possession of the two prettiest Pape black pointers that I had ever seen, or have since seen. They were black as crows—big fellows with lots of bone and going qualities. The only reason I craved the farmer's fields was because he would not permit hunting. Surrounding him on all sides I could get birds to any amount. It was out of sheer mischievousness that I asked him, as he stood near his barn, if I could hunt on his farm that day.

"Shore!" he exclaimed, beaming welcome, "you kin hunt all y'uns wants to on my place with them black houns', but nary a time with a bird dog." He thought the Papes were rabbit hounds at that!

Many more shots must have been fired than is customary on rabbits in a circumscribed little patch of sedge. There were three big covies scattered in it. Crow and the Black Devil were doing phenomenal work on the singles, and I was shooting in form. I happened to turn and look back for Crow. There she was, pointing staunchly in an opening of the sedge, and back of her was the farmer, speechless with surprise. I was sure of immediate orders to get out. But he only kept looking at Crow and grinding his teeth.

"Kill hit, dad blame you!" he cried at last. "Guess they hain't nuthin' to do but let a boy shoot that kin' larn a dern old pair uve black houns' to pint patridges!"

This is just an illustration of my personal belief that every farmer has a big open spot in his heart, if you only know how to reach it.

SELF-HUNTING BIRD DOGS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There is no doubt that the self-hunting dog acquires much bird sense in his rambles afield, but it is a grave question how much he benefits himself otherwise. Under stress of the belief that it is doing their dogs lots of good to roam *ad libitum*, many owners permit them to indulge in the enjoyment of self-hunting as often as the dogs see fit. While the activities of the dogs take in everything from the minute field sparrows to wild turkeys, they destroy lots of game. The lack of birds in many localities in real birdy countries is frequently traceable to self-hunting dogs. The nests of quails and meadow larks are destroyed; and even, if the birds have come into the world, the self-hunter daily proves such a menace, they move to other spheres.

In many instances, however, latent bird sense has been brought into being through self-hunting. In one case a very handsome wide-going setter simply could not recognize the scent of quails. He persistently bolted right through a lying covey, and would scarcely give any heed to them when they flew. Only the sound of the wings appeared to attract his attention. Time and again he had been held with a lead right among birds for several minutes, and then he evinced that the scent of quails interested his olfactory organs in no way whatever. On a certain fateful day one of those old timers, that considered a day miserably spent without a self-hunt, lured this dog into experiencing the pastime with him. Day after day they repeated it. On a later date, as a final trial, the owner took the setter afield, and was much amazed to find him pointing birds in the manner of a dog that had performed on them all its life.

BOB WHITE.



By Marguerite P. Brewer.

YES, you bet they are, especially in the St. Johns River, Florida, off Palatka. My acquaintance with the owner of this pair of jaws began one evening in February, 1913, and ended the following morning when his funeral took place. It all happened while on a fishing trip through Florida and the Gulf of Mexico. Up to this eventful time I had only heard of the St. Johns River sharks, which are one of the many species of blue sharks. Often the colored boatmen who rowed us up the river or guided us through the cool woods to the best fishing streams would spin yarns of the big sharks "down yonder in de riber," but these yarns never made much impression upon me until one afternoon our party was caught by a squall while we were right in the middle of the river, on one of our daily trips. At this point the St. Johns is probably a mile wild, so the squall rudely put an end to our hopes of landing a *Forest and Stream* "prize beauty" that day, and forthwith Jake, our boatman, pulled for the shore as though his life depended on it.

Evidently his life meant more to him than did all of ours, judging from his prayers which he mumbled now and then. Every few minutes he would drop the oars long enough to bail a few pailfuls of the river out of the boat, only to resume them when an exceptionally large wave would slap against the side. He was a scared nigger, and he was not bashful in admitting this fact.

At last we reached shore, to receive numerous congratulations from a motley assemblage on the dock. Then only did I realize that we had been in a somewhat dangerous predicament. Of course silent prayers were in order from all of the party. The squall soon blew over but the waves still continued to run high, so we gave up all hopes of going out again, and started for the hotel to change to dry clothing. All this time Jake had been hovering around as if he wanted to ask us something but was afraid to do so. Finally he got up courage, after following us to the hotel porch, and he plucked my sleeve lightly.

"Missy want to catch shark?" he said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Why, Jake, can I?" I answered. "But where are they?"

"In de riber, plenty of 'em. Jes bait hook an' throw it out, an' mebbe soon shark grab it. Den pull 'im ashore."

"But who pulls him in?" I asked. "My tackle isn't strong enough."

"Oh, lawzzy, no!" grinned Jake. "All you do is bait up hook with beef an' throw it in. Den niggers pull in shark all together when he grabs it."

It sounded very exciting so I told Jake to get his shark hook and line ready and I'd be

down when the shower stopped. I only told my plans to one of the party, Mrs. H—, and she was even more excited than I was, so we hurried down to the dock as quickly as possible. Jake had resurrected an ancient piece of beef bone with about three pounds of raw meat on it. I fastened this to the hook and then threw it over into the current, paying out line until about two hundred feet was out. I must add that the hook measured probably six inches from bark to shank and was attached to the line by a chain like a heavy dog chain. The line was tarred and heavier, even than the lines our Jersey Coast fishermen use off shore. Once the bait was out we sat down to wait—after taking a number of half hitches around a post with the line. One hour passed, but nothing doing. Mrs. H— then grew restless and began to joke at the shark idea, forthwith returning to the hotel. But Jake was as hopeful as ever.

On and on went the time and I had long since forsaken holding the line in favor of a good book. It was now nearly sundown, and I had just begun to think of dinner when the line pulled taut and a long dark body broke water and thrashed about where my bait had once been floating. Then it dashed out into mid-stream, Jake paying out the line foot by foot and snubbing him by means of the turns around the post. For ten minutes this continued, then he was able to take in several feet, aided by two other colored men who had run down to the dock. Alternately this continued minute after minute, but greatly in favor of Jake, as the shark was tiring fast. It was now only a hundred feet or so from the dock and cutting the water at all angles to get free from that merciless hook. But it was of no use, the hook held and Jake was as strong as ever. By now the dock was crowded with townspeople and patrons from the hotel. Of course, I was the center of attraction along with the shark, although Jake was doing all the real work. At last his majesty was below us, only a few feet out from the dock. Jake then played his master card by sliding down one of the piles with a hand axe, the line in the meantime being held tight by half a dozen colored men. Even with the water he balanced himself for a second—then, as the shark darted closer he drove the axe into its head. A whirl of bloody foam, a yell, and all was over, Jake climbing back up the post, his grin as broad as ever.

"Pull 'im in!" he ordered to the men on the rope.

With a mighty heave the prize came over the edge of the dock. I have fished for nearly every type of fish in the United States but this was my first shark hunt, and one to well be remembered. Immediately Jake set to work to cut the jaws and cure them for me as a trophy, and to-day they adorn my home at Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey. From joint to joint they measure sixteen inches and six distinct rows of triangular teeth are clearly visible. Five of these rows seem to fold back on each other as though they were for reserve use. When opened wide these jaws could well take in the head of a man or even the body of a child. The shark measured nine feet over all, and while we didn't weigh him, he must have been over three hundred pounds. Whether these sharks are real man-eaters or not I could never learn, no actual case ever being heard of in Palatka. They are unusually plentiful in Florida waters and come up the rivers for long distances. The shark in this story must have traveled over fifty miles inland from the sea, since this is the approximate distance from Jacksonville and the mouth of the St. Johns.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

on happenings of note in the outdoor world



Better Sport Near Home—Why Not?

NO center of population in the United States is so congested that it does not possess, all around it, areas of comparatively wild land or waters that are capable of supporting an abundant natural life.

It is also stating only the truth to say that in the immediate zones adjacent to these centers, there is no wild life worth the name, from the sportsman's standpoint, either on the land or in the water.

Why? The answer is so simple that there is no necessity of taking up space here to talk about it.

Waste, waste, waste. That is the reason—the answer to the question. We are coming to a better realization of the situation these days.

There are abundant signs that the crimes, the neglect of the past, are to be remedied, in part.

It is time that this should be so. The reform has been too long on the way. Who, other than the sportsman, should carry forward the work? Let him ask himself these questions:

Is there any logical reason, or cause within the realm of natural history, why the fresh water lakes within a twenty-four hour return excursion reach of a city as big as New York, for illustration, should not yield a certain, even if a moderate, catch to the casual angler?

Is there any reason why there should not be opportunities for small game shooting next door to urban centers?

If we start by citing the present lamentable condition of affairs as an answer, we are only begging the question.

The answer, dear brother sportsman, is you. It is because you, or those who preceded you, have not given enough attention, concerted attention to the subject.

Therefore you are depriving yourselves, or are being deprived, of the sport that otherwise you might have. And this condition will endure until you make some effort to better it.

Are you associating with those who are working unselfishly and often at personal sacrifice to put better game laws on the statute books, or endeavoring to secure the enforcement of the laws already there?

You no doubt fared forth this year with rod or gun, and we trust in all sincerity that a real sportsman's reward was yours.

But have you gotten in touch with the man who helped to make this possible? Have you given your moral, if not financial, aid toward rendering a continuance of this sport a certainty? There are such a lot of you in this class that it requires only a fraction of your influence, an infinitesimal portion of your time, in conjunction with that of others, to work wonders. Isn't it about time to begin?

By the way, do you know how your legislative representatives voted last winter on game and fish matters?

It might surprise you to learn that these men are actually anxious to discover your views on the game situation.

The object of this Journal

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

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873

Natural History and Fashion

THOUGH fashion as a topic is far removed from the domain of *Forest and Stream*, we have to confess that it has taught the Natural History Department something new within the past year. Our readers, careless perhaps of the vagaries of the feminine mind as regards apparel, must have had impressed upon them the fact that women seem to have agreed among themselves that one fur is indispensable.

We refer to the craze for red fox. How many hundreds of thousands—we were about to say millions—of the gentler sex are going about with the skin of Sir Reynard wrapped about their necks, or worn coquettishly in other form we will not attempt to say. The total is tremendous. Every woman in the land appears to be a walking evidence of the fact.

Now, to the ordinary hunter the fox is not a common animal. His cunning has been celebrated in fable and story from the time, almost, since the first low-browed cave dweller heaved a piece of flint at him—and missed him. Even the modern trapper pays respect to his sagacity, and as for the amateur hunter, with dog or dogless, the fox is no mean prize.

But that means nothing. The women have decided that they want his scalp, his pelt, and brush as well, and Brer Fox, though he lay low, is well on the way to join the Dodo, the Dinosaur, and others of the extinct relation tribe.

If he does go there will be scant mourning for him, for he stands accused of being the worst enemy of the partridge and all other birds in the land as well. Still, there could not have been enough birds in the entire scientific check list to have supported alive the number of foxes the pelts of which are at this moment encircling the necks of our women. Perhaps Brer Fox ate something else than birds. Mayhap he subsisted on field mice and small vermin of like ilk.

Be that as it may, there will be more of the meat on which he subsisted, to bless or curse the land from this time on, for the fox population has been decimated.

The wanderer in far places, as he looks out of his tent on the shimmering frosty moon-lighted landscape, will miss the ringing toy dog-like bark on the near hillside; even the farmer, accustomed to being aroused from slumber by commotion in the poultry yard, will have less occasion to take down Old Reliable, used by Grandsire at Lexington or by himself at Gettysburg, and turn its deadly contents loose chickenward, but—seriously, some strange things, from the natural history

standpoint are apt to disclose themselves if this craze for fox furs keeps up. To those who adhere to the "balance of nature theory" we have only one consolation to offer. Being femininely fashionable now, fox will be the most let alone adornment in the category of style a year hence. Sir Reynard may thus "come back."

Good Hunting, All!

AFTER months of waiting the hunting season is here. September's golden glow has given way to Indian summer. In the big game regions of the north there have been spits of snow that herald the reign of the fast-coming winter. But it is the glorious season, nevertheless, and the hunter as he draws in deep breaths of the exhilarating air would be content to have it always so.

There is reason to believe that the game season is to be the best in recent years. For one thing, the laws are better, and are getting still better. Game is no longer regarded as something to be destroyed at the whim and will of him who recognizes not the property right of his neighbor.

The people of America have come to the conclusion that wild life is a valuable State asset, and are protecting it. This spells perpetuation—more than the mere zoological preservation—an actual increase in the supply of food, and the continuance of a form of recreation that makes for national manliness of character.

Just remember as you go into the fields and woods this year that the happy condition of free hunting you enjoy is a privilege that does not exist everywhere. No class restrictions bind you. The game is yours to take, and the reasonable regulations that have been imposed by your fellow citizens are to perpetuate your pleasure as well as that of your neighbor.

The State is not an abstract political theory. It is *you*.

In these days of increasing population, good hunting means wise and appreciative citizenship, for it is only through the exercise of these qualities that we can have hunting at all.

If your reward of game this year is larger, you deserve it. If it be poorer, can you blame anybody but yourself?

But good luck to you, whether your choice be the duck blind on the gray storm-beaten coast, the sunny slopes where the upland game bird gathers, or the great wilderness that holds forth promise of a prize that all true sportsmen hope for, and are entitled to achieve.

TO THE NUTHATCH.

IN sombre gray,
When other birds have flown away
You spiral down the frozen boles
The livelong day!
The noxious, slumb'ring larvae is your quest;
You search each shag and crevice, without rest!
No silvery song is yours, no coat of gorgeous hue
Proclaims the work Dame Nature set for you
Of making safe the life-sap now unseen
That clothes the trees in spring, with living green!

WILL C. PARSONS.



NATURAL HISTORY

SHALL THE EATERS BE EATEN?

IF THE DEMAND FOR SKINS AND FOOD
CONTINUES, A PEST MAY BE ELIMINATED

By Edward T. Martin.

EVERY summer and fall there comes up out of the ocean, Atlantic and Pacific alike, a plague of sharks numerous as the flies of Egypt. Always abundant in southern waters, they, instead of decreasing, are growing more plentiful every year. The man-eating varieties are supposedly found only in the tropics. Yet years ago I saw one some 15 feet in length and with teeth like those of a cross-cut saw that, wounded by some fishermen near the mouth of the Penobscot River in Maine, had died and drifted ashore. We know what some of a said-to-be-harmless variety did recently along the New Jersey coast and if many of the leopards of the ocean on the Pacific coast, from San Diego to San Francisco, are not man-eaters, I believe it is because they never had a chance. Isn't it a fact that many kinds of fish, all the pickerel family, for example, but for inherited fear of the human race, might be as bloody as those eight inch fish of the Amazon, which, gathering in schools, will pick the bones of a bather clean almost before he realizes they are dangerous.

They tell me two things about the sharks of San Francisco Bay, one of which is that they are fit to eat; the other that they are entirely harmless. The first I have proved to my own satisfaction and say without hesitation "take a 'dog' shark, split it down the back, remove what few bones there are, skin and fry it, then when properly cooked if it is not as good as halibut or sole and better than rock cod or salt water perch—why I know nothing about sea food."

The second proposition I have not been anxious to test. Let those who believe the five and six foot spotted fellows as well as the smaller "dogs" are harmless, go into the water where they most do congregate and if the one making such an experiment comes out alive and uninjured, then I may still hesitate to emulate his example and ponder whether he escaped because his theory was correct or because of the truth of the saying, "A fool for luck." Should he be brought ashore dead or maimed, minus arm or leg, I will doubt more than ever if any sharks are safe companions to meet in their own element—indeed I will.

If one of these believers in the pacific intentions of the leopards of the sea could have experimented with a little fellow, one only five feet long, that was caught by the writer Labor Day, perhaps he might still say "they are harmless," but again I am a doubter. This one, all head and stomach, snapped its jaws with the force of a steel trap and would have bitten through shoe, flesh and probably bone of one whose foot it could have reached, excepting only the captain's, whose left leg was of wood and to whom it would have mattered little how much the shark bit unless it got hold of the right one.

Special tackle was used on this occasion, yet the strong line several times was strained almost

to the breaking point. The shark was a dead game sport, tangled every line on its side of the boat, then tried for the anchor rope, ran out nearly all the line, finally sinking and sulking in about ten fathoms of water. It was like raising the anchor of a lumber schooner to start the fish again.

At last either it tired of the thing pulling at



Leopard Shark 4 1/4 Feet Long.

its mouth, or else curiosity got the better of its judgment, for it rose slowly, came within a dozen feet of the boat, fixed its ugly eyes first on one and then another of its enemies and swam away as strongly as ever. The line fairly smoked. It seemed as if something must break. If the shark kept on, it surely would escape, but it didn't; it tired and was slowly drawn towards the boat just when the battle was about to end in its favor. Carefully the line was reeled in until the shark was only six feet away, when

like a flash the gaff descended and the fight was over, only it took two men to lift the fish on board and then, as already told, his actions were far from those of a pacifist. In fact, quite the contrary. It was a healthy appetite this shark owned. Examination showed its stomach to contain several dozen shrimps, a medium size rock cod, several small crabs, two round stones, three smelts, besides a considerable quantity of nearly digested matter the nature of which it was impossible to determine.

The influx of sharks is due largely to a great abundance of other fish on which they feed. Also to the fact that they, like many varieties of deep sea fish, come to shallow water for breeding purposes. "Dog" shark bring forth their young alive. The spotted or leopard, lays shell-less eggs, yellow in color as are the yolks of hens' eggs, and varying in size as to whether the shark is large or small. The young when born lose no time before commencing to feed. They go at it naturally as does a freshly hatched chicken scratching for worms. When fishing for smelts, baby sharks have been caught which could not have been over an hour or two old, possibly not even that. The eggs of the leopard, oblong rather than round, are anchored to seaweed or any kind of marine growth, by long tendrils extending from their ends. The membrane serving in place of a shell resembles thin rubber in toughness but is lacking in elasticity. It is often found on the sea shore by persons having no idea what it can be. Should a fisherman be asked he will say, "That? Why that's a sailor's purse," and the questioner will go away as wise as he came.

Efforts have been made this summer and fall to demonstrate the value of these sharks as a food product. Only "dog" sharks are eaten. "Leopards, larger, stronger, more voracious, yield a greater quantity of oil but their flesh is too soft and mushy to make them desirable for the table. The Fisheries Commission reports that pound for pound the dog sharks are as nutritious as many kinds of meat and as all other varieties of fish and that "at a cent apiece money can be made catching these small sharks." On San Francisco Bay there is a never-failing market for sharks of every variety and sting-rays as well at about \$6 the ton. Three cents for a 10 pound fish! They are boiled, dried and ground into chicken food. Not a large price, to be sure, but when it is considered that they are often caught by the barge load, from 40 tons up, in a single day, this including sting-ray, the harvest isn't so very bad, besides \$6 a ton is three times the price the Government names as a profitable one. Besides the manufacture of chicken food, and the fertilizing works, these last in the market for all that the chicken food men cannot use, there have been at least two other buyers in the field for dog sharks, paying a slightly better price and getting their pick of the catch.

Claim is made, with how much truth I cannot say, that one buyer is canning them. If so they are sold under a different name. Salmon? Perhaps. Other fish, carp for instance, have been colored and put on the market as salmon, so why not sharks? Tuna? Maybe. The tuna catch seldom equals the demand. Who

knows? One thing I can bear witness to: when properly cooked they are as good as tenderloin of sole. Also what a person does not know won't hurt him. The other buyer, it is said, has been making experiments for the Fisheries Commission, or perhaps Government and State were working together with a view of utilizing if possible the millions of pounds of shark flesh wasted every year. Not only that but by opening a market and so causing a decrease in their number, to save annually the billions of pounds of other fish that sharks feed on. Even the meanest of the shark family destroys daily nearly its own weight in shrimps and fish. With sharks so numerous that there is profit in catching them at a cent each, what must the total of their depredations amount to? It cannot be figured. It is not even possible to estimate the quantity.

There is some demand now for shark skins for use as emery paper—a case of the substitute being better than the original. Tanned, the skins make most excellent leather which is waterproof and nearly as durable as alligator hide. I do not see why the beautifully marked skins of leopard

sharks should not make as handsome belts as snake skins. Sold under the name of "shagreen," shark skins for years have been used as covering for sword hilts, jewel boxes and card cases while many a boss butcher has his best knife made so it will not slip, by a handle covered with this same shagreen.

With the Fisheries Bureau saying in its bulletins, "Sharks are fine eating, go to it"; with sharks' livers in demand for their oil, which is as good as that of the cod; with commerce demanding more of their skins to be made into shagreen and the Chinese bidding high for their fins, it looks as if the days of safety for the wolves of the sea are numbered and that soon they must hustle to keep out of danger a lot more than now.

Whoever would have thought that war in Europe and preparedness in America would reach out to threaten the sharks of the ocean? Yet such is the case and lucky the sharks who are able to wear their own skins undisturbed, instead of having them form part of the weapons of war in use on the battlefields of the world. Strange, isn't it?

KEEPING THE WOLVES DOWN

THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S MANY ODD JOBS

AMONG the various odd jobs being performed by the United States Government is the ridding of different portions of the country of certain animals whose depredations are injurious to the farmer. Field mice, ground squirrels, prairie dogs, jack rabbits, coyotes and wolves are all being looked after in one place or another, with varying degrees of success. A division of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture has for its duty the destruction of noxious animals, and maintains in the field a large force of men constantly engaged in this work. It is my impression that the last Agricultural Appropriation Bill provided \$250,000 or \$300,000 to be devoted to such protective effort, which is under the charge of Dr. A. K. Fisher, one of the Division heads of the Bureau, who has systematized the work so that it is very effective, and accomplishes very evident results.

A large part of the work is directed against those rodents that destroy the ranchman's growing crops, or the grass on which the cowman's herds should feed. This can be carried on effectively for animals that hibernate only at certain seasons of the year. At other seasons, attacks are made on the camps of the jack rabbits, and vast numbers of them are slaughtered. It has thus become necessary that man, who killed off the hawks, owls, coyotes, bobcats, and badgers, which are the natural enemies of the harmful rodents, should now come to the front and himself at considerable cost fight the species, doing the work that their natural enemies would have performed more effectively and cheaply if man had known enough to allow them to do it without interference.

Coyotes are notorious for their injury to herds, by killing sheep, calves, and an occasional colt. Sometimes they also spread disease, as in the case of the epidemic of rabies which for a year past has involved certain territory in Northern California, Nevada and Utah.

The big wolves are not now very plentiful, but there are still enough of them to cause much loss, and the destruction caused on a cattle range by a family of wolves will amount to thousands of dollars annually.

I recently traveled for some weeks through a country where many horses and cattle range, and every night I heard the coyotes yelling from the hills about our camps. I did not, however, see a single one. What interested me much more than the coyotes was the howl of a wolf which I heard one night—the first wolf I have heard in several years. That there are wolves in the country I was in is well known, though how many there are no one has any idea. On the other hand, even a very few wolves, if left alone for a little while, will rapidly increase, and an example of this was shown in an incident of which a Cheyenne Indian told me as having happened not long before. The young man is named George Braided. He talks good English, is industrious, has a good ranch and a number of horses and some cattle. He is a good cowhand and formerly worked on the roundup.

George told me that one day last spring he had earned \$100, by killing wolves. On that day he killed two old ones and ten pups. He had been watching for the wolves for some time, following their tracks and looking for them from the hills, and had finally located the den. At what seemed to him the proper time, he started out to make his killing. One of the old ones he shot with his rifle early in the day, and later found the other old one and killed it. Then he went to the den, which was located in a deep hole dug out under a ledge of rock. He could tell that the pups were there, and, of course, he knew that by this time—in May—they were pretty well grown. His description seemed to show that they were about as large as six months old setter pups, and, of course, they were pretty strong. To get at them, it was necessary for him to crawl into the den and get his hands on them. Luckily the hole was large enough so that he could get back to where they were. He started in, and one may imagine that the mass of ten pups of this size crowded together at the end of a hole would be more or less confusing. However, he went at it in systematic fashion and got hold of one pup after the other and knocked each on the head, until finally he had them all. The pups were pretty desperate, and he was almost bitten on two occasions, but at last his job

was done and he gathered together his results—two old ones and ten young. For each of the old ones he received \$10, and for the pups \$3 apiece. This gave him \$50, and the added bounties from the cattlemen, which he had not yet received, would make up the hundred dollars.

Three or four days before I saw him he had killed another wolf—with a rope. He was riding over the divide and the wolf jumped up out of a little clump of brush and ran off over the smooth, rolling prairie. George had no gun, but he greatly wanted the wolf and happily his horse was a good one. He took down his rope and chased the beast, and after a cast or two caught it about the neck. The wolf tried to bite the rope, but he dragged it and soon choked it to death. He told me that he believed that this was a young, but half-grown, wolf. What its sex was he did not notice. George has thus made for himself a reputation as a wolf hunter in his immediate neighborhood, and he is now keeping one or more Scotch staghounds for a friend, which he expects to train on wolves.

In certain portions of the West the loss to the cattlemen from the depredations of wolves and coyotes has been and still is very serious, and the loss to big game in certain of the national parks, notably the Yellowstone Park, is important. To absolutely exterminate wolves and coyotes from a very sparsely settled country, where food is abundant, is almost impossible. Some people are quite successful in their efforts to destroy wolves, while others never seem able to catch one.

Two hunters employed last winter in the Yellowstone Park, and recommended, I understand, by Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey, are said to have been very successful; so also are two men who were killing wolves and coyotes on the Crow Reservation and the Cheyenne Reservation, in Montana; but notwithstanding all this the wolves seem to hold their own.

G. B. G.

IS MOOSE CALLING SPORTSMANLIKE?

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

We will soon be reading of the experiences of sportsmen who are lucky enough to be able to go moose hunting, and no doubt the accounts will be flavored with descriptions of the skill of their guides in calling moose within shooting distance.

Now, I have hunted moose myself for a number of years, and have been fairly successful, but as the result of my own experience, I have arrived at the conclusion that calling moose is not really sport. It shows marvelous skill on the part of the guide, and is an accomplishment that commands admiration; but how about the man for whom the calling is done, and who does nothing but lie in ambush to assassinate the lordly monarch of the woods when he comes unsuspectingly within short range? If a man calls his own moose, well and good. He deserves his reward. But the other fellow has nothing particular to boast over.

Probably I will be classed as a crank, but for one I would like to see this topic taken up by real moose hunters and discussed from all standpoints.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

M. L. Alexander has been appointed by the Governor of Louisiana to be the Commissioner of Conservation of the new department of conservation created by the legislature of that state during its last session. The department of conservation supersedes the former conservation commission of Louisiana, which was composed of three commissioners.



FISH AND FISHING



THE CARE OF THE ROD AND ACCOMPANYING TACKLE IN THE OFF SEASON.

Now that the fresh water angler is about to put away his rod, reels and lines until next season, a word as to their care during the closed or "off" season may be in order, as their care in these days of inactiveness and fire-side dreams of large fish caught or lost are more important than the general run of fishermen believe. A loose ferrule or jammed reel may mean the loss of a prize winner in the season to come. A good workman, irrespective of his or her trade, takes good care of the tools that turn out their work. So it is with the angler, a good rod or a good reel costs much of our hard earned gelt and should last a life-time if given proper attention and care. As much care if not more should be taken of the fisherman's outfit when not in use or during the closed season, as when used regularly.

Many of us, either through necessity or preference, pass our days in an apartment, heated by steam heat and while it is indeed a welcome blessing on a cold morning, steam heat is no friend to the ferrules of a rod, in a room so heated.

In putting a rod away for the winter first go over it carefully, if the ferrules need tightening attend to them at once. You may forget to do so in the excitement of opening day. See if the wood needs varnishing, it undoubtedly will, if it has seen much use during the past season. Now be sure these things, little though they may seem, are attended to. Either do them yourself—every angler is more or less a tinker—or send the rod to some reliable fishing tackle house and have it attended to for you. Do not throw the rod in some corner of a closet, where at a later date, the kiddies can get at it, as it will be used as a polo stick or base ball bat sure enough. If possible, place the rod in some room where there is no heat. If jointed hang up the joints separately at the small end by a small piece of

twine. See if any of the joints have a set in them, if so let them hang with a small weight tied to the bottom of the joint at the thick end. You will find when the time comes to put the rod together again it will be straight. If it is found impossible to find a convenient place to hang the rod, leave it in the form and place out of harm's way, but by all means first go over the rod carefully, note any repairs that should be made and either do them yourself or have them done for you.

THE REEL.

On putting the reel away for the season be sure and give it the same care and attention that is given the rod, as on the reel greatly depends the quality of the angler's cast and his efficiency as a caster. First remove the line from the reel if it is a casting line. A trout line when not in use even in open season should be kept off the reel on what is known as a wooden line reel. If the reel is one of the many "take aparts" by all means take it apart and see that it is thoroughly cleaned and oiled. A clean light oil is best for this; a slight touch of vaseline on the cogs will help keep it in shape until needed again. If the reel happens to be one that is not easily taken apart, it will be found best not to endeavor to do so, as the mechanism of the quadruple reel is very delicate and easily put out of gear. Wrap the reel in a cloth that has been slightly oiled and put away in the case. Cases are inexpensive and will be found to be valuable as a protection to the reel.

THE LINE.

A line, especially if used for bait casting, has received the hardest sort of treatment during a season's fishing, if one is fortunate to have it last that long. A number of anglers equip themselves each year with one or two new lines, frequently oftener. The writer, however, has a casting line that has seen some hard work for the past two seasons and has been the means

of landing some large fish during the past year. Remember though, you "sceptic" this line has had excellent care being dried and reversed on the reel after each day's fishing and the ends carefully tested each time before being used.

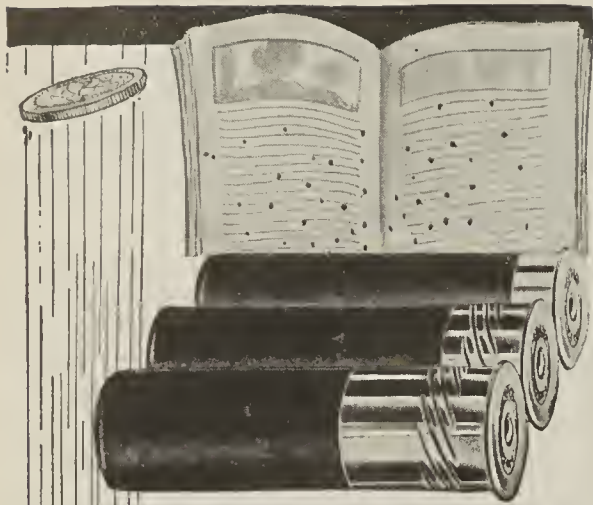
On putting away for the season remove line from the reel and rewind as carefully as possible on the spool or card on which it came; then place out of harm's way for the kiddies having tired of using Dad's rod for a hockey stick may want a kite string, or the Mrs. may want to tie up her summer clothes. These are only some of the other uses a good line may be put to. Therefore be forewarned.

If you are a trout enthusiast your line will be either oiled or enameled and should be given particular care when not in use. Do not leave the line on the reel. Remove and wind loosely on a large diameter wooden reel or, if you are not so equipped, hang it up in coils in some cool dry place where the light and dust will not get at it. Caution—It is advised that in coiling a line do not turn the coils off a turn at a time over the hand, as by doing this at each coil you put a half-turn in the line with the result that it is badly kinked and twisted.

TACKLE BOX.

The tackle box is generally the carry-all for the whole outfit and Brother, one collects quite an outfit in a season's continual fishing. Get out the old junk—you will find lots of it—and place what is left in ship-shape order. I know you will hate to part with a lot of it, but you will agree it is only taking up room and is really of no use only as a pleasant memory.

During the long winter evenings what is a more pleasant pastime to the angling bug than to go through that tackle box, especially if it's in order, each article in its place and what you want where you want it. Do the things advised, Brother; they tend to more real enjoyment with fishing tackle that's fit for fishing.



All You Need to Make Three Tests

Right here is shown everything you need to make the three tests that prove shot shell superiority.

The gun and the quarter make the primer test. You remove shot and powder from the shell and test the speed of the shell by the distance the primer alone will fling the quarter into the air.

THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

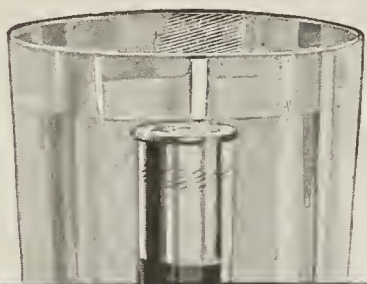
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A DRY FLY CAST KINK.

HOW many of us have been troubled in casting by an un-sympathetic wind? Rather bad for the dry fly fisherman that is a sticker for accuracy. Here are two methods to overcome this annoyance—the first possibly well-known, the second not so. In the first instance, shorten the gut cast if the wind is against you. You have no doubt noticed that the fly at the end of, say, two yards will go out and stay there whereas a leader of five feet will be blown back. To the late F. W. Halford, that well-known English angler, the fraternity is indebted for the second method of handling the fly in a wind. It is to lengthen the cast instead



A Study in Still Life, or a Long Time Between Bites.

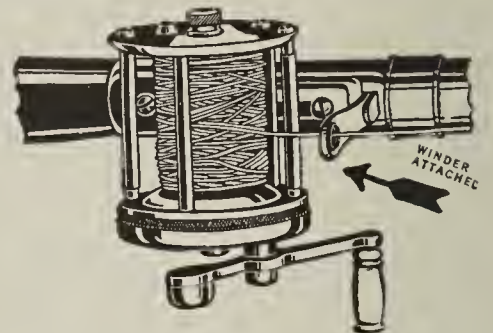
of shortening it when the wind is more or less behind the rod. It is possible to fish comfortably with as much as 4½ yards of gut instead of the customary three yards, and it makes considerable difference to the lightness of the fly's descent on the water. The trouble, of course, with so long a cast is when it comes to landing a fish. The knot where the line and gut are connected may get caught in the top ring with disastrous results. However, it is possible to overcome this by splicing a yard of stout gut to the line and to loop the cast thereto, thus getting the extra length and avoiding a knot of sufficient size to cause a hitch.

TRY NIGHT CASTING WITH A "GEM WINDER".

Have you ever done any bait casting at night? No. Then, brother, you have missed out on one of the features of bait casting. Half of the pleasure of this delightful game is casting at night. Quoting a well known authority: "There is a thrill and sensation about night fishing that sets the blood tingling." You may think you have had some sport landing the gamy bass in the day time but try it once at night, then decide which gives one the most pleasure. "Sure,"

you say, "but how about that everlasting back lash that even the best of us get? Fine little job getting it out at night." I agree with you, friend, but don't be asleep; keep up with the times. "The Gem Self-Winder" is the answer. What, never heard of it? Then listen.

The Gem Self-Winder was invented by one Charles Toepfer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and it comes near being the answer to the fisherman who has several reels and does not desire to invest in any of the anti-back lash reels now on the market. First it can be easily attached to any reel and winds and spools your line without thumbing or fingering and, best of all, it



prevents back lash snarls. One casts in the ordinary way, then simply turn the reel handle; the winder does the rest. The arm of the winder moving from side to side spooling the line evenly without bunching.

The first objection one generally hears about such an attachment is the wear and tear on the line. Granted, brother, but this was one of the things looked after by the inventor. The line passes through an agate rimmed eye in the arm of the winder, thus preventing friction. No more wear and tear on the line than if your rod had one extra agate guide. Some little "kink," what?

They are worth trying out. Get one, then go after the "Big Fellows" at night that lie inshore or hidden among the lily pads of that favorite cove of yours. You'll get them, and what is more won't be bothered by that everlasting, vocabulary straining back lash.

AN OLD NESSMUK WRINKLE IN NEW GUISE.

SITTING in a boat for long periods at a time gets tiresome, for some reason or other the seat has no soft spots. Here's the answer recently sent in by a fishing bug. "Go to a carriage trimmer and get a piece of buggy top, with it make a cushion about twelve by fourteen inches, sew it all around except at one end, and in this open end punch holes at frequent lacings. This will fold flat and take up very little room. When you get to your destination fill up the cushion with leaves or balsam boughs and lace up like a shoe. With this under you, you will find the sitting much easier."

AQUARIUM FOR CHICAGO.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

The following may be of some interest to the readers of your very interesting department. Through three public spirited citizens of Chicago, John B. Payne, Julius Rosenwald and J. W. O'Leary by name, Chicago is going to have an Aquarium that will rival the well known New York Aquarium. It is expected that the city park department will shortly grant a site for such a building and will agree to take charge of the erection and up-keep after it is completed. It is estimated that a fund of \$100,000 will be needed and the above mentioned gentlemen have volunteered to raise the same.—F. E. S., Chicago, Ill.

THE INVISIBLE LEADER.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

I have recently seen the advertisements in several of the sporting magazines of what I think must be a new leader. It is called the Telerana Nova. Can you give me any information about it? I seem to have considerable trouble with my leaders so consequently am ready to try anything that may be an improvement. Thanking you in advance, I am, very truly, J. G. J., MADISON, WIS.

First let me say, go buy a Telerana Nova leader—you will be troubled no more. Rather strong, I admit, but this is one leader I am enthusiastic over, and so will you be when you have used them. This leader is the production of one William Robertson, of Glasgow, Scotland, and is sold by Mr. Joe Welsh, of Pasadena, California.

Many knots in a leader mean so many weak spots. The Nova leaders are made without any knots whatsoever, being all in one piece. They are made in three lengths, 3, 6 and 9 feet, and in six different grades, from the extra heavy with a tested strain of 30 pounds to the light leader known as No. 6 at a test of two and one-half pounds. A particular feature of this leader is that when dry it can be pulled straight and it will stay that way ready for fishing. Another worthy feature of this leader is that it casts no reflected lights and blends nicely with the water.

PERCH AND SMELT FOR STOCKING.

Editor Fish and Fishing:

Will you please tell me through the columns of your department where I can get perch and also land locked smelts to stock a pond?

S. K. G., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

In order that this inquiry should meet with expert opinion this request was sent to W. M. Keil, Consulting Fishculturist and Superintendent of the Tuxedo Fisheries, at Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Below is his reply:

In the first place, I can not imagine why any person would desire these two species for use together, for smelt are only suitable for stocking cold, deep lakes where food for trout or salmon is desired. And if this person has such waters, he is indeed very foolish to place any species similar to perch, bass or pickerel in those waters. If the waters he wishes to stock are only favorable for introducing such varieties as perch, then smelt will not thrive there, and it would be a waste of time and money to plant them.

If your correspondent lives in New York State and wishes to plant smelt in public waters, he can obtain same from the Conservation Commission; if for private waters, they can only be had by application to the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington. Either yellow or white perch are obtainable from the Bureau of Fisheries for private planting, or many of the different state commissions will send these for use only in public waters. Neither smelt or white perch are handled by any of the commercial hatcheries, but yellow perch may be purchased from Henry W. Beaman, New Preston, Conn., in small quantities.

Hoping that this may enlighten your correspondent on what he desires to know, I am,
W. M. KEIL.

STRAY CASTS FOR THE ANGLER.

Do not run races with the fisherman ahead of you on a stream or try to beat him to the best pools. If you are passed by an angler from behind let him go ahead as fast as he can, because the faster he goes the less fish he will catch.

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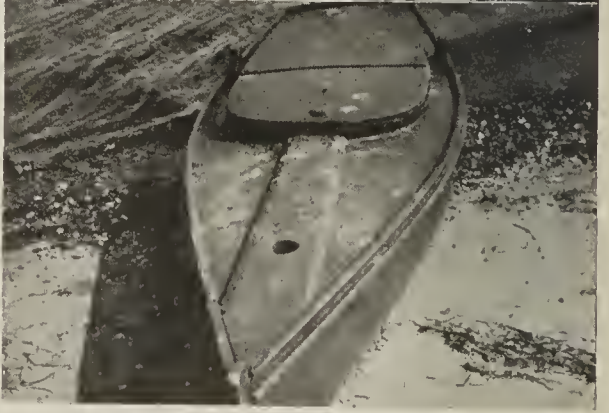
This is the Campfire that all lovers of the out-of-doors are invited to "set in at," and pass along the good things that come their way. As you look around has it ever occurred to you that the men worth while were always ready to help their brothers? This is particularly characteristic of sportsmen.

FOREST AND STREAM each month will award a prize of any five-dollar article advertised in its columns to sportsmen telling the best story or contributing the most useful advice on fishing, hunting or camping subjects.

To the second best will be given a copy of Nessimuk's great book, Woodcraft.

THE PERFECT SOUTH BAY DUCK PUNTY.
By Virginius.

THE usual South Bay duck punty is propelled by oars, but the writer has at last succeeded in perfecting that useful type of hunting boat. In the South Bay the hunter has to cross flats, in many instances a mile or more in extent, and when one is bundled up warm in duck weather the task of rowing one's punty such distances becomes irksome. The writer has overcome this inconvenience with a center-board and a sprit-sail. It can be seen from the picture that the board is hung well forward under the deck and very little of the center-board trunk obtrudes into the cock-pit. The spars are very light and fit into the punty, so that one has no difficulty in unshipping the whole rig and stowing it out of the way.



The boat is 16 feet long and about 4 feet wide overall; the cock-pit is large enough to accommodate two men. The boat is made of cedar and painted a dull olive green. When the decks are thatched with marsh grass the cock-pit, which is the only exposed portion of the boat, gives the appearance of boggy ground or water, and if the hunter is dressed in dead grass colored shooting clothes, the effect of the whole is not such as to arouse the suspicions of the most wary ducks. The combing and scuppers are made to take the grass in thatching as can be seen in the illustration.

On either side of the center-board there are solid floor boards instead of the gratings which cover the after part of the cock-pit. These boards are used for back rests when leaned against the combing. The gun rack may be placed in the most convenient position to the hunter, and serves chiefly to keep any water, sand, etc., which may be brought into the boat with dead birds from reaching the gun. Shells can be layed out in the gun rack so that quick loading is materially helped. The decoy rack, which is a combing about four inches high that surrounds the after deck, is easily put in position quickly with a few screws. The oars fit up under the forward deck and are not only entirely out of the way, but are very easily got-

1—Showing Gun Rack With Rod in it, and Center-Board Sunk.
2—Showing Sprit.
3—Showing Hatch in Place.



Showing the Boat Fully Dressed Up and in Perfect Disguise.

ten out for use. The oar locks are fastened to about 8 inches of cord with a little snap hook on the end which is snapped into a ring inside the cock-pit. The rudder is quickly unshipped by pulling out a metal rod that holds it in place.

The hatch covering the cock-pit when the boat is not in use, is made in two sections; the forward half may be left on if sailing in rough water, effectually shedding any seas which may break over the bow. The forward section is fastened on by hooks on the inside—one at the forward end and one at each of the after corners; the other section is held by cleats at forward end which fit under the edge of the forward section, and a padlock and hasp on the outside at the back. The oars, rig, shells, etc., can be left right in the boat safely by locking on the hatches.

Under the after deck is a water tight drawer in which matches, tobacco, shells and other "dry" articles may be easily gotten at and safely stored.

This boat is a little larger than the average punt, but one can go the night before to the particular point on which one wishes to shoot and sleep very comfortably in this size of boat. A waterproof bag which, when not in use is rolled up compactly and stowed under the deck, is filled with grass to make a comfortable mattress. With a thermos bottle full of steaming coffee, a Sterno solid alcohol lamp to boil eggs, some bacon sandwiches, there is no difficulty about a good breakfast. There are two objects in going out the night before; the first is that in the South Bay, as elsewhere, good ducking points are scarce and "first come first served." The second is that one can thatch his punt, set out his stool, and make all his arrangements for receiving the ducks in proper style in the evening and thereby avoid blundering around before sunrise and scaring any birds that may have spent the night in the vicinity. Of course, one may have to change the stool around a little in the morning in case the wind has changed during the night.

Although the punt is a little larger than most, it is not too large or heavy to prevent one from picking up dead birds and stool comfortably; in fact, the boat handles very easily. It is not

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necessary to pull the boat out of water, as a properly thatched punt of the correct color can be pulled alongside the point and is not at all conspicuous. Drive a stake in firmly on the shore and use a short, looped painter to hold the boat in place; when a bird is killed reach over the gunwale and lift the loop off the stake; with an oar push out to the bird and get back quickly! Use as many stools as you can get—75 to 100 is none too many. Ducks come in to stool because they think the latter are either feeding or "rafting," and a small bunch of decoys does not presage particularly good feeding ground; of course, unless the bunch is large the ducks are not "rafting." A few live "honkers" are a great addition to the decoys, but do without the honk unless you can get live ducks to do it for you.

To get back to our subject: In the summertime most duck punties are seen hauled out high and dry; the writer's punt is usually seen on the water, as it is a very comfortable little sail boat when the bay is not too rough. She points into the wind as close as most big boats, and on a beam wind or a reach is a marvel for speed. The old baymen say, "A duckin' punt hain't got no business with center-bo'd," but we cannot agree. Our punt is our yacht and one of many uses.

A 215-POUND TARPON.

Coden, Ala., Sept. 7, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A few days ago a record tarpon was landed here by W. G. Oliver, president Oliver-Shearer-Roebuck Realty Co., 2025 3rd Ave., Birmingham, Ala. This fish was brought into the hotel and weighed on a pair of scales which were tested and sworn to. Measured and weighed and sworn to before a notary by Hon. Hugh Morrow, Dr. W. M. Jordan and Dr. A. A. Walker of Birmingham, Ala., also Earl Byrant of Bayou La Batre, Ala., and M. E. Bosarge of Coden, Ala., Earl Bryant being the guide. This giant fish was found to measure 6 feet and 11 inches in length, 43 inches in girth and weighed 215 pounds. This is the greatest place in the South for tarpon; seven were brought in recently, by one party, one day's fishing. J. E. ROLSTON.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There is a world of hidden wealth for the sportsman in Mississippi, with its vast resources in fish and game, its magnificent timber lands and streams; its grand lakes and bayous, its millions of wild flowers and old historical Indian towns with their great Indian mounds, from such streams as Tallahatchie, Pelahatchie, Topisaw, Bogue Chitto and Chickasawhay.

And the Delta—with its jungles and cane brakes; its lazy flowing streams and big lakes, where the Colonel made his famous bear hunt, and, as the story goes, the bear hunters caught and tied a bear for T. R. to shoot, which he declined to do. I have seen four black bass hooked at one cast with four dry flies used on a leader. I have seen five wild geese killed at one shot near Roundaway, on the Sunflower River in Coahoma County, with a muzzle-loading shot-gun loaded with buck shot. Around Eagle Lake and Swan Lake in my judgment is the best small game hunting country in the world to-day.

I could open the eyes of the sporting world if I had the time to write up this sun-kissed land, the land of the magnolia and the mocking bird, with its cool glades and sheltered glens, famous for its long Indian summers and the hospitality of its people. W. E. DAVIDSON,

Deputy State Game Warden.

Price \$40.00



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THE MALHEUR LAKE RESERVATION.

Boston, Mass., September 13, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I noticed in the public press to-day that T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, has just returned from a visit to Malheur Lake, Oregon, which has long been known as one of the most important breeding places for wild birds in this country.

An attempt is being made to secure from the United States Government the title of this land for the purpose of draining the lake, for the benefit of a few persons.

This action is unwise economically because it substitutes for a certainty of valuable birds, the uncertainty of agricultural products on alkaline soil, by nature unadapted for agricultural purposes.

It carries with it too, a subversion of public rights. These breeding places, relatively few in number, require peculiar conditions which cannot be readily duplicated. It means diminishing by so much the annual crop of wild birds on this continent. It means exploitation of a public asset for private gain. It should meet the opposition, not alone of the sportsmen and the persons who have the right to see birds under their natural conditions, but should as well meet the condemnation of the agricultural press in all sections of the country.

It is difficult to believe that the people of the State of Oregon will permit such an important state asset to be destroyed, for Malheur Lake in its original and natural conditions should be one of the most important natural features of the state, and as such should be protected as it exists to-day.

Through the efforts of the Audubon Association Lake Malheur was made a United States Bird Reservation on August 18, 1908, and since that time has been guarded under the care of the Government.

Certain interested persons in Oregon have now made application to the Government to declare the lake to be swamp-lands suitable for agricultural purposes, and thereby invalidate the Government's title to the land. Herein appears the weak point in all the Federal legislation relative to the setting aside of the bird and game reservations, particularly in the case of birds. The mere fact that land can be made suitable (at any price) for agricultural purposes shall not exclude the possibility of retaining that land as a place for producing birds, if the annual crop of birds is of more value than the agricultural products.

I am writing to Mr. Pearson advising him that the National Association of Conservation Commissioners will support the Audubon Association in its effort to prevent the destruction of this bird reservation by draining and exploitation of the land.

Yours very truly,
 GEORGE W. FIELD,
 President, National Association
 of Conservation Commissioners.

FROM FAR-OFF ZEALAND.

New Plymouth, N. Z., August 15th, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Herewith money order for subscription for another year to that king of sporting papers, *Forest and Stream*. I look forward to its arrival early each month in far-off New Zealand and read its splendid articles with great enjoyment. The "Louis Rhead" articles particularly are great. Our trout fishing season commences here on the 1st of October next and I am looking forward already to many battles with my favorite fish, the rainbow trout—king of them all in my estimation.

Wishing you every success,

LOFTUS I. REA.

NOVEMBER 1916 PRICE 25 CENTS

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FISH AND FISHING



MORE ABOUT THE BLUE FISH

By Leonard C. Hulit.

PERHAPS no inhabitant of the seas occupies a more anomalous position than does the subject of this sketch. And in treating of him biographically I am well aware that much both of merit and demerit in his character will perforce be omitted.

As a thoroughly game fish he is without a superior; always sought for by the angler as a prize worthy of the utmost endeavor, and testing to the limit the endurance of both man and tackle. As if conscious of his wonderful powers in the water he defies mastery as long as he finds sufficient water to get leverage with tail or fin and when that is no longer available will snap like a wounded wolf at the hand which may be carelessly exposed. It has been well said that pound for pound the bluefish is without a peer, in point of excellence to the angler, and it is generally agreed that no fish is superior as a table luxury when fresh from the water.

As if to offset such points of merit as has been noted, his ruthless habits are so pronounced as to have gained for him the sobriquet—"corsair of the seas"—no living thing smaller than himself is free from his merciless onslaughts as will be noted later on, and his depredations are without a parallel in marine life.

The spawning habits of the bluefish are but little understood and are the subject of much discussion; the claim made by some writers that they spawn in the rivers and estuaries of our coasts is untenable as the larger specimens are rarely seen in inland waters, except for short periods, when they dash in pursuing their prey, and ordinarily pass out to sea again within a very short time. That the smaller individuals may do so in the very large open bays can be believed and yet the doubt is strong as the fingerling fish can be seen late in July entering all the tidal streams along the coast from the open sea. This would not be true if the spawn was passed in inland waters, besides, the fry appears simultaneously on the coast from about Massachusetts to the Virginia Capes.

The deduction is, they spawn in the ocean in or near the Gulf stream where the temperature of the water is suitable for the purpose and at once, on hatching, the fry makes its way to the sheltered waters of all coastal streams, where its proper food may be obtained, as well as escape from its enemies. When first seen, early in the season or about the last of July, they are from 3 to 4 inches in length and are locally known as snappers or snapping mackerel and are usually present in great numbers until late in September when they pass out to enter on their life of carnage.

The growth of the bluefish is most phenomenal, and is really one of the marvels of nature; from the fingerling of July they will reach the length of 8 to 10 inches by the last of September, which are represented by the one to one and one-half pound fish on their return to us the following June; these same fish by October will range in weight from three to four pounds when they may be called mature fish. This rapid development is only accounted for in one way

and that is by the enormous amount of food they consume; their appetite is apparently never appeased. Continually feeding, always on the rampage for food, their destruction of other spawns is most wonderful. As digestion is very rapid with all marine animals the total amount of fish consumed by the ravenous bluefish, could it be learned, would be almost unthinkable.

They have the well known habit when gorged with food of extracting the desirable quality and then ejecting the remainder, to only again repeat the process. These facts are so well authenticated by scientific observers that they are beyond gainsay. While they consume many varieties of food their favorite when it can be located is beyond doubt the menhaden or mossbunker. To witness a school of large bluefish work their havoc among these helpless creatures is a sight never to be forgotten and which will beget pity. When out in boats on the open ocean I have often been among them and watched the awful slaughter; they rush like wolves among the huddled hordes, ripping and tearing, their jaws snapping like steel traps and so powerful are their jaws that with one bite they will completely sever the largest menhaden. They have well been termed animated chopping machines and the further appellation of unmitigated butcher is befitting. At times they will attack a school of fish and, as if prearranged, keep striking them only on the outer edges, thus the whole body is soon going in a circle and kept in one well defined space, until the beasts of carnage are gorged to their capacity. Professors Jordan and Baird as well as others who have been associated with the U. S. Fish Commission and whose observations are beyond question, have asserted that the bluefish will consume much more than its own weight in food each day. Their enormous consumption of food accounts for their rapidity of growth, and only their great activity enables them to overcome any species inferior to themselves in size. The range of the bluefish is indeed a much disputed question; that they at times are very abundant in the Mediterranean Sea is well known and yet while they are known to be at times in the Caribbean they are at no time very abundant in the Gulf of Mexico, at least personal research among fishermen of that locality fails to shed much light on the subject. I have found them at times very plentiful on the Florida coast, but generally of medium size, ranging from two and one-half to four pounds; the larger specimens apparently avoiding that coast, while along the Carolinas the large fish are usually plentiful. Like so many of the eccentricities of fish life this is difficult to understand.

Passing the murderous instincts of the bluefish, there is nothing but admiration for the rest of his character; of vast economic importance as a food fish and a superb attraction to the angler. The markets are mostly supplied by the fleets of boats which pursue them everywhere during their stay with us and their capture is mostly consummated by hook and line. This is a most interesting, as well as novel, pro-

cedure. Hundreds of fishing smacks constantly patrol the waters of the Eastern States, solely in pursuit of this fish. With them are taken dories which, when the fish are located, put away from the smack manned by three or four fishermen who grind up the menhaden or mossbunker into a fine pulp and scatter it broadcast on the water; the oily mass soon creates what is termed a slick, which attracts the fish around the boats, as they will follow this slick to its source, no matter how great the distance, and when once lured to the boats the real sport or labor begins. Baiting the hook with a liberal portion of "bunker," as it is usually termed by the fisherman, it is allowed to drift out without any sinker, as when the bluefish feeds it is usually at the surface; the barbs of the hooks having been filed off so that they may be easily and quickly removed, as when this class of fishing is employed "keep 'em a comin'" is the watchword, giving the fish no chance of unhooking. In addition to this system there is what is known as the beach crews, which put away from the shore each day, when the surf will admit; and cruise along the coast. Their methods are much the same as described in the smack fishery except as they use in addition to the bait the metal squid. Their boats are mostly equipped with powerful motors which enable them to use the trolling line to advantage when the bait system proves ineffectual. This class requires brains as when the fish are running large the shock, when the fish hooks, is something tremendous, and the consequent battle from a swiftly moving boat is something to be reckoned with. To the novice it would mean lacerated hands and consequent loss of the fish.

To the sportsman, however, this procedure is in the main not available, and largely not desirable. It is when the schools are trading in shore and within casting distance from the beach that the bluefish appeals in his truly great role as a prize to the anglers. During the summer months scattering individuals are taken at different points, but in August and September and sometimes during October when the surf mullet are plentiful along shore they trade in and prey ravenously on them. The rig used in this class of fishing is the same as used for the striped bass except the hook which should be 7 per cent. sized Limerick into which a section of piano wire should be fastened, as a gut snell is instantly severed by their knife-like jaws. A three- or four-inch mullet is placed on the hook by passing the point through the mouth, then out along the side and through the body close to the tail, as the bluefish always when possible strike at the tail of their prey and this arrangement gives the greatest chance of hooking. And when the strike come it is second to nothing in vigor; and the battle following of the most pronounced type, different from that of any other variety. It is generally conceded that a bluefish of six or eight pounds in weight is much more difficult to beach than a striped bass of three times the same weight. Vaulting into the air, the instant the hook is set, the next instant down to the bottom and somersaulting at points between, they never tire or drown out like other varieties, but pursue a course of cunning scarcely believable. Innumerable times I have had these, when well hooked and all other efforts of release having failed, to swim swiftly toward the beach; then when a long slack was in the line to reverse suddenly and with lightning like speed carry the line taut with a snap which only a quick release of the reel could save from parting like pack thread.

As is well known, when feeding, they will

strike at any moving object. It frequently happens that the swivel to which the leader is attached quivering in the water under the play of a hooked fish will be struck at by a free fish, the line being tied into the eye of the swivel is instantly cut and the captive fish released to carry away the hook, leader, etc., while the ocean breezes carry away the remarks of the wielder of the rod. Another favorite form is casting the squid from the beach. These squids are made from black-tire, highly polished, and are of the pattern known as the Belmar, being flat on top and with a pronounced keel they run smoothly through the water and when rapidly reeled will run at, or close to the surface of the water. This is rather arduous work but

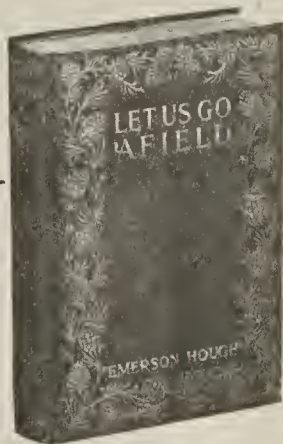
when bluefish are about and striking freely it is fascinating sport.

It is, however, only the really proficient hand with rod and reel which may indulge in this phase of the sport with any degree of confidence. We will spend a short time with him and are ready for applause as we witness the wonderful precision of cast as the glittering metal goes out like an arrow from the skilled archer's bow, to the rhythm of the rapidly spinning reel, which is fairly flashing fire until it drops at the desired spot when the line is rapidly run in by the hand at the rod until, like a flash of light the lure is taken and a vaulting, plunging creature tells us a bluefish is hooked. And, what a battle! Nothing of scale and fin is its superior in resistance.

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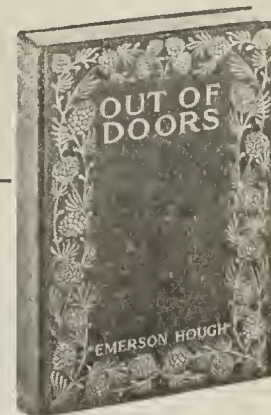
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"OPENING DAY"

BREEZY LITTLE STORY WITH THE SMART
OF THE BRINE AND SMELL OF THE SEA

By E. V. Connet, 3rd.

ON the morning of the opening day George and I left the dock in front of the house at one o'clock. It was blowing half a gale and inky black; we could hardly distinguish our punties which were towing behind the motor boat. There were three dozen duck decoys in the stern of each punt, and stowed safely under the forward decks were guns, shells, sandwiches and thermos bottles full of steaming hot coffee.

We felt our way along through the dark and steering as well as we could by the wind, reached a point on the opposite side of the bay where the boat-hook just reached bottom, as George jabbed it into the water alongside the boat. After nosing along until we were in about four feet of water we lowered the hook and started off in the punties for shore. We were trying to find a certain point which we had picked out previously, and as there was not a light anywhere on shore, it was like finding the proverbial needle. We reached shore about 2.45 A. M., and a long discussion as to where we were ensued. We finally decided to go west until we came upon some familiar landmark, but after shoving along for some time the rays of our lantern failed to show anything we had ever seen before. Reaching the end of a long point we decided to stay put even though it was not the point we wanted to shoot from.

We immediately set out the stool and pulled the stern of our punties up into the grass; then a drink of coffee, a smoke, and we put our guns in commission. Daylight was not due until about 5.15, so there was nothing to do till then but sit in our punties and wonder where we were. The wind kept freshening all the time, and the thermometer dropping. At last a faint bluish streak appeared over our heads and we began to feel a little better. George had a watch along and almost wore it out looking at it. I would wait what seemed like half an hour, and then ask him what time it was; sometimes as much as seven and a half minutes would have elapsed.

"Quank! Quank! Quank!" We sat up as though we worked by machinery and earnestly gazed off to the right where that welcome sound came from. Another streak appeared a little nearer the horizon and we could just see each other now through the grass thatching on the punties. Sunrise occurred officially at 5.49 that day according to the paper, and we still had a long wait before we could shoot. However, the wait was a very interesting one. Snipe began to whistle all around us; suddenly three tremendous gulls hovered right over the punties, leisurely flapping their big wings. Wheet—wheet—wheet—wheet—wheet—wheet!! A bunch of black ducks came into the stool, their wings whistling. I reached to take my pipe out of my mouth and off they went. Black duck can see better than anything on earth that I know of; it was hardly half light and at my first move those ducks fled. An interesting fact which few duck hunters take into consideration is that black duck can smell a man the way big game can; this also applies to brant, geese, pin-tail and several others; broad-bill do not seem to possess this faculty. Consequently one should set out his decoys to windward of his stand as much as possible. If geese light in the water it is possible to approach them

in a grass-covered punt from the leeward by pushing along with a short pole on the far side of the punt and going very slowly and cautiously. I know a guide who gets within gunshot of geese several times every fall in this way, while his colleagues wonder why they fail so often; it is simply that they do not know that geese can smell a man. Pardon me for straying so far from the opening day.

A bunch of yellow-legs sped past followed by a lumbering old blue heron. It was light now, and we began to look around to find out where we were. Well, we were just exactly where we wanted to be—on the end of the point we had picked out—and neither of us had had any idea of it!

"Here they come!" And a bunch of black duck came speaking in and fluttered over the stool. "What time is it, George?" I whispered and with a splash and a splutter the bunch started off. "Five twenty-eight," was the answer, and I settled back for another wait. The stars were very dim now, only a few still shining; it was cloudy along the horizon, and the only colors in the sky were blues and grays of all shades. Ducks began to come in, one bunch after another, to look the decoys over.

"Let's set the watch ahead, and if the warden appears, kid him into thinking his watch is wrong," I suggested; the strain on my trigger finger was becoming intense. "Nothin' doin'," said George, to whom the game laws are sacred. "Right you are, George," said I, feeling ashamed of myself. George, by the way, is the best sportsman I know, and whether we bring home the bacon or not, it is a great pleasure to merely hunt with him.

"Two minutes more!" and I heard the safe snap on George's gun, just as I snapped mine. "Mark right!" and about twenty black duck swung up the bay and started in for the stool. "Time's up! Let 'em get right over the decoys. You take the first two and I'll take the last!" Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! "Get that cripple quick!" Bang! My heart was pounding like a trip hammer as we stepped into the water and splashed out to retrieve our birds. "Hurry up! Here they come!" and we scrambled back into our punties. The ducks swung out into the bay; they had seen us. In a minute I saw another bunch coming, and said so. "I see 'em," said George. I sat there watching the bunch, and when they were about 150 yards away "Bang!" went George's gun. "What the—!" I looked around to see a green-winged teal swing away from the stool. "Why didn't you shoot?" asked George. He had thought that I was watching the two teal come up, and I had believed he was watching the same bunch I was.

For about 30 minutes the birds continued to come in and we had royal sport. About a mile to the east of us on some posted islands and points it sounded like the Battle of the Marne. Later we found out that one party of four had gotten 76 ducks, and two other men had gotten their limit of 20 apiece. We did not do quite as well as that, but we were both satisfied, and hoped that the opening day would always be as much sport as this one had been.

THE WINTER.

(Continued from page 1230.)

predatory animals crossed one another everywhere. We saw many times where they had caught their prey. In every instance where weeds or feed-bearing plants were discovered standing we scattered it to the ground with our clubs. More than once we came across cardinal grosbeaks, sparrows and jays fighting hard the ice bound berries of the sumac bushes, and at a respectful distance quail awaited the fallen seeds. On some occasions we saw them attack sumac. That night Mat and I brought in fifty-four quail.

Snow began to fall early the next morning and continued all that day, a north wind driving it with cutting blasts. We became more interested in our work. It was not so hard to find the birds even with the snow drifting, many craving for food moved all of the time in search of it. Some, however, had given up hope, and crowded together near a log or brush pile awaiting death or the termination of the storm. Our work that day was recompensed with many more than the day before.

The third day the snow continued. Many birds succumbed to the hawks and preying animals, but most to the cold and starvation. In clumps of sedge we found many birds dead, but some were still alive.

At one place a battle had been fought between a cock quail and a small screech owl. The quail, though, in his attenuated condition, had put up a noble fight. The snow was disturbed for twenty yards around, but on top of him, blinking at the light of day, staring stupidly at me, and breathing laboriously from the strenuous engagement, stood the little owl on its victim. It was so exhausted it was unable to fly, and at that I had no intention to take revenge on it for what Nature had bidden it to do.

Our search culminated with the compensation of a few quail. They were exceedingly weak. At home the other birds were foraging nicely, and the last ones soon caught up in strength. In time we paid no attention to feeding them. They subsisted entirely on the peas they shelled out by themselves. Every morning we threw some millet and pea hay on the barn floor, and it was great fun watching them work at it so industriously for the grain. It was surprising how few we lost at first. Later when the weather subsided some escaped from the barn and wandered away.

At last spring arrived with warm sun rays and pungent odors of thawed-out earth. It was many days before the birds deserted us entirely, though they lingered near the barn well up to the time when the breeding instinct urged them to the fields.

Within a radius of a hundred miles the sportsmen the following fall lamented the scarcity of birds. Our twenty-five covies nicely scattered over the hills yielded us a splendid increase, and taught us to set a law of limits of our own on the number killed. The contrast between where the birds were fed and cared for and where they were given no attention was noticeable for many years.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY NATIONAL PARK.

Senator William S. Kenyon, of Iowa, has recently introduced a bill for the establishment of a national park along the Mississippi River near Prairie du Chien (Wis.), and McGregor, Iowa. Mississippi Valley National Park is the suggested name for the Government reserve, which will include nearly 1,000 acres of land as well as innumerable islands in the river.



THE UNNATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT. THE unnatural history connected with this month's lesson concerns man's natural propensities in the way of wiping out of valuable and interesting species rather than any difficulty in guessing the correct answer. A press story just at hand announces the alleged discovery of a flock of real passenger pigeons in northwestern Pennsylvania. The illustration herewith is of a family almost as rare.

By the way, last month's lesson represented an Australian duckbill—the *Ornithorhynchus anatinus*. Don't you mind when you used to ask the teacher to pronounce it for you?

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TROUT FLY-FISHING IN AMERICA

By CHARLES ZIBEON SOUTHARD

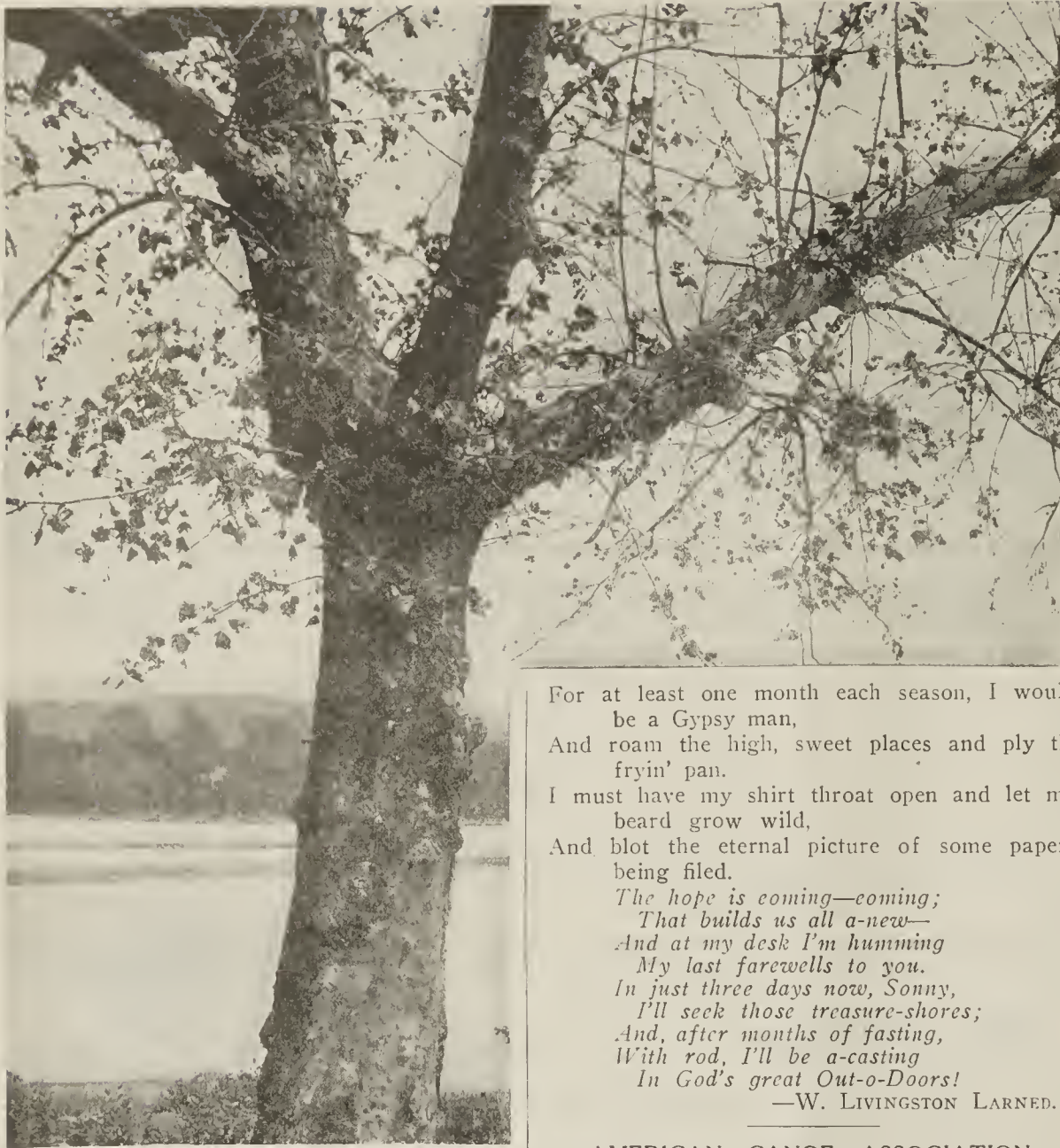
The book contains 18 colored plates of the different species of trout found in this country, 1 colored plate of popular wet-flies and 1 colored plate of favorite dry-flies. There are in addition 12 illustrations in black and white. The plates and illustrations are by H. H. Leonard.

The scope of the work can at once be seen by the following table of contents:

Chapter	Chapter
I. Trout Found in American Waters.	XI. How to Fish the Wet-Fly.
II. The Art of Fly-Fishing.	XII. How and When to Strike Trout.
III. A Comparison of the Merits of the Wet and Dry Methods of Fly-Fishing.	XIII. When to Fish Dark and Light Colored Flies.
IV. The Fly-Rod and its Function.	XIV. The "Expert" Fly-Fisherman.
V. For the Beginner at Fly-Fishing.	XV. How to Make Your Own Leaders.
VI. The Rod, The Reel, The Line, The Leader and The Fly.	XVI. Trout Fly-Fishing in the Rangeley Region.
VII. The Habits of Trout.	XVII. Wet-Flies Used in Various States.
VIII. The Coloration of Trout.	XVIII. Dry-Flies Used in England and America.
IX. The Sight and Hearing of Trout.	XIX. List of Wet-Flies.
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I hear the Big Woods calling and the songs of stream and tree.
My heart for deals and barter is no longer primed with zest,
The roll-top sets me frowning and my tired eyes face the West.

*I feel it coming—coming;
Scent of balsam and of pine.
The trout cord is a-humming,
With a beauty on the line.
Up from the wells of Nature
The gushing inebriate flows,
With here and there a glimmer
Of steel-blue lakes that glimmer
And mountains capped with snows.*

For at least one month each season, the Primitive comes first;
My feet crave rough, wild wand'rings—I have the night-dew thirst.
And, as I talk my business, and as I tend my toil,
I see the camp-fire gleaming and hear the coffee boil.

*The wish is coming—coming;
The call to far, dim ways—
And Nature's hand is strumming
The strings of golden days.
A quick sharp bark, that echoes;
A brown form speeding past—
Then—twigs that crackle louder;
The tang of burning powder,
Thank God! The Woods—at last!*

For at least one month each season, I would be a Gypsy man,
And roam the high, sweet places and ply th' fryin' pan.
I must have my shirt throat open and let my beard grow wild,
And blot the eternal picture of some papers being filed.

*The hope is coming—coming;
That builds us all a-new—
And at my desk I'm humming
My last farewells to you.
In just three days now, Sonny,
I'll seek those treasure-shores;
And, after months of fasting,
With rod, I'll be a-casting
In God's great Out-o-Doors!*

—W. LIVINGSTON LARNED.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Members of the American Canoe Association gathered at the Park Avenue Hotel on Saturday, October 28th, to celebrate their 36th anniversary with a dinner. Proceedings were held under the auspices of the Atlantic Division. All six Divisions were well represented and in all, over 150 members were seated at the dinner. Camp songs were in order between each satisfying course. The officers and former Commodores gave very interesting talks on canoeing. Commodore Saunders announced that the next National Meet would be at Sugar Island from August 10th to 24th and said from all reports that he expected to have a record breaking meet. He called on the racing men to send larger delegations than heretofore and asked all cruising men to come and try their hand at the *Forest and Stream* Wilderness Contest which has proved such a feature on the regatta program. A new attraction at Sugar Island will be a decked sailing canoe race for members over 50 years of age. A hundred dollar cup was donated by several of the members for such a race.

The Executive Committee with Commodore Saunders in the chair met at the hotel at 10 o'clock Saturday morning and finished up the business of the 1916 season. At noon a buffet luncheon was served and at 2:30 the Board of Governors and Racing Board went into session. The latter revised the complete set of racing rules, making many changes to comply with modern canoeing.

A number of the lady members were guests at the buffet luncheon and later attended a matinee.

WHERE FISHING IS ALWAYS GOOD.

(Continued from page 1226)

the scenery is interrupted by the tug of your line, as a large big-mouth seeks to take it into his possession, or your attention is caught by a two or three feet alligator sliding off some favorite log, and then to think that these beauties of scenery are permanent, and are not doomed to die by the approach of winter, but can be enjoyed every day of the year and you can not help but rejoice that these beauties are lasting, but ever changing, by the blooming of other and different flowering plants and shrubs.

While we have been drinking in and approaching the beautiful and changing scenery unfolded to our gaze, and accumulating all the bass and big black sunfish or bream we can use, our out-board motor, almost silently, has moved us to the Veteran's Camp, near the head of skiff navigation; so we run up on the narrow sand bar, tie the boat, clean and broil the fish, fry the salt pork, minced with potatoes and onions, boil the coffee in the pure spring water of the stream, and with bread and butter, wild grapes and Guava jelly, mangoes and Avacoda pears, enjoy a feast that no French chef can surpass, cut the palm fronds and palmetto leaves, and place them eighteen inches thick for the bed resting between two palm trees connected by a rope to hold the mosquito-bar canopy; then to lounge and smoke and visit until drowsy, then to sleep, breathing in the ozone and perfume of the flowering plants and vines all about your bed. Oh, such refreshing sleep! In the morn a plunge in the clear cool spring water; then a replica of the dinner for breakfast, then the return through the enchantment of the beautiful scenery to Stuart, with plenty of bass, bream, sea-trout and sergeant to give a good supply to all your near and intimate neighbors, and you will join with the writer in proclaiming, "That no other stream or section of the country can furnish such delightful fishing trips as can be had, any and every day of the year, on the water of the St. Lucie River and its tributaries, starting from Stuart, Florida."

The annual meeting of the Connecticut Fish and Game Protective Association was held on September 8th but was immediately adjourned, the adjourned meeting taking place at the State Game Farm, Madison, Conn., on September 15th, where a lunch was served and an inspection of the farm was made.

Big catches of channel bass have been made during the past three or four months by members of the Asbury Park Fishing Club at New Inlet, Carson's Inlet and Townsend's, all excellent "channel bass spots" along the New Jersey coast.



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UNCLE NED BUCKSHAW PHILOSOPHIZES

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There are several varieties of the retort. There is the retort courteous, the retort semi-courteous, the retort semi-ironical, the retort philosophical (all three of which presuppose the keeping of the temper) and then come the retort snarly-ill-natured and, finally, the retort brutal. The only possible reason why the outburst of Mr. Edward C. Crossman (of my native State, by the way!) should draw down upon the readers of your fine old magazine an answer from me, is that I might try to weave a little sermon out of his matter and general style, any personal dispute between the word-loving Mr. Crossman and myself having of course no interest whatever.

It would appear in the first place that a good



This is Uncle Ned Buckshaw—A Man Who Can Tame Wild Cats Naturally Remains Cool Under Cross-fire.

old "Eastern" tenderfoot (that's me, though I am sure my feet are not more tender than Brother Crossman's *amour propre!*) has stepped rather rudely upon the only parts of his feet that might be tender—his corns, moral corns of course. Old Uncle Ned (his hair is white now) has been at it a long time and fancied that a bit of a laugh at some weakness might be in him, forgiven. He was wrong, he didn't reckon with cross men, and he herewith abjectly apologizes. Mr. Crossman told of chucking away a perfectly good hunting-knife in its sheath because, as it was worn at his side, it very naturally clung lovingly to every passing bit of landscape. That was sad; one doesn't cast away a nice knife (and of course so good a woodsman as Mr.

Crossman would be carrying none but the best) just for that, for, as I pointed out to him, and here's hoping that he appreciated the point of the hint more than he did that of his knife, by wearing his sheath-knife in the small of his back it wouldn't have been in the way and he would still be in possession of it!

Now when a man pokes fun at you, or treads on your corns, and acts as if you were a tenderfoot, you have two ways open to you. Either you "get mad," see red and hit out savagely, as does Brother Crossman, in which case you have as much effect as the raising of the voice when a foreigner doesn't understand your language; or you bide your time, read up the works of the man who swatted you, and get back at him, always ironically—amiably, in somewhat the same manner in which he "went for" you. Brother Crossman had a fine opportunity. Old Uncle Ned has written much—too much—and there are numerous slips in his stuff that could have been used beautifully as above laid down. But that was beyond the youthful feelings of Mr. Crossman. (He must be young, he is so impulsive!) He simply "got mad," and answers my hint about wearing the knife by saying (1) "California and Oregon hunting is through the thickest sort of brush." (2) "Easterners and Eastern knowledge of conditions have nothing to do with Western hunting." (I think I understand what this rather odd English tries to make plain.) (3) "We would suggest that 'us woodsmen' (ah, that phrase hit him hard!) confine their comment to articles bearing on their own sort of country and their own experience." I never mentioned Western conditions, by the way.

Anybody can see that with these potent arguments Mr. Crossman completely disproves my assertion that, had he worn his knife at his back, he wouldn't have lost it, for he wouldn't have had to throw it away! A hint at attacking Western sportsmanship cannot be found in the interview that made Mr. Crossman cross.

Incidentally he proves that there is no "thick" country in the East. We hunt moose and other game, so he possibly thinks, over macadamized roads. Eastern sportsmen are tenderfeet. These facts, coming from Mr. Crossman, should be known. They are too important to keep from a world thirsty for knowledge.

UNCLE NED BUCKSHAW.
(Licensed Guide).

So. Milford, N. S., Oct. 1, 1916.

STRAY CASTS FOR THE ANGLER.

Under the guidance of Fred E. Pilling, deputy State game and fish warden of Montana, the streams in the Big Hole Country (Montana) have recently been re-stocked with a large number of trout fry.

Edward Swanson, a member of the Butte (Mont.) Anglers' Club, has to his credit a catch of the biggest trout caught in the Big Hole Country this season. Mr. Swanson's catch consisted of one "Rainbow" that weighed eleven pounds, eleven ounces dressed and another that tipped the scales at ten pounds, two ounces.

The membership of the Connecticut Fish and Game Protective Association has been increased during the past year from 723 to 1,227.

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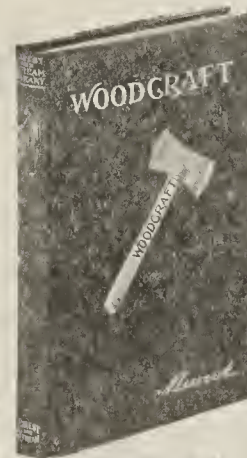
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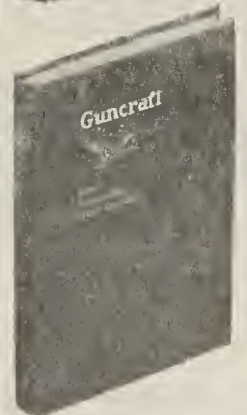
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GUNCRAFT

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The theoretical side of the subject has been covered with a scientific accuracy and the practical side of wing-shooting, has been treated in a way that will enable either the expert or the amateur to determine if he is shooting with a gun that fits him and how to decide upon one that does. The secrets of success in trap shooting as well as the peculiarities in flight of quail, jacksnipe, woodcock, ruffed grouse and the duck family are illustrated. Publishers' price, cartridge board cover, \$1.00.

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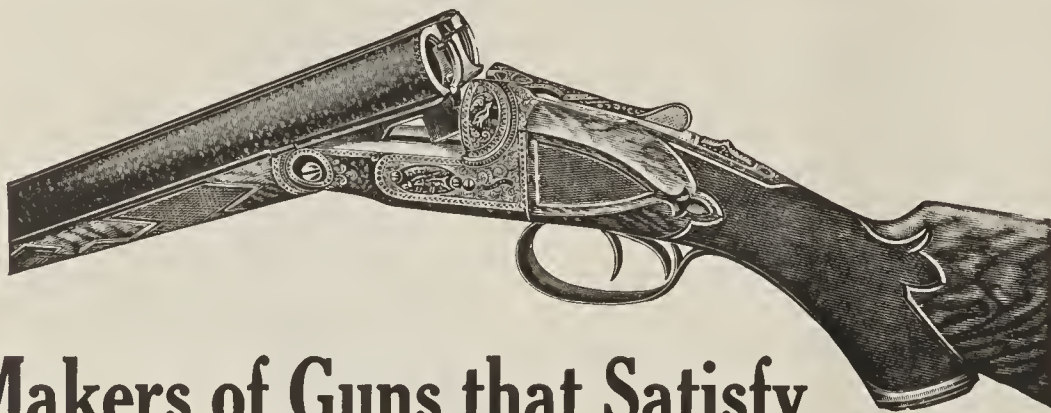
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CONNECTICUT HAS KILLED HER DEER.

Branford, Ct., September 12, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The State of Connecticut, in 1915, passed the most lenient law, concerning the killing of deer, that has ever been known to our people, and the foreseen butchery has been wrought. We wonder, now, how such an inauspicious bill could have been approved, with its most obvious results, and influenced by the most prudent judgment of our representatives. We wonder if the farmers did not push it through in view of their immediate recompense, or if, perhaps, the farmers were not justified in urging such a move. Yet we ask ourselves if the old law did not offer them sufficient protection. We can not help, also, from thinking of the so-called "class legislature" with a little bit of suspicion. But whatever it was, the whole subject and its discussion seems most distasteful to us now.

I fear we few friends of the deer were gravely deceived when the prolongation of the closed season, a few years ago, gave us to understand that the existence of this animal was to the interest of the State. What pride, and what elation came over us when, for the first time in fifteen years, we saw the timid buck step out from cover, to nibble the dewy grasses of our meadows! What pleasant memories it recalled, and what a lasting impression a glimpse of this kind left with us! But this interest, this joy, and this satisfaction took place in a different light to some people, who stood to witness the same impressive sight. They craved to lift down their rusty firearm from its hooks, but feared the law. And then these farmers paved the way for the long-desired slaughter. Intolerable to them was the thought that something lived that they might shoot, and they greased their guns to prepare for the destruction of our few deer that were tamed by the summer sun. And our commissioners and our societies, that might have opposed the passage of such a cruel law, stood accommodatingly aside to see the re-extermination of our deer.

T. F. HAMMER.

AN APPRECIATIVE CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER.

Sept. 18th, 1916, Minnedosa, Man., Canada.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

After a year's trial I feel that I cannot do without your very interesting magazine. Enclosed please find \$1.35, together with slip. Keep up the good work and long life to you.

HERBERT W. HILLIARD.



TRAP SHOOTING



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

Edited by Fred. O. Copeland.

THERE is a charm in the days now upon us, a peacefulness in the long twilight heralded by the evening star back in the sky. It is true, there are days when the rain comes pattrin' down, but the sportsman, unlike those who do not feel the pull of the woods, secks this opportunity to sit in the doorway with the old corncob pipe a-lit and he finds little meaning in the popular christening "melancholy." There is a choice of thought: the reminiscence of the greenery of late September and the gold of October, or the anticipation of that wonderful, fleeting Indian summer. And who may say the sportsman is not best suited by nature to receive its benediction when in this dreamy and magical interval the year seems to have "borrowed every season's charm to end its days in gladness"!

WHAT IS POWDER FOULING?

THE user of firearms experiences three different and distinct shocks in the matter of ammunition when he goes through the cycle from empty gun to dead bird; the shock at the time of purchase, the shock at the instant of firing, and the shock produced when he looks through a barrel that has been left several weeks without its having been cleaned.

Let us forget the pain of the first shock, the happiness of the second one, and concern ourselves about the last one. It goes without saying that the true lover of good guns does everything in his power to keep the inside of the tube clean. Leaving aside the important matter of the gun's accuracy, he takes pride and feels a satisfaction in seeing the bore reflect light not unlike a mirror. While the mechanical process of cleaning is common knowledge, the chemistry of cleaning out fouling is perhaps not so well known nor so necessary to be known but it is somewhat interesting.

What is this ash, this fouling, that is formed from the combustion of the powder at the high temperature of explosion and which we so assiduously remove after a hard day at the traps or in the field? These residues from different powders consist of mineral salts and carbonates. School days are past for many of us and perhaps the digression will be pardoned if it is called to mind that a mineral salt or a carbonate is formed when an acid gives up part of its elements for a metal. All powders containing nitro glycerine give an acid residue. Such powders are DuPont, Ballistite, Infallible, Bullseye and Lesmok—the powder commonly used to load .22 cal. ammunition. Schultze, Dead Shot, O. K., and powders of this type give an alkaline residue.

In the process of cleaning we brush out and polish away most of the residue in the barrel but enough remains to do damage if we go no further with the cleaning. How much remains may be seen when a "solvent" for nitro powder is liberally wiped onto the seemingly clean and shining bore and allowed to remain two or three

(Continued on page 1258.)

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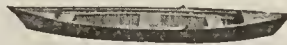
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STRAY CASTS FOR THE ANGLER.

On Tuesday, September 19, the Chicago Fly Casting Club gave an honorary dinner to the members of the Chicago Casting Club who took part in the recent National Tournament at Newark, N. J. Members of the Illinois Casting Club, the Anglers' Casting Club of Chicago and the North Shore Casting Club were present.

The Chicago casters sure had it on the Eastern



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References:—The Hotels Gayoso, Peabody and Chisea, Memphis, Tenn.

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casters in the recent National Tournament at Newark, N. J. The Chicago Fly Casting Club won the National five-man team cup and many individual cups were also won by members of this club.

It is reported that Joseph, Pallubicki, a fourteen-year old boy of Winona, Minn., caught a sixty-seven pound catfish a short time ago in the Mississippi River. Reports of catfish weighing seventy-two and seventy-seven pounds respectively have also been caught in this river during the past summer.

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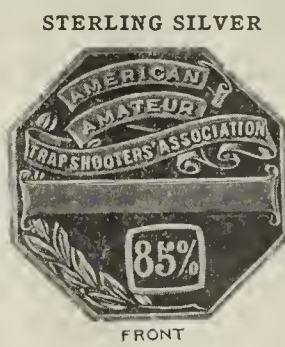
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Write for Booklet

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STERLING SILVER

FRONT

WHAT IS POWDER FOULING?

(Continued from page 1257)

days. When, after a few days elapse, the bore is inspected it often shows up a black fouling more dense than the original one. The residue has gone into solution with the solvent.

In order to give a general idea of the ingredients of a "solvent" the formula of Dr. W. G. Hudson is taken as an example:

- Kerosene (tested and found free from acid).....2 fluid oz.
- Sperm oil1 " "
- Acetone1 " "
- Turpentine1 " "

It is the acetone (made up of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen) which gives to these cleaners their strong, peculiar odor and which is used as the solvent. Sperm oil is frequently used as one of the components with the idea of preventing rust after the use of the solvent.

The foregoing has been written with the smooth-bore in mind. It is well to know the kind of fouling you have in your barrel and in the case of rifles using bullets jacketed with cupro-nickel, tin plated copper or bullets of mild steel or lead alloy, a planting of the bore occurs which calls for a metal fouling solution or a mercurial ointment. The shot gun artist knows little of the trials of the high powered rifle enthusiast.

ANOTHER WESTY HOGAN IS HISTORY.
PRESIDENT NEAF APGAR and his associates are to be congratulated on running another of their tournaments smoothly and successfully from the first "pull" to the last "out." Moreover, hats should be lifted to the weather man for his gift of five perfect September days.

More than two hundred shooters were already on hand at Venice Park when the big match on

practice day was staged. It was the race for the Hercules Amateur All-round Championship trophy, and rightly named, since it calls for 50 targets from 18 yards, 50 from 20 yards, 50 from 22 yards and 25 pairs. The cup was placed in open competition for the first time at St. Louis when the Grand American was shot there in August. E. L. Barlett, of Baltimore, who won the cup at that time, was the holder, and Fred Plum, of Atlantic City, the challenger. Plum in this contest gained a lead that increased throughout the race and he finished with a score of 144, while Barlett handed in a 131.

Two popular events of the first regular day were the State team race and the doubles race for the Gillespie trophy. In the team race New Jersey's five was victorious, New York taking second place, while Pennsylvania and Ohio tried for third. The Gillespie trophy was carried to Canada by Joe Jennings of Tormorden, but not till he had shot himself through a three-cornered tie.

The second day developed a thriller. R. D. Morgan bagged every one of his 175 birds. The nearest danger was two targets away, three men having allowed two targets each to alight in safety.

A big feature of the third day was the contest for the Atlantic City Cup. C. H. Newcomb won this cup when it was first shot for in 1910 and Frank S. Wright is the only man who has two legs on it. It is valued at \$300 and must be won three times to become personal property. Fred Harlow edged Wright out by one target this year.

The much-talked of team race, East vs. West, based on 500 16-yard targets was decided this day, and East triumphed by the narrow margin of 16 targets.

The 88 percenters opened the first act of the

last day. J. L. Wright broke away from his 88 gait and ran up a score of 95 for first place.

The DuPont 18-yard Mark Championship trophy brought out some excellent scores in the face of a troublesome wind, and G. N. Fish's 96 showed fast work.

Darkness settled down on the Westy Hogans Handicap before it was over and F. A. Landis and J. G. Martin shot off for first place in what developed into a guessing contest, Landis guessing one better than his associate.

THE SUNSET TOURNAMENT OF THE INTERSTATE.

The Pacific Coast Handicap.

THE Interstate's last classic for 1916, the Eleventh Pacific Coast Handicap Tournament, was held at Everding Park, Portland, Oregon, September 12, 13 and 14, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

The 60 entrants who turned out practice day disappointed the railbirds by not handling in as high scores as expected, due, perhaps, to a slight northeast wind and to the fact most of the shooters were new to the conditions at the shooting park. Two 95's were high. However, 25 finished with 90 per cent. or better, among them Miss Glaydes Reid, who ran her first event of 25 straight. Her work was the feature of the day. Squad 2, known as the "Native Son Quintet"—all Californians—didn't have a member who turned in less than 90 per cent. answer.

The Pacific Coast Introductory was won, after a battle royal, by the veteran O. N. Ford with a score of 96 and four shoot-offs—four men were tied on 96. The professionals turned in for a high score 98. Seventy-four participated in the introductory event.

The scores of 96, 95 and 93 in the Pacific Coast Special were considered high considering the high wind which grabbed the target at the trap house roof and floated it here and there.

Ninety-ones were high in the Pacific Coast Overture and the Preliminary Handicap. Sixty-nine shooters entered the Pacific Coast Special and one less participated in the Preliminary Handicap.

Ninety entered the main event and after one of the most exciting races ever seen in the local yards, Frank M. Templeton, secretary-treasurer of the Portland Gun Club, took first money and first trophy in the Pacific Coast Handicap with 91 out of a 100 from the 20-yard mark.

In all the eleven years of the Pacific Coast Handicap never before has the winner been handicapped to 20 yards. Three times it has been won from 19 yards, three times from 18, three times from 17 and once from 16. One 98 has been recorded, two 97's, one 96, one 95, four 93's and one 89.

This is the third time Portland has staged the tournament and every shooter who has been to Portland is anxious to play a return engagement. One of these years the Portland Gun Club hopes to run the tournament during the Rose Festival week in June in order to prove that "In Portland grows for you a rose."

SUCCESS OF THE SUBSIDIARY HANDICAPS FOR 1916.

THE Southern was the only one of the four subsidiary handicaps given by the Interstate Association for the Encouragement of Trapshooting in 1916 that had a larger number of entrants in the main event than in any previous year, although one of the tournaments—the Eastern—while not having as many entrants in the main event as on two previous occasions, was the greatest trapshooting tournament ever

conducted in the East, excepting, of course, the Westy Hogans.

The Southern had 244 entries in the main event held in Memphis, Tenn., with 177 men and women to face the traps. The best previous entry list was at Roanoke, Va., in 1913, when 163 men appeared.

There were 159 entrants in the Western Handicap, held in Omaha, Neb., against 230 in St. Louis in 1915; 227 in Denver, in 1906; 202 in Denver, in 1907, and 188 in Omaha, in 1911.

The Pacific Coast Handicap staged in Portland, Ore., drew 90 of the coast trapshots. The same event attracted 138 in Portland two years ago and five times have the entrants passed the 100-mark. Strong winds interfered with the target breaking, it playing all sorts of freakish tricks with the targets.

"BORN" OR "MADE."

WHETHER shooters are "born" or "made" is a much-mooted subject. Mr. H. H. Stevens, who has come in contact with shooters of every conceivable type during the summer at the shooting school at Atlantic City, is of the opinion that shooters are "self-made." He says that a novice, who has never formed any bad habits which need to be overcome will rise to proficiency rapidly enough to satisfy the most impatient; perfection being a matter of refinement in gun fitting, coaching, practice and the cultivation of absolute confidence.

Some, he found, naturally made progress faster than others, but it would be a bold assertion to say that this shooter was more favorably endowed by nature, particularly as regards shooting, than his fellow. He ventures the opinion that one merely learns quicker and better than the other.

To become expert, one must cultivate an easy, natural position and correct manner of holding the gun. By watching the experts, both amateurs and professionals, one may learn how to stand from the object lessons they give when at the traps, for few indeed in either class adopt any other than the easiest and most natural position.

The gravest faults Mr. Stevens encountered in novices were tendencies to lift the cheek from the gun, unnecessarily waiting after getting aim before shooting, and an uncontrollable habit of pulling the trigger the moment the target appeared, without regard to aim, direction or flight.

Possession of a gun which does not fit the shooter cannot be correctly called a fault, rather it is a misfortune. The beginner in wing-shooting knows nothing about selecting a gun to fit him. It is necessary to use a "trygun" to get an exact fit and enjoy the pleasure of being able to shoot well.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP FOR 1917.

ALTHOUGH the Interstate Association for the Encouragement of Trapshooting does not award the Grand American Trapshooting tournament for 1917 until its meeting in December there are at this time no less than five cities in the field for the trapshooting classic.

These cities are: Toledo, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Josephs, Mo.; Chicago, Ill., and Indianapolis, Ind. At the recent Grand American tournament in St. Louis, Chicago trapshots talked it up for the "Queen City of the Lakes," and the St. Joe trapshooters buttonholed every trapshooter and pinned a button on him—or her—which declared in no uncertain language that St. Joe was the spot for the 1917 tournament.

The Chicago trapshots said they would pull off the tournament at Grand Park, with Lake Michigan as the background, with ten traps and would guarantee the greatest trapshooting event ever held in these glorious States. And Chicago looks pretty good to many of the shooters. Toledo, Indianapolis and Milwaukee were not very strong

Holidays at Their Best Have Limitations

Not so with the happy memories that fit the mood prompted by an easy chair, a pipe and a bottle of

Evans' Ale or Stout

That's the combination that makes "Indoor Thinks" even more enjoyable than Outdoor Realities. Alone or with "pals of the trail" there's nothing so conducive to "reminiscing" than a glass of Evans' Ale or Stout. They bring the joys of outing days to the home fireside. Brimful of cheer and comfort.

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at the Grand American, but they will present their claims at the annual meeting of the Interstate Association.

Indianapolis has one of the finest trapshooting grounds in the country; Milwaukee has several available places, while Toledo has the grounds of the Power Bay Gun Club, 160 acres, room for any number of traps desired and with the waters of the bay for the background. And a clear background is going to help a whole lot in the selection of the place for the Grand American Handicap. The background at St. Louis didn't please all the shooters.

There are many trapshots of the opinion that a Grand American Handicap in the East would be a great thing for the sport. The entries at the present time are mainly from the Middle West. Eastern trapshots are inclined to the belief that if the tournament was held in one of the larger Eastern cities there would be fully as many entries as in the tournaments in Dayton and St. Louis. If one of the larger clubs in one of the larger Eastern cities could stage the event it would be well worth a trial.

To stimulate interest among owners of the Hand Trap for throwing clay targets the Du Pont Company, Wilmington, Del., will award \$15 as a first prize, second prize \$10, two prizes of \$7.50, five of \$5 and fifteen of \$2.50 for stories of not more than 600 words concerning the use of the Hand Trap, the stories to be illustrated by three photographs each containing more than one person. The contest closes December 1, 1916.

CASSIAR'S BIG GAME.

A record of big game killed in the Cassiar district, British Columbia, last season, follows—15 moose, 29 caribou, 29 goat, 25 sheep and 27 bears.

The shortest route from the East to these hunting grounds, is by the new G. T. P. to Prince Rupert, thence north by steamship to Wrangell, then up the Stikine River 150 miles by launch to Telegraph Creek and beyond that point pack and saddle horses.

R. W. Dean, of Elizabeth, N. J., killed the moose with the largest spread—61¼ inches. The palm was 37 by 11 inches and it had 22 points.

Dr. A. W. Elting of Albany, N. Y., got a moose with a spread of 52½ inches, having a palm 38 by 13 inches, with 30 points.

The largest caribou was killed by Dr. A. B. Jones of Providence, R. I. It had a spread of 52 inches, a length of 55 inches and 33 points.

W. S. Paul, of Philadelphia, killed a caribou having a spread of 47½ inches, a length of 50¾ inches, with 40 points. He also killed the largest goat.

Mrs. Paul killed three caribou, her largest having a spread of 40 inches, with a length of 52¾

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inches and 36 points. She also killed the largest sheep.

The 27 bears were distributed as follows: W. G. Franz, Cincinnati, Ohio, 4; J. H. Eagle, New York, 2; A. Bullock, Fitchburg, Mass., 2; R. W. Kean, Elizabeth, N. J., 2; Dr. A. W. Elting, Albany, N. Y., 3; W. S. Ferguson, Athena, Ore., 1; L. Taylor, Rarden, Ohio, 6; N. C. Drew, Duluth, Minn., 1; D. Foley, Virginia, Minn., 2; W. C. Paul, Philadelphia, 2, and Mrs. Paul, 2.



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CHOOSING THE GUN FOR TRAPSHOOTING.

One of the essentials to be taken into consideration by anyone who would become a good trapshooter is the selection of the right gun—one that fits the shooter and has the proper weight, drop, thickness and length of stock, trigger pull, etc.

An expert might do excellently with a gun unsuited to him, because his knowledge of how to shoot would compensate to a certain extent the ill fit of the gun. A beginner, on the other hand, would be hopelessly handicapped under the same conditions.

Generally speaking, a 12 gauge gun weighing somewhere between $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, is just about right for trapshooting. Experience has shown that guns of lighter weight are apt to give too heavy a recoil.

The drop, thickness, and length of the stock are features that from a personal standpoint demand serious consideration. In trapshooting, experience has shown that the straight stock—one that has very little drop—is to be preferred. As to the matter of thickness, the main idea is to choose a stock that permits the shooter, when he puts the gun to his shoulder, to look comfortably and straight down the rib to the sight. If he can not do this, the gun does not fit him properly, and a tendency to cross-shoot is very likely.

The length of the stock, from the trigger to the center of the butt, depends upon the length of the shooter's arm; obviously, a long-armed man must have a longer stock than the man with a short arm.

Perhaps the simplest way to ascertain if the gun is of proper length is to put the gun to your shoulder, with your finger on the trigger, as if about to shoot. Then, with your finger still on the trigger, remove the gun from your shoulder and let the butt lie in the hollow of your arm. If no change in the position of the trigger finger or the grip hand is required, it is safe to assume that the stock fits your arm, in so far as the detail of length is concerned.

Now to come to the trigger pull:

This term applies to the amount of weight, in pounds avoirdupois, which is necessary to pull the trigger when the gun is cocked and held in a perpendicular position. Due to the element of individuality that enters here, there can be no hard and fast rule regarding the proper amount of pull. This feature is governed by the shooter's own requirements. On the whole, however, a trigger pull of from 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds may be taken as about right for the average shooter.

If one is thinking seriously of purchasing a gun for trapshooting purposes, perhaps one of the best methods to adopt would be to try any gun that one's trapshooting friends might care to lend for a temporary trial. In this way, one is almost sure to find some particular gun with which he can do better work than with others; and thus he will naturally arrive at a definite basis from which to make a final selection.—C. I. Gilman, in the Minneapolis News.

THE OLD-FASHIONED TURKEY SHOOT

A HERITAGE OF THANKSGIVING NOW
ABOLISHED BY LAW AND CUSTOM

By Fred O. Copeland.

MUCH as live bird shooting at the traps has been made illegal by statute in nearly all of the States of the Union so has the cruel sport of shooting at anchored live turkeys and chickens been awarded the "glance frappe" by the law of common consent at the turkey shoots held in even the smallest hamlets when Thanksgiving day draws near. Still, on nights when the northern lights play, the older generation with the young wends its way past the ghostly ranks of corn stalks to the cross-roads store where the barrel of salt cod is craftily watched by the store keeper while stories are being related of wonderful shots. And wonderful indeed are the stories that have come down to us of the cunning trigger fingers in the days gone by, but perhaps more interesting certain rifles in each neighborhood which were known by their success at each turkey shoot.

Recently the writer was pleasantly entertained for an hour in a home that might well send out a most welcome delegate to link the chain around an old hard wood burner. A rifle was brought out. It was a "mile gun," so termed by its maker, G. H. Ferris, of Utica, N. Y., who was a popular maker of famous rifles. Incidentally, it was acknowledged by the maker to have been his best weapon and one which he used when hitting with seven shots seven barrel heads one mile away. This would seem a rather strong statement were it not for the fact that this thirty-five pound rifle mounted a twenty power telescope, thereby making the feat possible, as well as relieving the tension or feeling of scepticism some might feel crowding itself in upon them. This hand-made, muzzle loading rifle, devoid of even a line of engraving, was priced at \$225 and with its accessories required a small trunk made for the purpose to house it. The weapon was a 50 calibre and its rifling had a "gain twist"; that is, its rifling twisted at the rate of one turn in 33 inches at the breech and quickened to one turn in 22 inches at the muzzle, the theory being that the bullet's base wobbled for the first eighty or hundred rods and thereafter spun in a normal manner, therefore it could not be used at distances under a mile. The maker's "Turkey Rifle" took care of the shorter distances and was rifled one turn in 50 inches which was thought just right for the 80 rod turkey range. The "Turkey Rifle" was a counterpart of the "Mile Gun" except for this difference, and it, like the "Mile Gun," mounted a telescope for the turkey was placed in a pit 80 rods away with only its head protruding.

Guided by either open or peep sights, 40 rods was the distance the usual muzzle loader spat its heavy ball at the turkey which, in this case, was mounted on and moored to a roost a little less than shoulder high. Whenever, back in these days, the shooting was at targets, the 12-inch bull's-eye at one hundred rods was thought just right and one hit brought the reward of a turkey. The contestants at these shoots were wont to speak strangely of "electricity" in the ground, each neighboring range having more or less, so that it was impossible to target the rifle at home for the prescribed shoot notice whereof was had at the tavern and blacksmith's shop.

The shot gun as a target weapon made its debut about twenty-five years ago at "chicken shoots." If an adventurous pellet from its pattern strayed over the 15 rod range and found a well earned rest in a chicken loosely anchored on a roost or in later days on a five-inch paper covered platter sawed from a board, the proud contestant bore another fowl to his buggy. Fifteen rods is a strong range for the scatter gun—40 yards is the present targeting distance for the 12 gauge shot gun—but these old timers sent the stiff load over the $82\frac{1}{2}$ -yard range with a prayer and a "hist" of the shoulder, contented that ammunition was not threatening the dollar mark and that shots were but ten cents each. However, some of them, remembering the old slogan: "Business is business and money buys rum," had a nail handy and used it freely when the chicken fluttered at the report of the gun for "drawing blood" constituted a kill and the right of ownership.

The turkey and chicken shoots became an institution that is not allowed to die in these latter days for trapshooting associations are wont to stage shoots on the great American turkey day using turkeys as principal prizes and chickens for side prizes on the different events.

Consider one of these shoots falling near Thanksgiving Day, which in northern New England may mean a foot of snow and a nose-nipping zephyr from the lands beyond the River St. Lawrence. The club house, heated by a big stove, which together with the coffee boiling on its top will keep you comfortable while within but at the score it won't do to go as thinly clad as the day back in August when you broke 95 per cent., and those with the big handicaps lifted all the "junk." Warm clothes and a light leather lined and sleeved coat will keep your otherwise chattering teeth from biting the command "Pull" in three sections, but even then if you are a 90 per cent. summer artist you may look in vain for a like percentage, for trap scores and the mercury fall together.

So then, Mr. Shooter, when one of winter's first sunsets blossoms in the late November heavens and number five's gun of the last squad echoes "dead and out" and the scores are posted, let us hope traditions have been upheld and that perhaps it will be you who are recounting the incidents that form a halo around every turkey gun.

A READER FOR THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS.

84 Amity St., Brooklyn, Sept. 13, 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed is renewal of my subscription for one year, my check to your order for one dollar. I would feel quite lost without the paper, which I have read since about 1878.

May I add here that not in a long time have you gotten out a better issue than the current one, September, 1916. It is splendid, and oh, such a difference from some of the alleged "magazines," all full of patent insides and boilerplate stuff. *Forest and Stream* has always been a regular paper, even in some of the lean and hungry issues of the past, when issued weekly. I wish you every success as I have been an interested reader for years.

JOHN M. SHERIDAN.

Peters SHELLS

at the

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

continued the winning habit which has been so much in evidence in the past. The following scores, made in a field of over 600 of the greatest shooters in the country, attest the thoroughly dependable quality of the

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Two hundred Targets, 18 yards rise, won by Harvey Dixon. Score.....197

NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT DOUBLE TARGETS.

Fifty pairs, 16 yards rise, won by Allen Heil. Score89

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

Third (tie), Chas. Atkinson. Score.....97 ex 100

CONSOLATION HANDICAP.

Second, Mrs. L. G. Vogel (18 yards.) Score.....95 ex 100

AMATEUR SINGLE TARGET CHAMPIONSHIP

Runner-up, C. B. Eaton. Score.....98 ex 100

E. C. CUP MATCH.

Runner-up, W. R. Crosby. Score..... 184 ex 200

MOUND CITY OVERTURE.

One hundred Targets, 16 yards rise, third place (tie),
won by Mrs. L. G. Vogel. Score..... 97

The highest score made by any woman contestant.

LONG AMATEUR RUNS.

Harvey Dixon, 104; E. W. Renfro, 75; Mrs. Vogel, 74; J. C. Famechon, 72 and 50,
W. Henderson, 63, etc., etc.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP (Dunspaugh Trophy).

Won by Phil R. Miller, who qualified with 99 ex 100, and
won with a score of.....122 ex 125

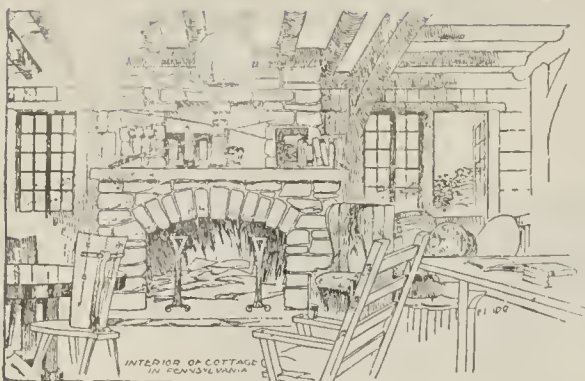
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By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

No single gunner, however wide his experience, has himself covered the whole broad field of duck shooting, and none knows so much about the sport that there is nothing left for him to learn. Each one may acquire a vast amount of novel information by reading this complete and most interesting book. It describes, with a portrait, every species of duck, goose, and swan known to North America; tells of the various methods to capture each, the guns, ammunition, loads, decoys and boats, used in the sport, and gives the best account ever published of the retrieving Chesapeake Bay dog.

About 600 pages, 58 portraits of fowl, 8 full-page plates and many vignette head and tail pieces by Wilmot Townsend.

Price, library edition, \$3.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
128 Broadway, NEW YORK.

THE OPEN CAMP IN WINTER

(Continued from page 1231)

hands have been employed in the making of the camp there will have been no call for a fire until you are ready to take up quarters, unless the darkness has caught you lagging and a flare-up is needed to help you find your way about. One soon learns to conserve the firewood and sufficient must always be laid aside for the breakfast fire.

When, on the morrow, you turn out of the warm blankets and face the raw, frosty air of an early winter morn—oftentimes some hours before the dawn—you know exactly what you want. It is a new, bright, hot, crackling fire and you want that fire in a hurry. Therefore lay aside the necessary fuel before turning in.

Supper is now in order and as soon as disposed of—which is in rapid-fire time, for you will have man-size appetites and anyway the temperature will not permit you to Fletcherize or keep up table conversation unless your tastes run to cold dishes—heap on what wood you can spare and make the best of the opportunity to dry out duffle, socks and moccasins. Long poles stuck into the snow and reaching out over the fire make excellent clothes-horses. Whatever footgear, mitts, or other articles of clothing that does not thoroughly dry out place within your sleeping robes. You will know where they are in the morning and they will not be frozen solid.

Should an adverse wind spring up before the fire has burned low change the draft by setting up on poles just back of the fire a tarpaulin, sleigh wrapper or blanket—whatever is handy and can be spared. Then the smoke and sparks will not bother you.

Ere the firelight has faded and the dying coals are changing from red to a lifeless gray all hands should be in their bags, snugly fitted together, and if the size of the camp has been carefully attended to there will be no cold storage space between the sleepers and the end men will have the shelter of the side walls. The winter nights are long and in the short space of time allotted for making camp enough wood to keep the fire burning overnight cannot be gathered. Your sleeping robes and the body's own full-blooded vitality should furnish the necessary warmth. An all-night fire is a needless extravagance; a wretched ordeal for the unfortunate sleepy one who has been detailed as its attendant.

Sleeping gear to be suited to the requirements of winter travel by sled and snowshoe, whether you have dogs for transport or don the toboggan harness yourself, must be light in weight and compact in size.

The native plaited rabbitskin quilt has them all beaten for combined lightness and warmth but there are many advertised outfits available at home and nearly as good from which to make selection. The writer has slept most comfortably night after night in open camps with the temperature ranging between thirty-five and forty-eight degrees below with no other covering than a six by seven foot eiderdown quilt sewn up into the form of a bag and weighing eleven pounds.

If you should happen to have a rubber sheet along—an unnecessary and rather weighty article for winter travel—do not spread it underneath you. Instead lay plenty of brush and spread the rubber over the blankets. It provides wonderful warmth that way.

Let it snow! Pull a woollen sleeping cap down over your ears and a corner of the bag or

blanket over your nose—you soon learn to arrange it to the best advantage for breathing purposes—and you will sleep the warmer for the extra coverlet of snow. Dread nothing but the early call to rise. The quietude of the deep, frost-hung darkness engenders dreamless slumber. Old Winter's winds sighing through the evergreens overhead will soothe you to sleep, the old, old lullaby of the pines.

If you are not comfortable some radical fault lies nearby. See that the large ends of the spruce or pine "feathers" are buried 'neath their neighbors. You should lay the boughs like the shingles of a house, tip overlapping butt. It takes but a few minutes longer, a little extra care, than to just toss them in a heap and kick them into the semblance of a couch. From those extra minutes and added care you will reap four-fold comfort and your brush mattress will bring wonderfully grateful ease to a tired body and aching limbs.

Maybe your feet have been neglected. If so, look to them for trouble and discomfort. You should give them your attention first, last and all the time, for they are most sensitive to neglect and it is on them that you must depend to carry you over the trail.

Damp socks produce cold feet at night. The native and experienced tripper will change footgear every night and no matter how sleepy you are nor how insistently a travel-wracked body begs to be laid at ease it always pays to burn an extra log and sit up an hour later drying out socks and duffle for the morrow, unless you are so fortunate as to have sufficient dry changes to last you to the journey's end.

Some have made it their custom to turn in fully shod, putting on the morrow's dry change before stretching out for the night. One is thus ready, on crawling out of his bed at dawn, to slip his prepared feet into the snowshoe thongs. But, if you adopt this custom, be sure your duffle is put on loosely and the moccasins slackly tied, for the feet of the occasional tramper are unaccustomed to the trial of long days on the shoes and are liable to swell more or less at night time. If your lashings are tied tightly excruciating torture will be your lot and no matter how tired you are or how comfortable the boughs may feel, ere sleep will come you will throw off the warm covering to get at the source of pain, and tear the torturing bindings from your feet. The term "tenderfoot" was never better applied than to the city man travelling on a winter trail.

A "BY-PRODUCT" OF TRAPSHOOTING.

About three years ago, the ground in front of the traps at the Du Pont Gun Club was "mined" and a pile of lead of twenty-three tons was the result. A portion of the ground of a club at Columbus, Ohio was put through the "sieve" and twenty-six tons resulted.

The method of securing this lead is simple. Plots of ground about thirty feet by five feet are skinned about one and a half inches deep. This top soil is then put in piles and allowed to stand for two or three days until it dries. It is then put into a large, coarse cylinder sieve that is operated by a gasoline engine, which gets rid of the earth containing no lead. Then it is put through a fine sieve and more dirt is removed. If the earth sticks several screenings are necessary until only the lead remains. Then the remainder of the shooting territory is handled in the same manner.

FUTURE OF THE SUNAPEE TROUT.

(Continued from page 1232)

serious depredations on the trout tribe. And yet, for the delectation of a few heartless rodsters—I will not designate them as anglers—for an angler is a true sportsman and takes fish only in a chivalrous manner, never for the mere pleasure of killing, never when enciente or exhausted by procreation—I repeat, for the benefit of a handful of narrow and self-seeking fishermen who had the necessary pull at Concord, the great mass of liberal people who are leaving ten million-dollars in the state of New Hampshire every summer and who are incontestably entitled to a measurable amount of pleasure with the rod—have been defrauded through witless laws from enjoying what they are asking for and what is due them—a little bass fishing.

Thank heaven, it is now otherwise. Our committee has steadily worked for reform and the open season for bass has been changed from June 9th to July 1st—it ought to be July 15th. Every expert knows that black bass will rise to a fly any time of the year that they can see it. All through July and August they are caught elsewhere with the sleeve silk and feathers. I have taken them on a fly at Sunapee in October. The reason why they do not respond to the cast of a Parmachenee Belle is that there are no bass to respond—they have been sacrificed to the greed of man.

I am not a believer in the policy of disturbing natural conditions. A mistake has been made in planting so many foreign salmonidae in a lake where we have the two finest game and food fishes in America to protect and develop, namely, the square-tailed brook trout and the *aureolus* or Alpine charr. The Chinook salmon, which was planted in Lake Sunapee ten years ago, has been a failure. Perhaps not two dozens have been caught this last summer, the rank and file of them having succumbed, according to all accounts, to the *saprolegnia* disease. They are a voracious fish, and had they grown beyond the proportions of infancy would have wrought irreparable damage. Fortunately, the life of the Pacific salmon is limited by nature to five or six years. The enthusiastic admirers of its callow young on line and table, who hoped to change in a single decade the life-law of a hundred millennia, must admit their discomfiture. The lake is apparently cleared of this pest.

Now, what is to be done about it all? It will taken seven or eight years to put Lake Sunapee back where it was and should be. Fish culture on the basis of its practice here for the last twenty years, is putrid to the medulla. Talk is draff cheap; al fresco luncheons are pleasant, but do not hatch fish. In few, if we care to stock this or any lake with brook trout and land-locked salmon, we must have suitable breeding and growing grounds, and these we have in Pike Brook, which enters the lake through Soo-Nipi Park. This brook was shamefully opened to the public on July 31, after we had stocked it and nursed it for years as a feeder of the lake; and on that day we estimate that 1,000 breeding trout were taken from its waters by twenty persons, to whom permission was given to desecrate it without regard to the rights and wishes of its owners.

I arraign the authority that accorded such permission. I know one man who took from it on that day 107 brook trout, three of which weighed each over one pound. I went through this stream three days later and found it destitute of trout, except those hatched this last spring, but to my delight I saw that it was thoroughly stocked with the *gammarus pulex*, or fresh water shrimp, which I planted there at my own expense a number of years ago. When

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this shrimp is once acclimated in a stream, it is impossible to root it out.

It breeds so fast that all the trout a stream can accommodate will not perceptibly diminish its numbers. It is the best crustacean food known for young trout and silverlings, and Pike Brook contains it by the million. Now the lawful way to proceed is to purchase the fishing rights from the riparian owners; then one can hold a stream against invasion. There is no other way to restock any lake inhabited by black bass and other predatory fish with trout and land-locked salmon than through the tributaries. It has been proved that these can be securely guarded, and the outlying lake made to afford phenomenal fishing. What has been done once can be done again. Who will do it? There is hope in the plans formulated by Commissioner

George H. Graham, of Massachusetts, who has a cottage at the lake, and is an experienced, earnest and intelligent fish-culturist. God speed his honest efforts!

HARD TO WAIT A MONTH.

Mansfield, Wash., 1916.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed find money order for my subscription to your magazine. I enjoy reading the articles and ads that are given, one in particular about getting the far ones at forty and fifty yards. We shoot what geese we get at eighty to one hundred yards and use No. 2 shot in ten-gauge guns. Would be pleased to see a larger magazine, as I read this in a couple of hours and have a whole month to wait for another.

A. T. HIGGS.

Free 1000 10/10/16
Done 10

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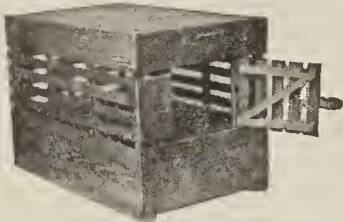


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