

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN



APRIL 1914

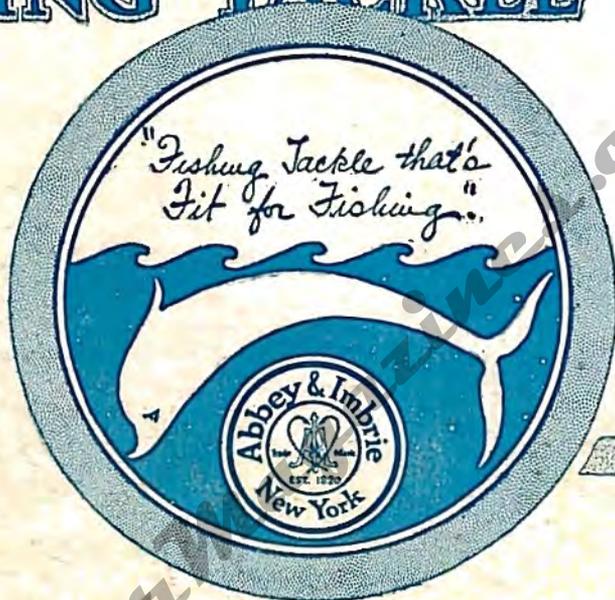
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ARTHUR
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Abbey & Imbrie

FISHING TACKLE

**Spring
Fever—
For
Fishing**



Abbey & Imbrie's FLI-OIL keeps "Dry Flies" dry and helps em float.

Spiral springs in the Imbrie fly book hold each fly separately at full length and taut. \$2.50 to \$9.00.

For more than a quarter century, Abbey & Imbrie's "Lustre Finish" fly line has maintained an unrivalled popularity among critical anglers.

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New Illustrated catalogue—224 pages—sent free to any angler who will give us his tackle dealer's name. Write for catalogue "Desk N."

CHOOSING a trout fly rod is deliberate business. Shall it be a light and resilient rod for long and accurate casts? Then it must have reserve power without stiffness. It must have the strength to withstand the strain of continuous fishing, yet so designed that you will find enjoyment in casting your fly as well as in fighting your fish.

And what about your line?

It must be made, you insist, of highest quality silk—braided hard—carefully waterproofed, with an enamel finish that won't peel off when twisted or kinked.

And your leaders—clearest Spanish silk worm gut, of course; for what's the use of a fine rod, a strong line and a well-tempered hook if your leader parts at the first strike?

Do you merely take what you happen to find?

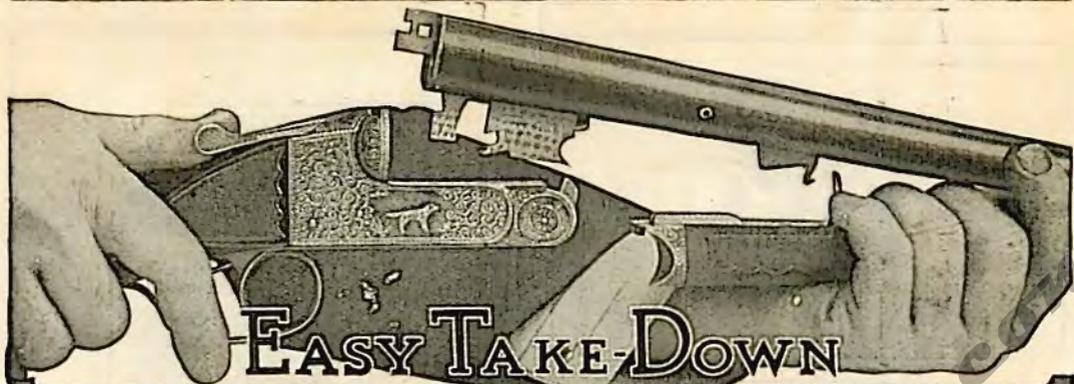
Or do you insist upon having what you know you want?

Whether you are in city, town or camp, scan the dealer's shelves for the Sign of the Leaping Dolphin—on rod or reel, on hook or line. It is the distinguishing mark of quality, of service, of reputation—ever since 1820.

It means Abbey & Imbrie Fishing Tackle that's fit for fishing.



Abbey & Imbrie
Established 1820
18 Vesey St., New York City



¶ You can take an Ithaca apart or put it together regardless of whether gun is cocked or not. ¶ It is not necessary to carry a screw driver to cock gun before putting together. ¶ To take down an Ithaca, pull the fore end off, push top lever to the right to release bolts and lift the barrels from the frame. ¶ Compare the Ithaca Lightning Lock with any other make—if we haven't the simplest lock will make you a present of the gun. ¶ Our lock is not only simple but fast—operates in 1/625 of a second—timed at Cornell University. ¶ We figure that this greased lightning speed will increase your score at least 5 per cent. ¶ We furnish a 4 3/4 lb. 28 bore, a 5 1/4 lb. 20 bore, a 5 3/4 lb. 16 bore, and a 6 1/2 lb. 12 bore. ¶ Beautiful catalog FREE—describes 18 grades guns \$17.75 net to \$400 list.

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BOX B

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BY

W-A-BRUETTE



THIS is the most up-to-date and comprehensive book about Bird Dogs. It enables the novice to do his own training and fully explains the methods employed by the most successful trainers in developing the setter and pointer. The important lessons are illustrated by photographs from life. The entire subject is covered and nothing is left to guesswork.

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PRICE, PAPER, \$1.00; CLOTH, \$1.50

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

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73 Federal Street, Boston



TRADE-MARK

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

Entered at Boston Post Office
as Second Class Mail Matter.

Devoted to **SPORT** with **ROD, DOG,
RIFLE, and GUN**

Published Monthly by **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc.**
75 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

NEWTON NEWKIRK - Editor

Subscription Rates

15 cents a copy; \$1.00 a year. Foreign Postage, 60 cents.
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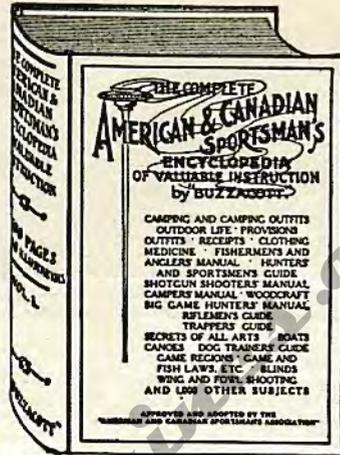
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NOW IN ONE HANDSOME VOLUME

Splendidly bound in Leatherette and Gold. Con-
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☛ **The Most Sensible and Practical Sportsmen's Manual** ever
publish-d. Tells of everything that pertains to camping out and
woodcraft. It treats exhaustively on every topic of interest to
the sportsman. Tells how to pack for an outing; how to build
camp and camp furniture; how to prepare meals; and how to
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☛ **This Remarkably Instructive and Interesting Book** gives
valuable information about guns and rifles; how to select them;
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game; how to train the dog; best time to hunt various species of
game; in fact, how to do everything that hunters are liable to
be called upon to do.

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color design in gold leaf makes a desirable addition to any
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SPECIAL OFFER!

Regular price of this book is	\$1.00
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Total Value . . \$2.10

**ALL YOURS
FOR ONLY \$1.50**

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc.
75 Federal St. Boston, Mass.



HELLO, BROTHER!

Here's a hearty hand-shake and a warm welcome for you at the "Head Camp" fire — want you to meet the best crowd of royal, rippin' good fellows in the world. Come closer — that's the stuff — get right in with the bunch and toast your shins by the blazing birch logs. Match? here's one — start a smudge in that old brier pipe and let's talk it over.

You like to hunt and fish; you like to go camping; then surely you will enjoy the *National Sportsman*. It will lure you away from the monotonous grind of everyday work to the healthful atmosphere of the glorious open; make you forget troubles; put new life in you.

The *National Sportsman* represents for you twelve delightful trips a year — fishing, hunting, and camping. It deals with the things you like best,— field, wood and stream, song of reel, crack of rifle, and the joyous, restful pleasures of true camp life.

You break away from your work for a brief outing each year, but the *National Sportsman* coming to you once a month will keep your heart warm and your red blood sizzling the year round. Now before we break up this little heart-to-heart talk and hit the fir balsam in the tent we just want to say this:— If you haven't done so already, we'd like to have you join our crowd of good fellows who gather round the Camp Fire every month and tell of their experiences with rod, dog, rifle, and gun.

The annual dues are only \$1.00, in return for which you will receive a copy of the *National Sportsman* every month for a whole year — think of it — twelve copies of this magazine, each containing 160 pages or more, nearly 2000 pages in all, of just the kind of stuff you like best, all this for a one-dollar bill. And now before you forget it, sign your name to the attached blank and mail it to-day.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 73 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Here's \$1.00 for my annual dues to the *National Sportsman*. Send the magazine to me for one year.

Name

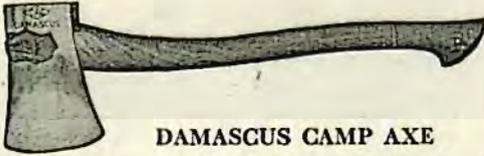
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To Subscribe for the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN. We Will Pay You Liberally for this Work, either in Cash Commissions or Merchandise



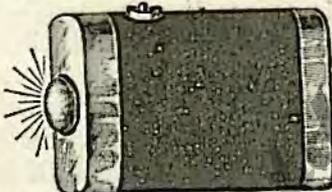
DAMASCUS CAMP AXE

This axe is made of the finest grade of crucible steel, heavy enough to do all kinds of camp work, light enough to carry in the belt. Handles, 16, 18, 20 and 22 inches over all, curved or straight pattern, curve being regular and always sent unless otherwise ordered. All axes fitted with adjustable fastener and come complete in heavy leather sheaths. Each axe has nail puller. Price, **\$2.00 net** complete with sheath, each
 Given as a premium for four new subscriptions.



A reliable compass is indispensable in the woods. The compass illustrated herewith is the strongest made, with heavy brass case. Price, postpaid **\$1.00**

Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.



No. 6609. Vest pocket Flashlight, vulcanized fiber case, 1x2 3/4 x 3 1/2, nickel trimmings. Price **\$1.00** Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.

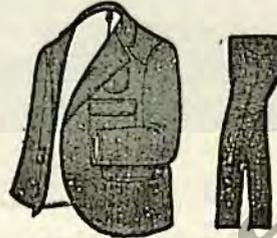


LACED RECOIL PAD

Soft russet tanned leather with inside best corrugated rubber pad, 3/8 inch thick. A sure protection against recoil. In three sizes: Size 2, 5 1/4 inches; size 3, 5 1/2 inches; size 4, 5 3/4 inches. Price **\$1.00**
 Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.



Bull Dog Flashlight, 1 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches. Price, **\$1.50** complete
 Given as a premium for three new subscriptions.



HUNTING COATS

Be sure to give chest measurement when ordering.
 No. 1. Heavy drill, dead grass color coat with five outside pockets, two inside skirt game pockets. **\$1.00**
 Price
 Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.

No. 3. Eight-ounce duck, dead grass color coat with six outside pockets with flaps, entrance to game pockets from front edge. Price **\$1.50**
 Given as a premium for three new subscriptions.

No. 6. Fine eight-ounce duck, dead grass color coat, drill lined, shoulders reinforced, corduroy collar and cuffs, six outside pockets with flaps, full game pockets, entrance to game pockets from front edge of coat. **\$2.00**
 Price
 Given as a premium for four new subscriptions.

No. 05. Standard ten-ounce duck coat, dead grass color, drill lined, corduroy collar and cuffs adjustable, six outside pockets with flaps, three game pockets with entrance from front edge, and back seams, shoulders reinforced, double stitched cut-in pockets. Price **\$2.50**
 Given as a premium for five new subscriptions.

HUNTING PANTS

No. 17. Pants of eight-ounce duck, dead grass color, three patch pockets. Price **\$1.50**
 Given as a premium for three new subscriptions.

No. 18. Eight-ounce army duck pants, dead grass color, cut-in pockets. Price **\$2.00**
 Given as a premium for four new subscriptions.
 Be sure to give waist and inside leg measure when ordering.

SHELL VEST

No. 15. Shell vest made of eight-ounce duck, dead grass color, with loops that will take either 10 or 12 gauge shells. **\$1.00**
 Price
 Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.



Be sure to give chest measurement when ordering.

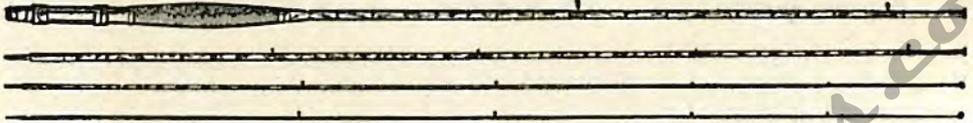
Thousands of Other Valuable Premiums are Described in our New 64-Page PREMIUM LIST, Copy of which Will be Mailed to Any Address on Request.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

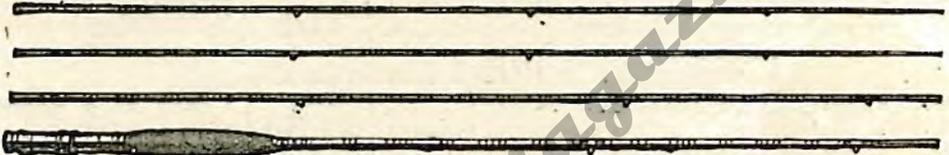
FLY RODS



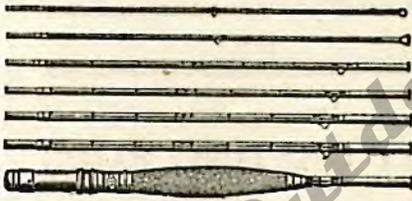
No. F100. Fly Rod of Hexagonal Split Bamboo. With nickel-plated mountings, silk wound, snake guides, veneered cork hand grasp. Three piece and extra tip, length 9½ feet. Put up on wood form with cloth bag. Price \$1.00
 Given as a premium for two new subscriptions to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at \$1.00 each.



No. F250. Fly Rod of Hexagonal Split Bamboo. With full nickel mountings, cork hand grasp, welted waterproof ferrules, snake guides, handsomely wound with silk at close intervals. Three piece and extra tip, put up on cloth-covered form in cloth bag. Made in 9, 9¾, and 10 foot lengths. The finest fly rod ever offered at the price. Price \$2.50
 Given as a premium for five new subscriptions to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at \$1.00 each.



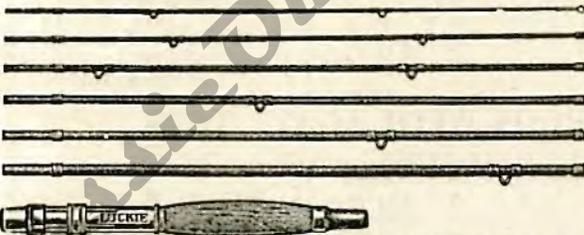
No. F500. Fly Rod of Split Bamboo. With nickel mountings, improved hand-welted ferrules, solid cork hand grasp, snake guides, silk cluster wound in silk at close intervals. A beautifully finished rod, strong and well balanced, put up on velvet-covered form in flannel bag. Lengths 8½, 9, and 9½ feet. Price \$5.00
 Given as a premium for ten new subscriptions to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at \$1.00 each.



No. SPF250. Sunday Pocket Fly Rod. Six piece, extra tip, made from selected bamboo, full nickel mountings, welted ferrules, English snake guides, cork grasp, handsomely whipped in red and black silk. Joints 15 in. long. Complete rod, seven feet in length. Combination tip in fifth joint, making rod six feet long if desired. Put up in partition bag. Price \$2.50

Given as a premium for five new subscriptions to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at \$1.00 each.

LUCKIE STEEL TRUNK FLY ROD

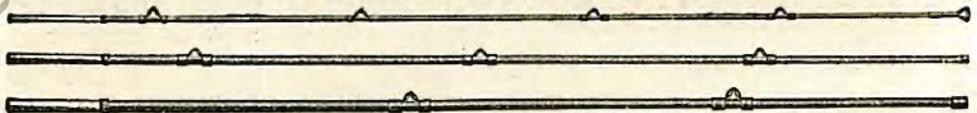


No. 909. Fly Rod. Nine feet in length. The joints are 17¼ in. long. Weight, 8½ oz. It is made with six joints and handle.

These rods have cork-grip handles, nickel mountings, solid reel seat below the hand. They are trimmed with solderless two-ring German silver guides and one-ring top of same material. Finished in dark-brown enamel. Price \$3.25

Given as a premium for six new subscriptions and 25 cents extra.

LUCKIE STEEL BAIT RODS



No. 310. Ten feet long. Price \$1.50

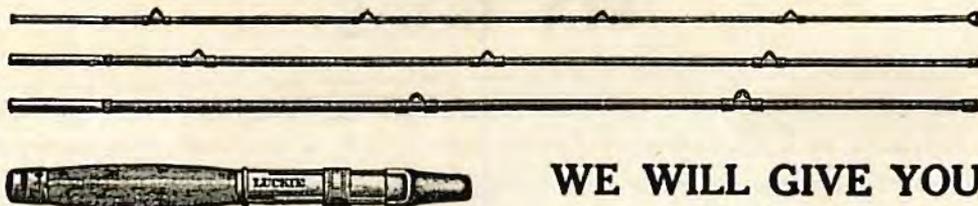
No. 308½. 8¾ feet long. Price 1.50

Given as a premium for three new subscriptions.



All bait rods have cork-grip handles, nickel mountings, solid reel seat above the hand, brown enamel finish, and put up in good quality cloth cases. A detachable finger hook can be furnished with any of the bait-casting rods without extra charge, when so ordered. A locking reel band will be furnished with any of these rods when so ordered, without extra charge. Luckie rods are not guaranteed.

PLEASE MENTION NATIONAL SPORTSMAN WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS



WE WILL GIVE YOU A STEEL ROD LIKE THIS

In return for a little effort on your part. Ask three of your friends to subscribe for the *National Sportsman*, collect \$1.00 from each, send us the names and money and we will ship you by return mail, postage prepaid, your choice of any one of the following \$1.50 genuine LUCKIE STEEL RODS made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn.

These rods have cork grip handles, nickel mountings, solid reel seat, and are finished in dark brown enamel and put up in good quality cloth cases.

LUCKIE BAIT RODS (with reel seat above handle)

No. 306.	6 feet long; length of joints, 22 inches; weight, 7½ ounces.	Price { Your choice as a premium for 3 new subscriptions. (Order by number.) \$1.50 each
No. 307.	7 feet long; length of joints, 26 inches; weight, 8 ounces.	
No. 308.	8 feet long; length of joints, 30 inches; weight, 8½ ounces.	
No. 308½.	8½ feet long; length of joints, 32 inches; weight, 8¾ ounces.	
No. 310.	10 feet long; length of joints, 38 inches; weight, 9¼ ounces.	

LUCKIE FLY RODS (with reel seat below handle)

No. 808.	8 feet long; length of joints, 30 inches; weight, 8 ounces.	Price { Given as a premium for 3 new subscriptions. \$1.50 each
No. 809.	9 feet long; length of joints, 34 inches; weight, 8¼ ounces.	
No. 810.	10 feet long; length of joints, 36 inches; weight, 8¾ ounces.	



BAIT CASTING RODS

These rods are trimmed with three polished German silver casting guides and polished German silver stirrup top.

No. 405.	5 feet long; length of joints, 18 inches; weight, 7 ounces.	Price { Your choice of any one of these rods as a premium for 4 new subscriptions. \$2.00 each
No. 405½.	5½ feet long; length of joints, 20 inches; weight, 7¼ ounces.	
No. 406.	6 feet long; length of joints, 22 inches; weight, 7½ ounces.	
No. 406½.	6½ feet long; length of joints, 24 inches; weight, 7¾ ounces.	

LUCKIE CASTING RODS WITH AGATE TOPS

These rods are trimmed with three polished German silver casting guides and agate casting top, German silver mounted.

No. 504½.	4½ feet long; length of joints, 16 inches; weight, 6¾ ounces.	Choice { Given as a premium for 5 new subscriptions. \$2.50 each
No. 505.	5 feet long; length of joints, 18 inches; weight, 7 ounces.	
No. 505½.	5½ feet long; length of joints, 20 inches; weight, 7¼ ounces.	
No. 506.	6 feet long; length of joints, 22 inches; weight, 7½ ounces.	

LUCKIE STEEL CASTING RODS with agate 1st guide and agate top

These rods are trimmed with large agate first guide, two polished German silver casting guides and agate casting top, German silver mounted.

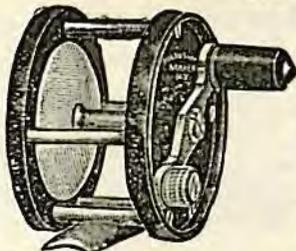
No. 604½.	4½ feet long; length of joints, 16 inches; weight, 6¾ ounces.	Choice { Given as a premium for 6 new subscriptions. \$3.00 each
No. 605.	5 feet long; length of joints, 18 inches; weight, 7 ounces.	
No. 605½.	5½ feet long; length of joints, 20 inches; weight, 7¼ ounces.	
No. 606.	6 feet long; length of joints, 22 inches; weight, 7½ ounces.	
No. 606¼.	6¼ feet long; length of joints, 24 inches; weight, 7¾ ounces.	
No. 606½.	6½ feet long; length of joints, 26 inches; weight, 8 ounces.	

SEND ALL ORDERS TO SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE 73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

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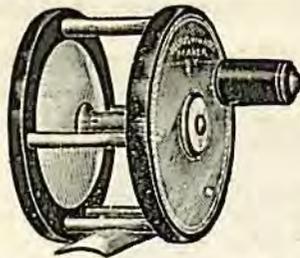
REELS FOR FLY FISHING



SINGLE ACTION REELS FOR FLY FISHING.

Vom Hofe's Fine Rubber and Nickel Plated Single Action Reel, with rubber safety band, balance handle, and back sliding click. Steel spring and ratchet, making either a free running or click reel.

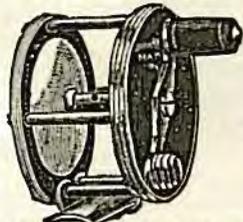
- No. 075. 40 yds. Price \$1.00 each
 Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.
 No. 074. 60 yds. Price \$1.10 each
 Given as a premium for two new subscriptions and 10 cents extra. Postage on above reels 6 cts. extra.



Vom Hofe's Fine Rubber and Nickel Plated Single Action Click Reel, screw off metal revolving plate, steel spring and ratchet.

- No. 104. 60 yds. Each \$1.25 net
 Given as a premium for two new subscriptions and 25 cents extra.
 No. 103 1/2. 80 yds. Each \$1.50 net.

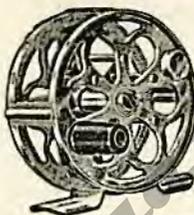
Given as a premium for three new subscriptions. Postage on above reels 6 cents extra.



Vom Hofe's Fine Rubber and Nickel Plated Single Action Reel, with metal safety bands, balance handle, and back sliding click. Steel spring and ratchet, making either a free running or click reel.

- No. 95. 40 yds. Price \$1.20 each
 By mail 6 cents extra.

Given as a premium for two new subscriptions and 20 cents extra.
 No. 94. 60 yds. Price \$1.25 each
 Given as a premium for two new subscriptions and 25 cents extra.



No. 19. 40 yds., 2 1/2 in. diameter, 1/4 in. wide, with improved sliding click and patented guard. Each \$1.40 net.

Given as a premium for three new subscriptions.

No. 17. Same as No. 19, but 100 yds., 3 in. diameter, and 1 in. wide. Each \$1.75 net

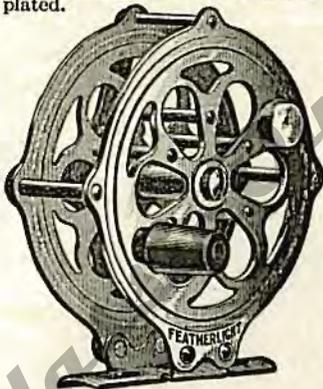
Given as a premium for three new subscriptions and 25 cents extra.

No. 22. For Lake Trolling or Salt Water Fishing. 200 yds., 3 in. diameter, 1 1/2 in. wide, with back sliding click, patented guard steel spindle, and detachable thumb drag, removable spool. Each \$2.50 net

Given as a premium for five new subscriptions.

"FEATHERLIGHT" REELS

Nos. 250 and 260 "Featherlight" Reels are the Lightest, Strongest, and Cheapest Reels Made. Frame and reel seat of one piece; no screws to jar loose and become lost. Removable spool. Back sliding double pointed steel click and steel spindle. Full nickel plated.



No. 250. Size 40 yds., 1 3/4 x 3/4 in. spool, weight 2 1/2 oz.

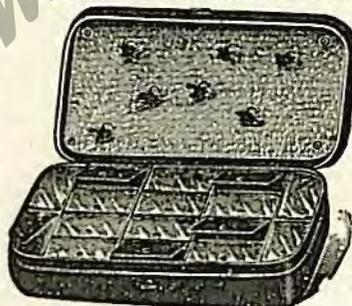
Price, each \$0.75 net. Postage, 5 cts. extra.

Given as a premium for one new subscription and 25 cts. extra.

No. 260. Size 60 yds., 2 1/4 x 3/4 in. spool, weight 3 1/4 oz.

Price, each \$1.00 net. Postage, 6 cts. extra.

Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.



No. J. Size 4 1/4 x 3 3/4 x 1/4 in. has twelve compartments, each of which has a hinged cover, eight of the covers being transparent; the entire box of aluminum.

Price \$3.00 each
 Given as a premium for six new subscriptions.

No. K. Same as No. J. Size 6 x 3 3/4 x 1 in., has sixteen compartments, all with hinged covers, twelve of which are transparent; entire box of aluminum. Price \$4.00 each

Given as a premium for eight new subscriptions.

"WILSON" TACKLE BOXES

Wilson boxes are recognized as the standard of quality.

No. 01 Pocket Tackle Box, 7x4x1 1/2 inches; has center leaf projecting slightly beyond the two halves, so that when box is opened this leaf is caught and raised with the half uppermost, retaining the tackle in that leaf in its place. Has

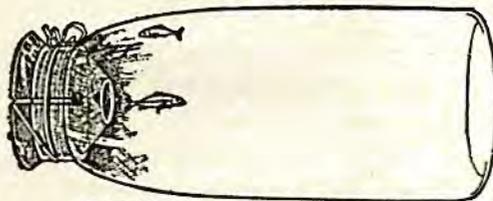


No. 01 Wilson

row of corks for hooks. Price \$1.00 each

Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.

BRIGGS' LEAD-IN



Briggs' Lead-in Attached to Mason Jar

With Briggs' Lead-in you can make your own minnow trap by attaching to a Mason fruit jar or large bottle.

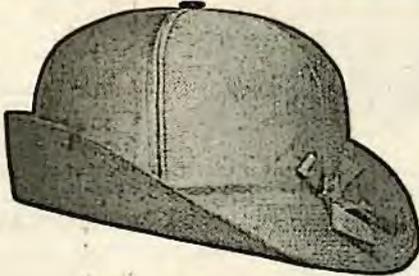
Can be carried in your pocket or tackle box. Made of transparent glass. Weighs but 3/4 oz.

Price, postpaid, \$0.50.

Given as a premium for two new subscriptions.

PLEASE MENTION NATIONAL SPORTSMAN WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS

Will You Swap Some of Your Spare Time For Any of the Articles Described on this Page



**"JONES WATERPROOF
HUNTING CAP"**

Made of Red Flannel or Olive Green Khaki, also Grass-colored Corduroy; has rubberized lining, which makes it absolutely waterproof. Cap has fur inside band, to be pulled down over ears in cold weather. Outside rim also can be turned down, preventing water or snow running down back of neck. This is the best and most practical hunting cap ever made. Mention size when ordering. Price, \$1.25. Given as a premium for two new subscriptions and 25 cents extra.

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Here's a pipe, brother, that you will like. The stem swings over the bowl, completely covering it, which reduces the length of the pipe to 2 1/4 inches, making it possible to carry it in the vest pocket. Although small and compact, it holds as much tobacco as the ordinary pipe, draws freely, and has a good balance in the mouth. A perforated metal cover, or spark shield, prevents ashes or sparks from spilling out of the pipe and burning holes in your clothes or setting fires. For this reason alone it is invaluable to the hunter, fisherman, automobilist, golfer or any one else who uses a pipe indoors or out.

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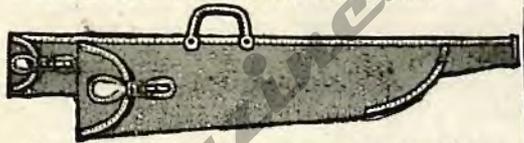
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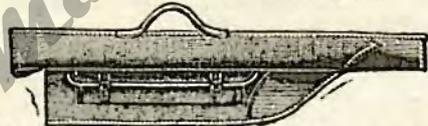
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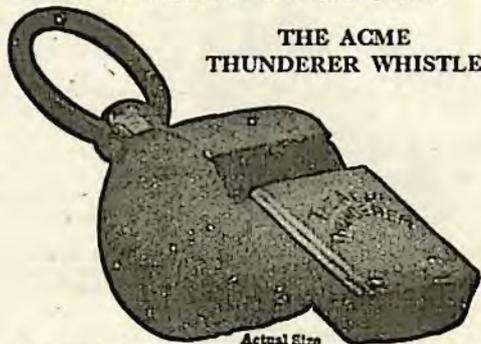
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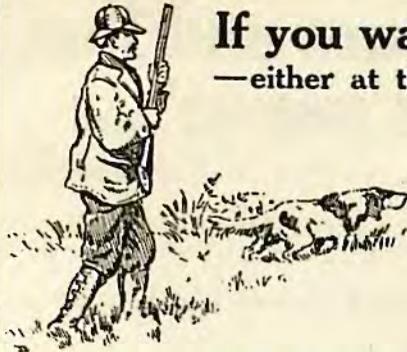
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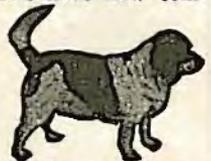


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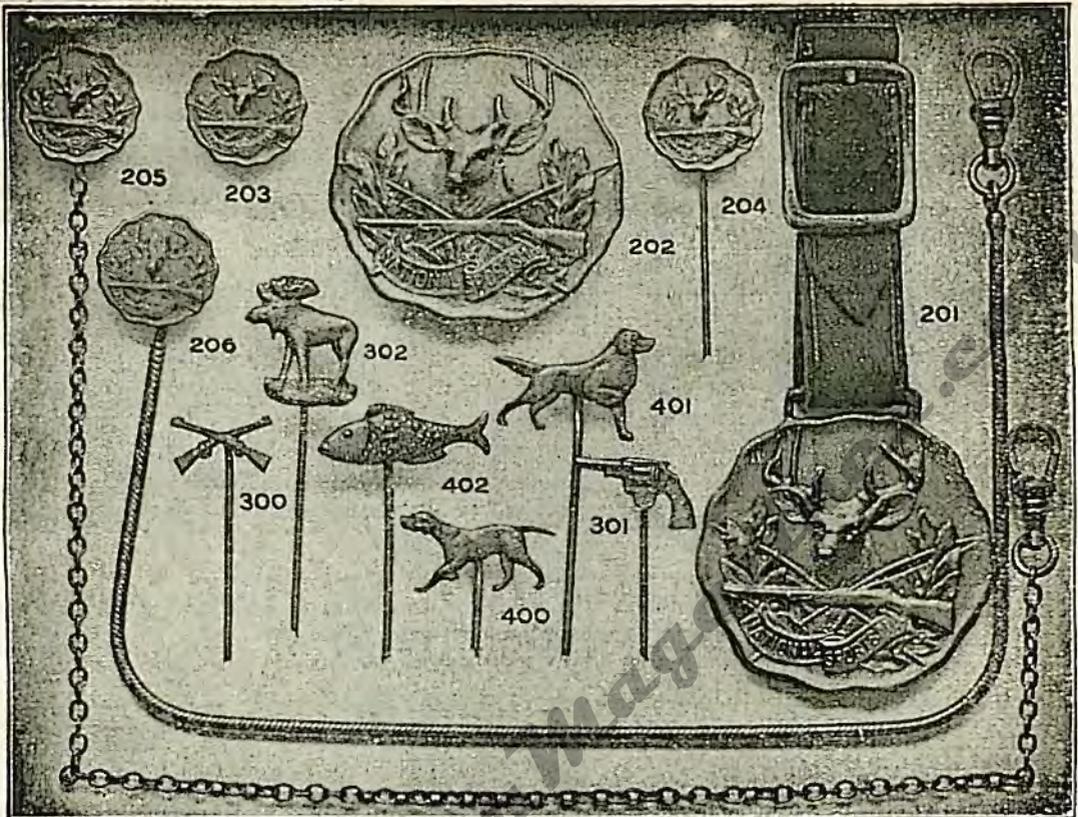


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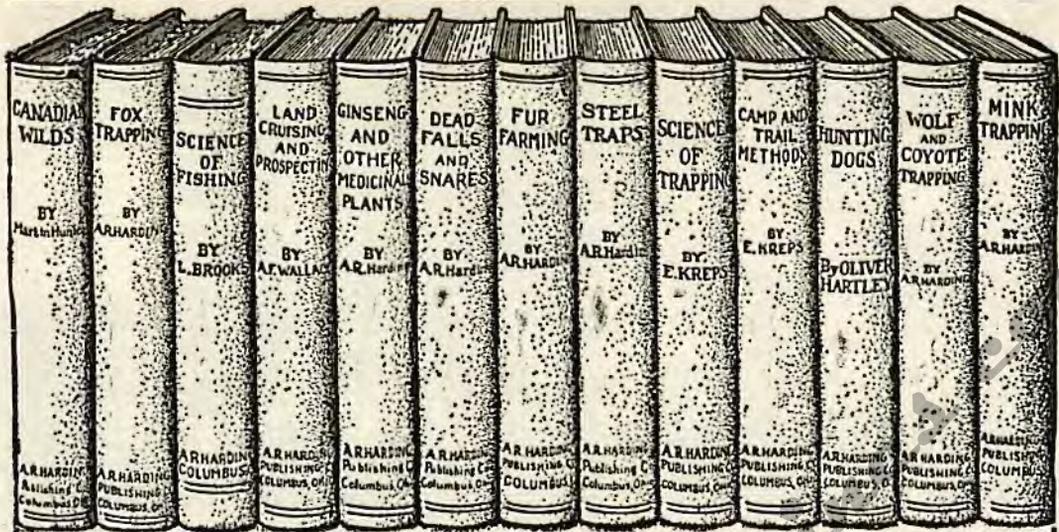
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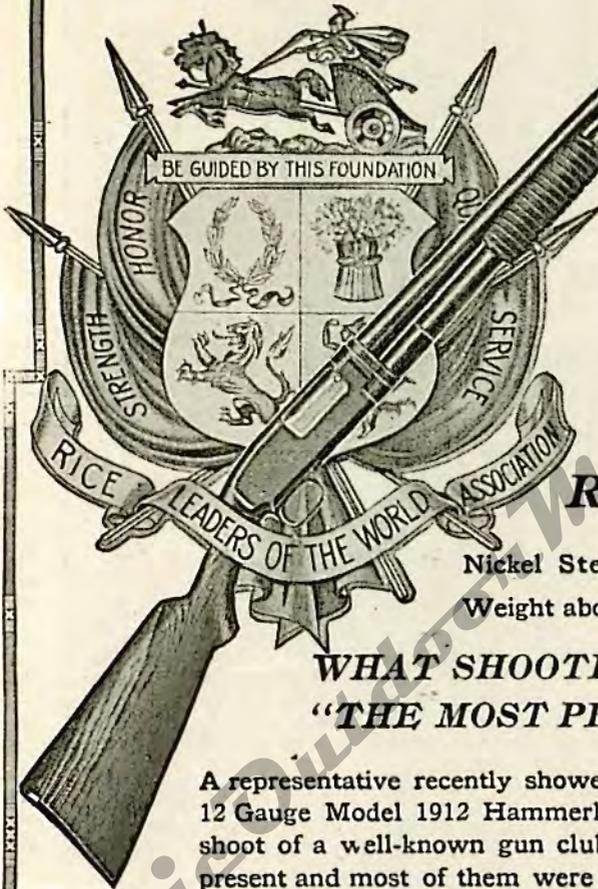
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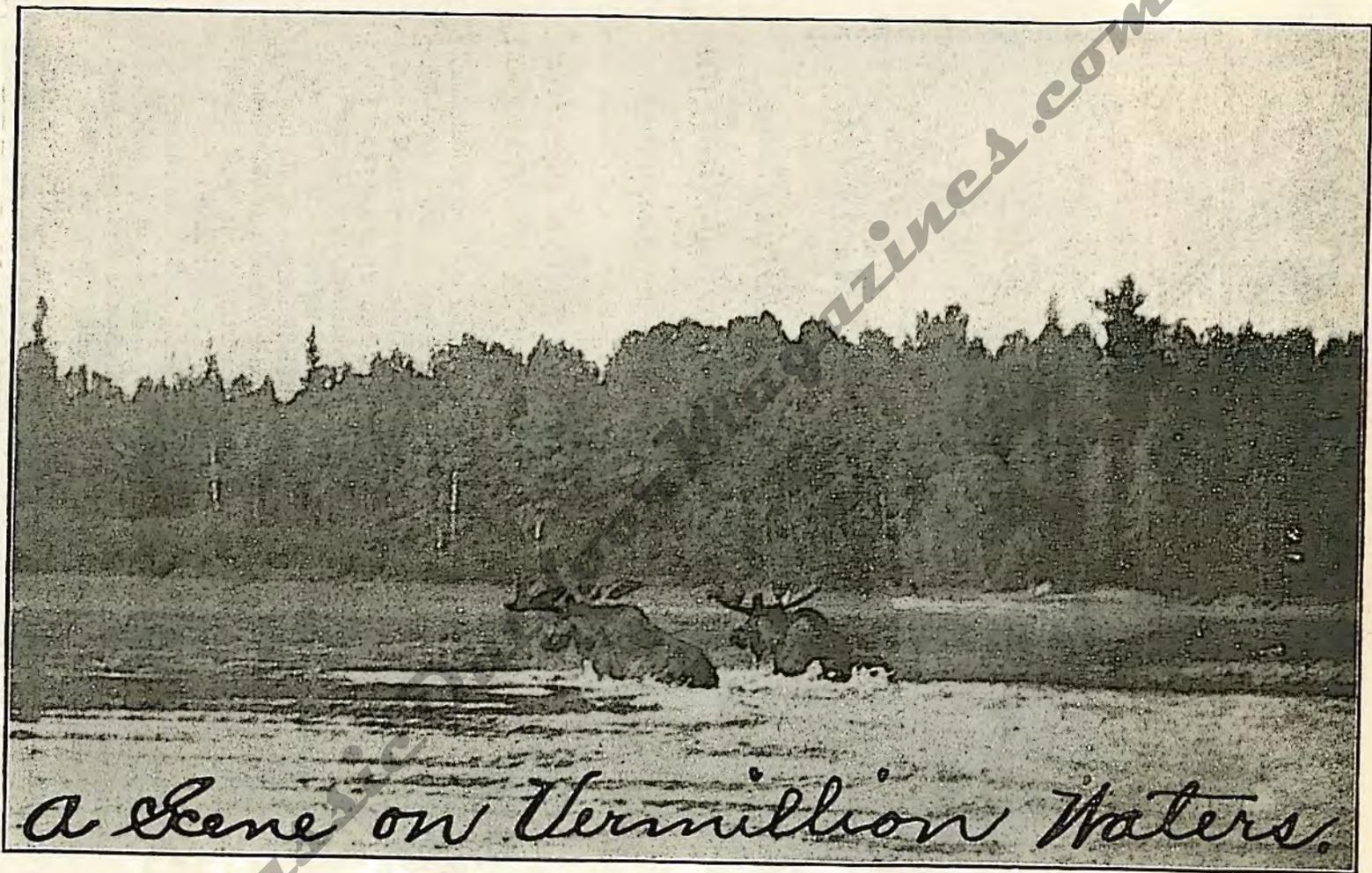
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A TRIP *to* MINNESOTA'S MOOSE LAND

By GEORGE R. KING

DULUTH, MINN.

AS I am a reader of the *National Sportsman* I think it is no more than right that I should contribute one of my experiences in the northern woods, so I am going to tell you the story of my first bull moose.

In the fall of 1898 I was camping with a small hunting party near a lake known as Dewey Lake, in the northern part of the State of Minnesota. That part of the State at that time abounded in game, such as red deer, partridge, foxes, wolves, lynx, and bobcats, some moose, an occasional caribou, and thousands of rabbits.

As I remember, we had a rather warm fall that year. There was no snow and the ground hadn't frozen. I hadn't had any luck at getting a shot at any large game owing to the fact that I was a stranger in that part of the country and was young in experience, being only twenty at the time. I was raised in Wisconsin and had never killed anything larger than a deer.

I had a .30-30 Marlin rifle and was using hard-nosed bullets. High-powered guns were new on the market at the time and I hadn't learned the difference between hard-

and soft-nosed bullets as regards tearing qualities.

I left camp before daylight on a hazy morning. We camped on the west end of the lake. I skirted the lake on the north side, making around towards the east end. I had not seen any game. About 9 o'clock I struck an old logging road running east from the east end of the lake. I was traveling through open Norway timber which had been burned through the spring before. When I struck the logging road I noticed the tracks of three moose in the road. I could see the impression of their feet in the soft earth very plainly. They were traveling in the direction of the lake and I was going away from the lake. Of course I looked at the tracks and thought of what a fine time I would have had if I could have been handy when they sauntered along. From the tracks I judged one to be an enormous bull; the others I judged to be a cow and her calf. Following them without snow was out of the question, so I kept on in the direction in which I was going. A belt of heavy mixed green timber grew east of the lake. The logging road ran through it. Along the edges of it

was a good place to catch deer feeding in the morning; that was where I was making for. I hadn't gone far and was still looking at the moose tracks instead of looking at the country ahead of me when my attention was attracted by a commotion in a little marsh at the edge of the green timber and a little to the right of the road upon which I was traveling. Before I could fully comprehend there were six white tails bobbing down the logging road through the green timber ahead of me, which I made out to be those of two does and four fawns. The animals had been feeding in a little marsh and had probably been watching me for some time. If I hadn't been so intent on looking at the moose tracks I would have seen them before they started. As it was they got under good headway before I got in action with my gun. At that time I was not a very good running shot, and for that matter I am not now, but nevertheless I began to pepper away. I don't remember just how many shots I fired, but anyhow I didn't seem to stop the flight of any of the deer. The deer followed the road a short distance and then went into the woods, some on one side and some on the other. I didn't think they would go very far, seeing they were separated, some of the fawns from their mothers, so I slipped on down the road, expecting to get a shot at one of them standing, and to my great surprise I found one lying dead in the road. It was only a fawn, but a nice big one, and the surprise was an agreeable one to me. I looked around a bit, but was unable to locate any of the rest of the bunch, so I took the entrails out of the one I had found, threw the carcass over my shoulder and started for camp. I figured on following the logging

road to the end of the lake and then following the south side of the lake home. When I was within about forty rods of the lake I had to climb over a big windfall which had blown across the road. I had just got astride the windfall when the tail of my eye caught something that was moving in a patch of brush about twenty rods to my right. I turned my head and looked and to my great surprise there was a large set of moose horns and a portion of a moose head apparently watching me over the brush. I let the fawn slip off from my shoulder to the windfall, raised my rifle and tried to take aim at a dark spot where the horns seemed to come together, as I could not see any of the animal's body. But alas! I couldn't have held that rifle on an elephant. I couldn't get my front and rear sights to line up for a fraction of a second. My heart was pounding so I thought it would choke me. The blood rushed to my head and I felt as though I was about to have the "blind staggers." Dear reader, have you ever experienced a similar feeling? If you are a hunter of big game I believe you have. It is just that feeling that makes us go through the hardships we do in order to get a shot at something in the big woods. Without that feeling it would be no pleasure to kill. Of course it acts differently on some of us from what it does on others, but to this day I get that same feeling, only milder, even when I hook a trout and feel that he is a big one. And I was raised in the woods, and have been in the woods nearly all my life. Well, back to my story. When I couldn't hold my gun steady I realized that there was no use in shooting, so I lowered my gun and took my eyes from the moose horns, looked at the ground, and started

to bite one of my fingers, which was a way I had at that time of trying to quiet my nerves. I felt all right in a very few seconds, but when I looked for my moose horns, to my great surprise they were gone. I looked and listened, but could see or hear nothing. I had never hunted moose and didn't know what move to make. My first thought was to run around to the opposite side of the small patch of brush, thinking that the moose would come out on the opposite side and I would be able to get a shot at him in the open Norway. After listening a minute and hearing nothing of him I started to carry out my first plan, but I had gone only a short distance when I happened to think that the wind was blowing strong from the brush to me and that if I went around the brush I might get there ahead of the moose and he would be sure to "wind" me. So I stopped and reconsidered. I came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do would be to enter the brush at the point where I had last seen him and try to pick up his tracks and follow him out. I felt quite sure that he was just sneaking along, as I had not heard a sound, and I knew that if he went any faster than a walk he would have to make a good deal of noise. So with this idea in mind I started for the place where I had last seen him. When I had got about half way I came to the top of a big tree which had been blown down by the wind. I stepped on this and walked up it until I came to the root, which gave me an elevation of about eight feet above the ground. I stopped there, looked into the brush and listened, and I noticed something move near where I had seen the moose, but close to the ground. It was of a yellowish color, as had been the moose horns

I had seen. I watched closely but didn't see anything more of it, and I came to the conclusion that it was a dry fern the wind had caught and blown over just enough to attract my attention. I stayed on the tree for a moment or so, then jumped down and started over for the brush. I felt thoroughly disgusted with myself, thinking that I had fooled away such a good opportunity as I had had to kill a bull moose. With these thoughts running through my mind I walked on to the edge of the brush. When I got there I found two dead balsams lying directly in front of me. Where the tops came together and crossed they were about three feet from the ground. With my rifle in my right hand I gave a little springing jump, intending to alight on the balsams and then jump over to the other side, but the balsams were in such a state of decay that they would not withstand my weight and to my surprise when I struck them I went right through to the ground. I didn't have time to make any further move, for as I crashed through the balsams my old lost moose rose out of his bed and stood with distorted eyes and bristles raised not over eight feet from me. I was so taken by surprise that I lost my head. I pointed my gun at his face and shot without putting it to my shoulder or taking aim, thinking every second that with one jump he would be on me and I was powerless to move out of my tracks. At the report of the gun he merely shook his head and looked wilder. At least I thought he did. The cow and the calf whose tracks I had seen earlier in the morning were lying about thirty feet behind him and in front of me. As I was in the act of pumping a fresh load into my gun they got on their feet and started to run and you can believe

me, they didn't try to keep from making noise. They didn't attract my attention from the bull, for I was looking that way anyhow. But the old fellow must have forgotten about their being there or else he felt ashamed of the awful noise they were making. Anyhow as he turned his head to take a look in their direction I got the lever shut on my gun and I didn't wait for any orders. I just pointed at the side of his neck and fired again and down the old fellow came, but he righted himself immediately and got to his knees, and the bellows that he let out of him would crush a jackass's soul with envy. By that time I had regained the power to use my legs and feet, and the way I scrambled out of that brush pile and made for a big pine tree was nothing slow. I stopped behind the pine for a second or two and then made another dash for a big rock. I got up on the rock and from there I could see the old fellow. He was trying to get to his feet, bel- lowing almost continuously. I waited until I got my breath and then I took deliberate aim and broke his neck. When the old fellow straight- ened out and lay quiet I got down from my perch and went up to him. When I skinned him I found that the first ball that I fired at him had entered on the right side of his nose, which was on a straight line with his body at the time I shot. The ball followed the hide the full length of his body, cutting into the flesh slightly in places, and came out through the hide on the hind quarters, doing no further damage than to give him a good burning. I have killed several moose since this incident occurred, but this was far the largest moose that I ever killed. But I have killed them with larger antlers. This old fellow's antlers are in the

home of my sister (Mrs. E. M. Koh- ler, Portage, Wis.). I have killed many moose, but this is the only exciting experience I had in getting one, and the reader can take it from me that there is more pleasure in shooting a moose at fifty yards' range than at three.

Oh, I long to be in the big north woods,
Far from city's turmoils away
Where the old gray wolf calls to his mate
As they make ready to chase the prey;
Where the timid red deer flees in fear
And the big bull moose holds sway.

I notice in the January number that Mr. George Frederickson of Tower Minn., has written a short article on Tower and the immediate vicinity in regard to hunting and fishing in that part of the State. The lake that he spoke of is known as Lake Vermillion, and I must say that of the ten thousand lakes in the State of Minnesota Lake Ver- million is, in my opinion, the most beautiful; it is fairly alive with fish, and is a beautiful place for summer homes, there being 365 green is- lands in the lake, and the timber on the shores has been pretty well preserved. As Mr. Frederickson says, you can see both deer and moose along the lake quite fre- quently in the summer time. Any- body wishing to go to Lake Vermillion will come to Duluth and from there go to Tower via the Duluth & Iron Range Railway. At Tower will be found all convenient accommodations in the shape of hotel, cottages to rent, canoes, launches (steam or gasoline).

Starting from Tower on Lake Ver- million one can take canoe trips up to two hundred miles in length through beautiful national and inter- national lakes and streams whose waters team with fish and aquatic fowl, and the woods abound in game, both big and small. I would be glad to give any brother any information he might ask of me in regard to this part of the country.

THE RISE OF THE ROOSTER'S TAIL OR THE SILVER WHALE OF BIG POOL

By NEWTON NEWKIRK

FOR three years, off and on (mostly on), Oscar had been pestering me to go with him as a side-partner on a fishing fest up to Grand Lake Stream. And for three years I had been putting him off and stalling along and balking in the shafts.

Oscar had been trekking down Grand Lake Stream way after salmon for more years than he could remember, and he was crazy about the fishing in that neck of woods. I told myself that if only thirty per cent of the fishing stories he told me of what he had done with a fly to the silver-scaled acrobats in Grand Lake Stream was true it must be the best fishing water that ever gurgled over gravel. But was thirty per cent of the goods Oscar was delivering to me TRUE? That was the question. No reflection on Oscar, but I was sceptical.

You know, yourself, if you are a fisherman, what self-control it requires for a man who follows closely in the foot-fee tracks of Ike Walton to stick tight to the "straight and unvarnished" when he gets to gabbing about fish he has caught. And I know, myself, how hard it is. Many is the time, when I've been on the witness stand testifying to the length and weight of a fish I landed, I've held one hand on my heart and a club in the other one to keep Ananias from whispering in my ear, "Add on a foot in length and five pounds in weight, Newt; all fishermen do it."

So naturally I discounted what Oscar told me about Grand Lake Stream about three-fourths. What he told me didn't seem reasonable.

I don't blame a brother fisherman for loading his scales occasionally and using a yard-stick fourty-two inches long now and then, but of course there's a limit with me. But there was no limit with Oscar. He went too dog-goned far. Oscar taxed my poor credulity to its utmost and then he went and busted it, showing how little he cares for my credulity, or anybody else's for that matter.

It wasn't so much about the size of the salmon in Grand Lake Stream



The name of the gentleman sitting at the right of the table with his pipe in his hand is Ananias

that Oscar bragged, but rather of the number of them he had taken with a fly day by day, and their fighting qualities.

I remember telling Oscar about the struggle I had had with a Rangeley-Lake-region high-jumping, silver-scaled beaut. I related with great earnestness how that salmon had broken water thirteen times in the first ten minutes after he felt the barb. Without batting an eyelash or blushing I told Oscar how that salmon had vaulted out of the water on one side of the canoe, and had turned two somersaults in mid-air before diving into the lake on the other side.

Then after I finished with a grand flourish about how I had bamboozled that fish into the net with my four-ounce bamboo and leaned back as one who should say, "There, now, beat that if you dare!"—I say after all that Oscar calmly told me of a battle he fought with a salmon, while standing up to his armpits in Grand Lake Stream, that made my salmon look like a pond sucker by comparison. That kind of thing makes me peevish. It reflects on my reputation as a fish-story teller and I don't like it.

Well, in the end Oscar got me to promise, and an early day in June



No scenery in this picture because we were going so fast it was invisible

following found us and our duffel on the station platform at Princeton, where the train stops for the very good reason that Princeton is the end of the line. Grand Lake Stream, however, was twelve or fourteen miles farther on. Oscar and I held a council of war and decided we would charter a gasoline chug-chariot to transport us to the fishing grounds. I won't dwell on that trip in the auto. As a matter of fact, neither of us traveled very much in the auto. I was sitting in the air above it most of the time. Frequently I sat in Oscar's lap for a while; then he'd sit in my lap. Part of the time that auto. ran on two wheels and part of the time on four. I asked the chauffeur for the love of Mike not to go so fast. He

said, "Don't talk to me while I'm driving—it makes me nervous."

A few minutes later I leaned over and whispered in the chauffeur's ear, "Excuse me, old scout; I hate like everything to bother you and I wouldn't make you nervous for anything, but I feel I ought to tell you that Oscar hasn't been with us for the last three miles!"

Then we slowed down, turned around, and went back after Oscar. He was still sitting in the middle of the road and hadn't yet stopped bouncing.

It was dusk when we whizzed into Billy Rose's Camps on Grand Lake Stream, and what we did to four suppers for two hungry men amounted to total annihilation. There was nothing left on the table except the dishes, and they had the enamel gnawed off them in spots.

We were assigned to one of the near-by camp cabins, where we talked the prospects over with our guides while we strung up our little split bambooles. Billy Rose's Camps nestle on the green slope beside the stream at its head and just below the dam. Above the dam Grand Lake spreads its broad bosom over an extensive area. Grand Lake Stream is perhaps three miles long and empties into Big Lake, whose level is considerably below Grand Lake. As a result the stream is for the most part quick water. In other words, it runs down-grade and there are no stop-overs. It is a succession of white water rips and deep swirling pools where the water appears to pause a moment for breath before shooting the chutes into the next pool below. Grand Lake Stream is really a young river that is in a great hurry.

It was about 10 p. m. when Oscar and I "hit the hay" and were lullabyed to sleep by the song of

the stream in our ears. Next morning by the time we had stowed away our eggs, bacon, buns, and coffee the sun was just hitting the high places. Then, accompanied by our guides, we trekked downstream.

Oscar stopped at what is known as the "tannery" (the ruins of an ancient tanning factory on the bank of the stream within sight of the camp) while Billy, my guide, and I jogged along to fish the rips and pools below. Just a word about how the fly-casting game is played with the best success on this beautiful stretch of rushing, crystal water.

You cast at right angles to the running water, or when the water is very swift, at a point a little above you. Soon as your fly kisses the water the current carries it swiftly downstream; then when it begins to swing toward the bank you are on you give the fly the twitch-movement as you strip in the length of your cast. Oscar told me if I carefully followed these directions and there was a salmon in the water through which my fly passed, it would burn its fins off trying to get to the feathers.

But on the level, you'd think a salmon wouldn't be interested any whatever in a fly in that current. In the first place, the water in many places runs white; it is lashed to soapsuds as it sluices down the chutes, and you wouldn't think a salmon could see even a noisy Red Ibis in that froth. In the second place, you'd think that a salmon would have all it wanted to do to hold its head upstream and hold the ground it had gained without looking for more trouble on the end of a line. "Gee-whizz," says I to Billy when we came to the first full set of rips. "These black-spotted beaubs must have to dig their toenails into the gravel some

to make any headway up this stream!"

Then Billy led me by a detour and we came out suddenly on Big Pool. Believe me, Big Pool is some pool. It is a cauldron of swiftly swirling water perhaps fifty feet across and eight or more feet deep. The bottom can be made out dimly through a blur. For some distance above it the rips run white, then the water slides into Big Pool, and hesitates while it does the merry-go-round. Complete the setting with ancient, time-scarred boulders squatting in the shadow of noble overhanging firs and—you have Big Pool. It is a spot to make the angler stand in speechless ecstasy.

"Now," says Billy, "stand on the edge of that rock and lace your fly straight across just below that big boulder on the other side and I think you'll snake one out. This is one of the prize pools on the river."

If a "doc" had stepped up just then and taken my pulse I guess it would have been above normal. I'll confess that the very prospect of an old he-salmon bounding out of that broil and muttonging onto



This fancy cast which I have made is known among professional fly-casters as the right-angle-triangle

my fly filled me with subdued enthusiasm.

I fed out my line into the fresh air, weaving it gracefully back and forth without touching the water until I was skillfully manipulating about fifty feet. Then I threw out

my chest a trifle and glanced over my shoulder to see if Billy was looking at me in open-mouthed admiration. Just then I felt a poignant pain in the slack of my trousers that nearly caused me to jump into the river! As Billy cut the fly out of my vitals with his penknife, says I to him, "William, what, if anything, pray, are you giggling at?" "I am laffin'," says Bill, "at a joke I read in a comic paper last fall. Say, Newt, it ain't necessary to cast more'n a quarter of a mile of line to ketch fish when you're fishin' in this stream—more'n a quarter of a mile of silk is sooperfloodus!"

When I had got unsnarled from the loops I got busy again getting the line out over the stream. When I figured I was switching silk sufficient I laid the fly on the water just below the big bowlder.

As the fly landed and was snatched downstream my eye did not follow it—my eye was riveted two feet or more under water just below that bowlder.

It was at that instant I saw him!

Headed into the current and fanning the water rhythmically with his fins and tail lay an old sockdolager



When I saw that big silver whale just below the bowlder it nearly took my breath away

of a salmon that would weigh five pounds or I'll eat 'im alive,—lights, liver and all!

"Holy Moses!" gasps I.

"What's the matter?" says Billy, stepping up beside me.

"S-h-h!" shushes I; "don't talk so loud! Look at that old silver whale dozin' just below the bowlder!" and I pointed with my finger. Billy rubbered a minute; then says he: "Say, he's an old gosh-wollopper! What you got on?"

"Mr. Jock Scott," says I.

"Did he come for it?" says Billy.

"Naw," says I; "never batted an eyelash and it struck right above him."

"Lemme have your fly-book," says Billy, and I handed it over to him.

He bent on a "Silver Doc.," which I laid right over the old fellow's nose, but he never even rolled his eyes at it. Then we tried in turn Black Dose, Butcher, and Silver Grey; but there was nothing didding. We bent on everything in the book from Brown Hackle to the Humming Bird's Moustache, but that contemptible old cuss of a silver son-of-a-gun turned up his nose at everything on the menu. We went through the fly-book from the first chapter to the last—from grave to gay—from No. 4's to measly little No. 14 midgets—from the sublime to the ridiculous; but with the same result from first to last. That salmon simply held his base in the current and laughed up his sleeve at us.

Then Oscar loomed up on the horizon. I had laid down my rod in despair and was smoking myself black in the face. Oscar had two salmon in his creel, a two-pounder and another twice as heavy.

"Caught any, Newt?" says he.

"Not so you could notice it with the naked eye," snarls I.

"Ha, ha! That's funny," says Oscar.

"Yes," says I, "it's simply ridiculous, ain't it?"

"I can't understand why you haven't got any fish," says Oscar;

"why we put back four. Have you had a rise?"

I nearly shook my head off.

"Not even a rise!" jeers Oscar. "Say, you must be using the wrong flies. You put the right fly over a fish in this stream and he's yours; that's all. Course you have to know how to manipulate it. I'll admit there's a good deal in that."

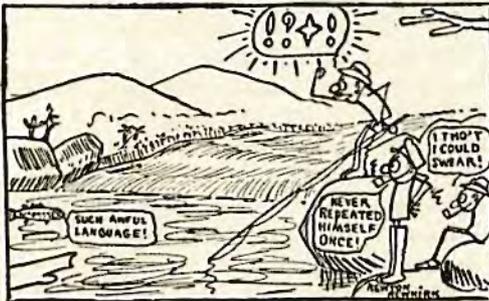
"All right," says I, pointing; "do you see that salmon lying over

expected to see it sneak back downstream with its tail between its legs; but it didn't.

We ate our lunch there beside the pool. Oscar would sort of cool down by spells; then when his eyes wandered across the pool and landed on that big fish in the shadow of the bowlder he would burst forth again and do the best he could, but no gentleman can do a good job at cussing when his mouth is full of ham sandwich or hard-boiled egg.

After we had eaten Oscar hip-booted it on down stream while Billy and I stuck to Big Pool. We lounged on the grassy slope in the shade of a fatherly old hemlock smoking our pipes of peace and harkening to the music of the water as it danced the "tango" down through the rips. We figured that salmon might get feather hungry along toward the tail of the afternoon and take a fancy to some particular fly which he had refused for breakfast.

As we lounged there Billy pointed across the pool. Following his finger my eyes light on an old bull



I am too much of a gentleman to repeat in print what Oscar said word for word

there just below that bowlder? (Oscar's jaw dropped as he made out the fish.) Very well. Now suppose you hand him the fly he's lookin' for and manipulate it the way he wants it manipulated."

Oscar didn't say anything — not right then. Without knowing that I had offered that fussy fish every blessed fly I had in my book and was on the verge of offering it a lock of my hair (scarce as it is), he began to hand it feathers and tinsel that came all the way from Scotland while I sat back in the shade washing my face in citronella for the muskeeters to drink.

After Oscar had cast for an hour, during which the salmon had absolutely ignored his presence, he began to get irritable and peevish. Then he laid down his rod, drew a long breath, and cussed that salmon until no self-respecting fly would have alighted on it. Oscar called that salmon such hard names that I



If that pie-face! old porcupine considered himself handsome, then there is some hope for a horned toad

porcupine waddling out the length of a log which overhung the water. When he reached the end of the log he bowed his head reverently and gazed intently into the water, which was not more than a foot under him. We both kept perfectly quiet. Five minutes passed, yet the hedgehog didn't move.

"What in Sam Hill is he up to?" I whispers to Billy.

"He's admirin' his reflection in the water," says Billy; "I've often watched 'em do that by the hour at a time."

"Well," says I, "if I had as ugly a face on me as that porky and ever got sight of it in the water, I'd jump in and commit suicide, that's all."

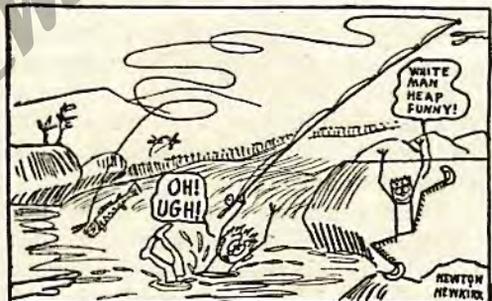
The old fellow squatted there on the end of that log, and no telling how long he would have remained flirting with himself if a movement on my part hadn't started him back toward the brush. He made the mistake of hurrying. As a result his foot slipped and he fell off the log into the pool with a splash. He quickly swam ashore, however, but just before he disappeared he turned his head and gave us a look of withering scorn. Verily, pride goeth before a fall.

Then we began again to whip the water which flowed above that salmon. Beginning at Genesis, we went through the fly-book to Revelations, and it was beginning to get dusky on the stream when we finished the last chapter and started upstream for Billy Rose's camps. We left the old silver whale right where we first discovered him, and I also left my goat at the pool to keep him company.

That night I couldn't half sleep, and when I did half sleep it was to dream that I was still lashing Big Pool with every known fly from hades to breakfast and return. That big fellow got on my nerves. I wondered if he would be in the pool in the morning, and if he were there I wondered if by that time he might come to his appetite. I got awake about half-past three, and the first thing that popped into my mind was that salmon, and he knocked all the sleep out of me.

Softly I crept out of bed and slid into my clothes. As I quietly closed the cabin door behind me, Oscar was snoring like a lost soul—if a lost soul snores. Then I grabbed my rod and hit the trail for Big Pool. The sun was modestly blushing in the east when I started, but when I reached the pool he was rubbering at me over the edge of the hill. I took one look below the boulder and heaved a sigh of relief—old silversides was still fanning away on the job.

I must have cast for two hours. I know I splattered flies above that fish until my internal void ached for ham and eggs and began to holler that it was breakfast time. Then, as I was about to start for camp, I looked up and beheld a kid fishing down the rips above. In the distance he appeared to be about eleven or twelve years old and was

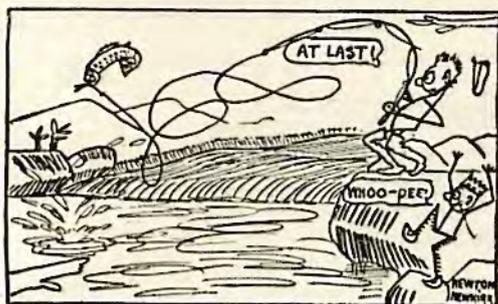


Naturally I was a good deal surprised when a slip of the foot transferred me from the rock into the pool

very dark complexioned—very. He was wading in the water up to his middle, and with an old, rickety cane pole and a line strong enough to hold a colt he was casting what looked to me like a pork rind.

I was glad to have something to cheer me up and I laughed hard enough to bust a lung. Just when I had fractured my face from ear to ear my merry "Ho, ho!" died on my lips, for as I watched I saw a salmon that would go three good pounds or more come out of the

water, spit that kid's hook out of its mouth, and splash back into the rips. You can believe me or not, but that slip of a boy got five rises in as many minutes right there under my nose, and one salmon (a two-pounder) he dragged ashore by main strength and awkwardness. When he got up to me I saw that he was



If I hadn't been so busy I would have given that war-dancing Injun kid a plunge bath

a little Injun, the dusky son of a redskin guide at the head of the stream.

"What are you fishin' with, sonny?" says I with baited breath — I mean "bated" breath.

"Rooster feathers," grinned the little Injun.

"Rooster who?" says I.

"Ketchum white rooster, pickum tail feathers, tieum feathers to hook; me no got money for buyum flies."

"How muchum you takeum for rooster's tailum?" says I, talking Injun like a regular redskin and digging for my pocketbook.

"Me takeum ten cents," he answered and then dug his toe bashfully into the sand as if he thought he was asking me too much.

"Here's a dollarum billyum," says I, shoving a crisp one-buck into his fist before he got time to back out. "Roosterum tailum heapum cheapum at any priceum!"

Thereupon he handed over to me the fly that has made him famous. It consisted of two downy, wispy white feathers, each about four

inches long, plucked from the fluffy part of a rooster's tail and tied with ordinary thread to a No. 8 trout hook.

I bent it carefully on my leader, and when I had got out enough line laid "rooster's tail" gently on the water just above the old king of the pool.

Biff! Bing!! Smash!!! and he had it good and solid in his upper lip.

That salmon, which had turned down the bejeweled and bedecked feathers that represent the work of the best fly-tiers of two continents, muttoned 'onto that old rooster's plumes as if he were starving to death.

And when he felt the barb and realized he'd been gold bricked — well, words fail me in trying to describe what happened. He came out of the water shaking his head like a mad bull, threw a back flip-flop in mid-air, and dived feet first into the depths of the pool. Before striking bottom he streaked it like a flash of mercury toward the outlet. The reel screamed at the top of its voice for help and my little split bamboo was nearly split in two before I could turn him back. "Oh, very well," he seemed to say, "then I'll go up stream!" and he did. He bored a hole right into the froth of the rips, slatting this way and that. Next he turned hand-springs back into the pool, walked majestically across it on his tail a couple of times, then began to skate on the surface, leaving behind him a wake like a steamboat. That salmon could do more different kinds of tricks in a minute than a sleight-of-hand performer can do in an hour.

After five minutes of acrobatics he bored into the deepest part of the pool and began to sulk like a sore pup. After he got his breath and bearings he broke the world's high-jumping record. With a sud-

den start from the bottom he shot vertically into the air until I feared he would land in a tree. I lowered my tip and stepped forward to give him slack. I stepped too far forward, my foot slipped, and I slid into the pool and disappeared from sight!

I was never so surprised in my life. The water was ice cold and when I came to the surface there wasn't any bottom to stand on. I still hung grimly to the rod as I floundered, and was borne by the current diagonally across. Suddenly my feet touched bottom and I waded inshore where the water was waste deep. When I held up my rod it was broken at the second joint! That young heathen of an Injun was war-dancing on the shore and whooping for joy. I reeled in the slack and, glory be! the salmon was still fast!

When the line tightened on him he got busy again and began to cut capers. He was still full of fight, and I realized if I ever got him now it would be a miracle. And that's just what happened right then — a miracle!

I will never know whether that salmon tried to knock my legs from under me or butt me over by a blow on the chest, but he came straight for me like a bullet, missed me by

about six inches, and landed high and dry on the gravel behind me, five feet from the edge of the pool.

The next instant I sprawled on top of him, holding him down. I just lay there and breathed hard while he slapped me in the face with his slimy tail, and the little Injun laughed himself black in the face.



Above you will find a lifelike photograph of a young rooster closely pursued by an old rooster

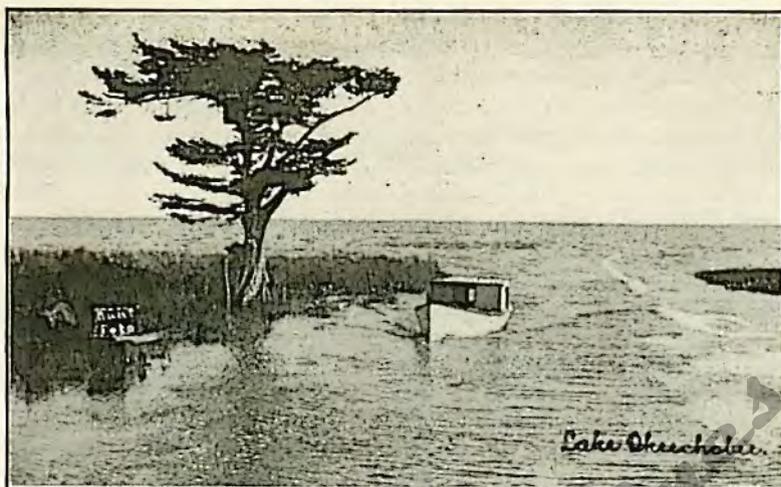
Finally the fish quieted down, and I lugged him campward, with my boots full of water and my breast full of pride.

When I showed Oscar the "rooster's tail" with which I had taken the fussy old hermit of Big Pool, he didn't say much. But as I was eating breakfast I heard a commotion and looked out the window.

There was Oscar, bareheaded and with coat-tails flying, chasing a white rooster across a ten-acre lot!

Ye Bass Fishermen!

The May issue of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN will be a hummer for you. Newt has outdone himself in his article, "Spilled, or Bad Luck with the Big-Mouth."



OUR CAMPING PLACE AT LAKE OKECHOBEE

TO LAKE OKECHOBEE

By JOSEPH D. IMHOFF
PITTSBURGH, PA.

IF you find that cold weather is distasteful to you and you prefer the warmth and sunshine, perhaps now at the time when winter is here you will be interested in a trip through the sunny land of Florida. Fifty years ago a citizen of Pennsylvania wishing to take such a journey would have found it a long and tiresome task; to-day, with the highly improved and modern methods of travel, such a trip is neither long nor tiresome, but instead is comfortable and enjoyable.

The party of which I was a member left the more frequented roads of travel and took a route which was not only different from the ordinary ones, but which was thoroughly delightful in its novelty and unsurpassed in the beauty of its scenery. After arriving at Jacksonville we proceeded by way of the Atlantic Coast Line to the little town of Punta Gorda, located on picturesque Charlotte Harbor, just two hundred and ninety miles south-

west from Jacksonville. There were five men in our party, and, after studying a map of Florida, we decided to charter a launch and go from the west coast up the Caloosahatchee River and into Lake Okechobee, the famous lake of the Everglades and the second largest body of fresh water entirely within the United States.

The town of Punta Gorda affords abundant opportunities for fishermen to exercise their skill, and as all of our party were enthusiastic fishermen, we spent several days in the town enjoying the sport and completing our arrangements for the trip. We secured the launch "Guide," a boat about thirty-five feet in length and capable of a speed of probably nine miles per hour, and the services of Buck Kean and Cephus Kean, her owners, they to act as guides, pilot, engineer, and cooks.

The launch was entirely open, but was provided with canvas curtains for the sides. Our bunks con-

sisted of the seat which was built around the inside of the craft, and although it was but eighteen inches wide, it had very comfortable cushions which served as a mattress at night. Each man had to furnish blankets for his own use, and all of us were assessed proportionately for the "grub."

A glance at a map of the State of Florida will show our proposed route: Down Charlotte Harbor to the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River, up the river to Lake Hicpochee, across it to the canal, and through the canal into Lake Okecho-bee. The personnel of our party we found to be somewhat cosmopolitan, for it consisted of Bert Roleau, a French-Canadian ranch owner; Ben Saunders, a native of the State of Indiana and an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton; August Holman, an old and good-natured German; Wallace Chadman and myself, two lawyers; and the two owners of the boat.

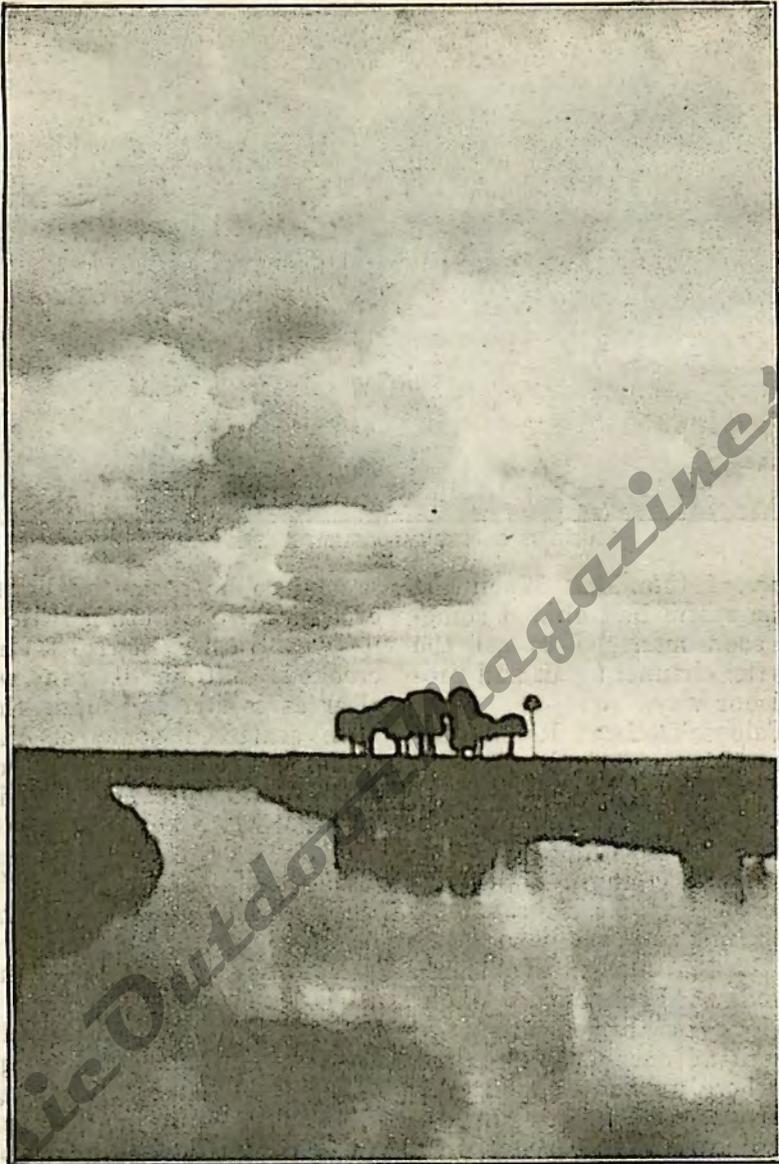
We left the dock at Punta Gorda promptly at seven o'clock Tuesday morning and turned the head of the launch down the bay toward the Gulf of Mexico. There was a high wind blowing, and this caused quite a heavy sea, which, however, did not retard us much until we had gone about eleven miles and reached the bay, where it is about eight miles wide. Here we encountered a head wind and high waves, which we were compelled to take head on or quarter, and as a result we began to ship considerable water. The waves were so high and the water came into the boat in such quantities that we were compelled to use a suction pump which we had on board, and by keeping this pump in continual operation we managed to prevent the water from rising above and stopping our gasoline engine,

Our German friend, Mr. Holman, was considerably alarmed for our safety, and when an unusually large wave came over the front of the boat and dumped almost a barrel of water upon him he surveyed his wet clothes and said, "Py jingoes, I'm afraid this wet water will spoil mein clothes."

After being tossed about by the waves for about three hours we finally ran behind Pine Island, and here we found the water much calmer, owing to the protection which the island afforded. Before long we sighted another boat ahead of us, and soon discovered that it belonged to an oyster fisherman from Punta Gorda, a negro nicknamed the "Possum." He was industriously gathering the bivalves with his oyster rake, and we bought about two bushels of fresh oysters in the shell from him, and used part of them for our lunch.

After leaving the "Possum" we encountered another difficulty which retarded us somewhat, for we ran hard aground on an oyster bar. It was with the greatest difficulty that we managed to push our launch over it into the deeper water and then only after several of us had gotten overboard and, standing in the water with our shoulders against the boat, with an effort shoved it over the bar.

From this point to the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River we had no difficulties. The scenery on all sides of us during practically the whole trip was very beautiful. The bay has in it many islands, and these and the islands which form the boundaries of the harbor were covered with palms and semi-tropical vegetation, giving them a most picturesque appearance. All about us and ahead of us were great numbers of pelicans, and it was most interesting to watch them flying



EVENING AND THE PALMS

Photo. by Dr. Roger Williams

about and diving into the water for fish. Frequently we saw schools of porpoise as they swam about and leaped from the water.

We started up the Caloosahatchee River about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the day was then bright and clear. Before long we noted that there were many dark

clouds in the sky and that a storm was approaching, so we hurriedly put up the side curtains, and soon the storm was upon us. It became so very dark that we could not see the channel and as a result ran aground. The lightning was very brilliant and almost incessant, each flash, seemingly, followed by a



A SCENE ON THE CALOOSAHATCHEE RIVER

heavy clap of thunder. When the fury of the storm had abated somewhat we soon managed to get the boat into the channel again and proceeded on our way.

The Caloosahatchee River, between Fort Myers and the Gulf of Mexico, is fairly wide, and the channel has been charted and marked by the government, so we had no difficulty in following it. The scenery along the river here is very beautiful and we saw many splendid homes along the shore. We arrived at Fort Myers about seven o'clock in the evening, and went ashore at once and to a restaurant, where we had supper.

Promptly at five o'clock the following morning we were aroused by Buck and after a hasty breakfast we started up the river. A short distance above the city the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad bridge crosses the river. It is a swing bridge, and after it had been turned to permit us to go by we passed it and came to the mouth of a small stream called the Orange River or Twelve-Mile Creek. As we had plenty of time we decided to see at least a part of it and turned into it. It

proved to be a most delightful and exceptionally beautiful little stream; it was rather narrow and very crooked, but in it ran water as clear as crystal and along the banks were scattered some of the finest orange groves we had ever seen. Between the groves along its sides the shores were covered with palms and a heavy growth of vegetation, giving one the impression of passing through an almost unbroken wall of vivid green.

Returning to the Caloosahatchee River we continued our journey, and by noon had covered about twenty-two miles. Selecting a suitable spot, we stopped, and while Buck and Cephas prepared our meal the rest of us swam or fished. Before the cooks had the fire ready the fishermen of our party had caught enough fish for dinner,—several catfish and a bass,—and we had a good and bountiful meal. Beyond the point where we ate our lunch the river gradually became narrow and more crooked. The scenery along this little stream we found to be surpassing in its beauty. All along the banks and growing close to the water's edge were cab-

bage palm trees, varying in height from about twenty to seventy feet. At intervals along the shores we passed splendid orange groves, the trees covered with oranges or grapefruit and forming bright splashes of color. Occasionally we passed a shed covered with deer antlers and various skins, mostly coon skins, indicating that game in that region must have been fairly plentiful.

As we neared the town of La Belle the river gradually became so crooked and we were forced to make so many sharp turns that one of the boys standing on the prow of the boat said, "Gee, I'd hate to shoot my rifle now for fear that we would go around one of these blame turns and the bullet strike some one on the back end of the boat." It is a fact that the small passenger boats navigating this river run their prows into the banks at some of the bends in the river, and then a man gets off and takes a rope which is fastened to the front end of the boat, and taking a turn with it around one of the trees they manage in this way to work the boat around the bend in the stream.

We noticed quite a number of signs on the shores which read, "Two miles of river front for sale," and one of the boys jokingly remarked that the owner probably had about twenty acres of land fronting on the river.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the little town of La Belle, and at once selected a spot a short distance from the town bridge and made preparations to camp there for the night. La Belle is practically on the outskirts of civilization and might well be called a frontier town, for it is very small, and though I do not know how many people live there, I doubt if there are more than fifty houses in the town.

The spot which we selected for our camp was most picturesque, for it was on a narrow strip of land, which widened out in a shape somewhat like a gigantic bottle, and as we were situated on what would correspond to the neck of the bottle, the river was very close to us on two sides. We could hear a launch coming down the river, the noise of the engine getting louder



A SHARP TURN ON THE CALOOSAHATCHEE

Here's where you meet yourself coming back

and louder until it passed by us, and then the noise would gradually become fainter and fainter until the boat disappeared in the distance to round the turn of this peculiar-shaped bit of land, and then again we would hear the engine chugging plainer and plainer until it would pass close to our camp on the other side.

This piece of land was thickly covered with huge cabbage palm trees, and under them we built our fire and cooked our supper. There was no moon and the night was very dark, but the stars shone out in the black veil of night with great brilliance and our fire made the palm trees loom up in the distance like great black shadows. After supper we sat about the fire and talked until we got sleepy, and then each man wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down beside the fire to sleep, with nothing over him but the gently waving tops of the palm trees and the sky above.

In the morning when we arose it was quite chilly, and our friend August consulted a thermometer which he had with him and announced, "Py golly it iss colt, der thermometer iss down up to forty." After breakfast we proceeded on our way and in a short time arrived at Fort Thompson, where we stopped and filled our water tanks with ice. The river from now on we found to be exceedingly narrow and the current rather swift. The character of the country also changed, and instead of cabbage palms and vegetation one could see only grass and muck and miles of low-lying swampy land.

A short distance above Fort Thompson we entered the canal, and here our progress was somewhat slower, owing to the swift current. The land on both sides of the canal appeared to be exceed-

ingly low and swampy; for the most part the canal was diked up above this land, and the cattle in coming to the canal for water sank to their knees in mud and muck. Where the land was not wet and swampy it was composed chiefly of a grayish white sand, and to all appearances was not fit for cultivation. A large part of this land, or land exactly similar to it, is being advertised throughout the country as ideal farming land, and judging from the impression that it gave us I would advise any prospective purchaser of it to see it in both the wet and dry seasons, otherwise he may find that, for a part of the year at least, he has bought a pond.

While in the canal we passed a Lake Okechobee fish boat, and the owner, Captain Black, asked us if we had a "weedless wheel," meaning the propeller. Upon receiving "no" for an answer, he informed us that Lake Hicpochee was full of weeds and that we would probably get our propeller badly fouled with them in attempting to cross the lake, and he offered to tow us over. As his boat was slower than ours, we passed him, but waited for him at the entrance of the canal to the lake. Here we fished and found the fish plentiful and the sport excellent, for we caught several bass and some catfish. When Black arrived with his boat we tied to him and he towed us across the lake, a distance of about five miles. Lake Hicpochee we found to be a beautiful little body of water, but almost entirely filled with a growth of some kind of seaweed, which tended to retard our progress somewhat.

After crossing this lake we entered the canal which connects it with Lake Okechobee, a short canal, it being but three miles in length, and here we found the water very

swift. On both sides of the canal we could see great stretches of low, sandy land, heavily covered with saw grass, truly a desolate looking place and apparently untouched by the progress of civilization.

Upon arriving at the head of the canal we got our first view of the famous Lake Okechobee, the lake upon which the government has spent and is spending an immense sum of money for the purpose of partially draining it by means of canals and so reclaiming a large portion of land which was formerly under water the greater part of the year.

At the junction of the canal and the lake some fishermen had established a camp and were cleaning catfish when we arrived, so we landed and went over to watch them. We didn't stay long, however. It was the dirtiest, filthiest place imaginable, and the odor from the decaying fish refuse was sickening. Living amidst this indescribable dirt and filth with its disgusting odor were several human beings, and what is more to be wondered at, two small children. The most astonishing thing about it all, however, was the fact that the children were apparently in the best of health. They probably never saw a steam locomotive or an automobile, and certainly had no chance of receiving even a common-school education as long as they remained at that spot.

We went a short distance out upon the lake and then returned to a large cypress tree which stood at the head of the canal, just at the point where it enters the lake, and there we built a fire, cooked supper, and made our camp for the night. Before dark Captain Black came along and tied his boat up beside ours. About eight o'clock in the evening we heard a boat whistle

and upon looking toward the lake saw the lights of a boat approaching the canal. It was a government stern wheeler, and they also tied up beside us, but before doing so accidentally backed into Black's boat, damaging it somewhat and nearly shoving it over our launch.



YOU CATCH THESE FROM THE DOCK AT PUNTA GORDA
Total weight, 209 lbs.

The next day we were up at sunrise, caught plenty of fish for breakfast, and after a short trip out upon the lake began our homeward journey. On the return trip we passed by the same places and saw the same scenery as on our trip up the river, only on the return we had the current with us and could naturally make much better time.

I might mention several incidents of this day's run. Along the banks the greater part of the way were turtles, and some of the boys shot at the larger ones with a little .22-caliber rifle which we had with us. The turtles didn't seem to mind it much, for apparently the rifle was not heavy enough to cause the bul-

let to penetrate the shell. Finally we saw an unusually large turtle, and Buck took a shot at it with his .405 Winchester, a truly powerful weapon. The turtle disappeared, and for a moment the air was filled with all of the necessary ingredients for turtle soup.

Farther down the river in turning a sharp bend we came upon a small passenger launch going up the river at full speed. The pilot became confused, and almost at once we ran into it head on. The shock broke all of the windows in the other boat and ripped a large piece of trimming off ours, but fortunately no one was hurt and both boats were able to proceed. Owing to the current being in our favor, by six

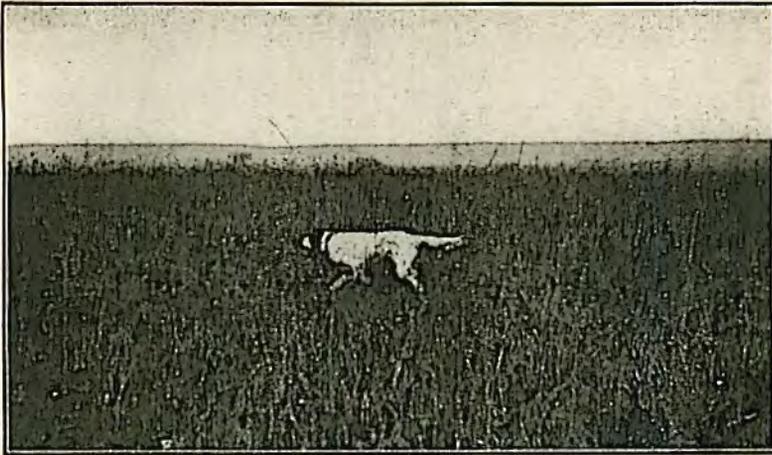
o'clock in the evening we were only a short distance from Fort Myers, so we decided to make the rest of the run in the dark. After we passed under the railroad bridge and were running toward the town at about half speed a dark object suddenly loomed up directly in front of us. We stopped the engine immediately and at once threw the helm hard over, but then only narrowly missed crashing into an exceedingly long dock, which some resident had built out into the water and neglected to put lights on. We averted an accident, however, and arrived in Fort Myers safe but very hungry, and here we paid for our trip, left the launch, and got a "regular" meal.

A SETTER

Folks say that I can't reason much!
I wish they knew me better;
They say that they are human folks
And that I'm just a setter.
I'd like to know what human means
Except to think and do things!
I'm pretty sure that I can think,
And can prove that I can do things.
Folks talk an awful lot of stuff
That I don't care about,
And because I show no interest
They seem to be in doubt
About my knowing anything
'Cept to bark and do some winking,
When I know not only what they say
But know of what they're thinking.
Of course I've never been to school,—
I cannot write or spell,
But I can do a lot of things
That folks can't do as well.
I know when they go after birds,—
Get out their guns and cartridges,
'Tis then I often hear them say:—
"Take 'Dash'—he's great on partridges!"
If folks think they're so mighty smart

Why don't they hunt 'em up —
Go out and find the birds themselves,
Not leave it to a pup?
If folks think they're so mighty smart
Why can't they follow trails?
'Tis here that instinct comes in play
And reason, somehow, fails.
I saved a child from being drowned
One day — with no one 'round;
'Twas my instinct, I heard them say,
When the child and I were found.
But if some second-rated man
Had done the job that day,
How folks would have applauded him,
And talked:— "how reason came in play!"
I'd like to know the difference,—
Perhaps someone can tell;
But it seems to me that instinct
Sometimes does just as well.
But I was born in Dogdom —
Not of the human race;
No matter what folks think of me,
I'm contented in my place.

CHARLES HENRY HORTON.



LADY DOING THE WORK

CHICKEN SHOOTING AND PRAIRIE FIRES

By P. G. DENISON
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

OUR party consisted of Lionel, Fred, and the writer, accompanied by our bird dogs, Shot and Prince (two fine pointers with several seasons on grouse and chicken to their credit), Girlie, an Irish setter, a beautiful worker and bird finder, and Lady, my new Llewellyn pup, just from the hands of the well-known dog handler, Harry Dawson, of Kildonan. Lionel carried his excellent little .16 Parker, Fred his reliable Ithaca, while I had my Fox 12-gauge.

The start was made under the usual circumstances, with perhaps the exception that nothing we intended to take was overlooked. After a few hours' ride on the Canadian Northern Railway we found ourselves at Lake Francis station with a ten-mile drive in sight. The weather was perfect and we all looked eagerly forward to the enjoyment invariably accompanying a Manitoba drive in the autumn when the trees and grasses are so beautifully colored and the days bright

and warm. We soon located Johnny with the team hitched to a comfortable and commodious democrat. He wisely gave the train a wide berth for fear the colts would get away. The work of loading up occupied but a few minutes, as all were anxious to be off so that the country might be looked over en route to the Wilcox farm, and plans formed for the morning, the opening day, October 1. During the drive, which took two hours, the dogs constantly located birds, generally singles, and one or the other of us had to get down and flush to prevent the eager animals committing errors. All felt that with birds so abundant the prospects for the ensuing three days were excellent, and I am sure we all in a way regretted the termination of the drive. Our arrival at the farm was all the more appreciated, as we found our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Balderstone there to welcome us, and on learning that Mrs. Balderstone was to look after the commis-



AN EARLY MORNING HUNT

sariat, as indeed she has done for our party for seven or eight years, there was great satisfaction expressed on all sides. She is an excellent cook, and even though hunters are ready to put up with any old thing to eat, hunting has an added pleasure when the table is well looked after.

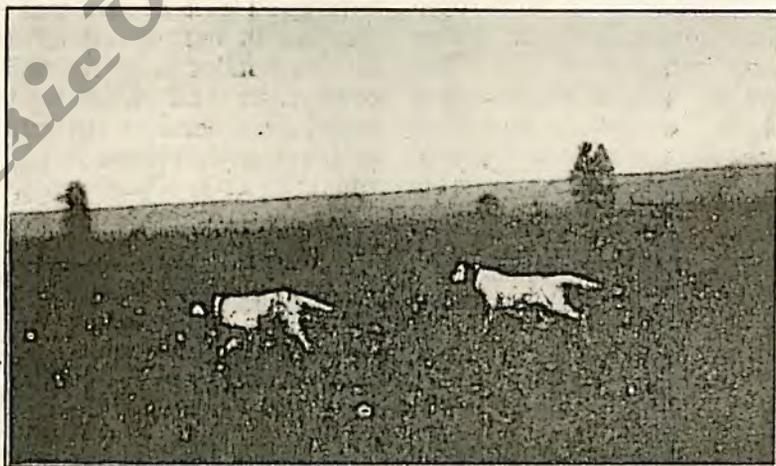
The opening day broke in fine shape, a little cloudy but with a good breeze which would be of assistance to the dogs. All hands were up and at breakfast before 6 o'clock and at 6.30, after arranging that the wagon driven by Mr. Balderstone should pick us up at 11 or 11.30, and have lunch along, we rapidly planned that all should meet at Harvey's old farm, two miles away to the north. The wagon was also to bring out Lady and Prince, it being our intention to work Shot and Girlie together during the early morning changing dogs thereafter every two hours. Of course each of us was anxious to secure the first bird, so the dogs were kept carefully in view. Ten

minutes after leaving the house Shot was noticed at his old trick of running into the wind and in a very short time he came to a stand which he kept perhaps a half minute and then, assuring himself that he had the gunners' attention, he advanced carefully, for all the world as though on tiptoe, and stood again some one hundred and fifty yards farther on and in line. This time he was satisfied and held steadily, backed beautifully by Girlie, and while the setter could not get the scent from her location she knew well enough there was something doing. Fred being a good right-angle shot was posted on the right, Lionel on the left, while the writer agreed to handle any birds going between or away and then stepped forward to flush. This was an exciting moment indeed, and it was made more lasting, for it soon developed that Shot had gotten a very long scent, for the birds flushed after we had all advanced upwards of one hundred yards. It was a nice unbroken

covey of nine square-tailed grouse, from which we took four. All being so intent on the sport overlooked the honor of securing the first bird, so we called it a tie. After the first covey was located we had no trouble in finding odd birds from time to time, for both dogs were doing great work and making very few mistakes. We were now anxiously looking over our back track for the wagon, each of us having more birds to carry than was altogether comfortable to handle, especially as the birds were extra fine and large, due to the good weather conditions in the early summer. Besides this we were all eager to throw off some of our heavy clothes, as the day had opened out quite warm. Presently Mr. Balderstone hove in sight, and on counting birds it was found we had twenty grouse, every one of which had given good sport.

The birds seemed scarce now that the sun was well up, they having gone into the bluffs. We therefore picked out a nice shady piece of woods, and after looking to the horses and dogs lunch was disposed of and a good three-hour rest enjoyed by all. We felt that a good plan for the rest of the day was to

circle the Wilcox farm buildings, so taking down Prince and Lady and leaving Shot and Girlie in the wagon, which was to keep in sight to enable us to change dogs when necessary and to take on any birds we secured, a start was made. After a half-hour tramp without a bird's being located we came across a small field which had been harvested of an oat crop a few weeks before. This piece of cultivated land in what was more or less a cattle country raised our expectations to the highest pitch, nor were we long in finding that it was a general feeding ground for the chicken and grouse of the neighborhood. The dogs were working well, and presently Prince came to one of his good old-fashioned points, all feet down, body crouched, and tail up stiff. Lady being a young dog, I was very anxious to keep her in hand to anticipate any mistakes likely to occur and which at a later date require a lot of handling to overcome. It was therefore with a great deal of pleasure that I discovered her off four hundred yards to the left of Prince and standing solid. At first I fancied she was backing the pointer, but as there was a slight growth of hazel in



WORKING WELL TOGETHER

line between the dogs I knew she had found also. After a moment of indecision it was decided that Lionel and Fred should take care of Prince's find, while I looked after the birds being so patiently held by the younger dog. We now stepped quickly forward, Lady dropping at the signal. The boys reached their covey first and were soon hard at it. I was afraid Lady and I would be disappointed, for it seemed impossible that the shooting should not flush the birds we had found. However, they did not rise and it was not long before we also were in the game. Lady had found but two birds this time, but they offered hard shots, both being right quartering. However, much to our satisfaction the Fox was on the job and both birds came down, one a clean kill, the other with a wing broken. This bird gave me an opportunity of teaching Lady to scent out the cripples, a very essential part of the bird dog's education. An hour spent in the locality of this field, and the result was some very nice work on the part of the dogs, with good sport for the shooters and eleven birds added to the bag. It was decided that we should now work directly toward the farm, as all were tired and we had commenced our outing with a most satisfactory bag. The game laws of this Province allow twenty chicken or Grouse as a limit per gun per day, with one hundred as a season's limit. This may seem an extravagant number of birds for each hunter, but Manitoba is plentifully supplied with game birds, and all do not by any means reach the limit allowed, partly because of there being no sale of chickens, grouse, or partridge permitted and partly because of the expense involved in hunting these birds, which requires the help of good dogs.

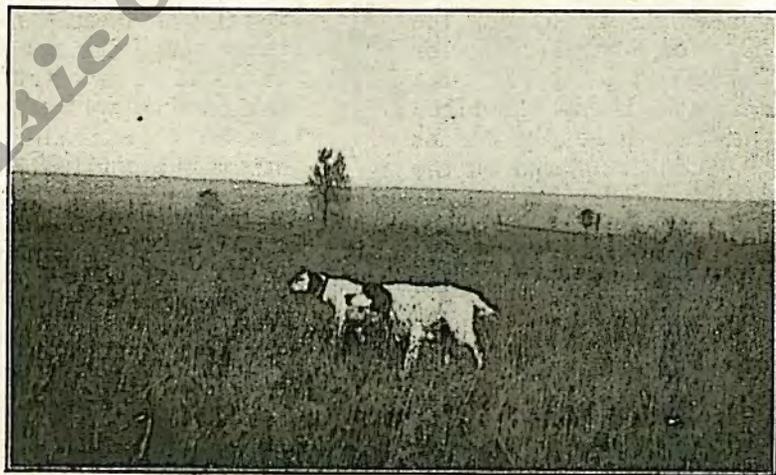
We were all very glad on arriving at the house to find Mr. Warner there. He was to have accompanied us from Winnipeg, but business prevented until the next day. The writer has spent many pleasant hunting days with this gentleman, and is glad of an opportunity of attesting to his many good qualities, especially in the field.

That evening as we nursed our tired legs and cleaned up and oiled the guns we planned for the morning shoot and concluded to go direct to the grain field we had located that afternoon, but our arrangements might just as well never have been made, although, of course, we did not know it at the time. During the night Fred awakened and found the house full of heavy smoke, and was not long in getting the whole household up. Knowing there was no fire in the building, we at first thought that the stables were burning, but a hasty examination removed this anxiety, for while it was too dark and smoky to see well there was not any sign of fire in that direction. Some one went behind the house and soon a shout apprised us of the fact that the prairie was burning, and not only that, but the wind, which had arisen to a good stiff breeze, was bringing the fire in our direction, stretching in a line miles in extent which drew ever closer and closer to the farm buildings. Some of us had no experience with prairie fires, but fortunately Mr. Warner had seen similar occurrences during his residence on the open plains of western Canada, and he at once took charge of our little party. His first order was to get a team hitched to a wagon on which barrels filled with water were placed. Fred and Lionel looked after this duty, while Mr. Balderstone handled the team; then the writer was instructed to turn

loose the dogs and farm cattle, horses, etc., so that if the buildings caught fire they would at least have a fighting chance. These preliminaries being concluded we armed ourselves with bags soaked in water and advanced on the fire, now not a mile away. The plan of action was simple but the work hard. The first thing we did was to commence a back fire some four hundred yards from the farm buildings where a strip was burned three hundred yards long and five to ten yards wide. This was the most difficult and exciting experience we had ever gone through, for in addition to having to work in suffocating heat and smoke the back fire constantly threatened to get away from us. However, with hard and fast work we managed to turn the fire down both sides of the field in which the farm buildings were located and thus saved them, although at considerable detriment to the personal appearance of some of us, who had hair singed and arms burned badly enough to cause annoyance for several days. One may imagine

the difficulties encountered on this occasion when he knows that the prairie in this locality had not been burned over for thirteen years, in consequence of which the grass was tangled and full of old bottom, the shrubs had grown four or five feet high, and everything was dried out and just in shape for burning. Of course this put an end to our hunt for that trip, as the entire country in the district we were in was burned over. We learned later that the fire had covered nineteen by twelve miles, and while no fatalities were recorded, many settlers lost their winter supply of hay, some their buildings, and others a few cattle caught in the heavy grass and burned.

Perhaps I will find time at a later date to drop you a few lines describing last year's duck-shooting trip. It may prove of interest to those not able to participate in the sport to the extent enjoyed by the hunters of Manitoba. This is the greatest province in the Dominion for all kinds of waterfowl, as well as chicken, grouse, and partridge.



PRACTICAL FISHING SUGGESTIONS

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BY DR. F. M. JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "FOREST, LAKE AND RIVER"

TROUT

PARDON me, dear reader, if I delve a bit too much in adjectives and phrases when expressing the love I personally have for the speckled beauty known everywhere as the wild brook trout. It is a bit hard to confine myself to simple, cold words, for I fain would wander and take you with me to the lands of the pine and fir, or amid dells and meadows where the purling brooks glide in soft-flowing waters, or dash into foam ever onward toward the sea.

Let's begin with the first capture of a trout, when in the days of contented childhood we were able to steal away for a day's outing, and our equipment meant a pole cut from the bush growth, a tin box filled with worms, and a few hooks. Even now, in reality, in our riper years do we need much more for ordinary brook fishing, excepting a bamboo pole or a steel rod on which a reel can be used, which enables one to handle the fish better? No. 6 or 8 hooks or even smaller I find far better than the larger hooks. Hooks should be tied on gut, and generally one or two split shot sinkers placed on the gut, as this in fast-flowing waters keeps the bait below the surface. Where the stream flows very slowly and softly I prefer to do away with the sinkers and simply pay out the line little by little.

Good worms, scented with the crushed lovage root, is the best all-round bait I know of. If you care more for the true sport rather than

the killing, then the gut with the three small hooks and the worm placed as already described will give you keener sport.

Now for a few practical hints. Streams are greatly alike all the world over, and the methods suggested would cover immense territories. Always approach a brook so that your shadow will fall back and not in front of you.

If bush growth is scanty or the grasses high, kneel or even lie down; then gently allow your bait to drop into the stream and float with the current. Trout are fearfully shy and very rapid. If they catch sight of you they will dart like lightning far above or below you; so keep quiet. Seek the dark and deeper places, for here trout lie ever waiting and watchful. Bunch the worm well on the hook, for these chaps like a good-sized bait, but be sure the point of the hook is well covered by the worm. Strike quickly and firmly but not too suddenly. When you feel the bite do not allow the line to slack. If a



3 hooks tied on gut



Worm attached to hooks

Natural position of worm as he falls from a bank into the water

pool is quite deep, use the shot or a very small sinker, and keep moving the bait constantly, for trout never touch foods that fall to the bottom, with the exception, perhaps, of a worm that wriggles and turns.

When a trout strikes, land him without making noise. If you

cannot lift him quickly, then put the net under him and back away as soon as possible so other fish that may be near at hand will not be scared. If you wish to save the fish, kill him by striking him hard on the head or break his neck. Always place green mosses, leaves, or grasses in your basket; then the fish will keep longer and better.

Now, having taken a fish I'll tell you of a better bait. Suppose your worms are not very good ones and your supply has grown short. Take your trout and cut from the throat a piece, not too large; clean it well. It is bright and attractive and is taken greedily. Keep such a bait moving quickly.

When there is a decent piece of good water, even if you don't know much about casting try a fly,—one of the hackles or a Parmachene Belle or a Montreal,—just for fun. You can't make much of a cast with a steel rod or a bamboo pole, but take a few flies and try after you have taken enough trout to satisfy your wants. You may catch a chub, a dace, a small minnow, or a yellow perch, etc. Pieces of their flesh are all good baits.

Where a log has fallen across a stream, making a little natural dam, it is a sure resting spot for our little friends. Keep out of sight and work your bait so it falls into the darker water. I'll give you a pointer that is good. I spoke of always having a few flies. Have a small tin box filled with sugar and vaseline that have been mixed well together,—equal parts of both. Smear a fly thoroughly with some of this and let it drop into the stream. Trout are very fond of sweets, as much so as a schoolgirl likes candy.

Once more a few do and do-not things:

- Do not be seen.
- Do keep quiet.

Do not let your shadow fall in front of you.

Do be steady and sure.

Do pick out the right places.

Do avoid very shoal waters and weedy shores, and do, do, do use plenty of black fly and mosquito grease, and apply a lot on your hands, arms, neck, and face, and in your hair, and keep on applying. It's tough, but the only way. If you smoke, smoke freely and frequently. If you drink, drink water. Do not get intoxicated with juice of the grape, berry, or golden corn, but only be satisfied by all the treasures the forest land freely gives you.

When the day has gone to rest, what you want to do beside the camp fire is your own business.

Now listen: After you have taken your fish, what will you do with them? Eat them, of course; but do you know how to cook them? Here are a few ways.

Build a good fire; let it sink into red embers; cut a forked stick; impale a trout and toast over the fire. Salt, pepper and butter. This can be done by the brookside.

At camp dress your fish and dry well. Use olive oil brought to a boil in the pan, or try out salt pork; drop your trout in, and when their little tails point heavenward, they are ready. If you get a large-sized trout, split and broil him or really plank him. If you are where fish are plenty, make a trout chowder. Some time I'll give you a lot of receipts that you may care for.

Of course I have been telling you of our New England trout, but all I have said applies to the various trouts found in any stream and anywhere. Later on I may give you more details regarding trouts elsewhere than in New England and Canada.



Courtesy American Photography

THE EARLY FISHERMAN

TROUT OF PONDS AND LAKES

I don't mean to weary you too much. Will leave out the flies, casting the baits, etc., and simply mention still-fishing and trolling.



Still-fishing is where your boat is anchored, and better fore and aft so it will not swing in the wind. A short rod and reel is best, but a long bamboo pole might do. You use a small sinker tied to the line, a hook on gut, a number 6 or 8, a so-called Pennell hook. This particular hook will not fret the wrap-

pings on the shank of the hook and costs but a few cents more. Worms, pieces of fish, grasshoppers, crickets, pieces of frogs' legs, bits of yellow perch, shrimp if you can get them, small live minnows, small dace, small chubs, etc. You sink until the bottom is reached, then pull up about a foot or two and wait for a bite. You know the rest.

When using live bait I insert hook just in front of the dorsal fin. This is the fin on the back of a fish, and you can't mistake it. Unless the water is very deep I like to do away with the sinker and let the small fish swim about as he will do. When this bait is taken don't pull too quickly or strongly, for a fish requires more time to get this bait well in his mouth.

That's about enough to say on still-fishing.

TROUT OF RIVERS

I don't believe I can add much to what I have told you, except in river fishing you can fish only in the pools. Some of the pools are very deep and dangerous. Generally there is some sort of a ledge of rock and you must be sure of your footing. You can wear long waders, if you like, or have good, strong shoes, with thick soles made, but do not ever have nails or small spikes in the soles.

You know now how to catch trout in streams; so fish the same way in a river. Naturally there are many rivers where a canoe can be used. You can either fish from it or be carried in it to rocky places where pools abound.

SALTERS

What is a salter? Some of you know and perhaps some of you do not know. Forgive me, those who know, and let me try and tell you who don't know.

All trout love to leave the sweet waters and to live in the salt waters for a time. Each year the trout return to the streams that gave them birth. Here in Massachusetts, where the streams from cranberry bogs flow into tidal rivers, we find the fish in early spring. They come about the same time as the herring run. Their taste of sea life gives them more strength, changes their coloring, especially the hues of the spots, brings out tiny silvery scales,

and their flesh is of a deeper color, —something akin to a salmon.

Method of capture: Best bait I ever used was pieces of herring when obtainable, casting it like a fly. Never remember taking one on a fly in Massachusetts, for I went in April as soon as the law was off. When I had no herring I used worms and even pieces of meat, and also the throats of the first fish taken. Always fished in the streams or at the mouths of the tidal rivers. In Newfoundland these trout are in immense numbers. They are sharp fighters. Their meat is as red as blood and their flavor absolutely distinctive. Caught plenty of flies, so did not try anything else, except one day in a pool I used worms.

Now remember, a salter is a wild brook trout that has lived and lives every year a part of the time in the salt waters. Sea life has given him greater strength and he is not conquered as easily as other varieties of trout. The salter really opens the fishing season, even if the air is chilly, and the force of the wind is a noticeable factor. The salter is a beautiful fish and a game one.

Many of you may not reach Newfoundland and other shores where these charming fish begin their run in June and July, but earlier you may, and I hope will try for them if they can be found in the territory where you live

Dr. Johnson in the May issue will write of the other Popular Trout



POUNDING THE WEEDS FOR BASS

By H. STEWART SMITH

"One of the chief charms of angling is that it presents an endless field for argument, speculation, and experiment."— T. E. PRITT.

W-H-I-R-R — zipp. "Oh, h—! another backlash."

Tom and I were at a favorite spot of ours "pounding the weeds for bass" as the expression goes. It was a great place for the big fellows, and as they were in one of their "taking" moods that morning there was no need of changing from one bait to another. But Tom was having trouble with his reel, having been so unfortunate as to have several backlashes during the morning. He sat down in the boat and proceeded to untangle his line, in the meantime making expressions that would have put a professional fun-maker to shame.

"Queer, ain't it, Harry, how these reel makers will put a reel on the market, making all kinds of promises about such a thing as a backlash being impossible. It's the money they're after, and nothing else. Suppose there's a lot of gullible fishermen just like me who have been stung when they bought one like this."

I will not name the reel that Tom was using, but I will say that there was a great hue and cry raised over them a few years ago, but the scientific angler soon learned that they were not what was claimed for them, and the manufacturers soon became aware of it and it was not long before they withdrew their advertising from the various sporting magazines.

Tom and I were once "live-bait" fishermen, but as time passed I converted him to the merits of the short rod, expensive tackle, and artificial baits. It was a hard task

to convince him, and I only succeeded after having him witness my success with them. After that he became enthusiastic, and to-day he is recognized as the best caster along the Delaware River.

Tom and I were boyhood companions, and next to fishing our greatest hobby was that of an in-born love for Mother Nature and her works. We were deeply interested in the study of the habits of the black bass and pickerel, and many were the days we spent together experimenting with different baits. We took special notice of the weather and water conditions, and never let the slightest detail escape our notice which might be of value to us in landing the large bass that inhabit the Delaware and its tributaries. This knowledge came good on many occasions. When others were having poor luck Tom and I would be making the largest catch of the day. We learned to know just when they were feeding among the weeds and rushes and when they were to be found in the riffles or in deep water. Thus, while others were fishing with an assortment of live bait in deep water, Tom and I would be fishing the weeds where the water was not over a foot deep, using weedless baits.

It was an unusually sultry day, and as the bass and pike seemed to have stopped striking we rowed ashore and counted our catch. Of course I was ahead, as I had had no trouble with my reel during the morning, as I was using the South Bend Anti-Backlash and had done

twice the casting that Tom had. He felt rather chagrined, but he rightly blamed his poor luck to the reel.

While lying in the cool shade of the trees along the river, eating our lunch, we were joined by a couple of fishermen who had been using live bait. As soon as they came up they began making all sorts of lamentations about the poor fishing, and added that they had come fifty miles to fish on the strength of what they had been told by a friend who happened to be along the river when the bass were taking live bait.

The thirteen bass that we had caught during the morning were not in sight, as Tom had placed them in a cool spot, covered with wet moss, in order to keep them fresh. Noticing our short casting rods and expensive tackle they began condemning them as only fit for salt-water fishing, and when they noticed the weedless minnow, their cajolery knew no limit.

"You fellows have got the 'fishin' bug' bad. What do you expect to catch with that red-headed woodpecker, anyhow? What you fellows want to do is to get away from these new-fangled ideas—go back to the minnow pail and the frog. These artificial bait stories in the magazines sound very nice, but when it comes to the 'show down' let me tell you that it is the man with the live bait that wins."

"Well," said Tom, "I see that you fellows have caught nothing with your live bait that you have been preaching about, and I think that you both will change your opinion when you see what we have caught with this 'red-headed woodpecker.'"

Suiting his words, Tom showed them what a fine string we had caught. They were amazed, and there was no way out of it but to

apologize for their sarcasm and admit that artificial bait, when properly handled, was not so bad after all.

Tom, who is a master of intricate rods, reels, lines, and baits, became enthusiastic over the chance that was open to him to give these fellows a sermon on the subject of bass fishing, together with some points that might help them on their next trip. He looks upon orthodoxy in bass fishing as a means of salvation—from at least the charge of insensibility and bad taste—and he is particularly instructive in his eloquent indignation of what he is pleased to call "swelled-head fishermen." On this occasion he fell into the following rhapsody:

"You fellows have seen what artificial baits will do. But before I proceed I wish to tell you why you have had no luck this morning. You have been fishing out there in deep water while we have been here among the weeds all the morning. The reason is this: From four o'clock in the morning until afternoon they feed among the weeds and do not go to deep water until they have finished feeding. If you had fished here among the weeds you would have had better luck, but you could not have done as well as we have with your live bait.

"Of course you know as well as I do that bass are very fond of bugs and insects of all kinds, and it is no uncommon sight to see bass leap from the water in an attempt to capture a dragon fly, bugs, and even a small bird that may be flying near the surface of the water, thus showing that Nature has taught the bass to look for them in their natural element, the air, as well as the water, proving that it was the appearance of the bait while in the air that attracted his attention and caused him to strike, and that it is not necessary to drop

the bait near them in order to induce a strike, as is generally supposed by most fishermen. So it is plain that a perfect bait must be one that will remain near or on the surface, and one that will not catch weeds and grass. For this reason alone I prefer the South Bend Surface, the 'red-headed woodpecker' as you call them."

"But do you use that bait all the time?" interrupted one of the listeners.

"Certainly not. There are times when everything fails. Nothing — I don't care what it is — can tempt a bass to strike at whatever bait is offered him — live or artificial. The reason is this: When a bass finds his natural food in abundance he soon gorges himself and retires to some secluded spot until the disagreeable but necessary process of digestion is finished. Right here in the river, where the minnows and shiners are out of the way of the large fish, by the edge of the shore, where you find no trouble in getting live bait, then the fishing in deep water is excellent; and anchor your boat where you will, you will have good luck; but let the little fish from causes I cannot understand be impelled toward the middle of the river, which is often the case, then the bass without difficulty fill their maws and for a time disappear. Hence the sudden and inexplicable cause of bad luck, even among the scientific anglers; for, do what you will, the bass, stuffed to repletion, will not move from his hiding place until hunger arouses him to action again. I mean this for 'live bait,' as you know a bass will strike at an artificial bait out of pure cussedness, whether he is gorged to the limit or not. That's another reason I prefer the artificial."

"What part of your outfit do you consider the most important — your rod, reel, or line?"

"In bait casting, both with live and artificial baits, I consider the reel above everything else. You may think it an easy matter to be a good caster, but let me tell you that it takes a long time to become proficient. The greatest drawback to many would-be casters lies in the fact that they soon become discouraged over having the inevitable backlash, caused by the line over-running on the reel. This fault has been overcome to some extent by some of the reel makers, but there is only one reel that is absolutely non-backlashing, and believe me when I tell you that the South Bend reel is perfect I wish you to believe me."

"I notice that your reel is not a South Bend, so how can you say so much for it?"

"That is very easy to explain. I was trying this reel for the first time, as my friend here (the writer) will tell you, but I have used it for the last time. I have a South Bend at home, and if I had used it this morning I would have caught more than I did."

Taking the writer's reel, which was equipped with the reel in question, Tom spoke as follows:

"To cast perfectly, to give your rod a 'flip' and watch the bait curve gracefully out over the water to just the desired spot, is gratifying to say the least. To make every cast a perfect cast, to never tangle or backlash your line, thrills the heart of those who love to catch game fish.

"And in casting for bass and pickerel and the like it was the old and experienced caster heretofore who could cast and enjoy the exhilarating sensation of holding a fighting, quivering black bass at the end of a long line; but now, since the advent of this reel, any one can cast and cast perfectly.

It is impossible to cast any way but perfectly with this reel, and even if you are already an experienced caster, you will find that this reel makes moonlight casting a possibility and entirely eliminates backlashing, even though you cannot see the bait strike the water, as no thumbing of the reel is at all necessary — it thumbs itself.

"You will never realize what real pleasure you can derive from the healthful sport of casting until you have used this reel, which assures you that every cast you make will be a perfect one. It furthermore stands to reason that when you are casting a hundred per cent perfectly that you are going to get more fish than if you waste your time and temper in untangling snarls and backlashes. At the same time the natural confidence inspired by the fact that you cannot tangle and backlash your line will enable you to realize to its fullest extent the pleasure of casting for big fish.

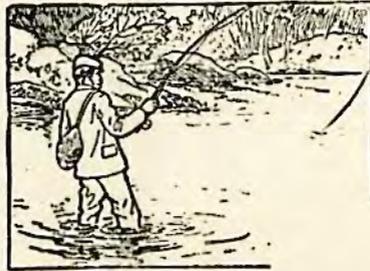
"There are other reels which are supposed to remedy backlashing and tangling of the line, but while speaking in defense to competitive articles, I nevertheless can say without egotism that this reel is the only true anti-backlash reel and the only one that will absolutely prevent backlashing without interfering with the casting."

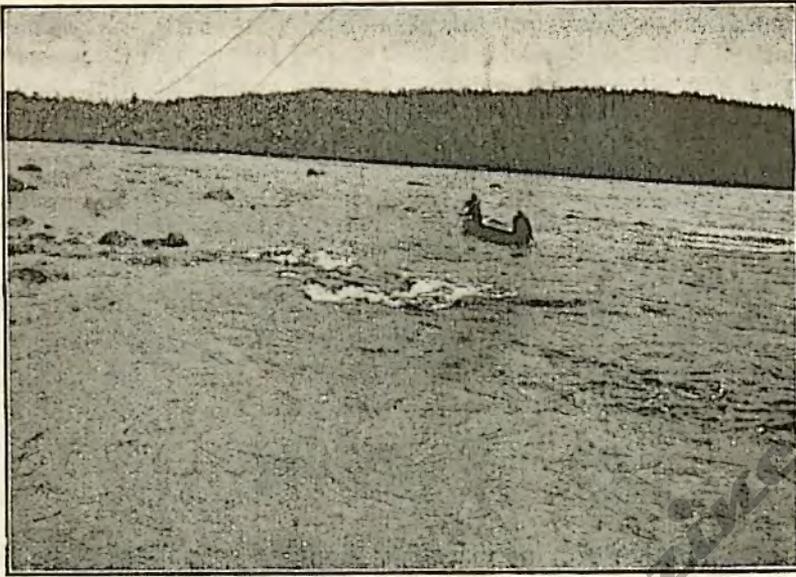
Tom's eloquence ran riot that morning, but I knew that he was

telling the truth, as I have used the reel in question for several years and have yet the first fault to find with it. But there are times when I feel like having a backlash, so I give the little governing screw a turn to the left, and behold, the reel is like any other reel, and after I have a snarl or two I turn the little screw back again, and there are no more.

This trip proved to be the last for Tom and I for a long time. The writer left for the West a few days later, and it was only the past summer that I returned to my old haunts along the Delaware after an absence of five years.

Tom was not at home the day that I arrived, but I was told that he was along the river somewhere with a couple of fishermen from the city. I had no trouble in finding him, and, strange as it may seem, he was at the very spot where this article was inspired five long years ago, and with him were the same fellows that we had met that morning. They had been converted. They had graduated from the "luke-warm" into the "dyed-in-the-wool" fishermen. Both had the regulation short rods, South Bend reels, and artificial baits. And the same spot that Tom and I had fished five years ago had been fished that very morning, and each of them had a fine string — a strange coincidence, but true, as Tom will tell you.





SOME ROUGH WATER

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE CHOMOUCHOUAN

By W. HENRY CURTIN
HAVERHILL, MASS.

THE stories and writings that one oftentimes reads in the *National Sportsman*, dwelling on life and scenes in the great North country, scenes on the portage, the going in the post, shooting the rapids, and many other picturesque modes of the people of the North, impress the lover of Nature to such a pitch as to give him the desire that some time he himself might experience and realize the crude ways of the Silent North.

To me the opportunity came, and a portion of my three weeks' vacation in Canada was spent with the above experience. With a friend I was scheduled to leave August 16, 1913, but a few days before the appointed time I received word that my friend would have to disappoint me, as business prevented him from leaving. Nevertheless, August 16

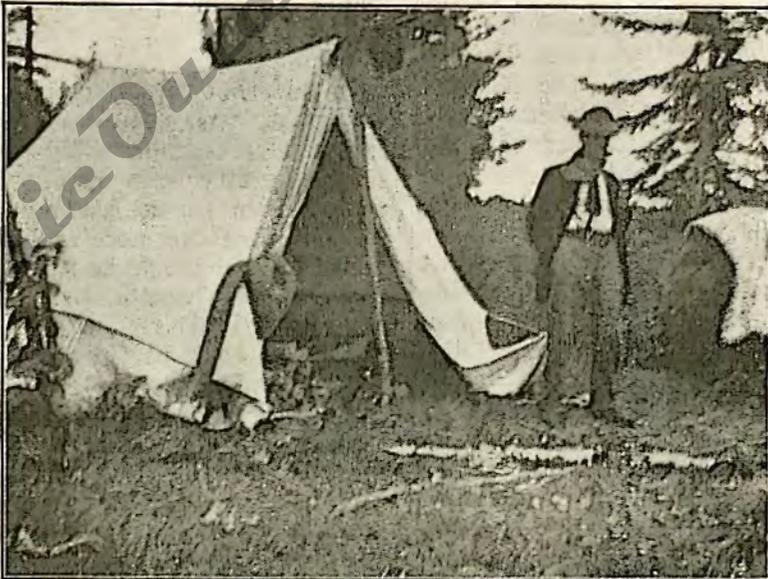
found me on the train from Haverhill, Mass., bound for Quebec *via* Montreal.

In old Quebec, as I stood on Dufferin Terrace surveying the grand panorama, which the readers, if they have ever been there, will agree is one grand sight, my thoughts drifted to the morrow when I was to leave for the Lake St. John regions. As I was alone, I thought that my outing would be a disappointment, but I was determined to fulfill my plans and make the best of them. August 20 I left Quebec over the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad for Roberval, the terminal, two hundred miles north. The route lies through a wild, rough country of rugged hills and rocky streams, with now and then a desolate lake. To one who loves the wild it is very interesting. On the

train I formed the acquaintance of a German tourist, who arrived in New York August 13 and was touring Canada, and intended to tour the States later. He was a very intelligent young man, speaking French and English fluently, and made a very agreeable companion. Arriving at the hotel at Roberval, we made inquiries for guides. As the Montagnais Indians at Ponte Bluene were all out, we were referred to a man in the small village of St. Felician, eighteen miles out, on the Chamouchouan River. This flows into Lake St. John. It is the canoe route to the Hudson Bay from Lake St. John, and is a very swift river, with numerous rapids. Our host at St. Felician procured two French-Canadian guides for us, neither of whom could speak English; and the following morning, with the canoe and duffle on one wagon and ourselves in another, we set out for an eighteen-mile drive farther north. The drive took us

over a rough cart path, through the woods, until we arrived at a log house, the last inhabited house north, where we unpacked our outfit. The father of one of the guides returned with both teams to St. Felician.

Our camping outfit comprised a nineteen-foot canvas canoe, a 9 x 9 wall tent, bedding, blankets, axes, a small tent stove, and for a light we had a candle tied to one end of a stick; the other end we stuck in the ground in the middle of the tent. Putting in about half a mile above the log house we paddled across the river and made our first portage. This was my German friend's—whom we will call Pete—first experience in a canoe, which seemed to delight him very much. It was surprising to me how the guides would make a portage with the canoe and duffle on their backs when there were so many rocks and dead limbs to impede their travel. In a few minutes we were



OUR CAMP

on our way up river, and after making two portages we pitched our tent for the night. While Prosper and Adilard, our guides, were pitching the tent, Pete and I were busy gathering wood for the fire, as a cold rain had begun to fall. After a hearty supper we turned in for the night, and after a good night's rest and an early breakfast we were soon on our way up the river again, putting ashore at noon for a fish dinner. The late afternoon found us in camp. While preparing supper a canoe with two Montagnais Indians and a white man put into camp. They were returning from the Hudson Bay country, having been gone six months, we being the first white people that they had seen in that time. Later I had the pleasure of meeting the white man at the hotel at Roberval. He was a former Alaskan miner, having been sent out by a company to prospect for gold in the Lake Mistassini regions, going up in March with a dog team of six dogs and thirty-four hundred pounds of supplies, taking three weeks to go up. He disposed of his dogs to the Indians at the post. He said that it was some sport to see the Indians shoot the rapids of the Rupert River, a number of them going through in a forty-foot canoe. On the return trip from Mistassini he came down in one week. The day they put into our camp they made eighty miles, going through swift water all the way. The following day we got close up to the grand rapids of the Chomouchouan. For twenty-one miles there are rapids every little distance. Here the river forms a good-sized lake with two islands, and a mountain range in the distance makes it a very picturesque scene. After selecting a good camp site we pitched the tent. That night in camp Adilard told a story of two

European sportsmen who were up to Lake Mistassini a few winters ago. One sportsman and his guide, the latter a friend of Adilard's, got separated and were lost. A searching party found the body of the guide dismembered with evidence of cannibalism and nothing has been heard of the sportsman.

The next day being fair weather gave us the opportunity to take some pictures. Our guides tried to persuade us to make two more days of it farther up the river, but we had planned to put a few days on the Perabonka River, so decided to return.

I will say that Pete, my German friend, and I regretted the return trip down the river, as we were enjoying ourselves. It was full of excitement. We made forty miles that day, going through rapids after rapids. The first rapids were pretty rough water, with rocks protruding on all sides. Approaching the rapids, Adilard gave the signal to lay low and hang on. The canoe began to dip and roll, then would shoot between the rocks, with Pete and I hanging on, it seemed, for dear life. I thought of what chances the guides were taking, but I have been told that these Northern guides are great canoemen, and are very cautious and know their business, so are pretty safe men. Smooth water again for a few miles; then we came to some more rapids, which were not so rough as the first, so we all went through, but on reaching the third rapids the guides refused to take us through, so Pete and I had to make the portage while they went through by themselves. We had dinner on the portage, after which we did some target shooting with my .38 Colt revolver, which Adilard carried on his belt the entire trip, he being a good shot, and he was much in love with the

gun. After getting things together we were once more on our way down the river, meeting an Indian party going up to the trapping grounds. I got my camera busy and took pictures of them. Later at the Hudson Bay Post at Ponte Bluene we were told by the Scotchman in charge that the Indians had to start three and four weeks in advance of the season for their trapping grounds in order to get located. They take their whole family,—women, children and dogs,—using both birch bark and canvas canoes and for shelter a canvas tent. The fourth rapids were equally as rough as the first, with a longer stretch. It was here that we had a narrow escape from striking a rock, Prosper, in the bow of the canoe, catching the paddle on the rock just in time to push off. A little farther down we met another Indian party, getting another snapshot. The fifth rapids, which were the roughest, the guides went through themselves, not daring to risk it with us, so we had to make another portage. At this point the river is very wide, and as a very strong wind was blowing the water was quite rough and filled with large white caps; but our canoe, being a good-sized one, went through in good shape. Two miles farther down brought us to the Great Bear Falls. Here was the longest portage, being three-fourths of a mile long and over a high hill, on the top of which was camped an Indian family. A little farther on we reached the open, where we could look some distance both up and down the river, which was a pretty sight, with a good view of the Great Bear Falls. This is called the Grand Portage of the Bear, and consists of three falls within a short distance of each other, forming terraces, and reaching a total height of 108 feet. A

few years ago a log driver went over the first and second falls, but was rescued before he reached the third falls.

A few miles farther down the river we all went through the sixth and last rapids. Farther on we reached falls which were twenty or thirty feet high. The name Pete, my interpreter, could not say in English. Getting out here and toting half a mile to the home of the guides, we were shown their dog team of three large dogs with which they go up to the post at Lake Mistassini twice a year with supplies,—in winter with the dogs and in summer by canoes. After lunching at the house we were driven two miles to St. Felician. There we met a New York gentleman and his wife, they having been on a six weeks' fishing trip, both being dressed in khaki clothing, with long-legged moccasins. From St. Felician we were driven to Roberval, on the way stopping at the Hudson Bay Post at Ponte Bluene, where we were shown scores of Canadian lynx skins being prepared for shipment for Montreal. At the steamer landing at Roberval we made inquiries for the boat for the Perabonka River, twenty miles across the lake; and we were informed that, having no scheduled time, it would leave some time during the day, and would probably not return for several days, so we decided to give up the Perabonka trip. From Roberval the following morning, August 30, we left for Chicoutimi on the Saguenay River. The next morning we boarded the steamer for the beautiful ride down the famous Saguenay, stopping over night at Murray Bay, and arriving the following morning at Quebec, feeling well repaid for our trip of shooting the rapids of the Chomouchouan.

GIANT TUNA OF THE ATLANTIC

By TOM E. W.

UNTIL very recently little has been known of the real game fishing in the deep waters off the New England coast. In common with others of the "craft," when desirous of getting genuine fishing I had always thought it necessary to cross the continent to the California shores, where if the gods were kind and your pocket-book held out you could conduct quite a serious flirtation with the yellowtail, black sea bass, an occasional swordfish, and a semi-occasional tuna, that much talked and written of fighting demon, the leaping tuna of the Pacific, which often reaches the enormous weight of three hundred pounds avoirdupois. If not longing for a long ride by rail then it meant either a trip to some Florida resort where one can mix his fishing with tangoes and five o'clock teas, or a more expensive trip to the lower keys, Tampico, Boca-del-Rio, or Punta-del-Muerto, there to fight the tarpon, barracuda, amber jack, and giant jewfish, each an expert in the art of smashing expensive tackle and incidentally the meal ticket of the laziest and most expensive boatmen since the time of Peter. I had read a number of magazine articles within a year or so about a so-called tuna which periodically made its appearance some few miles to the windward of some New Jersey town, Seabright if my memory serves, about the time of the sea serpent's last appearance for the season, but never considered the matter seriously, accepting the article more as a write-up for some summer resort which desired to toll a few fishermen into town in an endeavor to prolong the earning capacity of their hotels.

Last summer, being tied up with business matters to such an extent that it was utterly impossible for me to get away for more than a day at a time, I had about decided to give up all thought of an outing when my "better two-thirds" came forward with a proposition that proved to be a ringer. She proposed that she and the kiddies spend a month at Block Island, R. I., but as we were pleasantly located for the summer, her idea was to wait until after Labor Day before starting, as the excursionists and summer visitors would be away by that time and she could really rest and could stay as long as the weather would permit, while I could come over on the Saturday boat and spend the Sundays with them. This plan was carried out, and the results both in the way of sport for myself and health for my family were far beyond my expectations. The first Sunday, as I was sitting on the forward deck of the little steamer "Shoreham," which makes daily trips from Providence to the island, waiting for it to start for the mainland, I noticed a group of men standing around a dark object on the dock, which from where I sat looked like the body of a large man. My first impulse was to go ashore and have a look, but not being particularly desirous of viewing some gruesome derelict cast up by the sea, I asked one of the deck hands what they had over there. "A fish," he replied. A fish! Well, I made the fifty or sixty yards between the boat and that "fish" in just about record time. I have often wished I could have had some old fishing pal with me when I viewed my first Atlantic tuna, for

tuna he was and more than twice the weight of the largest record tuna I had ever seen on the Pacific. The shipping tag read "The Rhode Island Fish Company, 750 pounds." I could feel my eyes bulge in their sockets as I looked. Turning to one of the bystanders I asked, "What kind of a fish is it?" "Horse mackerel," he replied. "They harpooned him off the car buoy," he added before relapsing to the mastication of the half-pound more or less of fine-cut he had in his leathern face. Harpooned him! Shades of Isaac Walton! Harpooned that glorious fighter, that king of the seas, the greatest, fastest, gamiest fish that swims! I had a twenty-inch umbrella in my hands and by laying it on him I got his length to be exactly nine feet and one inch, which measurement was verified by the purser later, this one being, as it happened, the smallest of three which they took to Newport for shipment, together with several tons of smaller ones weighing from eighty to one hundred and fifty pounds each, which had been caught in pound nets. The smaller ones were beheaded and stood on end in sugar barrels, each barrel holding three, with their tails extending a foot or more above the top.

I had abundant food for thought that afternoon on the trip to the mainland, you can well believe. Think of it! Every year hundreds of fishermen spend thousands of dollars crossing the continent or going South to get very uncertain fishing, while here, in plain sight of Long Island and only ten miles from Newport, the Riviera of America, were millions of the greatest game fish that swim being caught in pound nets and harpooned by fishermen who didn't know what they were and cared less, providing

they could find a market for them at any price whatever. A noted New York sportsman once told me that he figured the tuna caught by him cost him ten dollars a pound easily, and that he felt they were worth it.

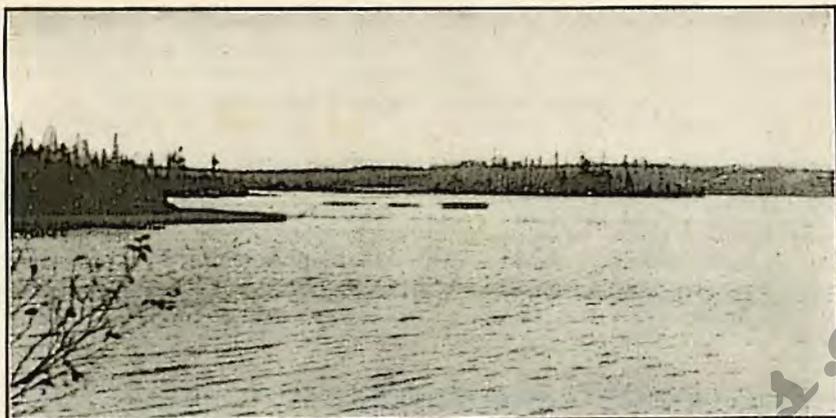
On my next trip to the island I talked tuna to the fishermen, and nothing could sidetrack my persistent quest for information concerning the methods used in capturing these monsters. The resultant information was spicy, to say the least. In general outline it was as follows: The smaller fish, ranging from seventy to one hundred and fifty pounds, are caught in the pound nets with the blues, weakfish, and other fish indigenous to these waters. The big fellows are baited to the surface with a chum of chopped butter fish, interspersed with an occasional whole fish. The boats used are mostly what is termed by the islanders as sword fishermen, that is, a large power boat with bowsprit and mast, the mast being equipped with crosstrees for the lookout, and the bowsprit with a harpooner's pulpit or chair on the extreme end. These larger tuna seem to have no fear of a boat, and when feeding on the chum will come to the surface and swim around within a very few feet of the boat. This enables the harpooner to pick his prey and harpoon him well forward in the thickest part of the body. The iron used is of peculiar construction, being quite long of shank and having collapsing barbs of good length. To the iron is fastened about eighty feet of $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch manila rope and on the end of this is seized a small oil barrel, tightly bunged. When the fish is ironed he makes a mighty rush, taking rope, iron, and barrel with him. Now here is a point about his actions that appears ex-

tremely queer: he will make furious rushes with the barrel, sounding, leaping, and making runs of several hundred yards, but will never go over half a mile from the boat that hit him, invariably circling around again and again until tired and weak, when a dory and one man goes for and picks up the barrel, the larger boat never leaving its anchorage until the fish is on the surface and has given up the fight; he is then hog-hooked and hoisted aboard. The man in the dory has some wild rides when he is fast to a good one, some of them yanking a dory through the seas for an hour or more after the barrel is picked up and the fish has seemed to have given up the battle. To give an idea of the fighting qualities of the tuna it may be well to say that every one harpooned pulls the barbs back to the hide, something that a swordfish or porpoise never does, although they are considerably softer of flesh.

As far as trying to catch these fish on hook and line or by rod is concerned, these fishermen will not so waste their time, it being easier to harpoon and net them. In fact, I never found but one man on the island who was equipped to catch them in an orthodox and sportsmanlike manner, although when the run was on, during October and early November, the best grounds were within a half-mile from shore and in comparatively shoal water. This man, Eleazar Allen, a native of the island and descended from generations of deep-sea fishermen, is a fisherman as well as a real sailor man, slow spoken and reticent. He is, nevertheless, a daring and skillful pilot and thoroughly

conversant with the habits of the fish as well as with the waters of this section of the coast, and has a reputation for large catches which is not entirely local. Allen's outfit consists of a powerful and exceptionally able seagoing power boat, equipped with an outfit more in keeping with a sportsman's launch than that of the ordinary fishermen of the island. His crew of two are trained oarsmen and can handle their dories in a heavy chop in a manner that would excite envy could they be observed by their Pacific brethren while fighting one of these monster fish to the rod. I found Allen's prices for the day very reasonable, considering his outfit and the waters. Although forty dollars a day is somewhat steep for one man, ten dollars a head for four men brings it in the reach of the majority, and when you take into consideration the fact that if the tuna are not biting, which often happens, Allen will chum them to the surface, and fastening your reel line to one of his harpoons will give you more fishing than many ever get in an endeavor to land a harpooned fish with rod and reel, you can readily see fun ahead. My experience with this outfit fighting these monsters to the rod was most exciting, and should this article pass Newt's blue pencil I will come back in the near future with the, to me, historical features of it. But before turning in with my feet to the fire I would say that beyond all peradventure of doubt we of the New England States have the game fishing of the world at our very door if we will but go a few miles off shore and use the same tactics we use in foreign waters.

**"Uncle Duke and Eli" go hunting turkey in Old Virginia.
Eli tells about it in the May National Sportsman.**



THE HUNTING GROUNDS BEYOND PERCH LAKE

MOOSE HUNT IN WILDS OF NEW BRUNSWICK

By H. D. SCHOETTGER, Lincoln, Neb.

Let a man once make a trip to the woods, mountains, or jungles of the Southland and live there removed from the conventionalities and restraints of the town for a period of two weeks and he is forever changed. The dormant instinct of his savage ancestors is revived into full force; and each year, as surely as the instinct of migration sends the birds North and South, so surely does the impulse overwhelm him to get away again with his trusty rifle to the land of the lordly elk, black-tailed deer, or the haunts of North America's king of beasts, the kingly moose.

The writer has hunted in nearly all parts of the American continent, from the turbulent surf of the Atlantic to the mirror-like bosom of the Pacific; from the Frazier River of British Columbia and the snow-capped peaks and glaciers of the Seven Devil Mountains of Idaho, where the ibex roams, to the tropical jungles of old and battle-torn Mexico, the home of the cougar, javelina, and white-tailed buck.

For many years tales of moose hunting in the wilds of New Brunswick have been a most interesting lure for the sporting editor, as the writer is familiarly known among the fraternal bunch of sportsmen at home. Very early in the season I made arrangements for a guide whose advertisement appeared in this great household necessity, the *National Sportsman*, and was recommended by the Head Camp of this paper to follow the trail of the big fellows in their native lair. The hunting of bull moose in

the eastern and maritime provinces of Canada is strenuous sport, attended with some discomforts as well as dangers, requiring a steady hand and nerve, besides an abundance of muscular energy. Furthermore, there is the element of expense and time, which makes it prohibitive to many.

In the fall of the year, when the autumnal tints are beginning to show, when the leaves begin to fall and there come unrest and deep-seated longings to be away, to put on woolens or shoe-packs and to shoulder a rifle, you feel the call of the wild, the beckoning hand of the red gods' enticements, and forget the loss of the pocketbook and absence from sordid business duties and journey to the haunts of the moose. You will never regret the money spent or the time lost, and besides finding a clean bill of health you will have material for many a winter night's tale and silent contemplation. The habitat of the moose is always far from civilization, in primeval forests where there is a plenitude of water and swamp land. I want to say in passing that Mr. Raynes (my guide) controls one of the best hunting grounds in New Brunswick. The ground was partially burned over about fifteen years ago, and there is now a luxuriant growth of young wood, which affords plenty of feed together with an abundance of water. A better location could not be found.

The woods with a companionable guide, the weird musical call through his birch-bark horn, the sight of the lordly game, the sizzle of the frying pan, the talks around the

roaring camp fire, the peaceful sleep on sweet-smelling boughs of balsam and fir, and the success of the trip are my excuse for telling of the hunt on the headwaters of what I have named Bobcat Brook on Perch Lake, where the home camp, Kamp Kill Kare, Kamp Davis, and Kamp Lovejoy are located, the base of supplies for the other smaller camps in the wilderness.

Before entering upon my narrative I must confess that the part of New Brunswick in which I hunted is the most forsaken country I have ever laid eyes upon

purposes, with compartments for guns and clothing, I departed for St. John. My destination was Fairville, a small hamlet west of St. John, but as my baggage was shipped in bond to St. John I had to go there to release it, as a duty is exacted on guns, cameras, and ammunition, but is returned if the articles are again taken back on the return trip.

Monday morning dawned crisp and clear. My driver showed up at the appointed time and with baggage released and loaded in a buckboard the trip to the land of endless



THE REST HOUR

in all my extensive travels. It is a veritable wilderness of swamps, rocky barrens, fallen timbers, and hair tangles of alder thickets. Should a sportsman unaccustomed to this country get lost, without a compass he would be like a mariner without this instrument on a stormy sea. I made arrangements with my guide, Charles Raynes, in July, depositing \$25 as a guarantee of good faith. My time was from September 29 to October 15.

September 25, my hunting paraphernalia packed in a steamer trunk built for hunting

game trails was begun. I have traveled to various hunting grounds with guides on pack horses, mountain wagons, and the quaint old oxcart of Mexico, but never had ridden in a buckboard or heard of this instrument of torture before. But such experiences and hardships are a treat to the huntsman who does not belong to the kind called parlor hunters. I picked up the guide at Fairville, where he had purchased supplies.

It was nearly a day's trip to the hunting grounds. The first few miles of road the

riding was good, and had it not been for good reliable references, as Dr. Dunham of Illinois, J. P. Bardes of Stapleton, N. Y., and Mr. Lovejoy of Lowell, Mass., I surely would have thought that "Charlie" had handed me a "bunch." But when we struck the tote road "awful" is no expression for it. May the Lord have mercy upon those who have the courage to ride on a buckboard on this road of torture, over stones and fallen timbers (I said stones but should say bowlders) and corduroy roads through the swamps. For the enlightenment of those who are not familiar with corduroy roads I would say that these roads are built from small trees chopped in lengths the width of the road and laid side by side to prevent the horses and wagon from sinking to oblivion, and these are not cut as to exact thickness either. Ten or fifteen minutes' ride over this road was all I cared to endure, so I signaled the driver to halt, telling him I preferred to walk the rest of the way, assuring him that if death was to be my fate in the wilds of New Brunswick I preferred it to come before a charging bull moose along our way. I noticed the various game trails, and partridges, or what are called in the western part of the United States ruffed grouse, which were evidence that we were in the land of the sportsman's delight. About the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Perch Lake, the camps being located on an island in the same. "Gabe" one of Charles' Indian guides, was there to meet us with the canoe, and transferred us and our baggage to the home camp, the base of supplies of the outlying camps in the desolate wastes and barrens of the silent wilderness. As all hunting is done against the wind, should the guide and hunters get too far away from the home camp the outlying camps can be used. The moose has a very acute smell and hearing and can scent a hunter a great distance. The tread of the hunter must be as stealthy as that of a cat. A moose hearing the snap of a twig will work around to get the wind in his favor, and should he scent his enemy, man, he will beat a hasty retreat through bogs and fallen timber.

After eating a hearty meal prepared by the guides, who by the way certainly understand domestic science as practiced in the wilderness, I cast aside my "Prince Wil-

liam" and donned the more appropriate garb of corduroy, heavy woolen sweater, and moccasin sporting boots. Although having brought two rifles, a .35 automatic and a .303 Savage, I carefully selected my old friend, the trusty .303, which has never failed me in landing the trophy and meat for the camp. My first trip with the guide was to the barrens, a rocky formation without vegetation of any kind. The calling season for moose is from September 15 to about October 20, and the guides who are experts in imitating the lady moose frequently lure his lordship in range of the gun. Only the male moose are allowed to be shot with the required age limit, which is known by the size of the horns. Although Charlie sent forth his plaintive call that echoed over hill and bog, no moose was sighted on this our first invasion of the moose country. The writer has always had a fondness for still hunting and disliked the idea of having a moose called up to meet his doom, which looked rather cold-blooded to him, and informed the guide, Charlie, that he would rather match his skill against the sagacity of the game. We returned to the camp satisfied that moose were plentiful, as the fresh hoof prints in the game trails showed. After partaking of the evening meal we were soon sleeping the sleep of the just, free from the turmoil of a busy world. It is certainly a treat to get out once a year and sleep under the silent stars in the vast wilderness where occasionally the hoot of the owl reminds the hunter that he is not alone. Life certainly is worth living when you anticipate the success of the hunt on each succeeding day.

I informed the guide that as this was my first hunt for moose I was not over particular for a large head this trip, as I had traveled about three thousand miles and would not like to go back without a trophy, and if one showed up with a reasonably good head I would try to bag him. The next morning at 5 o'clock I was aroused from my slumbers by Charles's cheery voice telling me that breakfast was ready. Breakfast on this occasion consisted of a huge stack of buckwheat cakes (which loomed up about like Pikes Peak in the Rockies) with Vermont maple syrup, boiled eggs, bacon, and other trimmings, with an ample brew of Mocha and Java coffee. Having reduced the stack of cakes to zero, and

washed the dishes, 6 o'clock again found us on the trail. Our first moose was sighted this morning while sitting on a barren. The guide called to see if there was any life in the swamp, when out of the alders walked Mr. Moose. He appeared on a small rock about two hundred yards away, with head erect and large ears pricked forward as if to say "This wilderness is mine." This being the first moose I had ever seen alive, I was agreeably surprised to see such a mammoth animal. I had never met any animal its equal on the North American continent. As my trusty .303 has a point blank range of 225 yards I had already picked out a vital spot, when the guide, Charlie, who was looking him over with his glasses, told me that I could procure a better head and not to shoot, as this animal had only about a 20-inch spread, and it seemed he was a full-grown animal at that. I heeded the advice, but was anxious to get my artillery into action. No more moose were sighted that day.

The third morning was cool and frosty, but my guide informed me that it was an ideal morning for game, and if my eyes were good and my nerves steady moose steak would be the bill of fare for supper. We had no more than gotten out of the canoe at the north end of the lake when two moose went crashing through the timber, having undoubtedly heard the grating of the canoe upon the rocks on the shore. We did not even get a glimpse of them, their tracks being all we saw, but these showed them to be large ones. We stealthily wended our way through the jungles till we reached the barrens, where we trained our glasses windward. About one mile away at the edge of an alder swamp we spied three moose, two males and one female. Now the battle between man and beast began, each using his cunning wits in the maneuvering. Twice the larger bull ran up on a high barren to take a look from the tower to see if all was well. Not scenting anything he galloped down to the swamp again, where the female was feeding on the succulent tops of small birch. We cautiously worked our way under cover as much as possible, careful always to keep to windward of the moose, to a high barren behind a boulder overlooking the swamp within about 150 yards. We could see the old cow, but neither of the bulls was in sight.

It was a critical moment. My heart action had increased perceptibly, but my nerves were steady, eager for a shot, having followed the game trails too long to contract what is known to amateur sports as "buck fever." The guide's eyes were riveted on the jungles of the swamp. Only once did the smaller bull show himself, but being a small head the guide cautioned me to wait for the big one, who would show up in time, as he would not leave his lady friend. I was soon rewarded, as a large moose parted the alders and a massive head showed partly through the same, but he either heard us or suspected something, for he stopped and slightly turned his head. My opportunity and the realization of my dreams had arrived. The most vital part visible was a point a little below the right ear. Rising to a full standing position I took deliberate aim and fired, and soon saw that the missile of destruction had found the vital spot. The massive frame of the once proud king of the forests staggered but, game to the last, refused to fall. He slightly turned so we could see his shoulders. I sent a second soft-point crashing through his heart, and before he fell another was sent through his shoulders and lungs. This was the happiest day of my life. I had traveled 3000 miles and got what I was after. The guide, Charlie, came over and gave me a hearty handshake, congratulating me on the good marksmanship and steady nerve. He seldom had seen a bull dropped in his tracks at that range. But through all the trials and tribulations of my former hunts my trusty .303 had never failed me, and I would have no fear to face the rhinos in the jungles of Africa with it. While the animal was in the throes of death struggling against the inevitable I would have liked to go down and witness the final scene in the life of the king of the New Brunswick jungle, but Charlie would not let me, as a moose when wounded is a bad actor, and many a hunter has paid the penalty, thinking the moose was down and out, when the bull finally revived and with his hoofs made mince meat of the hunter. When all was quiet in the bog we wended our way down to see our prize. There he lay with glazed eye, magnificent even in death. The head had a spread of about 40 inches. The horns, however, were a freak, having a cluster of spikes starting

out from the skull from either side, and Charlie, the guide, declared he had never seen its like and that it was a head to be prized. I was content with my trophy, as it was my first bull moose. Not having my camera with me I took out the entrails and left the carcass to be photographed and dressed in the afternoon.

There was much joy in camp as we arrived, as this meant juicy "haricot" of

part commenced. It was killed about three miles from camp, and the trail led over fallen timber, through bogs and alder swamps. The guide took the head and I shouldered a hind quarter, and as the moose was a full-grown, mammoth-sized animal the readers can imagine what exercise we had bringing the trophy and meat to camp, but we were well repaid, for such tender juicy steak I have never sampled in my hunting



ONE OF THE SMALLER CAMPS

moose for the sportsman and guides. Dr. Johnston of New York having just arrived for a hunt, and Charlie having two Indian guides employed besides himself, we certainly had a fraternal jolly good bunch of sportsmen in camp around the birch bark log fires at night, and tales, anecdotes, and some stories that bordered on the suspicious were told. It is the custom in camp when a moose is killed to drink a toast in a rare old Scotch top whisky concocted into a highball which certainly is the mixture for the occasion, and it was our ardent wish that our loyal guide would live for another century. After having dressed and taken pictures of the moose the most strenuous

career; it was fully equal to venison, and I must confess that "Charlie" and "Gabe" are as expert in preparing the same in various styles as the best chef Delmonico's ever had. With potatoes and brown gravy, mixed pickles and luscious blueberry pie and brown bread this was a feast fit for a king, and we certainly did justice to the bill of fare. It was no surprise when the sporting fraternity complained of their clothes being too small at the waist line.

As we had the limit of moose we concluded to spend the rest of our fifteen days hunting deer, but the weather turned in rainy. Besides, October is too early to hunt for deer, as the leaves are still on the

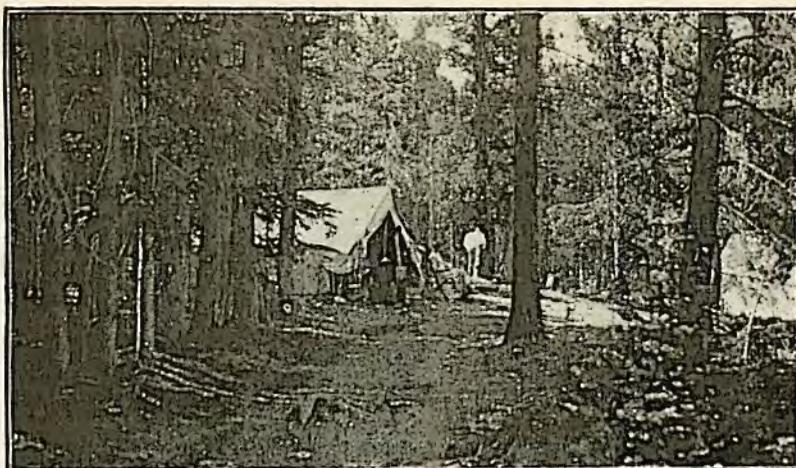
bushes. November is the ideal month for deer. We saw numerous signs, but failed to get our eyes on a pair of antlers. We saw ten moose on our hunt over only a small territory — four cows, six bulls, and several calves. Moose are plentiful and on the increase, we are told, in New Brunswick. During the last days of our hunt we saw the patriarch of the forest. A cow moose with her overgrown baby, which undoubtedly was a young bull, was on the barrens and the bull was trying to separate the calf from its mother so he could play basket ball with it, but the cow carefully protected her offspring. It was certainly entertaining to watch the performance. We could easily have gotten within shooting distance and bagged him, but had the limit and I was content to watch their antics. "Charlie" admitted he had never seen such a long bell on a bull moose before. It looked as if it were over two feet long.

In closing this account I must return thanks to the good and true guide, Charlie Raynes, who was with me and contributed to and made possible my success. I have had experience with many a guide during my hunts, but never has a guide given such universal satisfaction as "Charlie." He is a

gentleman and a sportsman in every sense of the word and an indefatigable worker and hunter. He controls about 200 square miles of excellent hunting territory, which, with the protective game laws of New Brunswick, will still contain moose to hunt when the silent boatman shall have ferried me across the dark stream. The country will never amount to anything but a game country, as there will be no commercial timber to cut on this tract of land for a century, it being practically speaking a wilderness now and will be for years to come. I expect to go after a larger head in the near future, but whether the fates decree that I shall never meet "Charlie" in this life, I hope that in those happy hunting grounds beyond the confines of this world we may meet and commune with each other "where the weary are at rest." I have laid my trusty .303 Savage away, thoroughly cleaned and oiled, for another year, during which time I shall often recall from the recesses of my memory the pleasant hunts of the past and live in bright anticipation of others which I hope may materialize in future years, trusting they too may be as replete with enjoyment and success as those preceding them have been.



AND THIS IS WHAT I SECURED



WHERE NATURE SUPPLIES THE CURE FOR WORN BODY AND WEARY MIND

A COLORADO TRIP

By I. H. STANWOOD

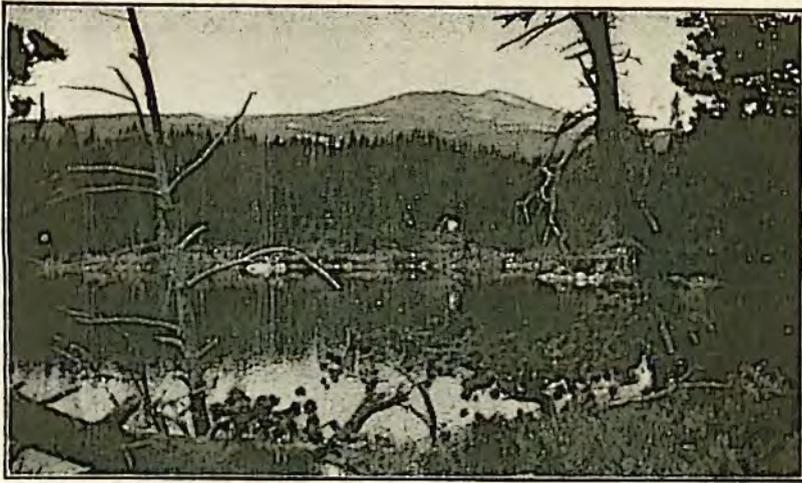
BOULDER, COLO.

My home being in Boulder, Colo., it is but a short distance to sublime heights and snow-capped peaks. A newly married couple, who were spending their honeymoon at Stapps' Lake in the heart of the mountains, twenty-five miles from Boulder, extended an invitation to a party of six of us, three ladies and three gentlemen, to share their camp for two weeks. Accordingly we arranged all the necessary paraphernalia, boarded the narrow-gauge train, and wound our way up and up, while the scream of the engine echoed wildly down the canyons. Eventually we reached a point where the railroad left the canyon and seemed to cling to the sides of the mountains, climbing around cliff and over gorges the depths of which eye could not reach nor mind comprehend. Finally we arrived at the little mining town of Ward, twenty-five miles by rail and about twelve by the crow's flight — if he lived here. From here we took Stapps' stage, seven miles over a beautiful scenic road. Twelve miles to the left were the snow-clad Arapahoes, while at each side of the road were avenues of pines and wild flowers, for which no State is more famous. We reached camp by noon, and from our appetites we seemed to have missed a meal. Stapps' Lake comprises sixteen acres, completely surrounded by tall pines and spruce.

The water is perfectly clear and deep, with jutting stone banks — a perfect gem — the more so from its being full of trout, from the fighting rainbow to the sly mountain fellow, which could be seen at all times, especially at the hour of sunrise. Our camp consisted of three tents and a kitchen fly —

Not the kind that is everywhere,
That half the world is hounding around,
That leaves a microbe here and there
And uses your plate for a sprinting ground.

We were supplied with all kinds of inanimate bait, books of flies, spinners, etc., so it seemed apparent that we could fill the skillets in a few minutes — but one pound of wool is worth a million bleats. We were not a little surprised when casting from a cover of stone or pine to see a fine fellow turn and move away as if he were offended. Every inducement was resorted to with the same result. Finally, as I was formerly from the Mississippi River, I concluded to try worms, as in boyhood days when with ironwood pole, dry elm root float, nail sinker, and ringed hook, I beguiled the bullpout from Potter's slough, and no king or potentate was e'er so proud as I when with battered straw hat and mud squeezing up between my toes, I walked by my school fellows with a string of these at



A VIEW OF STAPPS' LAKE, 9000-FT. ALTITUDE, MT. AUDUBON IN THE DISTANCE

my side. So I replaced my fly with a snelled hook baited with an old-fashioned angle-worm. I cast it out and permitted it to reach the bottom, when it was snapped up and I landed a good one. This was tried by all, and we soon succeeded in securing enough for supper. The next morning we tried the same tactics, but they snubbed the worms and took the flies. At noon they failed to take either, so we resorted to grasshoppers. While I was scouting for them I saw an old-fashioned yellow-jacket lazily swinging around the flowers, and I thought if variety was necessary I would have it. I captured him and after some difficulty and some dexterous handling had him impaled. I cast him out, and as soon as he struck the water he was gone. As I landed the fish I said, "You have a queer taste." But it gave me an idea, and I immediately a-yellow-jacketing went. I seemed to find every kind of live bait but the jacket. I finally saw one, fell upon him with my net, and captured him. I want to say here that I believe it is a high reach of bug hunting, and no sleepy job, to catch and bait on a live yellow-jacket. He can show more agility in a second with his business end than any other "critter" I ever tried to hold, and if one is not a lightning manipulator he will leave a lasting impression with his hidden electric motor. I found a spot where a pine tree which had fallen far out into the lake was nearly submerged. I cast clear of its branches, and could see my yellow-jacket go wriggling

down, down. I also saw coming out of that tree top toward my bait a greater rainbow trout than ever was or ever will be captured with a common leader. I saw him glide up to my hook as I was pulling it toward me, and he seemed to inspect it carefully, as if he had been fooled once. I felt his strength, was afraid he would take it, and yet I wanted a try at him even if I lost, which I did. I knew my leader was strong enough for any I had yet tried, but he took it, and I gave him time for us both to prepare for the eventful moment which soon must come. Finally I tightened and got ready as my old partner used to say, "to gin him line," but it was all over in a second. When he felt the hook he made a swift header into the moss at the bottom, as I suppose he had often done before. I had no more control over him than if he had been a hundred-pound sea bass. I lifted my line, minus my entire leader, and all I saw was a cloud at the bottom. He is in Stapps' Lake still, and, I think, defies all anglers. I never failed afterwards to capture fine fellows with yellow-jackets, and had they been plentiful I could have supplied the camp with any variety but whales.

Our lady campers were also successful, and enjoyed the sport of the electric sensation that comes with a strike. My fellow townsman carried away the blue ribbon by capturing a rainbow twenty inches in length. The fifth of July, seven of our party prepared for a hike up Mt. Audubon, 13,500 feet high, and seven miles away. We



A FREE-LUNCH NATIVE

encountered banks of snow, and where there was no snow beautiful yellow and blue flowers grew close to the ground. This was characteristic of the entire climb to the top, while beautiful crystal springs, seemed to appear just when needed. Most wonderful were the scenes from not only the roof but the cone of the earth as we stood gazing into depths that mortal man can never reach, and where eternal snow and ice prevail. It required the entire day for the trip, and when we straggled into camp with our stomachs empty and our heads full, had it been a quarter of a mile farther away we would have fallen by the wayside. Probably the location of our camp in a fine bear and mountain lion country is the cause

of dispelling the drowsy feeling. It was quite noticeable that the hindermost fellow was temporarily afflicted with being cross-eyed.

We remained the entire two weeks, which seemed like the passing of a day. We had a greater conception of our ability to enjoy every minute of mountain camp life, better ideas of life, and more love of God in our hearts.

If we could see clearly how life is bought dearly

In the closed up office, store room, and hall,
We'd take somebody's time, a day, and a climb,

Where the wild flowers bloom and the spring birds call,

Where we breath pure air, and drive away care,

And bring back the color, that has long since gone,
No doctors regime could ever redeem,

Like great Nature's help, for brain and brawn.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received the Russell Never-leak boots and am very much pleased with them. They are worth the time any one takes to get subscribers for the *Sportsman*. I have a few new subscribers, which I will send you in the near future. Will also try for one of your special premiums. Thank you very kindly for the premium.

Sunbury, Pa.

CHARLES TRUTT.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Received the fish set sent me as a premium. Please accept my thanks for same. They are O.K. I am a fiend on bait casting, but never see anything in that line from Michigan in your paper. Would like to hear from some one around here. The *National Sportsman* is all right—money well spent. Give us plenty of Newt.

Quincy, Ill.

ED. MASSY.

WHAT THE STATES ARE DOING TOWARD RESTOCKING

Washington

The State Game Commission has ordered the importation of 300,000 black bass and a number of game birds to be placed in the North Yakima section of Washington.

Pennsylvania

More than 500,000 trout are being placed in the streams of the State by wardens of the State Department of Fisheries and people connected with fishing clubs and associations who have agreed with the State authorities to look after the distribution of the young fish.

The distribution is carried on independently of what is being done by the National government agents, and covers the whole State. Some fish have been placed in eastern streams.

Commissioner of Fisheries N. R. Buller says that only yearling trout have been placed, as they can take care of themselves, and the percentage surviving is far greater than when much younger fish or fish fry are turned loose.

The fish are raised at State hatcheries and sent out under agreements to properly distribute them and to make reports on results of the "planting."

Ohio

Distribution of 320 pairs of Hungarian partridges, imported by Chief Game and Fish Warden John C. Speeks of Ohio, have been made in Hamilton and Clermont counties. The birds, which are said to be hardier than the domestic species, arrived in healthy condition from the interior of Austria-Hungary. The partridges were given to farmers and other applicants in Hamilton and Clermont counties who agreed to provide for the proper care of the birds.

Deputy Game Wardens Louis Kuertz and Dave Ferris gave each of the applicants a bag of sorghum seed, with the compliments of the Southwestern Ohio Fish and Game Protective Association. The seed is to be planted at the edge of a thicket and permitted to stand for the winter feeding of the birds. The allotting of the partridges was under the direction of the association. Dr. J. W. Kirgan, president of the organization, said that this is the first time this county has received State aid in restocking the hunting preserves.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WILL CHANGE LAWS

Fish and Game Commissioner Frank J. Beal of Plymouth, who is just completing his first year of service, is seeking the co-operation of sportsmen in prospective changes in the fish and game laws of the State.

He suggests the prohibition of trapping as a business, the issuance of a license to fishermen, the issuance of a State license good for hunting and fishing, the killing of buck deer only and limit in the weight of the catch permitted in ice fishing.

It is his intention to call conferences relative to these matters in each county prior to the next assembling of the legislature.

In speaking of his recommendations Commissioner Beal said: "Trapping is indefensible. Sportsmen and farmers should not tolerate it. It is inhuman and not sportsmanlike and should be prohibited except in the case of farmers who wish to protect their property and crops from damage by animals. The increasing numbers who make a business of trapping result in our game animals being rapidly destroyed."

The commissioner believes licenses should be issued to permit both hunting and fishing at the present cost of hunting, \$1 for residents, \$10 for nonresidents.

In defense of his proposition to eliminate the killing of doe, Commissioner Beal said: "This would not only protect the deer but also would serve to prevent many accidents caused by shooting too hastily.

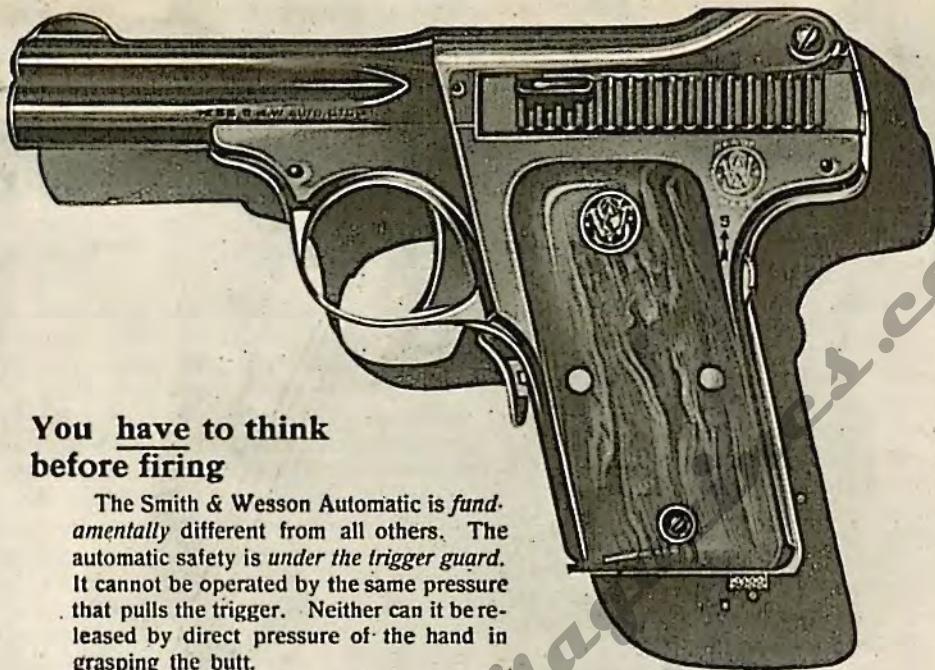
"Under the operation of such a statute every hunter would be obliged to pause long enough to see at what he was shooting which would greatly lessen the danger.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received my watch all O. K. and think it is just the thing for a man working out of doors or in a flour mill, as I am out here in Indiana on a stream called Pipe Creek, which empties into the Wabash River one mile north of the mill. People say there is great bass fishing here in season. I am thinking of building a feed mill in the spring, and wonder if any of the sportsmen can tell me of a good location. Let me hear from you through the *Sportsman* or write me direct and I will appreciate it very much.

Peru, Ind.

C. E. LOGAN.



You have to think before firing

The Smith & Wesson Automatic is *fundamentally* different from all others. The automatic safety is *under the trigger guard*. It cannot be operated by the same pressure that pulls the trigger. Neither can it be released by direct pressure of the hand in grasping the butt.

Smith & Wesson Automatic

"The gun that makes you think"

Requires a *double* motion of the *middle* finger to release the automatic safety, and this motion can be made only with *definite purpose*. *No one* can discharge the Smith & Wesson *unintentionally*.

And the *hand* operated, *non-automatic* safety makes the gun *doubtly* safe. With it the mechanism can be locked completely, so that it is *mechanically impossible* to pull the trigger.

Easiest to load

The recoil spring can be instantly disconnected so that the "bolt" may be drawn back and pistol loaded with *little effort*, a feature found in no other automatic.

And you can *easily* tell whether or not the gun is loaded.

Easiest to clean

By releasing a simple, but unique catch, the *Smith & Wesson* may be opened up for cleaning *without removing a single part*. No chance to lose some tiny screw and put the whole gun out of commission.

The special caliber

Protects you *automatically* from cheap or unsuitable ammunition. The S. & W. .35 Automatic Cartridge is made especially for this gun.

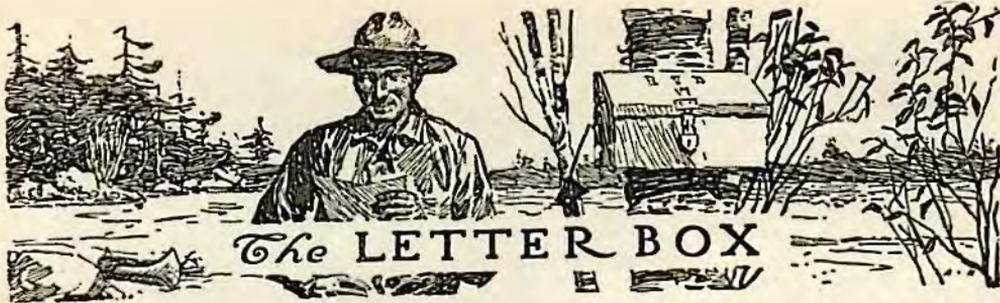
Add to these features S. & W. *mechanical perfection* and S. & W. *accuracy*, and you have the superior Smith & Wesson Automatic, the gun *you* should own.

Ask your dealer for the Smith & Wesson Automatic to-day.

Write for free booklet describing gun in detail

SMITH & WESSON, 724 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

For over 50 years makers of Superior Firearms



The LETTER BOX

AUTOMATICS AND THE .22 HI-POWER

Editor *National Sportsman*:—

In the February number of the *National Sportsman* Mr. B. G. Lawrence makes an attack on the automatic shotguns in general and says they are bought to slaughter and wound. That is a queer statement for a sportsman to make about others. A hunter naturally buys a gun with which to kill game, but I never knew a man to buy a gun for the purpose of wounding game. For what reason, I wonder, did Mr. Lawrence buy his single-trigger Smith if it were not for the purpose of slaughtering game? Most men buy one-trigger guns so that they can get in two shots more quickly than they can with the ordinary two-trigger gun. In fact a man with a single-trigger gun with an automatic ejector can make an automatic user go some to keep up. Mr. Lawrence goes farther and says that "the man that will buy an automatic never stops as long as his companions on the hunt lack the necessary number to make the limit" and that, "the man with the double-barrel only gets two shots, and if he hits a bird at all he gets it, as there is power there to kill."

Mr. Lawrence is unfair to the automatic user. Just because he owns an automatic is no reason for his desiring to kill more game than a man using the double-barrel. A user of a double-barrel is just as likely to help his companions get the limit as anybody else. Nor will a man with a double gun always get his bird if he "hits it at all." As for having power, the automatic has more than the double-barrel. Here is what the Remington people have to say about it: "The penetration of an autoloading gun is fully equal to that of any double or repeating shotgun." The velocity given for the double gun with a three-dram load is

882 feet per second for the shot, while for the automatic using the same load the velocity is 886 feet per second; thus the automatic has four feet per second the advantage. Personally I have tried the automatic out against other good guns and I have never seen it take a back seat when it came to penetration. There is no reason why the automatic should cripple the game any more than the ordinary gun, for the auto. besides having higher velocity has extra shots in case it is necessary to kill cripples and is really the more humane gun. It is admitted that the automatic will kill a little more game, but it will kill it cleaner and quicker than a double, as you have the advantage of velocity, extra shots for cripples, and you center your bird over one barrel and not on one side of it.

This is a free country and a man should use the weapon that pleases him best, but he should use it with his best judgment and care. It is no more right to prohibit the modern automatic shotgun for the double because it kills more game than to force us to give up the six-cylinder modern automobile and to use the old two-cylinder because the six having more speed and power causes more accidents and deaths than the two-cylinder. We try to use the best machinery and automobiles, so why not guns?

In answer to Mr. Roberts's query as to the efficiency of the .22 high-power Savage on deer when no bones are struck. It is on shots like this that the .22 high-power has guns of the .30-30 class "skinned," as the high velocity will cause it to expand on striking the skin of the animal, while the .30-30 will very often pass entirely through the animal if it hits no hard tissue. The .30-30 will do this very often if the range is 200 yards, or more, as the velocity is much lower than when leaving the gun.

EVINRUDE

TWO WAYS TO CATCH FISH

Some people need four things to catch fish with: rod—bait—boat and two strong arms to row with. The other way, the more comfortable way, is to stop rowing your boat. You can do this if you own an "Evinrude," which attaches in less than one minute and dives a rowboat 8 miles an hour, a canoe 12 and can be slowed down for trolling. It weighs about 50 pounds and carries like a gun case. The



is the only marine motor in the world having a **BUILT-IN REVERSIBLE MAGNETO**

This magneto is not affected by rain, waves, or even complete submersion. By a special arrangement we have procured as an exclusive feature, the

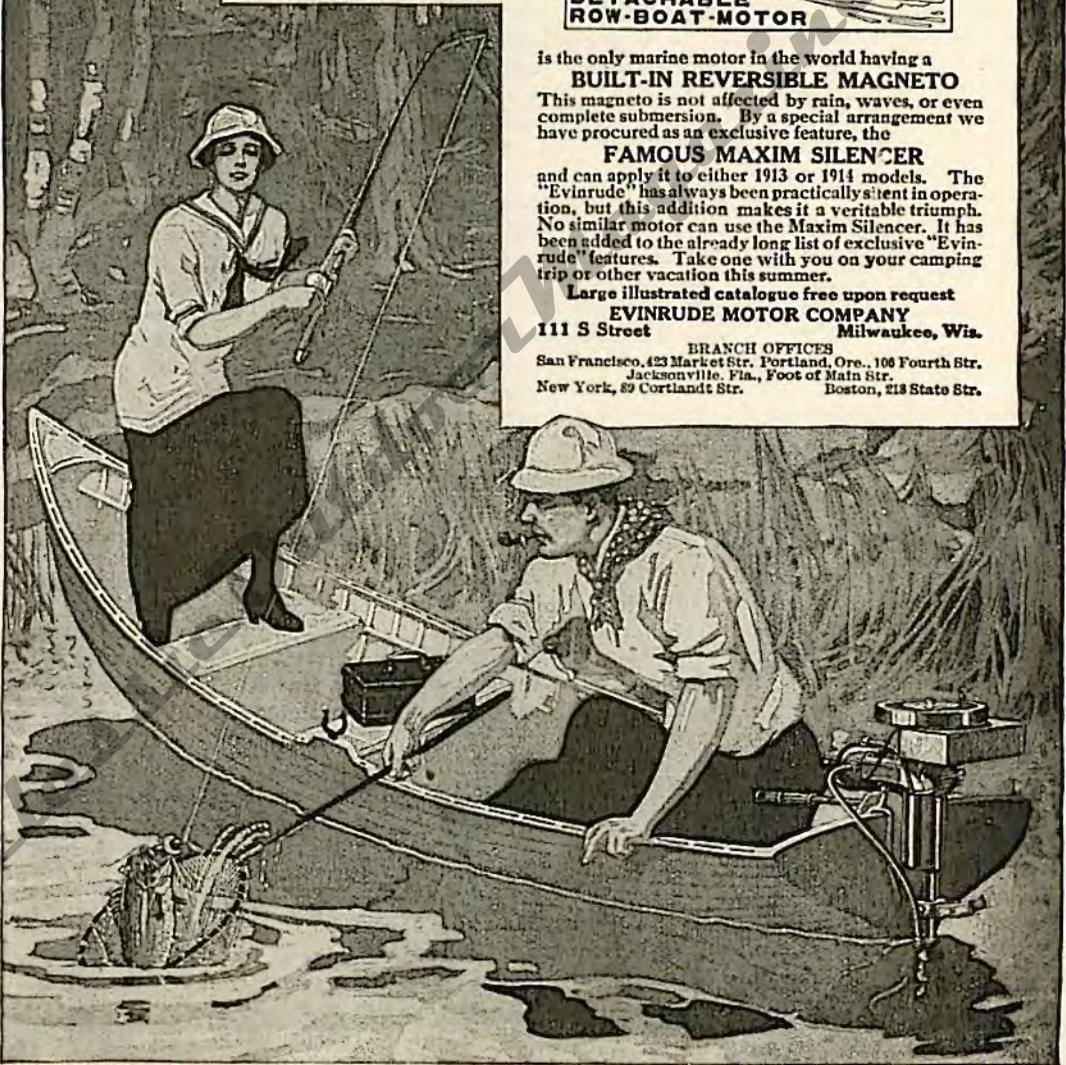
FAMOUS MAXIM SILENCER

and can apply it to either 1913 or 1914 models. The "Evinrude" has always been practically silent in operation, but this addition makes it a veritable triumph. No similar motor can use the Maxim Silencer. It has been added to the already long list of exclusive "Evinrude" features. Take one with you on your camping trip or other vacation this summer.

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A friend of mine secured a deer last year with his .22 high-power. The first shot was at 110 paces distance and struck in the abdomen without touching any bones. The second shot was through the shoulders and was found against the skin on the opposite side. The first went entirely through and left a hole so large that a great mass of intestines came through, and if the deer had run any distance at all he would have disemboweled himself. The second bullet made a terrible wound, but in this case struck bones. Upon being found the bullet was mushroomed perfectly and was so large in diameter that it would not enter an empty .50-70 shell. Too much cannot be said in praise of this cartridge and rifle for deer shooting. If Mr. Adams will occasionally use Winchester Crystal Cleaner in the barrel I am sure he will have no trouble with metal fouling.

Joplin, Mo. F. EDWARD EVANS.

EVERY HUNTER A WARDEN

Editor National Sportsman:—

An idea has just occurred to me, and I hasten to put a button on it. After reading all that I have in your magazine it occurs to me that many of our brothers who contribute to it are corking good fellows and most of them are good sportsmen and want to do the right thing at the proper time, while there are many more that do not write who are just as good and loyal. Therefore, suppose that you should arrange with the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commissioners to give every subscriber to the *National Sportsman* authority to serve as a game warden, each to serve without pay but to receive a certain per cent of all fines imposed on every man who violates the fish and game laws; providing he has been instrumental in bringing about a conviction. It is not every man who will care to serve in such a capacity, but most of us can recall times when, if we had the authority, we would have been glad to march the fellow to the nearest officer and deliver him with the goods. To go to court and witness against him is often quite inconvenient and should not be required where the goods are delivered, for that is sufficient evidence. I firmly believe that if such arrangement could be made in the State of Massachusetts, much of the game

which is now taken illegally would be preserved, as it should be.

An acquaintance informed me that last September he saw a man coming across a lake in Massachusetts with a boat and he, noticing the boatman when he started, waited until he landed. From that boat the man took three gunny bags which appeared to be quite heavy. Suspecting that something was wrong, after considering the character of the fellow and the improbability of his taking regular or legitimate supplies from such a place on the opposite shore, he, later in the day, went to that place and following the trail back only about twenty-five yards from the shore came to a secluded place where a deer had been dressed and cut up. Looking about him he also found a trail distinctly showing where the animal had been dragged through the woods. Following that back he came to a spot which showed where the deer had fallen.

A very close acquaintance of mine while in the woods one Sunday early last fall heard a report and also the shot spattering the trees over his head and at the same time a thump on the ground just a few yards ahead of him. Thinking he'd better lie low, for another bunch of shot might come closer, he dropped and hollered. At the same time he heard a fellow tearing through the underbrush. Seeing there was no more danger of being shot he walked up to the man and found he was an Italian who could hardly speak enough English to make himself understood. The bird he killed was a beautiful cock pheasant, and he had six others. How about it—an unnaturalized foreigner killing game out of the hunting season, and a five-year close season on pheasants?

Last summer I saw a person come to the shore of a pond in Massachusetts and commence to put into a basket a number of pickerel which he was picking up from the bottom of the boat. Some of them were no more than from four to six inches long. Some of the smallest of them had dried up so that he did not want them; these he threw into the pond, saying that the turtles would have a feast on those. When told that it was well for him that there was no warden about to see him, his reply was, "T'ell with 'um. They never come in here." This also was Sunday.

I could go on and mention many such

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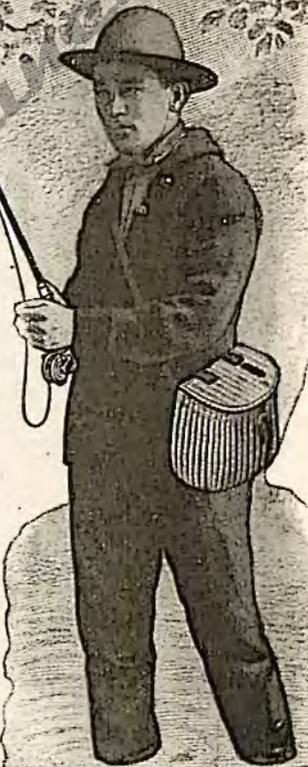
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cases, as could many of our brothers, but what's the use? It is well known. But if the proposition above mentioned was carried out these lawbreakers would not dare to let anybody see them doing such things, and there would be many convictions, for there would be many wardens who would catch them at it.

Where does the money come from which makes it possible for a person to find game to shoot and fish to catch? Why, the dollar you and I pay for our hunting licenses. Why should we pay our good money and then see these things done right under our noses and not be able to stop it? Why again should we allow a foreigner to hunt our game or catch our fish? I say "ours" for our money pays for the propagation, and some of it for protection, which it seems impossible to do with the present methods.

Why should the hunters pay for the fish? It would seem as though the fisherman should pay a license. It is not necessary that it should be a large one, although it should be made enough to pay for the expense of the hatcheries and the stocking of the ponds and streams. This license should also exclude those who are not naturalized citizens, for there is no just reason why they should be allowed to benefit by our expenditures.

There are people who are taking advantage of every chance to get anything edible, and as they usually have much time to go after the free things, the cream is all skimmed off long before the law is off them, while you and I are paying to protect them till the proper time arrives.

Our Fish and Game Commissioners are well selected, are good, broad-minded men, willing and anxious to do all that is possible for what is right, but it is absolutely necessary that they should have co-operation and funds.

The secret of the success of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals lies in the co-operation of a large membership of fearless and active people, who get right after any abuses so quickly that there isn't a man who dares to abuse an animal in the presence of anyone, for fear that person might be a member of the society with the long name. Why cannot we attain the same high standing by adopting the same general methods?

It would be interesting to know the minds of others on this proposition. We hear

much about the many violations and considerable criticism of the commissioners for not getting after these lawbreakers, but there are few methods advanced which would assist in remedying the evil.

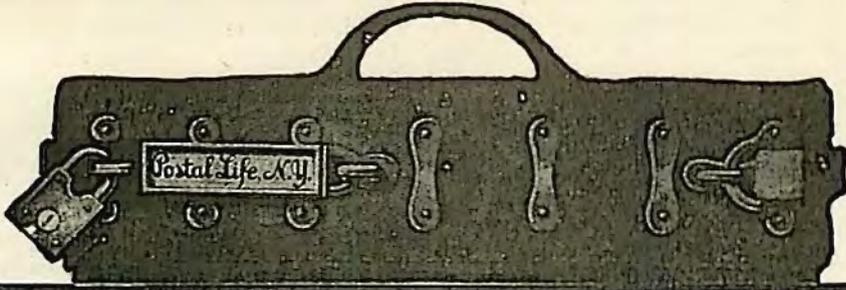
Beverly, Mass.

PARSON.

NO TROUBLE WHEN USING PROPER LOADS

Editor National Sportsman:—

Find one dollar for the *National Sportsman*, which I consider one of the best magazines on earth. I want to add just a little more in regard to my experience with shotguns. I have used shotguns for quite a long time; have owned some fine shooting guns, all grades, from three dollars up to one hundred dollars. A few years ago I was shooting a good grade gun and was loading my shells with smokeless powder. One day I thought I would try a shell loaded with $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams of smokeless. I put this shell in the gun and shot at a pigeon. I was very sorry I loaded the shell with $3\frac{1}{2}$ drams. I burst the gun of course. The load tore the frame of the gun all to pieces and tore breech open for eight inches. The pigeon flew away and wasn't touched with a shot. But I didn't blame the man who made the gun, neither did I blame the man who made the powder. I have talked with many old hunters. Some of them have had guns burst, but I never heard them say they had a gun burst when properly loaded. When the guns burst there was always a reason—a little snow or a piece of dirt. I have heard that a few drops of water inside a barrel would make a gun burst. Let me say that if any brothers have not had any such experiences it would be well for them to be careful and see that their guns are free and clear. I have seen men lean on their guns when loaded, or set the muzzle on their foot—a very careless thing to do. I don't think any gun manufacturer ever sent out a defective barrel, neither do I think a barrel ever burst unless it had an overloaded shell or something in the barrel. I heard of a minister who went hunting foxes one time and was lucky enough to get a shot at a fox but didn't happen to kill the fox real dead, so he took his gun and used it as a club to finish the job. When he got the fox real good and dead his club was badly broken,



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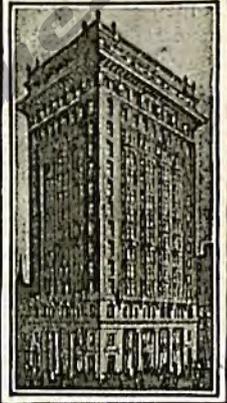
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so much so that the gun was never afterwards used. Guns aren't made to use as clubs or to roll logs with.

I have hunted foxes quite a lot, and have bagged as many again as any other man in this section for the last seven years. I shoot an Ithaca. I have owned eight or nine of them and found every one of them fine shooters. I have killed foxes from sixty feet up to one hundred yards. I never had to club a fox to finish him, and I don't think I ever will as long as I shoot an Ithaca. The other day I took dog and gun, started for my fox grounds, and in a few minutes had a fine old fox going. I stood in the woods. The fox ran at a rapid rate sixty yards from me and was in a whole lot of hemlock. I let go at him, but the fox went right on; don't think I even touched him. But I didn't blame my Ithaca or the Ithaca Gun Company. I think any man who has a gun burst and throws the whole blame on the gun and on the company that made it has something to learn. I am shooting a hundred-dollar Ithaca. I think a whole lot of it. I expect to own another Ithaca some day. I think the twelve gauge is about the right bore to suit me. I shoot $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams good black powder, $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounces B or BB shot. At sixty yards this load will fix a fox so he doesn't have to be clubbed, that is, if your aim is right. There is an Ithaca gun in this place that has been misused awfully for years and it is as tight as it ever was, and it's a cheap grade at that. I don't think there can be a better lock put in a gun than the Ithaca has. I enjoy reading shotgun talk, but don't believe in condemning any gun.

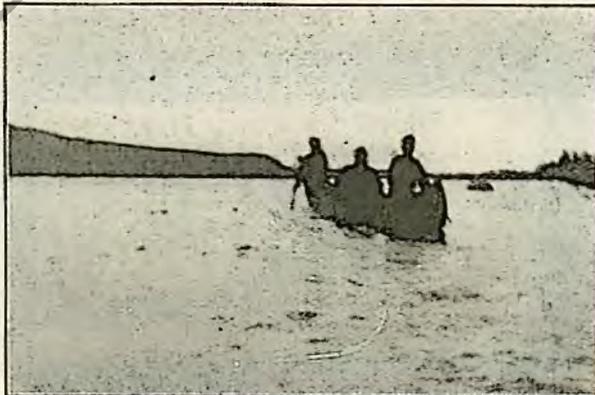
A. D. W.

MR. LAWRENCE UPHELD

Editor National Sportsman:—

When one sees something good he ought to comment on it. There are two articles in the February issue of the *Sportsman* that appeal to me very much indeed. One is entitled "Is the Automatic a Success?" by Brother B. G. Lawrence of Waterville, N. Y. This man Lawrence knows what he is talking about and he covers the automatic and pump-gun situation exactly as it is. As a matter of fact, I have been a sportsman all my life, but oftentimes have I been ashamed of the men who generally come under this head from the public standpoint.

A man who is a sportsman loves Nature, and while he likes to hunt, the small amount of game he kills is in practically all cases for his own use, and yet I have known men to go out and kill the limit in ducks, the limit in rabbits, etc. I have often wondered what they did with them. In some cases I have known so-called sportsmen to kill thirty-five and forty rabbits in a day, bring two rabbits back and leave the others where they had shot them. This leads up to the automatic-shotgun proposition. I have seen a good many automatic men in action. If any one will show me an automatic enthusiast who has sufficient game and who will quit shooting as long as there is game in sight, then I will show him a white blackbird. It would be an amusing matter were it not so disgusting, to hear the automatic users talk about saving the cripples and then shedding crocodile tears over the poor maimed game that crawl off into the reeds and bushes and die because they are shot by some chap with a double-barrel gun in place of an



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automatic. As one of our brothers expressed it, "Now isn't this a bunch of junk?"

Next the article by William G. Higginson on "Camping without Expense" can be read with profit by any of our brothers. This man Higginson is a real sportsman, and I certainly like his style. I have taken some trips along the same line, some lasting as long as three weeks. Most of my trips have been taken by myself or with a dog, simply because there is hardly one man in a hundred who appreciates a trip of this kind. The average is a continuous grumbler at the simple fare, the hard ground, and the roughing of it generally. In making trips of this kind I have always picked out a good route, through hilly or mountainous sections where the scenery is worth while. I have always been interested in the matter of a small, light equipment, and the question of going light has received such attention at the hands of some experts that one is inclined to go out with too little, that is, if he has done much of his tramping during the hottest part of summer. On one trip in going through the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, on a three-weeks' tramp, I carried a five-pound blanket, a heavy knife, knapsack containing extra suit of under-clothing, extra shirt, a small aluminum stove (the \$1.50 kind sold by Abercrombie & Fitch), a flask of alcohol, some small cloth bags containing condensed soup, cocoa, sugar, etc., a heavy shirt to use in sleeping out on cold nights, an oil poncho, a government canteen to carry water in, a leather belt filled with .38 cartridges, a Colt's .38 Army revolver, in addition to a heavy hickory cane. This made quite a load during the hot days, but at night on the mountains it would seem so cold that frost would almost fall; and one had very little sleep after 3 o'clock, as one's teeth would be rattling together like castanets and each night one would feel perfectly satisfied that the next day he would be sick—have the gripe and every other human ailment. However, the next morning after a good hot cup of cocoa and other food, the world would begin to look rosy once more and by 9 or 10 o'clock one's joints would be in good working order and he would be in a position to enjoy the trip and the scenery once more. It is all right to go light and it has its advantages,

but at times I do not know what I would have done had I not had all the articles with me that I mentioned. This particular trip was taken in July. The days were all hot and the nights all cold. If I were to take the same trip over again I most certainly would add a light woolen sweater and perhaps cut down on the food. I can assure you said sweater would be fully appreciated at night.

It is impossible to describe the sunrises and sunsets to be seen in the Blue Ridge Mountains under conditions such as the above, and if more of our brothers would get out into the outdoor life in this way, they would appreciate many things which ordinarily escape their notice. Here's hoping that all the good brothers will give more attention to what sport really means, and work together in order that the little game that is now left will not be a thing of the past within the next fifteen or twenty years.

New Castle, Ind. JESSE FRENCH, Jr.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Kick, kick, kick, yes, that's what the sixteen- and twenty-gauge boys are doing. The twelve's no good, they say, so let us put her on wheels. If the twelve's no good why do they want to pass a law prohibiting the use of same? They also say that a sixteen or a twenty shoots harder and penetrates more. Our club here has been using twelves until of late, when our best shot concluded he would use a sixteen. He does, a Winchester pump, and now he is at the bottom. Does this show that the sixteen is best? I agree with all the boys who are opposed to closing our spring shooting. Around here we only have one chance at the ducks, that is in the spring, and then a person very seldom makes a bag of six ducks. I would favor a law cutting down our bags and leaving our spring shooting open. But I am saying too much, so will quit, and if this misses the wastebasket I will write again and tell of a great day among the squirrels or our feathered friends, the quail.

Lacona, Ia.

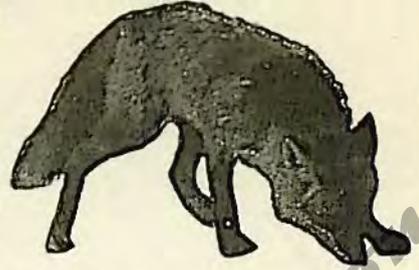
PAUL W. BUTLER.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received the game set to-day, and must say that I am more than pleased with it. Thank you ever so much for same.

Kalamazoo, Mich. FRED S. HARRIS.

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OHIO SPORTSMEN ACTIVE

Editor National Sportsman:—

While looking over your February number I was pleased to note an article from southwestern Ohio showing the progress they have made in their Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. As southern Ohio is my native country and as I am acquainted with the conditions there, I am glad to see the progress they have made within the past year. Mansfield is an inland town, and while we have several good streams it is necessary to drive some fifteen or twenty miles to get into any fishing territory. Therefore we are not overburdened with enthusiastic fishermen. Notwithstanding this we organized last November what is known as Richland County Fish and Game Protective Association, starting with twelve charter members, and at this date we have about eight hundred members, and I believe we have one of the hardest-working organizations in the State. On January 23 we listened to a very instructive talk delivered by our State Game Warden, John C. Speaks. The meeting was well attended. In our constitution we have taken up the protection of song birds, and for that reason have interested all the school teachers in the county, making them honorary members of the association. We have sixty pairs of Hungarian partridges which we are caring for and which will be liberated as soon as the weather is suitable. Later on we expect to interest a large number of the members in trap shoots and fly-casting contests. Our association has been instrumental in starting similar organizations in near-by counties. As your magazine is widely read among our membership I trust you will find it convenient to give this space in your next issue.

Mansfield, Ohio.

H. N. SILCOTT.

THE ITHACA AGAIN

Editor National Sportsman:—

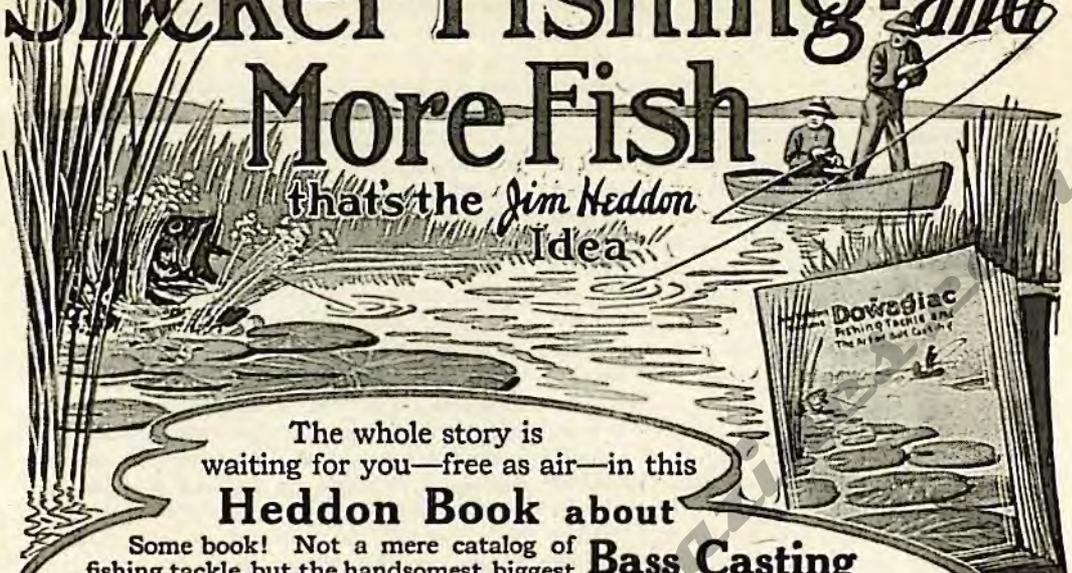
I noticed an article in the December number of the *National Sportsman*, page 842, by Mr. A. W. Doggett, calling the Ithaca Gun a "tin gun." Well, I just had to cool off a little before making any reply. I don't doubt Mr. Doggett burst his gun, but I do not believe Ithaca guns can be burst with any properly loaded shells unless there is some obstruction in barrels. Perhaps Mr. Doggett, like some others I

know of, carried his experiments too far with some dense smokeless powders, which by just a very few grains overload will burst any gun that ever was made. If you want to load or reload your shells go strictly by the manufacturer's instructions and you will have no trouble. In twenty-four years' experience handling shot guns I have not seen a better gun than the Ithaca. I will state here that I am under no obligations to the Ithaca Gun Company. I have been using their guns for the last eight or ten years, and while I do not say their gun is the only good gun, I do say I do not believe any can put one over on them. In 1912 I borrowed a 20-gauge Ithaca just to try it out, with the result that I discarded a \$210 12-gauge. Yes, it made me a 20-gauge convert. I had always been skeptical as to the merits of the small-bore gun. Last summer I had the Ithaca people make me a No. 1 grade with Krupp fluid-steel barrels as follows: 26 inch, right modified, left full choke, stock 14 inches, 3¼-inch drop at heel, weight 5½ pounds. I shot Winchester shells, 2¼ Dupont smokeless powder, ¾ ounces of 6 and 7 chilled shot, 7's in right and 6's in left. My score for the season was 21 rabbits, 14 ruffed grouse, 1 squirrel, 1 groundhog, and 2 owls. I shot better than 85 per cent kills; ranges anywhere from 25 to 50 yards and two or three shots may have been over 50 yards. I did not get a chance to do much hunting last season, as I could not get relieved, so worked every day until 3 p. m. I am telegraph operator at this point, so only had from 3 p. m. until 5 p. m. to hunt. I did better shooting with this little "tin gun" than with any gun I have handled for ten years. I hope Mr. Doggett sees this. My brother-in-law, David Phillips, of Philadelphia, visited me for two weeks in November and hunted with me. He was surprised at my little beauty in action, I would not take \$50 to-day for the gun.

I am going to elaborate a little on one of our enjoyable hunts. Those of your readers who have hunted ruffed grouse will understand this, I am sure. We were walking up the side of a mountain, perhaps 50 yards apart, intending to pass on either side of a bunch of wild-grape vines, expecting to put up some grouse, when 25 yards off from the grape vines out goes Mr. Cock bearing a little to the right, my

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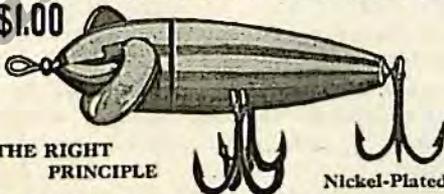
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S. E. KNOWLES, 73 Sherwood Bldg; San Francisco, Cal.

side. Result: dead bird. Dave says, "Get him?" "Sure," says I. "Didn't you hear him drop?" "No. Where?" "See that big log?" "Yes." "See that little hickory tree? Well, just above it." "I'll be durned if you did. You could not make that shot with a 12-gauge." "All right. I'll show you." We walked up the hill, and sure enough there was Mr. Grouse. Dave stood and looked from the bird to where I had been standing at an old tree that was blown down and says, "She is there with the goods." How far it was I don't know, but I am sure it was not less than 45 yards; may have been more. The beauty of it is I can do the work consistently at good long ranges. Yes, I am in the "take-her-along bunch," and am going to get her a twenty for next season, too. I am not prejudiced against any make of gun, but just have to stand by the gun that does the work for me. In any dealings I have had with the Ithaca people they have always been good old "pals." You know their motto, "We like a small profit, but a satisfied user, profit or no profit." Come forward, you thousands of Ithaca users, and tell us about your "tin gun."

Game was fairly plentiful last season in this neck of the woods, and I hope to have some very pleasant days with my pups and Dave and my better half next season with our "tin guns." Yes, Dave is going to get a 20-gauge "tin gun" too.

Wish the *National Sportsman* the success that the best sporting magazine published deserves. Confluence, Pa. J. T. REYNOLDS.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received the check you sent as a special prize in your subscription contest which ended February 1, and wish to thank you for the same. I hope to send you some more subscriptions in the near future.

Wallingford, Conn. C. J. FOSSEY.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Best wishes for the best sporting journal that comes to my desk.

Groton, Vt. H. L. TILLOTSON.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I have received your premium offered for twenty new subscriptions to the *National Sportsman*, a Knickerbocker 16-gauge hammerless shotgun. I have given it a fair trial and find it accurate and effective, and am well pleased.

Green Bay, Wis. CLIFFORD WALLEN.

NO SPRING SHOOTING WANTED

Editor National Sportsman:—

All true sportsmen are law-abiding citizens, no matter in what walk of life, whether rich or poor, for a sportsman will accept the law as he finds it, not as he might wish it to be. If the law tells him to stop shooting at sundown he stops; he does not take more than the limited number; and if a wounded bird flies some distance and goes to earth he immediately tries to retrieve it, not only that so much meat may not go to waste, but to stop the suffering of the bird. He never wantonly kills song or insectivorous birds or birds that he cannot use. In many of the letters that appear in the *National Sportsman* wherein the writers attack the game laws of their States you can read between the lines the one motive, selfishness. There are perhaps persons who would kill the last deer, swan, or duck from this motive. A sportsman would conserve them that future generations may get a small part of what he has been fortunate to enjoy. I was surprised and disappointed when I read the first two lines of the letter from Inavale, Neb., in the November *Sportsman*, on page 672, written by "Wickwire." These are the words: "Brother sportsmen everywhere, are we going to be beaten out of our spring shooting?" I did not think there was one sportsman in Nebraska who did not appreciate the magnitude of the federal law as the one great stride in protecting migratory birds on their way to the breeding grounds. Sportsmen in north Nebraska have advocated "no spring shooting" for twenty years. I look with suspicion on the letter of a person who is ashamed to sign his name to an article he wishes published. I also think it detracts from the value of the magazine that publishes such. All lovers of birds and wild fowl owe Allan McLean a debt of lasting gratitude for his masterly fight for and final enactment of the present federal law. Of course there are certain localities that duck and geese resort to in the spring and pass around or do not stop at in the fall. In such case those who will be deprived of their spring shooting will have to seek other localities for fall shooting.

A person reading some of the letters that appear from month to month in the *Sportsman* regarding guns would think that the makers of the "only" gun paid the writers for

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the boost. I think that in this age of invention and competition all standard makes of guns are about the same in shooting quality. I think it is the way the gun is "pointed" that makes the "best gun ever." In duck shooting 99 per cent of the misses are due to shooting behind the bird. A canvasback duck in full flight will travel 130 miles per hour and is said to be able to keep up that rate of speed for 24 hours; but if the bird is going at right angles to the shooter at 120 miles per hour, fifty yards from shooter, and if the shot travels 1200 feet per second, the shooter will have to lead the bird 22 feet to have the bird and shot connect. Many old duck hunters misjudge the speed of birds. This is the fascination of duck shooting, the judging of the distance and the speed at which the bird is going, no two shots being exactly alike. I have hunted for more than fifty years, and for more than forty years past have not shot a bird on water or ground with shotgun unless it was crippled. Give the bird a chance. I shoot a 20-gauge, one I made myself by boring out a Swiss or French army barrel and fitting it to a 16-gauge Winchester stock and action, cutting the works down to handle the .20 shell. The barrel is 34½ inches. I bored it to handle coarse shot. For canvasback duck and all late shooting in the fall I use No. 4 shot. I use factory-loaded shells for quail and early chicken shooting, but load my shell when I use 4's, and load as follows: 2½ drams Dupont bulk smokeless, 1 AA card wad on powder, 1 black-edge felt, 2 felt wads that I cut from felt horse collar pads which I cut with 18-gauge wad cutter; last wad on powder is black edge, making five wads on powder. I only use one-half ounce of shot with AA card wad on shot crimped tight. The reason I use the soft felt wads is because they are cut larger than gauge of gun, and with pressure of powder and resistance of the shot the soft felt wad is pressed against the inside of barrel so tight that little or no gas escapes around the shot. Let some of the 20-gauge boys try this load and I am sure, if the gun is bored for a coarse shot, that they can put five pellets in an object the size of a duck at 90 yards or drive the shot through more than a half inch of pine at 85 or 90 yards, but I am skeptical as to a short barrel's doing this. I have never used a

gun larger than 14 gauge except at the trap. My 14 gauge I made myself, and probably would be shooting it yet, but some five or six years ago it was difficult to get ammunition for it, so few were in use. I think I shot the 14 more than seventeen thousand times. I have lived in Rock County, Nebraska, for twenty-five years except one year when I was hunting in Canada. In 1896-97 we wintered 290 miles northwest of Winnipeg. My companions on that trip were J. E. Humphreys, now of Bassett, Neb., and Dr. E. L. Cash, now a member of the Canadian Parliament. In north Nebraska, in Cherry, Brown, and Rock counties, there are hundreds of lakes and ponds around which many mallards, shovelers or spoonbills, and blue-wing teal breed, and now that the federal law prohibits spring shooting we look for some canvasback, redhead, sprig, bluebill, and widgeon to hatch here as they did forty years ago. There are twenty-two different kinds of duck, not counting the divers or mergansers, that migrate over and stop in this part of the State.

Bass fishing in lakes in Cherry and Brown counties is always good, and trout fishing is fair in the clear, swift streams that empty into the Niobrara River. The trout are brook, mountain, and rainbow. I spend two months each year in the tent, and at some future time will tell the readers of the *Sportsman* about some of my hunting and fishing trips, also who were my companions on some of them for the past twenty-five years. I am sending two photographs of hunting, but do not know whether you use them.

Let us use and sign our true names and the names of those who hunt and camp with us and their addresses; then if we want to correspond with them we can do so knowing that they have in a way been recommended. Hope Newt gets even with or a little ahead of some one, even a kid, the coming year.

Bassett, Neb.

J. J. CARLIN.

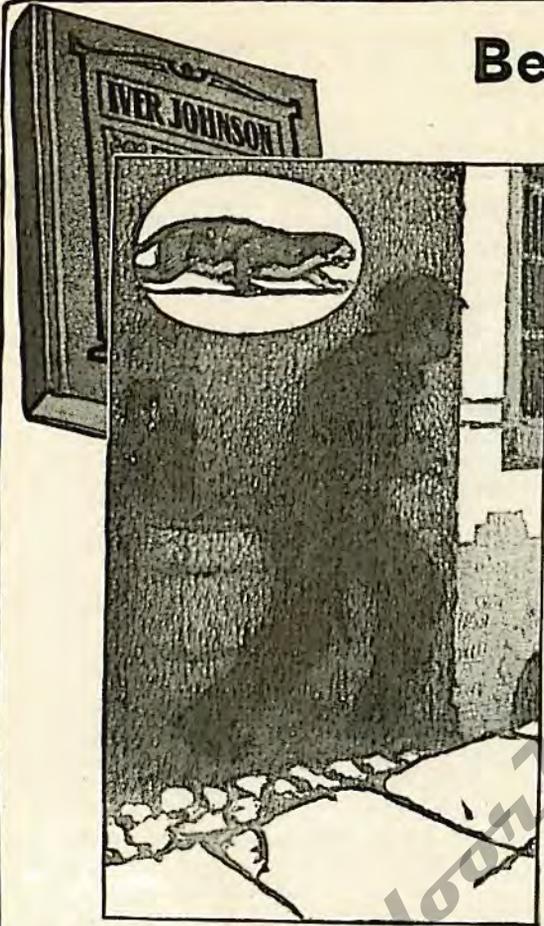
Editor National Sportsman:—

I wish to acknowledge receipt of the key ring, also of your letter of the 18th instant. The ring is very satisfactory—just what I wanted.

ALEXANDER YEARLEY, 3rd.

Baltimore, Md.

Beasts of Prey!



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PENNSYLVANIA GAME PRESERVE

Editor National Sportsman:—

I am enclosing herewith the peeled-off long green for renewal of my subscription for two years. I have been a silent reader of the *National Sportsman* for a number of years and like it better each year. I enjoy reading the hunting and fishing stories from the different States and Canada, also the articles on guns big bore *vs.* little bore. It is sometimes amusing to read how some brother with a certain rifle or shotgun makes a remarkable shot on game or at a target and proceeds to tell us he has the only and best kind of gun, and I guess we all think about the same way. I am glad that it is thus, for it tells me that he or they have confidence in that particular kind of gun, be it big or little bore.

When I think that we are all of different minds and temperaments there is no need to engage in personalities, and when I see the rainbow with its variegated hues of many colors I like it much better than if it were but a single band of color spanning the sky; so I enjoy the different views of the brother sportsmen from month to month.

I do not see many articles from our State in regard to game conditions unless it is from some one "knocking" the hunters' license law.

There were a number of bear and deer killed in the State during the season of 1913. While the rabbits and pheasants showed a decided increase during the past year, it is very likely that the rabbits will not be so plentiful next season on account of the extended time which permitted the killing of them up to December 31.

There was a time in the history of Pennsylvania when deer and turkey were plentiful in the mountains of Fayette, Westmoreland, and Somerset counties, but because of the onward march of civilization and the confining of game into smaller areas of timber without a limit as to the number or kind killed they were unable to recover from the onslaught from year to year, until the elk became exterminated, while the hunting of deer and turkey became a tale that was told by our fathers and grandfathers, and this in counties where conditions were and are still favorable for game. When I was a boy I used to sit and listen to the old hunters telling their stories of hunting deer and turkey, and I have

often thought about those tales and wished that we had game like that again, and I believe that we shall see the restoration of game in the mountains of Westmoreland, Fayette, Somerset, and Cambria counties, for through the passage of a law in the legislature during the session of 1913 it was made possible for the sportsmen, through the game commission, to place a closed season for three years on deer in the above counties, where conditions are ideal for the propagation of deer and turkey if given a chance.

I am told that the game commission have almost closed a deal for the purchase of about two hundred deer from a private game preserve in Cameron County for the restocking of these counties; and if these deer are liberated, with the number previously brought in and the protection of a closed season for three years, there is every reason to believe that we will have some good hunting in the future.

And I think the game commission deserves much praise from the sportsmen of the State for their effort in restocking depleted covers with deer, elk, and turkey, and I desire to mention the name of John M. Phillips of Pittsburgh, who as a member of the commission is doing a grand work in the conservation and propagation of game. While I never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him I believe him to be a man with a large heart to do the work I have known him to do. So as true sportsmen of the good old Keystone State let's be boosters instead of knockers.

Scottdale, Pa.

A READER.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I beg to advise you that I am in receipt of the premium boots and am very, very well pleased with them. I initiated them Saturday night in an 18-mile coon hunt, and they did the business fine.

Thanking you for your promptness in the matter, I remain

Springfield, Ohio.

E. A. PARKER.

Editor National Sportsman:—

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Auburn, Me.

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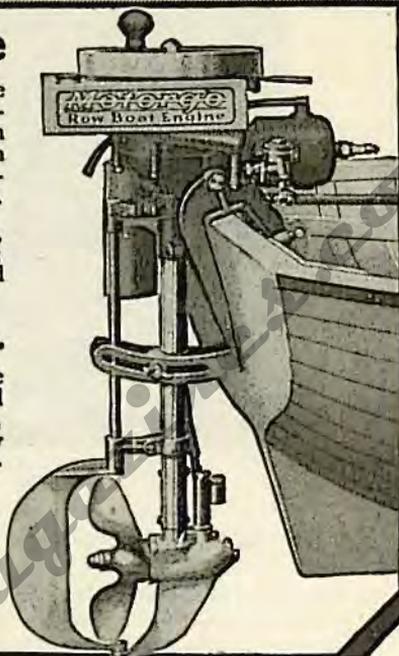
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A PAIR OF BLACK-TAIL DEER
Photo. by E. A. Rolstad, Hoffman, Mont.

THE NEW LAW A GOOD ONE

Editor National Sportsman:—

I will ask permission through your columns to take exception to the article of "A Spring Shooter," wherein he advocates spring shooting. Time was when, in the Canadian West, more ducks could be seen in a week than are now seen in a month, and this not very long ago either. I have seen them literally in thousands on Lakes Superior and Winnipeg. At that time spring shooting was allowed and it was no trick for any fair shot to get from twenty to fifty in a day. With the increase in population came the increase in spring shooting and naturally decrease in fall shooting, until eventually the different legislatures were compelled to act in order to save the ducks from extermination. Even now some species of ducks, plentiful a few years ago, are rarely seen. The wood duck is one of these. In this country, which is the natural herding-ground for large numbers of ducks, we can see the effect of spring shooting, and are in a better position to note its effects than those who live farther to the south of us. It is my opinion, gleaned from observation that ducks almost invariably mate on their way north, and on their arrival at the breeding grounds are ready to settle down to domestic life. When a pair is broken it forces the other to seek another mate, and that is one of the reasons why

we see so many unfledged young when the season opens (in Alberta). Taking it all around the slogan should be "the greatest good for the greatest number," and if the consensus of opinion is in favor of spring shooting, arrange it that way; but when the most observant sportsman and naturalists think it wrong, their opinion is worth considering. What with spring shooting, the destruction of the eggs by Indians and others, automatic and repeating guns, improved double guns and ammunition, the conversion of the sloughs into wheat fields, and the market shooter, not to include the unlimited bag, the unfortunate duck seems doomed to extinction. We often hear reports that in the South the ducks are shot to keep them off the rice fields. Is this so? The argument of "A Spring Shooter" that because the buffalo and the passenger pigeon disappeared the duck will do likewise, does not apply. The buffalo had to go to enable the authorities to control the Indian. No clear reason has yet been advanced as to the cause of the final disappearance of the passenger pigeon. The duck being of a different nature from these can be saved and if the authorities will get together and have a clear understanding on the question, shorten the season, prohibit the sale of game and the use of guns handling more than two shells, as well as limiting the size of the bag, the duck will be



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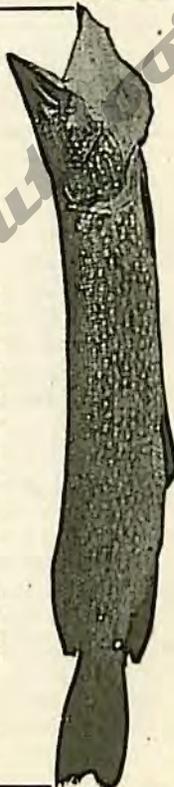
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WANTS MORE INTEREST PAID TO CASTING

Editor National Sportsman:—

I have been and am still a subscriber to your real sporting magazine, written by real sports, for over three years. I have never read in your magazine anything from the casting clubs throughout the country, and it grieves me as well as hundreds of my friends that something is not mentioned about us and our clubs. I want to be one of the first to make a move in that direction and if it is not helped along by others I am ready to give in, but I am more than sure that the near future will see this line of recreation and sport at such an increase that it will be kept up.

At our annual banquet, held in Chicago, it was shown that it can't keep from going up. There were representatives all the way from New York to Los Angeles, and I guess that's going some for drawing power. Our new president, the Hon. Mr. Bauer, has hunted, fished, and visited the sporting spots of the whole United States, and a truer sport cannot be found in any line of sport, because he is inoculated with all of them.

The *National Sportsman* is offering cups with a trap-shooting scene on them, and if the scene could be changed so that it would have some sort of a fishing aspect, I'll promise to do my best to present our club with a "big un" to be cast for whichever way may be deemed best. The club I belong to is the Anglers and Casters Club of Chicago, and I want to say, without disgrace, it is the smallest in membership but the largest in attendance in club meets or tournaments, so that makes up for any other loss that we may be accused of. If we don't make a little noise we won't be heard of at all. If we all get together and promote this line of sport it won't be long before the *National Sportsman* will have a real casters' page in the magazine, which will show just what we are all doing each month. If each club sent in their new records or monthly scores and also informed the brother mem-

bers when their next invitation meet would be held, it certainly would be a great boost to the game as well as a step towards bringing us into closer relationship to one another. At the present time we are not as close as we might be.

This is a starter, and when our season opens next spring we will all be on deck and show the other branches of sports that we are not as small as we look. When I joined this club I had the same idea about it that all get before going and actually partaking of it. "Nix, none of this dry-land fishing for me," were the first words I said. After a few times I found that it was not so easy as it looked to hit one of those "tomato cans" stuck in water. It is just as helpful to the fisher as trap shooting is to the hunter, as it teaches him to put the bait where he wants it, as well as teaching him to appreciate the pleasure there is in a good reel and rod. I will give you an instance of the experience I had this summer when fishing with a fellow who said he knew all there is to know about "fishing." We were in a boat and he started to cast while I rowed. The first few casts were just to get the "line working," as he put it. When he started to cast he told me he was going to land right over by a log. I found he was a "side swiper," and before I knew it he caught me full in the back with a treble hook. That shows how much a man thinks he knows about a thing that he really doesn't know anything about. If he saw how it was done the right way and was taught how to do it, he would have come near the log and not caught me in the back with the hook.

I'm afraid this is getting rather dry, so I'll quit right here by hoping to hear from some other brother caster through the *National Sportsman*.

Chicago, Ill.

R. G. AURICH.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received the moccasins and they are a perfect fit. I wish to thank the *National Sportsman* for them. I received the January issue of the *Sportsman* and have devoured its contents from cover to cover, and am waiting patiently for the February issue.

I take great pleasure in reading it, and would not miss it for the world.

Milford, N. H.

C. W. TALBOT.

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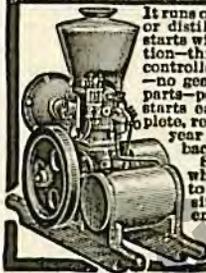
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LIKES THE ROSS RIFLE

Editor National Sportsman:—

Having lately returned from spending twelve months in North Baffin Land, latitude 68 degrees to 74 degrees north, in the Canadian Arctic, as a member of the "Minnie Maud" Expedition, I feel it my duty to render justice to the wonderful precision, long range, flat trajectory, and marvelous killing and "anchoring" power of the .280 High Velocity Ross Rifle, which accompanied me in all my wanderings in that frozen zone.

During my recent year's sojourn in the Arctic I journeyed over 4000 miles on foot from Pond's Inlet via Eclipse Sound, Navy Board Inlet, Lancaster Sound, Admiralty Sound, Brodeur Peninsula, Hecla and Fury Strait to Melville Peninsula, and I returned via Fox Channel, Murray Maxwell Bay, Cockburn Land, and Milne Inlet. I was constantly on the march for eight months, during the depth of the Arctic winter 1912-13, three months of which was done in the months of December, January, and February, mostly in darkness caused by thick fog and the total absence of sunlight, with the temperature constantly ranging between 40 degrees and 60 degrees below zero.

I was accompanied only by some Eskimos with their dog sleds and, after traversing the frozen sounds and fiords, was the first white man to cross Cockburn Land and was also the first man to visit Hecla and Fury Straits, Igloodik and Melville Peninsula since the memorable voyage of Captain Parry with his ships "Hecla" and "Fury" in 1822-23 in search of the Northwest Passage.

As my first stock of provisions was soon exhausted I had to depend mainly on my trusty and well-beloved .280 Ross for the sustenance of myself and Eskimos during the greater portion of the trip. And never once did it fail me. In fact I frequently owed my life and that of the Eskimos, numbering thirteen persons with forty-two dogs, who accompanied me, to its wonderful precision and shocking power. With it I killed over 100 seal, about the same number of arctic caribou, besides many walrus, a difficult animal to kill and recover, white fox, wolves, and arctic hares.

I also killed in the fall of 1912, when the sounds round Pond's Inlet were free from ice, several narwhal, a species of whale weighing over two tons and armed with a

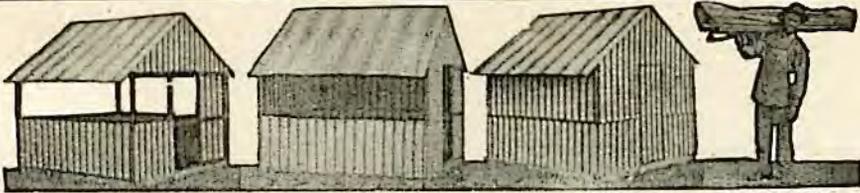
long ivory horn. The effect of each shot from the .280 Ross was paralyzing and on several occasions literally "blew out" the hind quarters of arctic caribou at ranges of 500 and 800 yards. I have brought down caribou at 900 yards with this rifle. Whatever the .280 Ross hit it paralyzed and dropped. It is undoubtedly the hardest-hitting and most accurate long-distance big-game rifle in the world, and, in my opinion, is the indispensable rifle for the arctic, where one's life so often depends on a long-range arm with a flat trajectory, as the land game there are wild, swift, and difficult of approach, and the clear atmosphere makes accurate range finding, when the game are alarmed and moving rapidly, almost impossible.

I have used all makes of rifles, but with none of them have I had such success as I have had, under the most trying climatic conditions, with the .280 H. V. Ross, which is the peer of them all.

With it I floundered through deep snowdrifts, fell down hillsides and ice packs, stumbled over bowlders and ice ridges, and submitted it unwittingly to every test of ill usage, but never once did it jam, break, or become affected by the snow, intense frost, or rough usage. When I returned, with the exception of bearing plentiful evidence of the hardships it had undergone, its shooting power and accuracy were as good as when I started.

Its quick sighting and accuracy when shooting at bobbing seals' heads in a foggy water hole, with the wind blowing a gale and the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, often provided us with food when another day meant death by starvation. And when crossing the lonely, bleak, and snow-covered dales of Cockburn Land, the flat trajectory and great shocking power of my .280 Ross repeatedly enabled me to bring down arctic caribou, "the only food supply for men and dogs," in full flight at 700 or 800 yards' distance; but for which myself, Eskimos, and dogs would have perished miserably hundreds of miles away from the rest of the Expedition. The Eskimos with their Martini-Henrys, etc., were quite unable to hit the flying deer at such long ranges.

When we reached Milne Inlet at the end of the long journey overland, I had only four cartridges remaining, and we had traveled the last three days on land without eating



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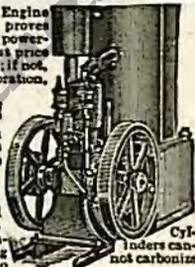
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NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE
73 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



food of any kind. At Milne Inlet we killed a seal, which saved us from actual starvation, and we traveled the last 125 miles intervening between us and Pond's Inlet, where the schooner was anchored in the ice, in three days, eating nothing, men or dogs, during the last two days.

On a previous expedition to the arctic in 1910-11 on the C. G. S. "Arctic," when we went as far west as Melville Island, I shot many polar bears, musk ox, reindeer, seal, walrus, wolves, hares and narwhal with a Ross .303, which, next to the unapproachable .280 H. V. Ross, I consider the hardest-hitting, most accurate, and handy sporting rifle in the world. Both of these rifles, each in its own class, stand by themselves, whether for use in the arctic, the tropics, or in the temperate zone.

In the province of Quebec, in the counties of Portneuf, Levis, Charlevoix, Montmorency and Quebec, I have killed, with the .280 H. V. Ross, moose, caribou, and deer, and found it to be equally reliable and ready in the bush as in the open.

It is with real pleasure that I render this testimonial, purely voluntary and unasked for, as to the unequalled merits and qualities of Ross rifles, whether for use by explorers, prospectors, hunters, or sportsmen in any part of the world.

ALFRED TRAMBLAY.

Giffard Beauport, Que.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Enclosed you will find my dues for the next year to the best brotherhood in the world. This is certainly "some" magazine, and this seems to be the only thing in which all the brothers are agreed. I like the gun talk best. Some of it is awfully simple, some simply awful, and some is O. K. I favor the Remington and Winchester arms most, but I guess success is largely due to the man behind the gun. I have a Remington .22 target No. 3, an H. & A. 12-gauge double, and an Iver Johnson 12-ga. single. I had a .22 Savage Imp., but disposed of it, as it is a little too powerful for this section. Will some brother who has shot the .32-20 Winchester please let me know of its characteristics and its shooting power? I have thought of getting this caliber in a '92 carbine

with half magazine. For game we have rabbits, quail, squirrels, and very few pheasants.
Houston, Pa. A LOYAL BROTHER.

FOXES CAN CLIMB TREES

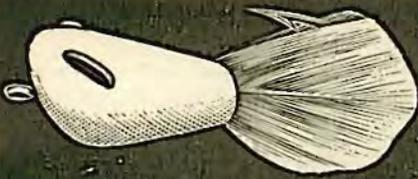
Editor National Sportsman:—

On page 192 of the February issue of this magazine there is an article by Dr. E. M. Hart of Salt Lake, Utah, in which he questions the veracity of Mr. Ferris of Santa Barbara, Cal., because the latter gentleman stated that the California foxes could climb trees. In the February issue of *Outdoor Life* is an article by Mr. A. M. Powell on some of our game animals. In announcing the coming of the article, which Mr. Powell wrote at the request of the editor, *Outdoor Life* says, "Probably no greater authority on all American big game animals exists than Mr. Powell, with the exception of Mr. Roosevelt." Of the California fox Mr. Powell says, "That the California fox can climb trees has been proven to my satisfaction. I once doubted their ability to ascend any but leaning trees or those with spreading limbs, but I finally found that my hounds treed them where the trees were straight and it was forty feet to the first limb."

Personally I know nothing of their climbing ability, but know they are an entirely different animal from the larger red fox of the East or North. The little California gray fox is a very small, slender animal and to me looks and moves more like a cat or weasel than any member of the dog or wolf family.

Pasadena, Cal. E. L. STEVENSON.

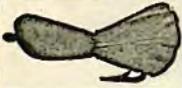
Waterproof glue is manufactured of gum shellac three parts and India-rubber one part by weight, these constituents being dissolved in separate vessels in ether, free from alcohol, subject to a gentle heat. When thoroughly dissolved, the two solutions are mixed and kept for some time in a vessel tightly sealed. This glue resists the action of water, both hot and cold, as well as most acids and alkalies. If the glue is thinned by the admixture of ether, and applied as a varnish to leather along the seams where this has been sewed together, it renders the joint or seam water-tight, and almost impossible to separate.



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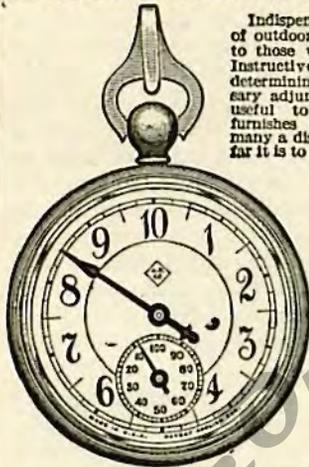


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POOR GAME WARDEN SERVICE IN ALABAMA

Editor National Sportsman:—

Enclosed find \$1, for which please send me the *National Sportsman* for one year. I have been getting the magazine at my newsdealer's for several years and have enjoyed many a pleasant hour reading the good stories it always contains. Especially have I enjoyed the articles written about the little 20-gauge Ithacas.

There's only one thing that I regret not having seen in the *National Sportsman*, and that is a letter of some kind about the game conditions of Alabama.

There is one article in the February issue that I certainly did appreciate and that was the one with the initials T. E. K. signed to it, on the subject "More Vigilant Wardens." Now if Mr. T. E. K. would come to Alabama he would see what real poor game warden service is. In Alabama we have no game laws at all; or perhaps I should say that the laws are all right but we do not have game justice. Out of about every ten huntsmen you might find one who has enough honor to pay his county hunting license.

The quail of this State, also other small game and fish, have steadily decreased for the last five years, and in a few more years, unless extreme measures are taken to prevent it, there will be no game here at all.

I have asked many sportsmen who have their licenses what they think about a closed season on quail in Alabama for at least three years, and all of them said that that would be the only thing to bring back the fast-going quail. Even a closed season for a year would help; and if the season were cut down to three months instead of four, i. e., from December 1 to March 1, it would save many a young bird, because at the first of the season I have seen young quail that were not a bit larger than an English sparrow. That means that they are very easily killed. Wake up, Alabama sportsmen, and show your colors. L. W. S.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received the dandy Coaxer trout fly and think it will work fine. I am hoping to get a chance to try it out soon. I have never seen any in the stores here.

Thanking you again for your careful and prompt attention, I am,

Middletown, Conn. W. E. PERKINS,

WANTS MONEY USED PROPERLY

Editor National Sportsman:—

It is a good while since I wrote to the good old *National Sportsman*, so I will try now. I see a good deal of comment on the .32 Special being such a great killer, etc. I would like if some sport would prove to me wherein the .32 Special is better than the .32-40. The .32 Special and .32-40 are a 16-inch twist, use 24½ grains H. P. powder and 165 to 170 grain bullet. I handled rifles and made them for thirty-five years, and the .32-40 is my choice. It is a "straight" shell, easily cleaned to reload, and not half so liable to rupture and stick as the .32 Special bottle-neck shell is. I don't see wherein the .32 Special is superior to the .32-40 in any point. The .32-40 is as near the all-round rifle as has yet been made, for any game. It takes any load from real light or miniature with black or low power smokeless up to a full load and M. P. bullets. I hunted in the Alleghenies and found the .32-40 all that is needed. The old .44-40 Colt also is as fine a killer for bear and deer in limit of range, etc., considered, as one could wish for, as more bear and deer are killed at less than 50 to 75 yards than are killed at more than 100. I also thoroughly agree with Dr. E. H. Ashcraft of Coudersport, Pa., as to the \$1 gun tax. I have been in the counties he mentions. As to pollution of streams with filth of paper mills, coal works, and property tanneries, killing all the fish, I have often seen the waters when not of a depth over 6 inches and one couldn't see bottom and not a fish of any kind to be found. I don't mind paying the \$1 if the money collected were properly used. Another vague feature is the claim that it keeps boys under sixteen out of the woods. Yet the law says that with the sanction of the parent the boy of sixteen can get a license. I saw such "kids" in the woods who didn't know muzzle from butt of gun. Let us consider these points and see where the money is spent. In Oklahoma and some other States thousands of dollars were paid in as licenses and the money was used for the erection of art buildings. Some one gets the rake-off. I think Pennsylvania will experience the same result. The law was made by city sports for their own benefit. Where does the farmer come in who has no woodland to hunt on? It is a

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By **EMLYN M. GILL**

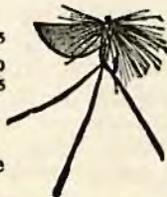
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National Sportsman Magazine
73 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

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Will not blow out—absolutely safe. No oil or grease.

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THE Game Pocket measures the life of a Coat, but there's only one Game Pocket that prolongs that life. Our Patent Game Pocket does it, because it's **Water-proof, BLOOD-PROOF, Reversible, Cleanable.** Makes the Coat last for years. The only Hunting Coat that's not thrown out before it's worn out.

Write for handsome Booklet, full of interest to a Hunter.

THE GEM SHIRT CO.
Sportsman Building Dayton, Ohio
PATENTEES AND SOLE MAKERS

very noxious and unconstitutional matter, and I hope the next legislature will lay it on the shelf. What say you, brothers? Let us hear from you.

Lancaster County, Pa. L. J. HUBER.

USES AN AUTO. LOADING

Editor National Sportsman:—

Herewith find check for \$1.50 to keep me in good standing for the next two years.

The game in this locality consists principally of ducks, grouse, geese, jack and cottontail rabbits, with a few coyotes and badgers. The birds and jacks are quite plentiful, although the latter are not hunted much, being infected with boils, and therefore not good for the table.

My arsenal consists of Remington pump 12-gauge, Remington repeating .22-caliber rifle, and a .32 Iver Johnson revolver, hammerless. I am always interested in the gun talks, especially those giving the relative merits of the 12- and 20-gauge shotguns. I prefer the 12, principally because shells are obtainable almost anywhere, whereas 16- and 20-gauge shells are harder to get.

I note that many double-barrel devotees are against the pumps and automatics because they say that a man will shoot just as long as there is game in range and shells in his gun. Granted. But did Brother Double-Barrel ever stand on a pass and shoot bluebills coming toward him, about ten feet in the air? If he can get in over three shots without the aid of a Gatling gun he is going *some*. Furthermore, I like to have an extra shell left to kill a cripple before it can dive or get into the weeds.

Have never seen the half mallard and half bass "critter" that Brother C. M. Hart of Salt Lake mentions. Probably it has not reached North Dakota as yet, or maybe it is because this is a prohibition State!

Sheyenne, N. Dak. J. O. SWERTSON.

SOME TRAP-SHOOTING QUESTIONS

Editor National Sportsman:—

I have just finished reading the February number of the *National Sportsman*, and along with other interesting articles I was much impressed with the article by Frank J. Parsons on "Why Be Deficient in Marksmanship?" and will say to Mr. Parsons that I was particularly interested in his remarks on shooting clay targets at the trap. For quite a while I have been trying to raise my average at this work. I certainly believe his plan is a good one, and I shall fit

up an individual trap where I can throw the birds as he suggests, starting them slowly and increasing the speed as I improve; of course, I intend to improve. But there is one thing which I desire to ask his advice about, that is as to how one should aim at the target. I have a conviction that my style of shooting is wrong. Having had no instructions to the contrary, I have been aiming my gun at the trap before calling pull, with my left eye closed, and keeping it closed until after the shot. I have seen the argument in one of the powder manufacturers' pamphlets that one should use both eyes all of the time when following the target; in other words, look at the target and play billiards with the gun barrel pointing it as he would a cue, keeping his eyes on the spot he wants to hit. I would appreciate Mr. Parsons's ideas on this; also information as to how he sights.

I have been grumbling for some time because there is no magazine with a trap-shooting department, although I have said very little about it to the publishers, as I did not feel that I was able to contribute very much to it, but I know there are others who are well posted and expert shots who could make this department interesting to the amateur, and any one who is able to start a department of this kind would do a very great favor to quite a number of the subscribers.

I thank Mr. Parsons for the suggestions he gives in his article, and hope to hear from him often through the columns of the *National Sportsman*.

Newport, Ind. E. E. ASBURY.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received my "Doc an' Jim an' Me" which you sent, and was pleased with it. I am a great lover of Newt's stories. Think he is good at it, so please let him keep it up. I think your magazine is fine and have only one fault to find with it. I always have to take it along up to the printing office to trim the edges before reading it.

I have done a great deal of hunting and fishing in this State. The last trip I was on was over in Tuscarora Valley, which place I find very good for small game. Rabbits are very plentiful, especially in the upper end of the valley. The farmers in said valley are a fine lot of people, who will treat a person right if they are treated so themselves. B. F. WELLER, Johnstown, Pa.



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Do not lay out the amount you have decided to spend for a gun until you have handled and tested a Fox—Six grades, \$25 (in Canada, \$35) to \$150 at your dealer's. There are many reasons why your gun should be a Fox and it is to your interest to see and know them.

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PLEASE MENTION NATIONAL SPORTSMAN WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS

GOOD RABBIT COVER IN MASSACHUSETTS

Editor National Sportsman:—

In the February issue of the *National Sportsman* I notice a letter from Mr. Edward Babson of Gloucester in which he speaks of the absence of rabbits in many localities of Massachusetts. I heartily agree with Mr. Babson that some action ought to be taken to replenish some localities, but it must be that he does not know all of his State, certainly not this part of it. I could take him out in some of our local swamps and give him as good hunting as any one could ask for. There is also good rabbit hunting in Bristol County and also in the western part of our Bay State.

On Saturday morning, January 24, 1914, "Jim, George, and I," with three dogs, left town at 9.30 in an old pung; also in two feet of snow and a steady rain. It was a good day for the dogs to follow but miserable for us. By 10.30 we had arrived at our destination, put up the horse in an old camp, gotten on our stands and turned the dogs loose. They had hardly gotten into the swamp before the music started, and in about ten minutes I had knocked over the first one, a big white "snowshoe" coming towards me like the wind. I had hardly picked him up when "Bang, bang!" from my right, and in a minute Jim yelled, "I got him." And so it kept up for a while. Now mind you, we were not tramping about in the woods and swamps, but were standing in a roadway at places where the rabbits had crossings. And if one wants to get some real sport and have to do quick, close shooting, let him hunt this way and fire only at the moving rabbits.

Well, we got home about 5.30 with the outfit, having ten "snowshoes" to our credit, not counting one that one of the dogs got after it had been hit and three that another chap got ahead of our dogs. When we got in at the stable we found two other chaps who had just arrived from a neck of woods about a mile from where we had been. They had nine, and had each made a miss. Not a bad bag for either party when the day is taken into consideration. I could write a book on the rabbit hunting in this district, for it is the favorite sport here.

Now just a word about the "cottontails." There are plenty of them around here, but as a rule the boys do not hunt them on ac-

count of their "holing up" so quickly. They don't give the dogs a chance to run, though once in a while we go out and "jump" them out of the brush piles.

I use an old Burgess 12-gauge "pump" gun, and though she is an old-timer she always brings home the "bacon." To complete my outfit I have a Winchester .32 special carbine with twenty-inch barrel, which does good work up to 500 or 600 yards, and will stop anything up to deer and bear. This fall I am going to get a .303 Savage and a 16- or 20-gauge repeater, probably Winchester.

I expect to go up into the Athabasca country, in Alberta, this next fall after some real hunting, and I figure that I will have a good chance to try out the two rifles.

In conclusion I will say that I would like to have Mr. Babson come up here into our district some time if he wants some real rabbit hunting, and I will promise to give him all he wants of it. I have a young pup that was born last June that has come along nicely this fall and winter, and expect that he will be doing some real work by next season if he keeps on as he began. He is a full-blooded foxhound, and after next season I am going to put him onto fox and get a beagle for my rabbit work.

C. F. WHITELEY.

Winchendon, Mass.

RECOVERY OF A BANDED PINTAIL DUCK

Mr. Jefferson C. Wenck of New Orleans informs me that one of the guides at the Delta Duck Club, killed a female Pintail at Cubit's Gap, near the mouth of the Mississippi River, in December, 1912, that had a band on the right leg, marked 186A. It will be of interest to know where this bird was tagged. A. K. FISHER.

U. S. Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I should have written you before and thanked you for the .22-caliber Stevens target pistol which I received as a premium for securing subscriptions. I never owned one before, and I think it is a little dandy.

Ansonia, Conn. CHARLES BEAVER.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I wish to thank you for the dozen mallard duck decoys you sent me for twelve subscriptions, and believe me, they are some decoys.

Utica, N. Y. CHARLES SCOUTEN.

MEISSELBACH FISHING REELS



The Reel That Wins!

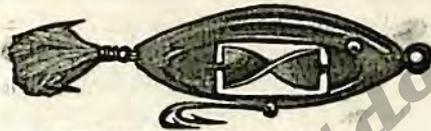
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PRICES—Bass size, 85c.; Pike or Pickerel size, 90c.; Musky size, \$1.00

At your dealer's or by mail postpaid on receipt of price. Write today for descriptive folder, giving available colors.

IMMELL BAIT CO.
28 Main St. Blair, Wis.



"It is weighted so it always travels in an upright position. Where used it has proven VERY SUCCESSFUL." O. W. Smith in June (1913) *Field and Stream*.



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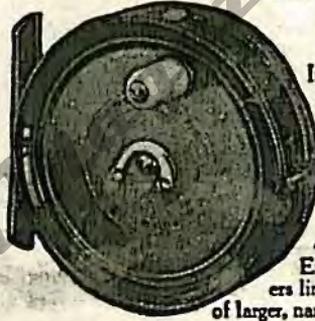
Successful fishing depends on the tackle. Our long and intimate dealing with the national and international masters of the royal sport is our certificate of superiority. The most complete line of fishing tackle in America.

A. & F. Co. English Fly Reel

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Introduced by us last year and made a tremendous hit with leading trout fishermen. Lightest practical reel on the market.

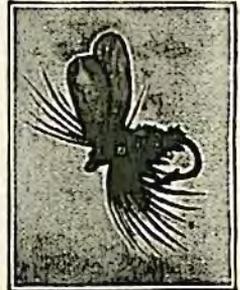
Aluminum-gun metal finish; made narrow and high—holds 40 yards F line. Has English tension drag. Casters line fast and evenly because of larger, narrow spool. Sent postpaid.



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Tempt trout as no other fly made. We introduced these dry flies a year ago and the demand is a record breaker. Tied abroad in turned-down eyed snuck hooks—with double split wings. Write us what water you expect to fish.

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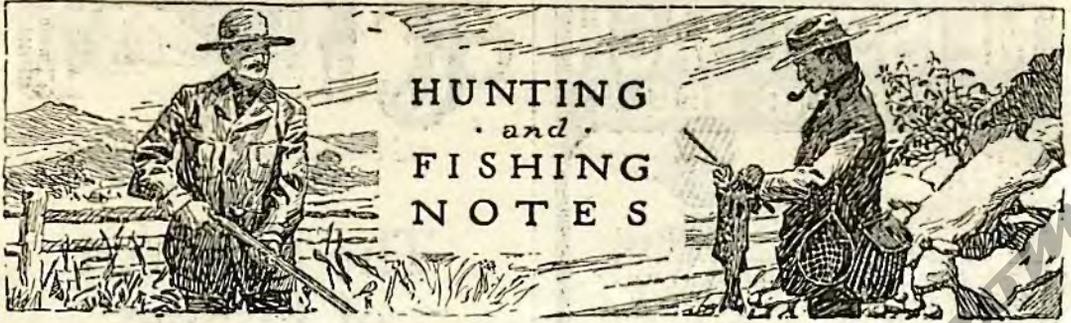
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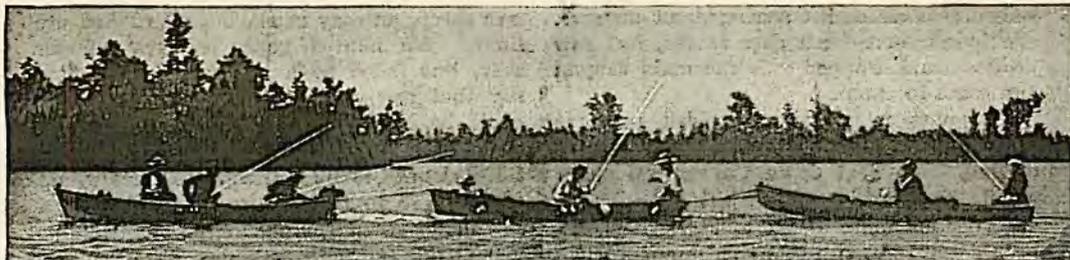
AN IDAHO TRIP

Editor National Sportsman:—

Thinking some of your readers might enjoy a truthful and accurate account of a southern Idaho hunt, I send you the following. Mr. Harry Wright and myself jumped into a Ford touring car one frosty October morning, piling in bedding and "grub" enough for a two-weeks' hunt. We also had a pack saddle, tent, ropes for packing, field glasses, camera, a few light cooking utensils, and last but not least, our guns, consisting of one .30-30 Remington pump action rifle (which was Harry's), one .30-30 Winchester rifle, and a Marble's Game Getter. The latter we used for small game such as sage hens, grouse, and any specimens that we might find for our taxidermy collections (Mr. Wright and I are taxidermists). Eight o'clock found us fast leaving Arco and civilization behind, bound for Big Creek, a tributary of the Pahsamaroi River, some ninety miles away. We saw two coyotes in the forenoon, but distance and their gait kept us from having them to skin, although we tried to bring them down. A little farther on we saw a big buck antelope not over a hundred yards away. We yelled at him, but he didn't move, so Harry said, "Go on or I shall be breaking the law," so on we went, leaving Mr. Antelope standing like a statue. About 3 o'clock we pulled up at the ranch, where we left our auto. and made arrangements for a pack outfit. Next morning we were up early and drove about three miles to the mouth of Big Creek canyon; there the packs were put

on two horses. Then the work began by leading the horses and clearing the trail wherever a tree had fallen across it. Big Creek is about ten miles long, heading up in the mountains some ten thousand feet high and pouring down a steep canyon. One o'clock found us about six miles from the mouth of the canyon, where we found an ideal camping ground. We soon had a fire going and dinner cooking. After dinner we set up our tent, put our junk inside, and were off in search of some meat for camp. We went up the mountain to the east, seeing a few deer tracks but nothing fresh. We followed timber line around for about a mile; found a few sheep tracks about a week old. It was then time to return to camp, which we did. We built a fire and had supper, then we arranged our camp, made our bed, and were soon asleep.

An hour before daylight we were up, determined to search the head of the main canyon for sheep or goats. About half way up to the head of the canyon I jumped four deer, but had no chance of getting them, as they were about three hundred yards away, running through the timber, but I took a few chance shots, thinking I might hit one. Harry was ahead of me, so I hurried along and overtook him at the top of the mountain. We turned to the left and followed the ridge back for two miles or so, but failed to find a fresh sheep or goat track, so decided to drop off the ridge and hunt lower down. We dropped into a basin and followed down through it, coming to several

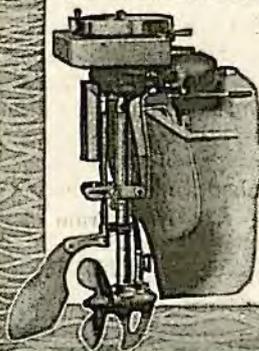


The Caille Portable Takes the Whole Camp Fishing

Whether the outing party be made up of two or a dozen people, makes little difference to the Caille Portable Boat Motor. It will tow them all. Simply hitch your boats together—all get in—give the flywheel a turn, and zip, away you go across the lake or far down the river where the fishing is best. You can regulate the speed so you can troll all the way if you wish. There's no taking turns at the oars, no blistered hands or aching backs, everybody has an equal chance to reel in the first bite. The above photograph shows very graphically the remarkable power of the

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—the handy little power plant that attaches to the stern of any row boat in a minute's time. It is steered by a rudder, like a launch—not by the propeller. You have steering control whether motor is running or not. The rudder is of our folding, stone-dodging type (Pat. applied for). The weedless propeller is also protected against obstructions by a substantial skid. Motor is adjustable to any angle or depth of stern. Develops 2 h.p. Drives row boats 7 to 9 miles an hour. Weighs but 55 lbs. Can be carried in our handy carrying bag like a grip. Runs in salt or fresh water. Supplied with battery ignition or reversible magneto. Send for beautiful catalog. Get the details.



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The JUSTRITE GAS LIGHTER

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4 1/4" long, 3/8" diameter

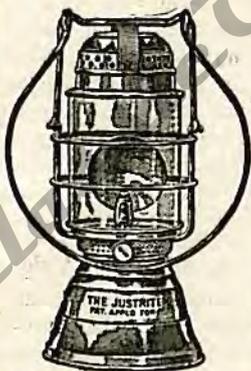
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No. 10. Price, \$3.50. Generates gas automatically; burns 6 hours with one filling; made of brass nickel-plated; packed in round metal case; no complicated parts; very easy to operate.



No. 100. Price, \$1.50
Burns 3 1/2 to 4 hours; nickel-plated with extra container.



No. 95. Price, \$2.00
Burns 5 1/2 to 6 hours; nickel-plated with extra container.

No. 99 Brass Lamp, same size as No. 100, without hood or handles. Price, \$1.00
Campor's Cap, fibre shield, postpaid, 35 cents

beautiful lakes, each covering about an acre. We found some fresh deer tracks, but saw no deer, and dropped into the main canyon and went to camp.

The next morning we decided to hunt deer, that we might have meat on our bill of fare. We went down the canyon about a mile, then up into some jack pine, Harry choosing his route and I mine. We hadn't been separated more than ten minutes when I heard a noise and presently a doe bounded out into an opening. I missed her clear the first shot, but killed her dead the next. I started over to where she lay. Hearing a noise I looked up, and there on the side hill about one hundred and fifty yards distant stood a fawn. One shot brought him rolling down the hill. Harry was there in a few minutes. We hung the deer up, took their pictures, then left them while we went up on the bald mountain above to look for sheep. We found none. We returned and carried the deer to camp, which proved to be more of a job than we expected, but we at last made it, and the meat was more appreciated because of the effort.

We now had nothing to do but hunt sheep and goats, and in a day or so while going up the canyon, turning to the right and working our way up a ridge, when within two hundred yards of timber line Harry motioned to me and I crept over to where he was. He showed me a brown object about a hundred yards away, which he thought was a sheep. He moved over a few steps and could see another sheep lying down a few steps above this one. Harry took a shot and the sheep began to move about among the trees while we let them have the lead. I wanted to get a big head if possible, so shot the biggest one that I could see, which proved to be a big ewe, and Harry got one almost as large. There were five in the bunch, all ewes and lambs. We were sorry that we couldn't get a ram, but were glad to get the large ewes. This was my first experience hunting sheep and I am proud of my specimen. I had heard that mountain sheep were not very good to eat, but this was the best wild meat that I had ever eaten. Venison is good, but isn't to be compared with mountain-sheep meat. The sheep were carried into camp and we rested for a day before continuing the search for goats.

Two or three days later I jumped a big

ewe sheep, an easy mark, but alas I had my limit. We hunted goats the rest of our stay, but failed to locate any. I want to say that any one hunting sheep and goats can't be hunting in any one's back yard but must get out and climb from daylight till dark until he finds them. The man whom we engaged to take us up to the hills and to call for us at the end of the hunt, came up and hunted with us a day, and then we packed out on four horses. A light snow fell on us the last night we were in the canyon and it snowed on us all the way down.

We stayed all night at the ranch, and then started for home. As there were about three inches of snow part of the way home the pulling was hard for the auto., but we made it in good time. Mr. Wright is one of the finest fellow huntsmen that I have ever gone out with, always willing to do his part, and never saying "Enough." Thus ended one of the most pleasant hunting trips that I have yet had the pleasure of taking, and I hope that I may repeat it in the autumn with the same companions.

Arco, Ida.

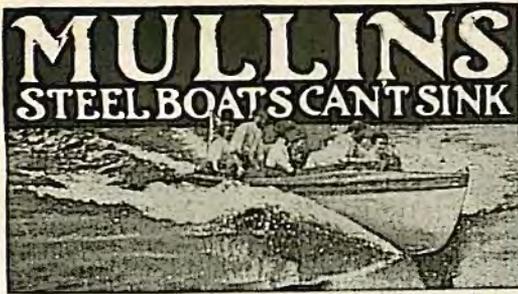
OSCAR C. PAISLEY.

ALONG THE GUYANDOTTE

Editor National Sportsman:—

Since the year 1907 I have lived within a stone's throw of the swift, clear waters of the Guyandotte River, and for the past six years have each season passed some pleasant hours fishing in its waters. It is a rapid mountain stream, varying in breadth from about sixty feet at its head to about three hundred feet or less at its mouth. Its entire length has a rocky bed, with many rapids, and here and there long, deep pools, some of them at least half a mile long. The scenery along its banks is picturesque and sometimes beautiful. In many places the cliffs rise sheer from the water's edge, almost perpendicular, for three or four hundred feet, solid rock, in some places covered with moss and ferns and in other places perfectly bare. In other places the mountain laurel and mountain ivy come down to the water's edge, and when covered with blooms are worth going far to see.

There are some small tracts of bottom land along the banks, but its whole course is through mountains varying in height from one thousand to twenty-five hundred feet about sea level.



A constant source of pleasure not an expense—The first cost is the last cost—No expense to put in commission or maintain, outside the slight cost of painting—**Mullins Boats** are built like Government Torpedo Boats of tough, heavily galvanized steel plates with air-tight compartments like Life Boats—**Absolutely Guaranteed Against Puncture**—Never require calking or repair—Never water-log—Never warp—Never dry out—No seams to open and leak—Designed by Whittelsey the famous New York Naval Architect—Equipped with Sterling 4 Cycle and Pierce-Budd and Ferro 2 Cycle Motors—Light—Powerful—Simple—Can be operated by the beginner—Never stall—Never balk at any speed—Silent under water exhaust. **Free Book** beautifully illustrated in color will tell you all about these boats and their wonderful construction. **Write For It.**



Mullins Cedar Canoes Can't Sink Famous Yale and Harvard models

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.

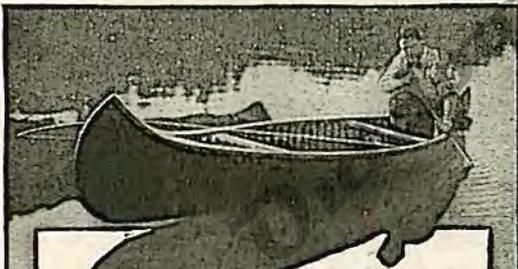
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130 Franklin Street Salem, Ohio
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WILMINGTON, DEL.

The sources of this river are Devil's Fork, Winding Gulf, and Tommy's creeks, which all rise in Raleigh County, and it flows nearly north through the counties of Wyoming, Mingo, Logan, Lincoln, Wayne, and Cabell to the Ohio River, which it enters at the town of Guyandotte, a total distance of about two hundred miles.

The Indian name of this river was Se-conee, which means a rapid stream between high banks; but before the Revolutionary War the French named it Guyandotte, after their allies, the Wyandotte tribe of Indians, and it has continued to bear that name even to the present day.

In its upper reaches there are very few boats, and these are used only for crossing back and forth. There is probably not a canoe on its whole length. A canoe trip from its source to its mouth would not only afford fine bass fishing but would be delightful in other respects. There are many rapids, no large falls, but it would be necessary in many places to transport a canoe around rapids or other obstructions.

Its game fish are small-mouth bass, pike (two varieties, wall-eyed and common pike), a fish locally called a salmon, but which belongs to the pike instead of to the trout family, and rock bass or red-eye perch. There are also a number of kinds of other fish, such as three kinds of catfish, blue cats, mud cats and channel cats, suckers of several varieties, and other small fish, and there are quantities of hellgramites, crayfish, and other food for these fish. The bass are plentiful, but not large as a rule, varying from eight inches to twenty-four inches in length, and weighing from a quarter of a pound to five or six pounds. The catch is invariably more small ones than large ones. A pound bass, however, puts up a very pretty fight and is a delightful pan fish. One evening about two years ago the writer in about three hours caught nineteen bass, varying in length from eight to sixteen or seventeen inches, and together weighing about twenty pounds. There were four bass that each weighed about two pounds or a little upwards; there were three that each weighed a pound or over and the remainder were all small. These bass were caught with one of Heddon's wooden minnows.

Most of the bass fishing in this stream is done wading and with live bait, though

for the past three or four years artificial bait has been used to some extent, and is being more extensively used each year. At certain seasons more bass can be caught with artificial bait, and at other seasons live bait is the most successful. There is no difficulty in getting live bait, as many small streams flow into this river, some of them large enough to afford good bass fishing for many miles up from their mouths.

The pike, both common and wall-eyed varieties, seem to be confined to that part of the river from its head waters fifty miles down; and the fish here called salmon from fifty miles below its head to its mouth.

Both the pike and the salmon grow very large, and I have seen each variety measuring nearly four feet in length. In October, 1913, the writer caught a pike of the common variety that was forty inches long and that weighed thirteen pounds and one ounce four or five hours after being caught. This fish was caught with a Bristol steel rod, the line being attached to the hook with a wire leader, and the bait used was a live chub minnow about six inches long.

These large pike are scarce; but the fact that you catch one only occasionally gives a pleasant zest to your fishing; for a large part of the pleasure of fishing lies in the hope of catching large fish, in planning your fishing trip, and in thinking and planning how you are going to land the big ones when you hook them. And nothing can deprive the fisherman of this pleasure except the knowledge that there are no big ones in the stream. One big one hooked and landed is sufficient excuse for the mind to form all kinds of enticing anticipations.

The catfish also grow large. I have seen one, caught below Logan Court House, that weighed fifty-one pounds, though you rarely see them that large. The channel cats are game biters at live minnows, and occasionally one is caught on an artificial wooden minnow.

There is no legal limit to the number of fish that may be caught in a day, the catch being limited only by the patience, skill, endurance, and luck of the fisherman. Some days you will catch only two or three, and another day you will catch maybe thirty or forty.

Pineville, W. Va.

M. P. HOWARD.

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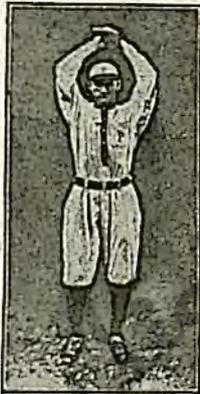


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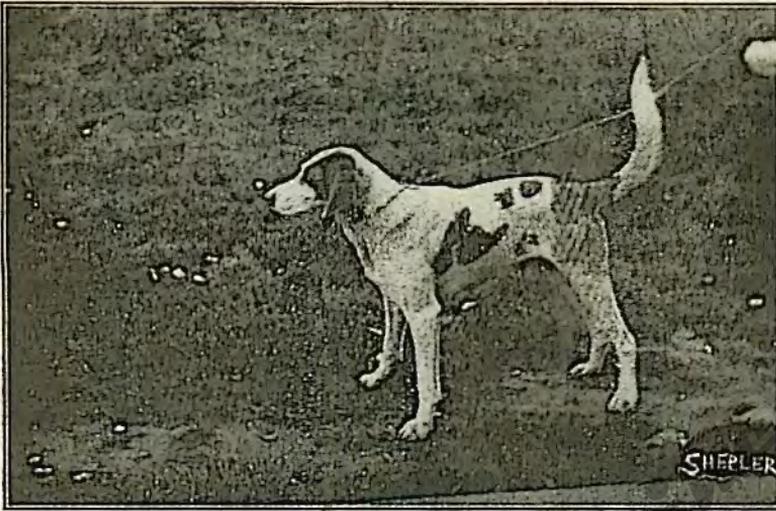
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LEMO G., PURE GOODMAN FOXHOUND
No. 3686. Vol. IV. N. F. A. Owned by L. H. Fry, Coshocton, Ohio

HINTS ON CARE OF FOXHOUNDS

Being a constant reader of your valued magazine I wish to make an appeal to the fox hunters to give us more foxhound news. I feel certain that there are many hundred good fox hunters that read the *National Sportsman* who would write up something regarding the foxhound. It is very interesting to us fox hunters to read such articles.

A great many people write me asking for a picture of Lemo G. and I have sent a great many to different friends, but it takes a good deal of time and money to supply all with photos., so I am sending the picture to the *National Sportsman*, and I hope it will appear. I am also sending a picture of Fanny Goodman and her last litter of thirteen puppies by Lemo G. Those puppies were whelped June 30, 1913. I raised every one of them, and they have all been distributed among my friends. They have been sent to Maine and as far west as Texas. Fanny Goodman is a great brood bitch, one of the best mothers I have ever owned. The picture shows Fanny Goodman as well as Lemo. This litter was an exceptionally large one, and it was very remarkable to raise all of them. There was never one of them sick while here, and as far as I know they are all doing well yet.

I have many complaints from friends all over the United States saying that they have no luck with the puppies, that they die, I have but little trouble with puppies, and very seldom lose any of them. I think many people kill them in feeding. Many people treat all their puppies for worms at about eight weeks old. I do not doctor the little fellows at all unless I know that they are sick. Most people claim that all puppies have worms and should be doped for them. I will say here that I have been in the game for forty years, and I have never treated a puppy for worms in all those years; in fact I do not believe in dopping them when well. I don't think that all puppies have worms. Why should they? Nature certainly does not ordain that a puppy must be whelped with a stomach full of worms, yet many people think it is true, and of course commence to dope them with medicine, and I think kill more than they cure.

A couple of years ago I had two valuable litters whelped. One bitch lost all hers, nine in number I think, when they were about four weeks old. I did everything I could for them, but could not save any of them. I thought it might be worms, so I opened the little fellows, and found not a



You know how it is on a fishing trip—just have to take something along—makes you feel a little easier just to know you have it whether you use it or not. Take

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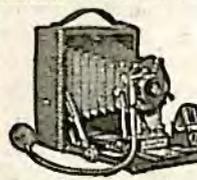
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worm or a trace of one. The other bitch was Maggie K., a wonderfully good Walker bitch. I had shipped her south and bred her to one of R. D. Williams's noted dogs, and of course was anxious to save the litter, but when they were about six weeks old some of them got sick, and finally three of them died. I opened them and found not a trace of worms. That proved to me that all puppies do not have worms. When they do have worms it is because the master has not properly fed and cared for them. I am satisfied that many puppies have worms and die from the effects of them, but the worms are not in the stomach when whelped; they get there from carelessness in feeding and from not disinfecting the kennel.

When the puppies are about three weeks old I commence to feed them a little. I give them new milk just from the cow. First I scald the milk and then add some sugar, and give them just a little twice a day until they are four weeks old; then I feed them a little more and oftener; this relieves the bitch of part of the strain. After they are six weeks old I put in a little dry stale wheat bread (when I say "stale" bread I do not mean bread that is molded but that has been baked several days), and as they grow older I add more bread until at eight weeks old I wean them. This is the point at which many people kill their puppies; they overfeed them at that age. I feed about four or five times each day, but only a little, and when they are six months old I feed them three times each day, and after that I feed only twice a day, morning and evening. I always feed the old dogs twice each day. I have better results feeding two times per day than once.

After the puppies have been whelped say two or three days I take them from the kennel for a couple of hours and clean up their quarters well and use a strong disinfectant. I put in clean straw and put them back. Every week I do this, especially in the summer, and I hardly ever have sick puppies. It takes a good deal of time to attend to puppies as they should be. People who have not the time or interest to keep them clean and give them plenty of attention should not keep dogs. I often see a litter of puppies with bellies extended and dirty and mangy, and I feel sorry for the little fellows. A man that keeps them in that way will attribute their condition to

worms and everything else, when the trouble comes from his own negligence. I often buy puppies from the best of kennels (supposed to be) which advertise and say big things about their stock, and I have received the puppies when they were entirely out of condition, mangy and poor, and have been compelled to clean them up before I dared put them in the kennel. Speaking about mange makes me think of a young bitch I bought from a man who was unstinted in his praise of her. I finally sent him a check for her, and when she came to the express office I was heart sick. She was the mangiest dog I had ever seen, and dirty. It was in the winter, and I was compelled to heat water and dip her and it took about three weeks to cure her so that I could put her in the kennel with the rest of the dogs. Think of a man paying a big price for a dog and then having to spend three weeks in zero weather to put her in living condition. But what is a fellow going to do about it? You have the dog and he has your money. The way I get over it is by simply saying "Stung again," and putting a black mark against the name of the man that stung me.

We in Ohio are now in the height of glory. The fox is now protected and we old sports can have our chases in daytime instead of at night. I just came in from a chase, but the dogs had hard work getting the fox up good. I came in and while the fever is on I am writing this letter to the *National Sportsman*. I just noticed the hounds are coming in. I can't tell what the chase was like. We had a wonderful chase a few nights since. There is a man in the neighborhood that has a dog he calls Trix, a big, fine-looking dog. He was sired by Lemo and out of a Walker Goodman bitch, and he is an all-around fox dog and in his neighborhood is called the best dog that was ever known in the settlement, and I think he is. So Earl brought up his pack and of course brought Trix to clean me up with, and I expected to get a complete trimming, and came near getting it. Well, the fox was started and we had several dogs. I can't say how many dogs Earl had, but I know he had Trix. I had Bud and Maggie K. (both pure Walker), Romp, Duff, and Fran (all Goodman). After the fox was up we built up a good fire out of the top rails of a fence (fox hunters never

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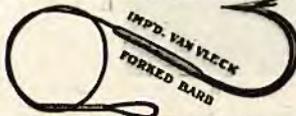


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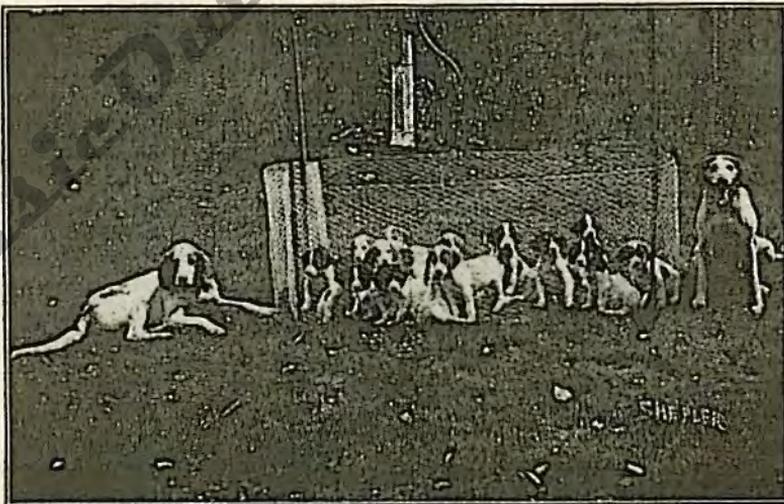
Bird, Jones & Kenyon
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take any rails but the top ones), and by that time the hounds had got straightened out, and as the night was perfect there was some grand running. But Trix was leading them well, in fact the first two hours Trix had all the dogs back; I don't think any dog had ever smelt the track ahead of him. But at midnight I told Earl I heard them coming back again. He said, "Where is Trix?" I said, "I can't tell, but think he is with the pack." Earl says, "Yes, and I bet a mile ahead of any dog." Earl is just a young fellow. He came out on the bank to listen, and he says, "Fry, what dog is that up with Trix?" I said, "There is more than one up with him. I hear Duff and Fran as well as Romp," and Earl said, "Yes, I guess that is right." Well, they came on closer and dropped down in a low place and out of hearing a few moments, and I said to Earl, "Now remain here and listen what dogs top the hill first." I was beginning to get interested, so we remained on the bank a while and finally Fran was the leader, with Duff a close second, and then came Trix only just out of the lead. Earl says, "Where is Maggie and Bud?" "Can't tell," says I. "They have quit," says he. "Don't think it," I told him. About that time we heard Bud and Maggie running true and hard, and I said to Earl, "Here they come, and in another hour it will be a fight royal, for Bud will be up there

in that time as well as Maggie." But another hour and Maggie got thrown out by some means or other and was running to the pack and came right by the fire. I caught her and did not allow her to go on with the race, as she is getting old, and I thought it was a shame to punish her with such a young pack, all young dogs but Trix; he is four years old. But in the meantime Bud had joined the pack and then the battle royal commenced in earnest. Bud, as I have said, is a pure Walker, not so very fast, yet fast enough, but he never tires, and when the chase has been on several hours it takes a wonderful dog to stay with him. Well, it was hard to tell now how they were running. Trix was doing some funny stunts and trying to throw the pack, but could not do it. He was not well acquainted with the ground, and his cutting did him harm sometimes instead of good. So he cut that out, and by that time Bud had had taken the lead, and Trix and he led with the rest close up, and that is the way it lasted until nearly daylight, when we left them running. The chase finished about seven in the morning. I don't know which dog was leading when it was finished, but I found out to my satisfaction that Trix is "some" fox dog. Trix was the only dog that finished; all his other dogs had quit before midnight.

Coshocton, Ohio.

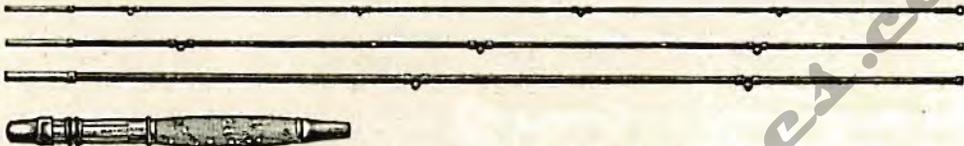
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DISTRIBUTION OF HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES IN OHIO

The Fish and Game Protective Association of Southwestern Ohio, located at Cincinnati, received from the State Fish and Game Department 160 pairs of Hungarian partridges for distribution in Hamilton and Clermont counties. The Ohio Commission, of which Gen. John C. Speaks is the very efficient head of the Fish and Game Department, purchased some 4000 pairs of these birds, using money which was derived from the sale of hunters' licenses last season, of which over 130,000 were sold. This is the first of the direct benefits which Ohio hunters are to receive from the revenue arising from this source, and if there were any skeptics as to the value of the license law, it is believed they will soon be won over.

The birds are certainly beauties,— a bit larger than our native quail,— and as they are very hardy and prolific breeders, they should soon offset to an extent the ever-increasing scarcity of our quail. They were imported direct from Hungary, and to show the science to which their transportation has been reduced it is to be remarked that out of this shipment of 320 birds but three were dead upon their arrival at their destination.

The Fish and Game Protective Association of Southwestern Ohio, when it was appointed distributing agent for Hamilton and Clermont counties, announced that it would not restrict the birds to its membership, but that any one could have them who had a proper place for them and would care for and protect them. In order to make sure of this, the association prepared an application blank, in which the applicant gave his name and address; the location and nature of the land on which the birds were to be placed; whether or not the game laws were observed in the neighborhood; whether or not the community was in favor of game laws and protection and propagation; and also agreed to care for the birds and report as to their progress.

Each person who received birds was presented with a package of cane seed to be planted, which is to be allowed to grow and fall over, thus providing food and cover for the birds. The distribution was handled in a thoroughly businesslike manner, and it is hoped that results will be favorable.

AGAINST SHOOTING CLUBS

Editor National Sportsman:—

I have been an ardent reader of your magazine for almost six years and take great interest in the different articles published about game protection and believe in game protection myself; but the spring law has certainly put the lid on duck hunting in this locality. It may be better in other States, as we have only a few inland lakes in this State that afford good fall shooting and they have been taken up by different shooting clubs and the rest have been turned into summer resorts where no shooting is allowed at any time, so the only shooting we have at all is in the spring on the small rivers and streams. Any duck hunter who hunts along the small streams is no game hog, and if he bags five or six ducks in one day he is doing well. Ducks do not stop on these streams on their southern flight in the fall, but stop on the small lakes long enough to give good shooting. I know of six lakes within forty miles of me that afforded fairly good shooting before three of them were made summer resorts and the other three were leased by shooting clubs; so the man who wants a little recreation must go out of the State and pay a non-resident license or belong to a club, and there are a lot of good sportsmen who cannot afford to do so. I think the State should reserve lakes for the non-clubman's benefit, as our license helps to support the game of which we receive no benefit since the enactment of the spring law. I would like to know the opinions of some more of our sportsmen in this locality on this subject, as we will soon have to put our ducking outfits on the shelf. Come on, duck hunters; we want to hear you make a noise.

A QUACK FROM STARK COUNTY, O.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received the premium which you sent me a few days ago and was very much pleased with it. Please accept my sincere thanks. It was far prettier than I expected.

Trusting that I may be able to get you more members for your magazine in the near future, I am,

MRS. FLORENCE ADDITION.
Gardiner, Me.

“Ike Walton”

The Finest Fishing *and* Hunting Boot

With the trout season almost here and your summer pleasures just ahead, make the light, serviceable “Ike Walton” a part of your outing equipment.

Gives ample and reliable protection.

All that you want or *could get* in a sportsman's boot—comfort, wear, ease, good looks and good fit—you will find brought to its highest power in Russell Moccasins. Built for business and guaranteed to fill the bill or you get your money back.

For years our “Never-Leak” (price \$6.50) has been the king of all sportsmen's boots for heavy service. In the “Ike Walton,” shown here, we have produced a boot that combines *lightness* with utmost *service*.

“Ike Walton” uppers, toe-pieces, and vamps are made of the finest French veals. Chrome tanned and waterproof. Lining vamp in one piece with one piece only above instep. Three leather thicknesses in sole, protecting sides and soles of feet.

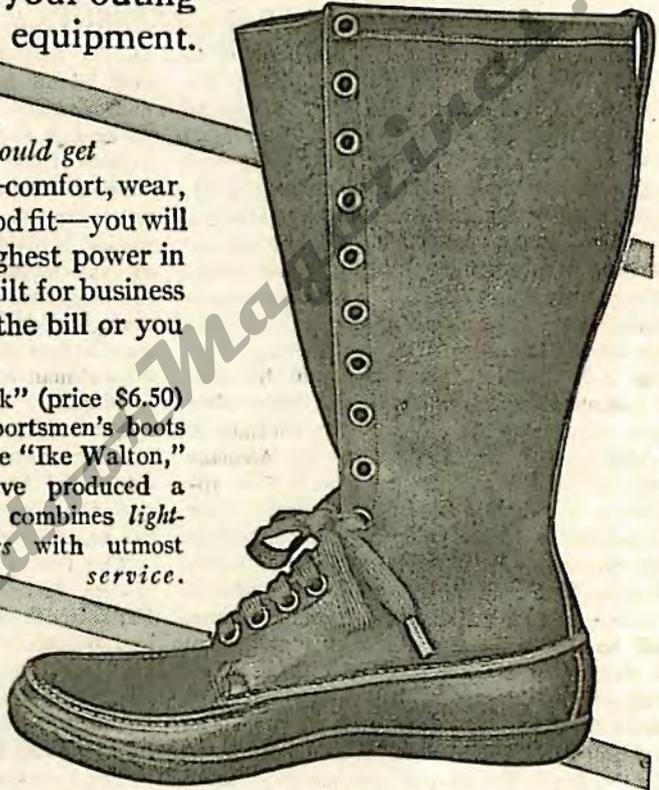
Made by hand, over last, to fit *you*. Our special stitching and watershed seams (patent applied for) make the boots absolutely water tight. No nails or rough seams to cause discomfort. The experienced outer appreciates the advantage of going light when he goes fishing or bird shooting, with the protection from stones, snags, rough ground, wet feet and sore tendons, which only “Ike Waltons” afford.

The “watershed” double-stitched seam and special hand construction keeps moisture out and comfort in, no matter where you go.

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(Where, when, and how to go in Canada for big game, fishing, canoe cruises, and tourist travel information of the practical, "been-there" kind may be had upon specific inquiry without charge. Address inquiries to "Canuck," Ottawa, Can.)

Edited by S. E. SANGSTER ("CANUCK")

Canoe cruising and fishing, if one is to judge by inquiries coming to hand, are occupying first place with the "where to go" seeker just now although almost as many are already looking for guides and territory for their autumn big-game hunt. The trout season opens in Ontario, Quebec, and the eastern provinces with the arrival of May and remains open till early autumn. The musky (muskellunge) and bass season starts June 16, adding an extra attraction for the midsummer vacation anglers.

For May trout fishing I would specially recommend Algonquin Provincial Park waters in Ontario and the New Brunswick trout streams. For July and August trouting one may add to these the cold waters of the Height of Land stretch, particularly those of northern Quebec and Ontario contiguous to the new steel of the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental. All these offer a combination of canoe cruising and camping, and so far as the new territory now opened is concerned it means strictly a camping proposition, as no attempt has yet been made to open up permanent camps. The red-blooded outer of the more venturesome brotherhood, to whom new country, practically unknown and virgin, appeals strongly, will here find about the last possible opportunity to get into the hinterland as it has been for hundreds of years, and he will assuredly find the trip repay him a thousand fold in the way of experiences in canoeing, trouting, and photography.

For those anglers who wish to have permanent accommodation within reach of which is really good fishing I would recommend Algonquin Provincial Park's hotels at Algonquin Park station (the "Highland Inn"), at Joe Lake station (the "Algon-

quin"), and the two camp hotels on Smoke and Island lakes, known as "Nominigan" and "Minessing" respectively — all of which are within easy paddle of real trout fishing.

Rock Lake, lying just inside the eastern edge of the park, immediately beside the railway steel, offers much to the outer who wishes a week or ten days under canvas on a beautiful little lakelet offering ideal camping sites and full of gray (lake) trout, some speckled trout, and the best of small-mouth bass fishing; in fact it is, in my estimation, the best bass lake in the Park's lakeland.

For musky (lunge) fishing special mention may be made of that found in the Kawartha Lakes, the Georgian Bay, the St. Lawrence and the French River in Ontario, and at St. Agathe and Memphremagog in Quebec.

The best points in the Kawartha Lakes system to go to are probably Buckhorn Falls (reached via Peterboro), Bobcaygeon and Sturgeon Falls, at which one can find cozy accommodation in the little inns, and boats and boatmen to be engaged for the fishing trips by the day. These points are all good bass territory as well.

The Georgian Bay comprises a number of good lunge and bass bays. My personal selection would be with headquarters at Kagawong, on Manitoulin Island, reached via the Grand Trunk Railway and the Northern Navigation Company steamer service. The record fish of the St. Lawrence, or America in fact, of late years, in the musky class, have come from around Summerstown on the St. Lawrence. A very excellent hotel, "the Algonquin," located on Stanley Island, offers comfortable accommodation and full outfits in the direction of launches, boats, and boatmen for this fishing. Stan-



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is this small, white golf ball. But whatever your eye can see at rest, you can photograph clearly, distinctly and in perfect proportion, if conditions make photography at all possible, with

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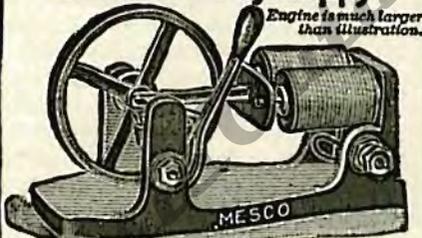
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ley Island is reached either on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway or by R. & O. Navigation steamer.

The French River fishing is in the main a camping one as yet, although a Mr. Fenton has, I believe, a cozy inn on the Pickerel River, a feeder of the main French. This district may be reached over any one of the three railway lines, the Grand Trunk Railway, the C. N. O. Railway, or the Canadian Pacific Railway.

New Species of Trout

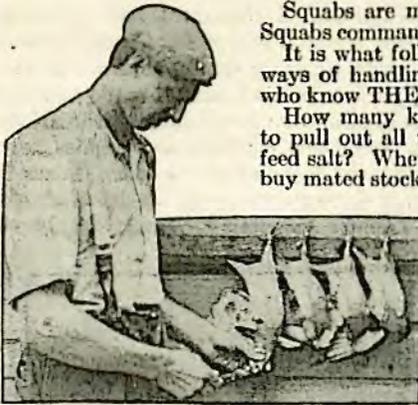
One of the interesting events in 1913 in Algonquin Provincial Park was the discovery of a new species of the trout family. This Laurentian lakeland contains over 1200 lakes, and lies 200 miles north of Toronto and 170 west of Ottawa on the Grand Trunk Railway, Ottawa Division. Last year (1913) specimens of something strange in the trout family were brought in from Delano Lake, within a few miles of the Highland Inn at Algonquin Park Station. These created considerable interest among the anglers, as they resembled both the salmon and the speckled species. So much was this apparent that the superintendent of the park sent one of the specimens to Professor Prince of the Fisheries Department at Ottawa, who is recognized as probably the best authority on fish culture in America. The professor's report is important and of considerable interest to all anglers. It reads as follows:

"The specimen of peculiar trout has been carefully examined and it really appears to be a hybrid, namely the Brook Trout and the Gray (or Lake) Trout. The dental features and the nature of the vomer, as well as the peculiar color and shape of the tail, all indicate a combination of the two species which, as is well known, are now separated farther than they used to be. The Brook Trout and the Lake Trout were at one time included under the same genus, *Salvelinus*, but they appear to be now separated into two genera, the gray Trout being put into the genus *Christivomer*. A hybrid specially connected with two separate genera is a remarkable and exceedingly interesting occurrence. I am most interested in this specimen and intend to look into the question further, as the nature of the egg and the features of hybridization

are so remarkable scientifically that it is worth while trying some experimental work to see if the hybrids can be produced artificially."

The number of inquiries coming to the Canadia Outing Information Bureau regarding big-game territory, and particularly as to the new districts that will be made accessible by the operating of the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental lines, indicate that the hunting proposition is bothering many already. I had hoped to prepare a special article on this new game land for publication this year, but until the details and data relative to the game and where best to leave steel for it are in my possession it will hardly prove advisable to deal with the game aspects save in a very general way. One thing I can promise is that this stretch of some 800 miles along the grade west of La Tuque to Cochrane and on to Ophir is the last virgin and unspoiled moose and trout country, gutted by hundreds of glittering silver paddeways leading clear to salt water at James Bay. I am of the opinion that the caribou migration from Labrador crosses the railway right of way between La Tuque and Cochrane, but at just what points and whether in October or not until November I am not at present prepared to go on record as saying. As yet this is essentially an exploratory camping proposition, with the best of prospects for moose and bear, partly in Quebec territory with the low nonresident license charge of \$25. It will be another year or two before permanent camps will be found or other than meager data regarding the game conditions in these uncombed forests known. I heartily recommend it for those sportsmen, however, in search of the new and unhunted country, and will be pleased to answer any special inquiry as to either summer or autumn trips here, relative to outfit, guides, etc. New Brunswick had a most successful big-game season last autumn and some splendid moose and caribou heads were taken out. With the increase in the nonresident fee to \$25 in Maine many sportsmen are turning their eyes up to Canada, and New Brunswick attracts a large share of these in view of the excellent guiding system developed there and the practical certainty, under favorable weather conditions, of sportsmen making a kill in a short vacation.

Squabs *Do* Pay, If—



Picking Market Squabs as the Expert Does It

Squabs are money makers, IF —. Squabs are easy to raise, IF —. Squabs command a fine market, IF —.

It is what follows the IFs that is vital to pigeon owners. The wrong ways of handling pigeons lead to disaster every time. There are few who know **THE BEST** ways.

How many know, for example, that the cure for a certain illness is to pull out all the pigeon's tail feathers? How many know how to feed salt? Whether to feed old mortar, or new, or none at all? How to buy mated stock? So many beginners have failed with pigeons because experienced breeders would not, or did not, tell them the vital secrets of the business; so many flocks have fallen victims to disease and neglect, that the pigeon business has been in disfavor until very recently. Yet there is nothing really difficult about squab-raising, if its secrets are known and studied, and it may be made exceedingly profitable. The first step is to get the new booklet,

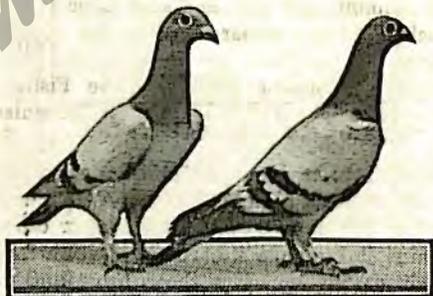
“Squab Secrets”

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“Squab Secrets” is written in the form of questions and answers, making its arrangement simple, orderly, and easily understood. It is for the beginner particularly, but covers many secret methods which will be new to most breeders, no matter how experienced. Some of the main headings are: Breeding Houses, Flying Pens, Nest Boxes, Running Water, Evils of Feed, Grit and Salt, Troublesome Sparrows, Pointers on Mating, Health Hints, Diseases, Buying Birds, Best Breed, Age and Vigor, Marketing Squabs, etc., etc.

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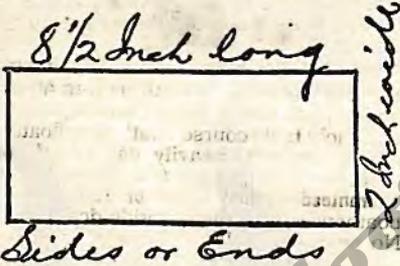
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A DITTY BAG DE LUXE FOR THE BAIT CASTER

"Hurry up, Jim; they are striking fast; I have already landed two nice ones. What's the matter? Backlash?" "Oh, no; same old trouble; every treble hook on my Dowagiac minnows is hooked fast to my coat pocket." And Jim Heddon says, "Learn to bait-cast, learn to fish successfully, scientifically; it is Nature's most enjoyable and ennobling pastime." Yes, it's very enjoyable to reach the stream and find your Dowagiac treble hooks all fast to your coat pocket, when your partner is enjoying the sport and you are most eager to get into the fray yourself and find the above conditions. It is true bait casting for the black bass is one of Nature's most enjoyable pastimes, but a bait caster has his troubles. The wooden minnows and all similar baits on the market are loaded down with more or less treble hooks, at least

put up for the trade. This at least keeps the hooks from getting fast to your pocket. But think of the bulk of these baits you will have in your pockets when carrying five or six of these paper or wooden boxes. The ordinary pockets are not half large enough to hold them. I thought I had solved the problem when I had a light-weight fishing coat made, an exact duplicate of the hunting coat, pockets and all, except made of lighter material; but one looks like a stuffed toad when using this method, and besides, when walking the tops of the wooden boxes jar loose, and when you wish to get that rainbow minnow you find the hook deeply em-



For Pocket.

bedded somewhere in the pocket, and it will take an hour or more to get it loose, and sometimes it will be necessary to cut it loose.

enough to make it difficult to carry them; and as it is almost necessary to carry at least four or five different colors or different baits it becomes a hard proposition for the bait caster to carry these lures and have them where he can quickly change them from one to another when necessary, even if he be wading the middle of a stream. You bait casters will, I think, agree with me that the best way to carry them is each one in the paper or wooden box in which they are

In the following sketch you will find a bag which I find will solve all our troubles. This bag will hold five or six boxes containing as many wooden minnows and still a little room left for your lunch and a few personal things which may be found useful. The shoulder strap enables one to carry all this with ease, and when making a change of baits all that is necessary is to open the flap and select the minnow you want; even if in midstream this can be done quickly

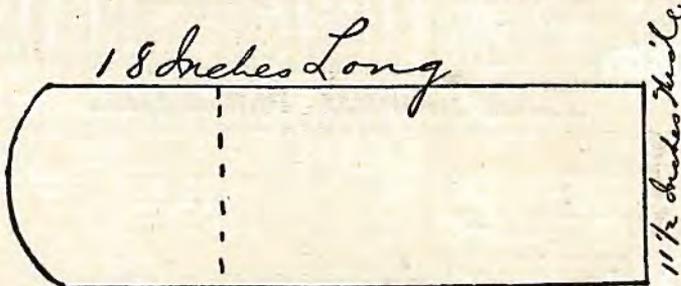


Fig. 1.



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The Ideal Hand Book contains full information regarding powders, bullets, primers and reloading tools for all standard rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition, tells how to measure powders accurately, and gives information on everything relating to loading and reloading of ammunition.

It lists hand-cast bullets; tells all about gas-check bullets (which take the place of metal-jacketed bullets, giving increased accuracy with less wear of barrel); gives tables of shotgun or smooth-bore gauges; round ball for shotguns; tables of velocity, penetration, etc.; twists in rifling in rifle barrels made by the various arms companies; tells how to find the twist in any rifle barrel; tables reducing drams to grains, tables of powders, primers, etc. 160 pages of information every shooter needs; sent free to any shooter for three stamps postage by

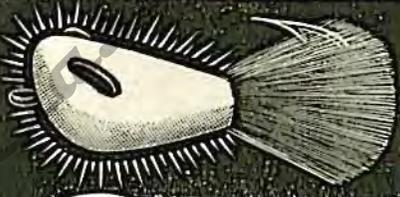
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and easily. It does away with all danger of hooks getting fast, and at the same time one does not look like a dry-goods box when going fishing, his pockets all bulging out on every side. For the "crank" who likes to make his own articles, this is easily done by following the directions set forth. Secure a piece of canvas, any weight you like, and cut as per Fig. 1 one piece 18 inches long and 11½ inches wide; then cut out two pieces 8½ inches long and two inches wide, for the sides; then take the long piece and double over, allowing 8 inches of the rounded top for the flap; then sew the two ends on, one on each side. This will make the bag. Now take a piece of canvas 11½ inches wide and 7 inches long and sew outside; this to be put on as a patch pocket would be; this makes an extra pocket for lunch or any other thing you may like. Then have the harness maker make you a shoulder strap and buckle of russet leather, ¾ inch wide, and have him cleat this on the bag, also a strap and buckle with which to close the flap, and your bag is almost completed, with the exception of finishing off the ends, which can be neatly done by hemming the canvas on a sewing machine. This bag is easily made, and when completed you will have a bag 11 by 8½ by 2 inches. For those who do not care to spend the time in

making one themselves, several sporting-goods stores handle a bag somewhat similar to this, which will answer the purpose, and which can be purchased for about \$1, according to the size and weight of the canvas used. This bag can be made larger for those who wish a larger capacity, by simply cutting the pattern larger in every way. This is a very handy and convenient little bag for carrying tackle, and it eliminates the carrying around of a heavy and burdensome tin tackle box when bait casting and on the move all day as is necessary when casting. It will enable you to better enjoy your day's outing with the black bass, and help you keep your temper, besides enabling you to change quickly from one bait to another as occasion demands.
Lafayette, Ind. JOHN NORMAN PULTZ.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION GETS BUSY

The Northampton County Fish Game and Forestry Association, Inc., received recently a shipment of wild turkey, which will be taken care of in Easton until the weather is more settled and will then be placed along the Blue Ridge, between Wind Gap and Lehigh Gap. This king of game birds is protected by the laws of the State until 1916, and by that time, with the protection of the association and the game wardens, this shipment will no doubt be multiplied greatly, due to the fact that they hatch from ten to fifteen young yearly. There have been no wild turkey in this section of the State for more than thirty years and now with the reintroduction of this most beautiful game bird into this county it is hoped that the sportsmen will use every endeavor to aid the association in its protection.

Several deer have also been placed on this same ridge by the association, and while the male deer can be killed during the open season for the killing of deer, it is hoped sportsmen will remember that if these deer are left alone for a year or two they will multiply very rapidly. In addition to this the association will next winter be able to secure at least twelve or fifteen deer, which are now being protected in a private park, and will, after the season is over next fall, turn this herd of deer out on this ridge.



Finished Bag.

CAMP SUPPLIES FOR SPORTSMEN

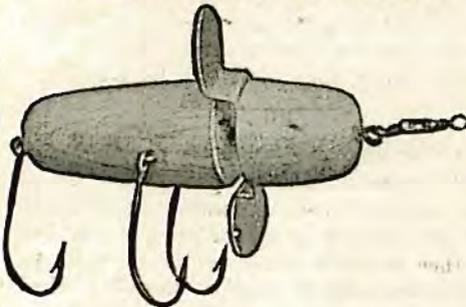
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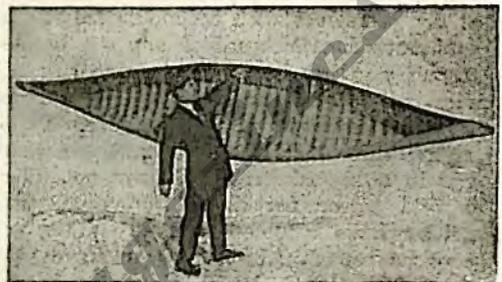
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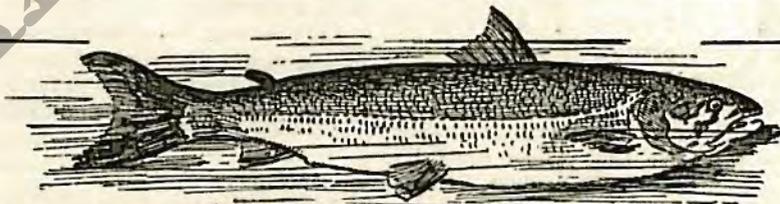
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The most up-to-date methods of fish culture are fully explained by Wm. E. Meehan, formerly fish commissioner of Pennsylvania and superintendent public aquarium of Philadelphia, in his new book, "Fish Culture in Ponds and Other Inland Waters." This book has chapters devoted to the culture of black and other basses, trout, salmon, perch, pickerel, carp and catfish, together with full instruction on making and managing an aquarium. It is well illustrated and is a valuable textbook for the amateur and should be especially adapted to the use of our middle-west readers, many of whom are now building ponds on their farms, which should be well stocked with fish.

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NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE, 73 Federal St., BOSTON, MASS.

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WILD PIGEONS

Editor National Sportsman:—

I notice the illustration of passenger pigeons in the February issue; also noted that Dr. Shurtleff of Des Moines, Ia., is much interested in this species of birds. For him and others who are interested in the matter I give the following information recently obtained while in Texas last month. I met a hunter at the Tremont Hotel in Houston who claims to have hunted these birds in the mountains located in the western part of Mexico where they are very plentiful. I have not in all my travel in the past thirty years met with an individual nor in fact have I ever heard of any one besides myself who has been able to give any advice that is based on facts, with the exception of the person spoken of above. I saw myself three wild pigeons about ten years ago in a pin-oak tract. I have not killed a wild pigeon for about thirty-five years neither have I talked with any other, except as stated, who claims to have seen these birds alive for many years in the United States.

We can form an opinion from the first paragraph of the doctor's letter to you in which he attributes the extinction of these birds to the terrific slaughter to which they were subjected. Judging the number of birds that were known of all through the United States at the time which is stated by his letter (previous to 1880) and the number of hunters at that time, with plenty of other fowl such as duck, geese, brant, prairie chicken, grouse, quail, snipe, and other game birds that afforded sport and food for the Nimrod, which at that time were hunted with single and double barrel shotguns and rifles only, I would state that I do not believe that if the entire population had turned to killing that one family of bird with the firearms of that day, it would have been possible to destroy them in the manner he represents.

I would ask what has become of the long trailing flocks of blackbirds that were here about the same time which could be seen flying from morning till night. Occasionally we see in Illinois a small bunch of blackbirds in a swamp or along the streams, but I have never seen them here so plentiful as they were about the time the pigeon became so scarce. Thirty-four years ago I killed with a double-barreled muzzle-

loading shotgun within thirty yards of where I am writing this letter, fifty-three blackbirds by the use of both barrels into one flock. The same spring, I think, prior to this killing, in the month of April, while on my way to the river bottom on horseback to hunt ducks, I killed five wild pigeons sitting in a blackjack oak tree about two and a half miles from here. I have never seen (except in coops) any wild pigeons since that time except the three in the pin-oak tract previously mentioned.

I believe I know what a wild pigeon looks like, and I think Dr. T. S. Palmer of the Biological Survey will bear me out in this statement. I quizzed the man in Houston in the presence of Otto Sens, proprietor of the Tremont Hotel, and Mr. Sens and the writer believe that there is some evidence that there are passenger pigeon in Mexico. If they are not there where are they?

Keithsbury, Ill. CHAS. H. DITTO.

MICHIGAN FISHING LICENSE

Michigan has a nonresident fishing license law. A good idea. A "general" license, good for the calendar year, for all kinds of fish, excepting several species of trout, costs \$3. If the fisherman is satisfied to cast his luck with only one kind of the finny tribe, of course again excepting the game trout, the fee will be \$1.

Each licensed fisherman is handed two shipping coupons or tags, which entitles him to take or ship without the limits of the State one day's legal catch provided by the fishing laws. All such shipments must bear these tags.

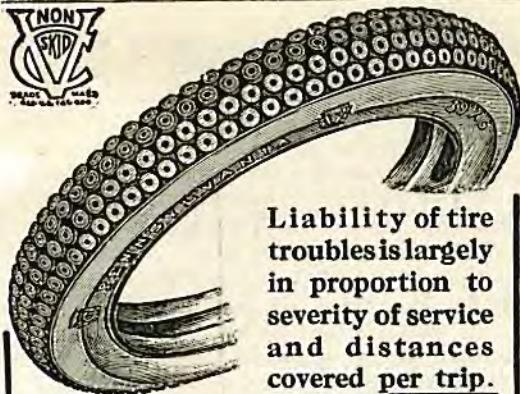
It is provided by the act that any person violating the provisions of the law shall upon conviction be fined not to exceed \$50 for each offense or be committed to the county jail for not to exceed thirty days.

Licenses issued under this act confer no fishing rights or privileges not enjoyed by residents of the State except the right to ship or take a day's legal catch outside the State.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I am sending you my yearly "cartwheel" for the most interesting twelvemonth's reading matter I could wish for. I have just returned from a trip to the southland, and will tell you of the trip when I am more at leisure.

Toledo, Ohio. JNO. S. VINCENT.



Liability of tire troubles is largely in proportion to severity of service and distances covered per trip.

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

due to their much heavier and stronger construction and their guaranteed greater mileage capacity are the best tire equipment for country work.

Guaranteed for 4,500 actual miles, with a far greater average of service; also to be absolutely proof against all effects of oil and to positively prevent skidding on wet or greasy pavements.

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The Koban Motor overcomes vibration, which has been the biggest objection against rowboat motoring. All revolving and reciprocating parts are perfectly balanced. Fits any rowboat—can be attached or detached in a jiffy—absolutely weedless rudder and propeller—sure and easy starter—can be steered when engine is shut off. Costless per horse power than anything on the market. If you are going to buy a rowboat motor, this is the one you want. Write at once for full particulars and illustrated pamphlet.

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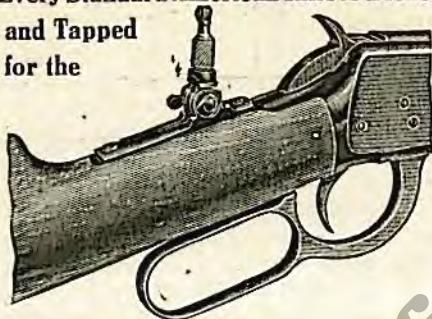


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JULIAN'S BAIT

For "Everything wearing Fins"

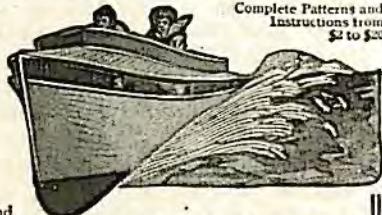
is the only Liquid Fish Lure that adds at least a hundredfold to the tempting power of any other bait you may see fit to use, natural or artificial, dead or alive, trolling, casting, bait and fly or still fishing. It actually offsets adverse fishing conditions and keeps others' guessing. Price \$1.00. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to **GEORGE W. JULIAN** (Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer), 89 Beach St., BOSTON, MASS. Established 1901.

GETSEM HOOK Here is a Hook that is all hook and no freak hand tied and will catch and hold the largest bass or a 2-inch minnow. No more bait stealing while using a Getsem hook. Give them a trial, you will use all. For sale at all dealers.

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Complete Patterns and Instructions from \$2 to \$20

LET us send you complete parts for a boat, shaped and fitted. Easy to assemble. Save two-thirds boat builder's price. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. **Only \$33** for complete knock-down frame of 23-foot Motor Boat—12 passengers—speed 9 1/2 to 14 miles an hour. This includes full sized patterns to finish by.

Write for Brooks Boat Book

Illustrating row boats, canoes, sail and motor boats that you can build. Also shows new "V" Bottom. Address **BROOKS MFG. CO. 8704 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Michigan**

THE GREAT BEYOND

Only three words but a world of meaning. Thousands of visitors come to Maine each summer, hang around the hotels in different sections of the State and imagine they are seeing all there is to be seen and getting all the comforts there are to be had. They are, to the tune of \$3 or \$4 per day and in some places \$10, with nothing to show for it at the end of their visit but a depleted check book and a thin coat of tan. Of course there are many who are not robust enough to rough it, others who have no "red blood," and some who don't know. It is for this last class that these lines are intended.

'Way up at North East carry Moosehead Lake is the dividing line between civilization and the wilderness. It is here the "red god" calls to all those who would seek for the mysteries of the Great Beyond. Here is the beginning of the big woods that extend 'way across our State and even to Labrador—a wilderness so intersected by big rivers and small streams that the whole territory resembles a city laid out with streets and alleys. It is possible to start here and make a canoe voyage covering four hundred miles and not backtrack. It is possible to make a roundabout trip of one hundred miles and come back to the original starting point, and all the way through a vast unbroken forest teeming with big game and the streams full of that speckled aristocrat, the trout. To be sure, some of the streams near civilization are fished more or less, but there are many that are seldom if ever fished, and these are easily reached by canoe and trail, and they who will put forth the effort to go to some of these remote waters will be repaid far beyond their expectations, for there are some truly good fishing streams in the big woods. There are waters that are very seldom canoed and trails that are seldom trod. All these things and much more await those who are ready and willing for a season to cast aside the yoke of civilization and visit Mother Nature in her true home and see some of the things that were intended for them and that their ancestors enjoyed.

A few weeks' outing in the wilds does not mean that we must be savages in order to thoroughly enjoy and appreciate these things. It does not mean that we must go unwashed and unfed, as a great many sup-

pose, and endure untold hardship. Instead you sit in the bow of a canoe, with a firm hand at the paddle, your tent and duffle stowed amidships, and drift gently down the bosom of some placid stream, twitching your flies here and there, catching your dinner or supper as the case may be, and dreaming away the days in this sylvan solitude and wondering why you hadn't thought of it before. Then the nights—your tent pitched on the bank of some lake, lulled to sleep by the rippling water and the whispering pines. This is life as it should be and as it would be lived by the majority if they only knew.

We can accommodate several thousand parties in northern Maine in the summer and then they will be several miles apart. There is no crowding here. There is a pond, lake, or stream for each and every one that wants to come, and health and happiness for all. What more could be wished for? Come and see, and instead of going to that hotel just because it is fashionable pitch your tent on the bank of the stream and fry your own trout for a season and tell me which is the more enjoyable.

I could write on this subject for a month, but my time is limited. Any brothers or sisters who are members of our red-blooded tribe who would know more of this pleasantest of pastimes can get all the information they need free by asking for it.

Abbot Vill., Maine. I. H. PIERCE.

SO. DAKOTA WILL PLANT DUCK FOOD

State Game Warden Hedrick states that the game commission is going on an active campaign to propagate ducks in the spring, although it is the express purpose of the game commission in their policy at all times to propagate game as well as protect what we now have and see that game laws are enforced. For this purpose Hedrick has secured a considerable quantity of wild rice seed from Oshkosh, Wis., and the services of an expert to come to South Dakota in the early spring and see that this seed, which is guaranteed, is planted on ten lakes in the eastern part of the State, so that ducks may breed there during the spring and have sufficient food to attract them to those grounds instead of going farther north as they have been doing for a number of years because of spring shooting.



THE IDEAL DOG FOOD

To build strong muscles, steady nerves, a smooth, glossy coat and general good condition use

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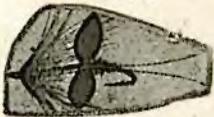
Keeps a dog's teeth in good condition, reinvigorates the salivary glands, aids digestion. Made of clean, sweet meats, cereals and flour—no waste products or preservatives of any kind—a clean, wholesome, nourishing and satisfying food for dogs.

Send for Sample and Free Booklet On receipt of 4c. we will send you sample, or you can buy regular size package at your druggist, sporting goods dealer or direct from us if no dealer in your town. Illustrated booklet on request.



Champion Animal Food Co.
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JOE PEPPER'S Floating Trout Fly

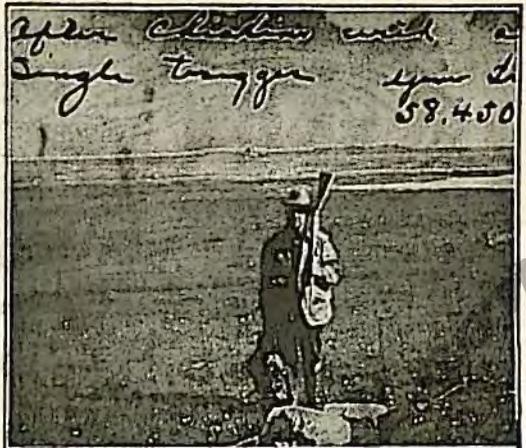


Patent applied for Greatest Fly on the Market. Asvt. Doz. \$1.25. Send for Catalogue.

JOE PEPPER'S Floating Minnow Notice the Hooks. Every strike means a fish. 50c. Each



Patent applied for. Made in colors. No. 311 has luminous belly and fancy green back for night fishing. Joe E. Pepper, Rome, N. Y.



"Do You Know This Fellow, No. 58450?"
He is not an ex-convict, even though

He Brings Home the Chickens

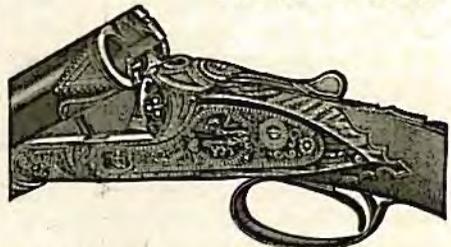
That number, 58450, is stamped on his favorite

LEFEVER SHOT GUN

We have looked him up and will give you his name on request.

We can refer you to hundreds of successful and prominent sportsmen who have brought home the limit and established a reputation

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Why don't you investigate the superior shooting power, balance and durability of the LEFEVER?

Send for catalogue to-day. We'll give you name of dealer. Ask about the Single Trigger. It can be put on your old gun.

LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY
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The Old Briar Pipe made in a new way. No hiccup, no tongue-bite and no bad odors.



Straight or Bent Stem.

PATENTED **Calumet Piece-Pipe, \$1.25**

Beautifully marked, well seasoned briar. No moisture ever enters the bowl. It remains in the scoop. No wet, stale tobacco gathers in the bowl.

Sold only in sanitary sealed box. Nobody's lips but your own ever touch the mouthpiece

You pull out the bottom of the bowl, TO CLEAN.



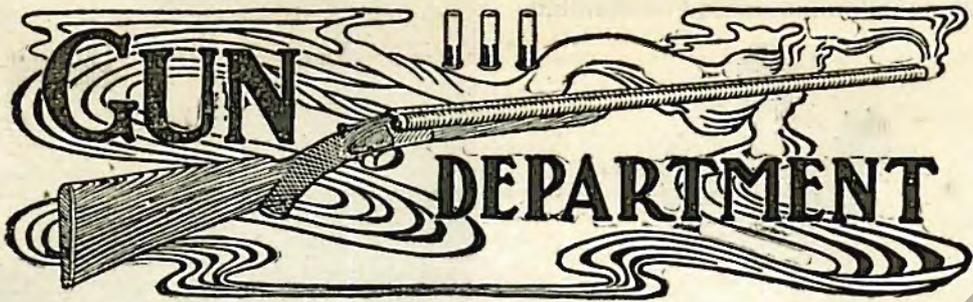
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Service Ticket, insuring satisfactory service for one year, accompanies each pipe.

Buy this wonderfully simple pipe at your dealer's. If he hasn't it, we will mail on receipt of your check, and will return your identical remittance if you are not satisfied. Send for folder.

THE CALUMET CO.,

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A NOVEL TRAP-SHOOTING CONTEST

The London Clay Bird Club was formed in October, 1913, shooting being carried on under the same methods as adopted in the United States, chief of which is the use of one barrel only. The club has been very successful, and on every Saturday afternoon a goodly number of members have taken part in the various competitions.

The club was founded by Mr. A. G. Rickarby, who by the way is the manager of the London office of the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, and it was his trip to the States and visit to the annual Sportsman's Show at Madison Square Garden in February, 1913, that gave him the idea to

put the American methods of trap shooting into practice in an English club. It is interesting to note that the majority of the members of the newly formed club are well-known miniature rifle shots of Great Britain, several being international shots. The cost of shooting to the individual in the new club is remarkably cheap, as will be seen from the following figures. Birds are supplied at 1/2d. each, and the club supplies cartridges at 6 shillings per 100. Each man fires 30 competition shots in strings of 10, without any preliminary practice, and the club charges him the sum of 3s. 4d., which includes the cost of 30 cartridges, 30 clay

**THE
LONDON
CLAY BIRD
CLUB**

*Face round
England
competition*



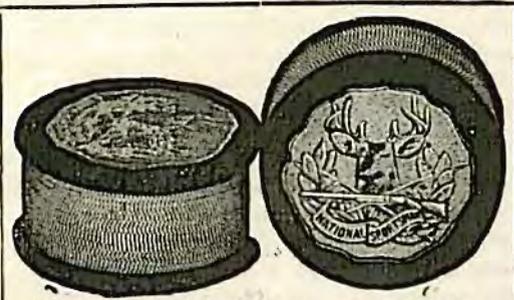
"RACE AROUND ENGLAND" COMPETITION



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- No. 5 Expert size. Breaking tension, 10 pounds. Put up 33 1/2 yards to spool. 3 connected (a great convenience and saving). Price, per spool \$0.40
 3 spools, containing 100 yards. \$1.00
- No. 4 Standard size for regular bass-casting. Best for all-around fishing. Breaking tension, 12 pounds. Put up 50 yards on a spool. 2 connected. Price, per spool .60
- No. 3 Heavy bass-casting size. Breaking tension, 17 pounds. 50 yards on a spool. 2 connected. Price, per spool .75
- No. 2 Muskellunge size. 50 yards on a spool. 2 connected. Price, per spool 1.00

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.22 Repeater MODEL 1897

This is no ordinary .22 rifle:

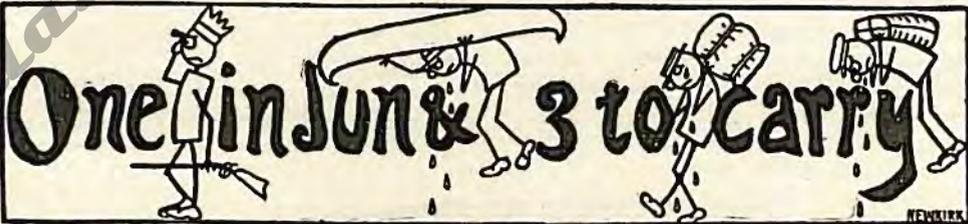
Here's the only .22 repeater made with the dependable lever action—like a big game rifle. It has better weight, better balance, greater stability than any other .22. It's guaranteed in accuracy and reliability; handles rapidly, gives 25 shots at one loading. Shoots .22 short, .22 long and .22 long-rifle cartridges without adjustment.

For rabbits, squirrels, hawks, geese, foxes, for all small game and target work up to 200 yards, just get this *Marlin*.

It's a take-down rifle, convenient to carry and clean. Has tool steel working parts that cannot wear out. Beautiful case-hardened finish; superb build and balance. Ivory bead and Rocky Mountain sights; the best set furnished on any .22. The solid top and side ejection mean safety and rapid, accurate firing.

Ask your dealer—or send us 3 stamps postage for new big catalog of all *Marlin* repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
 35 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.



This is the title of a yarn by Newton Newkirk, written before his funny bone became paralyzed (you can see for yourself that he has lost his grip now, if you read his stuff in this issue). We have published "One Injun & 3 to Carry" in book form, together with four other rattling good stories, 127 pages in all, fully illustrated by Newt himself. Price prepaid, only 50c.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE, 73 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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birds, and entries for five competitions. The annual subscription is 7s. 6d. Exactly four months' shooting shows the club's balance sheet at £20 to the good. How does this cost compare with the cost of trap shooting in the States?

Members can, of course, continue their shooting after having fired their competition series, but it will be seen that the idea of making the first 30 shots count for competition allows the man who can only afford the sum of 3s. 4d. to have equal chances with his more fortunate brother who may be able to spend ten times as much. There are naturally other special shoots during the afternoon, but the members are not encouraged to overdo it.

Very keen interest is being taken at present in a novel trap-shooting contest invented by Mr. A. G. Rickarby, and it is just possible that it may be interesting to trap shooters in the United States. The competition is called a "Race Round England," and rules governing the contest are as follows:

A large map is posted in the club hut, upon which there are 60 towns round the coast, numbered from 1 up.

Each competitor is allowed 20 shots at 20 birds on a Saturday afternoon, and for each kill he is advanced one town, and a drawing pin with his name attached is pinned to the town shown on the map. At his next shoot he goes on from the town at which he left off.

At various spots on the map there are "penalty" towns, and if a competitor finishes up on one of these he must return to a town some distance back. This puts everybody on an equal footing, in that there is an element of luck in it, which adds greatly to the fun of the shoot.

The competitor who can get round the map first wins the shoot; the second and third also secure prizes.

We give a reproduction of the London Clay Bird Club's map herewith, with the penalty spots shown, and the penalties imposed are as follows:

A competitor finishing at

- No. 11 Skegness returns to Boston 10.
 15 Bridlington returns to Boston 10.
 19 South Shields returns to Scarborough 16.
 25 Barrow returns to Berwick 20.
 32 Rhyl returns to Berwick 20.
 39 Tenby returns to Barmouth 35.
 48 Falmouth returns to Ilfracombe 45.
 52 Weymouth returns to Penzance 47.
 56 Brighton returns to Torquay 51.
 58 Folkestone returns to Weston S. Mare 44.

These penalty towns may of course be varied, and in order to prevent a man's missing a bird to save himself getting on to a penalty town, after all the competitors have shot at their 20 birds the towns that are to be penalized may be drawn for and declared after the shoot, and the unlucky individuals moved back.

We should like to see some of the States clubs put up a competition of this kind and hear the results.

The London Clay Bird contest is still running, and it is interesting to note that the leader for two shoots was well away from the others when he landed on a "penalty" town and was forced to return, and he now has six men in front of him, but he is not yet out of it.

Full scores to date are as follows:

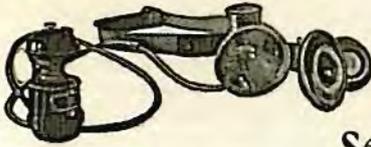
	TOTAL KILLS	POSITION ON MAP
A. G. Rickarby	38	Milford Haven.
O. Pidwell	29	Blackpool (lost 1 town at Skegness).
K. G. Penny	28	Blackpool.
H. R. Humby	26	Morecambe.
H. Barnes	24	Whitehaven.
P. F. Everitt	22	Carlisle.
H. C. K. Rogers	32	Rhyl but returns to Berwick.
D. C. Brown	20	Scarboro' (lost 1 town at Skegness and 3 at South Shields).
J. H. Thomas	14	Withernsea.
W. P. Grosvenor	10	Boston.
H. W. Larsen	9	Kings Lynn.
Mrs. Grosvenor	8	Hunstanton.
C. Mitchell	8	Hunstanton.
W. H. Smith	8	Hunstanton.
R. C. Lake	6	Yarmouth.
A. Butler	4	Aldeburgh.
R. Buckingham	4	Aldeburgh.

The two leading men are both using Stevens repeating shotguns.

A. G. RICKARBY.

15 Grape Street, London, W. C.





The Brilliant Searchlight

This is the light to show your way through the woods when hunting, boating, fishing, driving or any kind of night work. It has locomotive reflector. Flame is protected with a 3 1/2 in. convex lens, may be tilted up or down, burns 8 hours with one filling, costs 3 cents.

- Style 1 Single Lens, \$5.00 Dbl. L., \$6.00 Int. L., \$6.50
- Style 2 Adjustable Candle Flame Burner, add 50 cents
- Style 3 Adjustable Flat Flame Burner, add \$1.00
- Style 4 Adjustable Flat Flame Burner, Self Lighter, add \$2.00

Send for Circular



THE NORTHWESTERN CLASP KNIFE

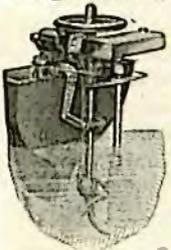
Opened with one hand, giving use of other. Blades locked when open or closed. Length over all 9 1/2 inches. Cutting edge 4 1/2 inches. Stag handle, weight 4 ozs. Price, \$2.50. Post paid.

Send for circular.

R. C. Kruschke, N. 304 W. Superior St., Duluth, Minn.

WATERMAN "PORTO" MOTOR

2 1/2 to 3 H. P. Makes Any Boat a Motor Boat Weight 59 lbs.

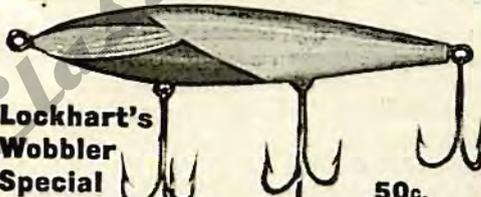


The original outboard motor. 9th year—25,000 in use. Guaranteed for life. Fits any shaped stern. Drives rowboat 8 miles an hour on quart of gasoline.

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Freight Paid. Save Agent's Profit. Insist upon getting these essentials: Carburetor, not "mixing valve"; 3 Piston Rings; Removable Phosphor Bronze Bearings; Bronze Skeg; 10 1/4 x 16" Propeller; Rudder; Noiseless, Under-water Exhaust; Spun Copper Water Jacket, highly polished. Postal brings Free Engine Book.

Waterman Marine Motor Co.
410 Mt. Elliott Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Lockhart's Wobbler Special 50c.

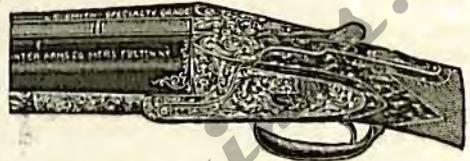
To effectively advertise our line of Floating, Diving, Swimming Baits we offer this Bait, having White Body, Red Head and Breast, Yellow Flutes or Grooves, Post-paid, in U. S. Write for Booklet of Baits that Float, Dive or Swim at Will of Operator, Department WW. Patented.

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GALESBURGH, MICHIGAN

A REAL GUN

STARTS 1914 RIGHT

At Pinchurst Shoot E. H. Storr, who shot an L. C. Smith Gun with Hunter one-trigger, was high for entire program, including the handicaps. Shot at 800, broke 752.



HIGHEST HONORS IN TRAP SHOOTING FOR 1913

The Official Amateur Average was won with an L. C. Smith Gun with Hunter one-trigger by Bart Lewis. Shot at 6080, broke 5811; average, 95.58%. Remember this is a double-gun—two in one and at the price of one.

Illustration is Specialty Grade

- Price with two triggers..... \$64
- With ejector..... 75
- With ejector and Hunter one-trigger 100

Manufactured by the

HUNTER ARMS CO.

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Detroit Marine Engine
Uses Gasoline or Kerosene

Demonstrator Agent wanted in each boating community.



GREATEST ENGINE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED
Money refunded if you are not satisfied. 1, 2 and 4 cyl. 2 to 60 h p Suitable for any boat, canoe, motor, or use as—of railway track car. Join "boosters" club. Send for new catalog.

Write TODAY!
cost, gives more power, will not back-fire. Engine starts without cranking; reversal—only three moving parts.
Detroit Engine Works, 1235 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE FAULTS OF TRAP SHOOTING

Editor *National Sportsman*:—

I note that Mr. Parsons lays the decadence of trap shooting as a sport to the high price of ammunition. He has touched only one of the causes. The real reason is that trap shooting as conducted at the present time does not make a reasonable return in sport for the money expended, and there is too much of the element of sameness about it to hold the shooters' interest. At present a squad of five men will line up in front of an automatic trap, each with twenty-five shells. Five are shot from each peg and at top-notch speed, the whole squad shooting out in about fifteen minutes. The man who can afford to expend but fifty or seventy-five shots gets a scant hour's sport. With the heavy loads used the rapidity of the shooting makes it partake of the nature of punishment for any but a seasoned shooter or a man of robust physique. It is the way the game is organized, not the cost of shells, that makes the shooters drop out.

As we used to play the game, six men would line up in front of five expert traps, move for each shot and shoot in ten- or fifteen-shot strings. The shooting was slower, gave the shooter time to observe the shooting of the others, and introduced an element of exercise. With two squads out, fifty shells gave one quite an afternoon of shooting. We had more variety, for we used to shoot known angles, known traps and unknown angles, unknown traps and angles and reversed angles; and in my opinion the expert traps throw better angle than the present automatic.

I hold no brief for the loading companies, but I very much doubt if a shell that would satisfy trap shooters could be produced and marketed so as to reach the shooters at thirty-five cents a box. The elimination of the professional shooter would not do it. In reason that must be one of the smallest parts of the company's advertising costs, and I venture to say that when their shooters' expenses are spread on their output the amount per shell is negligible as far as the consumer is concerned.

Cheaper shells would help, but, if trap shooting is to grow as a sport the game must be revised to give greater variety and more sport for a moderate expenditure of shells.

Emporium, Pa.

"BERIC."

12 GAUGE THE BEST

Editor *National Sportsman*:—

I have been a subscriber for only one month, but have bought the *National Sportsman* from news stands for almost two years. I read the article by O. S. Coppage. I also am a shotgun crank. I have shot and owned 10, 12, 16, and 20 gauge shotguns. I find the 12 gauge the best of them all. I now own an L. C. Smith high-grade 12 gauge with two sets of barrels, one 28-inch, a little open, and the other a 30-inch, full. This is my game gun. I load my own shells for game. I use three-inch cases. For ducks I load $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams of Dupont smokeless, one grease-proof and two $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. black-edge wads over powder, and one ounce of No. 5 chilled shot, a very light wad over shot, and a good $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch crimp. With the above load I have killed mallard at 75 to 85 yards. This makes a speedy load, which means less lead. Factories now load 12-gauge shells with $3\frac{1}{4}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ drams of powder and one ounce of shot. This is a good game load. A 16 gauge should have not more than $\frac{7}{8}$ ounce of shot and a 20 gauge $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce. Most game hunters are loading too much shot. The killing power is not there. I use my 28-inch for rabbits, snipe, etc. For snipe I load $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams powder and 1 ounce No. 10 shot. I went out one day last fall after snipe. I had fifteen shells and got fourteen snipe. Every snipe was shot single with the first barrel, and they were all jacksnipe at that. For trap shooting I use a Winchester pump with 32-inch barrel. I have an expert trap of my own, and I can break about 95 per cent. Come on, brother sportsmen, and let us hear some more about shotguns.

Kansasville, Mo.

C. H. H.

A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR GUN CLUBS

It is occasionally necessary for the boy who sets your trap to come out of the trap-house while a shoot is in progress, and it is important that he be able to emerge without risking injury at the hands of some nervous shooter on the firing line.

While the probability of a trap boy's being shot at any well-regulated gun club is very small, we should all recognize the possibility, slight as it is, and provide against it.

A red flag tacked at the end of a two- or three-foot pole and a suitable socket on

THOMAS HAND-MADE RODS

The Thomas hand-made, split bamboo rods are made of the finest bamboo that is grown. All metal work is of German silver; the workmanship is of the best, and every rod is personally inspected by Mr. F. E. Thomas, the dean of living American rod-makers. All rods are stamped F. E. Thomas and are fully guaranteed.

THE "DIRIGO" FLY-ROD . . \$15.00

All lengths and weights from 8 ft., 3 1-2 ounces, up to 10 1-2 ft., 8 ounces. Catalog on request.

F. E. THOMAS 119 EXCHANGE STREET
BANGOR MAINE

INFALLIBLE SINGLE TRIGGER

FOR DOUBLE GUNS

Fits any Gun, Old or New

Price - \$15.00
Special, 25.00

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT

In use everywhere on every make of double gun. **NOT A FAD,** but an **ABSOLUTE NECESSITY** to produce **100 Per Cent** results. When ordering a gun, specify its being equipped with the Infallible. This Single Trigger is in use now on more than 40 makes of guns. If you already have a gun, send us the stock and we will equip it.

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Taught Almost Anyone at Home. Small cost. Send today 2c stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. Smith, Room R189, 823 Bigelow St., Peoria, Ill.

DON'T STUFF BIRDS OR ANIMALS

Learn to do your work right. You can become an expert, and **CORRECTLY MOUNT** any **BIRD** or **ANIMAL** by following the instructions in **GUIDE TO TAXIDERMISTRY**.

This book is a finely illustrated treatise upon **TAXIDERMISTRY**. The half-tone illustrations of completed work are the best that have ever been published. Marginal sketches illustrate the text upon each page, and give a clear idea of each operation.

The book gives complete instructions in the different methods of collecting and labeling specimens; skinning and mounting **BIRDS, ANIMALS, FISH, REPTILES, INSECTS**, etc. It tells you how to prepare **BIRDS' EGGS** for the cabinet; the materials and receipts for making all solutions used in the business; how to make artificial **STANDS, TREES, and ROCKWORK**; tells you the sizes of eyes and wire to use for the different specimens.

GUIDE TO TAXIDERMISTRY is an **EXPERT, INTERESTING, and CONTINUAL INSTRUCTOR**. Nicely bound in cloth covers, forwarded by express, prepaid, for \$1.65.

GAME BIRDS

This is just the book that has long been wanted by both Sportsmen and Taxidermists. It shows in **NATURAL COLORS** and gives the **CORRECT ATTITUDES** for mounting more than 100 of our **GAME BIRDS**.

The text tells you of the habits of the birds and where they are to be found at different seasons of the year.

Nicely bound and boxed. Price 65 cents, postpaid. We will forward the two books to any address, express prepaid, on receipt of **TWO DOLLARS**.

Send for colored booklet on **NATURE BOOKS FREE**.
Book Dept., National Sportsman
73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Here's A Brand New SAVAGE

The .22
Tubular
Repeater

YOU'LL never know how perfectly a .22-caliber rifle can balance, how naturally and instinctively it will handle and aim, until you have had this new Savage in your hands.

It has all the original Savage .22-caliber features,—hammerless trombone action, solid breech, solid top, side ejection, no exposed moving parts, simple takedown device, breech-bolt removable without tools, and spiral main spring,—features every one has imitated but no one has equaled.

It looks better than others. The outlines are more graceful and symmetrical; but that isn't half the story. Just put it up to your shoulder. Extend your left arm naturally—this slide handle is long enough to let you. Hold her steady—this pistol grip actually supports the hand; it is made to **GRIP**, to control the rifle, not merely to look at. Press the trigger and work the action. Now how about it?

Can't you **FEEL** how you could shoot it? How much easier its perfect handling and balance and its short, smooth, snappy action will make any rifle work, fancy or plain, at any object, target or game, moving or at rest?

But when you shoot it—when the hits **PROVE** and **CLINCH** what the feel of the rifle suggests—you'll find it has spoiled you for any other .22. After that no other is good enough for you.

And it holds a lot of cartridges—20 shorts, 17 longs, and 15 long rifles. 24-inch octagon barrel. Weight, 6¾ pounds. It only costs \$12.00. Write us about it.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.
474 Savage Ave., Utica, N.Y.
Makers of the Famous Savage Rifles

the trap house in which to place the end of the pole, is all the equipment required to obviate the risk entirely.

When the boy wishes to emerge from the trap he simply places the end of the pole in the socket, so that the flag shows above the top of the trap house.

The flag costs but a trifle, its use is no trouble, and certainly *it is better to be careful than sorry.*

"Safety first" at the gun club is just as important as in the shop or on the railroad.
— *Dupont Magazine.*

TRAP SHOOTING FREE FROM ANY ACCIDENTS

Despite the fact that guns and powder are necessary requisites of clay pigeon or trap shooting, the sport is singularly free from accidents, in this respect being far in advance of football, baseball, golf, or even tennis.

The reason for the absence of accidents is the fact that the very first thing impressed upon the mind of a new shooter is that the careless handling of a shotgun is exceedingly dangerous both to users and those near or within 100 yards of him. The management of most trap-shooting clubs provide fines for the infraction of certain rules relative to the intelligent and safe handling of shotguns. A second offense usually means expulsion from club membership.

The custom has been for each trap-shooting club to make its own rules, but recently a movement was started to secure the adoption of a uniform set of regulations. In this connection "Jack" S. Fanning of New York City, one of the most prominent shooters in the country, has formulated what seems to be an ideal set of rules.

Under the caption of "Precautions and Suggestions" Mr. Fanning offers the following:

For the safety of those taking part in trap shooting as well as the onlookers the following precautions should be observed and rigidly enforced. A fine should be imposed on those violating the same.

No. 1. Do not place a cartridge in your gun except when standing at the firing line in your proper place in the squad and with the muzzle of the gun pointed in the direction of the trap house.

No. 2. Place only one cartridge in your

gun when shooting single targets and but two cartridges when shooting double targets.

No. 3. When changing from position No. 5 to position No. 1 at the firing line be sure to have your gun opened and unloaded.

No. 4. When pointing a gun in the clubhouse or on the shooting grounds always open the gun and inspect same before pointing.

No. 5. Do not question the referee's decision. The person shouting is the least competent to judge the result of a shot, as the recoil of the gun for an instant impairs the vision.

No. 6. Avoid being late getting to your place on the firing line.

No. 7. Remain at your position at the firing line with gun empty until the last man has finished shooting.

No. 8. Do not converse with your neighbor while at the firing line nor use any expression that might disconcert others in the squad. Loud talking or other noises should not be indulged in by other contestants or spectators while a squad is shooting so that they can hear same.

No. 9. Do not refuse a fair target. In competition a refused target is scored or counted "lost." The referee will decide what is a fair or unfair target.

No. 10. Do not shoot at an imperfect target in competition. Only whole targets are to be shot at. An imperfect target is a "No bird."

No. 11. Always carry from two to four extra shells with you to the firing line so that you do not delay the shooting in case you have to shoot at other targets on account of shooting at imperfect targets, etc.

By observing the above precautions there will be no unfortunate accidents or incidents to mar the pleasure of contestants and spectators.

A SUGGESTION TO HUNTERS

In hunting, we gather, the object is to bag game. With some hunters the object is to kill as many rabbits or as many pheasants or as many squirrels as possible. We have seen men coming home from the woods with two or three dozen squirrels or rabbits. Of course that means a squirrel or a rabbit dinner for every one on the man's block, but it's mighty poor sportsmanship. If it weren't for fear of offending some one, we would suggest the formation of a Poor

Going camping this year? You'll find our 1914 catalogues the best kind of help.

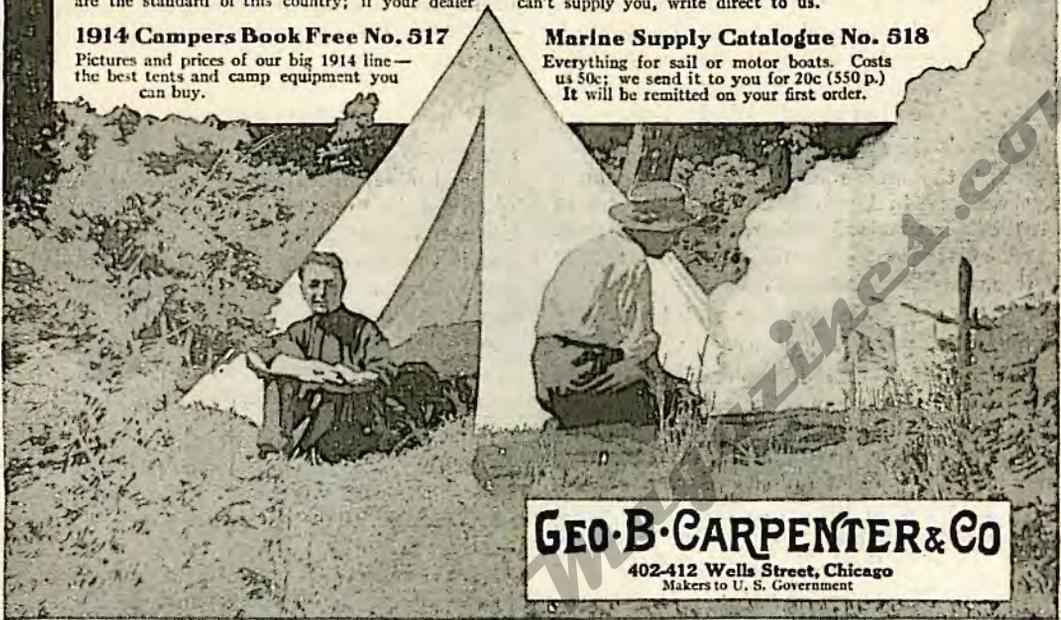
Everything you could possibly need for camping or for sail or motor boat is fully covered. Carpenter goods are the standard of this country; if your dealer can't supply you, write direct to us.

1914 Campers Book Free No. 517

Pictures and prices of our big 1914 line—the best tents and camp equipment you can buy.

Marine Supply Catalogue No. 518

Everything for sail or motor boats. Costs us 50c; we send it to you for 20c (550 p.) It will be remitted on your first order.



GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO

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Makers to U. S. Government

Just what Sportsmen are Looking For.



Patented

OLT'S Celebrated, Adjustable, "All-in-One" Game Call. Duck, crow, turkey, etc. With a little practice one can easily imitate the various species. Un-
Take no substitute. Money back if dissatisfied. \$1 each prepaid. Discount to the trade.
P. S. OLT, Pekin, Ill.

TUFTS'

"OK"

MACKINAC.



An adjustable SCREW SINKER for lines and gut leaders that is safe, simple, and speedy in its operation. Ten seconds adjusts it. SURE TO PLEASE. See cut. Tackle stores sell the "OK" MACKINAC. Ask to see it. Sample and price list to dealers upon request. Please tell them so.
THE W. H. TUFTS CO., GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

The World's Greatest RIFLE!



FANCY AND PLAIN FINISH
U. S. Government 1906 30 Calibre

Genuine Mauser Sporting Rifles

Also for regular and Splizer (pointed) as well as U. S. Government 1906 service ammunition

Luger and Mauser Automatic Pistols.

Catalog upon Request

Mannlicher-Schoenauer Rifles

H. TAUSCHER, Dept. A, 320 Broadway, N. Y.

Sole Agent for United States, Mexico and Canada



Get the "Peterborough" Catalogue

Always look for this Trade Mark in the Bow

The Peterborough Canoe Company have spent just 35 years producing canoes which they are proud to place their trademark on.

Their 40-page catalogue is well illustrated and is a treat to lovers of boats. It shows all styles of canoes suitable for pleasure, prospecting, hunting, sailing and racing; in weights from 35 lbs. up; also dinghies and power boats. Canoes, however, are the Peterborough specialty. Get this catalogue today and be early with your order so as to have your new boat ready for the first days of the season.

Address:
Peterborough Canoe Co.
232 Water Street
Peterborough, Ont.

Sports' Club, eligible to membership in which would be all pothunters.

Now just recently the State Game Commission has planted deer in different parts of Cambria County. For several years the season as to deer will be closed, which will mean a more or less protection for the animals, although word from the north of the county is that some member of the Poor Sports' Club has already killed a doe.

Here's the suggestion:

Let the season as to deer always be a closed one in Cambria County. Are we to stock the woods with deer, only to kill them off at the first opportunity? That sounds like cold-blooded murder.

Why not shoot the deer and have them too? Not possible, you say.

Why, of course it's possible. Discard your high-power gun. Use a camera. With a modern rifle you can stand on the hill over yonder to the right and take the life of a buck many hundreds of yards across on that hill to the left. That isn't sport. The deer occupies the position of a bull just entering the bull ring; there is no possibility of his emerging alive.

Be a real sport, sir. Drop your gun. Take a camera. Have you a good eye, a steady hand? You will need it with a camera. Are you a real deer-stalker? You don't have to be so long as you can kill a deer without getting nearer than 300 or 400 yards. But you must be a deer-stalker to get your buck with a camera. You can't stand on that hill over there and get him with a camera like you can with your rifle. You must prove yourself versed in woodcraft, in the ways of deer. Any one can kill a deer with a gun; it's as easy as cutting a chicken's head off with an ax. The deer has no chance. Madero, assassinated by Huerta, had more chance than a deer in a populous section like Cambria County.

Are you game? Are you a real sport, and not a "tin-horn"? Then don't use your gun. Use a camera.

Every time you get close enough to a deer to snap it with your camera—every time you come from the woods with a picture of a buck or doe at home in the wilds, and alive—we'll give you credit for a kill. You'll be entitled to such credit. You'll have accomplished more than if you had really taken the pretty animal's life. Let's

kill the deer with a camera—and keep them in the woods.

Are you really a sportsman? Or are you a butcher?

If you are a sportsman,—a real, simon-pure sportsman,—your weapon is a camera.—*Johnston, Pa., Democrat.*

A CHALLENGE

Editor National Sportsman:—

I send herewith a challenge issued recently by one of the members and an officer of the Altoona Indoor Rifle Club. I would be glad if you would publish same in the next issue of your magazine. This is only a friendly contest and can be arranged to be shot off by telegraph.

F. A. HERSH,

Secretary Altoona, Pa., Indoor Rifle Club.

R. W. Cunningham of the Altoona Indoor Rifle Club, recently organized, issues a challenge to any rifle shot in the State to a 100-shot match to be contested under the following rules:

First—Indoors, distance 75 feet, standing.

Second—Any .22-caliber, rim fire rifle.

Third—Telescope or sights of any manner whatsoever, containing glass, also all artificial sights and palm rests, barred.

Fourth—Targets such as are furnished by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company having a two-inch bull's-eye and a one-half-inch center, counting twenty-five points, to be used.

Fifth—Shooting to be done on twenty targets, five shots to each target, and each contestant to have at least two witnesses. Time allowed to shoot 100 shots, three hours.

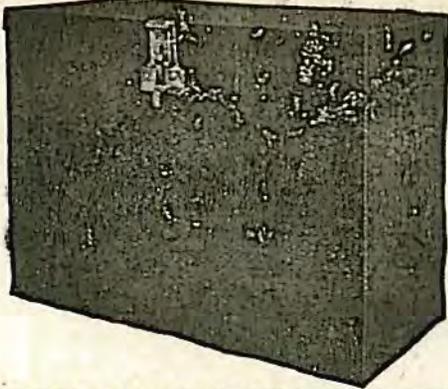
Sixth—This contest to be shot by telegraph or on the range of the Altoona Indoor Rifle Club, 700 Green Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

To make arrangements, communicate with F. A. Hersh, secretary, Room No. 57, Altoona Trust Building, Altoona, Pa.

Editor National Sportsman:—

My premium, a Savage rifle, arrived today. It is certainly a beauty. It is an honor to the Savage Arms Company and a credit to you people to offer such a premium, as it is really more than I expected. Thanks!

C. C. WALLIS.



THE AUTO PICNIC BOX

THIS box is designed and made in two sizes for autoists, campers, fishermen, motor boats, resorters or picnickers. WITHOUT the use of ice a low temperature can be maintained for a reasonable length of time by our special insulation, and by using the ice compartment with five pounds of ice a temperature of 50° can be maintained for about ten hours and oftentimes longer. IT is made to strap on the running board or trunk rack of your automobile, and is an ideal box for lunches and liquid refreshments. No. 1 will hold 14 and No. 2 will hold 23 pints of beer. WE also manufacture both round and square fish boxes, which are sanitary and durable.

Write us today for particulars.

LANSING STAMPING & TOOL CO.
Lansing, Michigan



THE BARKER HUNTING SHOE

We highly recommend it for the fisherman

For Fishing, Hunting, Snowshoeing, Ski-ing, and all sports where a light waterproof shoe is required.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send a pair prepaid, on receipt of money or check

Heights	8 in.	10 in.	16 in.
Without Heel....	\$4.25	\$4.75	\$6.50
With Heel.....	4.50	5.00	6.75

Wm. E. Barker care of Enterprise Rubber Co.
111 Federal Street, Boston, Massachusetts

STATEMENT

OF

The Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, published monthly at Boston, Mass., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NOTE.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

Name of	Post Office Address
Editor, NEWTON NEWKIRK,	73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Mng. Ed., LOUIS O. TILTON,	73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Bus. Mgr., HARRY L. TILTON,	73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Publisher, NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc.,	73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Owners (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock).

HARRY L. TILTON, 73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
LOUIS O. TILTON, 73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities.

NONE.

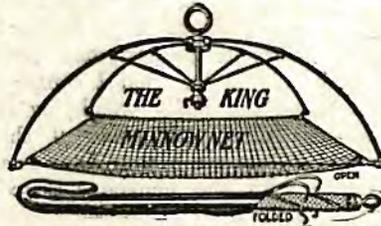
LOUIS O. TILTON, MANAGING EDITOR
Signature of editor, manager, or owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of March, 1914.

(SEAL)

JOSEPH W. BARTLETT

(My commission expires January 26, 1917.)



Ten years without a kick

and less than six nets returned in season of 1912-13 on our absolutely unconditional guarantee of one year's use. The answer is quality. We stand back of this guarantee and assure you the quality and guarantee will be maintained, no matter who you buy from. Ask your dealer for THE KING. If he cannot supply you, we will send on receipt of price, 4 x 4 ft. \$2.00, 3 x 9 ft. \$1.75, 2 x 2 ft. \$1.50.

W. H. REISNER MFG. CO.
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FISH MOUNTING

should show correct color and natural pose. You get results at

WELLINGTON STUDIO OF TAXIDERMY
EAST JAFFREY, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Established 1890



A GOOD CAMP AXE

Editor National Sportsman:—

I have been for some time a subscriber to your magazine, and have read with special interest some of your personal column in which the brothers get together and express their ideas and opinions on many articles which are in use by them. I should like to inquire if you or any of the brothers have had any experience with the "C. A. C. Damascus Axe," made in Holbrook, Mass., and advertised in your magazine. I have had considerable experience with different axes of many makes in the past, and have never yet been able to get what I consider an ideal axe, and am really wondering if such a thing is made. If some of the brothers would inform me if they have had any experience with the above-mentioned axe, and if it really filled all of the claims which are made for it, this would be greatly appreciated by

Wellington, Mass.

T. H. W.

In reference to the above we print herewith extracts from some letters recently received by the C. A. C. Axe Company from *National Sportsman* readers who have tried out the C. A. C. Hunting Axe.

C. A. C. Axe Co., Holbrook, Mass.

"I have used one of your Damascus Camp Axes in the last two or three years and must frankly state that it is the best axe for the woods I have ever had in my hands. I have not only used it for all the ordinary uses around camps, for trapping and all work of that kind, but have quartered moose and deer with it, the cutting of the heaviest

bones apparently having no effect on the edge. It is certainly a wonder and I am highly pleased with it."

J. S. BARRON, New York City.

C. A. C. Axe Co., Holbrook, Mass.

"Your axes are the best I have ever used, regardless of price."

FRED W. HAWKINS,

Marquette, Mich.

LATEST IDEA IN BAIT

The "Zig-Zag" bait, patented 1913, is the most lifelike lure for bass and other game fish yet invented. When not in motion it floats, but immediately upon being retrieved it darts down in the water and takes a zig-zag swimming and wabbling motion. The faster the bait is drawn the deeper and faster it goes. When retrieved very slowly it floats and becomes a very attractive surface lure. This bait, which the Moonlight Bait Company, Paw Paw, Mich., claim to be the best artificial bait on the market, without exception, is illustrated in the advertisement in another column. It is offered to purchasers with privilege of trial and money refunded if not satisfactory. The unique qualities of the "Zig-Zag" bait commend it to the special attention of fishermen.

One hundred rats a month is a record for one trap in one establishment, but that is the number caught in a livery stable in Scranton, Pa., in one of the traps invented by H. D. Swarts of that city. See advertisement on page 519 this issue.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE POINTER CLUB OF NEW ENGLAND

The annual meeting and dinner of the Pointer Club of New England was held at the Lenox Hotel, Boston, Mass., Tuesday evening, February 17. The annual dinner "where good fellows meet together" proved a most enjoyable occasion. The one thing lacking was the presence of ladies, and it was agreed that the next annual dinner should not be amiss in that respect. It is reported that two of the officers of the club who reside not more than a thousand miles from Lynn have a special fondness for ladies as well as for the pointer, and they were no doubt responsible for what we trust will prove a most attractive feature of the next annual dinner.

The annual meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. Robert Leslie of Swampscott, Mass. The following new members were elected: William C. Adams of Boston, F. J. Brown of Rutland, Vt., James T. Willis of Providence, R. I., and Edward Rivett of Boston, Mass. The following officers were elected: President, Robert Leslie of Swampscott, Mass.; vice-president, George F. Richards of Lynn; secretary and treasurer, Vinton W. Mason of Cambridge; directors, Lincoln E. Pettie of East Foxboro, M. T. Mason of Northampton, William C. Adams of Boston, F. J. Lenoir of Greenwood and C. H. W. Cowdrey of Fitchburg. Judges: Dr. J. S. Howe of Boston; James Mortimer of Long Island, N. Y.; F. J. Lenoir of Greenwood, Mass.; Robert Leslie of Swampscott, Mass.; Charles H. Mason of Long Island, N. Y.; Harry Waldron of Providence, R. I.

GET AN IDEAL HANDBOOK

The Marlin Firearms Company of 35 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn., announce the publication of the new edition of the Ideal Handbook, without doubt the finest book that is published for sportsmen who are interested in reloading shells and cartridges. This is a source of direct information for shooters, answering fully and clearly such questions as "What is a caliber or gauge?" "What is the diameter of bores in various rifles?" "What is the twist of rifling in any standard rifle?" etc.

This book will be sent to any one upon the receipt of three 2-cent stamps by the Marlin Firearms Company, 35 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

WHAT THE .22 SAVAGE HIGH-POWER WILL DO

When over in the Donahue canyon country a few days ago, Ray Grayson and Marion Longbottom struck the trail of two mountain lions which led to a small cavern high up the face of a cliff in which they took refuge. Marion told Ray if he would go into the cave and run the lions out he would head them off. Ray agreed to the proposition. In order to reach the cave it was necessary to put a pole up against the face of the cliff. Marion held the pole in place while Ray shinned up. Ray took a peep into the hole in the wall, and being closer to the varmints than he supposed, he was surprised when one of the lions hissed in his face—the man and the lion stood face to face. Ray did not lose his nerve, and quickly poked the muzzle of his .22 high-power Savage rifle close to the face of the lion and fired, killing the lion instantly; he then turned his attention to the other, which he killed with one shot.—*Hillsboro (N. Y.) Advocate.*

Editor National Sportsman:—

In reading over the February number just received, I came across an article on muskellunge fishing in Canada by "Haynes of Akron." I have fished for muskellunge in Wisconsin and can truthfully say it does not compare with salmon fishing as found here, the fish running from five pounds up to thirty, there being several different species. Handled with light tackle and fly they have muskies backed to the ropes.

This is practically a new country and the rivers teem with trout and salmon.

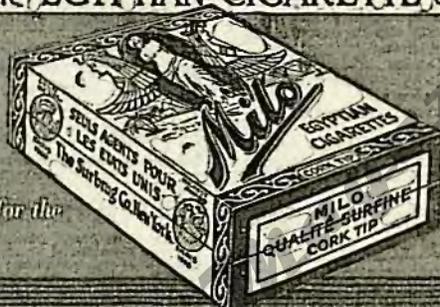
I have fished and hunted in many parts of Canada and the United States, but have not found a place that compares with this for sport with the rod and rifle. Here you find all animals from the squirrel to the grizzly in goodly numbers. I take two other leading sporting magazines, but they do not compare with the *Sportsman*, which is in a class by itself.

If you find room for this and it comes to the notice of "Haynes of Akron," or others, I will be glad to answer any questions at length or inquiries relative to fishing or big game.

Hagensburg, B. C. HARRY SINCLAIR.

Milo

The EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE of QUALITY



If you prefer Plain Packs ask for the
Milo Red Box

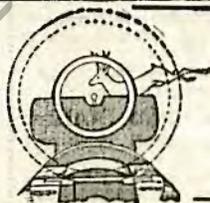
Cork Tips in the Milo
Yellow Label Box

DENT'S CONDITION PILLS

Merit Made Them Famous.

Dogs that are out of sorts, rough coated and unthrifty, with hacking cough, watery eyes, foul breath, disturbed bowels and highly colored urine. Cured in ten days by these celebrated pills. At dealers or by mail 50 cents.

The Dent Medicine Co., Newburg, N. Y. Toronto, Canada.



DANIEL'S PATENT CONCENTRIC SIGHT.

As it appears while aiming through tang sight

Note the clear-cut lines, beautiful definition. The best for all kinds of work—TRY IT. Price, \$2. Ask for booklet.

Address Charles Daniel
Melbourne, Washington Box A-7

THE VACU-MIRROR

THE GREATEST LUXURY EVER INVENTED FOR THE MAN WHO SHAVES

The man who is accustomed to the daily misery of shaving in a poor light will find more whole-souled satisfaction in the Vacu-Mirror than in anything he ever used

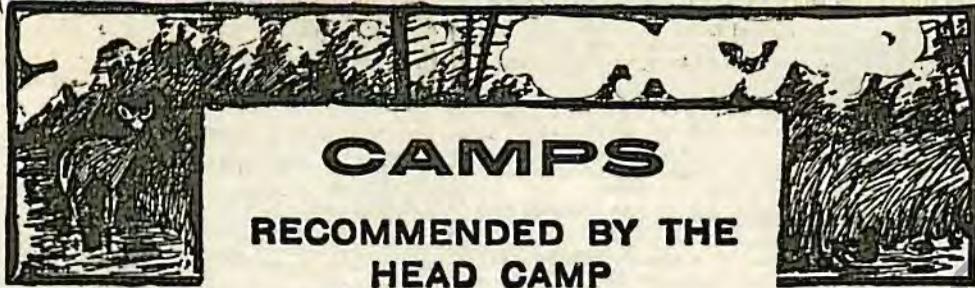
No matter how dark the room, the Vacu-Mirror shows the face from every angle in the full light of out-of-doors. It is instantly attached to any window-pane—the one place in a room where the light is always good — by simple pressure of a vacuum cup. It will hold for months, yet is removed without effort. It is adjustable at a touch in any direction.

The man who travels—who has to shave on trains and in hotel rooms, will find the Vacu-Mirror a comfort that, once used, he will never be without.

Six inch heavy, plate mirror, beautifully nickelled frame. You won't resist this Mirror, once you see it. We want you to see it — to try it, at our risk. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send postpaid for \$3.00. If for any reason you don't want to keep it, return at our expense and we will promptly refund money. Write for booklet.

To Dealers—The Vacu-Mirror is proving the greatest selling toilet article since the safety razor. Send for terms.

AUSTIN SALES CO., Box 72, 18 Vesey St., New York



CAMPS

RECOMMENDED BY THE
HEAD CAMP

FORKS of the MACHIAS CAMPS, MAINE

16 MILES FROM ASHLAND BY

canoe or buckboard; at the junction of the North and South branches of the Machias River.

BROOK TROUT—The streams, Bogans ponds and lakes are filled with fine brook trout from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each. There are ponds and lakes about every one to five miles in every direction. Good camps at all of them.

HUNTING, the best east of the Rockies. Partridges, wild ducks, deer, moose, or bear; you can get them with camera or gun. Fox and other fur animals very plentiful.

CANOE TRIPS through the primeval woods on enchanting lakes and streams.

New country, new camps, old guides. Home comforts with phone connection between the camp and your home or office. Ask for our illustrated booklet before deciding this season's trip.

HENRY RAFFORD, Registered Trapper and Guide
ASHLAND, AROOSTOOK CO., MAINE

CENTRAL NEW BRUNSWICK HUNTING CAMPS

Located well back in the Center of the Big Game District of N. B. and one of the few places in N. B. where Moose, Caribou, Deer, and Bear can all be had a the same camps. Reliable and experienced guides; camps new and up to date. We furnish complete outfit. Let us prove to you we can make good in every sense of the word.

GEORGE E. GOUGH, North View, Victoria Co., N.B.

MIDST THE FIR AND PINE, PENOBSCOT LAKE CAMPS

A collection of well-made, clean and comfortable wildwood homes. For the Sportsman, Recreationist and Health Seeker. Unequaled Trout and Togue Fishing. Big Game and Bird Shooting. Write for booklet and Map. W. J. ELLIOTT, Jackman, Maine.

FOR A CANOEING and FISHING OUTING

Algonquin Provincial Park, the 2,000,000 acre Forest and Game Preserve of Ontario, with its virgin Lakeland, offers a Paradise for the canoeist, fisherman and camper.

2,000 feet elevation Immune from Hay Fever
Highest and Coolest Resort in Ontario

Hotel Algonquin at Joe Lake Station affords every requisite and comfort for guests within easy reach of fine trout and bass fishing.

It is the Starting Point and Key to the direct canoe routes leading to over three fourths of the Park's 2,000 lakes and streams.

Complete Outfitting and Provisioning Store
Canoe and Boat Livery Guides procured
Six hours from Ottawa, eight from Toronto. Pullman service.
Information and booklet of

L. E. MERRELL, 500 James St., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Hunting Fishing Camping



PACKING UP

The Canadian Rockies

Offer the largest field in the world for all kinds of OUT-DOOR SPORT. Write us today for illustrated booklet and full particulars of our TRAIL TRIPS.

OUT-FITTING DEPARTMENT
THE BREWSTER TRANSPORTATION CO., Limited
Head Office, BANFF, ALBERTA
Branches at LAGGAN & FIELD, C. P. R. Guides

H. O'LEARY'S CAMPS

Sportsmen wishing really good salmon and sea trout fishing and Moose and Bear hunting in Nova Scotia would do well to visit my Camps. Best of accommodation; the cream of sport. Careful attention given inquiries. Write for full data.

H. O'LEARY (Guide)
West Quoddy (Hal. Co.) Nova Scotia

FOR MOOSE, CARIBOU AND DEER

Sportsmen, why not spend your vacation in New Brunswick in the big-game country? I have had fifteen years' experience guiding. I have camps located on the headwaters of the Odell and Miramichi. Don't lose all your time on the road after leaving train. One day will put you into my camps in the heart of the big-game country, where you will see moose every day. I also have salmon and trout fishing. Depend on me for first-class guides, camp kit, and a good time while in the woods. You don't need a fortune to spend ten days or two weeks in my camps. Write for information to **JAMES A. WRIGHT, Odell River, N. B.**

SALMON FISHING

Try Averill Lakes this season and make LAKESIDE INN AND COTTAGES your headquarters. Situated on the shore of Lake Averill, Averill, Vt. A new and pretty hotel with all modern conveniences. An ideal spot for sportsmen and summer vacationists. Long tramps not necessary. Fine fishing right in front of hotel. 1800 feet above sea level. One mile from Canadian Border. Free from Hay Fever and Malaria. Mosquitoes never seen. Mountain spring water as pure as crystal. Complete sanitary arrangements. First-class table and beds. Terms moderate.

Write for rates and illustrated booklet to
FRANK W. BALDWIN, Prop., Colebrook, N. H.



Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

For over three years French and German motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with steel studded Treads. In eight months 20,000 American motorists have taken advantage of this opportunity to save one half their tire expense.

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, prepay the express and allow the user to be the judge.

Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are sold under a signed guarantee for 5000 miles without puncture.

Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from factory. A postal will get full information and sample within a week, **Don't wait—write today.**

The Colorado Tire & Leather Co.
1318 Acoma St., Denver, Colo. 1120 Karpen Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1914 model. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed 1914 Models **\$10 to \$27** with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires. 1913 and 1913 MODELS **\$7 to \$12** ALL OF BEST MAKES—**100 Second-Hand Whools** All makes and models, good as new Great Factory Clearing Sale. **\$3 to \$8** We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the **10 Days' Free Trial** freight & allow

TIRES coaster-brake wheels, lamps, and fenders, *half actual price.* **DO NOT BUY** till you get our catalogue and offer. *Write now.* **MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 7-149 CHICAGO**

\$28.50 PROFIT!
FOR ONE MAN
IN ONE DAY

made by Jos. Hancock, Lamont, Ia., Scherer, Mont., made \$22.65 in 6 hrs. We have proof. Hundreds similar reports. Send postal—ask us to show you what you can earn with a

Mandel Post Card Machine
A portable post card gallery—makes finished photo post cards and buttons in a minute's time—3 strips of pictures in 3 sizes. No plates, films or dark rooms. This picture taking outfit gives you a complete, ready-made business. Prints begin at 1¢ each sale brings 5¢ to 10¢ clear profit. One minute pictures sell like wildfire at fairs, picnics, busy corners, small stores, large cities—Everywhere. Small capital. First sales bring back practically entire investment. Write at once full particulars—**FREE.**

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPING CO.
273 Ferrotyping Building Chicago, Ill., or 273 Public Bank Bldg., New York

BE A BANKER

Splendid opportunities for hunters and trappers. Pleasant work, short hours, all holidays off, yearly vacation with pay, good salary. Learn at home. Diploma in six months. Catalog free.

EDGAR G. ALCORN, President
American School of Bank'g 115 McLeane Bldg. Columbus, O.

FIX THAT PUNCTURE IN ONE MINUTE

That puncture can be in a rubber or leather boot or shoe, a canvas boat, an auto tire or a hot water bag—and in less than a minute you can have it fixed up snug and tight, absolutely water-proof with

MARBLE'S EZY-QUICK REPAIRERS

No cement used. Cannot come off. Cannot hurt the foot. The two plates are concave. Lower plate has a threaded pivot, which projects through a hole in upper plate and the two are held tightly together by a flush nut. A small metal key, furnished with each Repairer, is used to tighten up the plates. 3 sizes: 8 in. diameter, 10¢; 11 in., 15¢; 12 1/4 in., 20¢. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't them. Catalog of Marble's Specialties for Sportsmen free upon request.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
600 Delta Ave. Gladstone, Mich.



Style V4400

Gloves of superior quality for every sport

Our hobby is making gloves—gloves of every style, but especially gloves that give real comfort and satisfaction to the critical sportsman. Whether you hunt, fish, trap, canoe, motor, golf, or indulge in any other sport, you should make sure of being well-loved by insisting on having

Grinnell-Gloves

Sold with a Bond

Grinnell Gloves—made of specially tanned cowskin, soft as velvet, tough as rawhide—are guaranteed not to crack, peel, shrink, or harden with use. Getting them wet does not harm them—they are washable in soap and water or gasoline.

The pair here illustrated has the famous Grinnell Ventilated Back which keeps hands cool on hot days. Also, you should know about the special Grinnell "Rist-Fit" and "Grip-Tite" features in gaitlet gloves.

See Grinnell Gloves at your dealer's—or if he doesn't carry them, send us his name and ask for free Glove Book and leather samples, stating whether you are particularly interested in a glove for motoring, motorcycleing, hunting, dress or work. We will also send you a pair on approval, prepaid, if you'll give your size.

Morrison-Ricker Manufacturing Co.
Established 1856
105 Broad Street Grinnell, Iowa

Learn How to WRESTLE

In Your Own Home By Mail

Yes, learn to become an expert wrestler right in your own home, by mail, from the greatest wrestler the world has ever known. He is an athlete, he is strong, he is healthy.

Learn how to throw and handle big men with ease. Learn to defend yourself. All taught in our course of lessons, and illustrated with hundreds of charts and actual photographs by

Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch

Farmer Burns, the "Grand old man of the mat," and Frank Gotch, the present World's Champion, have revealed all their wonderful and secret knowledge in this marvellous course of lessons. You can now learn Scientific Wrestling—Physical Culture—Jiu-Jitsu—Self Defense. Every man and boy in America, no difference what age, needs this wonderful course of lessons. Write today—your name and address on a postcard or letter brings you the 52-page book absolutely free—no obligations of any kind. A splendid book on wrestling you should have. **IT'S FREE—WRITE TODAY!**

Burns School of Wrestling, 672 Ramp Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

GRAY GEARLESS DETACHABLE BOAT MOTOR

Attaches to any row boat or canoe. Just the motor for your vacation. Has several superior mechanical features found on no other outboard motor. You will find the Gray Gearless Boat Motor is

Mechanically Better

and you get more power, less weight, fewer parts, greater simplicity, easier steering and longer life at a remarkably low price—\$65 complete. Guaranteed by a responsible concern. Write for full details—ask a Gray agent—your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer or get immediate deliveries from factory.

Gray Motor Co., 4204 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



Editor National Sportsman:—

Queen's Count Gladstone (at stud), whose advertisement appears for the first time in this issue, is a dog to be admired in looks, disposition, and particularly field work. He is unquestionably one of the best grouse dogs in the East. He hunts absolutely to gun, has an exceptional nose, and is very stanch. His body, while mostly white, shows traces of black, with black spot at root of tail. His head is black and tan. He is a medium-sized dog, weighing about forty-five pounds, has good depth of chest and good lines throughout.

JULIAN'S BAIT

Mr. William F. Hall, a prominent citizen and enthusiastic angler residing at Natick, Mass., writes, "Up to the time I used Julian's Bait I had as much faith in liquid fishing lures as I have in ghost stories, but I now realize that I was absolutely unjust in prejudging. A fishing friend and myself went trolling. We each used exactly the same pattern and size spoon hook. I 'treated' my spoon, the hook feathers, the gimp, swivel and attachments and a few inches of the lower part of the line with Julian's Bait according to directions. My friend did not (in accordance with agreement). I caught a handsome mess of fish; my friend did not, although his spoon was usually

within a few feet of mine all day. This same friend says 'it is Julian's Bait for mine in future.' As for myself, I shall never go on a fishing trip without it. From what I have heard from others, equally good results are obtained by the addition of this lure when fly or bait casting and still fishing, and I therefore repeat that I shall never go fishing without this most excellent bait."

Julian's Bait is well recommended by sportsmen in all parts of the country, and is well worth trying.

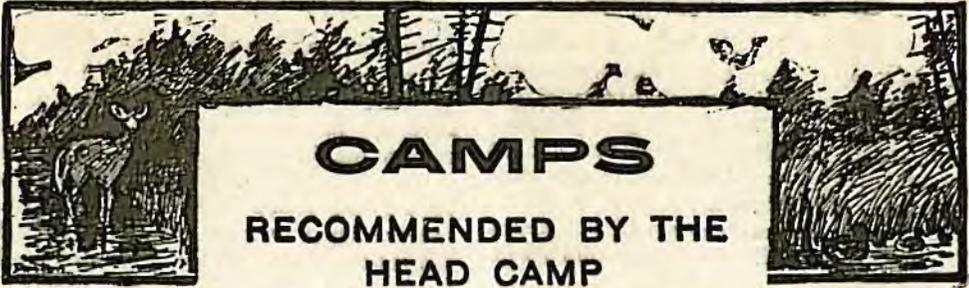
LOUIE MAKES A DISCOVERY

It's a far cry from fishing when the fish don't bite to piling up a comfortable little competence for old age, but that's what Louie Schmidt did up on Lake Chautauqua, so they're telling now. At least, Louie got his start toward his old-age pension that way. The idea was the thing in his case.

Louie, so the story goes, was fishing on one of those days when the fishing wasn't good. However, he carried a half-pint flask of the proverbial fisherman's consolation. He found need of it all long before the day was done—and the emptied flask went overboard. It half filled, up-ended, and the air, caught in the bottom, held it half submerged, floating.

Louie continued tempting a strike with every change of bait known to fishermen's wives—without results. Suddenly the half-filled flask, drifting near by, shot out of the water. Louie observed it closely, with suspicion. While he thus observed, a good three-and-a-half-pound bass struck at it viciously, bobbing it half out of the water again and again. Louie investigated. He found a minnow from a passing school had slid into the neck and trapped itself. The bass had struck at this trapped minnow, its natural food.

Louie rowed home thoughtfully. He experimented until he developed a scheme for obtaining a circulation of water in a glass tube, and then he fished with his one live minnow all day. That started him toward his old-age pension. He patented his idea, and every fishermen to-day that fishes with one minnow all day pays his mite toward the support of the sturdy old German that fishes every summer day up on Lake Chautauqua. The mites are piling up fast, too, according to the Detroit Glass Minnow Tube Company, which is paying the royalties.



Trout and Salmon Fishing

Up in the Green Mountains of Vermont. A fishing camp and summer resort in the woods. Main camp and cabins with modern improvements. Four lakes and miles of streams. The famous Cold Mineral Spring, a cure for all stomach and kidney troubles. No mosquitoes or black flies. Asthma and hay fever unknown here. Telephone and Telegraph. Daily mail. 1800 feet elevation. Send for booklet.

COLD SPRING CAMP

Forest Lake, Averill, Vt. C. M. QUIMBY, Proprietor

SPENCER LAKE CAMPS

Maine's Ideal Spot for Fishing Vacations or Hunting

Best of fly fishing for square-tail trout and trolling for togue. Fifteen ponds and streams within easy reach from camps. Best of table, milk, cream, lamb, poultry products, and vegetables fresh from camp farm. Write for Booklet. Special rates for spring fishing parties and fall hunters.

W. H. BEAN, Proprietor

FISHERMEN

Are you looking for a place where you can catch the BIG ONES? The average weight of salmon taken at these camps for 5 years was 6 lbs., 14 oz.

We offer you PRIVATE CABINS with open fireplaces, bathrooms, twin beds, etc.

Write for free illustrated booklet.

Address BROWN'S CAMPS, Lake Kezar Lovell Center, Oxford Co., Me.



North Star Camp

Hackensack, Minn.

On the banks of beautiful and famous Woman's Lake, 12 miles east of Hackensack, 186 miles from Twin Cities on N. P. and M. and I. R. R.; new management; thoroughly refurbished; many new improvements: gamy fish; plenty of boats and bait, tackle, guides, etc. Home cooking; abundance of home-grown vegetables; fresh milk, butter, eggs and meat; log-cabin cottages. Rates, \$2 per day.

W. J. SPAIN, Proprietor

BROOK TROUT, 3 to 5 lbs.

Can be caught in the Cranberry Lake Region Bear Mountain Camp offers the best of accommodations for the early fisherman.

RATES, \$12 TO \$14 PER WEEK

J. M. BALDERSON, Prop., Wanakena, N.Y.

GREEN LAKE SALMON

Cannot be surpassed in the state of Maine. More salmon caught in 1913 than ever before

A comparatively unfishd lake 14 miles from Bangor. Three trains from New York. Restocked every year from hatchery on lake, 9 miles long, 2 miles wide. Salmon and plenty of them, from 3 to 12 pounds in weight.

Green Lake Inn is just the place you have been looking for. WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TERMS

GREEN LAKE INN Green Lake, Maine

TROUT BROOK CAMPS

Furnishes good trout and salmon fishing. Come in May and June for the ten pounders. Good fly-fishing all Summer for trout and salmon, weighing one to three pounds. The best of deer, moose, and bear hunting. Comfortable log camps with bathroom. Good dining camp well supplied. Fresh food. For particulars address

ROBERT R. WALKER, Mackamp, Me.

CAMP IN MAINE FOR SALE

Twelve trout lakes and ponds within five miles; four mountains over 2000 feet within 3 1-2 miles. Sleeping accommodations for twelve sportsmen, also guides' camp. Situation—shore of trout pond. Price \$2500.

F. C. HINCKLEY, Forester and Surveyor, Bangor, Maine.

Moose, Deer, Bear, Hunting

Mr. Sportsman, are you going after moose this fall in New Brunswick? If so, come to my camps. My rates are very reasonable, accommodations the best; and if you don't get your moose it will be your own fault. World-wide references, circular, rates, etc., on request. Don't put it off but write now to

CHARLES RAYNES, Registered Guide
FAIRVILLE, N. B., CANADA

BIG GAME HUNTING

Sportsmen, if you are interested in big game hunting write for our free illustrated booklet which fully describes our Six Hunting Camps for Moose, Caribou, Bear and Deer, in Northern New Brunswick

If you want a real birch bark horn, the kind that we use for calling moose, send us thirty-five cents and we will send you one by mail postpaid.

IMHOFF BROTHERS' HUNTING CAMPS, Imhoff, Gloucester Co., N. B., Canada

For MOOSE, CARIBOU, DEER, BEAR

Come to my Camps in the Cains River country. Easy of access—only fifteen miles from railway station. For full particulars and arrangements write GUTHBERT DONALD, Guide No. 534, Upper Blackville, N. B., Can.

FISHING IN TEMAGAMI

Speckled Trout, Bass, Lake Trout

Sportsmen looking for the best of fishing should try Temagami. Let Pete Guthrie guide you to some of the best fishing in Canada. Book early for dates. Address

D. GUTHRIE

196 Waverly Rd. :: Toronto, Canada

TIPS FOR SPORTSMEN

C. G. Elliot of 134 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., who is well known among trap shooters as the manufacturer of the Elliot shot concentrator, has just perfected a new-style buckshot concentration and at a recent test patterned four out of a possible twelve No. 6 in a 13-inch circle at 95 yards, using an L. C. Smith gun and $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams Dupont. One of the shots went through an inch of pine.

GETS TOO MANY ANSWERS

Editor National Sportsman:—

Holy smokes! take my advertisement out of your magazine. I only had one rifle and 'scope to sell, not a dozen. Have been getting more mail than a Dutch lawyer. Advertising in the *Sportsman* certainly brings results. I had not got the February issue before I began to get inquiries to my ad. Many thanks to you. Sold the rifle and 'scope and got my price. Now about your magazine—how can you improve it. I will say that the only way I see is to send it twice a month instead of once. We receive it here about the 25th of the month. I am always patiently waiting for it. I read it from cover to cover—advertisements and all. Now about shotguns. I have tried them all and think that the man behind them counts more than the gun. I mean the American standard guns. They will do good work if they fit you and you aim them right. For me, I favor the Fox—think those people make a mighty fine gun for the money. Brothers, don't knock the Ithaca. Don't call it a tin gun. I have shot this gun and have had excellent results with it. The Ithaca people will treat you right if you give them a show. They have certainly done so with me.

Catawissa, Pa.

W. J. EYER.

LIKES NATIONAL SPORTSMAN CUP

Editor National Sportsman:—

Some time ago I wrote and stated that I had not received my trophy cup, but I have at last received it. The reason was that our express agent did not notify me of its arrival. The trophy cup was more than I expected and is a beauty. Many thanks for the same.

Bennington, Kan. ARTHUR HALEY.

RIM-FIRE QUESTIONS

Editor National Sportsman:—

As I have never written anything for the *National Sportsman* I don't know that I have any license to ask that the following be inserted in the magazine, but I think there will be others that would like to ask or see the same. Will some of the .22 shooters tell how they keep their .22 rifles and pistols bright and free from rust inside? I have used the No. 97 model Marlin .22, No. 90 Winchester and No. 03 Winchester automatic and think the .22 Winchester automatic has it on them all for an all around .22. It is very accurate and has fine lines for a small gun. With the Winchester make of cartridges I have never had a jump or misfire. And with the hollow-point bullets this gun has a great killing power for a .22. Why can't the Winchester people give us the model No. 90 to take the .25-11-65? Or the '04 single-shot would make a good little gun for the .25 rim-fire cartridge. I think it is about time they woke up at the Winchester factory and gave us a good reliable .25 rim-fire repeater and a reliable single-shot at a little lower figure than \$12.80 that they ask for the regular single-shot. My arsenal consists of a .30-40 Winchester No. 95, .32-40 Winchester S.S. target, .38-40 Marlin, .22 Winchester automatic, and a .38 Smith & Wesson Special, model '05. Hope the boys will make a big noise for a good .25 rimfire.

.22 WINCHESTER AUTOMATIC

North Canton, Conn.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Will some brother sportsman who has had experience in Alaska and the Northwest tell me in the next issue what caliber rifle or carbine to take?

Danville, Ill.

O. W. LANGE.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I took up your offer to insert free of charge twenty-five-word advertisement and must say the results I got were all I could ask for had I been paying for it. I will surely advertise in your columns when I have anything to sell or trade.

Pittsburgh, Pa. EDW. B. BENNETT.

A GRAND PRIZE WINNER!

PAT. PEND.



The "NEMO" Bass Bait

Wendless or Not. Swimming and Diving. Surface or Underwater. Always Floats.

The 8 lb. 6 oz. large mouth bass caught on the "Nemo" Bass Bait at Hopatcong Lake, N. J., was not only the winner of Second Grand Prize in the big Field and Stream 1913 fishing contest, but

the **BIGGEST BASS** caught on an artificial bait north of Florida. This fine bass was caught by Mr. Marin while demonstrating to a skeptical friend that the "Nemo" was a real sure-enough fish getter. He had tried several other baits on this wise old bass without success, but the "Nemo" fooled him and

Price, 75 Cents Larger, - \$1.00 (Three double hooks)

he was caught at last. The "Nemo" is the only revolving head bait made that does not twist the line, has detachable hooks and is coated with our celluloid paint, which is absolutely water proof. In all White, Red, Yellow, Green, Blue or any two colors. Send stamp for Illustrated Color Catalog of Baits, Flies, Lines, Rods, Reels, Hooks, etc.

W. J. JAMISON, Mfr. Fine Fishing Tackle, Dept. N, 736 S. California Av., Chicago, Ill.



Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We ship on Approval and trial to anyone in the U. S. and prepay the freight. If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back and don't pay a cent.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest Art Catalogs of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our unheard of prices and marvelous new special offers.

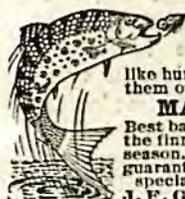
IT ONLY COSTS a cent to write a postal and **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do Not Wait; write it Now!

TIRES, Coaster-Drake rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at half usual prices.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. T-139 CHICAGO

WANT TO SWAP GUNS?

I will pay cash for your gun, rifle, or pistol; or exchange with you for any other firearm you may want. Write me what you have, what you want, and I will make you an offer by return mail.

S. J. Francis, 10 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.



Fish Bite

like hungry wolves and keep you busy pulling them out, whenever or wherever you use our **MAGIC FISH LURE BAIT.**

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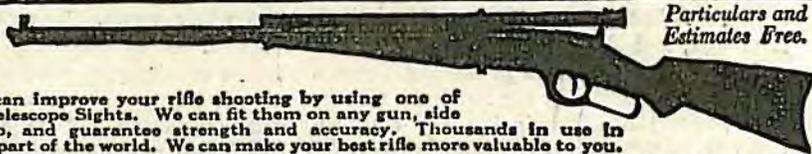
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FIVE IMPORTANT WILD-DUCK FOODS

What is it that attracts large numbers of ducks, including the far-famed canvasback duck, to certain localities? This is a question which a specialist of the Department of Agriculture has been endeavoring to solve, and the results of his careful investigations are now being printed in a bulletin for free distribution entitled "Five Important Wild-Duck Foods."

The presence of certain plants near or in certain bodies of water proves to be the cause of the popularity of those localities for the canvasbacks and other ducks. Among these the Department's investigator found five to be of great intrinsic value. Though at present of local importance only, all of them could be grown in most parts of the United States, and there is no reason why they should not rank among the staple foods of wild ducks in many places where they are now unknown.

Previously published information regarding wild-duck foods has been of considerable value to game commissioners, game protective associations, and individuals interested in the protection of our native species of wild fowl. The new data now being published for the benefit of those interested concern the "delta duck potato," "wapato," "chufa," "wild millet," and "banana water lily."

While canvasbacks in the northern States seem to prefer deep water bodies, in sections around the southern half of the Mississippi River they frequent certain shallow ponds and lakes. The attraction of these regions has been found to consist in the presence of the delta duck potato, popularly known as the wild potato or wild onion in Louisiana. This plant is found in southern Illinois, Missouri, western Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. The entire area over which it now grows was in ancient times a vast bay, extending as far north as Illinois, into which the Mississippi River emptied. From these times until the present the delta of this river has been growing because of the thick deposits of silt which have gradually filled up this bay. The limits of this one-time bay seem at present to mark the extent of the delta duck potato.

There seems no reason, however, why the delta duck potato should not grow anywhere in the southern half of the United

States and, perhaps, even farther north. The tubers may be transplanted with a large percentage of success. The transplanted bulbs will produce other tubers the first year. The tubers should be embedded in mud bottom where the water is not more than a foot deep, preferably not more than six inches. The plant will grow thriftily on soil never covered by water but which has plenty of moisture. Here, however, the tubers are not available to the ducks unless overflowed in winter.

The wapato is another tuber which has been known as an important wild-duck food for more than one hundred years. The wapato ranges over practically the whole United States, saving certain of the most southern ones. It is locally known as the swan potato, duck potato, swamp potato, muskrat potato, Chinese onion, and water nut. The shape of its leaves, which is like an arrow head, makes it easily distinguishable from the delta duck potato, which has broad elliptical leaves.

Both seeds and tubers of the wapato may be transplanted, but the tubers give quickest results, and are the most reliable. The tubers retain their vitality when dry, but drying should not be carried to an extreme. It is recommended that the tubers be shipped promptly after gathering, in well-ventilated packages. They should be planted immediately upon receipt. They should be planted like the delta duck potato, and may be cultivated in practically all parts of the country.

The chufa is another very generally distributed plant which is valuable as wild-duck food. Only in the higher parts of the Rocky Mountain region would there seem to be difficulty in cultivating it. It is widely distributed in warm climates over the whole world. The chufa is a grasslike growth. It is extremely prolific, cultivated forms usually producing one hundred tubers to the plant. Chufas can be obtained from most seedsmen for so small a price that sportsmen could afford to buy a new stock every few years if necessary. Chufas do best on light or somewhat sandy but rich soils. They are only available for duck food, however, when planted on land dry in summer and overflowed in winter. In the open they should be planted thickly, but in timbered lands they will do well only in rather sparse growths where con-

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GENUINE INDIAN MOCCASINS—All weights and sizes, 25 cents to \$1; plain or beaded. Write to us regarding our full line of Indian curios. Peeso & Zeh, Indian Traders, Camas, Mont., Flathead Indian Reservation.

TRADE—303 Savage, 26-in. take down, perfect, for a Winchester carbine and cash difference. L. H. Goss, South Wallingford, Vt.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—12, 32, 8 1/2; Webley; hammer .22-6 Stevens Diamond model. Want—20-ga. fishing tackle, target rifle, or offers. Irving Short, 1486 Winchester, Lakewood, Ohio.

FREE—Almost. Series III Korona, 5 x 7, Turner Reich anastigmat, f: 6.8, Autex shutter, brand new, with ray filter, holders, carrying case; \$65 value; \$30 to quick buyer. Lynn E. Yoder, Pineville, Ky.

WANTED—Organizers to solicit members and institute lodges. Big money. Order of Owls, South Bend, Ind.

LOVELL DIAMOND BICYCLE—New departure, coaster brake, forward extension handle bars, coil-spring seat, good tires; excellent condition; price \$15. Paul Kavanagh, Ohio Street, Bangor, Me.

FOR TRADE—A No. 1 rabbit hound. Want—Setter or pointer, one that will hunt birds. F. A. Wooster, 545 Main Street, West Haven, Conn.

FOR SALE—15-ounce United States Army duck tent; brand new; size, 12 x 28 ft.; 5-ft. side wall; cost \$71.15 also has stovepipe protector, two side ventilators; price \$60 for quick sale. Charles B. Copeland, Liberty, Ind.

FOR SALE—Light-colored setter, five years old, prime hunter, perfect retriever, under perfect control, \$15. Bargain. Write R. W. Winsted, Natchitoches, La.

FOR SALE—Maxim silencer, .22 cal.; brand new; price \$4. R. Godby, Irvington, N. J.

BNAGLE AT STUD—Knight Errant A. K. C. 151394 by field trial Champion Hempfies Little Dandy; puppies for sale; farm raised. E. J. Stone, Ceresco, Mich.

FOXHOUND PUPPIES FOR SALE from grand hunting stock. Apply to E. A. McLeod, R. F. D., Milford, N. H.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One 12-ft. Eureka folding boat, complete. Inquire William Patterson, Byron Center, Kent County, Mich.

FOR SALE—Flint lock cap and ball, Creedman & New Springfield; Colt cap and ball; Colt, Remington, and Smith & Wesson cartridge revolvers. Want—16-ga. double-barrel hammerless gun and .38 Colt, 3 1/2-in.; double action, new model, heavy. Lock Box 12, Arrowsmith, Ill.

PRETTY GIRL PHOTOS—Bewitching, unusual poses, ten different for 10 cents, thirty-six for 25 cents. Ruben Olive, 702 Jessie Street, Willmar, Minn.

GAME BIRDS AND ANIMALS

GAME, ORNAMENTAL WATERFOWL, AND DECOYS—One thousand wild black mallards for stocking game preserves, \$4 pair. **BUY YOUR MALLARDS NOW—ALL WILL BE SOLD BY SPRING.** Five hundred English mallard decoy ducks, guaranteed callers and breeders, \$4; eggs, \$2 per dozen. Five hundred Canada geese, \$8, \$10, \$15 for young decoys, mated and breeding pairs, respectively. For prices of wild ducks, American, Australian, black and European swans, all native or imported species, address us. We are the oldest BREEDERS, not merely dealers, in this country. No catalog. Let us know your needs and we will advise you. Wheaton Waterfowl Farms, Chincoteague Island, Va.

FOR SALE—Evinrude detachable rowboat motor, good as new; used only one day. E. Wahl, Sr., Edwardsville, Ill.

C. W. MACKLIN, ESQ., "Canadian Pheasants," Grafton, Ont., desires correspondence with secretaries of game associations and individuals who are interested in pheasant breeding. One of the best acknowledged authorities on natural history in England says, "The unrelated breeding stock that I have supplied you are true to name and of the best-known strains in the world." They include Golden, Silvers, Ambers, Elliots, Ballege, Reeves, Vericolor, Mongolian, Torquatus, Colchicus, Jungle Fowl (Bankiva). I have also ring-necks, Chinese pied, etc. Will sell a few pair of Golden, also eggs from pheasants, Jungle Fowl, Silver Campines, and Buff Cochins Bantams, all eggs offered will be strictly fresh (never having been under a setting hen or in an incubator) and from our own pens. **GENTLEMEN**—The Canadian pheasants are located in the country, with large runs. We know how to feed, to produce fertile eggs with strong germs. Young stock for fall delivery. A "square" deal promised. Value given for value received. Please accept my compliments.

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE—Remodeled for sporting, Lyman sight, with or without Maxim Silencer; good as new; will sell for \$10; less than cost. Also Savage model '99, grade C. D. .38-55 cal. for sale cheap. D. B. Gifford, 21 Lawton Street, Dorchester, Mass.

THE PASTURES, Belfast, Me., offer a few thoroughly broken woodcock and partridge dogs. A choice collection of unbroken youngsters and some 1913 pups at reasonable prices and exceptionally well bred from early maturing stock. References, any past customer. If interested, write them.

FOR SALE—Foxhounds and foxhound pups. Native and southern strains. H. R. Carroll, Plymouth, N. H.

FOR SALE—Classy English setter bitch; eight months; superb pedigree; sire, Diana Whitestones Spy; \$25. A. Abbott, Allendale, N. J.

FOR SALE—Ten rabbit dogs and two bird dogs, bred and broken for my own use; must go for best offers. F. E. Lewis, Wortendyke, N. J.

SPORTSMEN—If you have the least idea that you will buy a dog of pup during 1914, do not fail to get my catalog. May be worth dollars to you and only costs a 2-cent stamp. Have three No. 1 foxhounds, \$50 value, at \$25 each; two coon hounds, as good as the best, at \$30 each. J. A. Cluck, Newport, Pa.

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and moths wanted this Spring, Summer and Fall. Profitable outdoor work. Highest prices paid. Get complete book of instructions. Send stamp. JAMES SINCLAIR, Entomologist, Dept. 8, Los Angeles, Cal.

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siderable light penetrates to the ground. When possible the land should be broken and freed from weeds. The tubers should be planted just beneath the surface in spring.

Wild millet is an easily cultivated plant, most popular with ducks, which reseeds itself. It requires a moist and preferably a rich soil, such as the edge of a marsh, and will grow in water at least a foot deep. The soil should be broken up and the millet sown thickly in the spring. Once established the plant will take care of itself.

Wild millet seeds are sold by most seedsmen as barnyard grass. A variety has been widely advertised as "Japanese barnyard millet," or "billion-dollar grass." It may be cultivated in any part of the United States. It is a coarse, leafy grass, which grows from one foot to six feet in height.

The banana water lily is a name proposed for a plant which at present has no popular distinctive appellation. The hibernating tubers of the plant so nearly resemble in form a bunch of bananas as to seem to justify the name. At present it is known only along the southern border of our Gulf States. It can, however, be successfully grown throughout most of the United States. The plant needs much sunlight, water from one to three feet deep, and a muddy bottom. The root stocks may be planted by weighting them with stones and dropping where desired. They have great vitality. They may be transplanted at almost any time of the year.

The new bulletin describing these plants which attract wild fowl is in a measure supplementary to Biological Survey Circular No. 81 previously issued by the Department. The earlier publication contained information on three other wild-duck foods — wild rice, wild celery, and pond weeds.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Replying to your favor of the 8th, I beg to inform you that the leather holster which you ordered sent to me direct from the manufacturer arrived to-day and I am more than pleased with it, as it compares very favorably with holsters from other firms at considerably greater prices. Thanks for your prompt and courteous attention to so small an order. Am hoping to send you something larger at a later date.

SAMUEL B. BURNHAM.

Providence, R. I.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I was very much interested in Mr. Frank J. Parsons's article on trap shooting in the March issue of the *National Sportsman*. There is no doubt that there has been a great falling off in trap shooting in southern Massachusetts. I know of four clubs that have gone out of existence within twenty miles of Fall River simply because of the high price of ammunition. The price of clay pigeons has remained about the same for the last ten years. The sport of trap shooting is not dying out for want of interest, for this fact, that the average man can spend but a few days in a year hunting birds, and I dare say will not shoot over one hundred times in the hunting season. It seems to me that if the manufacturers could reduce the cost of ammunition trap shooting would be taken up at once, and they would more than double their sales. It looks to me that there is coming a time in the near future when the farmers will have their farms posted and that the average man will be frozen out. If the cost of ammunition could be reduced would he not take up trap shooting for the above reasons?

Swansea, Mass. F. R. FISKE.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Replying to yours of the 17th inst. concerning trophy cup which was shipped direct from the manufacturers to me, will say that it reached me yesterday in good order and I am more than delighted with it. The description and cut do not do this cup justice, as we think it is a perfect beauty.

MERRILL KERR,

Gallipolis, Ohio. *Secretary Gallipolis Gun Club.*

Editor National Sportsman:—

The trophy cup you sent me is certainly a nice piece of work and one that any gunner would be proud of. Can say for myself that I have hopes of winning that myself and will if any one drops over three targets from his score. Am shooting well this season, with hopes of breaking in with the good ones.

Illipolis, Ill. R. B. LUCAS.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I received notice that my subscription to the *National Sportsman* was out, so I hasten to renew it at once. I enclose \$1.50. Send it for two years, and you can bet that as long as it is published and I can raise the dollar you will get it. I have been a reader of the *Sportsman* for over ten years.

Claremont, N. H. FRED W. HODGDON.



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Why not sell your old rifle, revolver, shotgun, fishing rod, or anything else you have tucked away in your den or attic, that you have no further use for, at a fair price and use the money to buy something else you want. Among the thousands of sportsmen who read this magazine every month there are a great many who are looking for and willing to pay real money for the very things that you are through with.

Now dig around among your possessions and see what you want to sell or exchange. Write out a description of what you have, using as few words as are necessary to give a good idea of size, condition, etc., and how much you will sell for. Count the number of words and send the advertisement to us, together with remittance at the rate of three cents per word. (Stamps or coin accepted.)

In all cases **CASH MUST COME WITH ORDER** and copy must reach us not later than the fifth of the month preceding that of issue. For instance, an ad. to go in the January number must be received not later than the fifth of December. No advertisement of this class will be accepted for less than **FIFTY CENTS**, and all ads. not accompanied by cash will be rejected, as no charges are maintained in this department. Each initial and number in both advertisement and address must count as a separate word.

Subscribers in dealing with advertisers may deposit money with "Head Camp" until satisfactory arrangements are concluded.

One subscriber, who advertises in this department almost every month in the year, writes us as follows:—"Find enclosed \$1.65 to pay for my Classified Ad. in your next issue. I am advertising in several magazines, but results from yours more than double any of the others. People who read your magazine are buyers and mean business when they write."

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EXCHANGE—Savage .22-cal. 1905, single-shot silencer, Malcolm 18-inch telescope sight. Want—Remington 22-cal. target pistol or Winchester 10-gauge pump. **Irva, M. Fish, Bedford Hills, N. Y.**

WILL BUY—Second-hand Remington .35 automatic rifle, good condition. Advise with lowest price. **Henry Day, Exeter, N. H.**

FOR SALE—Stevens Ideal .32-30, Marble's improved sight, Ideal tools; fine shape; cartridges; all \$8. Good .32 S. & W. tools, \$1. New-style telegraph key, 20-ohm sounder \$2. **L. Aldrich, Mitchell, Ia.**

FOR SALE—Colt .45 double-action revolver 6-inch barrel, good condition; with holster and belt. **F. E. Schrader, Wellsboro, Pa.**

FOR SALE—Fine .30-40 single-shot Winchester rifle, select pistol grip stock, double set triggers and Swiss butt, with or without telescope. Particulars by letter. **B. W. Swan, 1012 Chestnut Street, Erie, Pa.**

FOR SALE—Parker 12-gauge hammerless, Vulcan grade, choke and modified, excellent condition; \$22.50 with full leather case; cost \$40. **G. S. Chaplin, Valley Ranch, North Mexico.**

VALUABLE ARTICLES FOR SPORTSMEN—A gunsmith for 35 years offers to you for \$1 each the following recipes: one for bluing and browning gun barrels and parts, one for tempering springs, which any person can do, one for refinishing stocks. These three recipes are used by all gun manufacturers and any one can do this work; requires no heating or machinery. Would like to buy gold dust gunpowder. Do you know of any? Address **R. H. Berkstresser, Gunsmith, York, Pa.**

FOR SALE—Winchester .33 Special Rifle, Lyman peep, Rocky Mountain rear, combination front sights; new; \$11 cash. **Grover L. White, 413 Tuscarawa Avenue, W., Barberton, Ohio.**

FOR SALE CHEAP—Two good 12-ga. double-barrel hammerless guns; one new 35-cal. Standard automatic rifle. **Stacy, 316 Madison Street, New York City.**

FOR SALE—Winchester automatic rifle, .351 cal., with extra magazine, \$16; Colt's automatic revolver, .38 cal., with holster, \$15; Winchester repeating shotgun, cylinder bore. All in first-class condition. **Mike Vassal, 520 Losey Avenue, Jackson, Mich.**

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—V. C. Schilling Suhl Prussian 8 mill. rifle, good as new, for Remington automatic shotgun in good condition. **Jennings & Bates, 5 Broad Street, Oneonta, N. Y.**

FOR SALE—Savage high-power .22 Imp. brand new, used few times, target demonstration, only \$23.50. Also 1906 model .22 Winchester repeating rifle, splendid condition, \$6. Both bargains. Let me quote you on new firearms, any make. Write what you want. **G. S. Ramsburg, Somersworth, N. H.**

BARGAINS—Brand-new .32 Savage automatic pistol, \$11, prepaid. Brand-new Marlin, model 29, .22 rifle, \$6.50, prepaid. **Lester Bennett, Utica, N. Y.**

FOR SALE—Parker 10-ga., \$100 grade, two sets barrels, 28 and 33 inch; good condition; \$40. **H. B. Farrar, Erie, Pa.**

FOR SALE—Winchester automatic, 12-ga., with case and Marble wick; new condition; \$25. **S. C. Madden, Grayville, Ill.**

FOR SALE—Ithaca (No. 2 Krupp), .16-30 modified and full, 14-2 $\frac{1}{4}$, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$; like new; \$32.50. **Box 466, Greene, N. Y.**

FOR SALE—Ithaca field-grade hammerless 12-ga. brush gun, new condition, \$15. Marlin Pump, 12 ga. 30-in. barrel, \$12. **H. A. Reaser, Ashland, Ohio.**

FOR SALE—Winchester, 1890 model, .22 cal., new condition, Marlin repeating shotgun, 12 ga., new condition. **P. R. Westover, Frugality, Pa.**

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Model 27 Marlin .25, R. F., new, receiver sight. 23-jeweled watch. S. & W. Target 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. barrel, two cylinders. .44 W.C.F. and 44 Rus. .32-40 reloading tool. Address **R.M.S., care of Box 35, Apollo, Pa.**

FOR SALE—35 Winchester automatic, two boxes cartridges; rifle in good condition; \$18. **Chas. Lothrop, 88 Spring Street, Auburn, Me.**

FOR SALE—Lefever D grade 12-ga. hammerless, 30 x 14 x 3, good shape, \$33. **S. A. Magee, Harrisville, Pa.**

FOR SALE—Tournament grade Winchester repeating shotgun, 12 ga., full choke, in fine condition, \$23. **C. S. Landis, 1341 Vernon Street, Harrisburg, Pa.**

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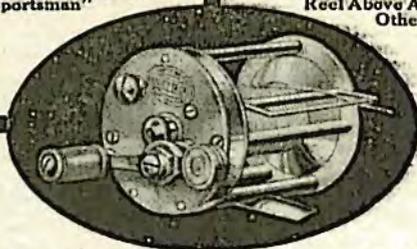
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FOR SALE—Remington automatic, 12 ga., 28-inch barrels, one full, one cylinder; standard grade; perfect condition; case \$42.50, case and Powers brass rod; want \$35. E. B. Cardwell, Jackson, Ky.

BARGAINS—Guns, rifles, revolvers, binoculars, cameras, watches, and diamonds. What do you need? Hurd, 126 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

OLD PISTOLS AND GUNS WANTED—Will buy or give in exchange all sorts of modern serviceable weapons, revolvers, automatics, repeaters, etc. Stephen Van Rensselaer, West Orange, N. J.

FOR SALE—Two American-made hammerless 12-ga. guns, 28-in. armory steel barrels, one with modified and cylinder 2 7/8 x 14, the other modified and full 3 1/4 x 14; both 7 1/2 lbs.; both new. Price \$18. Will sell for \$12.75 each, or \$25 for the two. Stamps for prompt reply. I have a few other bargains. I need the money. M. H. Gaskill, Owego, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Winchester takedown repeating rifle, .32-40, new; fifty cartridges; \$15. Stevens pump gun, \$15 list, 12 ga., 28-inch nitro-steel modified ribbed barrel, straight grip, fine checked; a first-class gun; used one season; \$30. W. M. Hanley, Newell, Fayette County, Pa.

FOR SALE—Winchester automatic rifle, .351 cal., with fine leather case and extra magazine; rifle only been used once; like new; \$20. Fred Tessmann, 838 Teutonia Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE—One muzzle-loading rifle, good as new, the neatest rifle ever seen. Out of 13 red squirrels last fall I had 10 with no heads. Price \$12. John H. Rogers, Hooversville, Somerset County, Pa.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Winchester .32 Special; A1 condition; Lyman sights, octagon barrels, full magazine. Want—Colt's revolver. L. A. Gehr, Mercer, Wis.

FOR SALE—Hopkins & Allen double hammer gun, 16 gauge, new condition, \$8; Iver Johnson .44 shotgun, like new, 50 cartridges, \$3.50; S. & W. .38 Special model 1905, target sight, A1 condition, holster, \$10. John Parker, Blue Hill, Me.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One 22 High Power Savage, with Malcom telescope sight; one Ithaca, 20 gauge hammerless, ejector; 22 Stevens target pistol. Write B. Hutchinson, Gettina, Manitoba.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—35-cal. self-loading Winchester, new. Want—Edison phonograph or 30-cal. Luger pistol. E. A. Dunston, Benewah, Ida.

FOR SALE—Savage, 22 repeater, \$6; Hopkins & Allen .22 target revolver, \$3.50; Both in good condition. First checks take them. George Roberts, 1140 West Cerro Gordo, Decatur, Ill.

EXCHANGE—22 Winchester automatic, King sights. Want—16-gauge double or pump or 12-gauge Crush; Winchester preferred; or offers. Fred Hull, Maple Ridge, Mich.

A BARGAIN—Winchester 1897, 12 gauge, new condition, case, with cleaning implements, \$16.50. Edw. B. Bennett, 2957 Zephyr Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EXCHANGE OR SELL—38-55 Marlin, full magazine; box cartridges; A No. 1 shape. H. Beringer, Jr., Asbury Park, N. J.

WILL HAVE enrolled litter pointer pups March first. Will exchange one for first-class firearms. What have you? J. T. Hilden, Baker, Mo. Dak.

FOR SALE—25-cal. Colt automatic pistol, new, \$11; trade Winchester .22 automatic, new. Fred Stolzenbach, Homewood, Ill.

FOR SALE—Fine \$75 Forehand and Wadsworth double-barrel hammer shotgun, 12 gauge, finely engraved; \$32 takes it. Express paid. Jessie I. McCullough, R. 3, Mercer, Pa.

FOR EXCHANGE—351 Remington automatic, brand new. Want—A .22 Hi-Power Savage, and give or take difference. F. S. Rose, Johnston, Neb.

FOR SALE—Stevens offhand target pistol, .22 caliber, 6-inch barrel; price \$3.50. David Smith, 105 Pacific Street, Rockland, Mass.

FOR SALE—Fox-Sterlingworth, .12 gauge; new last fall; will sell for \$20. P. O. Guelich, Phillipsburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—Double-barrel 10 gauge, good condition, \$8; gold watch, brand new, Illinois works, 25-year case, \$15. Henry Schwickerath, Jr., New Hampton, Ia.

FOR EXCHANGE—A .32 Savage automatic pistol in new condition for anything in sporting goods or rowboat. Jules J. Garnier, 2400 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—401 Winchester automatic rifle, new condition, \$19. F. S. Hartley, Saxtons River, Vt.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A \$100 L. C. Smith gun, 10 ga., 30-inch barrel, in good condition. Want trap gun. What have you? Arthur Moore, Bridgeport, Ill.

STEVENS SCHURTZEN—22 long rifle, half octagon barrel, set triggers, fancy stock, perfect condition, 6-power scope, Verrier, peep sights. Want—20-gauge double or Savage "Imp" or cash offer. D. C. McKee, Woodwell Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR SALE—Ithaca double-barrel hammerless, special grade, Damascus barrels, full choke, automatic ejector, good condition. Write for particulars. Will sell at a bargain. Frank Moasteller, West Chester, Ohio.

\$100 LEFEVER, 16 ga., new condition. Write for particulars. Chas. Rice, 322 South Saginaw Street, Flint, Mich.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Krag .30-40; Springfield .45-70; Colt's .44, Bisley. Geo. B. Caine, Brownsville, Pa.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Rider casting reel; Hopkins & Allen .22 target pistol; Remington .22. Want—Stevens offhand and field glass. Pete O'Donnell, Anderson, Ind.

WANTED—10-gauge Ithaca, field grade, or 8-gauge Davenport single gun; also Remington or Stevens .25 or .32 rifle. Box 192, Kittery, Me.

FOR SALE—Remington, double-barrel, single trigger, shotgun, 28-in barrels; excellent condition; with leather case, \$27.50. M. P. Link, Milwaukee, Wis.

WANTED—.32 or .380 Savage automatic; will give Smith & Wesson, Schofield model, 45-cal., blued, 6-in barrel, in first-class condition and cash. F. P. P., care of NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Boston, Mass.

WANTED IF CHEAP—Winchester single-shot rifle, blued action. Barrel and stock of no account. C. A. Sumner, Milford, Mass.

SELL OR EXCHANGE, 4 x 5 camera and outfit for .22-cal. repeating rifle. Harry Rohlin, Swea City, Ia.

FOR SALE—Stevens rifle, No. 45, 28 cal., good condition, 50 shells, loading tools complete. Price \$10. M. T. Hampton, 2 Wilby Street, Dayton, Ohio.

FOR SALE—New 45-cal. Colt's automatic pistol in fine condition; cost \$22; take \$18; no trade. Murray Carver, Leipsic, Ohio.

GUNS restocked, engraved or fitted with Infallible single trigger. John W. Harrison, Grass Creek, Ind.

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FOR SALE—Stevens Ideal rifle, No. 44 1/2, 22 cal., Lyman No. 5 front sight, Marble flexible point rear sight with target disc, \$9.50. David Smith, 105 Pacific Street, Rockland, Mass.

FOR SALE—Colt automatic pistol, 25 cal., fine condition, \$7. Maxim Silencer .22 caliber, good condition, \$3. Winchester repeating rifle, model 1906, 22 cal. good condition, \$4. G. S. Chapin, Valley Ranch, New Mexico.

FOR SALE—32-40, nickel-steel barrel, 1894 model Winchester takedown; shot eighteen times; Daniels rear sights, loading tools, ammunition, etc.; write; \$20. Ellis Shaw, 1029 Orr Avenue, Kettanning, Pa.

TRADE—Savage .22-cal. automatic rifle, in new condition, for Colt's .22-cal. police positive target revolver, with 6-in. barrel. Must be in good condition. O. G. Spicher, Bethlehem, Pa.

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NEW 12-gauge Remington, single barrel, with .44-cal. rifle; barrel fitted extra. Exchange for watch with high-grade American movement. Box 262, Lititz, Pa.

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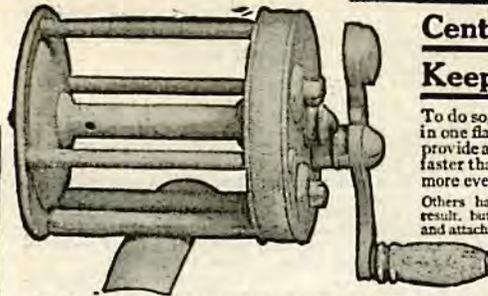
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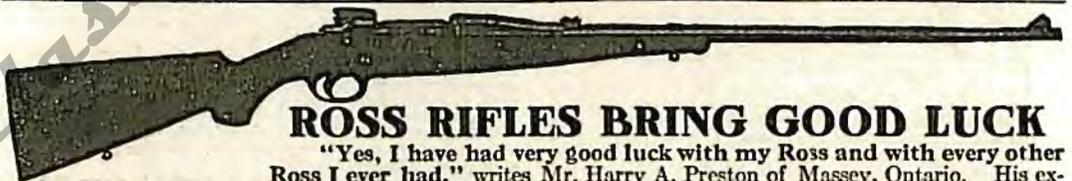
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BUFFALO HORNS AND PRAIRIE DOGS - From my original collection. Head buffalo (bison) horns; rough, not polished or trimmed. Disturb monthly for gun racks, ball trays, etc. A set of two for mail, postpaid, \$1.50; two sets, \$2.50. Also have LIVE PRAIRIE DOGS at \$2 each; \$3 per pair. Write to E. B. Case, Morrisstown, S. D.

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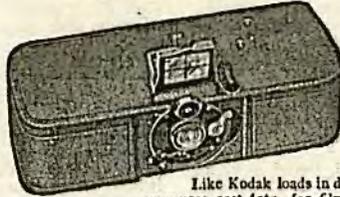
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CONN B-PLAT CORNET and one hundred lesson scholarship; sell or trade for most anything; prefer printing press. Eugene Lewis, Kittery Depot, Me.

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FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Double-barrel gun, \$8; slide trombone, \$10; cornet, \$28. Want Canada wild geese, pheasants, or pheasants' eggs. Willie Lemburg, Boelus, Neb.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Eastman stereoscope camera; new; pictures, 3½ x 3½; uses roll films. Want—Colt's revolver or watch. What have you? J. M. Ashbrook, Skidmore, Mo.

FOR SALE—44 Colt revolver, field-glass, 16-power telescope, graphophone, mounted eagles, ducks, others. Want—22 rifle, disc records. Edward Lawrence, Purdin, Mo.

FOR SALE—Single cylinder Harley-Davidson motor cycle, in good condition; price \$75. Leroy Brown, South Berlin, Rena County, New York.

WILL EXCHANGE—Indian motor cycle for high-grade hammerless shotgun or photograph lens. W. Quack-inbush, Independence, Wis.

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WANT TO EXCHANGE—3¼ x 5¼ camera and outfit. Want—Pointer bitch pup or .22 repeater rifle. Joe P. Sanftner, Sweta City, Ia.

FOR SALE—Picture of black-tail deer, painted from flashlight photograph, framed, \$25. Also thoroughbred Airedale, male; papers with dog; \$35. A. A. Tietz, Wausau, Wis.

FOR SALE—One fine old violin, including morocco leather case; original cost, \$175; cash price, \$125. No use to me, as taken on a debt. Address E. J. B., care of NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Boston, Mass.

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FOR SALE—Twenty-one-jeweled Hampden watch, adjusted, temperature, five positions, isochronism, silveroid case. Used two months. First money order for \$17.50 takes it. Fred B. Smith, Milton, Fla.

FOR SALE—One Heddon cast rod, 5-ft. agate guide and tip, \$4; one anti-backlash South Bend reel and fifty yards silk line, \$5; one Redifor or Flegel spooler, \$1.50. All in A1 condition. A. H. F., care of NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE—4 x 5 Seneca folding plate camera, two plateholders, focus cloth, large figured background, negative rack, some plates, and five dozen sensitized post cards, instruction book; \$15 outfit; delivered for \$9. P. P. Glass, Verden, Okla.

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FOR SALE—English pheasant eggs; \$3 the setting fifteen eggs. Contracts for season solicited. C. T. Kimball, Beloit, Wis.

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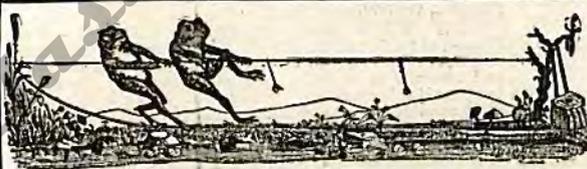
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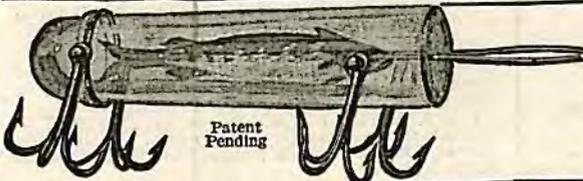
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EXCHANGE—Machine for cutting pearl button blanks—saws, chucks, etc.; good condition; worth \$40. Want—Canoe, ducks, geese, or pheasants. G. O. McOmber, Berrien Springs, Mich.

FOR SALE—3A Kodak, \$15; Premo filmplate camera, \$12.50; Premo No. 8, postpaid, \$10; Poco, 4x5, case, three holders, \$3. Frank Wilkinson, 596 Masten Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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FOR EXCHANGE—Thoroughbred beautiful English pointer spayed bitch, kind disposition, excellent retriever, finely broken, for high-grade watch, Remington auto. rifle, Remington automatic shotgun, extra fine coon dog, or full-blooded bloodhound pup. E. R. Hout, Box 26, Warrensburg, Mo.

FOR SALE—One setter bitch, black, white and tan, whelped April 2, 1912; sire, Reeles Mohawk Scout 23384 F. D. S. B.; dam, Cincinnati Flash 20577 F. D. S. B.; price \$15. L. Wagner, Hazleton, Pa.

FOR SALE—Two hounds, black, white and tan; cheap; one fourteen months and one three years; the latter fast on fox and rabbit. Carl Barkenmeyer, McKeesport, Pa.

AIREDALE TERRIERS FOR SALE—Registered bitch in whelp to a son of Champion King Orang, \$35. Bitch due in season this month, \$20. Two dogs nine months old for \$25 each. Thos. Kissane, Whitehall, N. Y.

WALKER AND GUY FOXHOUNDS—Trained and pups now running; trial allowed. W. S. Walker & Sons, Waters, Mich.

WANTED—Pedigreed male English setter, not over three years, broken on pheasant and quail. Photo if possible. Lock Box 153, Spring Grove, Pa.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I got such good results from the advertisement you inserted free for me that I am going to send in another.

EDW. B. BENNETT.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR SALE—Beagle, pure bred, eighteen months old, trained on rabbits, fine hunter, very pretty. Will sell cheap. J. R. Guthrie, Denmar, W. Va.

FOR SALE—Litter of beagle puppies, six months old, just right for next season hunting; \$5 each. Wanted—Yearling pointer Gyp, not broken. Box 147, Reynoldsville, Pa.

FOR SALE—One beagle bitch; cost \$25; will sell for \$12. Stamp for reply. D. E. Kinney, Davis, W. Va.

CHESAPEAKE PUPPIES—Other coat strain, just right to work this fall. P. S. Holtzinger, Pleasanton, Neb.

ENGLISH SETTER PUPPIES—Have three males and two females puppies for sale after April 30; white and brown. These puppies come from best stock in county. Males, \$10; females, \$5. F. A. Burt, Mannington, W. Va.

FOR SALE—Chesapeake Bay dog, pedigree. Spring shooting cut out; no water here in fall. Dr. Stacy, Princeton, Mo.

FOR EXCHANGE—Two high-bred pointer pups, from good hunting stock. Want—20-ga. pump, Winchester preferred. Jack Crees, Linleville, Ia.

WANTED—A No. 1 rabbit hound; must be sent on trial; must trail rabbits until holed or shot. Long-eared foxhound preferred. John Conley, Helena, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Few nice broken hounds, \$6 to \$9. Photos, 10 cents. D. Welsh, New Mayville, Pa.

FOR SALE—Walker foxhound puppies, cheap; sire a son of Calvin. F. S. Howard, Pennington Gap, Va.

FOR THE OLD-FASHIONED BLACK AND TAN HOUNDS, trained and fine pups. Clarence Shotwell, 277 Lloyd Street, Akron, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Registered English setter, 3 1/4 years old; trained on quail; very tender retriever; trial; \$35. C. B. Orndorff, Lagrange, Ind.

DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL—We are going to offer one hundred fine-bred hunting dogs for half price, consisting of setters, pointers, foxhounds, coon hounds, and puppies. Powells Valley Kennels, Route 2, Jonesville, Va.

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THE STANFORD BEAGLES—GET THE BEST—Grown beagles and puppies, all ages, ready to train. Eight beagles at stud. Photos, 4 cents stamps. Stanford Kennels, Bangall, N. Y.

WATER SPANIELS—Have another litter of these all-round dogs. Write quick. H. S. Little, 20 Lincoln Street, Lexington, Mass.

WANTED—Bird dogs for training. Twenty-four years' experience. Haberland force system used; good references; terms reasonable; satisfaction guaranteed. A. E. Seidel, R. F. D. No. 2, Danville, Pa.

AT STUD—The beagle hound, Champion Musicmaster. Fee \$10. Write for photo and breeding. Pups for sale. Conrado Kennels, Bucyrus, Ohio.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—English setter male, eighteen months old, prize-winning stock, for thoroughly broken male beagle; must be good stock; or 30 mm. Luger. Box 484, Lenox, Mass.

FOR SALE—Two male beagles, registered stock, whelped June 9. These are quality pups. Price \$15 each. Arthur F. Snyder, 12 Knox Street, Worcester, Mass.

NOTICE—I have sold out of puppies. Will have more in May, bred from hunters. Burton B. Patterson, Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

ROCKAWAY BEAGLES—Royally bred hunters, classy youngsters. Tell us what you want. Rockaway Beagles, Whitehouse, N. J.

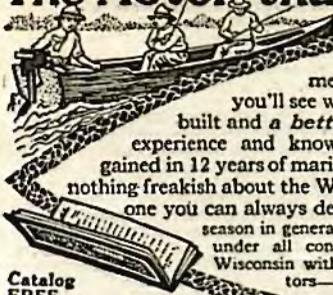
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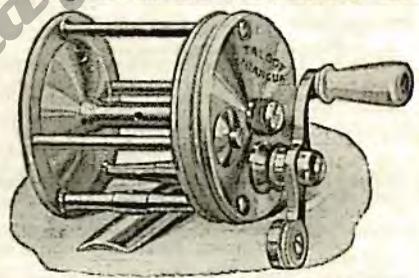
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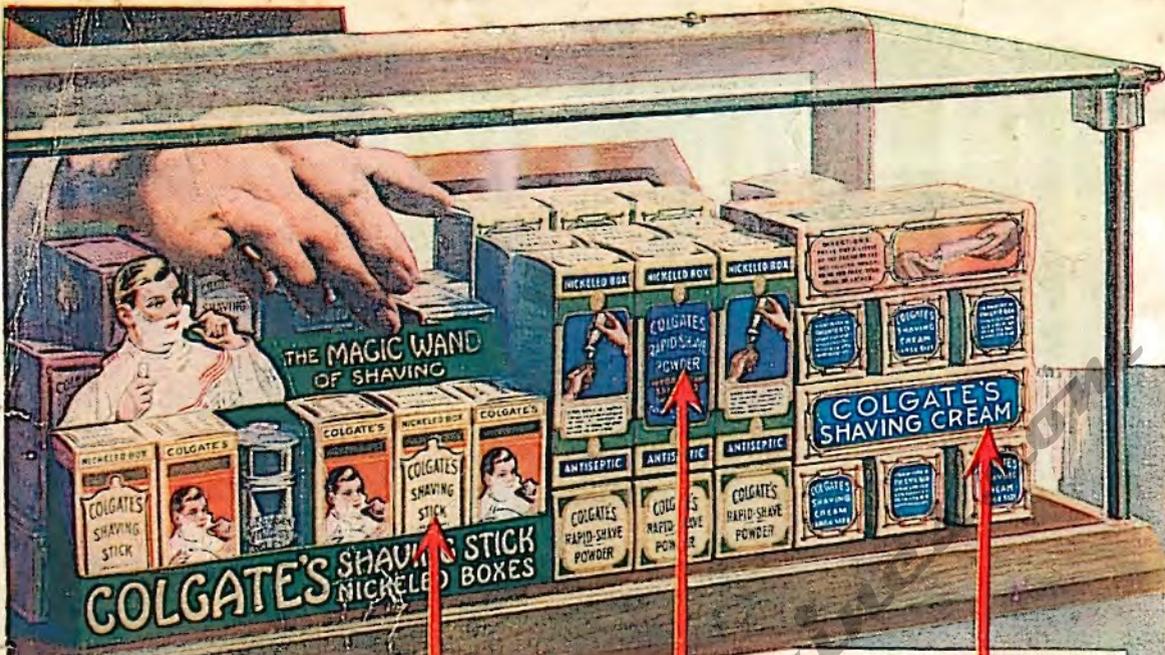
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