

HUNTER TRADER TRAPPER



NOVEMBER, 1914

10 CENTS

ESTABLISHED 1831

G. Gaudig & Blum

IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS OF

Raw Furs

121 to 127 W. 27th Street
NEW YORK

LEIPZIG
PARIS



LONDON
BERLIN

Highest Prices—Fair Assortment—Prompt Returns
Shipments kept separate on request, until remittance
is found satisfactory.

REFERENCES:—Mercantile Agencies and Banks



TAKE AN ITHACA WITH YOU

- ☐ Gun shown above is a No. 4, 20 gauge with 26 inch barrels—the ideal gentleman's gun for field shooting.
- ☐ You can throw it into a suit case along with your shooting togs and leave your gun case at home.
- ☐ We furnish the 20 gauge in all grades hammerless, from 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds and selling from \$19.00 up.
- ☐ The decreased weight of the 20 gauge allows you to travel farther, finish fresher, get into action quicker, kill your game nearer to you and come home feeling as frisky as a kitten.
- ☐ The speed of our lock was scientifically timed at the University of Cornell and it was found that it took only $\frac{1}{2}$ of a second for hammer to fall.
- ☐ At the time hammer struck it was traveling at the rate of 233 inches per second.
- ☐ We figure this greased lightning speed will increase your score at trap or kills in the field at least 5 per cent.
- ☐ Beautiful catalog FREE; 18 grades guns, \$17.75 net to \$400.00 list.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY

Dept. D

ITHACA, N. Y.

GINSENG

ALL GRADES, GOOD, MEDIUM or POOR ANY QUANTITY, LARGE or SMALL

SPECIAL PRICE ALWAYS

For Extra Quality, Extra Size, Either Wild or Cultivated

We Pay Express Charges on All Shipments

OFFERS SUBMITTED ON SAMPLES OF CULTIVATED

J. S. LODEWICK CO.

110-112 West 26th Street

NEW YORK

LARGEST HANDLERS BY FAR OF NORTHERN WILD GINSENG IN THE U. S.

General Sherman said "War is H---"

So was the fur business this year, but we will continue
to pay top market prices at all times

That's What Mr. Bach Says

Consequently—Ship Your Raw Furs to

Bach Fur Company.

EVENTUALLY YOU WILL—WHY NOT NOW?

CHICAGO
108-110 West Austin Avenue

NEW YORK
118-120 W. 27th St.

SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST—YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Alaskan, Canadian and Rocky Mountain Furs Wanted!



Furs from these sections bring the most money
in New York City, where they are consumed. We
will pay highest market price for these and other
furs. If you have never done business with us,
ship and ask to have furs held separate for your
offer; or write for price-list and tags if you prefer.

L. BRIEFNER & SONS, EXPORTERS OF RAW FURS FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY
135 W. 29th St., NEW YORK CITY

GINSENG

AND GOLDEN SEAL WANTED

I pay the highest market prices at all times, and solicit
shipments from dealers and collectors. Write for
prices when you have any to offer.

O. L. SLENKER, East Liberty, O.

RAW FURS GINSENG AND GOLDEN SEAL WANTED

My prices and assortment will be as good as the best.
Send for my prices, and shipping tags, or send me a trial
shipment, and let me show you what I am paying.

Yours for a fair and square deal

J. A. JACKSON, Bellefontaine, Ohio

WANTED Ginseng and Golden Seal

(Yellow Root) Wild or Cultivated, for which we
WILL PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

THE NORTHWESTERN HIDE & FUR CO.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



T. W. ADAMS & CO.

Exporters of

RAW FURS

Ginseng and Goldenseal



WE WANT YOU AS A SHIPPER

You take no chances in shipping your furs and roots to T. W. ADAMS & CO., as we agree to submit an offer when requested and return goods when returns are not satisfactory, which we are positive will not happen, as we have an outlet second to none for both furs and roots. Send us a shipment and see what we can do for you. Other dealers may quote higher prices than we do but they must make up the difference by poorer assortment.

Always send invoice at time of shipment and in that way avoid delay in getting returns, as returns are made the same day that goods arrive.

We pay all express charges and charge no commission. We always pay all the market will afford, at no time will we pay less than our quotations, but if the market warrants, we gladly pay more.

T. W. ADAMS & CO.

T. W. ADAMS, Proprietor

Exporters of RAW FURS, GINSENG and GOLDENSEAL

89 Mercer Street

ESTABLISHED 1889

NEW YORK

{ RAW
FURS }

START THE SEASON RIGHT!

{ RAW
FURS }

There's a reason why you should secure our Price Lists. We are the OLDEST-ESTABLISHED RAW FUR HOUSE in the United States doing business exclusively with shippers. We pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICES at all times regardless of market conditions.

**RAW
FURS**



ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.
COPYRIGHTED

**RAW
FURS**

Our assortment is LIBERAL and FAIR. WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES and CHARGE NO COMMISSION. Get in touch with us, as our house is a SURE CURE FOR DISSATISFIED SHIPPERS. Price Lists now ready—write for one.

H. L. PENCE & CO.

{ RAW
FURS }

ESTABLISHED 1873

30-32 E. 10th St.

NEW YORK

{ RAW
FURS }

**TOP MARKET PRICES
LIBERAL GRADE
PROMPT RETURNS**

are three good reasons for shipping your

**RAW FURS
GINSENG
AND
GOLDEN SEAL**

to

STRUCK & BOSSAK

(INCORPORATED)

Raw Furs, Ginseng and Golden Seal

131 West 24th St.

New York City

WRITE FOR OUR PRICE LIST



**At All Times—
Whether Peace or War**

you will do *better* by shipping your
Raw Furs, also Ginseng and Golden
Seal, to the Fastest Growing Raw
Fur House in New York



David Blustein & Bro.

162-164 West 27th Street, NEW YORK

LARGEST DEALERS IN GINSENG IN THE UNITED STATES



IN these days of business stress and strain, the shipper must find considerable comfort in the knowledge that "his house" will take good care of him. ☞ To serve our shippers best by conserving their interests and working for **THEIR** welfare as well as our own, has been the purpose and policy from which we've never varied. ☞ Better let us take care of **YOU** this season.

Price List is Free

BECKER BROS. & CO.

Chicago
416-420 N. Dearborn St.

New York
129-133 W. 29th St.

Established

SHIP TO

1872

PERCEY'S FUR HOUSE

Oshkosh

Wisconsin

ALWAYS

Reliable, Dependent and Exact

Our Price List Will be Ready Nov. 25
Yours for the Asking



For every clime, an animal,
 For every beast, a name.
 For every trapper, "Newhouse,"
 For every "Newhouse,"—game.

NEWHOUSE TRAPS
 are made in sizes to catch any animal
 —from rat to elephant

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.
 ONEIDA, N. Y.

Always mention the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER when writing to advertisers.

NEW YORK

*The Biggest City of the New World
Greater Than Any of the Old World
Richer Than Any in the Whole World*

Is the Best Market for Your Furs

— BECAUSE —

In NEW YORK are located the largest and most progressive Fur Merchants and Dealers on the American Continent;

In NEW YORK are in operation a greater number of better equipped Fur Manufacturing Plants than in all other cities of the United States COMBINED;

In NEW YORK are Fur Dressing and Dyeing Establishments uneclipsed by even the boasted institutions of Europe; and finally, because

NEW YORK *is the foremost distributing point of America, and has a consuming public second to none.*

The Raw Fur Merchants' Association of the City of New York, Inc.

appreciating New York's superb position commercially, financially and geographically, and realizing that the European war will preclude regular Fur Auction Sales in London, is earnestly endeavoring to hold these sales in

America's Chief Export and Import Center—New York

The encouragement and co-operation of each individual and organization in the Fur Industry is urgently enlisted, for the consummation of the Association's plans will redound to the benefit of everyone interested in Furs, whether Trapper, Dealer, Manufacturer, Retailer or Consumer.

RAW FUR MERCHANTS' ASSN. OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Inc.

Secretary,
46 West 24th Street
New York



See Membership
List in
This Issue

**Highest Market Prices
Prompt Cash Returns**

**JOSEPH ULLMANN
RAW—FURS**

ESTABLISHED 1854

**THE HOUSE YOUR GRANDFATHER DEALT WITH
ALWAYS PROGRESSIVE**

Establishments in All Important Fur Markets

AMERICAN BRANCHES:

NEW YORK, N. Y. || ST. PAUL, MINN.

18-20-22 West 20th Street

Cor. 5th and Rosabel Street

Address Branch Nearest and Most Convenient to You.

**We Pay all Express and Mail Charges on Shipments of Furs.
We Refund Postage on Mail Shipments.**

WE CHARGE NO COMMISSION

REFERENCE:—Any Mercantile Agency or Bank

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

NOW IS THE TIME

To drop us a card and get your name on our mailing list for the coming season. If you have been getting our prices in the past and have moved or changed your address, notify us.

Don't Put It Off--Write Today



UNDER DIRECT
MANAGEMENT OF
AL. SHAWAKER
SOLE OWNER

National Fur Exchange Co.
and **Ohio Fur Company**

443-445 East Rich Street, COLUMBUS, OHIO

You Can't Drive a Nail With a Sponge No Matter How Hard You Soak It

Neither will you get full value for your furs by shipping to a house whose chief aim is to see how high they can quote and how little they can pay.

Prices will be lower than last season but you can still make fair wages by dealing with people whose past record is their biggest asset.

My price list will be ready in November and it wont require a college education to understand it. Yours free for the asking.

JAS. P. ELLIS

Exporter Raw Furs

36-38-40 Mill St., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

Established 1899



We solicit shipments of RAW FURS, GINSENG,
GOLDEN SEAL, BEESWAX, ETC.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED TO EVERY SHIPPER. WRITE US.



J. L. PROUTY'S SONS

382-384 West Broadway :: NEW YORK

Telephone 3976 Spring

NOVEMBER 1st, 1914.

To Shippers of Raw Furs:

Beginning November 1st, 1914, I open up a department in my store to handle shipments of raw furs from trappers. I have all facilities for handling your shipments whether large or small lots, paying highest market prices with top-notch assortments and making returns the same day your goods are received.

This is my first season buying direct from the trapper and I hope to make many friends. I have been in the raw fur business for many years and am well known to the fur trade in general.

My raw fur price lists and tags will be ready for mailing about the first of November. They are free for the asking. Keep posted on the market the entire season.

Correspondence solicited.

L. RABINOWITZ

Dealer in
RAW FURS

115-117 West 29th St.
NEW YORK



What's in a Name?

There is one name in the banking business, one name in the jewelry business, one name in the mail order business, one name in the meanest of all businesses, in fact, one name in every business, which in the popular opinion is the standard for reliability.

There is such a name in the RAW FUR business, too. Write to us.

J. P. GLASSER CO.

158-160 West 27th Street, NEW YORK

References: Union Exchange Nat'l Bank, N.Y.; Columbia Bank, N.Y.; Any Mercantile Agency



I MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Alaskan, Canadian, Northwestern

RAW FURS

Furs held separate for approval on request. Write for price List and Tags, or ship to

J. C. AMES, Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

STICHT-SINGER FUR CO.

46 WEST 29th STREET :: NEW YORK

Pay Highest Prices
for **RAW FURS**
and give satisfaction.

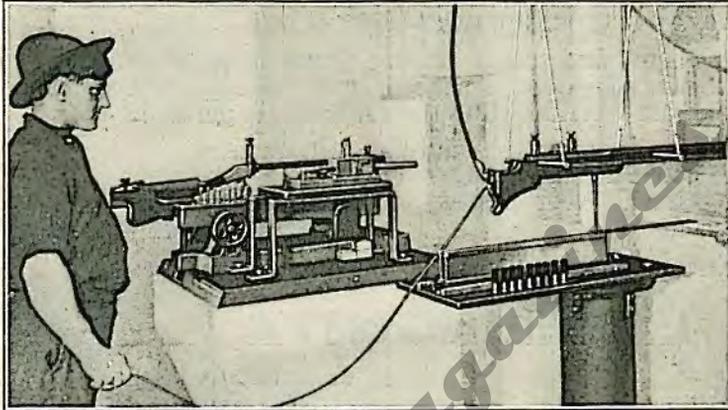


SEND FOR PRICE LIST

HERCULES POWDERS

Black and Smokeless, Shotgun,
Rifle and Revolver Powders
for Sporting Purposes

Dynamite, Blasting Powder &
Blasting Supplies for Agricultural
Construction & Mining Purposes



Accuracy

PAINSTAKING care that results in accuracy is nowhere better exemplified in the making of powder than in the ballistic house of the Hercules Powder Company at Kenil, N. J. Here, powder from every shipment that is to leave the mill receives a final test for accuracy. It meets the test at every point or it is rejected.

Shotgun powders are tested in the gun on the right in the photograph. This gun is fired as carefully as a camera is exposed—by means of rubber tube and bulb. There must not be the slightest jar or movement at the moment of explosion.

At every discharge the gun shows the Hercules ballistic engineers who conduct the tests, velocity at the muzzle, velocity at the target, pattern in a 30 inch circle, and recoil.

Infallible

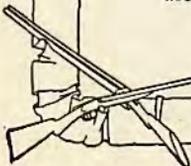
Smokeless Shotgun Powder

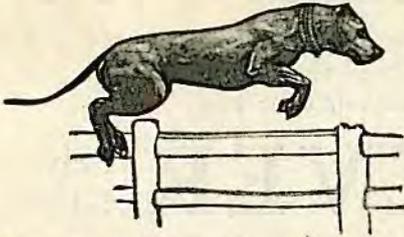
owes to these final tests, as much as to anything else, the favor it has found with thousands of crack shots throughout the country. Due to them it has established an enviable reputation for accuracy and uniformity. In velocity, pattern, light recoil, and clean burning qualities it always maintains the same high standard. Year in, year out, there is no variation.

When you buy shotgun shells tell your dealer you want those loaded with Infallible. He either has them or can get them for you. The results of their use will show in your shooting.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Wilmington, Del.





Keep Dogs in Perfect Condition

Give your dog a food that will produce a smooth, glossy coat, regular habits—such a food is

Champion Dog Biscuit

It aids digestion by keeping the teeth in good condition and reinvigorates the salivary glands. Made of clean, sweet meat, cereals and flour—no waste products, no preservatives used.



Send for Sample and Free Booklet
On receipt of 4c. we will send you sample, or you can get a regular size package at your druggist, sporting goods dealer or direct from us if no dealer in your town. Our illustrated booklet will be a help to you—yours on request—FREE.

Champion Animal Food Co.
592 Minnesota St., St. Paul, Minn.

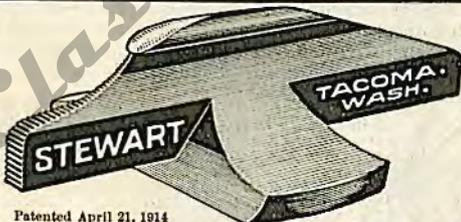
MAKERS OF CHAMPION PUPPY MEAL

Ask your dealer to *show* you the points of superiority that make the

FOX GUN

a better-than-good gun and a gun to be proud of. If he doesn't handle the FOX, write us for Catalog and "20 REASONS WHY."

THE A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
8 4692 N. Eighteenth St., Philadelphia



Patented April 21, 1914

Stewart's Phosphor Bronze Sight

The Modern hand finished sight with the correct shaped bead. Made to FIT ANY ARM. Guaranteed satisfactory or money returned. Price \$1.50. Send postal card for complete description and Sporting Goods price list.

If your dealer cannot supply Stewart's Sights, order direct from P. O. Box 955 C. W. DU BOIS, Tacoma, Wash.

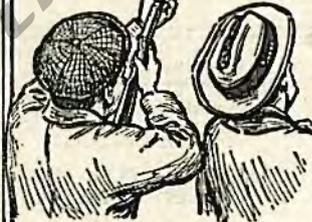
He Thought it Missed Fire

On page 10 of our free Booklet, "Experiences with the Maxim Silencer," is an interesting story of a hunter who shot a hawk but was exceedingly surprised to see it fall. It was the first time he had used a rifle fitted with the Maxim Silencer and it silenced the report noise so effectively that he thought the gun had missed fire.



MAXIM SILENCER

Send for this Booklet and see how thousands of sportsmen are enjoying the pleasure of noiseless shooting made possible by the Maxim



Silencer. You cannot realize how it will double your sport and improve your marksmanship until you actually try it.

The Silencer stops flinching by reducing the recoil over 75% and counteracting the tendency of the gun to jump upward at each shot. It enables you to shoot without scaring the game. Permits you to hold target practice indoors or around the house without disturbing anybody.

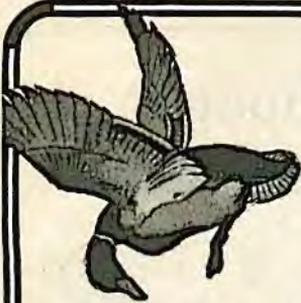
Get your sporting goods or hardware dealer to demonstrate the Maxim Silencer. If he hasn't them in stock, ask him to get one for you. Or write us the make and calibre of your rifle and we will see that you are supplied. Silencers are made in all calibres to fit any rifle.

Send to-day for booklet.

MAXIM SILENCER COMPANY

60 Huyshope Avenue, Hartford, Conn.





GET 'EM COMING OR GOING

You have to have the right pattern and penetration power to get through or under their feathers, especially if you can get only two or three shot into your duck.

LEFEVER SHOT GUNS

You will find the Lefever 12 Gauge best for ducks. Although a number of real sportsmen now use nothing but the 20



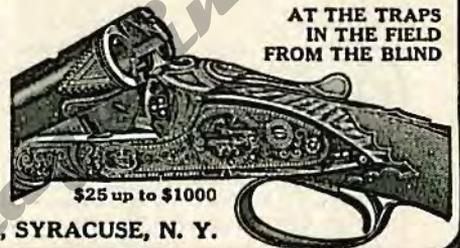
HOW TO CLEAN A GUN

After using clean the barrel thoroughly in side and out. Then wipe it with an oiled rag. Use best gun oil. If you do not use gun again for a week be sure to wipe it out again. If barrels are rusted or have powder burns, use the Lefever Ideal Cleaner, made of a metal that will not injure barrels. When you write send 75c. and we will send Cleaner postpaid

The Lefever System of taper boring is now famous, because it gives lowest range, greatest penetration, the least recoil and the most evenly distributed pattern possible. It's a taper bore and unlike a "choke" bore it makes all sizes of shot pattern well. We made them good 50 years ago. We make them even better now

Try Our 20 Gauge

You will be surprised what you can do with it in the field or at the traps.



AT THE TRAPS
IN THE FIELD
FROM THE BLIND

Catalog and Price List
on Request.

\$25 up to \$1000

LEFEVER ARMS CO. 206 Maltbie St., SYRACUSE, N. Y.



For the New Remington

(.22 Automatic Rifle. Model 16)

The Especially Designed

LYMAN SIGHT

Made in accordance with the same high manufacturing standards which for years have characterized all Lyman Gun Sights.

Your dealer will be glad to order one for you or your order direct to us will receive our prompt attention.

Lyman Sights are made for every purpose and every gun.

Our new catalog shows illustrations and descriptions of the complete Lyman line. It also contains interesting and valuable articles relative to shooting by expert marksmen — tells why you miss shots that you think you ought to make.



Price \$3.00
With cap disc \$3.50



No. 3 Ivory Bead

Send a postcard for a copy of this catalog today. It will show you how to get double the pleasure out of shooting.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION

Dept. G. Middlefield, Conn., U.S.A.



Better Luck Trapping



OTHER things equal, the trapper using 3-in-One gets most pelts.

3-in-One oils traps just right. Keeps them free of rust. Makes them spring quick, sure, strong. Water and mire can't spoil traps oiled with

3-in-One oil

Neither can they rust while hung away for summer.

Expert trappers use 3-in-One as a lure—pour it over traps when setting them out. Try this yourself. 3-in-One also keeps guns and knives rust-free, bright, clean. Preserves boots and leather equipment.

3-in-One is sold in sporting goods stores, hardware, drug and general stores: 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (1/2 pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, just right for the pocket, 3 1/2 oz., 25c. If your dealer does not have these Handy Cans we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One for 30c.



FREE—Write for free sample and Dictionary of other uses.

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
42 ADT Broadway, New York



BIG GAME RIFLES

The First Duty Of Any Rifle Is To Shoot Straight

The things that distinguish Remington-UMC Big Game Rifles from all others of their class are certain fundamental refinements invented and used exclusively by the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

High Power Slide Action Repeaters with the famous Remington-UMC *Slide Action* feature: Six Shot; Hammerless; 22 inch Ordnance Steel Barrel; patented quick-adjustable Straight Bar Rear Sight and new design Copper Bead Front Sight. Chambered for .25 Remington, .30 Remington, .32 Remington and .35 Remington cartridges.

Autoloading Rifles—Five shots at one loading—you simply press the trigger for each shot. Automatically ejects empties and loads the fresh shell. Made with the famous Remington-UMC Solid Breech; Hammerless; Positive Safety Device; Chambered for .25 Remington, .30 Remington, .32 Remington and .35 Remington cartridges—and the new .22 calibre Remington-UMC Autoloading Rifle, shooting the .22 Remington Autoloading Cartridge.

Look for the dealer who displays the *Red Ball Mark* of Remington-UMC. He has these Remington-UMC Rifles in stock now, or can get them for you.

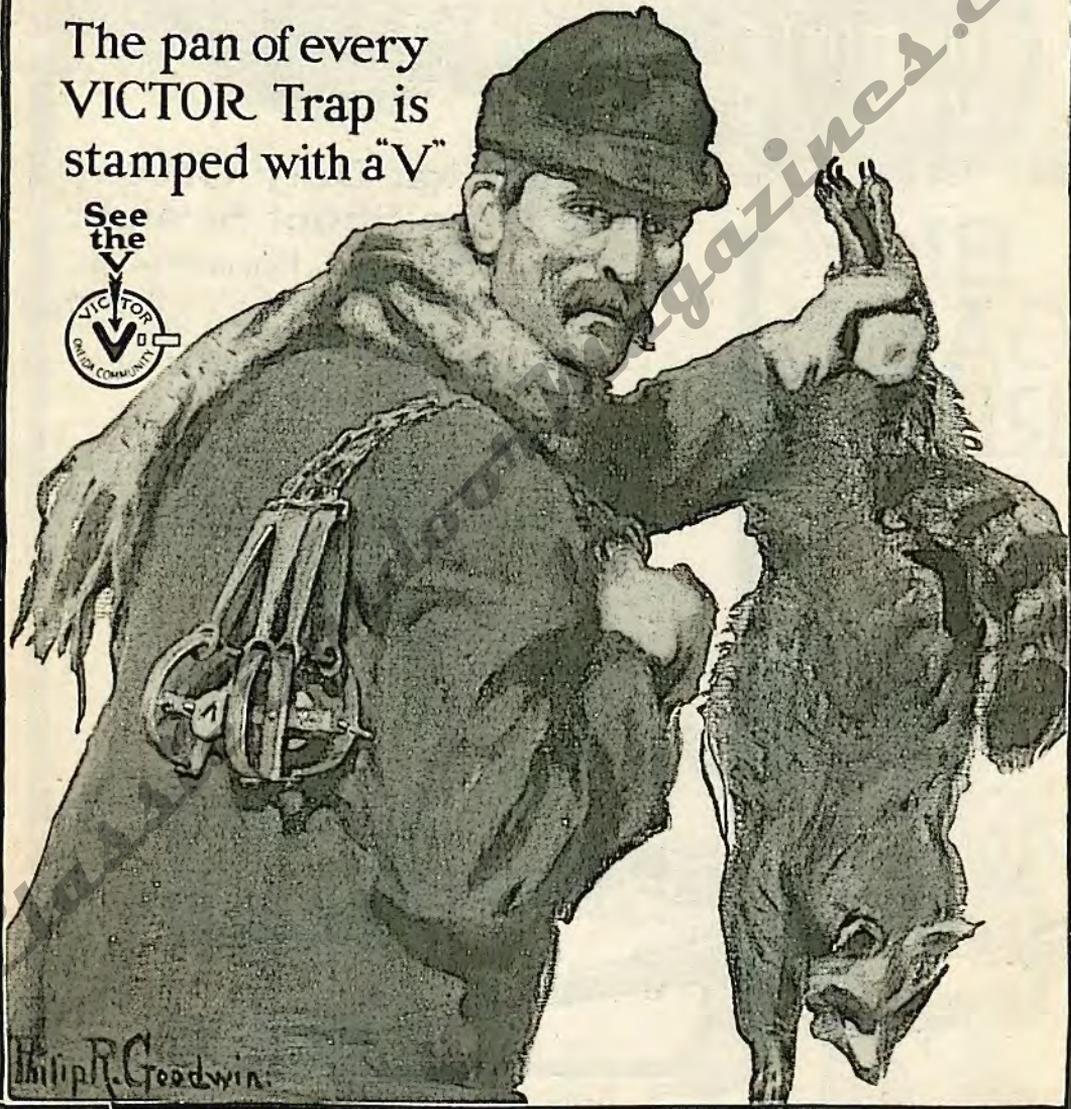
To keep your gun cleaned and lubricated *right*, use Rem Oil, the new powder solvent, rust preventative and gun lubricant.



Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway, New York City

“VICTOR” and Vanquished

The pan of every
VICTOR Trap is
stamped with a “V”

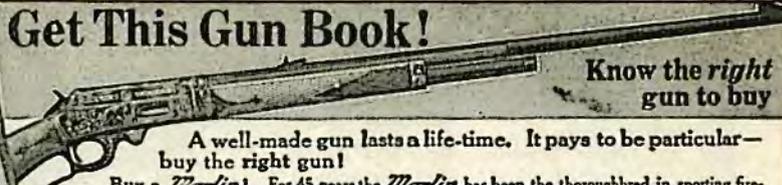


Philip R. Goodwin.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA. N. Y.

Get This Gun Book!





Know the right gun to buy

A well-made gun lasts a life-time. It pays to be particular—buy the right gun!

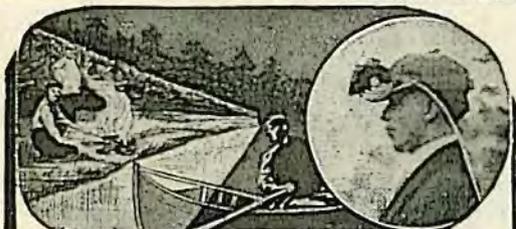
Buy a Marlin! For 45 years the *Marlin* has been the thoroughbred in sporting firearms. We make high-grade repeaters only—up-to-date guns at moderate prices—splendid repeating rifles and shotguns in so many calibres, gauges and styles, you have a wide choice of guns for any branch of shooting. They all have the modern solid-top, side-ejecting safety construction; and the deep, clean-cut Ballard rifling is famous for its wonderful accuracy.

Buy the right Marlin! It takes only a few days to get this 128-page book into which we have put that practical information on guns and gunning which you need in buying a gun. Then it's easy to select exactly the one best gun for you. Send us 3 stamps postage today—you get the book by return mail.

Illustration shows a *Marlin* lever-action repeater for big game. All popular calibres.

Marlin Repeating Rifles and Shotguns—a gun for every purpose.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 31 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.



The Brilliant Search Light



Throws a bright, white light 200 yards. Hands are free to do all kinds of work; just the light for camping, boating, motorcycling, fishing, hunting, trapping, all kinds of night work.

Single lens spreads the light. Double lens concentrates the light for long distance work. Interchangeable lens combine both in one.

Style 1—Single Lens, \$5.00. Double Lens, \$6.00. Interchangeable Lens, \$6.50.

Style 2—Adjustable Candle Flame Burner, add 50c.
Style 3—Adjustable Flat Flame Burner, add \$1.00.



The Northwestern Clasp Knife

Opened with one hand, giving use of other. Blade is locked when open or closed. Length over all, 9 1/2 inches. Cutting edge 4 1/2 inches. Stag handle, weight 4 oz. Sold by all dealers or direct. **Price \$2.50**

Send for Circular

R. C. KRUSCHKE
21 Superior St. DULUTH, MINN.

How to Cast Bullets!

Expert target shooters almost invariably cast their own bullets and load their own shells. Their hand-loaded ammunition is far superior to the machine-loaded—they can depend on the absolute uniformity of bullets and powder charges to make and break records. There is a world of interest and enjoyment in preparing your own ammunition—in knowing all about each cartridge you shoot—in developing the extreme accuracy of your rifle.

Why don't you save your empty shells and reload them? These empty (expensive) fired shells are just as strong and perfect as when new; each shell can be reloaded many times; and there is such a mighty big saving in the cost of ammunition that you can shoot twice as much at less expense. You reload 100 .32-40 S. R. cartridges (buying bullets) in one-half hour at total expense 77c.; casting the bullets yourself, 38c.; new factory cartridges cost you \$2.52.



The *Ideal Hand Book* tells how to cast perfect bullets; how bullet moulds are made; gives table of shotgun or smooth bore gauges; round ball for shotgun; tables of velocity, penetration, etc.; twists in rifling used by the various companies; tells all about powders, bullets, primers and reloading tools for all standard rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition. 160 pages. Free to any shooter for three stamps postage.



The Marlin Firearms Co.
31 WILLOW STREET. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Gokey's Boots & Moccasins



sold under a *real* guarantee. For hunters, fishermen, prospectors and engineers. Waterproof—hand-made throughout of best leathers tanned. Uppers of durable "Moose" Call; "Best Oak" hand-sewed soles.

Also, special shoes for Golf, Tennis, Athletic, Street and Dress wear, that embody the extremes of comfort and durability. Made to measure for men and women.

Write for Book and Moccasin Catalog No. 39,
or for Golf and Athletic Shoe Catalog No. 38

Wm. N. Gokey Shoe Co. Sixth Street JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Chicago Agents: Von Lengerke & Antoine, Inc., Wabash Ave. and Van Buren St. New York Agents: David T. Abercrombie Co., 311 Broadway.



STEVENS RIFLES

"Visible Loading" Repeater No. 70

For .22 Short, Long or Long Rifle
Rim Fire Cartridges

Accurate Safe Low Priced

ACCURACY is the distinguishing feature of *all* STEVENS Rifles and the "Visible Loader" is no exception to the rule. It is the most accurate .22 caliber repeater made.

SAFE because you *see* each cartridge as it enters the chamber. You *know* when the rifle is loaded, and you *know* when it is empty. The trigger has a positive lock and cannot be pulled until the breech-block is *locked* into place.

List price is \$8.00, but sold by retail dealers at \$7.00 except west of the Mississippi River and in Canada.

You Have Your Choice

"Favorite" No. 27, 24-inch barrel Full Octagon or No. 17 with 24-inch Round barrel.

All .22-caliber "Favorites" have Automatic Ejectors. .25 and .32-caliber have plain extractors. Peep sights or a telescope can be fitted if desired.

No popular priced rifle is produced in any country that can compare with the "Favorite." Sold by retail dealers at \$5.50 for No. 27 and \$5.00 for No. 17, except west of Mississippi River and in Canada.

The "Favorite" continues to be the most popular single shot rifle for men and boys. Improvements in the rifle have always kept pace with improved ammunition. It is the only rifle in the world at the price that is suitable for modern smokeless powder cartridges.

Send for complete illustrated catalog describing all our rifles and guns in detail.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY
54 Broadway
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.
Largest Makers of Sporting Firearms



"Nothing like being safe"

There's nothing like a scared rabbit to test the accuracy and speed of the shot. But with a good aim and R. H. in your gun, "Safety First" is a useless motto for the fleetest game.

ROBIN HOOD
NOT MADE BY A TRUST
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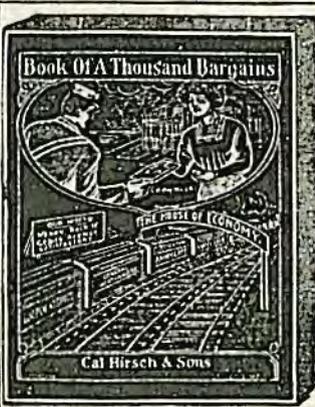
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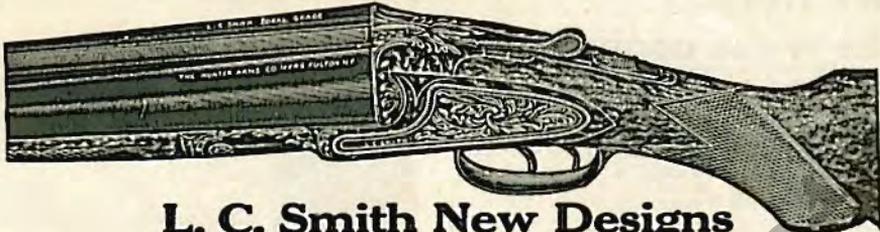
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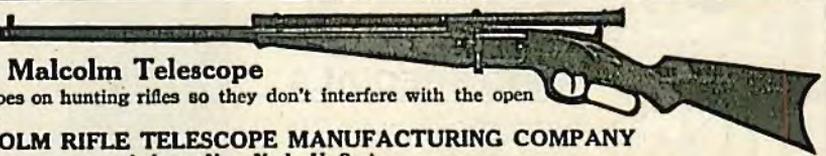
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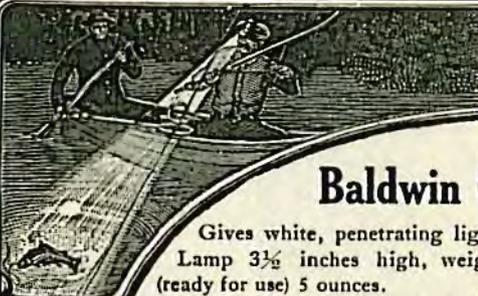
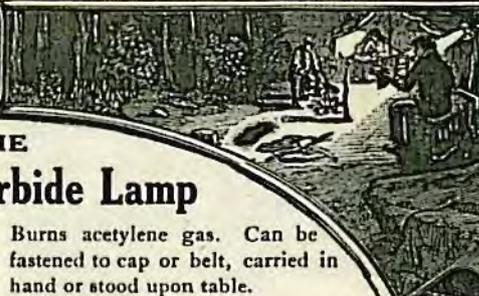
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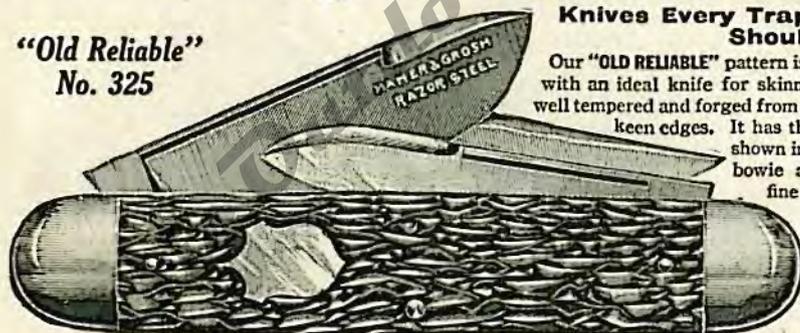



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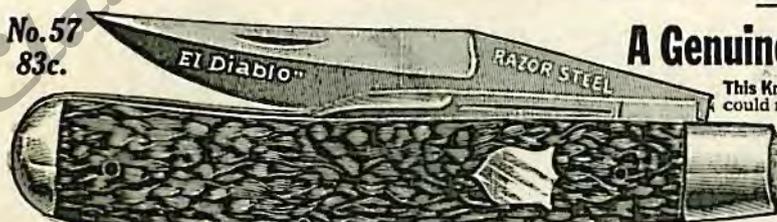


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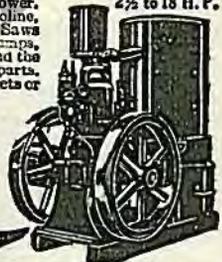
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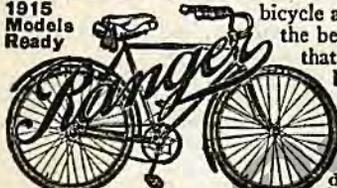
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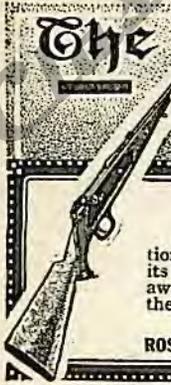


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ON THE GEEPOLE IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. PHOTO BY D. F. KOCH, FT. YUKON, ALASKA.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



Vol. XXIX

NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 2

PACKS AND PACKING

By CHAUNCEY THOMAS

PACKS and packing must ever vary to fit a thousand and one constantly changing conditions, so what might be very practical under one set of circumstances might be absurd under others. What is here written is meant to apply mostly to the Rocky Mountain West, but it may also contain hints useful anywhere from Africa to Alaska. I shall make no attempt to cover the whole subject, as that is obviously impossible within the scope of a few thousand words. Also many will of course not agree with me, as men are as big cranks over packs and how to pack anything from a mule to a trunk as they are about guns, or anything else "pertaining to and touching on" the Great Outdoors. I am here not trying to tell *the* way to pack, but *a* way to pack, that I at least have found useful, and that may profit others who have not kept their tent stakes loose for the past thirty years. All my life I have been on the move, and the Indian and the Arab learn much about packing by sheer necessity.

First, then, it is one thing to pack goods in a receptacle such as a trunk, and quite another to save weight by making the goods form their own pack. Generally speaking, it takes a pound of box to contain a pound of goods. By this I mean that the average trunk weighs about one pound for every pound of ordinary stuff packed in it.

If packed very solid a trunk may hold

two pounds of stuff for every one pound of its own weight, but this is not easy to do. A trunk weighing two hundred pounds loaded will weigh about seventy pounds empty. And right here is from one-third to one-half of one's baggage allowance wasted in packing cases. The same rule applies about equally to suit cases. A cane case weighs about five to seven pounds, and they are the lightest of the lot. One of my sole leather suit cases weighs 11 lbs. and the other 21 lbs. Both are 26-in size, the 21 pounder being a double case, measuring 26 x 15 x 12 inches. Loaded with the stuff one takes on a trip, the single case weighs about 30 lbs. and the double case from 50 to 60 lbs.

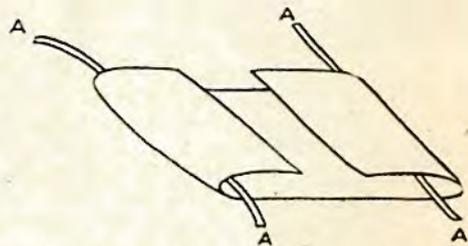


Diagram showing principles of the packing cloth. A-A are the ropes, that first close the ends, then bind the whole pack. The cloth itself is merely any strong rectangular cloth, or even a blanket, of any ordinary size. Some pack on top of the flaps, and some pack between the flaps and the back of the cloth. It depends a good deal on what you are packing. The most secure dirt proof method is to pack under the flaps and tie them together, thus making the cloth into sort of double cloth, or sack, open at the ends.

I can put the contents of both cases into a canvas roll that weighs about 65 lbs.—the canvas itself weighing 6 lbs.—compared to the combined weight of from 80 to 90 lbs. for the two suit cases. Here is a saving of at least 25 lbs. in sole leather and metal. Now there is many a man who can carry 60 lbs, who cannot carry 90 lbs. I know that we usually do not take leather suit cases on outdoor trips, but I am using them here merely to illustrate. Many inexperienced campers really do take such suit cases, or even trunks, with them on a camping trip, without thinking how much useless weight they are packing around.

Hence I say that my experience and observation has been that about one-third the weight of the baggage, and often fully one-half, is thoughtlessly put into the packing cases themselves. Now this applies not only to the outside case of the pack, like a trunk or a suit case, but also to many inner coverings, that not only make useless weight but take up much space. I refer to the covers to many things that we might just as well leave behind, or even better throw away entirely.

The metal box of my safety razor, for instance, weighs more than the razor itself plus a dozen extra blades. I can cut my shaving baggage in two by throwing aside that metal box. Now such a thing may at first glance seem but a trifle, but if this weeding out process is applied to everything in the pack, it is surprising how it reduces weight and space. Here is a box of writing paper half full. If I stuff crumpled newspaper into the box to prevent it from being crushed and to hold the writing paper firm, I have gained weight and have wasted half my space. Now if I take my knife and cut the top and bottom out of that box, to use as stiffening to the writing paper, and wrap the whole in a soft shirt, I have reduced weight a trifle more and have gained one-half on space.

Every man, almost, packs a razor and writing paper, so I take them as illustrations of how one might well leave his gun case and ammunition box at home, and use sacks for the sugar and the coffee, rather than tin cans. It pains me to pack a quart tin can containing but one cup of sugar, and 'tis impractical to pack

the pepper and the salt in the same can with the sugar for obvious reasons. It even hurts my packing instincts to have a square yard of muslin as a container for one or two quarts of flour, but we shall see about that later on.

The point I am making here is that I use articles, such as razors, writing paper and suit cases to illustrate with rather than frying pans and bear traps, simply because the reader for whom this article is intended can more readily see how space and weight can be saved with the articles he is accustomed to, than if I spoke of packing things that he seldom is called on to make into a snug bundle. The same rule applies to suit cases as it does to mule backs, remember, and one cannot hope to pack a mule or a canoe, or even a camp wagon, to the best advantage, if he cannot pack well his own suit case or trunk.

So to reduce weight and space yet take along the self same articles, cut out covers and cases as far as possible. Blind custom makes our packs twice the necessary size and weight. Take a pillow for example. Why the feathers? Simply because we are accustomed to such at home, where weight and space do not count. Leave the pillow behind, take merely the pillow case, and stuff with leaves or anything handy when you make camp. You have cut 2 lbs. down to 2 ounces, and a cubic foot to cubic inches.

Now here is something it took me years to find out, it is so simple. I at least have the questionable habit of wanting everything in pairs. Two razors (with cases, of course!), two belts, two maps, two everything. One day in Chicago, when pondering how to cut down baggage, it suddenly dawned on me that if I cut every single article in my pack in two I would cut the whole pack in two. I did so and reduced a trunk to two suit cases, and enriched my landlady when I departed with a perfectly good razor for her corns, and a perfectly good razor strop for little Willie, which he eyed doubtfully when Ma hung it on a nail with a look full of meaning in his direction. So if you too, are an unconscious victim of this double habit, then pile your stuff in the middle of the floor, and count it into three piles, one pile of covers, the other two of practical duplicates. Some

things, like sox, you will have to have in duplicate, and of course some covers are really necessary, but if you are stern with yourself you will probably find your pack reduced fully one-half, yet just as effective as it ever was.

Now, to reduce still more, study the theory of substitution, the economists call it. Thus, discard all handles on your pans, and substitute a small pair of pincers. The pincers are your iron fingers, remember, and useful for many other things than to handle hot cooking utensils. Or a blanket for a cloak by day and a bed covering by night disposes of the overcoat. The floor cloth of the tent makes a most excellent packing case, but do not use the tent to cover a packed mule. That infernal machine will stab the tent full of holes before he is in the fallen timber an hour. The tent is one thing that is *packed*, remember, and saved from hard knocks as much as possible. But the floor cloth is another matter. A hole or two here and there in that makes little difference, but they spoil the tent.

If you would learn the art of packing—some men seem born with it—have a pair of scales right at hand. You will soon discover to avoid anything of metal, or glass, or of paper as far as possible. With a gun this cannot be avoided, of course, but tincans, bottles, reading matter, and other discardable things are what put unexpected weight in a pack. I have an iron rule of "Never pack liquids". If you must pack them, then put them in a pack by themselves. I have seen the contents of a trunk ruined, with a loss of several hundred dollars, by one half filled bottle of shoe blacking, worth five cents.

If you must pack liquids, then remember that a half-filled bottle will work the cork out unless it is tied in. In fact, tie all corks down hard and fast. Shaking whiskey seems to generate a gas that will go through an ordinary cork, even if it cannot push the cork out of the bottle. If you must pack liquids, then it is better to have several small bottles rather than one large one. The empties can be thrown away, and one breakage does not spill the whole thing.

Also one can then seal the corks with

sealing wax, which cannot be done with one large bottle opened occasionally.

Now don't try to pack things too snug. The result is a nice pack, but it is too much trouble to pack it that way every time you open it. Also a mess of little things fitted in together like a puzzle looks pretty but really results in a confused pile. I find a good scheme is to make what the women call a "wall pocket", such as they keep their shoes in. It is a flat piece of cloth with many pockets sewed on to it. You can have these pockets of different sizes, of course. Then you can pack a dozen or two of small things by simply rolling up that wall pocket.

But here is an invention of my own—no patent intended: Just make those pockets of netting. Then you can tell at a glance where anything you happen to want is. Not mosquito netting, I mean, but of fine strong transparent fish net. The back of the wall pocket had better be of cloth. Workmen find this scheme excellent with their tools. Notice the plumber, for instance. This arrangement does away with a lot of otherwise necessary covers.

Now it is usually wise to have your pack in several parts. By this I mean, one part that you use constantly, and then as many reserve packs as circumstances require. Take the grub box, for instance, or your winter clothing. There is no sense of opening a 100 lb. sack of flour every time you want to make flap-jacks. Put a certain amount of flour, sugar, bacon, etc., in one pack, and the reserve in other packs. Nor is it sane to pack your tennis shoes in the pocket of your fur coat, if in civilization. Pack the winter stuff by itself, and that ends it for the rest of the year.

Now there is just the reverse of this on occasion. My doctor chum came nearly starving to death north of Lake Superior some years ago because the packers put all the grub in one or two packs that were to run certain rapids. The boat turned over, and the grub was lost, although some of the other packs were safe in the other boats.

In such cases, it is well to have each pack contain some of every essential, such as matches, grub and cartridges. Then if you lose a pack or two you have

not crippled, or possibly ruined, the whole expedition. Fancy a mule down in the rapids with all the flour and bacon, or a broncho pitching all the cartridges except those in your belt over an unclimbable cliff! An experience or two like this and you will scatter things throughout all the packs.

When packing over water it is usually a safe thing, and not much trouble, to fasten a float to each pack with a piece of strong string, say ten to twenty feet long, depending on the depth of the water and the strength of the current. Then if the pack does go under you have some chance of recovering it. If crossing bad water with a wagon it is wise to unload, even if it is a good deal of trouble, and send the stuff across on horses, then pull the wagon through empty. If the crossing is too bad even to get the empty wagon through, then take that apart and pack it over piece meal, or drag it across, either entire or in parts, at the end of ropes, with the horses on the firm farther bank. A wagon can be taken across a swift stream full of rocks in this way that otherwise would be impossible to cross, because the horses could not pull and keep their feet at the same time.

In the hills remember that you have several things to guard against, or your packs will be ruined. Among these evils are insects, rain, water, dogs, fire, and wild animals. A bear or a porcupine will raise Cain in a camp in no time, so prepare and handle the packs accordingly. Even horses or cattle will often raid a temporarily empty camp, and a hungry horse will soon smell out the flour pack and bite and paw it open, even if it be of rawhide.

There are several sizes most convenient for packs, depending on circumstances. It is well to have them all the same size and weight, if possible, as they thus pack faster and easier on horses, or are more convenient to carry on the back or to put in and out of the wagon. I suggest packs from 30 inches to three feet long, and from 12 to 18 inches in diameter, and weighing from 40 to 60 lbs. each. Thus if you pack 200 lbs. to a horse you have two packs on each side and one on top of the 40 lbs. weight. If the men are strong and used to packing

loads, then 60 lb. packs may do if one has to lug them. If the country is rough, then the smaller and lighter pack, about 40 lbs., is better. As I said before, it all depends on who you are in the party, how and where and when you travel.

Packs of uneven shapes and uneven weights are unholy things. They are not packs, but just like a lot of rocking chairs heaped into a tent cover and the corners gathered together. A man coming up the trail with a bed and a sack of flour on his bent back, a water bucket full of potatoes in one hand and the other hand full of tent stakes is a sight for the gods. Don't shoot, for he is doing the best he can, but he has not the least idea of how to pack.

Recently I had to pack two trunks for a certain party who had to take the train within one hour. I brought those trunks in from the barn, packed and roped them, and had them on the front steps ready for the expressman in just 36 minutes. Yes, thirty-six minutes. Counting six minutes to get the empty trunks, that is 15 minutes to a trunk. Now camp can be struck and packed quickly or not in just the same way. The secret of either trunk or camp is not "Where shall I put this?" but "What shall I put in here?"

Simple, absurdly simple, as this sounds, yet it spells the difference between quick and good packing, or slow hard poor work. Pack one pack at a time, and touch nothing in either room or camp till you put it into the pack. When that pack is full, lock and rope it, and set it aside—Done. Then take the next empty case and do the same thing. Anything will hold just so much, so just certain things will go into that particular pack, or space in a pack, anyway, so why grab things at haphazard and then try to fit them in first this place, then that hole? Here is one certain space, look around and choose what will fill it best. That is the secret of swift easy packing.

The usual inexperienced packer first makes a jumble of everything in sight, a mountain of confusion, that he has to sort over again and again to find what he wants for certain boxes or spaces. The first thing the person for whom I packed those two trunks did was to grab a whole armful of clothing from the

closet hooks and dump it on the bed. Her second move was to hang them up again where she found them, and the third and last move was to sit in a chair and do nothing. Don't strike the tent till you are ready to roll it. Let it dry out as much as possible in the morning sun. Do the job a step at a time, and don't throw the whole camp or room into confusion.

Now there are two ways of packing, and each have their merits. One way is to roll everything, the other is to pack as flat as possible. The flat method gives a tighter pack, you can get more in a certain space this way, but the things are more liable, I believe, to injure each other. Things rolled tight, each into a separate bundle, take up more room, but often carry better. It depends on what you are packing. Clothing packs flat to much better advantage.

Now the tendency of the inexperienced packer is to heap things in the middle of the trunk or case, and to overlook the corners. Care must be taken to have an even pack, the corners and sides packed just the same as the middle. This is best done by packing in sort of layers, or packing evenly from the bottom up, not first one end and then the other. The worst possible way, and it is really no way at all, is how most people do it, just heap things in, stacked in the middle, and then jam extra things down in the ends, sides and corners.

Now they have a way of packing in the North by means of a square cloth that to save weight and space, yet to be safe, and easily but securely done, cannot be improved upon. Not one ounce is wasted in packing cases, it is waterproof—unless submerged—and will stand bounding down a rock pile that would splinter a trunk.

Here is the trick. Lay the cloth on the ground, with two opposite sides folded over double. In each fold have a small rope, with the ends projecting beyond the cloth. The farther over the cloth laps the more secure it will be. I like to bring each fold to the center and tie, to make sure. But then I'm an old granny about such things! Anyway, with your cloth thus laid out, begin to pack by putting the heavy hard things on the cloth at one end. This will bring

them in the middle of the rolled pack later, and thus save either your own or your horse's back, and tends to keep them from wearing or cutting the rest of the pack, and especially the packing cloth itself. Or if something is particularly liable to injury, such as photographic material, then put such things in the center of the pack, or at the end of the packing cloth.

Now work toward the other end, and pack flat, say about three or four inches deep, and to within a foot or two—depending on how large around the final pack is to be—of the other end. Put the soft stuff last, such as blankets and extra clothing. These then roll around the pack in the outside layer, and thus protect the inner layers. When all is in, then roll the cloth, and of course thus roll the other things. When rolled you have a firm pack that cannot shift within itself, as the various layers of the packing cloth holds everything snug. Now draw on the ropes on each end. This closes the ends. Knot the tie ropes, right at the ends of the pack, then proceed to tie up the rest of the pack with the loose ends. There is a knack in this all its own, but lashing packs does not come under the heading I am writing about. That is a trick all its own, too. Nor are we considering how best to carry a pack. I am merely speaking here of packing the pack itself to the best advantage. Remember, 'tis best to pack a step at a time, and not to touch any article till you want to dispose of it once and for all.

Canvas telescopes are not half bad to pack in, either by train or mule. But you cannot buy them, you must make them, as outlined in a previous article. The long carry-all sacks are also excellent to pack in from city to the end of the rails, but are usually too big and needlessly elaborate for wilderness packing. I prefer the telescope as a compromise. But leave the trunk in the attic, barn or cellar. And the same with the leather suit case.

If you want to travel extra light, and to keep everything in your own hands, then use a blanket, or even an overcoat, as a packing cloth. This and a good shawl strap—you will have to have one made to order, I don't know where to

buy one worth while—reduces your baggage to the least ounce if on the train. In the wilderness a water proof blanket takes the place of the pack cloth.

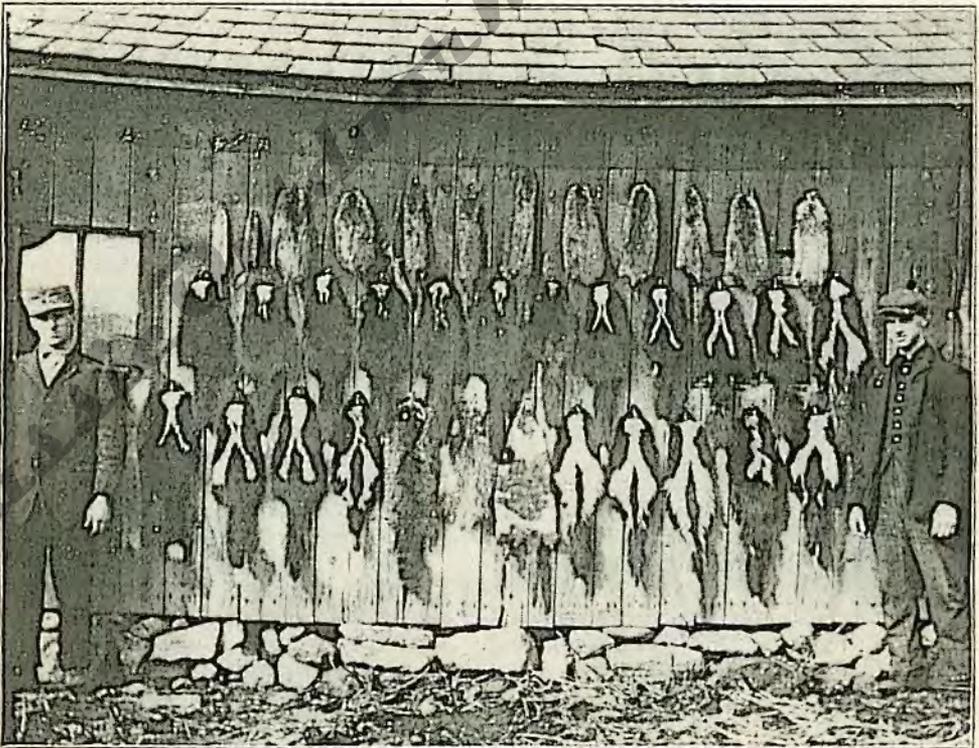
Now there are lots worse ways to pack things than in our good old friend, the hunting coat. Its numerous pockets keep things sorted into findable order, while the big game pocket hangs low in a circle round the hips, and there the heavy stuff carries well. In hot weather it is hot, I know, but it has its good points. An armless coat is about as handy a garment for packing purposes as one can invent, and is cooler than the coat with arms. It is the most ungraceful raiment known to man, but one of the most practical.

If asked for the most vital point in packing for the wilderness I would say that, while protection against water and breakage is of the utmost importance, yet the most necessary thing is not to have any pack larger or heavier than one man can handle easily.

But above all, in wilderness or city

alike, remember that the difference between a good and a poor packer is not "Where shall I put this?" but "What shall I put in here?" and never to touch anything till you put it in the pack. Finally, before the last pack is fastened, you will take nothing for granted, but will search the whole camp, or room, and see that nothing is left behind. This final search is the packer's last job. Never neglect it. Many of us—I know I have—have looked at the clock on the table as we went out the door, or have left the ax in plain sight. See that the place is *bare*, and if not, why not? This final search is important, hence I insist on it here, as we otherwise overlook the things we are accustomed to seeing, and go blithely off and leave them behind.

In camp a good packer is as valuable as a good cook, and between them they make or break the trip. Peary's success was due mostly to good packing—taking the right things in the right way—while Hubbard's death in Labrador was due apparently to nothing but bad packing.



21 SKUNK, 3 MINK, 2 OPOSSUM, 2 WEASEL, 6 MUSKRATS AND 1 COON. CAUGHT IN STEEL TRAPS BY EDWIN SERFASS AND BROTHER, CARBON CO., PA.

THE MORNING'S FLIGHT.

It was the darkest hour of the night, just before dawn; the darker because of an over-cast sky, when "Dusty" Thomas, as game a warden and as true a sport as ever leveled a gun, dropped from the pier into his trusty gas-boat. I crawled in behind him, and quickly adjusted the spray shield, and slipped the lunch and guns into a locker to keep them from the spray. The batteries sputtered spitefully and as "Dusty" gave the crank a rapid turn the powerful little motor responded with a will. We settled back into our chairs with our oilskins wrapped tighting about us and "Dusty" pointed her nose into the inky darkness. Guided only by the revolving light, five miles away on Rocky Point, we headed



"AS THEY STRETCHED THEIR LITTLE BLACK FEET TO ALIGHT, WE OPENED FIRE."

for the open water, bound for the duck marshes across the bay.

The glimmering headlight on the prow showed that quite a sea was running, and we rose and fell on the waves buoyantly, while the spray slapped against the canvas shield, now and then sprinkling into our faces, but our oil-skins kept us dry. About a mile out "Dusty" squared away at right angles and with the light just over his shoulder struck for the marshes.

As we dropped anchor, behind a flag island, pulled our hip boots up around our thighs and stepped from the boat, the first break of the gray dawn appeared in the Eastern sky. Boom! went a gun somewhere across the watery stretch. "Dusty" looked at his watch. It was

5:45, and muttering something to himself about "dang out-laws" led the way through the tall reeds to the blind. Ice covered the sheltered and more shallow places, and it was necessary to break a hole for the live decoys. These I had lugged in a box strapped to my back.

By the time the decoys were anchored out, and the blind put into shape, it was long past six o'clock and light enough to shoot. The law forbids shooting before six o'clock and as to this "Dusty" is most severe.

Presently a bunch of widgeon circled over head and in response to the assuring jabbering of the decoys, slanted down to the open waterhole in the ice. As they stretched their little black feet to alight we opened fire. "Dusty" downed two; one with each barrel, and I dropped one and sent another flopping into the weeds, a cripple. It is against our policy to let any cripples get away so I ran from the blind, killed the cripple and returned, with it, picking up the other widgeon also.

The next to come were teal. A mile a minute circle around the blind; the sharp cracks of the heavy duck loads and five green-wings fell upon the ice. They were bunched closely.

Soon a flock of blue-bills circled, but we were after more edible game and frightened them away.

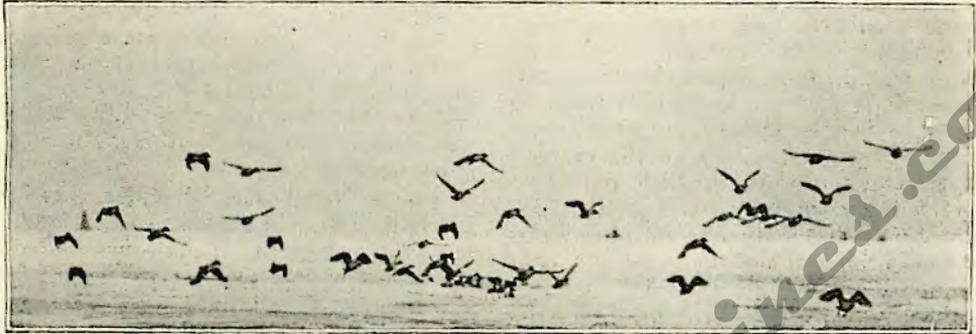
As the blue-bills left there was a lull in the morning flight. An occasional duck or small flock winnowed across the sky far out of range but did not come in. In an hour more gunners were on the water and the ducks began to move. A small flock of mallards circled close, and "Dusty" and I each score a hit.

At last our hearts leaped with anticipation as we sighted a large flock headed our way, far across the marshes, to westward. "Bang! Bang! Bang!" rang a gun faintly, and we saw a duck tumble from the flock, turning over and over in his rapid descent. The hunter had scored a good shot.

The flock rose higher and higher and we gave up hope of getting a shot as they crossed high above us; too high to even hear the whistle of their wings. Our decoys finally began calling lustily, and our hearts leaped again and we grasped our guns firmer as we saw the

flock circle far behind us and come back on a long slant with the wind. As they passed over us and circled again, "Dusty" whispered anxiously "Canvasbacks." Still as a stone we sat, as again they

I looked at "Dusty" and "Dusty" looked at me, and grinned. We retrieved our ducks and concluded that as we did not want to belong to the game hog class, it was time to quit. We strode

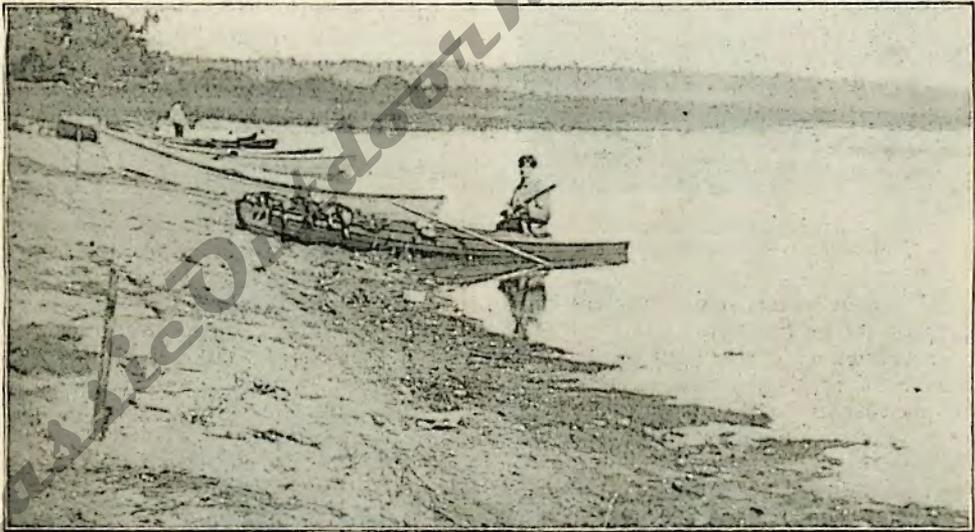


THE MORNING'S FLIGHT.

circled the shrill whistle of their wings cutting the crisp November air sharply.

Circling in easy gun shot, they crossed the open hole just above the decoys and as they did so "Dusty" shouted "Shoot."

back to the launch, threw our ducks into the bottom of the boat, pushed the box containing the decoys into the prow, stowed our guns away in a locker, and lit our "jimmy pipes" afresh. In a few



"WE ENJOYED A SPLENDID MORNING'S SHOOT."

The psychological moment was at hand, our twelve gauges spoke simultaneously and two fat canvasbacks hit the ice. As the flock rose we fired again, and two more let go all holds and tumbled, and another hit by a stray shot, also dropped.

minutes we were pointed campwards across the bay, the smoke from our pipes streaming across our shoulders. We had enjoyed a splendid morning's shoot, and were satisfied.

James W. Stuber.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING EXPEDITION INTO THE WILDS OF N. W. COLORADO

By GUS MACY

I WILL attempt to describe a hunting and trapping expedition into the wilds of North West Colorado, in which I took part, about 12 years ago this fall.

I think that it was on the first of October that my partner and myself left Colorado Springs for the wild and remote parts of Routte and Rio Blanco counties, which are in the extreme northwest part of Colorado. We left with team and wagon, guns, (shot and rifle) complete camp outfit, 150 traps 100 No. 1's and 25 No. 2's and 3's, and 25 No. 4's for mountain lion. The number 1's were for marten and mink. The 2's and 3's were for fox, coyote, wolf, beaver, cats and lynx.

We also had a good supply of fishing tackle and ammunition, a small grubstake for ourselves, and feed for the horses. We did not need much of a grubstake owing to the fact that we could get what was needed along the road from time to time and this saved hauling an extra load over the rough mountains. There was plenty of game, such as grouse and rabbit, and trout in abundance. When we would strike a good trout stream, we would stop and camp two or three days, feeding on trout and wild game, and at the same time giving the team a good rest.

After we crossed the first range of mountains, it was a very common thing especially in the evening at sundown, or dark to see coyotes, wolves, and mountain lion close around our camp, attracted there by the camp fire and the smell of game and fish that we would be cooking for our evening meal.

It was too early in the season for prime furs, but at times I could not resist the temptation to greet them with a "soft nose" from my trusty 30-30 Marlin. My partner had a 10 gauge shot gun, with a good supply of buckshot, and between the two of us we managed to fix several of them so that they would not bother us again.

I was familiar with the country, having been a guide through it, and knew where to find the best places to camp, fish and hunt. We camped one night on a small stream (no name) and as fishing was good we stayed until afternoon. We traveled about 5 miles and camped again on the same stream. There we discovered that we had left our ax at the other camp, and that meant that one of us would have to go back after it. We drew lots to decide which of us it would be, and I lost.

I prepared for the trip back while my partner was to do a little fishing, and have flapjacks and coffee ready for me when I returned. I took my 30-30 and hit the trail on foot. By going afoot I could cut across the mountains where I could not had I ridden a horse. I wanted the horses to rest anyway as I knew what was before them.

Well, I got about half way to where we had left the ax when I seen a spike buck about 100 yards away. I shot him, hog dressed him, and hung him up on a quaking asp tree. I went on and got the ax, returned and got the buck and packed him into camp. When I arrived there it was dark and my partner was wrapped up in his blankets under a big spruce tree. As I was leaving the camp to go after the ax, and was about 200 yards away, I heard that old shot gun of his go off.

When I came packing the buck into camp he crawled out from under the spruce tree and came over to examine the buck which was lying on the ground. "I heard the report of your rifle," he said. "Yes, and I heard you shoot that old shot gun of yours, what did you shoot at?" I asked. He pointed to the tall spruce tree and said "There it is." I looked and was surprised to see a small black bear (cub) hanging there. He had emptied that shot gun loaded with buckshot into that little bear at about 40 steps away.

We got a good fire going and hung

the buck up in a tree, and I can tell you the reflection from the fire shining on the tall trees, the cub bear, and the buck certainly made a pretty picture.

After packing that buck and walking all that distance, I had developed a strong appetite and was tired too. I was ready for anything that came along in the way of grub. We had some coffee, flapjacks, fried trout and roasted spuds (potatoes). We then cleaned up the dishes and looked after the horses. Then we went to bed under the big spruce tree beside that cold, rushing mountain stream, and were soon sound asleep, a sleep of contentment, of which all Rocky Mountain hunters and trappers are possessed.

Away long in the night my partner gave me a dig in the ribs, and when I got awake I heard two mountain lions breaking up house-keeping just over a small hog back about 50 yards away.

He said, "I have been listening to the entertainment for some time, and wouldn't mind playing with them if they didn't play so rough." I agreed with him, and we were soon asleep again. We were up early in the morning, and had for our breakfast some fried venison, fried cub bear, fresh coffee and flapjacks. We camped there three days eating deer and bear meat. We had it fried, roasted, boiled and broiled. We also had lots of speckled beauties too, serving the whole in tin plates, using a slicker for a table, spreading it on the ground. On the morning of the fourth day we broke camp and started on. We were now entering a pretty wild country, with no habitation for several days travel.

After traveling all day, we went into camp on a small stream of cold clear water (melted snow from the snow clad peaks) and as it was too late in the day to fish, we cooked our supper and after cleaning up things, had a good smoke beside the flickering camp fire and went to bed. It was at this camp that we discovered that we had used the last of our spuds. We were up early in the morning. After the horses were cared for, I took the fishing tackle and went after trout while my partner made coffee and cakes. It did not take me long to catch a fine mess of trout and I

soon came back to camp. We cooked the trout, and after breakfast, broke camp and traveled all that day. Now we were getting right into the wild country, and at various times during the day we could see bands of deer at a distance with our field glasses, and at one time we saw a bunch of elk feeding on a mountain side. We did not molest them however.

That evening we made camp on a creek which is a tributary of the Eagle River.

Now to keep our horses from straying away from camp, we kept one on a lariat rope and turned the other one loose. Of course one would not go without the other. We changed about that way each night giving each horse his freedom every other night.

There was one night though when a bear came down into the camp and frightened the horses. The one that was tied broke the rope and in his haste to get away from the bear he ran against the wagon tongue and broke it.

The commotion frightened the bear too, and we could see him a little way from the camp (it was a bright moonlight night) I grabbed my gun and took a poke at him, but I guess that all I hit was moonlight for Mr. Bruin kept right on traveling like he was going after a doctor.

The next morning I commenced to repair the broken wagon tongue while my partner went in search of the horses. I found that I could not put the two pieces together, so with the ax I hewed the part that was fast to the wagon into a long wedge shape. Then I got a small dry quaking asp tree with a crotch at the small end. I hewed it into a long wedge shape to match the wagon tongue. I fit the two parts together and fastened them with a few turns of baling wire, of which we were well supplied. We also had some long spike nails with us. I made a hot fire and wrapped a long piece of wire around the head of a spike and dropped it in the fire and left it there until it became red-hot, then with the aid of the wire I got it out of the fire and with a hammer drove it through the two halves of the tongue. I then turned the pointed end of the spike (about 1½ inches sticking out the other

side of the tongue) around the side of the tongue. I kept on working that way until I had four spikes driven through that tongue with one point turned opposite to the preceding one, and then I wrapped the whole thing good and tight with wire.

I had worked the biggest part of the day and it was now ready to hitch the horses to, providing we ever found them. My partner came in about sundown, and reported that he could not find the horses.

All the dinner that he had had was a grouse that he killed and roasted while out in search of the horses.

The next morning after breakfast we both started out in search of the horses. We tracked them along a deer trail for a way, and then they left it and went into a very rocky place where it was hard to trail them, but we followed the trail by where they had turned a rock over here and there. We finally found them in a low basin covered with heavy pines and aspens. This was about two miles from our camp. The horse that had had the rope tied to him had about ten feet of it fastened to him and in some manner had entangled it in the brush so that he could not get away. They were very hungry and thirsty.

We remained in camp that night and the next morning broke camp and traveled all day again. That evening we went into camp on a small creek where some hunters had camped a short time before. It seemed that they must have known that we were hungry for spuds, for hanging on a tree was a flour sack with about 20 pounds of nice ones. We cooked some for supper and at the time I was quite sure that they were the very best that I had ever eaten.

Here I want to say that at any time when you are out and have anything that you do not wish to take back with you when you break camp, do not destroy or throw it away. Hang it up with a wire in the cabin or to the limb of a tree. When you have an empty pail or can, do not shoot it full of holes, or smash it with a rock. Do not throw it down in the canyon, maybe 1,000 feet below just to see it fall and hear it strike the bottom. Instead of destroying it, break off the top of a bush and

hang it up-side down on it. It will keep clean and will not rust. Some hunter or trapper might happen along and wish to make some coffee. How pleased he would be to find that nice clean can. The same way with fire wood. If you have some left when you are through with the camp, do not put it all on the fire just to see it burn. Put it in a neat pile in a corner of the cabin or under a tree. That same pile of wood may keep some hunter or trapper from freezing to death. If you have some coffee, bacon, matches, frying pan or anything like that do not destroy it if you do not wish to take it back, hang it up in the cabin with a wire so the pack rats will not get it. The first thing an old time trapper, hunter or prospector will say when he comes to a place where anything like that has been destroyed, is "A bunch of tenderfeet have been here."

Well, I will return to my subject. We camped two days at the place where we found the spuds. There we hunted, fished and ate spuds to our heart's content. So far lion, cat, coyote and wolf had been quite numerous. We had shot several so far.

After breaking camp at this place, we traveled nearly three days and reached Wolcott on the railroad. There we re-outfitted with a general supply, for we were now going into the interior where we would find no more stores, etc. We were two days out of Wolcott before we discovered that we had forgotten to get a supply of spuds. We were then traveling along the Wolcott and Steamboat Springs stage and freight road. We went into camp that night near the place where we were to leave the stage road and head for the wild "flat top" country. Shortly after we went into camp, a freighter pulled in and went into camp with us. He was driving four big horses and had a load of general supplies among which was several sacks of spuds. We induced him to part with one sack for two dollars. The next day we left the stage line and started for Williams Park, intending to go over the "flat tops" and down on the headwaters of the Williams fork of the Bear river. There was a cattle man living in Williams park.

He had made a road part way up the

flat tops hauling logs for his buildings and corrals. He used the same road to get fire wood.

We camped with this cattleman over night and the next morning pulled out to undertake to cross the flat tops with a wagon, a feat which we accomplished after several days of hard work. After we reached the end of the cattleman's road, it was up to us to make our own from that on. Before we left, we secured a pick and shovel from our friend the cattleman, so were prepared to make road. We camped that night at the end of his road. Here we found game in abundance. Deer, mountain sheep, elk, grouse, rabbits, bear and lion signs were quite plentiful. We had a fine spring of water there at the end of the road and we camped there a couple of days. We had grain for the horses, and when we were not using them to pull logs out of the way for a road, they were feeding on the bunch and elk grass which grew in abundance. After a couple of days we were able to move on about a quarter of a mile farther to a little park which formed a low basin. That basin was knee deep in grass, and in the center was a small lake, perhaps 100 feet across it. I saw trails made in the grass by muskrats. I set a trap in a runway and caught the largest, darkest muskrat that I had ever seen before or since.

There was a very peculiar accident occurred while we were camped there. We had camped at the end of our road, and the basin was on one side of our camp, and a ten-foot bank right on the other side of us. Our wagon was pulled in close to the ten-foot bank.

We were getting supper on a little fire about 10 or 12 feet away from the bank. All of a sudden we heard a terrible commotion up in the timber at the top of the bank and before we could realize what was up, here came a big four point buck tearing down that bank, went through our camp fire, overturned our coffee pot, and smashed it all up, and ran across the basin to the opposite side and stopped broadside, which was about two hundred yards. By this time I had grabbed my rifle and when he stopped I gave him a shot that brought him down. I went across and cut his throat while my partner brought a

horse and rope and we pulled him into camp. We sure had fine deer meat for several days.

The next morning we commenced grading for a road out of the basin into higher ground. We soon had a road up through the bank and up into the timber. After that the grade was comparatively easy, but in some places we had to pull logs and trees to one side, fill in holes, and cut through banks. After reaching the summit we found that it was necessary to bridge a small canyon, about 18 feet across, and about 14 feet deep. It was a good place to camp for there was a good spring there and plenty of grass. There was a good supply of wood about 100 yards away, while on the west side the timber grew close to the canyon. That night I think that every coyote and wolf in the entire Rocky Mountain region called on us judging by the noise.

It stormed that night and we used our tent for the first time.

The next morning was bright and clear and after we had breakfast, we set about constructing a bridge across the little canyon. There was a tall pine tree on the west side of the canyon and close to the edge. We felled the tree across the canyon and after chopping the limbs off we found we had one good log. Then we cut down two more trees and after sliding the small ends across on the big log that was already across the canyon, we soon had three logs across. Then by putting small poles across the three logs, crosswise, we soon had a very good bridge. We finished it the second day about noon.

In the meantime I had made a ten pound lard pail full of syrup from granulated sugar. I set the syrup in the shade to cool, and that afternoon while we were up on some cliffs about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away after mountain sheep, where we killed one young ram, we returned to camp to confront a large brown bear who walked out of the tent where he had helped himself to the syrup. I dropped the sheep and with my .30-30 cleared the deck for action, at the same time my partner was getting the double-barrel ready. All this time Mr. Bear stood off about 20 yards, on his hind feet, licking the syrup off his

paws. We cut loose on him and pumped him full of buckshot and .30-30 soft noses. He gave a terrible growl and started for us, but fell to the ground after he had traveled about 10 yards.

The next morning we hitched up and crossed our bridge. After working about a week making road, etc., we finally came down to the Williams fork of the Bear River. We went about half a mile below and at that place we crossed the stream which was about 20 feet across there, knee deep, and running very swift. The bottom was covered with boulders. When we were about half way across, the tire came off the left rear wheel. When the tire came off, all of fellies came off the spokes, and all floated down the stream beyond recovery. We pulled on across and out into a small opening to one side of the trail. The wheel running on the ends of the spokes had battered them all up, and split the ends of them badly. We had to have a wheel, and it was miles and miles in any direction to where we might get one, so I said to my partner, "Never mind, necessity is the Mother of invention." We got a long pole and lifted the wagon high enough so that we could get the damaged wheel off. Then I took the ax and went up into the timber and got a dry aspen log about eight inches through, and cut off a log about six feet long and packed it down to the wagon. I split it through the center and then hewed each half down to about two inches thick. On account of the ends of the spokes being broken off I had to make my fellies wider and had to make new shoulders and tenons on the spokes. This I did with my pocket knife. After I got all that done and my new fellies all hewed out and wide enough to fill out from the new shoulder to the tire, with a red hot bolt I made holes in the fellies to receive the tenons on the spokes. Now when the fellies were put on the spokes and all joined good, I took a tin lid from off a ten pound lard pail and put it in a split stick with a shingle nail through the end of the stick and through the center of the lid. That I used for running the wheel and also the tire. When it had about the right kind of a draw. We piled up some wood, put the tire on

it, and set the wood pile on fire. In the meantime we had some rock piled up in three piles to lay the wheel on. We brought a pail of water from the creek, and when the tire was about red-hot we lifted it out with some green willows and layed it on the wheel. Of course the tire was larger than the wheel, but when we commenced to pour the cold water on it and it was trued up some, it commenced to draw up, and by the time it was cold we had a stronger wheel than we had in the first place, but not so handsome.

It took us about two days to get the wheel in shape to travel with and in the meantime we caught lots of trout and had plenty of deer meat to eat. We hitched up bright and early the next morning and pulled back across the stream and up it about a mile. There we camped for the rest of the day. That evening I went up the mountain side and killed a fine two point buck, pulled him down the mountain side to camp and had a good chunk of him for supper. As usual that night we had one horse tied up, and that night a mountain lion came down into camp. He followed the trail I had left in dragging the deer down, and came right into camp. It caused both horses to get away. We got them the next day. They were climbing the side of the mountain where we had come down from the "flat tops" a short time before. We camped there that day and caught a good mess of trout, and in the afternoon we went up in the timber and my partner killed a nice spike buck with his shotgun. We hitched up the next morning and went farther up near the headwaters. There we found a lone ranchman. We camped there that night. He wanted us to stay there for the winter. He had a field of spuds to gather and some wild hay to cut (with a scythe). We soon struck a bargain with the old fellow to the effect that we were to help him dig his spuds and gather his hay, and in return we were to receive what spuds we needed for our own use during the winter. We were also to receive what hay we needed for our horses that winter. He helped us build a cabin for our own use.

After the spuds and hay were all gathered and taken care of we settled

down to business. We found that mink were quite numerous on the creek and of the best quality. Marten were quite plentiful higher up on the mountains. Bear, lion, cat, lynx, fox, coyotes, wolves, wolverine, beaver, elk, deer, mountain sheep, grouse and snow shoe rabbits were all around us. It was a little early to set traps so we put in our time getting wood, building a fire-place, locating four different lines for traps when the time came, and visiting the old ranchman of evenings. We caught lots of trout and salted them down in a keg for winter use.

A little later we commenced setting our traps for different furbearing animals, including catching a bear with a beer keg.

I will tell you of our trapping in my next article.

—o—

A HUNT AFTER BOB CATS.

On the 8th of January, last year, I decided I would go out after bob cats. A friend of mine said it was fine sport, and he said he would give \$2.50 bounty. On the 10th I got one, and two days after I caught three. I am sending a photo so you can see. Here is the report of that day's sport: Trap No. 1 held Mrs. Bob, and I settled her with my 22. About one-half mile farther as I came around a sharp point of the cliff, just under the rim rock at the edge of an old crater, laying in the sun was an old cat with a last year's kitten playing around her, but she wasn't so far for me not to give a little jar. Eight times I shot, and hit her. I ran over to them, and found the old cat had gone in the caves and the kitten was flying over the rocks. I heard something coming and looked, and here come the old cat like she was going to supper. She was about seventy-five yards away, but I let her have it, but just hit her a glancing shot in the cheek, and she went down under the rocks. I had a shell stuck in my gun, and by the time I was ready for action, she was not over thirty-five yards away, when I put my gun to my shoulder, she stopped then and got it between the eyes. As she fell she got caught between two rocks and I ran

over and grabbed her by her hind legs to keep her from getting down in under the rocks. The way she beat those rocks with her front paws was something fierce. When she had ceased struggling, I took her over my shoulder and started down, but I had only gone a few steps when I saw a cat where I had shot at the old one the first time. One was running away from me, I had one on my back, and the third one was coming



CHAS. STANTON, TWIN FALLS CO., IDAHO.

up about seventy-five yards away. I took a shot at her, but she did not move.

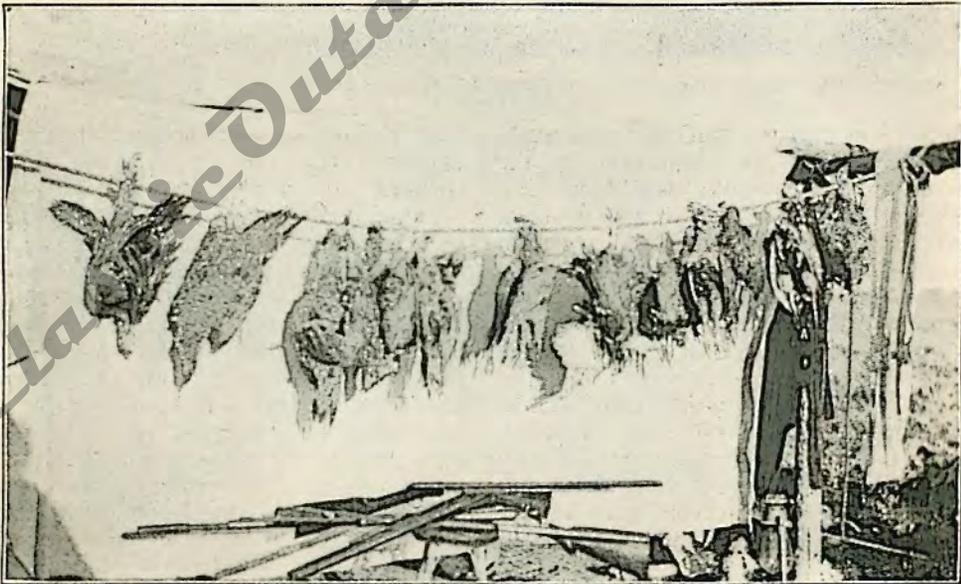
Was I seeing cats, or did I have a cataract in my eyes. The next shot, I tried to get her in the neck, and she threw up her front paws and went over backwards. I ran down there, but all I could find was lots of blood. I thought sure she was dead, but, no, the cat came back, and I caught her eight days after that in a trap, the foreleg was broken at the second joint and the bullet was bedded in the opposite shoulder blade almost through lengthwise. The big cat in the center is the one I shot. The



I KILLED ELEVEN SAGE HENS IN TWO AND ONE-HALF HOURS.

three cats brought me \$23.50, including bounty, as I sold them here to be made into rugs. It was not much of a day for cats either. I have all of the cats in this neck of the woods. I caught thirteen bob cats, seven coyotes, two hundred and fifty rats, one mink, one

coon, eight civet cats and three weasels. I will not trap this fall, or not until the first of the year as it don't look very good across the pond for our market for furs. Have lots of photos, and will tell of my ways of trapping next time.
Chas. Stanton, Idaho.



TWO HOURS' SHOOTING BY E. A. PHELPS AND CHAS. STANTON, TWENTY-THREE CHICKENS.

THE WATER ROAD AND BOAT IN OCTOBER.

Way back yonder long ago, we took our little shelter tent and light outfit when the woods' god called, and hiked for the mountains and streams the deep woods and pines. Perhaps the call came and we far from the old mountain, north, south and middle west, it is a call not to be described, it can't be, it is undescrivable. At certain times of the year it gets into your nostrils, your blood, your feet, and your head, and you answer it as sure as the mother answers the call of her child; but as one gets older one proceeds along the lines of least resistance, usually in all affairs of life, so when the woods' god call

Mrs. Cat bird, and Blue Jay stop house-keeping and give you a fearful raking over for disturbing the peace, and quiet of the river. The cows and the other kind stop feeding for a moment, and wonder what you want, then return to their feeding again, you hear the tinkle of the old cow bell toward the shank of the evening, and conclude to camp, they are usually the first ones, to welcome you ashore if you land in a pasture, and if you don't watch them they are a nuisance as well as company. Of course you took your camera along, for one don't begin to get the pleasure out of such a trip the first time over it; you will travel it again in the winter when looking at the pictures, and the trip will be fully as pleasant as the summer's first



RUNNING THE TURTLE TRAP LINE. NOTE 10 POUND SNAPPER IN BOTTOM OF TRAP.

comes, you perhaps don't care so much, for the hiking trip, and take to the water road. Probably you have that river in mind, it is smooth and wooded, few or no carry's, perhaps in a settled country, and it is well if it is. There is no pleasanter trip than traveling the water road in your water prairie schooner, each and every bend reveals almost a new world of scenery and life. You are taking the world comfortable, you float along still and slow making a cast in some likely place occasionally for the pan and supper, the water and woods people look at you, and wonder what new species is that, the Red squirrel scolds and swears at you, (the only one of the woods people who swears) for invading his domain, and

trip. But one says to one's self that is an expensive trip, not so; it is one of the cheapest if you understand a few wrinkles. You have your river picked out, perhaps it is some ways away, never mind, a friendly freight conductor, and a pocket full of cigars has helped me in time gone by, especially if he belonged to the outdoor clan, if not buy your ticket, 2c per mile and check your duffle, which will be as herein before mentioned, probably you have it on hand from last season, all the extra duffle you need is a small panel saw, and hand plane, a steel square you can borrow or pick them up in some second-hand store for about 35c but have them good and sharp when you start. We will assume we have got to the point,

on the river we had in mind, now for our boat assuming of course that we have to build one, sometimes one can buy one cheap. We won't bother with hotels, one can always find some spot to put up the tent, and start to keeping house, and save hotel bills and live good, too, but if in town build your boat near your tent, so you can keep your eye on it and the contents, here is where a good dog is useful to tie in the tent when you are away. Go to the lumber yard and purchase, and make them deliver your bill of lumber. The dimensions of a good floating and loafing boat? (Assuming you go ashore to camp each night with your little tent and duffle) are length, 15 ft., depth 10 in., width 4 ft., pitch at ends $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft., boarded up 2 ft. at each end, on top clinched nailed, a 6 in. piece full length of the bottom, bending it where bottom curves.

and with the ends boarded two feet on the end is sufficient. Countersink the nails on the bottom, then with block plain, make the bottom smooth. Use old fashioned wrought iron clinch nails about 8 pennies. At this stage of the game put the boat in the water, and spot the leaks, and for caulking I have found nothing better than common candle wicking caulked into the cracks from the outside, do this with a dry hardwood chisel about $\frac{1}{16}$ in. across the edge and $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. width of chisel. I have caulked many old leaky boats this way, and it always made good, and all the tools you need is the wooden chisel, and the camp axe. Buy a can of cheap paint, and give her a coat both inside and outside to keep her from soaking water, and getting heavy. For oar locks, get at any machine or blacksmith shop two pieces of gas pipe with an in-

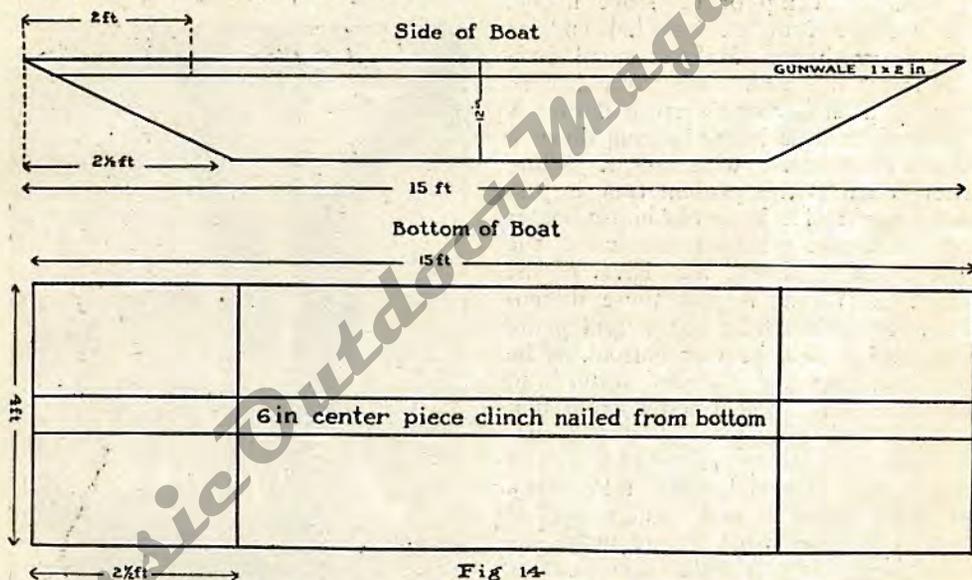


Fig 14

Get clear cypress lumber, pine is too expensive, about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick will do for the sides and one inch for the bottom. The two side boards should be 12 ft. long and 10 in. wide. Tack them together, then saw, and plane as shown in drawing, get enough 6 in. or 8 in. boards to make the bottom and ends also a long 6 in. piece to clinch nail on the bottom inside, and two 1" x 2" strips for the gunnale, as shown in the drawing. This is the stiffener piece,

side diameter the size of your oar locks. Have it cut about an inch longer than the depth of the boat inside. Then with three iron staples for each, staple them to place inside the boat. 6 ft. oars are long enough. I have made several of these scows or flat boats, and could always sell them for more than they cost me when I got done with them. If a portage has to be made cut or buy a couple of 2 by 4 a little longer than the boat. Place them 3 ft. apart, spike a

piece across each end hitch a horse to this shoe so-called, and drag the boat any place, or probably you and pard with the help of some rubberneck for 50c, can do the pull act yourself, these boats will stand hard knocks, and hard weather, and are safe and staunch with a load, as in pearl fishing, turtling, etc. You can clinch nail a small keel on the bottom, and put a two-horse power gasoline engine in her. If you wish to you can make it a little larger, and cover it with canvas a-la-house-boat. Make her about 24 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, 20 or 22 inches deep, and deck about 4 ft. of each end. For this size use 1 in. lumber for sides and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " for bottom, and fit two stays amidship made of an old wagon tire. Take about four bent ash hoops, screw some iron cleats on the outside and cover her with canvas, a-la-prairie schooner, have a small folding cot, and camp or oil stove inside, and use the four ft. boarded end as lockers for duffle. Make a small drop table to eat off, then camp any old place where you anchor or tie up at dark. A friend of mine is house-boating down a large western river with lots of "white water" on it at this present time in just such a craft. He is an old house boater and navigator. Has houseboated the Ohio, Mississippi, and Red River of the South. His boat is just these dimensions, but I believe he has a light plank sides, and a little heavier bottom, as he also has, lots of "white water" to negotiate. In a recent letter from him he relates, that when in a strong current she got away from him for a minute, and knocked some false work out from under a new bridge, and it never feazed her; so I should judge she is making good. A light scow boat as first described shouldn't cost over 5 or 6 dollars for the material, and do the work yourself, if you don't you've missed half the fun. If you wish to put power in the larger boat clinch nail on a small keel—Oh: how big an engine? or how many horse power? How big a screw? Yes, it's a mighty good wrinkle to know, may save you a good bit of money experimenting. I call to mind some that it has. Here is a rule I got from the "Scientific American" some years ago, and it's made good

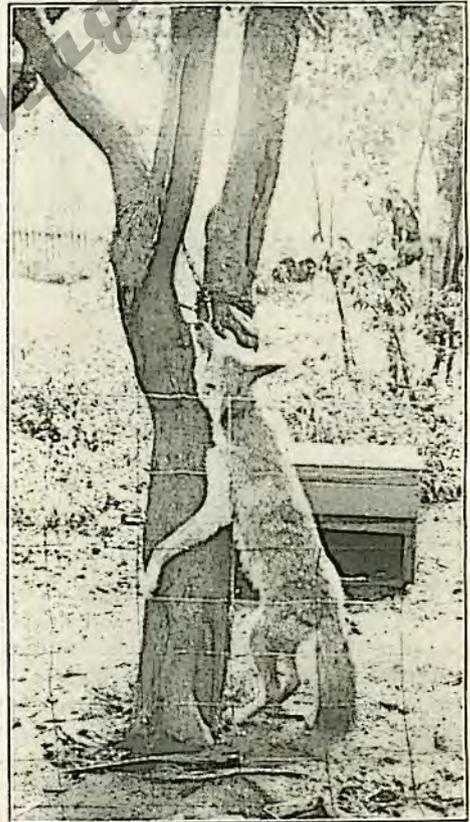
three times, so I guess she'll do for our boat. We assume in the rule it's a steam engine.

If you want a gasoline buy one of the same power as the steam engine, and make the seller give you a written guarantee, that it is so by brake power test.

RULE.

For a given size hull, divide the length in feet by 6, the result will give the diameter of the cylinder in inches; for the diameter of the propeller? Multiply the diameter of the cylinder of the engine by 5, the slip of the average propeller is 33%.

In the case of our house boat, length 24 ft. divided by 6 = $3\frac{3}{10}$, say 4 in. for good measure. For diameter of screw propeller $3\frac{3}{10}$ by 5 = $16\frac{1}{2}$ in. or say 17 in. for good measure, and this will give you a good power boat.



COYOTE THAT HUNG ITSELF BY JUMPING IN TREE, OWNED BY F. A. DEAN, STARK CO., OHIO.

KNOWING HOW

By EDWARD T. MARTIN

THE writer has always contended that hunting lore, knowledge of habits of the game, of winds and weathers, the how to do it, is more conducive to success than mere skill with the gun.

Take a man who is a good hunter besides being a good shot and you have a tough proposition to beat. Take one who knows the ways of the wild but is possessed of indifferent skill in shooting, you still have a game getter. A person on the other hand who is not familiar with the habits of the wild and who does not try to learn, although a crackerjack of a shot is nothing as a gunner for game. Many times in an experience of over fifty years of hunting every kind of American game that wore feathers and some whose feathers were fur, and in trying a great variety of targets for trap shooting, such as glass balls, explosive balls, blocks of wood, eggs, sheetiron gyro targets thrown from a wind up trap—an English idea—clay birds, tar targets, snow birds, blackbirds, rabbits, tame pigeons, wild pigeons, doves, has the truth of the old saying been proven:

“One has to know
To get the dough.”

The writer began to realize this way back in the good old times; so far back he even didn't go much on his own prowess either on the prairies or over decoys, and as for the traps, well, he thought a trap shooter was of a superior mold of clay and never dared hope he might reach so high a pinnacle of skill. His reputation was that of being a hard worker in the field and of knowing thoroughly the lay of the land, including also the mud, marsh and water, of Northern Indiana and the Calumet country adjacent to Chicago. No one ever accused him of being a shot or a hunter.

There came one fall to Chicago a pigeon tournament of national impor-

tance which he attended as an onlooker. Many Easterners were present. Good sportsmen and nearly all prize winners. After the five days' programme had been shot, some of these visitors asked for a duck hunt and it fell the writer's lot to pilot a party of five, consisting of two Baltimore shooters—as good shots as grow—a man from Pittsburg wearing black whiskers and a blacker coat and two men from somewhere up York State, to pilot and show them the duck country. Those gunners from Baltimore were set in their ways and kept insisting ducks could not be killed except with coarse shot, ones or twos, used with plenty of powder in a six or eight gauge gun.

A second party under other guidance went in a different direction and between the two there was much rivalry which led to several bets being made including one of a game dinner.

It is of no use telling the difficulties of the writer in getting his men started. They were many men of many minds. Some asked for one thing; others insisted on something else. The final hitch coming because no cushion could be found for one of the men from Baltimore. Such a thing was too effeminate for the wild and woolly West. But a compromise was reached when the shooter “borrowed” a pillow from his bed. Then they were herded into the boats and with the writer leading in his light skiff the hunt was on.

It was good daylight before the boys from Baltimore were located on a likely looking point of wild rice, a weedy river in front and a muddy slough to their right. After they were fixed at intervals of two hundred yards, good stands were found for the others, but before the rice tops had been bent over and decoys set for the man from Pittsburg who next demanded attention, the roar of battle sounded and the heavy guns of the Maryland contingent became very busy while smoke from their big loads of black powder ascended skyward like

'twas a burning hay stack but not a duck appeared low and close enough for even the coarse shotted six gauge to reach.

"I'm going back to see what all that racket is about," the writer told the York State gunners as soon as things were ship-shape around their blind. Very little "seeing" was necessary though for it was soon evident that mud hens and divers were the wrath provokers. Remonstrance against such waste of good powder proved useless and so the writer pushed on up the slough and commenced jumping blue-wing teal. There were plenty of them. Fresh birds just in, tired and tame. When flushed they would fly but a short distance, then pitch down in the rice and allow the skiff to approach quite close before getting up again. By noon he had the slough well burned out and returned to "Baltimore Point" as the location of the Marylanders was called for many years after that day. The entire party had assembled there. The Pittsburger showing black as a thunder cloud through the thin rice and was so noticeable that any nearsighted duck could have seen him half a mile away.

A few hundred yards up slough, the writer put out a little bunch of green-wings which scattered, towered and flew so fast he did not shoot; also he was afraid those strangers might see him score a miss. Two of the ducks headed directly for Baltimore Point, no doubt watching the boat that flushed them so closely they failed to see Black Pittsburg's coat. They were coming directly over the gunners when, at a distance of more than a hundred yards, the siege guns opened fire. The ducks of course climbed higher, and turned away with increased speed.

"No use," the six gauge man said, with the voice of a foghorn. "Not a bit of use for you fellows to keep burning powder in those ten gauge guns when I can't reach them with my six." Then seeing the writer, he fog-horned again, "Push in son, and have some lunch."

"Yes, shove in," one of the York State men called, and asked, "Any luck?"

"What luck would you expect the young fellow to have with his little pop gun of a 12 gauge?" Baltimore asked.

The "young fellow" replied by inquiring, "Have you folks done any good?"

"Yes," Black Pittsburg answered, "our hands are blistered from working those oars, our shoulders sore from the recoil of our guns, the skin about ready to peel from our faces through sun-burn, and all told the whole push has got—let me see, yes, one duck, six coots, blue ducks, mud hens or whatever you Western people call them, a bunch of blackbirds, a rail and two divers. We're stuck for that supper sure."

"Oh I don't know," the writer replied, "the man who took them out isn't so very much. You might have a chance. You see perhaps my bag will help some."

"Your bag!" shouted old six gauge. "Your bag, with that pop gun? Quit joking; it's a serious matter."

"But possibly the young man has killed some birds. It won't take very many to win. Those other fellows are no world beaters. I'll bet \$25 right now that six ducks will skin them," the York State man said.

A push with his long paddle sent the young man's boat in beside the others and the Easterners found to their surprise, piled on the hay forward, backs down, breasts up, more than forty teal. The big gun man was a doubting Thomas until the last and examined many of the ducks to see if their eyes were quite fresh and to make sure no plan or joke was mixed up in the affair. Then remarking, "A man lives to learn. The wine is on me," sat down on his pillow, now wet and bedraggled, with a sigh of satisfaction.

All this goes to show what knowing how will accomplish. Every one of the five could have shot rings around the successful young man; but with little experience in marsh gunning they lacked knowledge. That was all.

Incident number two was with reverse English which put the joke on the writer. His skill in shooting had improved—very much so he thought. He

was on a chicken shooting expedition with good dogs, good powder and a very good gun. Moreover his success on the hunt was great. Entirely too great from his present point of view.

A certain farmer-hunter also was killing much game in spite of being badly handicapped by his ammunition. He was using metal shells with a newspaper wad a la muzzle loader between powder and shot and a thin pasteboard wad cut by a hand punch out of some old boxes to hold the shot in place. His only dog, a lady by name of Fanny, was small, squatty and bandy legged, was neither pedigree nor breeding and more often trailed a few yards behind rather than ranging her limit, thirty feet, ahead. She was useful mostly in finding skulking cripples and really quite good at that. Whenever a chicken was killed over stubble or other open ground, both man and dog broke shot and raced for the bird, the man winning as often as the animal yet with all these drawbacks he was very successful, and seemed to know just where every chicken in the county lived and when it would be at home. Discussions were frequent among the farmers just who was the best, this man with nothing to aid him but his knowledge of the birds and their habits, or the writer with good ammunition, gun and dogs, helped by some knowledge and skill as a chicken hunter.

Without looking for a match, one came about. An invitation to accompany the local gunner and do a little crane stalking was the beginning. Then when those wise old birds proved too wary and the hunt was a failure, an all day's trip to the big prairie after chickens was suggested and there you are.

Monday morning, hours before daylight, a start was made, in two light spring wagons. No fences were there to bother, neither were there any ditches. It was head for your destination by the most direct route and get there as soon as you could, with chickens all the way to the big prairie and back again.

As soon as it was light the farmer struck out on foot, while the writer, a dog ranging on each side of his wagon and with gun always at ready, was

driven over the country. There was a heavy dew and the birds had been feeding almost everywhere. The scent held and the dogs worked well, but believe it or not, that man afoot found as many birds as the writer and his dogs combined, although they covered twenty square rods to the man's one; but he was so careful in his shooting and so badly out gunned that for the first hour it didn't look like any match at all. Really it didn't. As the sun got higher, the dew dried and the chickens began to work back to the corn and high grass, the match became more even. Those the man found seemed to lay closer for him and he knew just where to find an old cock bird or a small bunch of young almost every time. The dogs didn't and the gunner afoot was now getting the best of it. He was too careful though, never trying for a bird that was over twenty-five yards away but never missing. This was remarkable because two successive shots from the same barrel would loosen the wads in the other shell so, unless the shooter was constantly on the lookout, not only would the shot roll out but much of the powder as well. Still he killed and kept killing until at 12 o'clock he was only a few birds to the bad. At noon too, although he hadn't set foot in the wagon since daylight he was fresh as a daisy and hadn't turned a hair.

During the hot afternoon, chickens were hard to find; the dogs were tired, hot and very thirsty. They continually wanted water and there was none to give them. One farmer charged five cents a bucketful for it; others needed their entire supply themselves and would neither sell nor give any away. Later in the day everybody, including drivers, dogs and horses, all excepting the one lone gunner, was tired out and anxious to pull the horizon up over the sun and make night end the proceedings. He, as dark came, halfway quit, saying, "You've got me by about two birds. I'll just cut across this piece of stubble to my buggy and start home."

It appeared a sure victory for the writer. Both his dogs had worked through that field and not even "made game," so he drew the shells from his gun, climbed into the seat of his wagon

and said to the driver, "Hustle for home," more than fifteen miles away. Before the horses could start there came a whirl of wings, a long streak of fire from the granger's gun and the thump of a heavy bird striking the ground. Then another and yet another chicken jumped at his feet. He had walked right into a flock of twenty half grown birds. At his second shot one more fell but a third attempt failed for the gun only sizzled and spit out a streak of flaming powder grains like a Fourth of July Roman Candle. His wadding had loosened and the shot and probably some of the powder fallen out before the trigger was pulled. Hastily reloading, the man was just ready when the rest of the birds flushed all around him. He killed right and left. Then it was a race and a riot to gather the four dead birds. The pudgy little dog got one and tried to shake and chew out its little remaining life. The hunter grabbed Fanny by her stubby tail and while holding another fluttering bird and his gun, was trying to pry her loose from the struggling chicken into which her teeth were deeply sunk. A relief party consisting of the writer, his dogs and driver hurried to reinforce the very busy gunner. In short order the spoils were gathered and it is now being decidedly dark, the match was officially declared to have ended.

Again "knowing how" came out ahead. The farmer, a very good hunter, but the way he was handicapped, indifferent with the gun, had won over a medium hunter who had everything else in his favor.

One more incident happened in the later days of well educated but vanishing game in a country where ducks were scarce and duckers very plentiful. It was at a place where the Sunday gunners never fail to bid for what few birds their more fortunate confreres who sometimes would sell game, had killed during the week, and they often run the price of butter balls, scoters and mergansers up to a dollar or over apiece in order to take home some proof of their skill in ducking. On this particular occasion a certain visitor came to the shooting resort, a man overburdened with money who wanted an extra fine lot of ducks and to get them, hired what market shooters

there were around and sent them out. Easier to say "get ducks" than to get them, for they were very scarce. The writer was not included in the arrangement, but even if not, decided to try what he could do.

Three miles up the lake was a long stretch of cane, thick, high and full of bog holes and little puddles where mallard like to feed and sun themselves. This place was considered all but impossible to reach, very hard to hunt and contained so much tangled grass and so many weeds among the cane that not one duck killed in five could be found. As a consequence no shooter had visited it for some considerable time. That is, not since the lake level had been at its present height and even this day the hired market shooters passed it up as not worth a try.

The writer, however, thought there might be a chance and decided to investigate. Of course the \$5 a pair offered for mallards had something to do with his decision but the real incentive was a desire to succeed where others failed; to accomplish something good hunters said could not be done. He took his smallest boat, one so tippy that people said, "Never use that cranky thing unless your hair is parted in the middle," and paddled up the lake to where a line fence of wire came to the water's edge. This had been built at a time of low water two years previously and there remained something of an open path along it where the cane had been cut or trampled under when boring the post holes. This made dragging the skiff to within a short distance of the mallard marsh, somewhat easier than had been expected. It took over an hour, however, to do this, then setting his ten foot push pole deep into the mud for a flag staff, with a handkerchief for a flag, the whole to serve as a location mark, the writer struck into the marsh nearly at right angle to the fence, using a short cedar paddle as a cane with which to feel his way and to avoid the deep holes. Of course it was hard walking, now up high on some root, then splash into a hole waist deep—and the water was both wet and cold. After going a few hundred yards, two green heads jumped with loud protesting quacks not sixty feet away.

Holding a little high to allow for their climbing, it was easy to make a double but shooting the second bird was the work of an amateur, because in doing so, the marking of the first was done very imperfectly. Then in place of locating the second carefully and making sure of him, the gunner started to where he thought the first was. Result—both lost and much time and energy wasted. Remember, the cane was six feet tall with matted marsh grass, weeds and rushes growing thickly around it. In such cover all puddle ducks, mallards and bluewings in particular, will lie as close as prairie chickens in slough grass, sometimes not jumping until almost stepped on.

The next mallard put out flushed not five yards in front of the gun, which made it necessary to let him fly a little distance before shooting. As he fell, two more jumped close at hand. The shooter never turned his head to see, just kept his eyes on the spot where he thought the dead bird lay.

Before starting to look for it, the distance to where the duck fell was estimated and paced as carefully as in the writer's surveying days. The pacing ended at an extra thick mass of grass, rushes and weeds and not even a feather was in sight. The short paddle with an

extra handkerchief tied to its handle was set where the mallard should have been, and small but gradually widening circles made around it, the weeds being pulled apart and every inch most thoroughly examined. Five yards from the paddle was the duck, stone dead, but sufficient vitality had remained to permit his crawling far enough out of line to have been lost but for the circling.

After that, of twenty killed every one was found and it was surprising with what accuracy distance could be judged and paced. Twice the paddle was sunk within a foot of the dead duck, but never again was a second bird shot until the first had been gathered. Then, when night came—oh my, what a job getting those ducks to the boat, and the boat to the house.

It was after ten o'clock before the day's work was finished but the satisfaction of bringing in the only mallards killed and more ducks twice told than all the other hunters combined, paid for the labor, fatigue and wetting of the hardest day's shooting in a lifetime.

All of which clinches the opening statement that knowledge of "How to do it is more conducive to success than mere skill with the gun."



GOING IN, IN THE SPRING OF 1912, ON A BEAR HUNT. BILLY WELLS IN MIDDLE, CHAS. TALBOT IN BACK, C. R. CLAUSSEN IN FRONT, TAYLOR CO., WIS., GOT NOTHING ON THIS TRIP ONLY A LOT OF HARD WORK.

CROSSING THE MOJAVA DESERT

By EARL H. LATTEMORE

LEAVING Bishop, California, the latter part of November for Los Angeles, with a light spring wagon neatly packed, with provisions necessary for a trip of its kind which was drawn by a span of wild Nevada horses recently bought from the Piute Indians by my brother-in-law.

We headed due south down the Owens Valley. A beautiful valley hemmed in on the east by the White Mountains and on the west by the Sierra Nevadas. The

they balked and nothing would do only an hour's coaxing before they seen fit to move on, getting tired of their misbehavior seeing we meant business, they gave in and started off on a fast trot finding us camped at night at Big Pine a town named by the Indians who make their homes in this valley.

As there was nothing here of any importance to detain us, after a good night's rest of team and man we left this town in the early hours of the morning arriving in Independence the county seat of



OUR TEAM AND RIG ON THE UPPER MOJAVA DESERT.

Owens river having its source up in the high mountains of Mono county winds its way thru this valley and finally empties in the Owens lake. A lake of great importance which I will describe later.

Going down this valley we passed the beautiful homes of the wealthy farmers camping at noon at a farm house where we feed our horses. Dinner being over and seeing things ready for our trip as the horse seemed well pleased with their noon hour we hitched them up with the intention of journeying on. It seemed the horses hated to leave a good thing,

Inyo county at eleven o'clock, the rest of the day was spent looking around.

The next morning we were up early eating a breakfast of flapjacks and fried steak; we broke camp and headed onward down the valley with expectations of catching some fish from the waters of Owens river, which we did, seeing our appetites well satisfied with three or four well fried fish we headed on arriving at Lone Pine the last town of any importance in the valley. Here at the outskirts of this thriving little town, a little to the northeast stood Mt. Whitney with

its lofty peaks, the highest mountain in the United States, its elevation being 14,502 ft. Seeing the sun setting low in the west and being tired of the fatigue of the day, we pitched camp, ate our supper, then filling our pipes we sat and admired the wonderful works of God until the shadows of night shut out our view.

As I had forgotten to mention of having a dog along with us for body guard, in the starting of our trip, and as he takes an important part in our trip across the great Mojava, will endeavor to tell you of a coincidence that happened while camping for the night at Lone Pine.

We were awakened by his growls in the late hours of the night, looking up in time to save a sack of flour we had sitting beside our wagon. There were two Indians in the act of stealing it, when they were disturbed by the dog's growling. Giving them a war whoop to let them know they were discovered they ran away, leaving the rest of the night without any disturbance. The next morning after our encounter with the Indians we were up bright and early. I started breakfast, while my brother-in-law seen to the feeding of the horses and greasing of the wagon. At his return to camp I could tell there was something wrong by the expression on his face, asking him what the difficulties might be, he stated we had raised havoc with our wagon on yesterday's trip. Going out and examining the wagon, the both of us decided it would be cheaper to ditch it and see what we could find in the town in the vehicle line. Asking a livery stableman what he had in the wagon line, he told us of a cart he had, and offered it for the wagon with five dollars to boot. Looking the cart over we readily agreed to his proposal and were soon on our way, coming out upon the bleak, barren plains of the Mojava Desert.

Looking out upon this vast stretch of ground we seen a mirage of timber looking only a little ways off, but as we had been told to look out for them as many desert travelers lose their way and perish, we paid no attention to it, and headed on managing to keep the road and not trying to follow things we knew nothing of. A six hours' ride brought us in clear view of Owens lake; there it layed butted up against a low range of

hills a scene worth looking upon. A two hours' ride brought us to its upper end. There for fifteen miles layed its brakish water 99% soda; the largest soda deposit in the world. Finding a clear cool spring that layed a hundred yards or more from its east shore we watered our horses, ate dinner and headed on arriving in Olancha a small town situated on its extreme south end. Passing thru this desert burg consisting of a blacksmith shop and a road-house we arrived late in the evening at Hawee meadows, an oasis in the desert where we camped for the night. That night having the pleasure as it might be called, of going thru a regular old Mojava sand storm, which I never care to experience again. Our blankets were covered with six inches of sand the next morning, our eyes felt, as the old saying runs, like burnt holes in blankets, but nevertheless we lived thru it, and can experience the same storm again if necessary. The next morning the storm had passed; there lay the sand piles as the storm had left it, a lonesome but fascinating scene.

Picking up our belongings, we hitched up and started having the luck of meeting our first human living being on the desert. An old prospector with his two donkeys packed with his luggage. Having a little chat with him, we changed the subject asking him how far we had to go before we could find water for our beasts, he stated the distance was eighteen miles to the nearest place, that being Little Lake a camp for the help of the Los Angeles aqueduct.

Feeling a little discouraged, but seeing there was no way out of it only to make the best of it and move on, we filled our pipes and tried to look pleasant, bidding him goodbye and wishing him the best of luck we headed on. Coming to a low range of hills that crossed the desert from its east to west border, we noticed the dog how queerly he acted, there he stood beside our rig his hair all on end, growling and looking down the road in front of us, turning our eyes in that direction we spied a large lion standing there. Reaching for my rifle, but before I had it out of its case he disappeared into a ravine where the brush hid his massive figure. Walking cautiously down the road thinking I might get a

shot at him as he left the ravine, but to my sorrow he had made his escape, not caring to go into such thick brush having a lion so close at hand I motioned for the rig to come on, we left this scene. After passing through these low hills we turned a little to the southwest arriving late in the afternoon at Little Lake where we camped for the night.

As the next morning meant a long trip over the sands of the desert before we could find a camping place we traveled on through hills of sandstone covered with sage brush. We couldn't help but notice the snake tracks as they

journey. Dinner being over and seeing the horses had quit feeding we harnessed them again and headed on, camping at night at Indian Wells an old stage station. Being tired of the fatigue of the day we turned in early, finding us fresh on the following morning for our day's trip.

Leaving Indian Wells, of a three hours' ride, we came to Coyote Holes a watering station owned by an old couple, who used to make their living in early days selling water to the travelers. Seeing a sign which read, "Water for Sale," we inquired into it and found out the water



OUR LAST CAMP UNTIL WE LANDED IN CIVILIZATION AGAIN.

crossed and recrossed the road in front of us, made by the side winder, a rattle snake and a native of the desert. But not having the luck of encountering any of them, as they say they do their traveling in the late hours of the night.

Traveled on and on over one hillock to another, camping at noon at Grapevine Canyon where a small stream came from its mouth, crossed the road then sank in the desert sands.

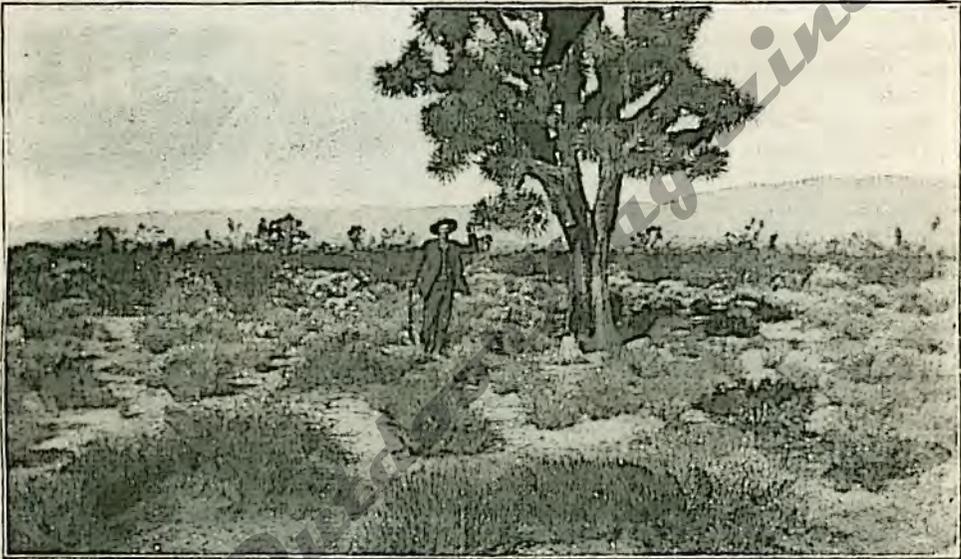
As there was enough green feed along its banks for the horses to nibble at for a while, we unhitched them, then hobbled them and turned them loose knowing it would be a treat to them after their long

was to our liberty, the sign did not refer to these days. Watering our horses and filling our canteens as we had a long trip before coming to our next watering place, we headed on camping at noon ten miles from Coyote Holes at a watering trough out on the desert that was put there by the Owens Valley Stage Line. Making some coffee and eating a hurried meal, we headed on, coming to where a range of mountains crossed the desert, leaving a canyon through them, known as the Redrock Canyon. A tempting stream crossed the road in front of us. We were in the act of watering our horses when we were stopped by some civil engineers

that were working on the side of the canyon; they told us the water contained 80% arsenic and if we watered we would have to hoof it into Cinco, our next stopping place. Thanking them, they told us of a spring they layed in the canyon. Coming up close as we could to it I carried water in pails to the horses until they seemed fully satisfied, then leaving the spring we journeyed on arriving at Cinco, the eighteen mile house, meaning eighteen miles to Mojava junction. Finding ourselves once more hand to hand with fellow beings we layed over until in the cool hours in the evening. Then leaving Cinco we headed on for Mojava junction,

A Los Angeles capitalist had taken charge of it and turned it into a beautiful resort. A place for sick people to come and rest and to get away from the wear and tear of the cities.

Driving a little ways out from the Springs we made camp, had our dinner and gave the horses a rest, as we intended to make Elezebeth Lake that night. Seeing the horses had cleaned their oats up, we were on our way again, in crossing the upper end of Antelope valley which is a part of the desert we could look east of us and see the town of Palmdale with the Marysville buttes in the background, The Marysville buttes are three peaks



E. H. LATTEMORE THE WRITER STANDING UNDER A YUCCA PALM ON THE MOJAVA DESERT.

rabbits could be seen everywhere, but being the jack rabbit of the desert their flesh is strong; being a poor diet we shot a few for our dog and headed on. The moon came up which gave us light to see the road, on which we traveled through Yucca Palms, a native shrub on the desert, arriving in Mojava Junction at eleven o'clock in the night. Seeing our horses watered and well fed we turned in for the night not awakening until the sun peeped in upon the scene. After a night's rest at Mojava we had breakfast at a restaurant in the town, then hitched up and started on across the desert arriving at noon at another oasis on the desert by the name of Willow Springs.

emerging up out of the sands of the desert. The only mountains for miles around. Crossing the valley we came into the Sierra Palona range of mountains, which was the last of the old Mojava. Ascending a steep grade of five miles we stopped when half way to the summit, where I shot enough cotton-tail rabbits which gave us fresh meat the rest of our journey. Going back to the rig we started on, finding the grade beginning to level up some, soon arriving at the mountain's top. Then descending a grade equally as steep as the grade on the other side of the mountain until we landed on the shores of Elezebeth Lake our last camp in the wilds. In the early

hours of the morning we were awakened by the honking and quacking of wild ducks and geese, knowing this meant it would soon break day, we got up, dressed and had our breakfast. Things were once more packed together; we left the lake and coming into a Spanish settlement, we could not help noticing that the occupants still stayed with the old abode houses that their forefathers had built for them years before. All through their farms are kept up well making a flourishing little settlement. Passing this settlement we came into the uncultivated mountains again, passing through the San Franciskeet Canon. We crossed one creek thirty times before coming to our camping place that layed a mile out of Sangus, a junction where all north bound trains turn off for the northern part of the state.

As dinner was over we started on passing through Sangus at the noon hour, an hour's ride brought us to New Hall, then Chatsworth Park, which laid at the foot of San Fernando mountains. Passing thru these mountains of cactus-covered acres of land we came into the San Fernando valley; following down this rich valley for the rest of the day, camping at night at San Fernando a flourishing town of 9,000 inhabitants. Morning came and found us up and ready to finish our trip.

Passing thru towns too numerous to mention we arrived in Los Angeles at eleven o'clock that day. My brother-in-law went to work for a large meat packing establishment. That leaving me alone in the city, I left on the first train headed for the northern part of the state, arriving home safe and sound, but much more experienced in desert life than I was in the beginning.

A CHICKEN HUNT IN NEBRASKA.

On the first day of September, 1914, Mr. Inslee, (Ole for short) and myself, left for a two days' chicken hunt in Custer county, this state, reaching the place where we intended to hunt, late in the afternoon. The first day we retired early, after caring for the dog and partaking of a big chicken supper. Early next morning, we were called by the man

of the house where we were staying, and after eating a good breakfast, we started out for our first chicken. The dog we had was in fine shape for hunting, and it



TRIXIE SETTING FIRST BUNCH OF CHICKENS.

wasn't long till she had the first bunch scented and followed them to a deep canyon, where we found a fine bunch of chicken. Ole took one side of the canyon and I the other. We worked the dogs



30 MINUTES, 8 CHICKENS.

into the bunch, and as they got up we both let them have it with No. 6, and after picking up our game found we had ten nice prairie chickens. We sure were

tickled thinking we had hit it rich. By the way, we were shooting two new pump guns, twelve gauge, 1913 model, and they sure worked fine. Well, after following the dog for two or three miles, we again ran across a bunch. This time only five were bagged, making in all fifteen. We were now four or five miles from the place where we were staying and about eleven o'clock, so we decided to round our footsteps toward home. After going some two miles, over hills, through stubble fields and corn fields, we came to a shady spot, and after resting a few minutes and partaking of a good drink, we journeyed around and picking up a good pace as we were promised a good dinner upon leaving that morning. We were now within a half mile from the house when Ole yelled "Stop, Chris," and raising his gun shot, and within a foot of my left leg lay a rattle snake, with eight rattlers and a button.

Maybe you think I wasn't thankful, for another step would have meant blood



OLE INSLEE "ON THE WING."

poisoning, "thanks to you, Ole." I cut the rattles off and have them now and always will have them to remember this hunt by. We were soon home now, and after feeding the dog, we also were led to feed, and "say boys" maybe you don't think we had some feed, and we sure were hungry. After all was over we sat around and talked to the folks until four o'clock and then we saddled up two

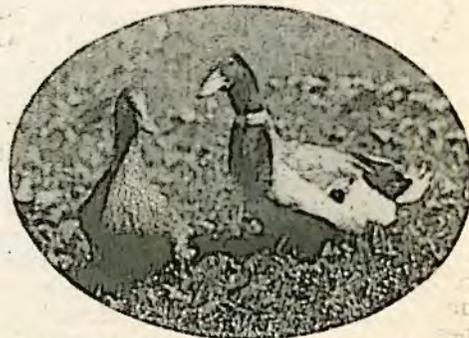
ponies which had been gotten for our use from kind neighbors, and we went out for more chicken. This time to make a long story short, we got eight chickens, now in all twenty-three chickens. We kept our game in a dug-out in order to



CHRIS WITH CHICKEN HAWK.

keep them until we returned home. The next day we got ten chickens, and now we were ready to come back. So gathering things together, we came back that night, two tired boys, but well satisfied with our hunt. The pictures are some that were taken while out on this hunt. I'll ring off now, and come later when duck shooting is good..

Chris, Dawson Co.



MALE AND FEMALE WILD DUCK, HATCHED AND RAISED BY A HEN. PHOTO BY J. R. ZIEGLER, HAMILTON CO., IOWA.

THE CHESAPEAKE---GAME, FISH, FUR, OYSTERS

By G. B. BUCHANAN



HE name Chesapeake seems to exercise a peculiar attraction over dwellers in the "hinterland" of this country. Parties evidently read of the "big coastal marshes" over on the Chesapeake Bay and surrounding Atlantic coast, which are reputed to abound in muskrats and other fur bearers and ducks, geese, sora, etc., etc. These parties think they would like to come to the Chesapeake country to hunt, fish and trap. At any rate the writer has frequently for some years past received communications from different parts of the country asking about Chesapeake conditions. It is patent from some of the questions asked that there is considerable misunderstanding of true conditions. While heretofore I have replied by letter to these inquiries, it seems to me an article on the subject would meet all requirements from now on.

By "Chesapeake country" I refer to Chesapeake Bay proper and also the surrounding territory—confluent streams up to head of tidewater, the "Peninsula" of Maryland and Virginia, and also the Atlantic coast on the eastern shore of this peninsula.

Northward this takes in lower parts of Potomac, Susquehanna, Delaware, etc., etc. Southward it runs well into Northern North Carolina. Westward it includes "Tidewater" Virginia, and eastward (as to fishing conditions) it reaches far off shore into the ocean. Conditions are pretty much the same all over this territory and we are justified in treating it all together.

Undoubtedly a mass of game, fish, fur, oysters and other sea and shore products have been taken from this region. It is one of the very finest of duck and muskrat places—millions have been killed in the past though supplies not now great. Chesapeake oysters are noted the world over while shad, herring

and menhaden fisheries there are very extensive. Many men have grown extremely wealthy in catching and trafficking in game, fish, fur and oysters there. Probably some may do so still. The fact remains, however, that the day of the free hunter, trapper and fisherman in that country getting rich is about over. If he "knows the ropes" he can still, I believe, by exercising intelligence and common sense make a fair living. He will have to work hard, however, diligently study the complex laws which now apply there, many of the different counties having different laws beside state and Federal laws also, and as to trapping he will pretty generally be obliged to rent his trapping grounds. Much of that country is marsh and good for nothing but hunting and trapping so the owners look to furs and game for income. On the other hand, fishing and hunting on the public land and water is subject only to the regular legal restrictions. This does not mean any of this land is public land like the homestead land out west. It simply means that on navigable water the Nation is assumed to own to low water mark, or thereabouts, and hunting, trapping and fishing and oystering in such places can take place from boat regardless of what owners of abutting land say, provided low water mark is not overstepped.

In this connection it should be stated that according to Federal law "navigable water" is such as can be used as a "highway of commerce." According to common law, however, it is water emptying into the ocean, and into which the tide ebbs and flows. This is a point on which all prospective users of grounds in Chesapeake sections should investigate as some states hold one course and some the other. To illustrate, in the State of Ohio held that the common law definition of navigable water were correct, the Ohio River as it bordered Ohio would not be considered navigable water, for it

is uninfluenced by tides, nor empties into ocean. On the other hand, if the laws of Ohio coincide with the Federal definition the Ohio would be held navigable water for it undoubtedly is an extensive highway of commerce. (I do not know which law prevails in Ohio, I simply use this as illustration.)

In Virginia, I believe the common law principle prevails, but am not sure of the other states in Chesapeake section. One should find out before locating there because it is the *state* law under which prosecutions for trespass are conducted, and one must know what kind of water is considered navigable by the particular state in order to know where one can operate without trespassing. I would also add that the common law holds that flood tide is the lawful boundary of navigable water,—in other words *high* water mark instead of *low* water mark as is held by the highway of commerce ruling. There are other "kinks" in this navigable water business which apply in different states, for other purposes, but the above are about the only ones the hunter, trapper and fisherman needs to know—to wit, whether the individual state holds to the common or Federal law in designating navigable water.

Another legal matter anyone coming to the Chesapeake section must contend with is the wide variation in different states of game, fish and fur laws. This is augmented in both Maryland and North Carolina by the fact that game protection in those states rests more with the counties than the state. In a letter from State Game Warden of Maryland I was told that state had a different law in practically every county, which not only made it difficult for law-abiding outers to know what was lawful and what not but also materially hampered the State Game Department in advising correctly as to what was law and what not. This was a couple of seasons ago. They may have improved by now. North Carolina goes on the county principle to considerable extent also. Virginia has a general state law but allows county board of supervisors to alter in certain instances. Such alterations are not many. As regards duck, geese, and other migratory birds, however, these

are now protected by Federal statute and no state laws apply thereto at this time. A copy of the latest revised regulation as to wild fowl shooting can be obtained from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., or through your Congressman. There are not many fur laws in this section, and the only kind of fish protected are game varieties—trout, black bass, etc. The Virginia oyster season on public rock (or bottoms) opens Sept. 15, and runs, I believe, to November, but I understand changes have been contemplated and I cannot say exactly now when the season closes. Certain kinds of crabs, etc., etc., are also protected. All these laws should be well looked into before one begins work as the oyster and fisheries police of these sections are alert and likely to come around any time, along the principal fishing grounds at any rate.

Now as to what a hunter and trapper could do in the money-making line, I would repeat that the only place he could hunt as a free hunter would be on the navigable water places which nobody owns. All other places are as a rule closed to outside hunting and trapping. Yet these are the best places, usually, to make money. It is possible to lease these marshes, for from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ the "crop" a long term lease of years or so, would permit one to engage in some conservation for a couple of years and so secure a bigger catch the final few years. Yet this should not be overdone as the muskrats in the tidal marshes have so much ground to work over that they do not take kindly to overcrowding. Too many on one man's trapping ground merely boosts some other fellow's chances as the muskrats will leave the overcrowded place for the sparsely settled muskrat habitats. That is food and other conditions being equal. Otter and mink, of which fair catches are made all through the marsh county, range wider so do not confine themselves often to any one plot. Still, they stay near the food supply and plenty of muskrats will usually bring some mink and otter. There are few raccoon and 'possum in the typically grass tidal marsh. However, as soon as one gets out of the grass marshes into the timbered lands and swamps—"pocossin swamps"—along the tidal

ivers, raccoons and 'possum both become more plentiful. In spots very much so.

I would also say that there is more possibility for the free trapper in this type of country. Owners are not so particular. While this region has for the past few years been subjected to very hard trapping and hunting, I suppose there would be some fur still left. It is very scattering, however, and for the present year I doubt whether there will be much of any kind in eastern Virginia. That part of the state has been subjected to a severe drought the past summer. Streams, marshes, ponds, dried up. Fur was bunched in favorable locations and early trappers will probably get it all caught before decent time begins. This kind of trapper will of course not consider the probable destructive effect on the fur trade of the war in Europe and so will grab up all the skins even though they bring only a few cents. I hope the Virginia trappers who read this will themselves hold off, and use their influence to make others hold off, trapping till (at least) it is seen what effect the war is to have. Then if prices are greatly reduced why not let the fur-bearers live this season?

In variety the fur of the wooded marshes and cultivated sections includes muskrat, mink, otter, coon, possum, and in parts of "Dismal Swamp" few wild-cat and bear. There are almost no skunk. Game is rabbit, squirrel, deer, turkey, quail, duck, geese, rails and other shore birds, woodcock, geese, etc., etc. Of course not all varieties are found everywhere. Also, for the present season, there will be a lessened supply of most because of drought mentioned in eastern Virginia. Marshes drying up killed duck food. While some may refill before hunting time still there will be little food and not many ducks likely to stop. Turkeys and quail like it rather dry, to be sure, but the present year has been too much so. Natural water drying up drove them to the farm houses springs and wells for water where cats and dogs killed many. Rabbits, as usual, in good numbers but deer are fast being exterminated. In some Chesapeake states some kinds of game can be sold, thus helping out-door income.

It is doubtful whether much ginseng

grows there. I never found any, probably too wet. There are a number of other medicinal plants, however, may-apple, calamus, etc., though mostly low priced.

After the hunting and trapping season the out-door man can take up fishing, either on his own hook, catching shad and herring early in the spring, later other kinds. Or he can get a position on one of the menhadden steamers, or can secure work in one of the fish factories, which are plentiful along the Chesapeake and tributary rivers. The menhadden steamers pay from \$15 a month and board up, and while the smell of the fish in the holds is sometimes disagreeable, still, the life is a hardy, open-air one and many say they like it. The menhadden is a small, very oily fish which swim in great schools. It appears off our coasts in the spring. Soon as sighted the menhadden steamers begin cruising. Sometimes they stay out a month before getting a catch. Other times fill up in a day or two. In the factories on shore where the fish are manufactured into fertilizer and oil the pay ranges from \$1.25 a day up. The lowest price of course for the poorest class of work. But a fish fertilizer factory isn't the sweetest smelling place in the world, though the people who work there say they get used to it in time.

All through the summer there is also much work of various kinds going on. Farmers need help, also saw mills, and private oyster planters, crab fishing boats—there is plenty of laboring work open if one is looking for it, mostly of a kind which would interest the person preferring outdoor work. There is also an opening for guides. The Chesapeake section should be quite popular as an outing place—many large cities near and many places which would prove popular to visitors if brought to the attention of likely visitors. This line of work has not been extensively pushed.

In between the spring and summer fishing and the trapping and hunting season comes the oyster season, which many find profitable. Oysters grow on beds, variously called "rock", "bottom", "fields", etc. These beds are located in tidal water, though they prefer brackish rather than pure salt water. Which ex-

plains why the best are found in the mouths of rivers—James, Potomac, Rappahannock, York, etc. Nevertheless there are beds all through Chesapeake Bay, and many along the Atlantic coast. The natural beds are considered public beds—anyone can tong on them if he obeys the legal restrictions. Other beds are “private,” the different states leasing suitable bottom to parties who want to start oyster growing, for from \$2 to \$10 per acre per year. Then the leaser gets some seed oysters, plants them, guards them and waits till they grow and multiply. A lot of money has been made this way; probably as much lost, for the oyster is a finicky beast and a storm which washes up a lot of sand on the bed will kill the whole mess. Still, anyone who knows the habits of the oyster can usually pick a spot suited to them, and as I said there has been money made in it. The J. S. Darling Co., at Norfolk is said to be one of the biggest oyster plants in the world, and while they do buy and pack large numbers from the tongers their greatest output is from their own planted beds.

Oysters occur at various depths. In shallow beds—say not over 18 or 20 ft. tonging is done with a pair of grab tongs made of two poles with a set of tongs on one end. These are used by a man who stands in a boat, fishes down and grabs off a tong full of oysters. Then he pulls them up, empties into boat, and gets the tongs back into the water with—when skilled—considerable dexterity. In deeper water dredges are generally used. It is now unlawful to use power boats to pull dredges. Naturally this law is often broken for the vicissitudes of wind do not permit a sail boat to make much headway with a heavy oyster dredge dragging behind. Some smaller dredges are used by row boats.

One can sell his oysters as fast as tonged to agents of the packing houses, who cruise around the beds buying. Prices vary with different years—probably \$1.25 a bushel for the market oysters and \$2 or more for the seed oysters is a good average price. Market oysters are those which are opened and sold all over the country. The shells of these range from 4½ inches up in length. Seed oysters are smaller than above. From

certain public beds only market oysters can be tonged. From other public beds all kinds. This is because the beds farthest up the rivers are subjects to deposits of mud and silt during the spring floods, which naturally kill the oysters. Seed oysters are yearlings so if they were not caught before the floods came down the next spring they would perish and do no one any good. The oyster eggs are laid by the adult oysters on the lower river beds, then float up to the upper beds on the tide. Here they attach to the old shells, etc., on the bed, hatch and grow. Adult oysters are peculiar in that there is no difference in sex. All oysters lay fertile eggs. In this they are one of the most unique creatures on our shores.

Work in the oyster industry does not end in the tonging, for the packing plants employ large numbers of men, women and children. The men perform various duties such as running machines, etc., etc. It falls to the women and children employed to do the “shucking,” perhaps the toughest job in the whole business. The oyster shells are rough, many sharp edges, and they hold together with a tenacity equal to any pearl clam. More, they come out of saltish water, which tends to make the skin tender of itself. Knives often slip and cut the opener's hands; if not cut by knives the sharp shells do it, when the salt water gets into the cuts and makes a bad matter much worse. Pay in the shucking plants is not very high.

As to the tonger's pay; a good tonger in fairly shallow beds and good crop of oysters on the beds can get aboard from 9 to 12 bushels of market oysters a day. These have to be picked over and small ones thrown back. He could probably tong 15 bushels if not necessary to pick over. But these are exceptional day's productions. And of course in deep water and sparsely populated beds he might consider himself lucky if he got 3 to 5 bushels a day. As wages I believe this compares favorably with the pay of the clam gatherers in the middle west although to be sure the oyster tonger hasn't the incentive of the pearl find gamble.

But oysters are by no means the only shell-fish to which the out-door man may look for a revenue. The salt water clam

grows well in many parts of Chesapeake Bay and Atlantic coasts. This is a big, heavy shelled fellow, fat and luscious inside. They find him only on sandy shores, with a little mud in it, where the tide comes up deeply in flood but all runs off or nearly so at ebb. At ebb tide the clam hunters wade out into the water, feel around with their toes in the mud, and so find the shells which contain a tid-bit many epicures pronounce excellent. Personally I would as soon eat an oyster as a clam but I was not born with the silver spoon in my mouth which tends to make a fellow an epicure as to grub, so maybe my taste isn't sufficiently educated to appreciate the delicate aroma of the clam. Still, they have a ready sale in the markets and hunting them puts in many a profitable hour for fishermen. They generally bring 50c to \$1 a dozen. Crabs and lobsters come in for considerable attention also. But these are

mostly hunted by parties in fair-sized boats. The hard shelled crabs and peelers are found in rather deep water, where they are caught in big nets shaped like a funnel and let down into the water and dragged along by the boat. Soft shelled crabs are found in shallow water, among the grass marshes. They are soft shelled because they have cast off their hard shell for the purpose of spawning. For this reason there is some agitation in favor of making soft shell crab catching illegal. The center of the soft shell crab industry in Chesapeake bay (if not the entire United States) is Pocomoke City, Maryland. Pocomoke sound is the most noted soft shelled crab fishing ground in the Bay section.

Altogether Chesapeake Bay offers much to out-door workers. But there is no more likelihood of getting rich quick and without a lot of sweat as there is anywhere else.



RESULT OF A TWO HOURS' HUNT BY ERLE GRAZE AND TWO OF HIS FRIENDS, PEORIA CO., ILL.

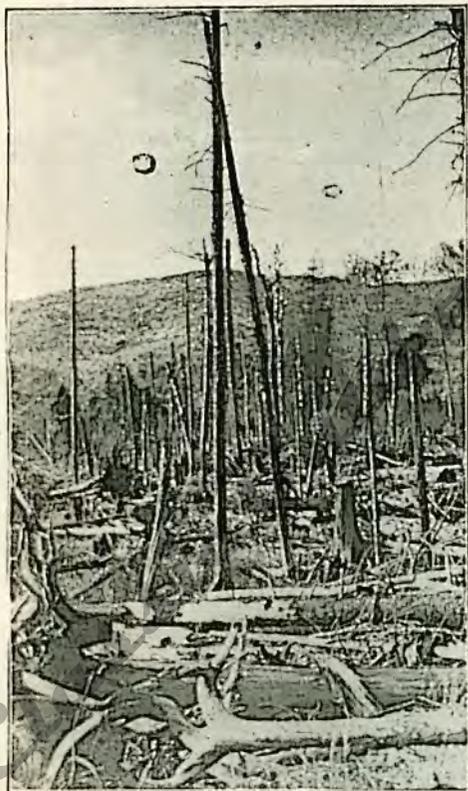
DEER HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

CHERE is something fascinating about deer hunting or the hundreds of sportsmen who each year undergo the hardships incident to the life of the deer hunter would not repeat the journey.

Early in the fall as soon as the forests begin to give way to their autumn hue, the prevailing topic of conversation is hunting. Boots and moccasins are oiled and greased, the hunting togs looked over, and the old rifle is cleaned, oiled and sighted at least a dozen times. If one has ever had an opportunity to hunt in the Adirondack Mountains he will surely have a desire to return and take up again the old deer trails.

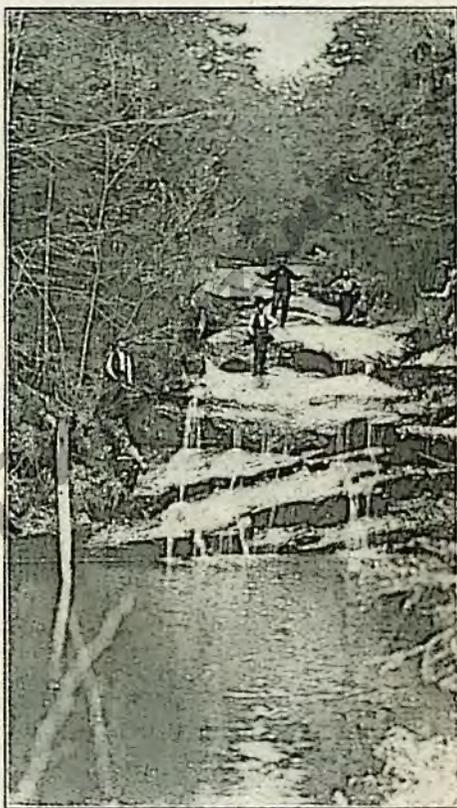
When the October frosts had nipped the leaves I managed to gather a party of good

We were soon on our way and made many friends, exchanging stories of our past adventures. We arrived at Tupper Lake at five o'clock in the morning and then a fifteen mile drive by stage to Carey. There we had break-



BURNT SLASHING WHERE DEER ABOUND.

fellows and started for the mountains. After a four hours' ride from Buffalo we changed cars at Utica. The station was filled with hunters with their pack baskets, duffle bags, guns and hunting outfits, all bound for the Adirondacks.



THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

fast and met the guide. He informed us that the log cabin we had intended camping in had burned but that he had a tent and outfit. This did not appeal to us as the nights are usually cool, but we resolved to give it a trial.

After breakfast we engaged a farmer to take us to Cold River where we were to hunt. The roads were not of the best, the last ten miles being corduroy or logs and it was nearly dusk. When we made camp the guide kept up our spirits by telling of how many deer he had seen during the summer and that we would soon be living on venison. We turned in early as we were all very tired. The guide had us up at day break and after a breakfast of griddle cakes and coffee we were ready for the hunt.



LUMBER CAMP.

Our friends from the city informed us that the guide caught the deer by the tail that we might shoot them, but we found it quite the opposite. He did his best at driving them in our direction, but we had a glimpse of the white tail and they were gone.

The first week of October was exceedingly hot and dry and almost impossible to hunt. We tried still hunting with no better results. One of the boys mistook a pig that wandered from a lumber camp for a deer, but on not seeing the horns soon found the difference.

A change in the weather brought better hunting and the following week brought venison to our camp. I must have been the "hoo-doo" for I failed to get in a lucky shot until the very last day. The guide was determined that I should get a deer and after placing the boys on different runways took me with him to where he intended to drive. I was to wait at a given point until I heard him barking then follow along the mountain side about one hundred yards below. He had one started in no time and came running back to tell me that he was headed for the old Skidway on



THE RETURN TO CAMP.

the tote road. This Skidway was a good mile from where we were. I had often run the mile at the regimental games and think I made this in record time. I heard the brush breaking ahead of me and saw a buck and doe coming in my direction. They must have winded me for they stopped and turned in another direction. This was my one opportunity and I made good. The guide heard the shot and was soon with me to help dress him out.

We found the farmer waiting at the camp when we returned to take us to the station. We packed our tent and duffle and were soon on the way home pleased with the adventure.

Ross W. Salisbury, New York.

DRAWING IN THE DEER.

I've hunted in the frozen North,
I've hunted in the South;
From Minnesota's border,
To the Mississippi's mouth.
I've hunted in the distant East.
I've hunted in the West;
From the Androscoggin's waters
To the Rocky's barren crest.
I've tracked the wary reindeer
Through the pass of Chilkoot,
I have caught the puma napping
On the Venezuelan butte,
I have trod the trackless forest
From the Labrador to Soo,
I have got a dozen notches,
On my gun, for caribou;
And if the chance was offered
I presume that I could tell,
How I've counted out the grizzly
In the foothill chaparral.
But somehow, when the geese fly south,
And snowlined clouds appear,
I want to don the mackinaws
And help draw in the deer.

You, perhaps, have courted pleasure
In Niagara's Thousand Isles;
You have strolled the Newport beaches
Till you've wearied of their wiles.
You have droned in dreamy meadows,
You have lolled in ocean sand;
You have waltzed the Jersey Maiden
On the Jersey City strand.
You have heeded custom's bidding;
You have followed fashion's fad;
And you've told your friends about it—
What a jolly time you've had.
But you've never tasted living,
And you never, never will.
Till you've stolen, like a shadow,
Through the forest deep and still;
Till you've breathed the air that's laden
With the perfume of the pine,
Till you've traced a line of blazing
Through the cypress and the vine;
Till you've trod the silent carpet
Of the forest brown and sea;
Till you've followed and outwitted,
And have helped draw in the deer.

When you've tramped the wood since morning
In a fruitless quest for game,
When you're well convinced that fortune
Is a fair but fickle dame,
When you'd stake your bottom dollar
That there isn't hide nor hair
Of a deer in all the forests
From Carp River to Bellaire;
When appetites are on the blink,
And each and all protest
Against the supper Bill has cooked;
Though Bill has done his best;
When there's been an epidemic
Of the bluest kind of blues,
And you'd swap your gun and compass
For a copy of the news;
Then its good to watch the faces
And to see the change appear,
When some one, bending to the load,
Comes drawing in the deer.

There's a rapid fire of questions,
And the hunter must explain,
Did he get it in the hills, or in
The chopping, or the plain;
And was it after many hours
Of weary, toilsome chase,
Or did he bowl it over in
Some unexpected place;
The weight is guessed, the head is viewed,
Comparisons are made,
The points are counted and discussed
And bantering wagers laid.
The supper Bill has cooked goes down
With relish and with zest,
The campfire snaps contentment and
Goodwill is manifest.
And cheerfulness runs riot in
The hearts of huntermen,
And pipes are filled, and songs are sung,
And stories told again.
And hunting days are filled with joy,
And hunter hearts with cheer,
When some one, at the close of day,
Comes drawing in the deer.

Sir Ike.



FOURTEEN OPOSSUMS CAUGHT IN THREE NIGHTS.
PHOTO BY M. F. MILLER, JASPER CO.,
MISSOURI.

HUNTING TRIP IN NEW BRUNSWICK, FALL OF 1913

By GUY H. DAVIDSON, Rossville, N. B.

PART I.

THE season for big game hunting had at last arrived. We boys had planned some weeks before on having two weeks of vacation, "or we might rather say sport," to brighten up our boyish days and call us away from the hard farm labors, which we endure. The weather was somewhat bad for our hunt the first part of the season, and as our party was not all ready to start at that time, we decided to wait until October 20th, which time found us all ready, in good spirits and filled with bright hopes for the coming two weeks. As the old saying "boys will be boys" you know, and sure enough we had one in our party, mischievous enough that he could turn his hand to anything, if nothing more than making speeches. You hunters old and young



THE WRITER, PREPARING DINNER FOR THE BOYS
WHEN THEY ARRIVE.

who have ever been in the woods for a good hunting trip know just what a jolly crowd means. Our party consisted of five. We had plenty of provisions for our two weeks in the big woods, including in all seven guns, one large tent, one canoe, one camera, etc. We boarded the Southampton train at Cullertons Siding eight o'clock on the morning of October 20th, shifting cars again at 10 a. m. at the junction to the main C. P., soon found us traveling on to a point in New Brunswick. We arrived at our destination, or rather as far as the train would take us October 21st, at nine o'clock in the morning. We soon boarded a train that would take us into our hunting grounds, which was somewhat difficult to find, but we at last found the right man. Loading the team quickly as we could, we moved on, arriving at half-past four in the afternoon,

on the spot after a hard and rough journey over the old tote road. We pitched our tent about 15 rods from the lake, while some of the party helped the teamster rig up as comfortable a place as possible for the horses over night, as he was not going back over the road till morning. The rest of our party were cutting wood for the night. As everything was arranged as good as possible before dark, we turned into camp, having an appetite for a good supper if ever we had one. After supper we drew cuts to see which in our party would be chief cook and bottle washer. Of course it fell heir to me, but you can bet right now boys, I was the right one for I have had quite a little experience in that line. The rest of the boys gathered around the fire and began to tell stories of hunts and other comical yarns that have past and gone, till we soon found ourselves off into dreamland with great hopes in our minds for the following few days. October 22d, dawned at last, but to our disappointment there was a continual down-pour of rain. We all laid still in the camp not wanting to stir around too early as we knew there would not be much doing that forenoon any way. But ("Bill our Joker") as I might call him had kept quiet long enough, so he got up saying to us he was going down as far as the lake, as he wanted a good drink of water, and see how signs were for big game tracks. Bidding us "snooze her out boys" he started off without rifle of any kind. I don't think he was gone more than an hour when back he came, crying out, "Up out of this with you I got something to tell you what took place while I was down at the lake." Of course we all jumped up and knew something was coming, and here is what it was: "Well, boys after I had my drink I thought I would take a stroll around the lake. I had not gone very far when my ear caught a sharp noise in the bushes. Standing still with my hands in my pocket for a moment or so, I waited. About ten rods below me walked a large bull moose. Not taking any notice of me he stepped out into the lake and got a good drink of water. The lake was full of floating logs and the pond lilies were quite thick around them. Mr. Moose thought he would have a good feed off of the lilies ducking his head down in the water among the logs, and he soon found himself straddle of an old log and out from the shore where he could not reach bottom. What a sad predicament, I thought. But Mr. Moose, as though nothing had happened started paddling with his horns first, dipping one horn in the water then the other till he landed safe to the other shore. Soon as he could reach bot-

tom with his legs, he walked off of the old log and up the shore into the bushes." Well, well, we four looked at one another and laughed. I in question asked what he used for a rudder. "Why" remarked Bill, "he used his tail." With this a hasty breakfast and then the teamster started back for home. We each put a lunch in our pockets and taking a rifle apiece started for "Bill's" big moose. As Bill was no shot with a rifle we gave him the camera, telling him he must use this to perfection during our stay in the woods. We all kept together, or rather in close distance the rest of the day making a good circuit of the ridge on the west side of the lake, and saw plenty signs of game tracks, but did not have the luck to run across any. We returned to the camp with a few partridge and a raccoon. In camp that night we prepared our partridge for our lunch for the next day, and skinned the raccoon. Bill all this time was at his old trade spinning yarns and telling us we were getting to be great "coon hunters". The following day, we had better luck, for during the night the wind subsided and there was



THE WRITER AND THE FIRST DEER OF OUR HUNT.
I AM ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

some soft snow. We were all up bright and early and all through with breakfast by daylight. Bill said he would stay at camp and keep it warm for us when we returned. So the remaining four of us took our rifles and started all in different directions to see who would get the first game of our hunt.

As luck would have it, I had only left the other boys a short distance when I came onto a fresh track of a large buck deer. I saw from his actions that he was soon going down, so I followed along slowly, and in a short time I came on to him lying down. Taking good aim with my 30-30 I fired and he was mine. Running up I found I had a dandy ten-pointer and he would weigh over two hundred pounds, the entrails out. I started back to camp and got Bill to help me bring it to camp. Later on in the afternoon the other boys arrived. They had each succeeded

in getting a deer apiece, but as they were so far from camp, we decided on leaving them in the woods till morning. Bill took the picture of my deer, and two of the other boys, which I enclose. That night, we got our buck dressed and had some steak for supper. This was one of the times readers, when we enjoyed our suppers in camp, and don't you forget it. The next morning we were all up early and away for the deer which the boys were unable to bring to camp the night before. We found the deer all safe, so cutting a couple of poles we soon had them on our back and coming back towards camp. We had only got about a half mile with them, when we heard something and found we had routed four moose, which just happened to be crossing our path as we came along, but not being on a lookout and the deer on our backs, we failed to get a shot till they were out of sight. We saw horns on one of them, so we knew there was a bull in the bunch. Leaving the deer, we followed their tracks some distance, but found it was no use as they were still on the run. We thought they were making for the barren below and by the next morning if we didn't follow them too far they would be quieted down, and if the day proved good for calling, we would go down and call them out. So we returned with the deer and took them to camp, arriving late in the afternoon. After we had hung the deer up out of reach of any small animal, we went into camp a little on the tired side, but there was a big difference in us after we got some deer steak down us. Bill said he felt like climbing a tree, but we all told him to save his strength for climbing tree till morning, for very likely he would have to climb in a hurry when the moose got after us. Bill remarked he wouldn't have to climb a tree if we were as good shots as we pretended to be.

Now readers, I will bid you all "good bye" for the present, but I would like to mention that you all want to watch out for the next issue of the good old H-T-T, as we all had some very interesting days, especially on the following day, which is Saturday, when Bill got the moose's picture at close range.

A DEER HUNT IN CRAWFORD COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

On the 13th of November, 1913, Harry Ward, my next door neighbor, and myself decided to go deer hunting as we live in a town on the M. C. R. R. We started at four o'clock in the morning. Harry carried a 32-40 and I a 32, and enough grub to last four days, but only intended to stay the one and enough cartridges to kill every thing in the state.

About daylight we found a fresh track four miles out of town. Following it about three or four miles we found she had given us the slip. Not getting a shot we decided to go to Regions Mound or Twin Lakes. About 12 o'clock we found three fresh tracks going against the wind so we decided to follow them. Having gone some two or three miles we heard shots ahead. Harry dropped down

in the jack pine and I ran up on a ridge in time to see a deer go past and another one coming. I trained my gun on an opening and when he came in sight the gun did the rest, putting a soft point through him at 18 rods and he stayed down. As I ran I heard Harry shoot, but he missed a standing shot at a big doe. Looking around I saw the back of the deer running along the ridge. I took a quick shot but only got a little bunch of dirt off the ridge behind her and Harry missing two more shots so we went to the one I shot which was a spring buck.

We started for home and near Staley Lake on an old lumber road we heard more shots to the west. Dropping our deer we ran up on separate hills and in about five minutes I saw two deer coming about 30 rods away and as they were not coming any nearer I opened up on them. When I hit one it turned toward me and about half way to me it stopped and stood abreast when I took another shot which emptied my gun. Thinking he was not hit at all we went to look at his track and found it was bleeding badly. We followed it about 20 rods and jumped him out of a tree top and as he started to run I shot him again in the hip, the ball coming out of the shoulder. The other two shots were in the breast and one behind the fore shoulder. It was a yearling buck.

We then started for town to get a rig to bring them in, arriving home hungry and tired about 10 o'clock at night. Harry shot a nice fawn the next day. There was scarcely any snow here during the hunting season and there are not many deer around here until you get about 10 or 15 miles out of town.

I trapped last fall on what is known as the East Branch and found fur not very plentiful. I only got 50 rats, 2 mink, 1 skunk and 1 badger. I like the No. 1½ Victor traps.

For game we have lots of rabbits, the big white ones, and lots of partridge.

Frank Rood, Crawford Co., Mich.

HOMESTEADING IN THE WEST.

Because I see so much in H-T-T from parties interested in the West, who think of "homesteading" or ranching, I think it may be that I can give some of them a few ideas that will help them or change their views.

In the first place you are not going to get any homestead around here, (and I can look a hundred miles north and forty south and as far east and west) that you would live upon if you could, and it is a cinch you couldn't without going down deep into your pockets. Talk about "dry farming". You will find it rightly named. Now of course some one will arise and declare he raises sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, but what I want you to know is that there is now no land available and located in a country that gets enough rainfall to make the big yields. You may consider yourself lucky if you get the seed

back, or five or ten bushels per acre. If you are not right on the job the rabbits will get it first. I know of farmers coming in from the Shoshone Basin, and the Salsom River tract (part of the latter is irrigated), who tell about their hard luck, small yields and rabbits getting the lion's share.

There are a number of things that would pay big return in this country if— (and right here is where the little word does big things) there was not something to get in the way. For instance, I know of a dust storm blowing away three thousand dollars worth of clover ready to thresh for the seed, which is worth \$14.50 per cwt. at present. It was all done in five minutes.

If you contemplate stock raising, you will have to contend with all kinds of trouble with the newly born stock, particularly weakness, and among fenced ranch stock navel disease carries off a large percent of the colts before they are three weeks old.

Right now it is impossible to sell potatoes, and there are hundreds of acres of them ready for the digger. We may as well turn to the brighter side. You who have enough money to take up a homestead, just forget the homestead and go to some little valley, or a large one, much will depend on the looks of the place, some will not "strike just right". Of all the irrigated northwest, I have seen the Payette Valley looks the best to me. But land is very high there, two miles from town it sells at \$700.00 per acre in small tracts. A little farther out it drops to \$230.00. Five miles from town will put you into the foothills where Government lands can be had. There the jack rabbit swarms. You skunk farmers could have cheap feed there, and get cheap fruit close by.

It is a much discussed question as to what will be the result of the millions of acres being set to fruit, but most men seem inclined to believe the day is about past for the fruit growers. More grain, chickens and dairies are bound to take the place of the fruit growers orchards. The potato is bound to stay. No Irishman ever had potatoes to eat oftener than they eat them here. During the three summers I have been in this country I do not recollect a meal where they did not have potatoes for the big end of the meal.

Now you who are interested in muskrat raising, take notice. Right here in Twin Falls county is the place for you. Land is from \$120.00 to \$200.00 per acre here, out from town two to six miles. Water rights included, annual maintenance about seventy cents per acre. Here you can have your fish pond, truck patches, especially for root crops. Feed is cheap, grain handy, water all the time, a cool climate, early fall weather. Yesterday, September 13th, snow fell. June 5th was our last snow.

Yet you may not like the climate. When you get in the West don't buy or homestead until you have been there a year.

C. Barley, Twin Falls Co., Idaho.

THE BACK-WOODSMAN AND THE GAME.

Noticing in the July issue where a California writer speaks of the farmers and ranchers killing game out of season tempts me to say a few words on the subject.

As the writer says the back country for me thinks he has a right to the game. I have lived in the back woods of several of the western states and found the same thing true everywhere and will endeavor to show where, to some extent at least, the farmer's claim is justified.

Take the writer's case for example. Clearing up and putting in a small farm back in the wilderness, working the place in summer in spite of the many disadvantages and trapping in the winter. The nearest town of importance 30 miles away, likewise the nearest butchershop. Is it not natural that our health demands and our system crave fresh meat during the 11 months when the law says "Thou shalt not"? And is it to be wondered at that when fresh meat is so badly needed that we pick up our rifle and try for a deer regardless of the time of the year?

A nation can get along without a plentiful game supply, but cannot survive without its agricultural land. No part of this great country of ours would have been settled if it had not been for the game to feed the pioneers. Some day this, as well as the rest of the out of the way places will be dotted with farms and villages with their added advantages including a better food supply. Who will make this possible? Why men like myself, my neighbors and thousands of others through all the west.

Some will say why not raise hogs for food. We do to some extent, but the bear, wolves and wild cats like pork as well as they did in Davy Crockett's time. Some day we can when we get these pests cleared out. Chicken raising is also unprofitable. We have to keep a bunch of dogs to keep the bob cats and other varmints to run them off at night and a shot gun outside the door day time for hawks.

The writer has tried since early spring till now, August 15, to raise some young chickens but without success so far owing to the large snakes breaking up the sitting hens. When you kill one, another one comes. I have tasted beef but once in the last two years and others in the country not that often. Do you wonder that we kill deer when needed?

Some will say we are hard hearted and cruel to butcher up the game this way, ought to be in the "Pen", etc. I think a whole lot of and respect the deer family, but am more partial to myself and my kind. Death comes as remote to a bunch of deer flogging around in a moon light night as it does to the readers of this article. We have cleared out the panthers till the chances of an adult deer dying a violent death, except by the hands of man, is a remote possibility. The wolves and bob cats get a few fawn. Infantile paralysis, bad milk and impure air claims many more victims among the young of the human race. Think of the hordes in Europe. Is not a bullet through the lungs as painful to a buck

private of the rear ranks as it is to a buck deer of the tall sticks? Does not death glaze the eyes of both alike. The deer have only bullets to fear. Consumption, heart disease and kindred diseases claims thousands of mankind annually.

There are two natural laws much older than the game laws. The self-preservation of the individual and the propagation of the species. Without these two laws life could never be. The deer and other game must furnish substance for us and our kind when other foods fail.

I expect this article to be criticised. However, I shall not answer, especially those who have a stomach full of good food and are sitting in a Morris chair reading under an electric light. They have their variety of foods, their daily papers, their moving picture shows. Let us have the food our health demands. We don't hunt for sport entirely, but for food.

Every open season the sportsmen and licensed hunters kill many valuable animals, take the head as a trophy leaving the carcass to rot in the woods which is as foolish and wicked practice as the Indian Warrior scalping a fallen enemy as an example of his powerfulness. Old Gobler, Oklahoma.



LYNX CAT, 5 FEET $7\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES FROM TIP TO TIP.
WEIGHT $58\frac{1}{4}$ LBS. CHAS. AUSSERER, SAN
MATEO, CAL.

A SUCCESSFUL HUNT.

We left home November 5, 1913 for our annual deer hunt, of which I am sending picture, and arrived at three o'clock that afternoon and had to hurry to get our tent up before dark.

It rained a little most all the following day, but we kept busy cutting wood. Saturday it snowed and that night I thought it was going to blow everything to pieces but by Monday we had about fifteen inches of snow which was just what we wanted.

We started out Monday morning and succeeded in getting four deer. We got our number in six days and then we had to come

and also his views on the "useless destructive slaughter, and decrease in game, and his desire for one more shot to show us how a single shooter would protect the game, I would like to have him explain to the readers of H-T-T some of the very meaningless assertions he has made.

It seems to me that he must have been at a clay pigeon shoot with his friend Mr. Powell, or else at a 4th of July celebration when he counted those 600 shots, which he says were fired from the bank of a river, lined up with automobiles, full of repeating shot guns, and all of this happened on Sunday morning.

And now Mr. Burroughs says that the ducks were flying thick and out of range of a shot-



READING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT: C. W. HARRIS, OLD TRAILER; FRED, THE PANCAKE MAKER; JOE HUICK, THE OLD SCOUT; P. PIERSON, THE WRITER AND ALVIN, THE RANGER.

home. We would have liked to stay longer, but our deer would have spoiled. We expressed them home and they got there as soon as we did.

We have hunted on that same ground for twelve years in Iron County, and do not see that the deer has decreased any yet.

P. Pierson, Berrien Co., Mich.

GUNS AND GAME PROTECTION.

Having read in the H-T-T under title of "Game Protection" by Mr. G. W. Burroughs, Pend Oreille Co., Wash., and his very pointed opinion of the users, and their use of the repeating shotgun which he styles "the rapid-fire-up-to-date-latest-model-crippling-machine:

gun, and that while they were counting the 600 shots from those vicious "crippling machines" not a single duck fell within a half mile, and that those that did fall were only cripples; and not a single duck did they—I suppose he meant the men who owned those up-to-date crippling machine—get out of that glorious sport!

For the benefit of us poor sinful users of repeaters and automatics, I ask Mr. Burroughs to show us where he finds, as he claims, "foolish useless destructive slaughter" and the cause of the "fast decrease in game." And I wish to say that if 600 shots were fired from the same distances, and from double or single guns that the results would have been exactly identical with those of your much condemned crippling repeaters.

Kindly tell us, Mr. Burroughs, did you ever empty a double gun and get two or three birds down, crippled, and after you fumbled around and let them suffer until you drew shells and reloaded, look around for half an hour and finally find them and then kill them, and possibly loose one or two in the reeds?

I think from a humane standpoint that the repeater has it all over the double or single gun, and that the majority of hunters will bear with me in this, for when a bird is crippled and down it cannot get under cover as it does when a double gun is being used, for it takes longer to reload a double or single than it does the repeater.

As an example we can take the conditions as they often occur while decoying. A flock alights, and you get four or five cripples with two shells from a double gun; how are you going to get them all unless you draw and reload? While with a pumper you can kill them all before they know what happened, and you could be sure that none would swim or fly away maimed.

Referring to Mr. Gilliland's useful and educating topic I would like to have him tell me and my brother-hunters why he advocates a law prohibiting the use of repeating and automatic shotguns. And also that the ones who use them do not know what they are shooting at; while in his same topic he says he uses a 401 Winchester Automatic. Probably he knows what he is shooting at, but his argument sounds very selfish.

Mr. Gilliland says, also, that a man does not have to aim when using a shotgun. Maybe

they don't in China, but I find that most American hunters do a little sighting when their game is on the wing, and if they don't they never break any game laws limiting the quantity.

We who live in cities where a hunting license is demanded by law, would pay that license or fee just as readily if it were 2 or 3 dollars as we pay one which is charged. But I would like to have Mr. Gilliland's reasons for an increase in hunting license fees.

A person who hunts, occasionally runs across a man like Mr. Gilliland but fortunately not very often, as there seems to be little good-fellowship and true sportsmanship in his makeup, judging from his expressions.

It seems to me that it would be wise for these men who oppose repeaters and automatics to use flint-locks. They are nice and slow and just adapted for men who do not like crippling repeaters.

Sincerely hoping the H-T-T editor will pass this through and let it help the men who get but one or two days each season for an opportunity to hunt, and also stop the continual knock on the repeater and automatic gun, by men who prefer a single or double gun, and let each man choose the model he prefers. I think it would add to making us all better men and also create a more sportsmanlike tone to the inserts for which all readers of H-T-T look forward each month.

E. J. Knoll, Erie, Penna.

USE OF SPECIAL TRAPS

By AN UP-TO-DATE TRAPPER

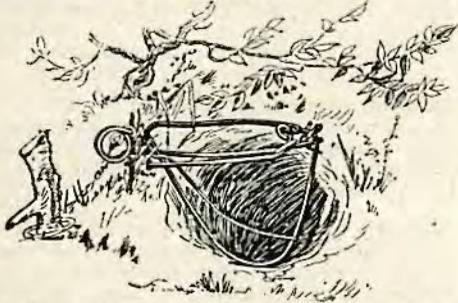
FOR many years the so-called steel trap has been the most favored medium for reaping the annual fur harvest of North America, in fact throughout the world this instrument holds highest place in the estimation of trappers. Many other patterns of animal traps have been placed on the market from time to time, but as they have all failed in more or less degree to approach the old time steel trap in general usefulness they have not met with the popularity which they deserve. As a matter of fact the makers never meant that these new patterns should displace the steel trap, and in this misunderstanding on the trappers' part, and the consequent disappointment, lies the sole reason for the new traps' failure to meet with general favor. Special traps for special uses is the idea of the manufacturers and if the trappers were to grasp this idea and use the traps as the makers meant them to be used, I have no doubt that they would find traps on the order of the Stop Thief and similar styles, all that could be desired in this line.

The Stop Thief trap was the first of the new patterns launched on the market and while trappers in general were slow to realize the possibilities in a choker trap, a few grasped the idea and took kindly to the new instrument. A friend of mine in Wyoming, a professional trapper and a very successful one, has found the Stop Thief trap so useful for catching martens that he uses it for this purpose to the exclusion of all other kinds, including the steel trap. Trapping in the Wind River Mountains in the season of 1909-10, this man caught sixty-one martens, all in Stop Thief traps.

My friend used the No. 2 size for this purpose. He set the traps on the sides of trees, each trap stapled to a branch in such a way that when the marten was caught it would hang clear of the tree. Thus the game was out of reach of woods mice and other destroyers, while the traps were never blocked by the snowfall, which in that part of the country is exceedingly heavy.

The details of this marten set are as follows: A tree about sixteen inches in diam-

eter, with a branch located at the proper place for attaching the chain was selected. Then from the branch about a fourth of the distance around the trunk a cavity a few inches deep was cut into the tree. In this hollow the bait was secured by means of a nail. A straight tree about five inches in diameter was then cut down and a sixteen inch section cut from the butt. The remainder was then trimmed of branches for a length of ten feet or thereabouts and the top cut off. This ten-foot piece was leaned against the tree just beneath the bait cavity. The short piece was split in half and the pieces were nailed up-



A Stop Thief Trap Properly Set Over Entrance of Den.

right on opposite sides of the pole, their edges against the tree trunk. Two small nails were then driven into the edges of these slabs to hold the trap and they were so placed that they would hold the trap with the bottom of the bow against the top of the pole. On these nails the trap was hung and stapled to the branch, while the top of the enclosure was roofed with a bunch of evergreen boughs to protect it from the snow, also to conceal the bait, from the birds.



An Oncida Killum Trap Set in a Runway.

In portability this trapper also found the Stop Thief superior to the steel trap as it is lighter and packs flat so that many can be carried.

I have found that the Stop Thief trap is an excellent article for skunks, in fact for these animals I would much prefer to use a good choker trap than a steel trap. The Stop Thief kills the animals quickly and skunks caught in these traps do not discharge their scent. This is indeed a great point for the skunk

trapper for hitherto the only objection to catching these animals was in their offensive and lasting scent. While there are methods of killing trapped skunks by which they are deprived of the power to throw the scent, none of these ways are infallible and all require considerable finesse and too much of the trappers' valuable time. To overcome the scent nuisance a few trappers even yet use the old fashioned deadfall, but the Stop Thief trap is far superior, in fact for skunks this trap has no faults whatever.

It is claimed that this trap cannot be covered and thus concealed from the view of wary animals, while many trappers say that they cannot be a success because no intelligent animal will attempt to pass through a trap of this kind. But the skunk is not a wary animal and does not hesitate to go through a Stop Thief, or any other trap of this nature.

The efficiency of the Stop Thief as a skunk trap is most apparent in den trapping, for



A Tree Trap as Set for Skunks and Opossums.

here the choker traps can be used to best advantage. All that is necessary is to stand the trap upright over the entrance of the den, supported by two slender forked top stakes. I prefer to have the trigger bent so that it stands fairly high, at the same time having it adjusted to spring very easily. It is best in all cases to have the trap fastened in some way for if it is not properly set the animal may be caught by the body instead of the neck, and in that case might get some distance away. Of course, after a little experience in the use of these traps no such trouble is apt to come.

This is not the only way that the trap may be used. Just as with steel traps, the Stop Thief may be set in the entrance of a baited pen and it lends itself admirably to this use. A pen of stakes with two small brads driven

into the first set is all that is required, and the trap may be hung on the brads where it will guard the bait as effectually as a steel trap.

For mink the trap is best placed on trails and runways. Almost any place where a steel trap may be set "blind" a Stop Thief trap can be used. While mink are wary, cautious animals in districts where trapping is extensively carried on, it is a fact that they are seldom suspicious of a trap when no bait or other lure is used. In grassy places especially, like marshy shores, these traps can be used advantageously for the trap may then be partly screened from view by the grass, and a few blades of dead grass may be lightly twisted around the top of the bow, choker and trigger.

I have also found this trap to be good for muskrats. It can be set on a trail, at the foot of a slide partly in the water, or over the entrance of the den beneath the surface. I prefer this latter method.

In all cases the trap should be suspended on small nails or supported by sticks, but these must be so placed that they will not interfere with the mechanical working of the trap. Stop Thief traps, like steel traps, are most efficient when kept clean and free from foreign odors other than those of their surroundings. They should be boiled first in water and wood ashes, and then may be boiled in a bark solution to prevent rust if desired. Grease should never be used on traps neither should they be

smoked, dipped in blood or melted beeswax, or treated in any of the ways advised in out of date trappers' guides. The only effect of such treatment is to give to the trap a strong, unnatural odor, which is sure to attract the attention of the animals to the trap itself, and this above all things must be avoided.

All that has been said of the Stop Thief applies equally well to the Oneida Killum trap. The trap which bears this odd name is of much later origin, therefore, is not as well known to trappers as the Stop Thief. It also is a choker trap and designed to kill the animal at once.

Another trap which has been available for many years is known as the Tree Trap. It was given this name because it was designed for use on the side of a tree trunk and it is peculiarly adapted to the capture of martens, opossums and other tree climbing animals. But what is not generally known is the fact that the tree trap can be used also for other animals, particularly the skunk, by nailing it to a sharp board one end of which is sharpened and driven into the ground to a depth that will allow the jaw to just clear the surface when the trap is sprung. By reason of its portability and ease of setting, this trap is far superior to the stone deadfall for skunks and it kills the animals just as surely and with the same absence of the offensive scent. A careful consideration of the possibilities in these special traps will well repay those interested in trapping furbearing animals.

A NIGHT AMONG BIG GAME

By LOGAN SLOTER

ON a dark, drizzly night in October, Old Bill Johnson, veteran hunter, sat before the wide fireplace in his cabin among the hills, and with Ranger, his dog, at his feet, enjoyed the warmth of the blazing logs as he watched the sparks go upward.

For upwards of forty years, Bill had eagerly answered "the call of the hounds", and many were the strange tales of Adventure he could tell, much to the delight of the young folk in the immediate vicinity.

On this particular evening of which I write, his thoughts were of the past, and there alone with his dog he lived anew his adventures of the vanished years.

He had to smile to himself as he thought of his first night out, and of how proud he was on his return at daybreak to display to the amused but indulgent gaze of his parent, the one very small opossum he had taken alive.

From this small beginning grew better things until his fame as a hunter spread far and wide, and he sure had to laugh as he thought of the difference in result between his first night out and that of his recent "coon hunt" that was tinged with wildcat, beaver, mink and bear.

What a time he and Ranger, faithful old Ranger, had had of it with the wildcat, and how in its dying fury it had come near to putting him over the Great Divide, but—

Here he was aroused from his reverie by the uncommonly loud baying of Ranger on a nearby hill.

"Well, I'll be singed", he ejaculated, "if Ranger hasn't unlatched the door an' gone a-huntin' all by himself. Guess I best get the rifle an' just step up there an' see what's a-doin'."

Suiting the action to the words, he stepped outside to find the rain had ceased some time since, and that the moon was brightly shining.

Making his way up the steep hillside as best he could, he could see Ranger as a mere speck far above him, barking up a giant oak.

Now, what the deuce had Ranger treed?

"I'll bet it's nothin' morn' a 'possum or a 'coon", he told himself.

But there he was never more mistaken in all his life,—for as he drew near the giant oak, the sight he beheld caused him to tremble, and his eyes to grow as large as saucers.

A 'coon, indeed. That thing a 'coon, That grinning, ill-shapen thing of wings, and claws,

and gnashing teeth. That thing of elephantine size.

With quaking limbs and trembling hands he raised the rifle but ere he could fire, the attack was on, and he found himself spinning thru space, his gun going in one direction and he in another, with the death-cries of Ranger, faithful old fellow, ringing in his ears.

Spinning, spinning! Oh would he ever stop? Yes, there! He struck with a dull thud, and lay stunned and bleeding in the midst of danger.

How was he to know that fierce, man-eating animals of every description bit and clawed one another, each in a frantic endeavor to sink its glistening "ivories" into his quivering flesh, and made the night hideous with its unearthly cries.

How was he to know that as the combat grew warmer, the "thing of wings and claws and gnashing teeth" appears in pursuit, determined not to be cheated of its prey; and with shrill cries and flapping wings swooped down upon the struggling mass.

Oh perilous moment at which to return to consciousness, with a low moan of mortal terror the prostrate hunter sprang to his feet, and with white lips and sinking heart looked about him.

But look where he may, no avenue of escape could he see, and well he knew that unless a chance of escape came soon, in a few moments all would be over with him.

As he gazed on the wild scene about him with dilated eyes, the thing of wings and claws and gnashing teeth, the bird-beast, or call it what you may, with a cry more shrill than any he had ever before heard, again swooped down upon the struggling mass, and ere he was scarcely aware of it had seized him in its mighty jaws and was rapidly flying upward.

Higher, higher, higher. It seemed to him that he must indeed be miles from the earth by this time, and his heart almost stood still as he realized the fact that he was surely slipping from the bird-beast's jaws.

Now he was dashing downward thru space, whirling, turning, twisting, with the bird-beast once more in pursuit.

Far below him a great, dark object with open mouth was gazing upward in joyful anticipation of making a midnight meal of him.

He was now so close upon it that he could feel its hot breath coming up to him as it stood upon its powerful hind feet and stretched its cruel claws upward to grasp him the quicker, licking its chops the while, with flecks of foam flying from its big, red mouth.

But here the unexpected happened. The bird-beast, fearing to lose its prey, darted swiftly downward, but missing him in its mad attack went head long upon the waiting object, and there arose to him amid the rippling of claws and the crunching of bones the weird unearthly cries of the bird-beast in its dying agonies.

Here he noted what he had not before observed, that the entire surface of the earth was covered with huge beasts waiting for a chance to attack him.

As he came down headlong among them, ripping up the earth in his flight, one more powerful than the rest stood over him, its red eyes striking terror to his heart, and the shower of sparks from its fiery mouth burning his hands and face.

"Oh, oh," he cried, and awoke with a start to find that he had only been dreaming, and that he had fallen from his chair while asleep, the sparks from a smoldering log snapping out upon him.

"I'll be singed," he said with a laugh as he gazed across the room, "It's bedtime isn't it, Ranger?"

—o—

TRAPPER JAKE.

The Beaver is building his house,
Snug and warm for the winter to come—
"Trapper Jake" loads his boat in the morning,
And starts with the rise of the sun.

He is off through the hills and the valleys,
Through forest, by stream and by lake—
The portages, trails and the courses,
Are all known to old "Trapper Jake".

He will build him a camp in the pine woods,
Where the Beaver, and Marten, and Minks,
Are thicker than berries in summer—
Where roams the Black Bear and the Lynx.

Far away from the strife of the cities,
Where the bustle, and turmoil, and din,
Only vex, an old hunter and trapper,
When *Nature* keeps calling to him.

Far away from the strife of the cities,
He's content, not a fortune to make—
Perhaps he is richer in some things,
Think kindly of old "Trapper Jake."

E. G. Wood.



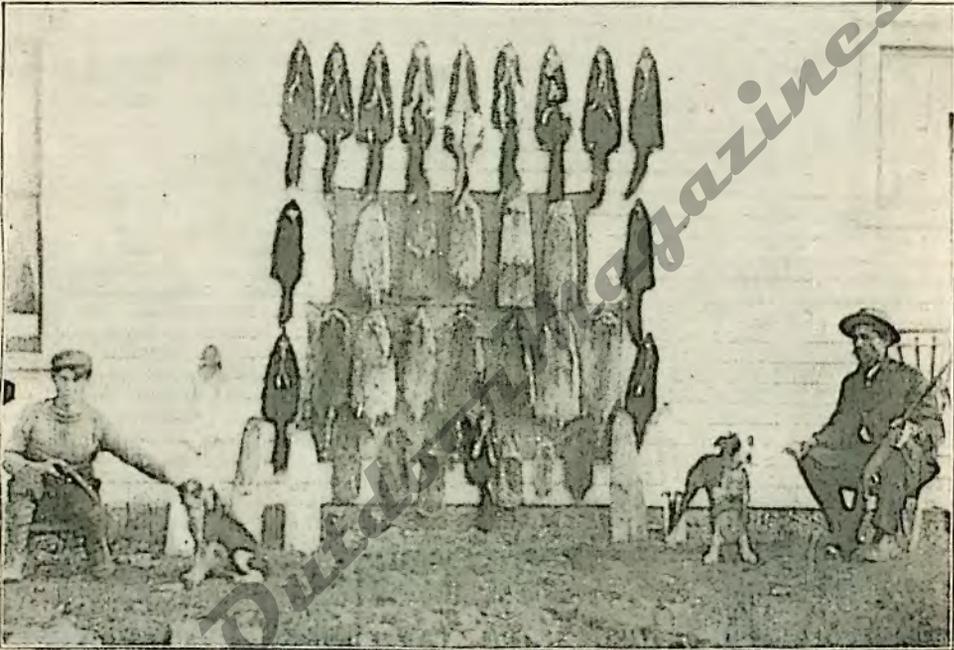
A MORNING'S CATCH, NOVEMBER 1913, BY E. N. WOODCOCK. POTTER CO., PA.

MUSKRAT TRAPPING IN JEFFERSON COUNTY, PA.

Well, Brother Hunters and Trappers of our furbearers, I will tell you of a little experience I had in trapping the muskrat the fall of 1908. I was employed by the B. R. & P. Ry., and where I was working there was a long switch built in such a way as to form a large pond. Near our shanty I noticed rat signs. It was a nice fall for trapping, so about the first of November I set 14 traps, that being all I could handle conveniently, as I was working at night.

Boys, night time is the time to get rats.

One of the habits of the muskrat which I never saw mentioned in print is that of using their runways alternately. I always set my traps at the foot of these runways, and where there are a number along the bank of a stream or pond, I have caught two, three, and even four at one of these in one night, while at another, fifty feet or so away, I would not get a single rat. The next night I would make a catch at the second runway, and get nothing at the first one, but on the third night I would again make my catch at the first runway and get nothing at the second, and this order would be followed at all the runways where I had traps set. If some of the older trappers will give their experiences on this subject, it will be much appreciated.



J. B. REARICK, SON RALPH AND DOG NED.

What I mean is to visit your traps at night. I have caught as many as four rats in one trap in one night, and have caught fifteen rats in fourteen traps in one night. I was inspecting cars, and after we would get a train ready I would go over my trap line. The winter before I caught 96 and lost about 30 that got away after daylight, but this fall (1908) I caught 216 and lost 10 that got away, so you see it pays to go to your traps before daylight.

I always try to set my traps in $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 inches of water and stake them as far out as the chain will allow. Sweet apples are the best bait I can get. The best set is where a small stream empties into a larger one. I have caught a number of mink in those places.

The fur bearers are scarce here. My catch last winter was 20 skunk, 7 opossums, 2 mink, 52 muskrats, and 7 weasels. Last winter I trapped two weeks while the mines were idle. I have a good coon and skunk dog, and got with my traps and dog the season just closed 22 skunk, 3 coons, 19 opossums, 16 rats, 1 mink and 9 weasels.

The accompanying picture is that of myself and son Ralph, and dog "Ned," also showing my first shipment of furs last season.

This is my first letter to the H-T-T, which is always a very welcome visitor to my home each month, and if it escapes the waste basket I will come again. I like to hear from all the boys.

J. B. Rearick,
R. F. D. No. 5, New Bethlehem, Pa.

CY HAS PECULIAR EXPERIENCES WITH TURTLES

WHY THEY ARE NUMEROUS

ON our farm we have a number of cottages built on a bluff of rocks 100 feet above the water of the Clear Fork, a stream of spring water fifty feet wide and used to be filled with black bass, mud turtles and fur-bearers.

These Cottages are occupied during the summer by wealthy manufacturers and business men of the cities who enjoy out-door sports, especially fishing and hunting and here at these cottages is where Cy usually hangs out in the evenings to swap experiences on fishing and hunting and has met many noted liars on fishing and hunting and has hard work defending his belt of honor presented him by the boys of camp as an honest story teller.

Cy has never yet been caught up in a lie and when it comes to downright lying Cy quits and goes home. I merely mention this so that the readers will get this statement fixed in their minds for future articles.

I refer to this spot and the Clear Fork is the stream of water that runs through the farm where many of these things happened, and where I have spent my life fishing and hunting except on special trips abroad.

One evening a number of years ago after supper Cy went over to camp to spend the evening with a bunch of sports who had been spending the day fishing. They were all seated on the porch enjoying an evening's smoke and telling of their luck during the day. They passed around the cigars and wondered why they had lost so many minnows and caught such a few fish. It was Cy's opinion that it was turtles. The creek was full of them and that there were lots of old ones too. One gentleman said that a turtle resisted death equal to a cat and that was why they were so numerous. Another gentleman said he knew by personal observation and experience that turtles lived to be considerable over one hundred years old and went on to tell that they had one when he lived on a farm down in Kentucky as a family pet. He caught it when a small boy and the turtle was not larger than a silver dollar and it died the past summer at the ripe old age of 105 years. Cy lit his cigar, leaned back in his chair and says, "how large was he when he died?" Just then another gentleman said, "I was at the sea shore at Barney Gat Bay in New Jersey spending my vacation with my family in July and they have them trained for the children to ride on their backs over the bay. They have them bridled and drive them with lines the same as a horse and cheap too. You can get one large enough for a whole family for \$2 a day." Here Cy fell over his chair on the floor. The cigar

he was smoking burned a blister on the end of his nose. They got him back on his chair and he says, "Thunder! that's the biggest turtle I ever heard of before. There are no such turtles in Clear Fork." Another gentleman said he had a brother down in Pennsylvania who owned and operated a turtle farm and was getting immensely wealthy in the business. He always cuts their heads off and feeds them for six months on corn before marketing them. Cy knocked the ashes off and said, "now gentlemen that sounds about right. Cutting their heads off to make them fatten quickly. It makes the meat more tender and gives it a better flavor and I am not surprised at his ability to make money. I myself, had a similar experience with a sly old turtle. A number of years ago when fishing was good, down at the willow bend was where I hung out when catching black bass, but this old turtle was always killing my minnows. Never could get over twenty-five or thirty 3 and 4 pound bass at a time (here the fishermen made eyes at each other). Usually when he got on a line I would pull him out to the edge of the water and take my knife and cut the line and leave the hook in his throat and let him go. But this became an old chestnut and I made up my mind it must stop.

Running short of hooks one day I was anxious to have him bite. Sure enough he got on and when I pulled him out to the bank he did not resist much. Just smiled, winked his eye and seemed to enjoy it. Look here old fellow you seem to think it is fun to eat up minnows. Now you will never again bother me, for today you die. I looked on his glossy back and there was inscribed, "B. C. 140" in plain letters. Well you will kill no more minnows for 140 years to come. I turned him on his back, took my knife and ripped his throat open from his jaw to the shell and took out 184 fish hooks of all kinds and sizes, which showed others had been fishing there. My oh, but he did kick on ripping his throat. I took him by the tail and threw him back into the water while tears ran down his cheeks. He made a red streak in the water as he went. As I sat there on the grassy bank thinking of the cruel death I had inflicted on the turtle, I resolved never to do it again and went home with only fifty pounds of black bass and never fished any more that season or year.

"My how we would have enjoyed that fishing!" said one of them. Another one said, "we wonder at your being able to sleep at night after killing and murdering that poor turtle." "I didn't kill him, for the next year I went back to fish again and the first bite I got was a turtle and when I pulled him

out to the bank we recognized each other and how he did try to get away but I yanked him out on the bank and saw the scar on his back. Well here you are again and here is where I put the finishing touch on you. I pulled his head over a rock, got a niggerhead stone and pounded his head to a jelly and threw him back into the water, and when I went home I only had 75 pounds of black bass."

Here two of the gentlemen got up, got their fishing poles and outfit to start for the willow bend when the others said, "Just wait to see if the turtle is dead."

"Of course I thought it would kill him but it did not, for the next year when I went down to fish I caught him again. He was fat and looked natural except that his eyes were badly twisted. He knew me right away and tried hard to escape but I yanked him out on the bank and took him to the house." "How many bass this time?" says one of them. "Only sixty pounds, as it was a poor day for fishing. I took the axe, cut his head off and threw it over in the barnyard then took him by the tail and threw him over the hill. My father says, 'Cy, you will never be bothered with him again. You can fish with satisfaction now.'" "That would fix him sure," said one, while another said "how many fish that time?" "Well in two or three nights my wife woke me up and said, 'Cy get up. Some one is taking our chickens.' I got up, went out, looked all around but saw nothing and went back to bed. The next morning my wife missed twenty-eight chickens and some young ducks. My wife said it was a mink and that I must set some traps and get him that night. I set my traps with extra care to show my wife that I was an expert trapper. That night at eleven o'clock the chickens began squalling. We got up and went out with the lantern and looked at the traps. They were all sprung but nothing in them nor could I see anything. I turned the dogs loose and soon they struck a trail. They ran it up in the orchard in a brush pile. After a careful search with the lantern I saw two eyes that looked like two small balls of fire. 'Mink,' says I to my wife. 'Give me my gun till I kill it.' After firing—" "was it a mink?" said one. "No it was no mink at all. It was that turtle's head. On examining it we found fifty-two young chickens besides the ducks and not counting what it had eaten. You see it was laying in a supply for winter."

"Well, did you kill it this time?" says one. "Yes, we piled on more brush and burned it up. That is we got rid of the head. The next year when I went fishing I got a bite. It felt natural. I pulled out the line near the bank and discovered it was my old enemy Mr. Turtle with his head off and bigger and fatter than ever before. You see he sucked the minnows through his wind pipe and got fat. And the peculiar part is he recognized me as soon as he saw me." "Now look here Cy, you said you burned the head. Now how could he see you?" "Well I will tell you." And as he threw the stub of his cigar away and turned around to explain they were all gone as the rest of the bunch had disap-

peared. He felt insulted and took his hat and went home, told his wife about it and declared he never would tell it and let it remain a mystery.

C. M. Gatten.

"THE OLD TRAPPER'S CABIN."

"'Twas here of old a trapper dwelt,
Though ruin marks the site to-day!
I deem it almost holy ground
To some heart far away.

Tonight within my cozy den
I look upon this scene afar.
While fancy's vision pictures him
Who once found life and shelter there.

I see the lengthening shadows creep
And twilight stillness gathers 'round'.
The trapper staggers from the wood
And drops his Quarry to the ground.

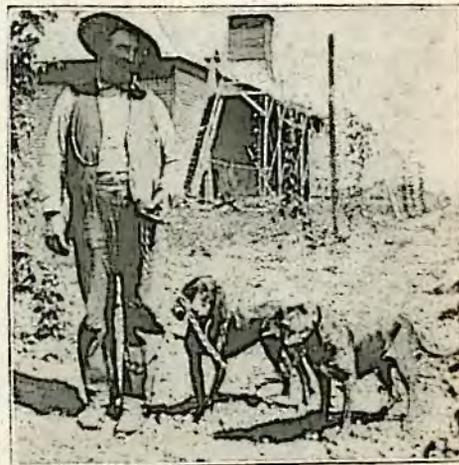
He hears the cry of panting wolves
As swift they chase the timid doe,
And see's their eyes like bits of flame
Beyond the camp fires glow.

I see him on his lowly cot,
In sweetest slumber strong embrace',
And at the dawn refreshed again
With bounding pulse and radiant face

But days and seasons swiftly sped,
The years had hurried by.
And time had touched the sturdy limb
And dimmed the faultless eye.

The morning breaks upon the wild
A lonely stillness fills the dell
The trapper turns to gaze once more—
Farewell, old cabin home, farewell.

E. Mc.



FRANK LUNDY AND TWO OF HIS FINE HOUNDS.
MARION CO., OREGON.

TRIP NUMBER SIX

GAME, FUR AND TRAPPERS IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN

By A. R. HARDING

SO much has been published in this magazine during the past few years about the Upper Peninsula of Michigan that many believe it one of the best game, fur and fish countries in America. Until recent years this was largely true but the past two or three years number of hunters and trappers from various states have spent the big game and trapping season here so that conditions here, like most places, have changed wonderfully. This is especially true in regard to the furbearing animals.

On Friday, October 2, the writer left on his sixth trip to Northern Michigan. My destination was a small station in the Upper Peninsula near the Presque Isle River. Here a week was spent with J. E. Fischer at his trapping cabin some nine miles back.

During the summer months and up to September 15 Fischer had been fishing and guiding at Lake Gogebic, the largest lake in Northern part of the state and located in Ontonagon and Gogebec counties. This lake is known as a splendid one for pickerel and is fair for bass and perch. There are also several trout streams nearby. The past season however seemed to be an off one as the catches were not as large as usual.

Saturday afternoon I arrived at the station and among some half dozen people there "to see the train come in" was my party although he was not at all certain of my coming. At 1 o'clock we started for camp which we reached at 5 after numerous stops on the way in for Fischer was carrying a 60 pound pack while I had a few belongings including a 22 rifle. The trail was only fair and no horse or wagon had been back as far as his cabin for years. We had two partridges on reaching camp which surely tasted good about an hour and a half later.

Sunday, October 4, was a nice sunny day. We looked over some of Fischer's last season's trapping grounds as well as prospected along the river for signs. We saw several partridge and one deer. Fur prospects were not very plentiful.

Monday, October 5, Fischer went out to the railroad bringing in some needed supplies. I hunted a little and while I only saw four partridge secured three of them. These were shot with a .22 rifle. When these were being dressed I noticed that their craws were filled with popple leaves mostly, although one that was killed near an opening where there was some grass had clover leaves as well as popple leaves in its craw.

Tuesday, October 6, we fished in the Presque Isle River for bass (trout season having closed September 15) being able to catch enough for supper. The river down near where it empties into Lake Superior has

many rapids and falls. The pools contain quite a few bass and plenty of suckers and shiners. Near the river we saw where a bear had been—evidently quite a large one by his tracks.

Wednesday, October 7, it rained during the forenoon but about noon cleared and we again fished the river catching about a half dozen medium sized suckers. A ten inch trout was also hooked.

Thursday, October 8, we went east towards Bass Lakes. This territory was covered last season by Fischer's partner—Jack Dales—and as Fischer wished to prospect a small stream for beaver we left early in the morning. The stream he had in mind was reached and we went up this for a couple of miles through swamps and alder thickets. A few old beaver cuttings were seen but none of this season. I doubt if there are any beaver on this stream now. Last year a trapper some miles farther north and east came out in the spring with 50 beaver.

Friday, October 9, we fished the river for the last time catching quite a few bass and a quantity of suckers. Fischer kept the suckers which he cut up in jars and intended keeping to use in trapping later. While fishing a nice doe and two fawns came down to the river, on the opposite side, where they started to cross but seeing or scenting us ran back.

Friday afternoon we came out to the railroad. Saturday I left for home reaching Chicago Sunday morning at 7:30 and Columbus Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

There was nothing remarkable or out of the ordinary connected with the trip. Those interested in game, fur and fish however may like to know more of this section so that I give the following information gathered during the week in conversation with Fischer, John Elston and Peter Pruhs, as well as personal observation. I am inclined to think that beaver, mink and otter are becoming scarcer each year. Marten, fisher and lynx are quite scarce although a trapper near Lake Gogebec caught two nice fisher last winter. Muskrat are about in the usual numbers but this has never been as good a muskrat section as the lower part of the state. Skunk are of the long stripe variety but have never been plentiful. There are few if any coon in the Northern counties of Michigan. Probably too cold and not their kind of feed. There are still a few wolves even though there is a bounty of \$25.00 on their scalps.

In the game line indications were better. Partridges were more numerous than for years and each day I saw a dozen or so. Deer signs were pretty numerous and I believe are about as plentiful as recent years.

Bear signs were not plentiful although in the particular location in which I was in they had never been very plentiful. Last season only three or four were caught so far as I was able to learn.

October is the prospecting month for trappers and many seem to look to Northern Michigan as the best chance. As I boarded the train I met two from Northern Indiana looking the grounds over but they said that everywhere they had been there was already too many trappers located. I also saw another trapper from Duluth who expected to trap with Pruhs the coming season. Pruhs, whom I saw at the station, has been trapping in this locality for the past eight years. He said that most furbearers were becoming scarcer each year. He came from Southern Michigan where years ago fur was plenty. He also spent one winter in Washington or Oregon, (I have forgotten which) where he said the fur was quite plentiful but owing to the warm weather worth but little. This was near the Pacific Ocean.

John Elston and wife also expect to do some trapping. Mrs. Elston was in poor health a few years ago and the doctors advised the outdoors. She took to hunting and trapping catching more than a hundred dollars worth of mink and weasel one winter recently. This was in the Eastern part of Ontonagon County. Since then they have moved farther west. There was also other trappers located within a few miles that I did not meet. This shows that the grounds are well supplied. Prices for raw furs the coming season are going to be much lower than for some years so that prospects for making much in this locality is not of the best.

Jack Dales who trapped with Fischer last season met with an accident last summer and will probably not trap again. He has gone to his boyhood home in Lower Michigan. Jack is not one of the youngest trappers any more so may not again "string the steel." Jack is one of the few trappers that has saved some money and is reported worth several thousand. Fischer said that unless he did well the coming season this would be his last in Michigan. This tends to show that the trapping has been too close of recent years.

As a general farming country this will never be much but for dairy farming, potato raising and a few other crops it looks promising. Land can be bought for a few dollars per acre but to clear costs several times the first cost of the land. Many Finlanders also some Americans are clearing up the land in places. Grasses do well so that the dairy business seems to be promising. Potatoes raised are of the best quality being dry and mealy.

E. N. WOODCOCK AND HIS NOVEMBER CATCH.

Well comrades of the trapline and trail. The picture shows my November catch in 1913. While it is a pretty small catch we

nevertheless think it fairly well owing to the condition of my health.

I was not able to go a mile away from the house. We live just off the Boro limits where there are more than a hundred trappers and sportsmen with dogs. We were compelled to make sets that were less enticing to the dogs, and of course, that was also a hindrance to the taking of the fox and Mr. Skunk and coon.

The wild cat shown in the picture we got within forty rods of the house. We had to put up a strong argument with our better half for she said that we would only catch Tiny and Doty "the house cats" if we set a trap there.

The second morning when I hobbled up to look at the trap, the wild cat had pinched his



E. N. WOODCOCK AND HIS NOVEMBER, 1913, CATCH.

toes in the trap. As the trap was small, a number one and a half Victor, I was a little afraid that if I undertook to kill the cat with a stick it might get out and make its escape, and as I was much in need of the four dollars bounty which was on his scalp, and I also wished to have my wife see Doty in the trap, as she claimed that Doty or Tiny would be the only thing we would catch in the trap set at that place. We called down at the house and told my wife to come up and bring the little pocket shotgun that we had Tiny in the trap and would have to shoot him to end the poor cat's misery.

A little farther out on the side of the hill I had another trap set, so I worked my way out to the trap and was happily surprised to find a fox with his toes pinched in the trap. This fox skin I sold for five dollars and a half, and the bounty on the wild cat and the skin brought six dollars, so that morning's catch brought me eleven dollars and fifty

cents. I thought that was doing fairly well for an old cripple that was not able to get anything like a trapper's move on. I tell you it is pretty tiresome for me to get down to using six or eight traps and to be tied to a few acres of brush pasture as a trapping ground, after being accustomed to getting right out into tall timber to trap where one was not compelled to be continually on guard against catching a dog, a house cat, or a sheep, or some other domestic animal. It has always been my delight during the fifty years or more that I have trapped to get back into the woods where I was not bothered with the domestic animals and stock. But conditions now are quite different to what they were forty years ago on the trap line and we must make the best of conditions, and not complain.

One morning I hobbled up to the side of the hill back of the barn where I had set a trap for a fox. When I got to where the trap was set I found the trap gone. I had used a small dry Shumake sappling for a trap. I could find nothing of the trap or clog, neither could I find any signs to indicate that there had been anything in the trap. I got too hasty and began to accuse John Sneakem of again being on my trail. The next morning I was down the hollow a little ways below the house, when I looked out across the field nearly a half a mile and saw a fox, as I thought mouse hunting. After watching the fox a short time I discovered that the fox was in trouble, so I hobbled along the best I could. I soon could see my Shumake drag that I had fastened to the trap and set for the fox on the hill above the barn. I really understood that it was an honorable John Sneakum that had taken my trap and the ground being frozen hard, and the trap clog so light that the fox readily made way with the trap and drag without making any marks. We then had to thoroughly investigate the cause of the loss of the trap before we got too rash with John Sneakum.

Now I will get off the trail and give room to more able comrades. I would be greatly pleased to hear from Comrade Osker Altnaw of Minnesota through H-T-T as I know his article would be very interesting to all readers of the H-T-T as he is an expert on the trap line and the trail.

E. N. Woodcock

A CAMPING TRIP IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

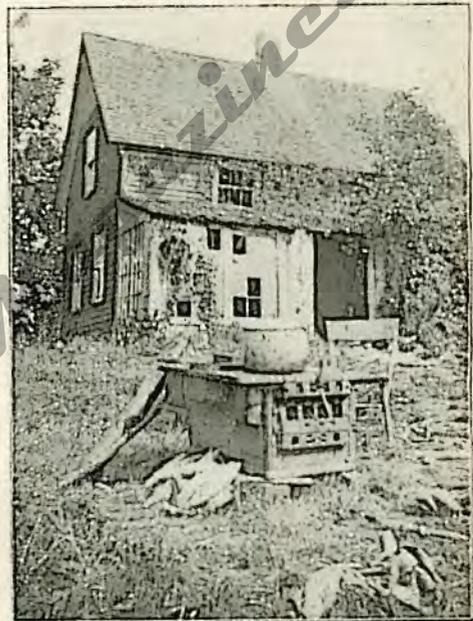
I am a great reader of the H-T-T, but never see any letters from this part of the country. I live in the Berkshire Hills, so I thought I would help the H-T-T, by writing a letter, on a camping trip.

It was on the 5th of September, 1914, that the members of the Lenox Dale Camping Club went into camp at Finnerty Pond. We left our home town on the 5th to stay until the 8th. We got all our things ready, such as blankets, fishing tackle and grub. We had enough grub to last us until Monday, and

if we had any left then we were going to stay longer. To give the reader a clear understanding of the situation of our camping place and pond, I will have to explain it, so here goes.

Finnerty Pond was situated in the heart of the beautiful Berkshires, on the Whitney reservation. It is a beautiful pond, and abounds with fish, all which are very large, such as pike, perch and bull heads.

The house in which we stayed was about a mile and a half from the pond, and it was a very lonely road to go to and from the house. We left about sundown Saturday night, the team had gone before us with all our supplies, so we did not have anything to carry. It was about a six-mile stroll from town to our camping place. We arrived at



OUR CAMP.

six o'clock, and had supper soon cooking, which consisted of boiled potatoes, baked beans, coffee and bread. After supper, dishes were washed and we were ready for a good night's fishing. We arrived at the pond about eight o'clock, and after lighting the lanterns we sat down to fish. We fished about three hours, then came home.

We had a fine mess of bull heads. One of the photographs, shows the writer and his friends with a two hours' catch of bull heads. The cross shows the writer at the left. We got up to camp the next day about eleven p. m., ate lunch then put the fish in a small spring so that they would keep nice and lively until Monday. After this we played cards, smoked our pipes and then retired about two in the morning. We slept good and awakened up about six o'clock in the morning. The cook got breakfast. The photograph of the

fellow near the stove was our cook, and a very good one. After breakfast we went to the pond to troll for pike, but were unlucky.



OUR COOK.

We came home just in time to find a good dinner ready for us. Dinner over, we were soon out of doors getting the fresh air. We

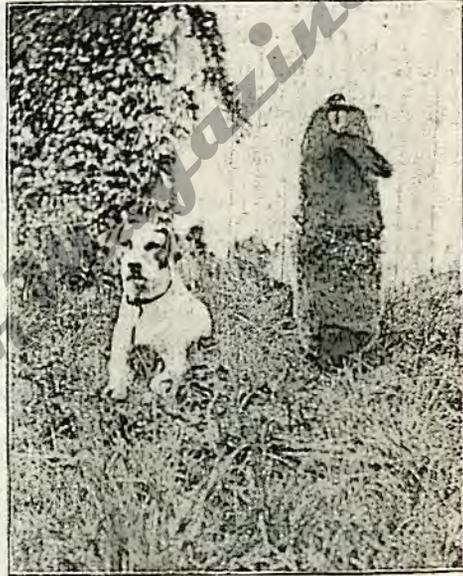


A TWO HOURS' CATCH OF BULL HEADS BY W. MARTIN, F. GIROWDY AND MYSELF.

were near the house, a good photograph of our camping house is shown, when my brother Jule came in from a walk and told where he

found a patch of huckle berries. We were soon off after them, and after an hour's picking, we came back with forty quarts of berries.

When we were out picking berries the dog we had with us began to bark, and as he is a good coon dog we thought he had a coon, but found out it was a big wood chuck. The dog soon had him by the back which ended his life. I am sending a photograph of Brownie and a twenty pound wood chuck that he killed. We took the wood chuck to the house and now he is being mounted for our club house. After our trip from the berry patch, we had supper and were down fishing before sundown. It began to rain and the wind blew, but the fish bit just the same, and when we came to camp we had a nice mess of bull heads weighing from one-half to two pounds each.



BROWNIE AND HIS PRIZE.

We reached camp about ten o'clock, put the fish in the spring and had lunch. We played cards again till morning, then "hit the hay." We had a good night as we were all very tired. I was the first one up and soon had the fire going before the others came down. The cook soon had breakfast ready, which was a very good one. We were then ready to go after berries again. This time we had more pails. We were back at twelve, and had eighty-five quarts, which made about 125 quarts in all, in just about six hours. Talk about berries, they were there by the bushels. We then had dinner, and while eating the teamsters came with the team to bring us home. They put the horses in the barn and came in and had dinner with us. They were very much surprised to see all our berries and fish. They wanted to go berrying right away, so they went, and this time yours truly

stayed home and got supper ready for the others. They left about two o'clock, and were back with forty-five quarts of blue berries, and were in camp by four o'clock. They were very tired and did justice to a good supper. After supper we were ready to break camp, although we were sorry to do so. We left camp at half-past five and reached home about seven, all tired but very happy for the sport which we had.

Emile Rollet, Berkshire Co.

—o—

A NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNT.

The morn was still and frosty, and the clock was striking four,
As I tumbled out of a feather bed to the old back kitchen door.
The moon was just a dropping behind the old Toll-Gate Hill,
And the light snow lay two inches deep on the landscape cold and still.

Perhaps you know the thoughts that went whirling thru my mind,
As I stood there meditating in that old back door of mine.
And just to wake me up a bit it surely "got my goat."
Old Ruben from the wagon shed, let out his morning note.

That was enough, my plans were made; I'd do the chores up quick,
And with old Rube and my Ithaca be on the road at six.
I milked old Spot in six-eighths time; fed the pigs before they could see;
The chickens, well I guess they ate from the roost, 'twas all the same to me.

Come on old Rube, we'll try the one that fooled us so last week;
He surely was a sly old fox and his tracks they can't be beat;
Remember how he run that wall and down the old rail fence
Right into that old cedar swamp so awful cold and dense.

But never mind "Long Ears" we'll get that rogue today,
If he does not run to cover, or hole up somewhere and stay;
So you go down to Young's Flats while I stay on this run;
And if you get him up, my boy, there'll surely be some fun.

I slip two shells into the gun, and start to fill the pipe.
Oh Boys if you've ever been there you'll understand me right,
As I sat there on the bar-way watching the sun rise o'er the hill,
And listening for the music in the early morn so still.

Hark! what was that? Did you hear the note? He's run onto last night's track

in back of Jones farm house near the old last year's hay-stack.

Yes he's working up towards Soapstone ridge I hope the wind stays right.
For I think old Red is taking a nap in the sun on the eastern site.

Oh, do you hear that music? he's up and running along the ridge;
He's pushing him fast straight down the road to the old red covered bridge.
Little trouble Rube is having now, do you hear that mournful wail?
He is running him down the river, but he'll get him out never fail.

There they go up Marshes' Hollow no use of my staying here.
He's chopping it short and running close they'll circle by old man Gear's.
If I can throw leather fast enough, we surely will have the game,
For down the western side they go, thru Parson Whitney's lane.

So off the bars and down the road I go like the Devil's ghost,
Forgetting my pine and leaving it stuck back in the old fence post.
Hear how that dog is running? He's surely holding him fine;
If they give me just five minutes I'll make the stand in time.

All out of wind I reach the lane, I can hear his voice so clear,
Telling me just as plain as day that old Red is coming near.
Hark! What was that? Did you hear that snap? A twig broke over to the right;
And as I was looking there old Reynard came in sight.

Well it won't take long to finish the chase old Reynard is coming near.
And down the lane comes foxey, not knowing any fear.
I pat the stock of my Ithaca, and bring it to my shoulder.
A loud report and a somersault and Reynard's day is over.

A Well Wisher of H-T-T,
Litchfield Co., Conn.

—o—

ARE CROWS TO BE PROTECTED?

Well boys, I wanted to write long ago, but I am like a balky mule—hard to get started, but when I do start—something "Doin'."

First, I will say let us start a crow discussion. I believe it will be interesting. Some say he does no harm, and some want to kill them all. I say that the way he is in this country, he ought to be killed, as he kills more birds, chickens and steals more eggs than he is worth. As for killing mice, squirrels and other vermin, very few mice they kill here. To prove it, I will tell you. While cutting wild hay one summer, I noticed a crow sitting

in the field close by, and when I got close he flew away. The next time I came there he was there again, so I went over to investigate and found a lark nest with two dead young ones and two he carried away. Now if he lives on mice and squirrels why didn't he hop on them, as they were plentiful there, and grasshoppers by the thousands, too. I suspect those tender birds looked better and were easier to get. And more than one time they have cleaned out a nest of hen and guinea eggs out in the pastures. Let us have your ideas.

Another thing I want to tell you is this, there are too many birds killed by boys who go out in summer to shoot squirrels. They go out in an auto and take along a good supply of Pabst and Budweiser, and shoot every bird they see. To prove this, I will tell you of an instance I know of. Two boys from my town were driving along a road and it was towards evening, and I was bringing the cows home, when I saw them stop under a tree and shoot. I knew there was a meadow lark nest there, so after they had gone, I went down there and sure enough there lay the mother, almost dead. I took the cows home and the boys had been there for more ammunition, which they didn't get.

They also stopped at a culvert and shot a rabbit, which had its nest in the corn field. Then they told me "there is a rabbit under there, if you want him you can have him," and believe me they heard from me. They certainly looked shamefaced after I told them what they had done. This is no home-made gas or puppy talk, every word is true, as I will vouch for it.

Protection, Dallas Co., Iowa.

THE TRAP FOR COYOTES.

I see in May, 1914, issue of the H-T-T that Mr. Archie Cleave takes exception to my article entitled "Jump Traps." He ends up with this "I think when you said they would hold any coyote living, you didn't mean all you said." Yes sir! I meant every word of it and I say it again—they will hold any coyote living. I have used the No. 3 and 4 Jump traps now for four years and I have not lost but one coyote during that time and I didn't lose it either for I afterwards got him.

I have six No. 4 Newhouse and I have equally as good luck as I do with these Newhouse. The only thing that bothers me in catching the coyote is their springing the trap and not getting caught. I have had them come up to a set where I had two No. 4 Newhouse and a No. 3 Jump trap all tied to the same stake and the first night they sprung both of the No. 4 Newhouse and one of them found full length of the chain in the opposite direction from where it was set. The other one was still laying in its bed but sprung. I suppose our good brother would have thrown those No. 4 Newhouse traps away, but I did not—I reset them.

The very next morning I had Mr. Coyote in

the little old No. 3 Jump. I have had coyotes spring lots of my sets without being caught. I don't call an animal caught unless he is held solid for a time at least, that is, time enough to tear things up a little anyhow. If a professional trappers considers that every time his trap is sprung he has had a catch and it has gotten out he would soon get discouraged, throw his traps away and seek some other employment.

Those new single spring Jump traps with the lug on chain end of the jaw is the coming trap. The pan is round and some larger than the pan of other makes of traps, yet if they are too large to suit the trapper they can easily be made smaller. The spring is plenty strong enough to hold any animal that the trap is intended to catch and that lug on the jaw will prevent the jaw from slipping out of the socket when the animal lunges as does the coyote.

If you have trouble with the spring or end of spring binding the jaws so it will not spring when tripped take the jaws out, heat the spring a little in a forge and bend it out a little so the jaws will work freely then you have an ideal trap. Since I fixed mine this way I have not lost a coyote in one of them. I expect to buy about two dozen more traps this season and they will surely be the Oneida Jump traps. They are good enough for me. In fact I would not have any other kind. My partner for this coming season expects to use nothing but the same kind of traps. They are good enough for "we'uns."

Another feature the Jumps have over the other makes is that they are lighter in weight and can be concealed much easier than other makes of traps.

Yes sir, Mr. Cleave, I mean every word I say. The Jump trap is O.K. and will hold any coyote living.

M. G. Meek, La Plata Co., Colo.

ALASKA AS A FUR COUNTRY.

This particular section of Alaska is more of a mining country, than anything else at present, but fishing and trapping are carried on to some extent. Fur farming has been tried out for the last twenty years with some success and of course some failures. Most of the failures can be traced to poachers, and inexperienced and a combination of several reasons. On the other hand those who gave the business their time and attention have made a success. Most all of the fur farming down around here has been confined to foxes and that mostly blue foxes. There has been more attention paid of late to black and silver foxes.

Quite a number of people are trying the raising of mink and marten. This section, Southeastern Alaska, is particularly well adapted, there being an unlimited amount of natural food which is easily found, also plenty of good fresh water and thousands of good and suitable places for the establishing of

any kind of fur farms. For those who like hunting and fishing, there is plenty of sport and an abundance of game and fish. Such as deer, bear (black and brown), ducks of several kinds, geese, grouse, Ptarmigan, and thousands of eagles.

For furbearers, we have mink, marten, otter, ermine, wolf and inland some fifty miles or more, foxes of the most valuable kinds, also lynx which have a valuable pelt. Inland away from the beach range there are no deer, but there are plenty of mountain sheep and goats, also moose and caribou. For fish we have Oelican, herring, red snapper, rock cod, halibut, five or six kinds of salmon, black bass, and several kinds of trout. Now, that is some game and fish, to say nothing of whale and hair seal. There is a closed season on sea otters for some years yet, but they are



very scarce. I have found from experience that marten will breed in captivity, but they must have plenty of range, for the female will die if not given plenty of exercise.

I am sending you a photo of a bear killed by the writer on June 3, 1913. I have seen much larger bears, but have killed none larger here in Alaska.

As for a rifle I am using at present a .35 Remington, but if I were going to hunt these large brown bears in this country, I would use either .50-110 or a .405, as they are animals that you can not take chances with. The Admiralty Island bears are a close second to the far famed Kodiak Island bears.

For deer and such like animals here any old rifle is good enough, for most of the shooting is done within one hundred to two hundred yards.

B. Frakes, Alaska.

HUNTING THE COUGAR IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

One Saturday evening I ran across an old friend of mine. He said: I have been so busy this fall I have not had time to get a deer. Will you come up tomorrow morning? I believe my boy is going to take a run after brush wolves and the chances are they will have the deer moving around and you can get one.

By the way, this Rock is a good hunter; he has lived in Montana and Washington and is a good bush man. He was on hand the next morning, but my boys, George and Jim, had changed their plans and went up the mountain side back of the house to set marten traps. After their traps were set, they went along the mountain side to have a look at a cave where there might be a bear. Snow was about a foot deep. They had Vic and Roger, two Airedales, mother and son, the pup being six months old. Finding no bear in the cave they went a little farther down, when all at once the dogs made a dash to one side; they saw something brown going and the dogs after it. It was two cougars, and the sharp bark of Vic and deep bass of the pup was sure fine music. The brush was rather open so the dogs had a good chance. They hung on to their flanks so close that they only ran about 200 yards, when one of them hunted a tree—it had not even time to pick a good one, but goes up a sappling about 15 feet high. The dogs then got tangled and didn't know whether to keep going after the other or stand and bark, so they tried to do both.

George being in the lead had his eye on the dogs, when all at once Mr. Smith called him to stop when, looking up within a few feet of him, he sees a cougar. At the same moment Mr. Smith's gun cracks and the cougar drops with a bullet in his brain. After the dogs pulled him they disappeared. We then sat down and commenced to tell how it was done, when all at once we heard the dogs again and for a good one-half hour their music could be heard. We then went down the mountain side about one-half mile. George in the lead finds another cougar up a large hemlock. He waits until his companion comes up and he shot through his head, lifting off the top of his skull. This was the second cougar we killed.

We then went back up the mountains to get the hide of the first one. We now had time to look around. As we were going up the hill we saw tracks of more cougars, but as it was getting dark and it would take a while to take off the hide, we came down to where the others were.

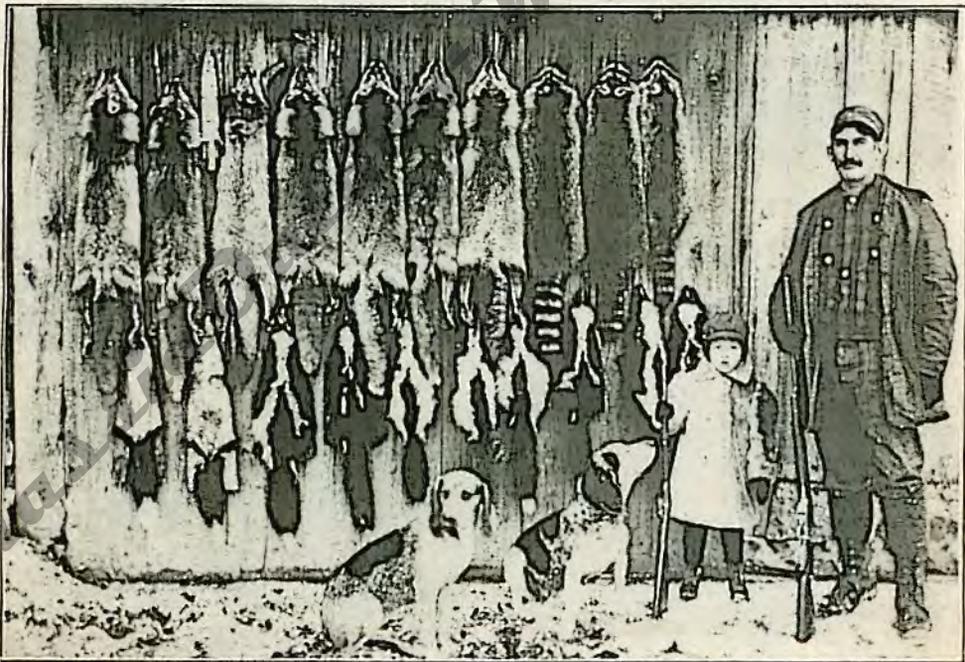
The next morning George stopped at home to help me cut logs, and Rob, my oldest boy, went with Mr. Smith. After an hour's climb they struck the place where the cougars were and found a deer half eaten. We were there but a short time when the dogs began to bark. Rob soon got to the tree and as soon as Mr. Smith could get there he dropped a cougar, about fifty pounds.

Now, here is where the trouble starts; everything had worked like clock work so far. Our old dog likes to run deer, and about one-half mile away a deer is lying. The cougar is no sooner killed than she makes a straight line for the deer. They heard the dogs bark and followed the track until they got to where the deer was lying, but deer and dog was gone. The snow is too deep farther up the mountains to follow them. They waited around until night when they had to come home without them. During the night the pup came home. In the morning Mr. Smith was on hand to finish the hunt, but the old dog was not home, so they tried it with the pup. They got to the spot where the game was and jumped it, but the young dog had not enough spunk; he wanted his mother. He then ran a short distance and came back. After trying him a while they came back.

Next day Vic was not home yet. During the day Rob took some traps and went up and set them around the deer. The same day George and Jim went out to look for Vic. They found him up the valley in a neighbor's trap about four miles from home. She came home on three legs. The next morning we examined her and found that she was not able to hunt. But we must have those coyotes today, so we sent for one of the neighbor's dogs, they having the same kind of a dog as ours,

Rob thinking that our pup would have more courage being with the other dogs. So I with the three dogs started to round them up. We soon arrived at the same old place, sending Jim ahead to see the traps and get them off so the dogs would not get in. He soon called and when we got there we found one trap gone. We followed the trail and soon came to one of the cougars the dog had caught and held. He looked larger than he really was; his fur was standing on ends. We soon settled him with a .22. We then started for the others around him. Jim and George took the dogs and started to jump them. We soon had them on a run. Roger was following good, but the other dogs did not know what the fun was about and started to draw behind sometimes. Jim caught sight of one of them and fired a shot out of his .22. The sound of the gun encouraged Roger to make a dash for both, they being about 20 feet apart. We all gathered under the trees and after admiring them a while we dropped them with the .22 and then off for home.

Now, you have seen a picture of them in a recent issue of H-T-T. The bounty on them was \$90.00. The fur realized was \$15.00. In conclusion I could tell you more cougar hunts of last winter, but you would have to take my word for it, as I have neither hide, fur or bounty to show for it. John Avis, Canada.



FURS CAUGHT BY GRANT TARBOX, FALL AND WINTER OF 1912 AND 1913, POTTER CO., PA.

A FEW DAYS ON THE KAW.

After spending a day or two in the woods I had to take a trip of two weeks with my partner and another friend. So on the 18th of



UNPACKING.

August we left for our camping grounds. About noon we had the tents pitched. My partner and I rowed the boat up while the other boy brought up the supplies in a wagon.



A SCENE ALONG THE KAW AT OUR CAMP.

Setting our lines we fished late that night, but caught nothing to show for it. As catfish did not bite very good, we made some dough balls and had very good luck in catching carp,

four in a day and a half, one weighing from eight to ten pounds. We only ate one, sold one, and gave the rest away to visitors that came to camp.

After spending two weeks we started for home and must say that we had a good time and more. I am going to spend two weeks every summer in the woods as long as I am able. There is one thing that comes to me every fall: it is a feeling that I should pack my winter outfit and go to the woods with my trap and pinch a few toes of some of our furbearers. Did a feeling like this ever come to any of you? I think this fall I cannot be satisfied unless I go, which I intend to do in the near future.



ME AND MY PET POSSUM.

Enclosed find a few pictures of our camp which was situated on the bank of the Kansas River, eight miles west of Topeka. The one of myself and my possum was taken in our back yard near my little shed. I was going to buy another one from some of your advertisers and go to raising possums, but before I had him three weeks some one stole him and I found his hide in the alley. I knew it by a little scratch under the neck.

As to this magazine I think it could not be better.

It is the same old song everywhere that game is going fast, but it could be stopped if we would just think first and not after it is gone. As for game here in Shawnee County we haven't much—a few rabbits, squirrels, ducks and geese in season, quail (protected),

muskrats, skunks, opossum, civet cats and a very few coons and mink.

As the article is getting rather lengthy I will close by wishing long life to the editor



FIVE THAT TIPPED THE SCALE AT 4 POUNDS.

and his magazine, which I think is the best for hunters and sportsmen ever published, and good luck to all you hunters and trappers for the coming season.

W. Skibhe, Shawnee Co., Kans.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER FROM NEVADA.

As my last letter was accepted, I will try and give a few more of my valuable experiences.

We have had two snow storms here in Nevada and it makes a person want to be on the line once more, but I am patiently waiting for a price list before I start trapping, as I fear the prices will be away down.

Coyotes seem to be very plentiful here this fall and I look for a banner year for numbers if there is any market whatever.

As to this so-called game protection, no doubt it is all right in most sections, but here in Elks County, Nevada, it is only a farce. Any hunter or trapper knows that coyotes are very destructive to all kinds of small game. Our principle game is save chickens, blue grouse and yellow grouse and the coyotes destroy their nests by the thousands. Yet our game warden was elected to the assembly four years ago and about the only law he fathered was to reduce the bounty from \$1.00 to 50

cents on coyotes. That is the kind of game protection we have in Elks County.

I have seen a great many wolf trappers' infallible sets in the pages of our magazine, and some are very good. I haven't a best set; the main thing is to leave the ground looking natural and set traps in the open as "brer coyote" seems to know where a good place for a trap is as well as the trapper. Setting a trap and waiting for the snow to cover it may be all right for foxes, but not for covots, as they will remember where that trap is and seem to be more suspicious after a snow storm.

I can get ten coyotes when the ground is bare to one when the ground is covered with snow. My catch last winter was forty-three coyotes, nineteen mink, seven lynx cats and eleven ermine and one civet cat. Pretty good when I had lots of ranch work to do in between times.

How many of our readers have never seen a sage hen. Well, those who have not, I want to say that they are sure a nice bird from about July 15th until the snow begins to fall. Then they live on sage leaves and become too strong to suit my taste. They have no gizzard, just a stomach like an animal. They get quite large, the old roosters get to weighing about eight or nine pounds.

Deer in this country is almost a thing of the past, although they use to be plentiful. Rabbits are more than plentiful, principally snowshoe and cotton-tails, although in the lower country the black tail jacks are by the thousands.

Now, as to my opinion of the question and answer department: Every one has his own ideas, I suppose, and mine is that questions and answers are the most valuable features of the whole magazine. I have had some real valuable information from that part; one or two answers that have paid for the good old H-T-T for several years to come.

One was on trapping white weasels, and it surely worked an idea to a novice, which sometimes is a whole lot as it gives a person a start and the rest comes easy after that.

I am an ardent fisherman, but no sport, I suppose, as I always fish with bait, and generally get the fish. But, then, why shouldn't I, as I have fished these same streams since I was nine years old and am thirty-five now. I forgot to say that our fish and trout are not very large and one weighing one pound would be considered large.

This game hog business is a shame. I don't believe a persons should kill or catch any game or fish and let it spoil, but when a person only gets out in the open once or twice in a season he should have a right to take something home to share with his friends. As you all know that talking it over afterwards is half the fun. If you have a few friends who tasted some of the fruits of your prowess, makes it more so.

Now, I want to say something about my dog. He is a half greyhound and half Australian shepherd, and is a dandy bird dog. He will not point, but will begin wagging his tail and circling so as to give ample warning and will retrieve anything from a dove to a duck or

snowshoe rabbit. I never had the chance to try him on a deer. He caught and killed two coyotes for me last winter, but has caught a number and let them go again after holding at bay for quite a while. He is very swift, and outruns any coyote with anything like an even chance. He will not steal. I have tried him a number of times and never found him false. Now, talk about your dogs being worth so much money, well, I would feel like placing a momentary value on the friendship of my best friend if I placed a price on "Old Sport," although he is only four years old.

I was pleased that a person from Nevada agreed with me, but why shouldn't he; from his letter our systems are almost alike. His letter is authentic for I have had experience enough to sift the grain from the chaff. I wish more like he would contribute. Too many get wise to all the arts of trapping by a mere streak of luck, and jump on some one who is not so lucky.

I find that to make any kind of a success as a trapper, like anything else is "Don't give up the ship." I have trapped for ten days or two weeks going ten or fifteen miles a day and never a hair, and then in one or two trips made up for lost time. Of course, there are hundreds of readers who will read this and smile, as they are far wiser than I, but I am merely writing as I find conditions, and perhaps if I were transferred to some of their back yards would be strictly out of it.

Geo. A. Nelson, Elk Co., Nev.

A FOUR WEEKS' CAMPING TRIP IN NEW JERSEY.

I started on the last of August so as to be ready for the snipe season, which opened on the first of September, for the Big Piece along the Passaic River, where I entered to stay until the end of November, one month being enough to be alone.

I had a man drive my outfit up, which consisted of a 7x7 wall tent, cooking utensils, carpenter's tools, boots, books, double .12 gauge shotgun, .22 rifle, .22 revolver, fishing tackle and a great many other things that I did not need.

We landed at the grounds about 4 p. m. Monday, the driver unloaded my outfit and went home. I went to work putting my tent up. First I got four logs, 7x7, and nailed them in a square and then nailed the two utmost post in the center, which was to be the front and back. I then raised the tent and put in a board floor, in the middle I put a bunch of hay, and the one quilt I had, which made a good bed. It was Wednesday before I had everything unpacked and in place.

About noon I took my gun and went down the river where I saw a bunch of snipes feeding. I got within twenty-five yards of them and let the nearest one have it. He kicked a little bit and laid there; the others all flew away. I ducked in the brushes and waited for them to come back, but they didn't come. I was just getting ready to go when I saw a lone one lying quite a distance down the river. I could not get any closer, so I shot at him

but only wounded him. He flew out on a rock in the middle of the river and I hit him again. This time he flew towards me and I shot him the third time. A dear snipe, wasn't it? But I did not care; he didn't get away wounded, anyhow, and I was satisfied.

When I went back to camp a friend of mine was there. When he saw the snipe he danced all over the camp. He stayed with me a couple of days. That night we set out a couple of drop lines and caught a two-pound catfish. Paul danced again and I mounted its head.

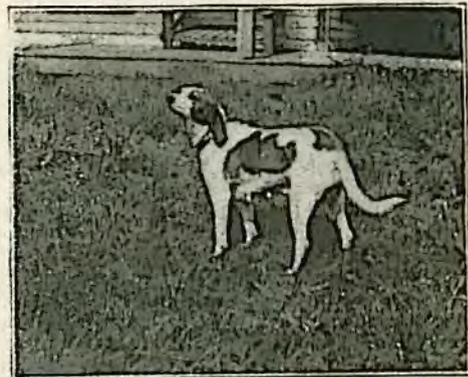
The snipe and catfish certainly tasted good on a September morning for breakfast. We sat on the bank and caught a five-pound cat. Paul nearly went crazy. We had that cat for dinner and supper. Friday two more of my friends came up—Al and Muz; Paul went home. Al fried some sunfish that I caught and while we were eating them I noticed that Muz was having some trouble; he seemed to be choking. I asked him what was the matter and he said, "There are too many nails in them," meaning bones. We had a good laugh at him. I got another snipe before the week was up, and Monday I got a mudhen. Tuesday Chris Ellis came up and we got another snipe.

If you want to have a good soup, here is one. Chris said he never tasted a soup as good. Take two snipes, two large potatoes, two tomatoes, two ears of corn cut up, a teaspoonful of lard, salt, a quart and a half of water, cook for twenty minutes.

As I sit in my tent writing this, I can see a flock of Wilson's night feeding on a low land across the river, but my shells have run out, the second week, and I must grind my teeth about shooting at tin cans and wasting shells.

To make a long story short, I did not do much the last two weeks I was here. During my stay I caught seven snipes, one mudhen, one crow, one sparrow-hawk, and about fifty pounds of fish. I have noticed quite a few signs of mink, muskrat and coon up here, and I think it will be a good season for trapping, but I won't be here. Friday I am going to Long Island to stay a month, then I am going to Virginia.

Fred Hirtz, Passaic Co., N. J.



BLUE CAP NELLIE, A FOX RUNNING BEAGLE. OWNED BY A. W. VINCENT, FAYETTE CO., ILL.

LICKING COUNTY SQUIRREL HUNT

TAM going to try and tell you of a squirrel hunt I took with a friend of mine. On Thursday, September 17th, I started with John Barton and his brother on a hunting trip. His brother took his machine, a Harley Davidson, eight horse power. We had a puncture and as it could not be repaired we started from his place at 3:30 in the morning up to my place. I changed my clothes, putting on my hunting togs, had an early breakfast and started on our trip.

As I had my gun in a shop being repaired I had to use my brother's, a new Winchester, Model '94 repeater. John used a .12 gauge double imported gun. Mine was a .12 gauge, costing sixty-four dollars when new. My brother gave twenty-five dollars for it second-



MR. SCOTT, MR. LONG, THE AUTHOR, AND THEIR BARREL OF CIDER.

handed. It has two sets of barrels, a trap barrel and field barrel. It has not quite enough drop in stock to suit me and is made of walnut, checkered pistol grip and two rubber butt plates. I shot thirty-two times when squirrel hunting and my shoulder did not pain me a bit, while John shot four times and complained of his shoulder hurting him.

We went hunting three miles east of St. Louisville, thirteen miles from home. We put the machine in the barn after a nice ride by way of Wilkin Conner's pike. We started into a few of the woods that I was well acquainted with, which I ought to know, as I hunted in them when only a boy. We saw two grey squirrels in the forenoon, but did not get a shot at them. We came down past the house, helped ourselves to some cider and went to some woods south of the house. I did not get a shot; came home to dinner at 1:30.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott had a fine dinner for us with beef and gravy, mashed potatoes, good

bread, pickles, tomatoes, all kinds of jellies, cakes, and finished up with watermelon and pumpkin pie. We were as hungry as bears and the result was to let our belts out after dinner. After a chat and a smoke we snapped a few pictures of ourselves and went back hunting.

I forgot to say I caught a screech owl and put it in my coat. Mr. Scott played pigeon and bagged it with John's double first shot in the wing. Being somewhat discouraged with our forenoon's hunt we started east of the house with Mr. Scott. John started for the woods while Mr. Scott asked me if I would try my hand at cutting corn. I entered a shock for him just to show him I had not forgotten. I spent my first seventeen years on a farm or farms, for I have been on several. Well, I went up above him to the woods and finally met John. We sat down on a log and began talking of our friends, when John said: Look there, Joe, and we both jumped at the same time. John shot once and I shot three times at a grey squirrel on the fence, but it had gotten away.

After kidding each other about our shoot—we started across a pasture field to a spring I knew of and got a drink of the best cold water, which greatly relieved our thirst. We then went back to the same woods that we were in the forenoon. We then separated. I heard a squirrel bark and was at the lower end of the woods. I thought maybe it was somebody and was warning the other squirrels, but I started to where the sound came from and got pretty near to where it was. I was looking at the top of the trees for the squirrel which had stopped barking for a reason of its own. After looking around and not seeing him, I was on the point of starting on when I heard a smothered laugh, and sitting behind two different tree stumps were two fellows. One was a friend of mine I used to work with. They laughed at me, and I had to laugh myself for sneaking around from one tree to another hunting one squirrel. The joke was on me and I enjoyed it as much as they.

My friend proved to be Mr. Glick and his friend, Mr. Parks. Mr. Glick said they could hear us clear across the woods and told us we must keep more quiet if we expected to get any game. Mr. Glick had a .12 gauge double-barrel L. C. Smith; Mr. Parks a double .12 Ithaca. Mr. Parks had a low pair of overshoes on, while Mr. Glick had a pair of laced felts minus the overshoes, and the way they went without making any noise opened my eyes, both being quick old hunters.

After the joke played on me I thought my friend would enjoy going down to the other end of the woods. I left him, as Mr. Glick commenced to bark like a squirrel as he had it down pat. We were all laughing to see him come and we finally got tired standing calling. Thinking my friend might have gone farther

down than where I left him, we started to the lower end of the woods and got behind a stump close to where I left him. We called for a few minutes and still he didn't come. I then told them I thought he went south. I started for the house, my friends bidding me goodby with hopes of seeing each other soon. When I was within fifty feet from where we were calling my friend laid on his back fast asleep with a smile on his face. I called the other fellows to come and help me play a trick on him. We finally decided to steal his gun, which fell to me to steal, so if he should wake up he wouldn't think anything. I sneaked up; he had it laying across his waist. After I got it I gave it to Mr. Glick. We then went about forty yards behind some fallen tree trunks. Mr. Parks crossed the fence to the woods and fell over the fence and woke him up. He hollered, "Hey, Bill, that you?" John woke up, rubbed his eyes, looked for his shotgun, felt for his watch, then looked into his hip pocket for his knife. You should have seen the look on his face. As Mr. Parks was a stranger to him, he did not know what to do, while we were back in the woods laughing at him. Mr. Glick barked like a squirrel and Mr. Parks looked up the tree for it and turned his back, but could not hold in any longer. He just laid down on the ground and rolled over and laughed. Then he would look and start into a new fit of laughing. John's face was scarlet as he knew he was being the bulk of the joke.

Then we brought out the gun and after a while he laughed, as he enjoys a joke even though it was on him. Well, after it was over and we had said goodby to the other fellows, and a good luck and don't go to sleep, they left us. We sat and looked at each other, John knowing that I was the cause of it and looked kind of mad. Then he commenced to smile and just laughed until I thought he would burst. Then he said, Joe, I think we had better go home, as we are not safe out here in the woods without a chaperon, and I told him it was one time that he told the truth.

We went out of the woods, down to the house, and after relating our experience to Mr. and Mrs. Scott and a Mr. Long, who was visiting there, drank some cider, cleaned the guns, took some pictures, got the machine out and started for home. After thanking Mr. and Mrs. Scott for their fine dinner, and with a "come out whenever you can, boys," we cranked up the Harley and up hill and down around curves until we finally pulled into Newark. To make a short story long, we got home all O. K. and while the Harley was making the dust fly I was humming, "I love the pigs and the cows and the chickens, but this is the life, this is the life." That was as far as I got for the machine stopped in front of our door and a "so long," we left each other.

This finishes our unsuccessful squirrel hunt. We had a fine time and expect to go again before the law is out.

L. M. Moore, Licking Co., Ohio.

WOOD WITCHERY.

BY CLYDE EDWIN TUCK.

While the sun shines on the clover,
Ere the summer days are over,
And old Winter, sear and hoary comes along,
Let's go out where bass are leaping,
Where the rapid river's sweeping
Through the forests where is heard the wild
bird's song.

With a heart that's warm and cheery,
To the haunts of lark and veery,
Let us seek the harmony each warbler knows,
Where the sylvan lyrists meet you—
With impassioned strains they greet you,
Where each sportive breeze harp colian
blows.

Where the sunbeams filter through
Cedars green and spruces blue,
And the mountain rill in trebles hurries by;
Where the wild hops drooping tresses
Seek it, with silk-soft caresses,
Out to catch the warmth and blueness of the
sky.

Down the wood-path let us follow,
Over hill and dale and hollow,
Where unrolls a mossy carpet 'neath the pine,
And our hearts will surely capture,
Something of the peace and rapture
That the woodlands offer to your soul and
mine.

Why not join the romp and revel
On the brook bank, green and level,
With the denizens of forest and of plain,
Ere the autumn leaves are falling,
And the birds, no longer calling,
Leave to ice and snow the windy hills again?

Come while life and hope invite us;
Woods and streams will all requite us;
Leave the cold heart of the city for awhile,
Leave its noises and its folly
For the wild rose and the holly,
And our hearts in Nature's witchery beguile.
Polk County, Mo.

A LUCKLESS ADVENTURE.

Comrades, I have come again to our old friend and teacher. It has been a long while since I have written any articles of my experience with the dog, trap and gun. Of course, it is little compared to what others have.

On August 4th, 1903, I left my home in Central Ohio (only forty miles from the home of our editor), when I started for the north-western part of Wisconsin, where my brother lives. After having a pleasant visit with him for a month or so, I commenced working for a man who lived within twenty rods of the Chippewa River, and if ever I was in a game and fur country, it was there. The prairie chickens, quail and ducks were plentiful. There were a number of hunters, also, as this place is good for hunting. I have seen droves of quail, fifteen to twenty in a bunch, walk

across the door step, this occurring almost every day or two.

One afternoon some friends of mine went squirrel hunting. They were gone probably about three hours, and in that time had caught eight grey squirrels. One of my friends used a .20 gauge shotgun owned by the writer, and the other had a .12 gauge, the makes I do not remember, but I think that pretty good for not missing a single shot. I went out several times, but had the ill luck of not getting much game.

I remember a game warden from Iowa, who came over in his auto and stayed all night on the grounds trying to catch a violator, but he went back empty-handed. I had not been in the state a year, so I had to send to Madison for a settler's license, which cost me one dollar, the same as a resident's license.

About the first of November the trapping fever came on me and I could not get it off, but I guess I did not try too. When I left home I boxed my traps, thirty in number, for the purpose of having them sent to me, wherever I was. I had my people send them by express and then I started for the favorite places which I had been hunting up for several days. The express company must have thought I had plenty of money, for when my tools arrived I found they had charged me one dollar and a half; but there was no way out of it, so I had to pay it.

The next day my partner and I, bright and early, loaded our guns, set off for the little creek, where we had seen many rat signs and also a whopper of a coon track. Arriving at the creek we commenced setting our traps with the greatest care and baiting wherever we thought might draw some fur. About noon we finished setting our traps, they being along the creek about a mile.

I will not go into detail to tell what hap-

pened. Every morning it was just about the same—bare traps. We kept our courage up and took interest for six or eight weeks, but finally pulled them up in disgust, not catching a single piece of fur.

The reason for this was that the country, being new to us, and not knowing where to find the game, which has a great deal to do with an inexperienced trapper going to a new state. That ended our trapping for the winter.

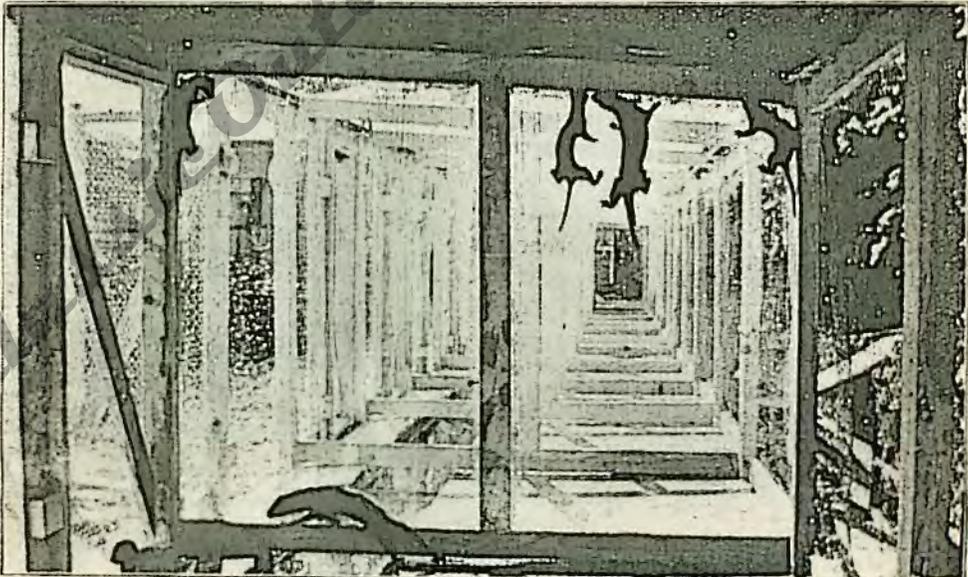
About the first of March I commenced to get the Western fever, so on the 23d of March, 1914, I went to St. Paul, bought a ticket for Billings, Montana. Arriving in Billings I commenced looking for work, but no work to be found. I stayed here eight weeks, and I think out of the eight weeks I had one week's work.

I saw several coyotes while out there. One night while plowing we almost ran over one. He came up the furrow and the bright light on the engine must have puzzled him. There was a bounty on them, but I cannot remember just what it was.

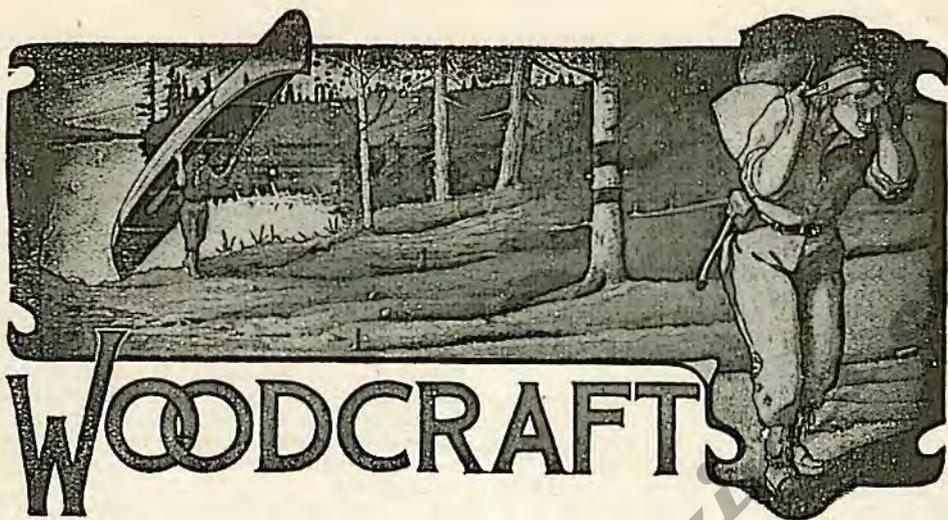
I commenced to think that it would not do for me to stay here, so I went back to St. Paul and went down the Northwestern line about fifty miles, where I stayed until the 28th of July. Then I commenced to think of my old home in Ohio. I went to Kokomo, Ind., where I worked a few days, and from there to my Ohio home, where I was glad to be and now I am preparing to make this winter a profitable one with three dozen traps and a .22 rifle. Two years ago I caught more fur around here than any of the other trappers.

This is getting pretty long, so, Mr. Editor, if you see fit to print this I will come again some time. There is no other sporting magazine that comes up to my notion like the H-T-T. I sit for hours at a time and read it.

S. J. Rockwell, Knox Co., Ohio.



MINK RAISED ON THOS. WHALEY'S FUR FARM, IBERVILLE CO., LA. SHOWING INSIDE VIEW OF A BATTERY OF BREEDING PENS.



INCLUDE THESE THINGS IN THE CAMPING OUTFIT.

BY ALBERT MARPLE.

There is so much talk about "roughing it" on camping trips that I almost hesitate to make a few suggestions as to the "extras" that might be included in the outfit, for fear I will, as I have on several occasions, been given the "laugh" or be a mark for the "first day" jokes. I say "first day" jokes, and by that I want to convey the thought that they, generally, are not heard after the first day. "Roughing it" in the minds of some people seems to be that a person must leave all of the comforts at home—also, many of the necessities. That you must live on hardtack and sleep rolled in a single blanket. Fortunately, however, these ideas are entertained only by those who have either never been camping or who's experience has been extremely limited.

Laying all jokes aside, there are a number of small articles that should be included in the outfit—from a standpoint of personal comfort and safety. From my experience in the mountains, and I have hit the trail a number of times, I find that it is almost impossible to take a trip of almost any length without injury, bites from insects and snakes or something of the kind. And these are things that should be attended to at once.

I have spent a number of vacation times in the mountains and the following few articles I might mention as being found really acceptable as various troubles might arise: Tube of face cream, for, until one becomes used to the sun and mountain air, the lips and face are bound to become dry; tube of tooth paste, tube of shaving soap, small bottle of peroxide, a roll of adhesive tape one-half inch wide; roll of bandages about one and one-half inches in width. Then there is the soap paper. This is one of the most convenient articles I have ever seen. This book is about the size of an

ordinary memorandum book. When it is desired to wash all there is necessary to do is to tear a leaf out of the book and, after moistening, rub it between the hands as one would soap.

A small bottle of boracic acid and an eye cup would be found very handy. In the summer the mountain roads and trails are dusty and it is indeed soothing and cleansing to the eyes to bathe them with boracic acid and water at the close of the day's tramping or ride.

If you take these on the next camping trip the moment you open your pack there will be a grand hooting from the remainder of the party. They will probably ask you why you ever left the land of perfume and candy, but, don't worry, probably before another hour has passed some one of the party will come around and try to "mooch" some of the lip-softener, cut-repairer or some other of your articles.

TRAVELING LIGHT.

I see the Editor has called for articles on woodcraft, fur farming, etc., so I will make an attempt. I am not an old timer, but a beginner, who simply intends to tell his experiences in the woods.

On the 30th day of July a friend whom I always called Bill (for a very good reason) and the writer, started out for the hills with our packs. The first of August deer season opened, so the reader may draw his own conclusions. I do not intend to describe this trip, but to tell what we learned and what we took, along with a few incidents of particular note.

First the pack sack. I had the largest one I could get and it was not any too large. I believe it measured 26x28 inches. By all means get one with a head strap or tump line, as it is much easier carrying. Bill had a U. S. Army pack and put his blankets in a roll on top. He had a hard time to manage it,

too. The sack should not have gussets in the bottom and sides. Bill found this out. Take a single blanket. It is hard enough to manage when you make your bed. It is impossible for me to keep my feet from sticking out, so



THE WRITER READY TO START.

I wore heavy woolen socks, and my troubles were over.

I carried about 38 pounds (including a week's grub), and Bill a few pounds less. As we were floundering through salal waist deep, I said to Bill, "If this is traveling light, I wonder what traveling heavy is." So be care-



BILL READY TO START.

ful that your packs don't get too heavy. Besides my pack I was carrying a .25-20 W. C. F., weight seven and a half pounds. I wore moccasins with eight-inch tops. Never wear low moccasins into the woods, or you may be

sorry. This applies to brush. I don't know about canoes, etc.

Try to camp in a dry place. The first night we camped in a very wet place, and Bill sat by the fire all night to keep warm. I wasn't exactly comfortable myself.

Keep things in order in camp. We always kept all the knives and axes stuck in the same tree where they were handy. When things are not in order it takes three times longer to get anything done. We kept all the grub and miscellaneous items in the pack sack. We each had a hatchet. Bill's weighed about two and a half pounds and had a handle about a foot long, more or less. Mine was a belt axe, weighing one and a half pounds. We could have used a full-grown axe to good purpose, but we got along well anyway.

The best time of the day to hunt or fish is early morning or late afternoon. Don't wear colors that are bright or conspicuous, even if you are not hunting. Some states advise wearing bright colors so you will not be mistaken for game, but I would sooner stay out of the woods than to go under those conditions.

I am enclosing pictures of us as we started. Bill is shown holding his dog, while the other picture is of the writer. We got along fine while out, though we didn't get the deer.

If you are going into the woods, read up on camping and woodcraft. The following books are the best I know of and I have read many: *Camp and Trail Methods*, by E. Kreps; *Camping and Woodcraft*, by H. Kephart, and *Camp and Trail*, by S. E. White.

Williard Johnson, Oregon.

COOKING RABBITS.

How many readers can erect a stove, clean a rabbit and cook it in half an hour? It is really very simple, if one has the necessary material.

First, four green sticks, about eighteen inches long. These are driven in the ground in the form of a square. Then more green sticks are needed, four being placed between the crotches of the sticks in such a way as to connect all of the upright pieces. Then more sticks are placed on these, close enough together to support the game being cooked. Now, light a fire beneath this platform of sticks, and the stove is ready for the game.

As for eliminating the Q. and A. Department, as some seem to be in favor of doing, I am not in favor of it, as it is one of the most interesting parts of the paper.

Why not leave the paper as it is, or if a change really is needed, why not cut out some of the coon hunting stories.

L. J. M., Pepin Co.

IN THE OPEN.

Every month some article appeals direct to me. The October number has several letters that are worth one year's subscription to me. One I especially refer to on page 78, "A Novel Camp Outfit." He has it down fine on his outfit. I know, for I have tried it both on

land and on water. Buy some second-hand delivery wagon and horse if you desire to go as cheap as possible and follow Brother Holzen's plan. Explore your own vicinity. If you live in a large city, you will find that to start out and go—keep going; don't have any definite destination, and stop where it looks the most inviting, where the road crosses some stream. Then ask permission to hunt or fish of the nearby farmer, buy some good, fresh milk, be sociable with them, and they will treat you right. If they don't, just hitch up old Dobbin and pull on to another nice place. When you have finished your trip come back to town, sell the horse the first opportunity you have, and keep the wagon for next year, or sell both and you can get your ideas of improvement when you rig up for next year.

I live now mostly in my twenty-foot, 7 horsepower cabin launch on Boca Ceiga Bay or on Tampa Bay. My cabin on the boat is 5½x11 feet, plenty of room for two persons, but I am generally alone. I have my bunk on one side, and use it as a seat in the day time. My two-burner blue flame stove under the forward deck, my grub box, about the size of a common trunk, serves several purposes. My table is a 30x36-inch board, two screw hooks attaches it to side of boat and a screw eye in the table and another in ceiling of cabin connected by a No. 8 wire with a hook on each end completes a table that hangs horizontal when in use and swings down along side of cabin when not in use.

I light the cabin by electricity at practically no cost, but only burn the light when needed. This is a little trick that will be useful to many of you—so here it is free of charge. Being a telegraph operator over 20 years I learned this among other things. Ask your friends who use auto or gas engines to give you all their used-up dry batteries. They throw them away as of no value. Using them on gas engines uses up the amperage only, the voltage is still there or a good portion of it, and voltage makes light. Now, buy a tungsten light bulb same as used on the larger size flash lamps and fit it into a holder, then connect two wires. The lamp will cost about 50 cents, and a S. P. S. T. switch 15 cents; this is all the cost. Connect three old batteries that have been used up sparking gas engines, and by using only as a light when needed by turning on the switch you have equal to a big lamp light at very slight cost. Brother Holzen's idea for a bed will be used by yours truly between my bunk and the other side of the cabin for "ye visitor," which will probably be coming from Springfield, Mass., who is due to arrive any day, and you are likely to hear of some "Bunnys" and "Old Tops" doings this winter.

I am glad to see Florida so well represented in October issue. G. L. Darrow's letter should be read by all who desire Florida information, and I can say that his "Cedar Keys" coon story is believed by me. A man set 23 traps on Long Key three years ago, and went to them at midnight, and he had 19 coons, resetting the traps, in the morning he found he had 11 more—30 coons in one night from 23

traps. But remember, that was three years ago, and my big coon story last November occurred the same winter. Furs being high the past few years trapping has been more extensive, and coons are not so plentiful now, but I believe there are more coons to the square acre in Florida than any other state.

Also W. B. Little's article interested me. Brother Little, please write D. B. Gushwa, R. F. D., LaFayette, Ind., for my address and write me. I own a farm near where you say you lived in Florida and if you come to Tarpon Springs this winter, I would like to meet you. I am on Boca Ceiga Bay now.

I wish to compliment the Editor on his magazine, and I believe every reader will agree with me that there is not a magazine published that gives as much reading matter nor as good reading matter.

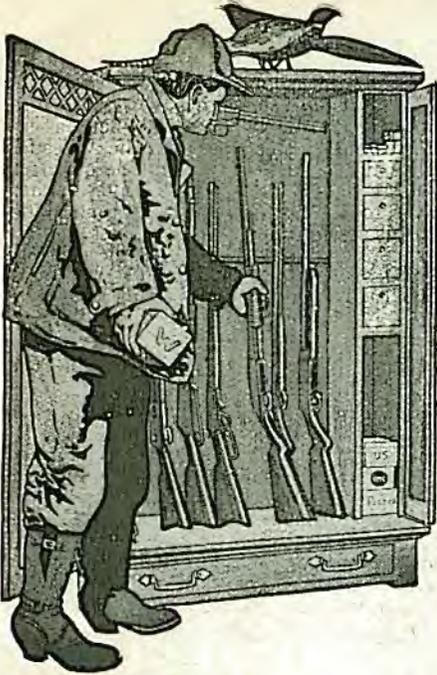
In "Out Door Life" for October appeared an article by M. A. Wilson, a tourist, who "interviewed" me last summer and made a story out of it. It shows a picture of me handling two snakes and calls me "The Hermit of Long Key."

Again I appeal to the Florida readers to write up our hunting and fishing for H-T-T, and send photos, if possible. We have the best fishing of any state in the Union, both fresh and salt water, and the hunting here is better than three-fourths of the other states.

Knight, Florida.



NORTHERN WISCONSIN MINK, PROPERTY OF C. R. CLAUSSEN, TAYLOR CO., WIS.



REPEATING AND AUTOMATIC GUNS.

I read much in magazines dealing with the outdoors, about repeating and automatic guns causing the decrease of game. Quite a few of your readers are of this opinion. For my part I favor the repeating gun.

In no way do I blame the repeating gun for the decrease in game. Why not lay some of the blame (if not all) on civilization. For instance, Mr. Woodcock, in his article on "Game and Game Laws" in the October issue, says that five years after his first trip into the wild woods of Northern Michigan, he again returned to find that a railroad had been built up into that section of the country, and by means of this railroad many city hunters were able to reach the game region with their repeaters. Because of these guns the game was almost wiped out.

Now, it is my belief that where there are hunters and guns (no matter what kind) the game will be killed and wiped out if civilization enters into the play.

Let us suppose that we see a hunter out with a single shot gun looking for deer. He finds one—a nice big buck—shoots at it. The deer makes off. Now, imagine, we can silently and swiftly keep up with Mr. Buck. After running for a good distance he begins to slow down. Why? Because he has been hit just bad enough to let him die a lingering death. The hunter, thinking he has just slightly injured the animal, does not follow, but instead goes about looking for another deer and cursing his ill luck. In this way a hunter might kill four or five deer in a season and yet only get his limit of one or two

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

Now, we will take the fellow with the repeating gun. He goes out, finds his deer, gets in two or three shots, and brings down his game. In this way you get your limit without killing two or three additional animals.

Sometimes it may be a case of life or death. Take for an example the following:

A hunter is roaming over the mountains in search of big game, having only his single shot gun. Suddenly he comes face to face with a large grizzly bear. Being a trifle startled by the suddenness of it, he shoots a little wild, only wounding the brute. Before he has time to reload, Mr. Grizzly charges. Well, perhaps he has a knife to fall back on, but before he is able to get in any good licks, Mr. Bear gets him.

On the other hand the hunter has a repeater. Perhaps the first shot only wounds the animal. Quickly pumping in another cartridge, he fires again. This time the bear goes down. Maybe he gets up again. In that case give him another, which finishes him.

These are not mere fancies, but actual facts which have happened again and again. Not so much in recent years as in earlier times when game was more abundant.

McGrew, Allegheny Co., Pa.

A PROPOSED .22 AUTOMATIC TARGET PISTOL.

Ever since the long barreled, finely sighted, target pistol was put on the market to handle the ".22 long rifle cartridge," there has been an urgent demand for an automatic of this type.

I know this is not an easy proposition for the manufacturer, for the ".22 long rifle," as now made, uses an outside lubricated bullet, and this would quickly foul the action of an automatic and cause it to stick. This cartridge could be made with an inside lubricated bullet at a very slight additional cost and would be very cleanly.

Now, what we want (and I think I speak for a great multitude besides myself) is not an automatic as usually furnished, hard, cropy trigger, bum sights, clumsy frame and awkward grip, but a finely balanced gun, neat in appearance, adjustable trigger, fine target sights.

My idea is to have a pistol built along the lines of the Luger automatic. Barrel 8 inches long to give sufficient distance between the

sights. Magazine in the handle to hold ten shots. Front sight either ivory or gold, rear sight to be adjustable for both elevation and windage. The rear sight should be adjustable by hand for a screw driver is not always available. The gun should not weigh less than 1½ pounds, as anything than this is hard to hold steadily.

A gun of this description would retail for about \$20, and I am sure it would have many advantages over the Smith & Wesson heavy frame .22 caliber target revolver which is now on the market. So let's get together and boost this thing and we will get it.

R. Veazey.

"THE BEST RIFLE."

I see a great many articles about the best gun. Now, my experience is that the gun that suits the man is the gun to use. I have used everything from the .22 R. F. to the .45-90, in black powder, and from .26-20 to the .280 Ross. And as far as killing is concerned, I don't see any difference if you hit. I have had good results in hunting deer with the .25-20 in green woods, but in open country I prefer a little heavier charge. I have used the .25-35 a great deal and prefer it above any for such as deer, bear and moose.

I see an article in regards to the .30-30 not being a good killing rifle. I have used them more or less since they were first patented, and, boys, I must say that if they don't kill it is because the man that used it can't hit. Don't

condemn the gun. Any of them are all right if the gun is properly cared for.

Last Fall I shot two deer with a .30-30 at about 900 yards. I hit them five times in five shots, and every shot went through but one, so I think that was enough power.

I see in the September issue where a man from Alberta, Canada, asks the question, "What is the proper revolver to use on a trap line?" My suggestion is if he intends to carry a rifle is to use a .22 six-inch Stevens, but if he intends to depend on his revolver alone, I would prefer a Mauser 7/63 caliber. I can highly recommend this arm when used with its own cartridges.

New Ontario.

THE HOLLOW POINT BULLET.

This is an ideal bullet for the .22 rifle. They are far ahead of the old cartridge for use on small game, such as rabbits and squirrels. The bullet itself weighs 29 grs., but it hasn't the penetration of the solid bullet, because it mushrooms in impact, but almost every hit kills.

Many of the boys may not think a .22 short enough to cause the hollow point to mushroom, but try them once, and I believe you will use them ever after.

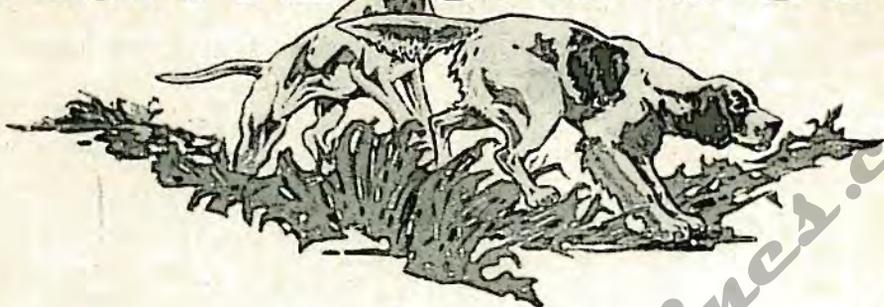
I have used them for the last year and am more than pleased with the result. The only trouble I have is that I have to order them. The dealer here never heard of them.

Roy Watt, Clinton Co., Mo.



SOME OF THE FURS CAUGHT LAST WINTER BY CHAS. ESTES, NEZ PIERCE CO., IDAHO. HIS ENTIRE CATCH WAS 76 SKINS, MOSTLY COYOTES, THE ONE MARKED X IS A GRAY WOLF CAUGHT IN NO. 3 SINGLE SPRING JUMP TRAPS.

HUNTING DOGS



"WHY IS AN AIREDALE."

Was very glad to see, in H-T-T for September, another letter from the pen of friend Hartley, of Ohio, which certainly throws a strong beam of light upon a subject which has hitherto been deeply enshrouded in darkness and mystery, viz., the origin of the Airedale Terrier.

Mr. Hartley says: "The first cross was with the bull terrier, that with the Scotch terrier, that with the Scotch collie, that with the pointer, that with the setter, and then, the standard having been secured, the crossing was discontinued. This does not make very clear just what Mr. Hartley crossed his bull terrier when he started to make that Airedale. I am sure that a few Airedale authorities, such as Mr. William Haynes, R. M. Palmer, F. M. Jowett, etc., will be more than glad to hear that the long argued question has at last been decided.

I have only the works of four supposed authorities on the breed, men whose opinion goes far with members of the fancy at large, but not one of them will commit himself insofar as to say with any degree of certainty just "why is an Airedale."

Mr. Palmer says: "When authorities differ, 'tis folly to be wise." Years ago, when in conversation with the noted international judge, Mr. George Raper, who has for years been breeding some of the best Airedale Terriers in England, and whose Yorkshire home has been always right where the breed originated, he remarked that those who were responsible for the making of the breed had but meager exact knowledge of what constituted the breed, for they seemingly just grew into existence—a general pot pourri of the sporting dogs of the dale of the Aire."

Mr. Haynes says: "When it comes to saying anything definite about the origin of the dog which we now call the Airedale, you begin to deal in traditions as conflicting as

theories on the Martian canals, and speculations as vague as old wives' tales. Taking all the yarns and guesses, and boiling them down to an average, we find that the Airedale, so most people think, was originally a cross between a tan-grizzle terrier, now extinct or absorbed in other breeds, but once common in the midlands, and the otter hound, a big, wire-coated dog of the bloodhound type, that comes in all the colors of Joseph's famous coat but mostly white with tannish markings (declared by English authorities to be a Yorkshire terrier-foxhound cross).

To this cross were added dashes of bull terrier and Bedlington terrier, a light weight, top-knotted dog from the north of England. Probably there were sprinkles of the blood of the collie, and of all terriers found at the time between the Midlands and the Scottish borderland. All these—Fox, Manchester, Welsh, Old English and Dandy Dinmont, were then more or less indefinite as to type and uncertain as to breeding, which helps materially in making confusion worse confounded. Just how and why this strange, indefinite mixture should result in the Airedale, no one can say. The otter hound donated the size, and love of the water, and all the terrier blood made of him a terrier in spite of his size. From the very beginning the breed had the advantage of having an object. The Yorkshiresmen wanted a big, strong, dead game, water loving terrier. That furnished a standard to breed to and they got what they wanted.

I could quote three or four of the leading authorities whose opinions coincide almost to the letter with the above, but enough is plenty. Mr. Hartley drew the wrong conclusion from my first letter, for which I am sorry. He evidently thought that, in defending the Airedale, I did so at the hound's expense. Far from it. I love a good hound as well as anyone, and think just as much of mine as I do of my

Airedales, or Irish, or fox (I have them all). In their way they are incomparable, but their forte is not general utility.

In hunting, I use the two together because there is nothing perfect in itself, even in dog flesh, and the two breeds have each qualities that they do not both possess. The Airedale hasn't enough of the hound to cause him to give tongue, which trait in a hound furnishes half the sport of hunting with dogs. On the other hand, when it comes to a finish, and your dogs have the quarry, we will say an old tom bobcat, or a bear; all the baying of all the hounds in the world will not give you half the thrills that the sight of the fighting skill, grit and dead game aggressiveness of your three or four Airedales.

I have, upon approaching a tree wherein my hounds, hunting alone, were holding a bear, seen the quarry take to the ground and break through the pack for another run, but put a few Airedales of the right kind in the pack and Mr. Bear will almost eat out of your hand before he will take any such chance.

Unfortunately, a few sportsmen have had the hard luck to get the wrong kind of Airedale. All Airedales will not make good any more than will all hounds, or all men.

The answer, in the case of the dog, is undoubtedly that, in order to perpetuate a few good qualities, breeders who breed for show bench rather than for the good of the breed as general utility dogs, carry inbreeding to an extent which saps vitality, grit, and hunting instinct just as thoroughly as the same practice has like results in man, or any other animal. Show dogs, whose parents and grand parents were show dogs, and who were pampered, coddled aristocrats, never knowing what it meant to run wild in the woods, and get covered with dirt, cockle burs and skunk perfume, or the wild joy of a good soul satisfying scrap, for fear they injure coat, set of ear, or tail, do not produce hunters any more than an eagle is hatched from the egg of an ostrich.

If you want show dogs, get a show prospect from some breeder who will surely see you first—but that is part of the fun. If you want a hunting dog, get a son of hunting, fighting, swimming, climbing parents, whose mother carried him the while she ran cats, fought, killed, swam and worked right up to the time she whelped. Give your puppy the same kind of a chance you would ask in any game new to you, treat him as you would like to have the supreme being (as such he looks up to you) treat yourself, and he will make good for you. Heredity, surroundings and education make the dog—as well as the man, and if the puppy brings the first, surely you should do the right thing in the latter, too.

I am leaving Texas City for a three months' hunt some time before the first of November, operations to be carried on in that part of Texas known locally as the "big thicket," about sixty by one hundred and fifty miles of woods, the home of little black bear, cat, coon, deer, turkey, 'possum, skunk, squirrel, etc., galore.

I sincerely wish the editor and a friend or two might join me, as I would like to demonstrate what a mixed pack of hounds, Aire-

dales, Irish and fox terriers can do to "varmints." Hoping this long letter will find favor sufficient to gain it space in H-T-T, and with warm personal regards to Mr. Hartley, called forth by my appreciation of a man who has the courage of his conviction, I am,

Very sincerely,

Robert H. Fowler.

THE "SPECIALTY" DOG.

I would like to add my little say to this controversy about hunting dogs in general, and Airedales in particular. I have used trailing hounds and Airedales; also running hounds, the greyhound and the Russian wolfhound, and have come to the conclusion that there is not an all around dog extant today. By that, I mean one that can run, fight, trail and will take to water and retrieve. The Airedale retrieves and is hardy, but that is all. He is a poor trailer, and his much wanted fighting ability, I have failed to notice. He is much the same as a fox terrier, snappy and walks stiff legged around a bigger dog, but nevertheless all bluff when it comes to a sure enough fight. The foxhound is the best for the hunter, being a good trailer and having plenty of endurance. By hunters, I do not mean people that hunt wolves with dogs, for there the hound is good for trailing only, the work depending on fast, fighting dogs as the greyhound, Russian wolfhound or staghound. In closing, I wish to state that the all around dog (Airedale) is all buncombe, and we still have to use bloodhounds for fine trailing, foxhounds for game trailing and the greyhound family for speed, endurance and fighting. Never buy an all around dog, for a greyhound won't herd cattle and a collie won't course wolves, so "here's to the specialty dog."

S. H. Carleton, Douglas Co., Nebr.



A PAIR OF OLD-FASHIONED FOX HOUNDS OWNED BY O. J. SMITH, CALEDONIA CO., VERMONT.

A FRIEND OF THE AIREDALE.

A few months ago a copy of the Hunter-Trader-Trapper was presented to me by a friend. Well, that first copy just made me a convert at once, and now I anxiously await the coming of the next issue, the most part of which interests me is the Dog Department. Of course, I peruse it all and find it very interesting, but as I have been what is termed "a dog man" since a boy, I naturally take interest in that part of the magazine. So right here, please allow me a few lines to defend the Airedale terrier that Mr. Caldwell has so terribly arraigned.

Mr. Caldwell brings to memory the fellow who got married, and as we properly term it now, "got stung." So he promptly put every woman in the same class and suggested that they all ought to be shot. At that he was more liberal in his views than one of our H-T-T family, writing in the last issue, for he states that he promptly shot his Airedales. Another writer, I think in the same issue, does not like the Airedale because his looks are not up to the standard. He does not go into any details, simply does not like his looks, and let's it go with that.

Now, dear readers, that fellow is not as enthusiastic a dog man as myself, for every dog, from the pug to the St. Bernard, finds a warm place in my heart, and after all dogs are a great deal like men—the environs surrounding our lives sway a great influence.

Now, suppose Mr. Caldwell should become involved in a law suit, and some one should recommend a good blacksmith or a good farmer to defend him, would it not be reasonable that Mr. Caldwell would prefer a man skilled in law rather than the blacksmith or farmer recommended to defend his case. Right here is where so many make a mistake on the Airedale. They think because it is an Airedale that it ought to go right into the bush, dig up a bear and in about three minutes have it stretched out dead and be quietly licking its hide when the hunter appears on the scene.

The Airedale is no different from any other of the hunting dog family. He has got to have the practice, and this brings to mind the old mongrel dog I owned when a boy in the back woods of Canada. He came to my father's place, apparently a miserable, good-for-nothing wanderer, but found a home simply because I pleaded with father to let me own a dog. Well, I remember how he turned out to be a great hunter and even now I think I can hear his voice as he drove a fox around the farm or stood barking up a tree at a squirrel, and many were the pleasant days I spent with that old dog as a faithful chum.

Now, dear readers, I will try and draw a comparison between the hunting qualities of the hound and Airedale. I am not going to belittle the hound; I have too much respect for that grand old breed, and, as in the course of my life I have owned some forty, some good, some bad, and others not worth a continental for anything, I think I am capable of judging that breed to some extent:

For hunting fox you can't improve on the

old foxhound; that is his business. But after all I think I can find Mr. Caldwell about fifty foxhounds right here in this town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants that he could not get to run a fox for love nor money. But far be it from me to condemn the whole foxhound family because one or even a dozen turns out bad. I simply understand that the dog has the qualities, but a life in the city has wholly unfitted him for hunting fox.

For hunting rabbits, give me the sweet voiced little beagle, so gentle in character and mild of manners, that you can't help but love him. But for hunting, when you say rabbits, you have covered about all the ground that he is good for in the hunting line, with the exception of a few that will sometimes run a fox.

Now, to come to the Airedale, he is a grand watch dog, a faithful companion, in the front ranks for intelligence, and for hunting mink, muskrats, skunks or woodchucks he has no superiors and very few equals, and for hunting rats around the barns he is simply a "jim-dandy." In this part of the country where felling trees is prohibited, he is the right kind of a dog for hunting coon, as they are swift and silent runners, and the coon is seldom able to cover much distance to a large tree.

I have owned some good coon hounds and have hunted with good ones owned by other parties, but to my way of thinking they are not a success in a country here like ours. In the first place all the hounds I have hunted with will open up on the first scent they run across, and if the coon is some distance away it gives him ample time to get to a big den tree where he is safe, unless you want to run the risk of serving ten years for felling the tree.

Now, the Airedales I have owned and the one female I own now, took to hunting coon a great deal quicker than any hound I ever owned or saw. The Airedale is a great ranger, and any I have had any truck with are sure tree barkers, something that I have found the hound in a great many instances to be deficient; and as I write I am reminded of a hound I bought and took up in northern Michigan, he would run a coon fine, but you could not teach him to bark a tree, however. I got a few coon that fall, by following him close, and getting to the tree where he quit trailing, when winter came I gave him to a friend and he turned out to be a great fox dog. At another time I got a beautiful blue ticked hound, in Milwaukee, and took him up in Wood county, Wis., and to say that I got disgusted with him is putting it mild, for hunting he simply would not do, no matter what we done with him.

I also gave him away, and to the best of my knowledge he never amounted to one cent. About a year later I purchased a hound from a settler, who lived some ten miles from town, and where game was plentiful, this hound had no proud ancestors who had taken prizes at bench shows, but nevertheless he was a dog worth having, and many pleasant days I spent hunting with that dog. He was good for most anything, and brim full of good dog

sense. Some time later I will write a few stories on some of the hunting trips I have taken, and of course, the hound will take a prominent part, for with the hound left out, it would be like one of Conan Doyle's detective stories, with Sherlock Holmes left out.

But to return to the defense of the Airedale, as I said before, he is a natural hunter of mink, coon, muskrats and other vermine, I just wish Mr. Caldwell could see the one I own at the present writing, hunt rats; just think I could convince him that they are just as keen scented and intelligent rat hunters, as lives if nothing more, but I would not stop there, I would take Mr. Caldwell out in the country and show him one of the greatest woodchuck dogs he ever saw. I would also show him a new way to catch muskrats, and have great sport, which without the Airedale would be like a dance without ladies present. Sometime I will relate to the readers of the H-T-T how I catch muskrats, the new way as I term it. As to that yellow streak Mr. Caldwell mentions so often, the Airedale certainly does not display much of it in the coon, badger or woodchuck business, for I have had mine up against them all, many times.

She will hunt rabbits to some extent, but they are not to be desired, as they will not stick like the hound, and their still running qualities about eliminates them from that kind of sport. For hunting bear I can not say anything, as I have never owned one in a bear hunting country, but as one reader puts it, think they would make grand company for a hound. However, would like to hear from some one who has tried it. As a companion and watch dog the Airedale "has it on them all." To my way of thinking, as he will never bark in the night unless he has good reason to bark, and in that way differs from the good old tried and true shepherd dog. As a companion for children, he is everything to be desired, and the one I own will follow my little girl to school, turn around and come home and go back to meet her when school lets out and no matter where you see the little girl, you will find the dog by her side, and at night my wife feels as though she were always safe from harm when the dog is around, and she is not much of a lover of a dog either. As I keep a large flock of chickens, I have put the Airedale to a new business in the industry. When a chicken gets out of the park I send the Airedale after it, and she will catch the chicken carefully by the wing and bring the kicking chicken back and when I open the park door she will walk in and drop the chicken down. I have tried her out retrieving ducks, and she started in like an old veteran in the business.

Well dear readers I might mention that I have followed the business of a railroad telegrapher for many years, and for some years followed the occupation of lumber buyer for a lumber firm. As a telegrapher I always figured on a night job where I could sleep part of the day and hunt the other part, and as I have traveled in a good many states, and

always had my good old dog along, of as many breeds, hope a little advice in the way of purchasing a dog may have some weight. If you want to hunt fox, get the fox hound, bred to the sport. If you want to hunt rabbits, get the Beagle; he is small, easily kept and will prove all you want in that line. If you want to hunt coon, get the coon hound, bred to that sport, providing you live in a country where you can cut trees down, if not by all means get the Airedale. You will find him as good and as intelligent a coon hunter as you wish, for some claim great things for the half Airedale and hound, and I have no doubt but that cross would make grand coon hunters as I once owned a cross of hound and shepherd that was good. If you want a mink muskrat or skunk dog don't go by the Airedale, as he just takes to that part of the hunting business as natural as a duck "takes to water."

If you want a dog for duck hunting you will find him very good at that, and I think the equal of the spaniel. If you want a companion for your children you will find in the Airedale the very best. If you want to hunt cats, get the hound, and if you can afford two dogs put an Airedale in with him, and by all means let the readers of the H-T-T know the results. If you want to hunt bear or lion, why get some of the old bear hunters to give you advice, as I never hunted bear with anything but a mongrel, and by the way I am going to write up some of the bear hunts I have had with that same mongrel. Now dear readers I might mention that I have no dogs to sell. A little later on I might have some puppies that I will give to any one who will pay expressage, and let us know how they turn out, but I want them to give the dog a fair trial and not do like Mr. Caldwell, condemn the whole Airedale tribe on the showing that one or two dogs made.

No doubt Mr. Caldwell was disappointed with the Airedale and had good reasons to be, but just reverse the case, if Mr. Caldwell had got hold of some good well-seasoned Airedales and then tried out some unbroken hounds, he would no doubt be as loud in the praise of the Airedale and condemn the hound as severe as he did the Airedales, but for the man that shot his Airedales we have no excuse to offer whatever, he simply lacked everything that goes to make a good sport.

James A. Kerr, Flint, Mich.

HAPPY HAPPENINGS.

As this is the first of September, and also the opening of our water fowl season, I could not resist the temptation of taking a half day off. So taking a .22 rifle, I took a trip over my old trapping grounds and I am very glad to say that the prospects for rats look very good. I saw quite a few rats and lots of signs. As I only found two snipe and one duck, I thought I would spend the rest of the afternoon squirrel hunting, as I have as fine a squirrel hound as ever went into the woods. So putting thoughts into action, I

went to the house and set the dogs loose and started off. I had just arrived at the woods when the dogs were barking, and as you all know the voice of a hound will quicken the action of your opinions it is not necessary for me to tell what I did, and when I got to the tree it did not take me long to see a nice big old bushy-tail sitting in the very top of an elm tree, and after taking two shots at him I am glad to admit he got away because he will give me a chase another day. The dogs found two more, but they got in dense trees.

I will now describe my dogs so you may understand the rest of the piece. Bell is a red hound, medium size, with good heavy ears. She is three years old, and a dandy. She will find every squirrel that is down on the ground, and she is just as good on skunk. I got her from Arkansas when she was a pup and trained her myself and would not sell her now for \$100.

Kernel is a great big hound, will be one year old the third of this month. He is Bell's pup, and a more promising pup would be hard to find. I can drive stock with him just the same as you can with a collie. He will have 28 inch earage at maturity as he has near that now and a voice like a fog horn. He is black and tan with a tan head. \$200 would not buy him this evening.

Now to go on with my hunt. I was coming towards home as it was getting near sun down, when I heard Bell barking back of me and on going back, I found the two dogs digging under a stump. This was in low ground so I knew that whatever it was it could not be in the ground far. Now this was this young hound's first experience of finding game in the woods and let me tell you he was just digging and barking for all he was worth. Pretty soon the pup worked himself in and I saw him pulling and tugging away like a good fellow. I got over by him where I could see what he had and found it to be a great big ground hog, so large he could hardly pull him out, and when he did get him out the ground hog grabbed him by the ear and the fur flew as it made the pup so mad he grabbed the pig by the throat and never let loose until he mashed nearly every bone in his body. This pup has more grit than lots of old dogs, the more he gets hurt the harder he fights. After killing the ground hog we went on through the bottom.

This bottom was once covered with very heavy timber, and I believe had more coon and fox squirrel to the acre than any other woods in northern Indiana. So as I was going along feasting on the glories of nature, I noticed something laying up in the fork of an oak tree. As I got nearer to the tree I could see a tail hanging down, and to my great surprise I could see rings on it. Now you may know that made me feel good as that was the first live coon that I had ever found up in a tree in daylight, also glad to know there were some young coon so near home. I sat still and watched it for a while, then I made a noise, he got up slow and sleepy like, walked up a limb which was split and crawled

inside, but he could not stay in, he would come about half way out and look at the dogs.

I would have given a great deal for a good camera, as he surely would have made a good picture.

Now a line to our Editor. You ask what to omit and what to keep. Do as you like, but please do not discontinue the hound department, but enlarge it and make it better. Some of the questions could be left out very easily.

Hunters you have sometimes had good hounds and bad ones also, tell us about them. In the near future, I will give you my experience in buying coon hound.

J. J., Koskiusko Co., Ind.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE AIRE-DALE.

I notice a good many of the readers are telling their experience with the Airedale, so I will line up and tell my experience also.

If a person wants a dog that will kill rats, drive stock, hunt most any kind of game, go in the woods with a hound and help tree coon and opossum, and a dog that is game to fight, get an Airedale. But if you want a good rat dog get a fox terrier. A real stock dog, get a collie, for a coon dog a hound is what you want.

These Airedales to my notion are like the fellow that is "Jack of all trades." For trailing purposes they are about like a shepherd, in fact I have seen shepherds that could beat them at anything, fighting included.

M. A. Hiatt, Kay Co., Okla.

WELL PLEASED.

I am very fond of hunting, also like fishing, but to be out with a good hound is my hobby and whenever I see a good looking dog or pup they simply "get my goat."

I take great interest in the fox hunting stories, but say, where under the sun are all of the boys who hunt up "sly one"? We have plenty of foxes, especially in New York state, although we only hear from them once in a while. Here in New England we have lots of foxes. Why these old Litchfield Hills are all tracked up with them and still not a single story from the "Nut Megs" fox hunter. Come on boys. I know there are several right here in my home town who hunt the fox and good hunters, but still not a word and they read the H-T-T as well as myself. Don't let this Fox Hunting Department die out. Send in some sort of a story or at least a picture of that long eared pup if nothing more.

I have a promising pup coming along and if he does anything this winter I will tell all of you and send in his picture besides.

Mr. J. Smith, Green Co., N. Y., had a good story for September. That's right Smith, hunt Mt. Zoah, Mt. Nebo and Wetmore Hill all you can, only be sure to tell us all your luck.

In closing will say that the fellow who signs his name "Two Toes," Morris Co., N. Y., should come again for Duke must be a good old hound.

C. E. S., Conn.

INTERESTED IN HUNTING DOGS.

"With your kind permission" being interested in hunting dogs, I have read with interest the conversation regarding the Airedale dog. I want to admit to begin with, my experiences with this breed is limited. Having owned but two, having no chance to hunt big game with them. Though have seen and been around a few others of this breed. Now while I think Mr. Caldwell must have been little unfortunate in getting a bad bunch to start off with, yet he sure hit my ideas in part regarding the Airedale. I have read it and heard it so often like this: They will do anything any other dog will do, and whip them afterwards. Now dear dog fanciers does this sound reasonable? Now lets compare a little—being fair and square.

First—Speed. I would like to see the fastest one in the country out to Wymore, Nebr., next month, slipped along side of a coursing hound after a Kansas black tip. About ten seconds would settle all arguments on speed.

Second—Courage. Now why should they have more courage than the English bull terrier, when from him they derived their courage?

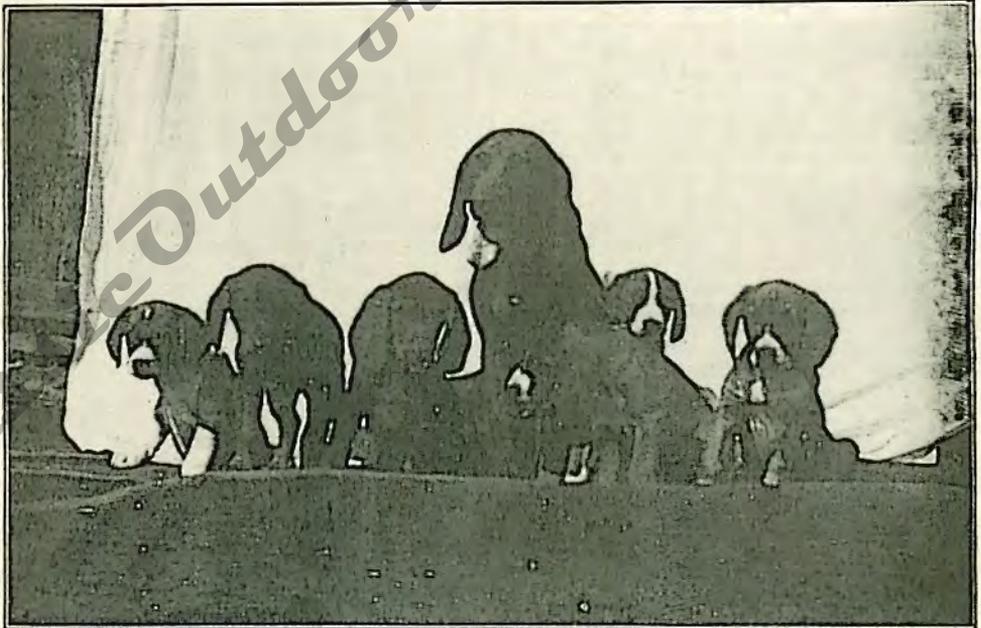
Third—Fighting Ability. Why should a big 50 pound Airedale whip a 100 pound stag hound on the open? They fight from side also, rear or any old way, throating if necessary and sticking there too.

Fourth—Why should they be better all-around trailers than a straight bred for years

and years trailer (getting their trailing ability from said trailer, Otter Hound)?

Fifth—Who has the nerve to say they can beat a Gordon, Llewellyn or English setter on field tests? Now I could go on making such comparisons on the different breeds which is unnecessary of course. Now I want to say I like the Airedale dog only as Mr. Caldwell says, "They have been over-estimated." That is no fault of the dog. Simply because it would be next to impossible to expect from them what some claim for them. The dog should not be blamed for over boosting. They are a good all-round dog no doubt, and a credit to the dog family, though when a fellow tells you it is possible to take a bunch of blooded dogs, cross them all up, and taking the little blood lines derived from each one come back and beat the thorough bred on each and every one of the things bred and used for, tell him he's a good fellow, but mistaken. It can't be done without a make-up, and they haven't got that make-up yet. One thing more, while I don't believe in pit fighting or any such cruelty as fighting good faithful dogs to the death (the route some of them goes without a whimper back to their master—once he starts them). But there is no living dog pound for pound one dog with another, that will go in on the big barn floor and trim an English bull terrier bred for fighting in a finish go. I wish the boys would give us more wolf chases.

L. V. Murphy, Douglas Co. Nebr.



A FINE LITTER OWNED BY BERT SMITH, POTTER CO., PA.



BAIT CASTING FOR CAT FISH.

Sometimes I really envy those who have the pleasure of fishing for trout and the other very lively game fish. I often think when I go out with rod and reel and some rotten liver in a bait bucket, "now if I were going to catch trout, wouldn't it be great." But such seems not to be my opportunity, and I must content myself with fishing such as it is around home, and get all the enjoyment out of it I possibly can.

In the fishing department of the H-T-T, I have never seen an article given up to bait casting for cats, and surely there are hundreds who do. Maybe some one has a few happy experiences that they will tell about if I start the ball rolling. And then you know there are many others besides myself who are desirous of becoming more proficient in bait casting. Although my experiences are limited, I am sincerely hoping this little article may be helpful to someone, and it has always been my plan to pass good news on so others may enjoy it, if their locality permits.

Well do I remember the fellow who taught me how to catch cats. He is a Christian minister and as good a man as I ever knew. I used to go to the river and cut me a pole and sit and fish for hours with a grasshopper or fish worm for bait, and invariably the result was nothing more than a four inch bull head, or nothing at all. One day this minister came along where I was fishing with a nice basket of cat fish and told me to come along with him and he would teach me the art. Soon I saw how he did it in a mechanical way only, however, for I had never seen a steel rod and reel. That very night I bought me a six and one-half foot casting rod, a reel and some line and with his faithful coaching soon began to score.

To say I was tickled when I brought my first basket of cat fish home does not half express it. I could have run and jumped a ten foot board fence and yelled till I could have been heard for miles, and to this day, I am an ardent fisher. I bring home the fish, but when I look back and think of how poor my beginning was at fishing, I often wonder how I would have learned if not for this good man who knew the tricks of the trade.

I live in Page County, Iowa, and the home river is the Nishna Botna, not a large river. I have told of my equipment and the bait I most always use, although this bait must be very sour for good success. Get the bait before you want to use it, say a day before, cut it in baits about half the size of your little finger, then place it where the flies cannot get at it. Crawfish tails are good where you can get them. Peel off the tough hide and use the white soft meat of the tails. These I always use fresh. Some use small frogs, but I never could catch a fish on them. Probably there is a great variety of good baits, but these are tried and tested by myself and I know they are good. In this river the softer bait you can use the better so long as it will stay on your hook. I should like to see someone else's experiences and the baits they use in our magazine later. There surely is a variety of good baits for cat fish.

Now for line boys. A person wants a strong line, especially if the stream bed is full of snags, yet small enough so you can put at least 25 yards on a reel, and so it will run easily and smoothly when casting. I use a linen line, 32 pound test, don't know the number of it. Use a sinker heavy enough to keep you out in stream well, depending of course on the speed of the current.

I prefer a long shanked slim hook. I don't know the number of the hook either, but suffice to say, let the crook in it be about a size which will slip around the point of your little finger nicely the way your finger nail runs. You see, I mean flat with the palm of your hand.

Now discard the idea of floats or bobbers if you are going with me for cat fish, and understand you must fish on the bottom if you want those luscious cats. Put your rod together, place the reel in its seat, and the line through the loops. The sinker should be eight or ten inches above the hook, and it is very easily kept in place if you string the line

through both eyes once and then doing the same thing again. This holds it firmly so it will not slip to the hook in casting and you have no line to untie after you are through fishing.

I forgot to tell you why I used the long shanked hook. The reason is that hooks are cheaper than line and with a 32 pound test line you can pull a hook out straight or break it off before the line breaks. However, this is why I prefer the 32 pound test line also.

Again I want to say, this is for the purpose of enlightening the novice, or I would not think of going into detail as I am. I always cut the liver in a long triangular piece and run the hook to the longest point so the gristle will not get over the point of the hook, but don't use gristle, use good soft liver.

It seems as if I have run clear off the track, but never mind I'm fishing now. We were just ready to fish, I believe. As to the place to fish, there should always be at least one and a half feet of water and the more the better.

Let us go to a sand bar, and we will approach on the shallow side on the sand bar, and we are supposing there is a steep bank on the other side and the water is considerable deeper to the other bank. We will cast, go easy now don't let your line run out to fast or it will back lash and come back in our face. There now the line went smoothly and struck the water a couple feet from the other side. Now it floats down stream and grows tight, the lead holding it on the side of the sand bar. Now wait! now wait, there the line is tight, hook him! You got him, now reel. Oh! ain't he a beauty, why I believe he will weigh four pounds.

A drift is a good place. Fish above and let your bait drift as close as prudent on account of snags, but always fish where there is some current in the day time, and get out away from the bank with your bait. When the line slacks back the fish is trying to gobble the bait, but wait to hook till the line grows tight then you are practically sure of him.

There are other things I could say about fishing and may come later with them. I should like to go into details about places to fish, but this is long enough, and good luck to all who are interested in this sport.

Harry, Montgomery Co., Iowa.

RUSSIAN FISHERY INDUSTRY.

It is universally conceded that the greatest fisheries industry of the world is that of the United States with a turnover of about \$55,000,000; Great Britain is a good second with a total of \$48,000,000, with Russia next. The value of the Russian fisheries industry has been estimated to reach nearly \$40,000,000 annually. But the Russian claim that their industry is quite equal to that of Great Britain, if not greater.

The most important Russian fisheries are those occurring in the large estuaries of the great rivers, the Volga, Don and the Amur. Unfortunately the Russian official statistics

are not as detailed as those of the United States and Great Britain and absolutely precise comparison is not therefore possible. The most recent Russian statistics state that the average annual market production is about 14,000,000 cwt. (112 lbs.), the value of which may be estimated to be according to local prices at least \$50,000,000. Should these estimates be reliable the Russian fisheries industry would be second only to that of the United States.

The European Provinces and the Caucasus produce nearly 12,000,000 cwt. valued at \$43,000,000. The remainder is obtained from Asiatic Russia, where the industry is still in a primitive, crude and undeveloped condition with great future possibilities, which, with well directed enterprise and capital, will no doubt be very greatly developed in the near future. The following schedules convey a tolerable insight into the outputs and values every year of the various fishing areas:

EUROPEAN RUSSIAN FISHERIES.

	Output cwt.	Value	Persons occupied
The Caspian...	7,700,000	\$34,250,000	172,000
Prepontine	1,390,000	3,050,000	35,000
The Volga.....	970,000	1,200,000	10,000
Baltic	890,000	2,640,000	21,000
Facustrine	600,000	1,450,000	11,000
White Sea.....	300,000	1,000,000	14,000

ASIATIC RUSSIAN FISHERIES.

	Output cwt.	Value	Persons occupied
The Far East-			
ern	1,500,000	\$2,120,000	18,000
Turkestan	800,000	2,000,000	17,000
River Ob.....	250,000	1,160,000	4,300
Lake Baikal...	90,000	390,000	2,500
Yenisei River..	54,000	240,000	900
Yakoutsh	20,000	340,000	500

The totals given above do not include the fish caught by individuals for personal consumption, which can scarcely be computed. If allowance be made for the fact vast numbers of the population live partially or entirely on a fish diet, also that the northern natives use very considerable quantities of fish to feed their dogs, it will be evident that the annual output of Russia must exceed the figures given above to a very considerable extent. The output, values and persons employed given in the two schedules above are those resulting from enterprises in which capital is invested and over which therefore officials have some control and supervision.

The Russian fisheries output, large as it is, does not, however, supply the requirements of the population. There are in addition very extensive imports exceeding \$10,000,000 yearly; mainly Scotch herrings. As the demands of the continually increasing population for additional food supplies grow year by year as shown by the steady increase of fish supplies imported, the Russian government has had to study the important task of protecting her most necessary fisheries from exhaustion. A

Conservancy Board of Fisheries has been established, involving an annual outlay of about \$275,000. Fishery laws are now enforced, thus trawling is not now permitted in the Caspian and Prepontine areas. Regulations strictly define the size of the mesh of takable fish and the closed season. In spite of these measures, possibly initiated too late, there have been very serious indications of a decline in the annual fish harvest, both in the northern and southern areas; the latter includes the Caspian, the Black and the Azov Seas. A most valuable fish, the Sturgeon, is diminishing rapidly in numbers. Quite recently, the output has fallen off over 36 per cent.

What may be described as panic remedies have been adopted. It has hitherto been the custom to spear the Sturgeon through the ice of the frozen rivers, a most wasteful form of fishing. This was declared illegal two years ago. A number of model fish farms have been established by the Government Department formed to supervise the industry in different parts of the country to encourage artificial breeding and stocking. It was proposed to establish a professorship of fishery in the old Academical Centre, Moscow, but even more thorough measures will have to be undertaken by the authorities if some of the fisheries are to be saved from the fate which has overtaken the Sturgeon in the German and British fisheries. No laws or regulations can put a stop to depletion unless the public authorities have complete control over the breeding grounds. As these grounds, situated in the estuaries of the great rivers, belong by long usage to the riverine inhabitants, the rights of the owners will have to be bought up; an effective control for the good of the whole community can then be established.

In Asiatic Russia a different system prevails. The inland waters of that vast region belong to the state. The fisheries can therefore be regulated on a sound and permanent footing. The results have been most encouraging; no doubt the local conditions were somewhat exceptional. The far eastern fisheries have been grouped and allotted subject to such conditions that depletion has been rendered practically impossible. The Russian fisheries of the northern seas and rivers of the far east are moreover of political, as well as of economic importance, as they are both an inducement to colonization and form an important school and recruiting area for the Russian navy. These considerations have made the Russian government desirous of limiting the industry to Russian subjects; but some of the sea fisheries have been worked by both American and British trawlers. There can be no doubt of the importance and future prospects of the Russian fisheries of the Far East including the Amur coasts the Sea of Okhotsk and the seas surrounding Kamchatka.

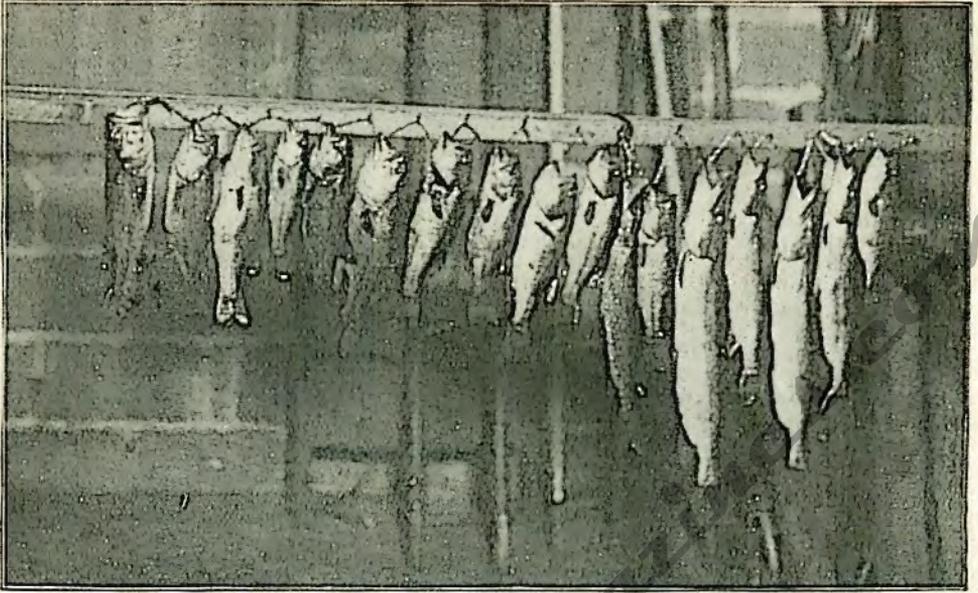
The salmon of various varieties are plentiful for which there is a large demand in Japan. The herring occurs in vast shoals, also mackerel and sturgeon; there is a large demand for the roe of the latter (caviar). The cod fisheries are also very important. The

fish is not popular with the native population, but American boats work the fisheries and find a lucrative market in Chinese and Japanese ports. The great Russian inland seas, practically lakes, the Caspian and the Azov, have been described as the finest fishery grounds of the world; the Black Sea may be included. They owe their predominance to the ample food supply they provide. There are vast areas of relatively shallow water and great estuaries eminently suitable for spawning. The sturgeon is the predominant fish, the variety and numbers are remarkable; they range up to a weight of 20 cwt. down to the relatively small sterlet. The flesh is smoked and cured in large quantities. The fish are generally vetted. They are migratory. The adult fish generally pass alternate winters in fresh water whilst the younger winter in the sea where they lie up in deep pools during the winter and it was the custom among the Cossacks to take advantage of this habit when the waters were covered with ice to bore holes and plunge barbed poles of great length into the depths to hook the somewhat giants, but as stated above the custom has been stopped as it caused an enormous destruction of immature fish.

T. Osborne, England.



31 POUND SNAPPER CAUGHT BY LUD WILSCH AND BILL PILZ IN KENT CO., R. I. PHOTO BY A. MEYER.



A CATCH OF BASS TAKEN ON OPENING DAY, JUNE 16, 1914, BY PETE GARDNER AND FRANK CAMPBELL, LIVINGSTON, CO., MICH.



BUFFALO SPEARED IN ONE HOUR BY SCHWEIGERT BROTHERS IN THE SEVEN MILE CREEK, MURRY COUNTY, MINN.

ALASKA KING SALMON.

Thinking you might have room in your magazine for a picture from Alaska, I am sending you one of two nice sized king salmon, weighing 59 and 49 pounds. I caught four others the same day after catching these two,



TWO ALASKA KING SALMON.

which weighed 21, 31, 41 and 59 pounds, the six fish weighing 260 pounds. I caught them trolling.

I will be in the interior of Alaska for seven months this winter, and will then send some good pictures. Moody, Alaska.

ACROSS THE LAKE AND UP THE RIVER.

Do you know where Lake Pen D'Oreille is? Well, I did not know until I had commenced to look over the maps for some place to spend my vacation. It is in the northern part of Idaho. It is one of the finest places in the country to fish for the rainbow and other trout. My brother and I arrived at a small town on the Lake July 2d, where my father lives, and we three had planned a trip to cross the lake and go up to the South Clarks Fork river. So on July 10th, we had mother fill the grub box full of good things to eat and got the motor in shape for an eighty-mile trip. The tent



ON PACK RIVER.

was put in, rod and reels and father's forty foot cane pole. We were unable to get him to give up his cane pole and use rod and reel. With the out-board motor and father's rowboat we started across the lake for the river. We arrived about 12.30, in the afternoon. We made camp at the mouth of the river, which later we christened "Mosquito Point." I have seen mosquitoes thick in Iowa



THE AUTHOR WAS APPOINTED CHEF.

and in Missouri bottoms, but never had I seen anything to beat Mosquito Point for mosquitoes. My brother's face was swollen so bad, I hardly knew him. We decided to go to Pack river, across the lake ten miles to the mouth of the river and then up the river fifteen miles where we could fill our creel with the rainbow trout. As we entered the Pack River the water was yet at a high stage and we had some trouble in finding the main channel, so father was appointed chief pilot and my brother to watch duty, and myself the engineer of the 3 H. P. coffee grinder. We were going along nicely and father and brother were standing up when father got confused when trying to light his pipe and ran us square into a bank. Both were thrown into the water over which I had a good laugh

when my vacation will come again so I can take a trip across the lake and up the river.

Jay, Crawford Co., Iowa.

FISHING IN PYRAMID LAKE.

"My first conscious entrance into the Yellowhead Pass," said D. R. Ware, a customs officer of Medicine Hat, on returning to Edmonton from a fishing trip to Jasper, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, "was to awaken in the early morning with the sunlight streaming through the window of the standard sleeper. In fact, it compelled me to turn over in my berth with a sort of perverse and hankering curiosity as to my mundane whereabouts and to look out upon a moving panorama of picturesque rocks and trees and



A FORENOON CATCH FROM PACK RIVER. AUTHOR ON RIGHT.

at their expense, and after a little delay we started again.

We were on our way up the river and as we moved around a curve, we could see the muskrats, and they would try to cross the river ahead of our boat. We also saw all kinds of beavers, and no place could beat this for small animal fur. We arrived at dinner time, and as I could boil water, I was appointed chef (picture) while father and brother went to catch a mess of fish for dinner. In less than twenty minutes, we had two frying pans going with fine rainbow trout in each. After three days of fishing, we broke up camp and started for home.

Would like to say to those who haven't a motor to get one to make their fishing trip a pleasure. We arrived home in time for supper, and over the supper table, we had a big time telling the folks about the big ones that got away. I am now counting the days

rushing turbid water, flanked with a towering battlement of grey cliff and snowy peaks."

Ware, who had fished and hunted large and small game in various parts of the world, spoke of Jasper park being an ideal spot, adding:

"In the valley of the Athabasca, a turbid muddy river tearing its way down the pass like a mad thing—between two ridges of grey, craggy mountains, the valley literally dotted with little lakes of turquoise blue ringed to the water's edge with the dark green of the pines. To the north and east the peak of Pyramid mountain, a decided red cliff, shows out in its setting of green and grey in a wonderful color effect. Farther to the west and just visible along the pass is the snow capped summit of Geiche, one of the highest peaks of the district, a little more than 13,000 feet."

Ware had some difficulty in finding the right spot to fish. Here is the story in his own words:



AN HOUR'S CATCH OF TROUT IN OLD MASSACHUSETTS, BY WM. HARKEMA, BEREKSHIRE CO.

"We drove, instead of walking, and we were well repaid for the trip. Up along a low ridge crossing the banks of the Athabasca, through a green vista of pines and bushes and flowers of every hue dotting the sloping banks along the trail to Pyramid lake, an expanse of crystal clear water at the foot of Pyramid mountain, an ideal camping spot and a paradise for the lover of 'the silent places.'

"We took possession of a flat bottomed boat and under the tutelage of our genial host, who was our guide and escort, again we rowed to the upper end of the lake and back. The ancient sea-going spirit of the Norseman is not dead. He handled the craft with a great deal of seamanship and perseverance—but particularly the latter—and not to subdue or suppress such a noble aspiration on his part, we unselfishly and uncomplainingly let him do it.

"I sat in the stern and trolled but like the Apostles of old trolled all afternoon but caught nothing—nothing but a cantankerous snag or two and about the best quality of sunburn that I have yet encountered.

"The evening—well, when the sun goes down, the night comes on, as in most places, but with the difference that, that is about all that happens. The moon is coming up over the crest of Gieke now and a star just poised above the peak of Pyramid looks like the signal light of a late wanderer, along its ragged crest. There is an old phenomena down the valley. The ridge of rocks facing the summit of one great wall are the features of an old man with a flowing beard, a most striking likeness to a human countenance. It is called 'the old man in the mountain' and

reminds one of the story of Hawthorne's 'the Great Stone Face.'

"Candle light is an abomination in the sight of the would-be-tarrier—nothing else remains but to taste my first night's sleep in the brooding dark of the mountain valley and the airy chamber of my canvas home.

"After breakfast the next day, the quest of the unknown was on me and I determined to try out a new fabulous fishing ground. It was a couple of miles distant up the Athabasca on a crystal little stream that winds its way down between the overhanging pines to join the river, and where the beavers had walled up the little brook, a fairly deep pool glistened like silver in the morning sun. And I was rewarded. No sooner had I cast the fly when a rainbow hued beauty made away with it and proved the first of my catch. It was a good morning's sport and well worth the endeavor. No artificial stimulus to the appetite was needed for dinner.

"Maligne Canyon was our object point in the afternoon. It is situated seven miles from Jasper down the Athabasca valley and toward 'the old man of the mountain.' It was a beautiful drive past the chain of lakes we visited and up and up along a fresh cut trail till all at once we burst upon the turbulous beginnings of the Maligne river only to lose it where it plunges into an abyss of almost utter darkness. This is the canyon or gorge—a sight viewed from the precipitous sides that is truly wonderful. The stream has worn a narrow passage way that one may jump across—but would hesitate to try—in places to



A 11 POUND PICKERAL CAUGHT IN TINMATH POND, RUTLAND CO., VT., WITH SPOON BY E. E. HERBERT.

a depth of 150 feet and roaring, plunging and swirling, dashing down its rocky bed in falls, glistening with a stray sunbeam here and there and again almost lost in black obscurity in some basin like hollow it has worn out reminding one of the passage in Kubla Khan, 'where darkling rivers run mid rayless gloom through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea.' A little bridge spans the gorge a short distance down where one may stand and watch the water rushing over a fall of 30 feet, with the spray dashing from that depth.

"We met Colonel S. Maynard Rogers, superintendent of the park, who has seen service in defense of the British flag in various parts of the empire. He was most obliging and hospitable. He is enthusiastic over the possibilities of the new national playground and engrossed in its transformation from the wilderness into a spot where tourists may see with ease and convenience its many beauty spots. It was while talking with the colonel before a blazing fireplace of pine logs that we also met 'Curly' Phillips, the first man who in company with Dr. Mitchell scaled Mount Robson. The colonel inquired of Curly, on his breezy entrance, if he had come in to enlist for the war, and was greeted with the response 'Nothing doing.' 'Well, what if they draft you in the army?' asked the colonel, to which there came the response from the man who for years had faced every kind of danger and held his life in his hand on many occasions. 'I guess there ain't many could follow me to the top of Robson. I'd be safe there.'

"The view along the route is truly beautiful. Mount Gieke, a short distance west of Jasper, looms up in the early morning sunlight a craggy pinnacle of white, glacier covered slopes, and beyond Mount Robson, the queen of the Canadian Rockies, looms above on a bastion of towering rock in isolated splendor. Yellowhead, the summit of the pass, is 3,700 feet above sea level and marks the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. A short distance beyond this point is Moose Lake, one of the most beautiful spots along the entire route. It is flanked with pine clad mountain slopes and its clear surface reflects the reddish, grey and white peaks with a suggestion of untamed naked grandeur."

A WORD FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS.

The September issue of HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER being my first copy brought back pleasant memories of my good old Louisiana fishing trips.

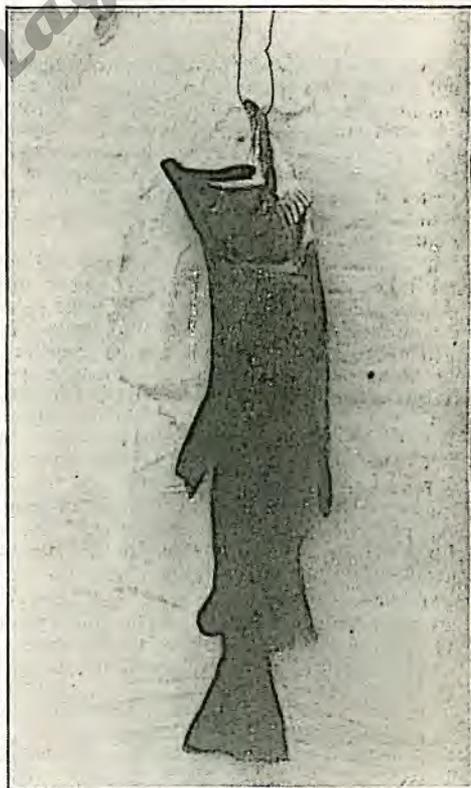
I proposed a trip to my pard, Felix Anne, for Sunday, September 20th, and he coming from Louisiana was glad of the chance. Not having much time to make preparations for our trip, we decided to go to Gaspergoo Bend, which is on Taylor's Bayou, about a mile and a half west of the Gulf Refinery, which is, by the way the largest oil refinery in the world. Being an employe of the company we

were allowed to pass through the yards which made it about a mile and a half shorter. Arriving at the bend we cast out lines, and in a few minutes I landed a two pound Gaspergoo perch, and Felix followed suit, having to be content with one of a pound and a half. We fished with throw lines instead of rod. My next catch was what I thought a whale having to call Felix for assistance in bringing him in. When we got him ashore we were surprised to find that it was a blue cat, which weighed two hundred pounds. We did not judge his weight by the scales on his back, but that is what he tipped the Fairbanks at. We fished about three hours and when we counted our catch we found four Gaspergoo Perch, two fresh water trout, three small red snappers and four blue cats, including the one weighing two hundred pounds.

We have quite a number of good fishing grounds, Sabine Lake, Lake Keith, Sabine Pass, Gaspergoo Bend and the Jetties. We find trout, drum, sheep head, red snapper, flounder and Gaspergoo perch in these waters.

Our next trip will be to the Jetties and if we are lucky enough I will try and interest the readers of HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER with another letter.

Joe Joliet, Jefferson Co., Texas.



A BROWN TROUT, WEIGHT 4 POUNDS, CAUGHT BY
WM. SLAGTER, NEAR TITUSVILLE, PA.
PHOTO BY H. EARL HERON.



SKUNK AND COON HUNT.

Have been a reader of the H-T-T, for quite a few years, and as I never have found very many articles from this section of the country, I would just like to stick in a few words about this part of the world.

I will start by telling you about one of my skunk hunts. It was about nine o'clock on a warm, foggy night in early November of last year, that an uncle, a friend and myself started out with our dog, lantern and gun. Our dog, Daisy, a part bird and part bull, left us after going through an orchard and once in a while we could catch a glimpse of her as she circled in close to us. In about five minutes, we heard her bark a couple of times, and knew she had nailed Mr. Skunk. Over a stone wall we went and out across a cornfield as fast as we could leg it, all the while hearing the dog and skunk mixing war medicine. By the time we came up old Daisy had the skunk tucked out and a 32 Smith & Wesson through the ears soon finished him. He was a fine fat fellow, nearly all black, with a narrow white streak. We left him hanging in an apple tree until we came back. We had hardly got started on again when we heard the dog let out one sharp bark not thirty rods away, and on going there we found she had caught the mate to the first skunk. This one was a broad stripe and not worth much, but just the same we hung it up with the other one. On we went, and soon we heard the dog again barking way up the mountain of which we were at the foot. She would never bark on trail, so we knew she had a coon up. Killing skunks never seemed to bother her about trailing coon. We climbed up the mountain, I ahead with the gun, a double barrel, my uncle next with the lantern, and my friend Harold bringing up the rear. Well, it seemed like a five mile climb, over rocks and boulders, fallen trees, through evergreen and laurel thickets on our hands and knees, and once crossing a brook until finally we reached the tree. A huge chestnut about which the dog was running was the place. Turning the light down low I soon discovered Mr. Coon perched in the fork of a limb not twenty feet from

the ground. The fog having cleared away a good deal, I could see a black bunch on the limb against the sky. At the first shot he came down, but made a dive for the brook, but the dog was on the job and for about five minutes there was some pretty fighting. But the coon gave up the ghost after a while and we started for home well satisfied with our night's work. Upon starting home we found an old road within twenty feet of where we had come up through. It was about 12:30 when we reached home with our coon and two skunks. Our coon we found weighed a little over eighteen pounds.

I have had a good many nights' hunting since, but coon are very scarce now. We have quite a few foxes; red and grey, and a black one has been seen in the vicinity. Skunks are plentiful, also muskrats and a few mink. There are also lots of grey squirrel, partridge, rabbits, small and jacks, and a few quail and pheasant. So the hunting is pretty good.

For guns, I use a pump gun which I like first rate, a .25 Stevens rifle and a 32 revolver. Come on with your coon hunting stories boys, as I am always interested in them.

Raymond, Litchfield Co., Conn.

A TEXAS COON HUNT.

I will tell you of a little fun my brother-in-law and myself had last winter on a coon hunt. On the morning of the 5th of January, 1914, I started for my brother-in-law's, who lived near a little inland town called Nathan, in Howard Co. I walked all of that seventeen miles without a bite to eat. When I arrived there I certainly was glad to know that supper was ready. Tired as I was I had to go for a short hunt anyway. I tried to tell my brother-in-law that my dogs were all tired out also as they had treed so many squirrels on the way to his home, but he would not listen to this, but said we were off for a hunt. It was somewhat early for coon that time of the evening, so we thought it best to go around the foot of a big hill. We went around this hill for a mile not hearing a

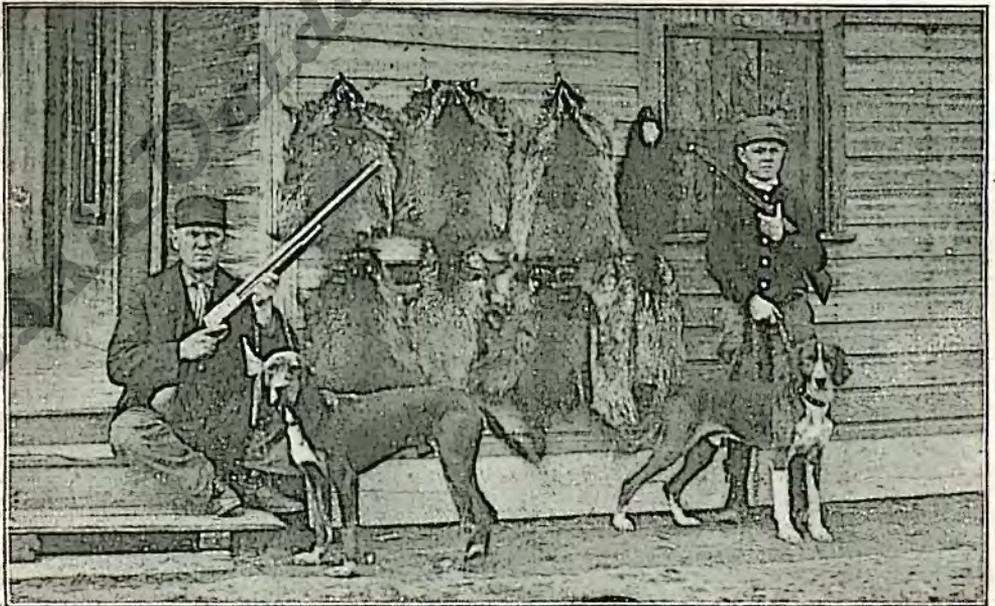
sound of a dog, when all of a sudden we heard old True's voice away off. We found him barking in a hole. Red joined in the chorus. Claude imagined they had treed something, but to our surprise we met True coming back leaving Red behind still barking. Red had captured an opossum, it weighed twenty-two pounds, and he was a dandy. I asked Claude if he intended to carry all the coon and opossum that the dogs would catch, but he remarked that he would not if they were all that large, so it was sent back to the house by his smaller brother. When we got down to the road that lead to the house which was about a half mile, we caught two more before we got to the road. We then started for the bottom and the dogs soon found some tracks. We entered a regular coon field, and the dogs were both barking, this was the first we had heard of True since he had captured the opossum. Coming to a gum tree we found True sitting at the root looking up wistfully. I saw Mr. Coon. I called Claude and he shot him him. Then Red came running and I gave Claude the dog laugh, but he only laughed and said if there was anything started old Red did it, and it looked so for we had only gone about a half mile when he had started another coon which True had treed in an old hollow gum tree. When we arrived at the tree we thought it was another opossum, but we found him to be a coon. It ran out and back to the stump and over in the hollow with True on top of him. We got this one also and then started for home. We heard another bark from True and knew it must be still another. We got home by 12:30, tired and sleepy, but I think I will visit my friend Claude again this com-

ing winter for another chase. Now if you have any dogs that will beat Red and True, let us hear from you.

J. P. O., Red River Co., Texas.



JESSE JONES, KOSCIUSKO COUNTY, INDIANA, AND HIS PET COON.



CAUGHT IN DECEMBER 1912, BY FRANK CHESEDROUGH AND SON DEWEY IN WYANDOT CO., OHIO.

FUR FARMING AND PLANT CULTURE



A MINNESOTA MINK FARMER.

A. S. White, formerly Minnesota & International station agent at Pine River, Minn., has made a picturesque addition to the number of Minnesota's industries, says the Bangor Commercial. He has a mink farm, where he raises the animals, not for their fur, but to sell them to those who make a business of rearing them and killing them for their pelts.

Mr. White got his idea from a Sunday newspaper which described the flourishing trade in black foxes carried on by the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island and mentioned in passing the fact that some of the Islanders who found the high price of foxes prohibitive were starting to raise mink, but had difficulty in getting sufficient supply. This gave Mr. White his cue. He had often trapped mink for their fur; it would be just about as easy, he thought, to capture and feed them until he found customers for his catch.

Not far away from the railway station he picked out a small farm. After his day's work was done he used to go into the woods to look after his traps; and every once in a while he would return with a live mink in a bag. When he thought he had obtained a good start he turned in his resignation to the railroad and announced that he had become a mink farmer.

He built pens back of the farm house, each about 30 inches wide and 20 feet long. Mink are fairly prolific breeders, the litters running from four to eight, the average number being five. Mr. White's semi-domesticated stock is usually healthy, and most of the young survive. He ships the animals alive to Prince Edward Island. Last year he says he received \$75 a pair, and has never received less than \$50 a pair.

RAISING GREY FOXES.

I want to have my say in regards to some live gray foxes some friends and I caught. We were out one Sunday looking over the woods, and one of the boys had his good coon and fox dog with him, and all at once he began to bark as if he had treed something. We went over to see what it was and it happened to be denned up in a gopher hole. Well, it was about one o'clock, and we were feeling as if we wanted something to eat, so we stopped up the hole and went to dinner. After eating, we grabbed the hoe and went back, also took a sack. We were sure it was a fox, but didn't know it was a den of young ones. But we dug, dug and dug, and at last we got to the little ones. We got three out of that den, and Monday morning went back there again, and found another den about one hundred and fifty yards from the first one, and got two out of that one, which gave us in all five live foxes, all young. I have one pair now and another friend has one and two of them are dead while one got out of our pen and later was shot, for stealing a man's chickens, and the other died from gasoline that we put on him to kill the fleas. I am going to buy the other from my partner at once so as to keep them together for I enjoy fooling with them. They eat most anything I offer them right from my hand, and are cute, cunning little fellows, but they are almost grown now.

Eugene, DeSoto Co., Florida.

[NOTE:—We want to keep this department going and we earnestly request our readers to send in their experiences in raising furbearers. If all our fur raisers would contribute to this department it would make interesting reading for the experienced as well as the novice.—Ed.]

OPINIONS FROM OUR READERS

WOLF AND COYOTE

In reply to your request for suggestions from your readers in regard to leaving out the Q. & A. Department, and substituting some other, I beg to offer mine.

It is that we have a department on wolves and coyotes, similar to the "Fox Hunting" department. I'll tell you why. Not that the subject is not covered rather fully, but that the wolf problem is far the hardest nut in the whole box to crack. The difficulty is out of all proportion to anything else in the magazine to get reliable information on, and if all that is known by man about wolves were collected together it would not be very much.

Add to this fact that wolves and coyotes have perhaps a larger following than any other one "brand" of game. The whole great West is interested in them, stockmen as well as trappers, and that they are about the only animals larger than "bugs" that cause the national government any worry. When all of these things are considered, it seems to me there ought to be material enough to carry such a department for a year or two anyhow.

Many of the men now reading H-T-T have not always had it. Personally, I have it from about 1906. With all the books I can get on wolves and all the real information in them is surprisingly small, when bulked against information on other subjects. Let the men write their experiences, the things they have noticed, traits, experiences in hunting wolves (both successes and failures). Let them have their say on county laws, send their methods, "kinks and wrinkles." It ought not only make a strong department with a big following, but the following will grow larger for many men who do not now hunt wolves would do so if they could see a reasonable chance of success in it.

The Q. & A. could be revived later again if the readers find they need it. I have no fault with the department for I have profited by it myself, but I think we can use the space to better advantage, for a time anyhow. Most anyone who has a question can get it answered under its own proper heading or department, but the chances are he can find the answer in "3001 Q. & A." in book form.

Wolf hunting and trapping is a knotty problem. Suppose we bring concerted action on this, say for a couple of seasons, and especially concentrate on the big grey wolf, for he is the hardest nut of all.

I'll venture H-T-T, for the two seasons, that department runs, couldn't be bought from the men in the West for \$5.00 a volume.

This is about all I have to say. I have not meant to be dictatorial nor to hurt anyone's feelings, but I believe that the best way to do when you have anything to say, is to say it outright, and have it over. This is all I have meant to do here. For really I don't

believe a certain amount of space each month could be devoted to a better purpose, or one that would please a large part of its readers any better, or from which more benefit and profit would come.

Wm. R. McIlrath,
Adams Co., Neb.

FROM WYOMING.

The fact that the Editor of our valued magazine has asked for suggestions for improvement does not necessarily indicate that anyone is not satisfied with H-T-T as it is. I take it rather as an extra effort on the part of our worthy Editor to make sure that we are all getting what we want.

The fact that the H-T-T has grown from a local publication to be looked upon as an authority among sportsmen and out-of-door people in every part of North America, and indeed in every portion of the globe, would indicate that it is just what we want.

It is divided into too many departments. Its value to many subscribers is liable to deteriorate and it would necessitate working up a new subscription list. There are parts of the H-T-T that I do not read, as I am not interested in them, yet I would not ask to have them replaced by matter of interest to me, as there are probably readers who turn to these very departments as soon as they receive their magazine.

The Woodcraft department is a vital part of the H-T-T and we should all try to contribute something for it. Q. & A. do not interest me much, yet it is full of compact information and we can rely on the Editor to keep it from stagnating.

Guns and Ammunition is read by nearly every one, and is interesting as well as instructive. I for one would enjoy more "gun dope."

The letters and incidents are mostly good and it is up to us to contribute something from our respective parts of the country. I think that if I should write of some unusual incident I should support the letter by substantial proof or affidavit, so that I should not meet with a storm of crys "fake," "liar," etc.

Let us remember, we are one big family. We cannot help ourselves without helping our brothers, and we cannot injure anyone without doing greater injury to ourselves.

For years I have had a .45 Colts S. A., 5½ barrel, .38 Colts Officers model, two .30 cal. Springfield, one .30 Krag, .22 H. P. Savage, one .20 gauge Ithaca, 24-inch barrel, weight 5½ pounds. The .20 is my choice, and I have had great luck with it on birds and rabbits. The .45 Colts S. A. is my best beloved, and the sporting Springfield my choice of rifles.

The chief game around here is deer, grouse, sage chickens and rabbits, all quite plentiful. Lots of coyotes, some wolves and bobcats.

C. W. Theeson, Sheridan Co., Wyo.

A VERMONT READER.

You asked in a previous issue of the H-T-T, that the readers would give their opinions concerning it. I see that some have given theirs so I will give mine on that and a few other subjects. I agree with Mr. Whitby of Kansas, in the July issue, that Mr. Spears has taken considerable space with his articles, not that they do not contain excellent advice, which he is certainly capable of giving, but I think the majority would rather read more from Martin Hunter and Mr. Woodcock. It might be possible to drop the Q. & A. department, as so many foolish questions are asked on the same thing several times, when if the reader would look over some of the back issues they would find it answered, or if they would buy "3001 Q. & A.", they would find what they wanted.

I would like to see the Woodcraft and Gun department grow, but what is the use of taking up the valuable space in the gun department for such foolish discussions as "do bullets spin"? Common sense will tell you that. I see so much about an all-around rifle. In this part of the country, I think that either the .25 20 or .32-20, are large enough for deer, and it is small enough for squirrels. In regard to accidents, it is not the gun, but the man behind it. A gun whether single, repeater or automatic, are as harmless as a stick, without human aid. Undoubtedly there are more fatal accidents caused by repeater and automatic, with the "city sport" behind them. They shoot at most anything they see moving. I do not think that any more game is crippled with a single shot than with either the repeater or automatic. With either of the latter a hunter would take chance shots that he would not care to risk, if he had only one shot, and the deer is gone before he has time for another shot, no matter what kind of gun he had (for I will have to see a deer stand to be shot at twice and only crippled). Why is it that we hear so much about the Victor trap, when the Oneida only costs a little more, is much lighter, can set in places where you could not begin to get a long spring trap and it gets a higher grip on the animal's leg. I certainly prefer it to all other kinds.

An Eastern Trapper, Wrangle Co., Vt.

ANOTHER OPINION.

I noticed that you are planning to make some changes in your magazine and you have asked the readers for opinions.

I have read the letters of a great many different ones and find that they all have slightly different opinions. I believe that there is only one way in which the question can be settled and that is for the editor of

the magazine to make the change in the way he thinks would be the best.

The reason is this: If there is going to be a change at all it does not make any difference which way the change is made, as it is impossible to suit every one. If I were to give my opinion I would probably do away with the Question and Answer Department, and coon and fox chasing with dogs, as I do not believe in running the fur animals all over the country with dogs. Of course, you understand that is only my opinion.

I am not interested in the Fishing Department but no doubt that is very interesting for most readers.

I notice that some one wants to start a cowboy's department, which I do not think should be done. This is a magazine of hunters, traders, trappers and fur-bearing animals, not of horses, cows and cowboys.

I like the "Fur Farming" Department very much and Woodcraft as well. I like to read the hunting and trapping stories from the different parts of the country, especially from Alaska and the Yukon Territory.

D. Gish, Kern Co., Cal.

Your magazine is good enough now. I think the Questions and Answers are among the most valuable assets of your periodical and the letters from wild lands in foreign countries as Australia, South America, Siberia, the Pacific Islands, etc., are the most interesting reading of all. I do not believe that the technical description of firearms and often by persons interested in the sale of them is studied by more than 1/20 of the readers. As it is your magazine is the best of its kind published.

I am one of the few who believe firmly that the protection or destruction of wild life should be left entirely with the owners of the land, whether individual, State or Government, on which such life is trespassing. The State has no right to force us to keep such stock (bird or beast) objectionable to us, for this is tyranny.

J. H. Baumler, page 102, can rid his place of pocket gophers by taking a peck (more or less) of Irish potatoes, plugging each one with the small blade of his knife, inserting a small amount of strychnine, replacing the plug and just before freezing in the fall opening two or three holes of each group that a single gopher makes and roll a potato into the hole as far as it will go and cover up. All of the gophers will be dead by spring. They may be trapped but it is tedious work.

Same page says, "Some kinds (mussels) are eatable." Can any fresh water kinds be named in this country? All that I have tried are very disgusting as a food.

Benj. Buckman, Sangamon Co., Ill

TRAPPERS' LETTERS

A TOTAL WASTE OF FUR.

I will give you the fur conditions around Delaware County. I have hunted and trapped for the past twenty years and know something about it.

In 1912 I was in Pennsylvania, and a man told me that he and his partner had killed 73 skunks in nine nights. How about that. It was the last of September, 1913, I was there again, and the same man told me they had killed 53 skunks in about two weeks. Of course, skunk not being protected now, I would say that was a great catch. In this state they pretend to protect them, but they do not. The law is off of coon the first of October, and skunk the tenth of November.

A man told me last fall that about every night he went coon hunting that his dog killed from one to three skunks. I know of six or eight traps that were around here last fall doing damage, but you dare not take the fur.

Now, I am not one-sided. I like to hunt and trap both, but if you kill a coon, nine times out of ten your dog has killed one or two skunks, whose fur is worth twice as much as the coons, and you leave them in the field to waste. Now, hunters and trappers, is that not true? I would like to know how you can stop your dog from killing skunk when coon hunting.

The law is not right and I hope it will soon be changed so that the laws on coon and skunk will be off at the same time, and save that waste of fur when skunk is valuable.

We have in fur a very few mink and rats, a few fox, coon, and skunk, but with this law they are not very good, so lets change the law.

Milo Dopp, Cadosia, N. Y.

A WORD FROM WILCOX.

Talking and writing about the game laws of the State, I think they are all right, but they ought to cover some of the fur-bearers also. Take for instance muskrat, skunk, and mink around here. The fellows generally start trapping the middle of September or the first of October. Now, if they had a law that would stop this early trapping, it would be a good deal better because later on the fur would be better and the animals would have a better chance. Last season some fellows started in about the last of September and caught everything they could. Mink, muskrat, fox and raccoon all went. Now, it stands to reason that these furs were not prime. The furs were all black and were not furred out as they ought to have been.

Now, if they had waited till the first of November or later this fur would have been of more value than it was then. But you see these same fellows are so afraid that if they wait till later they will not get all of the fur there is to get.

Snares and deadfalls are good things to catch fur-bearers with, if they are attended to. A year ago last spring, while out fishing, I ran across dozens of snares. They had been set during the winter, but had not been broken down. In a couple of these snares were fox that had gotten into them after the trapper had stopped going there. These fox were spoiled. If those snares had been broken down when the trapper took his last trip these fox would have been good for the next winter.

One time while out hunting, my hound got hung up in a snare. It did not hurt him because I was right behind him when he got caught.

Digermouts, we have them for digging out dens and they will destroy skunks and other animals quicker than gun, dog or traps, because they have no places to stay in after the dens are dug out.

I have seen lots of dens around here that had been dug out, and in most of these dens only one to three skunk were killed. It was not very much they got, but just the same the dens were spoiled so no other skunks could stay in them. This summer I have not seen a single skunk and my brother has only seen one.

Fur-bearers in this part of the State are very scarce on account of being trapped too much. I found no time to trap last season. I trapped quite a lot two years ago and had good luck, but a person cannot make wages at it nohow because here there isn't enough so you can.

Pheasants and rabbits seem to be quite plentiful this year, but squirrels are scarce as hen teeth. Bear and deer are also scarce. Only a couple of bears were killed last season.

As to hunting, I like to hunt pheasants best, because that is where the shot counts. I now have a hound about five-months' old, which is a beauty. It is white with black spots, and has twenty-inch earage. As soon as I get a picture of him I will send it.

What has become of Martin Hunter and Curly the Trapper? I don't see anything written by them any more. As to the H-T-T I like it very well and have taken it for five years, so you see I will not be without it for a while.

Stubby, Elk Co., Penn.

KANSAS.

As I have never found anything in the magazine from this part of the country, I decided I would write a few lines in regard to the hunting and trapping of this country. I live on a farm in the southeastern part of Rollins County, on a small creek called the Sappy. There are three of them—North, South and Middle Sappies—and I live on the latter. I have lived in this country for six

years. I do some hunting and trapping in the winter time.

For game we have the prairie chicken, quails and rabbits. The fur-bearing animals are the coyotes, skunk, muskrats and a few mink and weasels, the two latter are very scarce. I commence to trap the last of November for rats and about the middle of December for skunk. I shipped during 1913-14 two hundred and twenty-four rats, thirteen coyotes, thirty-three skunk and one badger. The coyotes were caught with dogs, all but three, two were trapped and one shot with a single-barrel shotgun, .16 gauge.

I have for guns, one .22 repeating rifle, one .32 revolver. I have about twenty-five traps, mostly No. 1 Victors. I think the Victor is a genuine trapper for coyotes. I use the No. 2 double spring. I once caught a coyote in a No. 1, and it held him till he broke the chain. We tracked him up, there being snow on the ground, and caught him with the dogs.

We have three good dogs. They are about three-fourths stag and one-fourth grey hound. One of them is the fastest in the country, and there are lots of dogs and coyotes as well.

Rollins County.

NEW YORK.

I have been a hunter and trapper in the West for a number of years and have killed and trapped the large game and furs that inhabit the Northwest. I have been making my home in the East for the last fifteen years, and I haven't been on the trap line in that time, except last fall, I went in camp at Hope-well Junction, New York. I found that the price of furs being so high that nearly every-one was trapping. I found traps everywhere on land, and in water. The only way I could trap would be to set my traps between others in the water for mink, so that the mink would find the trap and J. S. would not find them (he is the most numerous animal in these parts). I succeeded so far as to catch the only mink that were caught in that vicinity, and that was very few. But they were nice ones and brought me a good fair price. J. S. did not find any mink traps except one which contained a mink, and they could see it in the clear water. But if I set a trap on the land for skunk, J. S. would get it.

I have often read discussions in the H-T-T on the weariness of an animal that has had his toes pinched. I will mention a little incident on that subject which happened in February, 1913. I found signs on a very small stream in which there was not enough water left to drown a rat. I set two traps, possibly 150 feet apart. I went to the traps the next day and found a rat's foot in the trap. The next day I had a rat in the other trap, and when I came to look at him I found he had some toes off on one hind foot, which showed he had been pinched sometime previous because it was all healed.

I have a son in Montana, about 50 miles from Harve, and I am thinking of going out there on the line this fall and winter. The

little start I had last fall gave me the fever very badly.

The fur in this vicinity is mink, muskrat, coon, skunk, gray squirrels and red and gray foxes.

As to the game laws in this state and others as well as this state, I think they are strict enough and very good laws, but they are not enforced. They pay good salaries to a large body of wardens and commissioners, etc., and they never look for trouble unless there is a complaint made to them, then possibly they will go and investigate. If I were much of an author I might write some interesting reminiscences of my life in the West.

Buckskin Charlie, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

ARKANSAS.

While I have a little spare time, I will try and fill out a column of the kind of game we have here. For game, we have rabbits, squirrels, quails, ducks, geese, wild turkey, doves, and our fur bearing animals are mink, coon, opossum, skunk, bear, otters. All are scarce in certain districts, although plentiful in some parts of the state. I will give you a little incident of a squirrel hunt I and a friend of mine enjoyed decoration day, May 31st, 1914. We planned for the hunt, so in the afternoon we walked over to the station and to our surprise found our train about four hours late, which got us to the woods at Humphrey, Ark., at eight o'clock, twenty-three miles from home. After lunch we started out for the hunt, each one taking his route. After walking about two hundred yards, I ran into a fine young squirrel. I took a shot at him while he was running on the ground, but to my surprise no game. So I began to hunt another. After walking about two more hours, I found another one and had good luck, as my No. 10 Smith brought him down. Well, without giving all the details, we hunted till 6:30 p. m., and found we had nine nice squirrels, the last three being shot with my No. 10 without moving out of my steps. They were feeding on mulberries and we located them by their barking. I have hunted in these woods for several years and find no better place any where, but of course it is like all other places they are decreasing fast, as there is no law on them at any time, and some people slaughter them in breeding seasons. I often see deer tracks in these woods while hunting for squirrel. For guns I have a double barrel 10 gauge, L. C. Smith, 32-inch full choke barrels. I also have a 22, which is a dandy, and a 12 gauge single barrel which is almost worn out, but still in service, and don't forget boys she brings them down. For dogs, I have a pointer sixteen months' old, which is a dandy. I killed ten birds over him on his first day out. Don't you think this was fine for the first time out? He is a very high bred dog and of great value. I intend to buy me a tent next month and figure on having a nice trip this winter on the trap line. A. J. Arnold, Jefferson Co.

CALIFORNIA.

Being a new reader of the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER, I cannot praise it too highly. As I read it I am back in the mountains of California, a hunting state which I noticed there were no writers from. I am a native of Texas, and until 1902 my father and I did nothing but hunt, trap and fish, and I enjoyed it. We only got from five to fifteen cents for rats, opossum, civet cats, and from fifty cents to a dollar for coon, skunk and mink, but we enjoyed it.

After my father died, I went to the Imperial Company, and took up land, which I have made a success of.

When I read your book and the different trips that the boys took hunting, it brings back those happy days.

I took the first part of my vacation on the ocean fishing, and the fish I caught was plenty, but that was nothing compared to what I found in the mountains. There was plenty of coon, squirrel, duck and a few deer. There is a great opportunity here to catch coon to send to farms, but it would not do to keep them here as the climate is too warm. The Imperial Company also, has a great many coon, but the climate is too warm for their fur to be of much value, but it would be a great place to catch them for a farm.

I expect to be one of the fur producers soon.

J. A. Wiest, Calif.

—o—
ARKANSAS.

Well boys, if our Editor does not condemn this I will be surprised, but maybe he wont, anyway I shall try him, as he seems to be a man with a great deal of patience.

To begin with there are two or three things I want to praise, first of all is the H-T-T. I want to tell how I became acquainted with it.

I lived on the bank of the St. Francis river. One day a house boat tied up by my house and stayed there for quite a while. We had been hunting together, so one day I agreed to take him out in my motor boat. So early the next morning we were ready to go. Although it was pouring rain he had to go for his H-T-T. I asked him what in the deuce is the H-T-T and he told me all about it. Well I took him down the river in the pouring rain, and he did not get anything else but his H-T-T. He gave me two copies of the magazine. You know the rest, my name was added to the list of your satisfied readers. So now when you read your H-T-T don't try to sell it, you have had your money's worth out of it. Hand it to somebody that don't know anything about it, and he will enlist. Don't give more than two copies to one man. By so doing you can increase the education of H-T-T, and of course we will get more letters and photos.

The next thing I want to praise is the rapid fire guns. I use the Remington twenty-two, hammerless repeater, the 351 H. P. and

twelve gauge L. C. Smith hammerless, and they all suit me, and you old cap and ball fellows that are afraid of rapid firing don't come to Arkansas, the saw is all O. K., but a bad set in it.

For game we have deer, turkeys, quail, squirrels, red and gray rabbits and in season ducks, snipes and wood cocks. For fur we have fox, coon, skunk, opossum and civet cats, all fairly plentiful. Numerous fox, not much game laws and no enforcements.

I have been in Arkansas about eleven years and I never saw or heard of a game warden. We have all kinds of fish.

Now that I have been praising, I want to condemn a while, that is some of the boys that find so much that they don't like personally. I like every page of the H-T-T, and read every page, and you fellows that don't like a certain man's writing, don't read it—I will and if some one steps too hard on your corns grin and bear it; it is all in the game and will amuse some of the others readers. Don't be trying to tell our Editor what to print and what not to print, for if you are not interested in one department of the H-T-T, remember some one else is. The only way we can improve the H-T-T is to add more to each department. I am one contented reader and of course, not the only one. Don't get selfish enough to ask our Editor to cut out any department, just because you are not interested: remember there are others.

Now just one more thing I want to say and that is if any of the readers are interested in Arkansas just place a small add in the H-T-T and I will be glad to answer.

Well I will close and if I have offended any of the readers I am sorry, but anything I have said, or will say is meant in the best of spirit. Well I am hearing the editor saying "waste basket," so I will stop off by saying if you don't believe a fellow's yarns, forget it. If you like a cap and ball, use it. I am thirty-five years old, and when I was a boy a bullet turned and hit, and it still turns. When I kill a calf I don't use a 13-inch gun, I use a twenty-two and bully for the fifty-eight pound coon.

G. S. Monahan, Stone Co., Ark.

—o—
OHIO TRAPPER.

For fur bearing animals we have mink, coon, skunk, opossum, muskrat and weasel. They are all pretty scarce excepting muskrats. For game, we have rabbits, squirrels, quails and a few woodcock. The quails are protected till the year 1915. My last winter's catch was as follows: Twenty-two muskrats and one opossum. Trapping is not much good around here. After it freezes up and the snow begins to fall, the fur bearing animals don't run much, then we can only look for them on warm rainy nights. My trapping outfit consists of one No. 2 tree trap, two No. 1½ Victors, two No. 1 Victor and four No. 1 Victors.

I like to read the stories of the old timers, and also the coon and fox hunting stories. I

have been reading the H-T-T for a number of years and think it is the best magazine of its kind published.

G. Bohn, Lorain County, Ohio.

—o—
ILLINOIS.

Brother hunters and trappers, talk about game, it sure was scarce last year here in central Illinois and the worst of it was that it was caught in October and caught by dogs. The game protector did not try to stop it either.

I am a trapper and like the sport very much, but if we don't do something pretty soon we might as well hang up our traps and quit trapping, or start trapping barn rats. I know of one fellow who trapped 100 rats in October and they brought 10 cents each. If the game wardens do not practice what they preach and do their duty we might as well not have any. I wrote our game warden twice and he did not do anything about it. I don't think this is fair when we leave our traps hang up until late.

For guns I have a 32-20 and it is good enough for me. I also have a 20 gauge shotgun and think it is fine for rabbits and small game.

I am going to do all I can to protect our game. I think November is soon enough to start trapping. Now brother hunters and trappers do your best to protect the fur bearers and leave a little for seed.

J. E. C., Stark Co., Ill.

—o—
NEW MEXICO.

It seems like the boys that read the H-T-T here in New Mexico, never write about this God-forsaken country. Well, I will make a start.

This is a fine country to trap in, but I want to add right here that if a fellow leaves his own country to go to some other country to trap in, right there he makes the biggest mistake of his life. Stay where you are, boys, where you know the lay of the land, the people and all the animals' retreats.

We have coyote, skunk, coon badger, grey fox, civets, muskrats, a few ringtails in the mountains and a few lion and bear. For game we have deer, (black and white tail) rabbits, quail, squirrel and ducks. Some fish are found in the few rivers that are in this country.

Some of you old timers wake up and give us some trap yarns, as I certainly enjoy reading them. I hear too much talk about rifles; one may suit one and not another. My favorite gun is the 25-35.

C. G. Salter, New Mexico.

—o—
ONTARIO.

I live in a settled township, but I hunt and trap on a small scale. In reading our magazine last month I decided I would put in a few words. I was just reading F. J. Brown's

article on protection, and I think it is just about right. I know right here in this county, November 1st opened the season for mink. Now they started to trap mink—mink being scarce, and as a result trap muskrats. Although spring rats fur is better than fall, yet I think fall is the time when most trapping is done. Rivers are frozen here till away on in April, and water is very high. They clean up more rats in one day than they would in a week in the fall, and see them swimming down the river, shoot at them and never get them and—and think they are very plentiful.

Say lads, what effect will this war have on raw fur this season? I think if the prices are low it would pay to let them go for this year.

Say, why not start up a regular fur bearing department instead of the Q. & A. department?

Sam, Bruce Co., Ont., Can.

—o—
OKLAHOMA.

Our game is squirrel, fairly plentiful, cotton tail and jack rabbits, also some quail, though very scarce. The fur bearers are coyote, fairly plentiful, skunk and opossum, decreasing fast and muskrats and civet cats seem to be about gone because of the dry weather. We also have some coons and badgers which never were plentiful.

I have three traps and my brother Carl has fifteen. I sell all the fur I catch to him. Will tell you the way I caught a short stripe skunk: My brother went with me to look at my traps and we found a skunk tail right along a steep bank. I took my No. 1 jump trap and set it where they jumped and in about a week I was rewarded with a medium sized short stripe skunk.

Floyd Packard, Grant Co., Okla.



LYNX CAT (SO CALLED) TRAPPED BY W. O. BRADY AND D. R. REYNOLDS, HARNEY CO., OREGON.

MICHIGAN.

I am a young hunter and trapper of sixteen. I do a great deal of fishing in summer also.

We have some fur around here. For fur bearers we have skunk, mink, fox, rats, weasels, coon and a few otter and wild cats. I expect to do some trapping here next winter.

For game we have rabbits, ducks, partridge, spruce hens and a few deer. Snaring rabbits is easy around here. Make a medium sized loop and set it so when they run they will put their head through the loop and be caught. I had some twenty traps but lost quite a few as Johnny Sneakum is around.

The way I catch my weasels is, I take a common rat trap, tie a piece of bloody meat to the treadle, nail the trap to a tree the same as you would a tree trap. The jaw breaks their neck and does not spoil the fur. I caught 12 rats and 7 weasels last fall. I caught a rat with only three legs. It sure was an old timer and scarred by many battles. The house cats are so thick around here you could not catch them all in a year.

Willard D. Clarke, Cheboygan Co., Mich.

WISCONSIN.

As I go to school I do not have much time to trap, but whenever I have time I am off on the trap line.

Furs are scarce owing to the many digemouts. For fur bearers we have muskrats, weasels, skunk, and a few mink. For game birds, partridges, snipe and occasionally a wild duck or goose. But in spite of that I caught 43 muskrats, 3 weasels, 3 skunks and 1 mink.

I will tell you of a wild duck hunt I had: After breakfast I took the shot gun and went off for a small body of water not very far away. As I came there, lo! what a magnificent sight did I behold—six ducks on the lake, something uncommon in this locality. Was I excited? Well, I should say I was.

Well, I made my way toward them the best I could, trying not to scare them. I came to a tree, went behind it and waited for my chance. In about fifteen minutes they were very close to me. When I fired four dropped, while the remaining two hustled off and as I did not wish to be a game hog I let them go. In a little while I had them collected and went home very happy after my good luck.

As for guns I have a Stevens favorite rifle and two shot guns.

Come on you duck hunters with your stories. We all like to read them.

The Hunter, Wisconsin.

MASSACHUSETTS.

For fur bearers we have fox, skunk, weasel, muskrat, coon, a few mink and once in a while a bear or a wild cat.

We have for game white and gray rabbits,

partridge, red and gray squirrels, ducks and deer.

As for fish we have pickerel, trout and bullheads.

The first year that I trapped I caught four skunks, six muskrats and one coon. There are so many Johnny Sneakums (as Raymond S. Spears writes about in the January edition) that I did not trap much last fall. I had thirteen traps stolen from me one year. I think a man who steals traps or fur from traps which does not belong to him should be punished by law.

We hunt gray squirrels and partridge from the 12th of October to the 12th of November; rabbits from the 13th of October to the 20th of February; ducks from September 15th to December 31st. The game wardens are very strict here.

I have a "houn dawg" that is a dandy rabbit dog. He is fourteen months' old and drives the old bunnies pretty good.

As for firearms I have a double barrel shot gun, Hopkins & Allen make, a Stevens Favorite .22 caliber rifle and a .38 caliber Harrington & Richardson revolver, a good shooter.

My trapping outfit consists of a hatchet, fifty traps of different makes, hunting knife and stretching boards sufficient for use. I do not have much time to trap as I go to high school and do all my trapping after school and am only fourteen years old.

Many of the boy trappers would like to know more about trapping and I would advise them to buy the book "Science of Trapping," published and sold by A. R. Harding, the publisher of H-T-T. I have this book and make all my sets by its methods which prove successful.

Galen Ray, Berkshire Co., Mass.

DUCKS IN CALIFORNIA.

Many hunters around here say to one another, "There are not as many ducks now as there were four or five years ago." Now, I disagree with them on that subject. There are just as many ducks, if not more, now. But the only difference is, there isn't the amount of water now as there was four or five years ago to keep the ducks here. About the only place near here is the "Overflow," a place where four or five creeks empty during the winter time. This place is about four miles from town. When the Sacramento River gets high it overflows into this place, but after the river goes down and the creeks dry up in summer time the water runs off this place and dries up.

The best hunting grounds are rented by some rich fellows for their own private use. The poorest part goes to the poorer class who walk or ride up there in the hopes of getting a few ducks. An Eastern corporation put a good many dredgers to work to put up a strong levee around this in the hopes of reclaiming it. Well, they got the levee up and we thought it the last of our hunting around here. It was almost, for the amount of ducks killed this year couldn't

compare with the number a few years ago. The levee washed down, in some places flat and consequently there were about fifteen feet of water over the land this winter, but back to work again they went on the dredgers trying to spoil a poor man's place to hunt.

This place I mention, known to the hunters as the Overflow, is about thirty miles long and ranges up to 10 miles wide. If they ever get the levee strong enough there will be no more hunting for the "poor guys" here unless Congress would buy the land as a National Park, but no such luck.

I am nothing but a kid, but I can tell you a few duck stories at that. I trap a little, just for fun when there isn't any duck hunting.

In regard to Mr. Miller's stories, in the March issue he says, "I can catch more mink and coon with a No. 1 Newhouse than with any other make." He may and he may not, but he would never catch a coon in a thousand years in California with a No. 1 of any make, unless he was sick and couldn't walk straight.

Bill, Sacramento Co., Cal.

A CALIFORNIA DUCK HUNT.

My pard and I took a few duck hunts last January, 1913, which so far was the best season I have seen. We were getting a good many every Sunday. We had a certain place to go every time and used the same hide. We didn't have any decoys but merely mud clods because the water was only about ten inches deep all over the place which I described in the other article. There were not many hunters there before us because we got up early every time we went.

We had just gotten through throwing up the mud clods when it was light enough to shoot. A small south wind started up and the teal and sprig began to come fast. We pulled out of there about one o'clock with about 37 between us. "Baldie", (widgeon) teal and sprig made up our bag.

The next Sunday we were out again as usual. We got up about 3 A. M. and was always away before 4 on our bikes. We had one light to ride with, but it was as good as nothing during a morning like this. The north wind was blowing gently. You could walk faster than you could ride against it. The light went out about fifty or more times without a guess, but we finally got there. This time we were going to shoot out of a tank.

When we got there the water was frozen about 3 inches thick—hard enough to hold up a horse. Boots were unnecessary and I

wished I had taken my baseball spikes instead of them. We got out to the tank and got settled by daylight and ducks! say; they would come down with the wind by us for a few hundred yards and then buck the wind past us. We would let them get between us and the heavy north winds and then raise on them. They would try to fly against the wind and made it easy picking for us. We pulled out about nine o'clock with the limit (25 each). We had gotten a little wet in the tank and our hunting coats were frozen stiff. We rode home with the wind and we surely did go. We made it in about 35 minutes.

Pard uses an automatic and I use a pump gun. We sold the birds and made a good many kinkies. This was about the best hunt I ever had and maybe ever will have unless they fail in their attempt to reclaim the Overflow which is doubtful.

Bill, Sacramento Co., Cal.



CEDAR RUN.

Part of my Trapping Grounds; also a good Trout Stream. Photo by R. W. Rupp, Cumberland Co., Pa.

BOYS' LETTERS

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN HUNTING SQUIRRELS.

I am a young sportsman, and a reader of the H-T-T. Last year was my first year for using a shot gun to shoot squirrels.

I used a Remington twelve gauge choke bore, and I could shoot a squirrel at a long distance if I pointed it right. I shot about two and three-fourths or three drams of smokeless powder, and about one ounce or one and one-eighth ounces of shot No. four and five, probably six.

I had been gunning about home and was so I could shoot fairly well, when my uncle asked me to come down one afternoon and stay until the next afternoon. I accepted the invitation, (the week being institute week and we had no school). One afternoon I cleaned the gun which belonged to my father, geared up the horse, took an old gunning coat of my father's, plenty of shell and started for my uncle's, which is about three or four miles from my home.

The next morning we got up early, and was in the woods before daylight. As we were walking along, I saw a large grey run a tree, but it was too dark to locate him. We went up in the southeast corner of the woods. I stayed on land, while my uncle went down at the foot of the hill, where there was a large hickory tree with a hole in it, and into which he had run several large grays. It was not long until I saw a grey coming down the forks of a poplar, and I shot at him. He ran down the tree, jumped to the ground, and fell dead. While we were sitting on the bank watching, we saw one in a wheat field, where the wheat had just been planted, and was about two or three inches high. The squirrel had run up an old dead tree and was crossing into a black oak, when we both started for him. My uncle was a little slow in taking aim, and before he could shoot, my shot had brought down the squirrel. In the meantime we saw another one down the road, and we strolled down that way. When we got to the tree, my uncle told me to stay on the upper side, while he went on the lower. As we did the squirrel came down the tree and stopped to look. As he did I shot at him, this being my last shot for the day.

We then started for home where we arrived at about four-thirty, and at five I left for my own home, with a young grey to take to my uncle's niece, who had been thrown from a horse and seriously injured.

We have for game plenty of rabbits and squirrels, and for furs skunks, few coon and a few opossum.

D. E. Chambers, Chester Co., Pa.

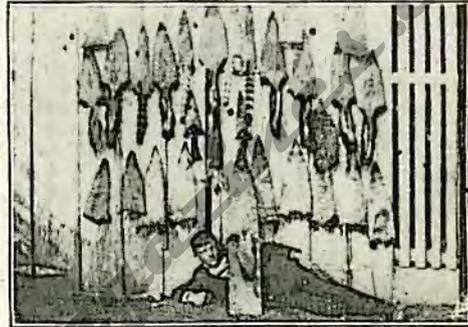
A TEXAS TRAPPER.

For game we have bob white, quail, doves, plover, snipe, water hens, kill-deer, ducks and

geese in season, rabbits, squirrels, and deer back in the mountains farther. All are quite scarce except rabbits, squirrels, doves and quail. The doves and quail nest down here.

For fur we have coon, skunks, coyotes, bob cats, opossum, grey fox, ringtail cats and civet cats. They are quite plentiful yet, but are going fast like they are everywhere else.

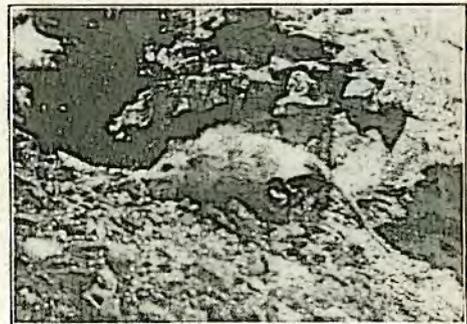
This last year a good many boys began trapping and some of them sure did make a



SOME FURS CAUGHT ON SHOAL CREEK.

mess skinning and stretching their skins. They left the fat and meat on the skins and they never would get dried out good and the fur would slip out.

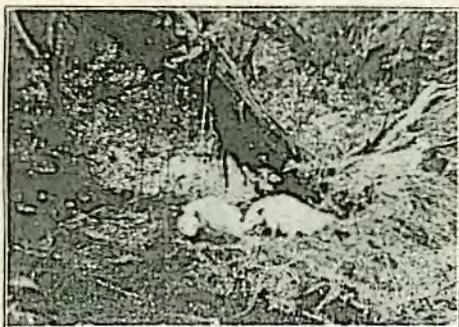
Did any of you trappers ever catch any animals in traps by their tails? I caught two opossums in that way. I wonder how they get caught in that manner. I also caught an opossum that did not have the least sign of a tail.



A TRAPPED OPOSSUM.

I did a little trapping on Shoal Creek and will tell you of my luck. On January 3 I set out 21 traps in holes, runways and open boat sets, using bait at each trap. I scented the meat good with fish scent made from perch and cat fish corked up with a little water. I visited my traps every other day as I had to work between times. I kept a diary of my catches and here is what I have in it:

On January 5, caught 2 opossums, 1 rabbit; January 7, 1 skunk, 1 opossum; Jan. 9, 1 civet, 1 wood rat; Jan. 11, 1 opossum; Jan. 13, 1 skunk, 1 civet; Jan. 15, 2 skunk, 1 opossum; Jan. 17, 1 ringtail cat, 1 rabbit; Jan. 18, 2 opossums; Jan. 21, 1 opossum, 1 grey squirrel; Jan. 23, 1 skunk, 1 civet; Jan. 25, 1 opossum; Jan. 27, nothing; Jan. 29, 1 skunk, 1 rabbit; Jan. 31, 1 opossum, 1 ringtail; Feb. 2, 1 opossum, 1 chicken hawk; Feb. 5, nothing; Feb. 7, 1 civet; Feb. 9, 1 opossum, 1 civet, 1 rabbit; Feb. 11, 1 grey fox, 1 ringtail; Feb. 13, 1 skunk; Feb. 15, buzzard, 1 rabbit; Feb. 17, 1 ringtail; Feb. 19, 2 opossum; Feb. 21, 1 skunk, 1 civet; Feb. 23, 1 opossum, 1 rabbit. On the 25th I quit trapping; caught an opossum that day. By March the animals begin to shed down here.



TWO OPOSSUMS IN TRAPS.

In April I caught a female opossum with four young. The young were about the size of a mouse. Up to now I have the old one and three of the young ones, the other one escaped some way. I feed them on skim milk, bread, apples, meat scraps, corn cakes and other stuff.

I know a boy who caught four females with young. Out of the bunch he only raised but five young. I believe he could have raised more if he had separated each female. He had them all together and all mixed up.

Am enclosing three photos, one of some furs caught on Shoal Creek and the other two of trapped opossum.

Why don't more of you Texas fellows write to this valuable magazine? Would also like to see more pictures of trapped animals.

Louis Naschke, Travis Co., Texas.

TRAPPING IN TEXAS ON THE PLAINS.

BY TOBE ADLER.

Texas is known to be the wildest state in the Union, but it is not quite as wild as some people say it is. Two friends and myself have been trapping together for three seasons, and we have trapped over about one-third of the state. Fur had begun to get very scarce in some parts of the State, with the exception of opossum, which are not as plentiful as they used to be. We trapped last winter in

several different counties. We did very well in the month of December. Our catch for the season, was eighty skunk, two hundred and four opossum, twenty-two coon, eight wolves, two wild cats, thirteen civet cats, and about three hundred rabbits, which were of no use to us. We sold our fur to a Texas fur house, and it netted us \$131.90. We were on our trip from the 18th of November, till the 22d of February. The way we traveled on our trip, was that two of us walked and one drove a two wheel cart in which we carried our supplies, which was not very much. Our camping outfit consisted of to good wagons, sheets, three blankets, two good heavy quilts, and one army blanket. We had one single barrel shot gun, twelve gauge, one 22 rifle, one small axe and one hatchet. Our grub was sufficient to last until we could get to a town or store. We also had pots, skillets, pans, cups, plates, etc., one grip well packed and a few H-T-T's. I was sick with a cold for about a week, but with the exception of that, we had a very nice trip. We trapped in Refugio county, twenty-one days. The weather got very cold and we had to build a shanty out of a few small logs, which we covered with weeds and dirt. This kept out the cold at nights.



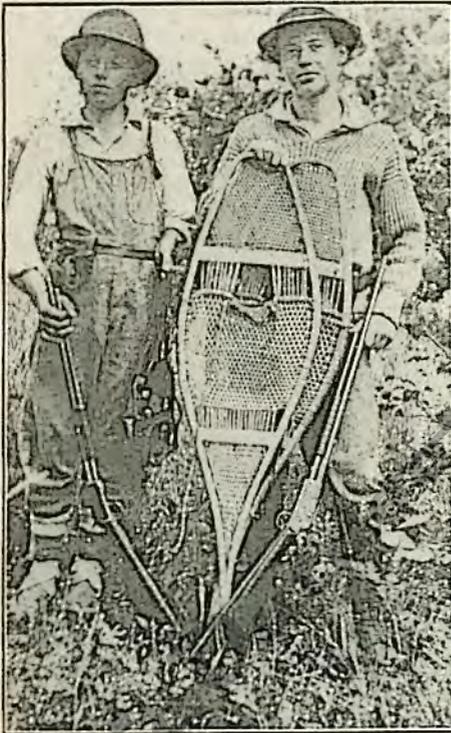
LEE DE ROSA ON RIGHT AND SID ADLER, TWO TEXAS TRAPPERS.

We were camping about twenty-seven miles from a store and thirty miles from a town. We went to the store two times while we were out there, and to town once. This was in the month of December, and we did very well. After leaving there, we went to Goliad county, and from there we came back to Victoria county, where we spent the remainder of the season. We are preparing to go again this fall. A Texas Trapper.

OUR FIRST DEER.

I am inclosing photo of my partner, Keith the Trapper, and myself. This picture was taken just after our memorable deer hunt. I suppose you would like to hear about it.

Pard and I were over to a fair-sized lake picking out a place to camp. I had a Marlin 25-20 repeater, and pard had a .22. The day was dark and misty and as it was just after a rain our moccasins made hardly any noise on the leaves. We were going slowly and talking in low tones, when suddenly two deer jumped up and hiked through the brush. We separated, pard going along the lake while I took the higher ground. I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when I saw something move. I looked more closely and there was a deer looking over some brush at me. It was his ears I had seen moving. I took quick



KEITH THE TRAPPER AND MYSELF.

aim and pulled the trigger, and believe me it was a pleasant sight to see that deer drop. But wait,—the story is not finished.

"Did you get him?" yelled pard. I turned to answer "yes" when up jumped the "dead" deer and started in pard's direction. "Stop him," I yelled and took a quick shot, but missed. I heard the little .22 bark three times and as I rushed down was just in time to see "The Trapper" putting his knife blade in the deer's throat.

My "soft-point" had gone in one side of his head and out the other. Pard had gotten him in the hind leg, shoulder, and neck.

Believe me, as we carried him home that night we were two proud boys.

"Deerslayer."

TEXAS.

I have been wanting to say something in this valuable magazine for a long time, so here goes. The first thing you would like to know is what kind of animals we have down here. We have opossum, skunk, polecats, ring-tail cats, wild cats, grey fox, coon and a few wolves back in the hills. Most all of the above are plentiful, excepting the fox and wolves, which are nearly all gone, because the state offers a bounty of \$1.50 on wolves which people kill and poison the year round. They do the same with the fox, but there is no bounty given for them. For game we have deer and bear back in the hills, rabbits, squirrels, doves, quail, ducks, plover, but nearly all of the above are scarce, excepting rabbits and squirrels.

I will tell you now of my last winter's trapping. I started about the middle of November, and trapped till the last of February. The first place I began to trap was on Walnut



MY SEASON'S CATCH IN TRAVIS CO., TEXAS.

creek, four miles from town. Well, the first night it began to drizzle, and I was glad to see it, for the next morning when I went to my traps the first one held a rabbit, the next a pole cat, the third was empty, but in the fourth there was a narrow striped skunk, the fifth held nothing, but in the sixth there was a large black opossum. I had four more traps farther up the creek which I looked after and found one more opossum, and a squirrel. I trapped two weeks on this creek, then moved up the river at Peep Eddy Boat Club, where I set my traps on the opposite bank among the cliffs. Here I caught my first fox on a chicken set, also caught a few skunks and ringtail cats and one coon. I trapped on other small creeks around town and caught a few opossum and skunks. I am sending a picture of my season's catch.

Hearns, Travis Co., Texas.

ON THE TRAP LINE IN MISSOURI.

By WILLIE BOSSINGER.

The accompanying picture shows my brother and cousin with dogs and fox. This fox was treed under the building shown in photo by the little black dog.



THE FOX WAS TREED BY THE LITTLE BLACK DOG.

Here in Johnson county, Missouri, game and fur are fairly plentiful in some places. Where my brother and I have trapped the last six years fur was quite plentiful. Last fall brother and I caught \$45 worth of fur in two nights, but of course we had 82 traps set in good places.

The 1st of December, 1912, we got our traps together so we could get an early start the next morning, and went to bed to dream of the next day's luck.

Finally morning arrived and we started out with our two game bags, one filled with bait and the other was filled with traps. When we arrived at our trapping ground I started cutting stakes for Art, my brother, and he went to hunt mink signs. Very soon he found where a mink had been and I took him a trap and stake. He was very careful how he set it under the roots of a tree as that was where the mink had been going through a runway.

We went on down the creek a little farther and soon discovered muskrat signs. Here we set five traps in a line about a rod apart and we continued down the stream setting traps for muskrat and mink. We came to a hole in the bank at the edge of the water and Art said he was going to set a trap there for mink as mink go in and out of every hole on Black Water, this being the name of the creek. Art waded out along the edge of the water till he came to the hole and he said there had been a large mink in the hole the night before. He set a No. 1½ Victor trap for him and covered it up with mud and leaves and we went on.

We came to a ditch that runs up in a field so my brother set a trap on it by digging a hole in the bank and covered it with grass and leaves to make it look natural. After looking around a little more we found a place for coon and in goes a 1½ Victor for Mr. Coon. We kept on setting traps for muskrat and mink till we had set 32, then we went home hungry and tired, but happy over our good luck.

The next morning we went out to look at our traps. It had snowed during the night and we thought our chances would be good for a catch. The first held a No. 1 mink. Art waded in and took out the mink and reset the trap. In a short time we had gotten four muskrats and another mink then we came to the ditch. Art went up to it but before he got within sight he heard the chain popping and there he saw a grey wolf in it. He shot him seven times with a revolver. When he got him he hog-tied him for fear he would get away. We got \$3.00 bounty on his scalp. Well the other traps held a coon and a skunk, making 2 mink, 9 rats, 1 wolf, 1 coon and 1 skunk.

How many of you brothers use a camera on the trap line? I do, and have a picture of the wolf. It is a No. 3 Brownie camera making pictures 3¼ by 4¼.

Brother E. N. Woodcock, give us some more bear trapping or hunting stories in the H-T-T for we all like to read your stories. We have one of your books published on fox trapping and are going to make use of it this fall.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



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NOVEMBER, 1914

1914-15 Fur Values Last April when we announced that raw fur prices would not appear again until this issue, little did we think that such great changes would have taken place. The European war of course being responsible for most of the decline. About three-fourths of American raw furs are exported to Europe. The war now going on means that few if any raw furs will be exported, but must be used, if used at all, by American manufacturers.

Indications are that no auction sales will be held in London for some time. These sales in the past have had much to do in establishing prices. Under present conditions values will largely be established in this country and as the supply will probably be about three times greater than needed values will no doubt be much lower than for years.

Some furs were forced too high the past few years and had been on the

downward trend for months previous to the war but since the war began the decline has been great and prices are low—very low—compared with two or three years ago. A small catch this season would let the closely trapped fur bearers increase and at the same time help to bring about better values in this country for don't lose sight of the fact even though the war in Europe was to soon end their financial condition is such that they will not be the important factor in the fur trade that they were in the past, at least for a good many years.

A Word To Our Readers We wish to thank you for the valuable contributions of letters, articles and photos sent in from time to time. We

have hundreds of photos on hand at present, which of course, you understand we cannot print just when sent in, but will try and get them in as we find room for them. We particularly request articles on fur farming, roots and herbs, woodcraft and guns and ammunition. Come on, you fur farmers and tell us how you raise them, feed them and care for them, and send us photos of your litter, pens, houses, etc. It is eagerly demanded by our readers, and no doubt you in turn will be profited by the experience of others. You out door men can keep our Woodcraft department going we know. Get out your pencil and give us an article which is useful for our great army of readers who are eagerly looking for this. Don't say you can't write, for we know you can, so "let 'em come, we'll make room for 'em."

Our November Cover The front cover of this month's issue shows Mr. Charles Stanton, of Twin Falls Co., Idaho, bringing in a bob cat. His article "A Hunt after Bob Cats" which appears in this issue on page 38 will be interesting to a great many of our readers. We receive a number of good photographs which would look attractive on our front cover, but they are usually of the wrong dimensions.

Send them in the long way of the card, that is, if on a post card, 3½" in width, by 5½" high. This will help us considerably in our selections.

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, 1914

(COMPILED BY T. S. PALMER, W. F. BANCROFT, AND FRANK L. EARNSHAW.)

The following table shows the open seasons for game in the United States and Canada arranged on a uniform plan. In its preparation the dates prescribed by the regulations for the protection of migratory birds, as amended October 1, 1914, have been inserted in black-faced type.

THE SEASONS HERE SHOWN ARE THE OPEN SEASONS UNDER BOTH FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS.

The first date of the open season and the first date of the close season are given, so that CLOSE SEASONS MAY BE FOUND BY REVERSING THE DATES. When the season is closed for several years, the first date on which shooting is permitted, as Nov. 10, 1916, appears in the table.

A few unimportant species and the numerous local exceptions in North Carolina, Tennessee, Washington, and Wisconsin have been omitted.

The term rabbit includes "hare;" quail, the bird known as "partridge" in the South; grouse, includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; introduced pheasant is restricted to the Old World pheasants; and goose includes "brant."

States are arranged geographically and grouped under the two zones defined in the regulations for the protection of migratory birds.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS AND EXCEPTIONS.

ALASKA.—Moose (male), caribou, sheep, north lat. 62°. Aug. 1-Dec. 11. Moose south of Lynn Canal, Caribou on Kenai Peninsula, and sheep on Kenai Peninsula east of Long. 152°, 1916. Large Brown Bear, south lat. 62°. Oct. 1-July 2; north, unprotected. Deer on Duke, Gravina, Kodiak, Kruzof, Long, Suemez and Zarembo Islands, Aug. 1, 1916.

ARIZONA.—Bobwhite quail, no open season.

CALIFORNIA.—Deer (male), 1st and 3d districts, Aug. 15-Nov. 1; 6th dist., Aug. 15-Sept. 15. Cottontail or bush rabbit only, July 31-Feb. 1. Tree squirrel only, Sept. 1-Jan. 1, except Mendocino County, unprotected. Valley quail, 6th dist., Oct. 15-Nov. 15; mountain quail (State), Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Dove, 2d and 5th dists., Aug. 1-Oct. 15; 4th and 6th dists., Sept. 1-Nov. 1; brant, Nov. 1-Feb. 1 (except in 1st dist., October 1-Feb. 1). For counties in six game districts, see "Game Laws, 1914."

DELAWARE.—Dove, Newcastle County, no open season.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA.—Hunting permitted only on marshes of Eastern Branch north of Anacostia bridge and on Virginia shore of Potomac.

GEORGIA.—Snipe, Dec. 1-Feb. 1; yellowlegs, Nov. 20-Feb. 1; wood duck, Dec. 1-Jan. 1.

IDAHO.—Deer, Sept. 20-Dec. 20, elk, Sept. 1, 1916, in Bonner, Clearwater, Idaho, Kootenai, Latah, Nez Perce, and Shoshone Counties. Elk in Fremont, Bonneville, and Bingham Counties, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Dove in Fremont County, Aug. 15-Dec. 1.

KANSAS.—Fox Squirrel, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; red, gray, and black squirrels, no open season.

KENTUCKY.—Squirrel, summer season, June 15-Sept. 15.

LOUISIANA.—Florida duck (black duck), Nov. 1-Feb. 16.

MAINE.—Deer in Aroostock, Franklin, Hancock, Oxford, Penobscot, Piscataquis, Somerset, and Washington Counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 16; Mount Desert, Cross and Scotch Islands, no open season; rest of State, Nov. 1-Dec. 1. Gray squirrel only, Sept. 1-Nov. 1.

MARYLAND.—Dove, Aug. 15-Dec. 25, except Baltimore, Sept. 1-Oct. 1; Dorchester, Aug. 15-Jan. 1; Frederick, Aug. 1-Oct. 1; Kent, July 16-Dec. 24; Somerset, Aug. 10-Jan. 1; Talbot, Aug. 15-Jan. 1; Washington, Aug. 1-Sept. 1. In Allegany, Carroll, Harford, and Wicomico Counties, no open season.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Quail, Essex County, Oct. 12, 1919.

MICHIGAN.—Deer in Berrien, Calhoun, Genesee, Ingham, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Oakland, and St. Clair Counties, Nov. 10, 1920; Bois Blanc Island, Nov. 13, 1918.

MINNESOTA.—Ruffed grouse, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; sharp-tailed or white-breasted grouse, Sept. 7-Nov. 7.

MISSOURI.—Snipe, Sept. 15-Dec. 16; yellowlegs, Sept. 1-Dec. 16.

MONTANA.—Elk in Sweetgrass, Park, Gallatin, Madison, Flathead, portions of Powell and Missoula drained by South Fork Flathead and Swan Rivers, Beaverhead east of Oregon Short Line, Beaverhead between Willis and Armstead, and south of Pittsburg and Gilmore Railroad, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; in rest of State, Oct. 1, 1918.

NEVADA.—Valley quail, Oct. 15-Jan. 16; mountain quail, Oct. 1-Jan. 2.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Deer, Coos County, Oct. 15-Dec. 16; Carroll and Grafton, Nov. 1-Dec. 16; rest of State Dec. 1-16. Squirrel in thickly settled parts of cities and towns, Oct. 1, 1919. Woodcock, plover, snipe, yellowlegs, coot, in Rockingham County, Aug. 15-Dec. 1. Teal outside Rockingham County, Oct. 1-Dec. 16.

NEW MEXICO.—Bobwhite quail, June 14, 1917.

	STATE.	BIG GAME.					UPLAND GAME.						
		DEER.	MOOSE.	RABBIT.	SQUIRREL.	QUAIL.	GAOUSE.	PRAIRIE CHICKEN.	INTRODUCED PHEASANT.	WILD TURKEY.	DOVE.		
ZONE NO. 1.	1 Maine	Oct. 1-Dec. 16.	Nov. 1-Dec. 14.	Sept. 1-Apr. 1.	Sept. 1-Nov. 11.	No open season.	Sept. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	1	
	2 New Hampshire	Oct. 15-Dec. 16.	No open season.	Oct. 1-Apr. 1.	Oct. 1-Nov. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	2	
	3 Vermont	Nov. 10-Dec. 24.	No open season.	Sept. 15-Mar. 1.	Sept. 15-Dec. 1.	Sept. 15-Dec. 1.	Sept. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	3	
	4 Massachusetts	Nov. 16-Nov. 22.	No open season.	Oct. 16-Mar. 1.	Oct. 12-Nov. 13.	Oct. 12-Nov. 13.	Oct. 12-Nov. 13.	No open season.	Permit.	Sept. 1, 1915.	No open season.	4	
	5 Rhode Island	No open season.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	No open season.	Aug. 1, 1920.	No open season.	No open season.	5	
	6 Connecticut	June 1, 1917.	No open season.	Oct. 8-Jan. 1.	Oct. 8-Nov. 24.	Oct. 8-Nov. 24.	Oct. 8-Nov. 24.	No open season.	Oct. 8-Nov. 24.	Oct. 8-Nov. 24.	No open season.	6	
	7 New York	Oct. 1-Nov. 16.	No open season.	Oct. 1-Feb. 1.	Oct. 1-Nov. 18.	Oct. 1, 1918.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	Oct. 1, 1918.	Oct. 1, 1918.	No open season.	7	
	8 Long Island	No open season.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	No open season.	8	
	9 New Jersey	Nov. 2-Nov. 6.	No open season.	Nov. 10-Dec. 16.	Nov. 10-Dec. 16.	Nov. 10-Dec. 16.	Nov. 10-Dec. 16.	No open season.	Nov. 10-Dec. 16.	Mar. 13, 1919.	No open season.	9	
	10 Pennsylvania	Nov. 10-Nov. 29.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	May 8, 1915.	No open season.	10	
	11 Ohio	No open season.	No open season.	Nov. 10-Dec. 5.	Sept. 15-Oct. 21.	Nov. 15, 1915.	Nov. 15, 1915.	No open season.	Nov. 15, 1915.	Nov. 15, 1915.	Sept. 1-Oct. 21.	11	
	12 Indiana	No open season.	No open season.	Apr. 1-Jan. 10.	July 1-Oct. 1.	Nov. 10-Dec. 21.	Nov. 10-Dec. 21.	Mar. 6, 1915.	Nov. 6, 1915.	No open season.	No open season.	12	
	13 Illinois	June 23, 1923.	No open season.	Sept. 15-Oct. 1.	July 2-Nov. 15.	Nov. 11-Dec. 10.	Nov. 11-Dec. 10.	July 2, 1920.	Nov. 11-Nov. 26.	June 23, 1923.	Aug. 10-Nov. 1.	13	
	14 Michigan	Nov. 10-Dec. 11.	No open season.	Sept. 1-Mar. 2.	Oct. 15, 1915.	Nov. 1, 1917.	Nov. 1, 1917.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	Nov. 1, 1917.	Nov. 1, 1917.	14	
	15 Wisconsin	Nov. 11-Dec. 1.	No open season.	Oct. 10-Feb. 1.	Oct. 10-Feb. 1.	Oct. 1, 1917.	Oct. 1, 1917.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 7-Oct. 2.	Oct. 1, 1915.	No open season.	15	
	16 Minnesota	Nov. 10-Nov. 30.	Nov. 10-Nov. 30.	Oct. 10-Feb. 1.	Oct. 10-Feb. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 7-Nov. 7.	No open season.	Sept. 7-Nov. 7.	16	
	17 Iowa	No open season.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Dec. 15.	Nov. 1-Dec. 15.	Nov. 1-Dec. 15.	Nov. 1-Dec. 15.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Nov. 1-Dec. 15.	No open season.	17	
	18 North Dakota	Nov. 10, 1918.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	Sept. 7-Nov. 21.	Sept. 7-Nov. 2.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	18	
	19 South Dakota	Nov. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	Sept. 10-Oct. 10.	Sept. 10-Oct. 10.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	19	
	20 Nebraska	No open season.	No open season.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Nov. 1-Nov. 15.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	July 15-Sept. 1.	20	
	21 Colorado	Oct. 1, 1915.	No open season.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Oct. 1, 1915.	Aug. 15-Oct. 11.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Aug. 15-Sept. 1.	21	
	22 Wyoming	Oct. 1-Nov. 1.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Sept. 1, 1915.	Sept. 25, 1915.	Sept. 15-Nov. 16.	Sept. 15-Nov. 16.	Sept. 25, 1915.	Sept. 25, 1915.	No open season.	22	
	23 Montana	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	Oct. 1-Nov. 1.	Oct. 1-Nov. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	23	
	24 Idaho	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Dec. 1.	Aug. 15-Dec. 1.	Aug. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	July 15-Dec. 1.	24	
	25 Oregon	Nov. 1, 1915.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	Oct. 1-Nov. 1.	Oct. 1, 1915.	Oct. 1, 1915.	No open season.	No open season.	Sept. 1-Nov. 1.	25	
	26 Washington	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1, 1923.	Oct. 1, 1923.	Oct. 1, 1923.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 15-Nov. 1.	26	
	27 Alaska	Aug. 15-Nov. 21.	Aug. 20-Jan. 1.	Aug. 20-Jan. 1.	Aug. 20-Jan. 1.	Aug. 20-Jan. 1.	Sept. 1-Mar. 2.	Sept. 1-Mar. 2.	Sept. 1-Mar. 2.	Sept. 1-Mar. 2.	Sept. 15-Nov. 1.	27	
ZONE NO. 2.	28 Delaware	Nov. 10-Dec. 25.	Nov. 10-Dec. 25.	Nov. 15-Jan. 1.	Nov. 15-Jan. 1.	Nov. 15-Jan. 1.	Nov. 15-Jan. 1.	No open season.	Nov. 10-Dec. 25.	Nov. 10-Dec. 25.	Aug. 1-Jan. 1.	28	
	29 Maryland	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 10-Dec. 25.	Sept. 1-Mar. 15.	Nov. 10-Dec. 25.	Nov. 10-Dec. 25.	Aug. 15-Dec. 23.	29					
	30 Dist. Columbia	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	Local laws.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Nov. 1-Mar. 15.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	30
	31 West Virginia	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Local laws.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Nov. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	31
	32 Virginia	Local laws.	Local laws.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Pive local laws.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	32
	33 North Carolina	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Local laws.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Local laws.	Local laws.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	33	
	34 South Carolina	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Local laws.	Nov. 15-Mar. 15.	Nov. 15-Mar. 15.	Nov. 15-Mar. 15.	Local laws.	Local laws.	Nov. 15-Mar. 15.	Nov. 15-Mar. 15.	Aug. 15-Mar. 1.	34	
	35 Georgia	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Aug. 20-Jan. 1.	Aug. 20-Jan. 1.	Aug. 20-Jan. 1.	Nov. 20-Mar. 1.	Dec. 1, 1916.	Dec. 1, 1916.	Dec. 1, 1916.	Nov. 20-Mar. 1.	Nov. 20-Mar. 1.	35	
	36 Florida	Nov. 20-Feb. 21.	Dec. 1, 1915.	Dec. 1, 1915.	Dec. 1, 1915.	Nov. 20-Feb. 21.	Nov. 20-Feb. 21.	36					
	37 Alabama	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 15.	Nov. 15-Dec. 15.	Nov. 15-Dec. 15.	37							
	38 Mississippi	Nov. 15-Mar. 1.	Nov. 15-Mar. 1.	Nov. 15-Mar. 1.	38								
	39 Tennessee	Oct. 1, 1915.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	39							
	40 Kentucky	Sept. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov. 15-Jan. 1.	Nov. 15-Jan. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	Sept. 1-Feb. 1.	40	
	41 Missouri	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	July 1-Dec. 1.	July 1-Dec. 1.	July 1-Dec. 1.	Dec. 1-Jan. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	41	
	42 Arkansas	Sept. 1-Feb. 1.	Four local laws.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 1-Mar. 1.	Nov. 1-Dec. 1.	Nov. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 1-May 1.	No open season.	42	
43 Louisiana	Aug. 15-Dec. 16.	Oct. 1-Feb. 16.	Oct. 1-Feb. 16.	Oct. 1-Feb. 16.	Nov. 1-Feb. 16.	Dec. 1, 1915.	Dec. 1, 1915.	Dec. 1, 1915.	Nov. 1-Feb. 16.	Nov. 1-Feb. 16.	43		
44 Texas	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 1, 1916.	Nov. 1, 1916.	Nov. 1, 1916.	Dec. 1-Apr. 1.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	44		
45 Oklahoma	Nov. 1-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Sept. 1-Nov. 1.	Sept. 1-Nov. 1.	Sept. 1-Nov. 1.	Nov. 15-Jan. 1.	Aug. 15-May 1.	45		
46 Kansas	Mar. 24, 1921.	Sept. 1-Mar. 1.	Sept. 1-Mar. 1.	Sept. 1-Mar. 1.	Sept. 1-Mar. 1.	No open season.	Mar. 19, 1915.	Mar. 19, 1915.	Mar. 19, 1915.	July 1-Oct. 1.	46		
47 New Mexico	Oct. 1-Nov. 15.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	No open season.	June 14, 1917.	June 14, 1917.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	July 1-Oct. 1.	47		
48 Arizona	Oct. 1-Dec. 16.	July 1-Sept. 1.	July 31-Feb. 11.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Oct. 15-Feb. 2.	No open season.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	Oct. 1-Dec. 16.	June 1-Feb. 2.	48		
49 California	July 1-Sept. 1.	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	July 15-Oct. 1.	49		
50 Nevada	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	50								
51 Utah	Oct. 1-Oct. 18.	Oct. 1-Oct. 18.	Oct. 1-Oct. 18.	Oct. 1-Oct. 18.	Oct. 1-Nov. 1.	Oct. 1-Nov. 1.	Oct. 6-Oct. 16.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	51		
CANADA.	52 Br. Columbia	Sept. 1-Dec. 18.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	Sept. 15-Apr. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	52	
	53 Yukon	Sept. 1-Mar. 1.	Sept. 15-Mar. 15.	Sept. 15-Mar. 15.	Sept. 15-Mar. 15.	Sept. 15-Mar. 15.	Sept. 15-Mar. 15.	53					
	54 Alberta	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	54					
	55 Saskatchewan	Nov. 15-Dec. 1.	Sept. 15-Nov. 18.	Sept. 15-Nov. 18.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	55					
	56 Northwest Ter.	Dec. 1-Apr. 1.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	56					
	57 Manitoba	Dec. 1-Dec. 15.	Oct. 1-Oct. 20.	Oct. 1-Oct. 20.	Oct. 1, 1920.	Oct. 1, 1920.	No open season.	57					
	58 Ontario	Nov. 1-Nov. 16.	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	Nov. 15-Dec. 27.	Oct. 14, 1918.	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	Oct. 15-Nov. 16.	Oct. 14, 1916.	Nov. 15-Dec. 2.	No open season.	58	
	59 Quebec	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Oct. 15-Feb. 1.	Oct. 15-Feb. 1.	Oct. 15-Feb. 1.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	Sept. 1-Dec. 1.	No open season.	59	
	60 Nova Brunswick	Sept. 15-Dec. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	60							
	61 Nova Scotia	Oct. 1, 1915.	Sept. 15-Nov. 16.	Sept. 15-Nov. 16.	Sept. 15-Nov. 16.	Sept. 15-Nov. 16.	Oct. 1, 1915.	Oct. 1, 1915.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	61	
62 Pr. Edward Isl.	Oct. 1, 1915.	Sept. 15-Nov. 16.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Oct. 15-Nov. 15.	Oct. 15-Nov. 15.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	62		
63 Newfoundland	Sept. 20-Jan. 1.	No open season.	No open season.	No open season.	63								

- NEW YORK.**—Deer in Adirondacks, Oct. 1-Nov. 16; Ulster County, 9 towns in Sullivan County, and in Deer Park, Orange County, Nov. 1-16; in rest of State, no open season. Introduced pheasant protected by order of commission in 12 counties. When date of open or close season falls on Sunday, season opens or closes on preceding Saturday.
- NORTH CAROLINA.**—See Poster No. 30 for local laws, 1914.
- OKLAHOMA.**—Deer in Caddo, Comanche, and Kiowa Counties, no open season. Wild turkey may also be taken Mar. 15-Apr. 15.
- OREGON.**—East of Cascades, silver gray squirrel, Chinese pheasant, no open season; grouse, dove, Sept. 1-Nov. 1; sage hen, Aug. 1-Sept. 1; shore birds, Oct. 1-Dec. 16; ducks, geese (brant in State), rail, coot, gallinule, Oct. 1-Jan. 16. Chinese pheasant (male), West of Cascades, Oct. 1-Nov. 1, except in Coos, Curry, Jackson, and Josephine Counties, no open season.
- SOUTH CAROLINA.**—Deer, Berkeley, Clarendon, and Dorchester Counties, Aug. 1-Feb. 1. Squirrel, quail, Chesterfield, York, Nov. 15-Mar. 1. Wild turkey, Berkeley, Nov. 1-Apr. 1; Lancaster, Nov. 1-Jan. 15; Marlboro, Nov. 15-Feb. 15.
- TENNESSEE.**—Deer in Fentress County, Dec. 1-Jan. 1. Squirrel, see "Game Laws, 1914," for local seasons. Quail, Haywood, Dec. 1-Feb. 1; Washington and Unicoi, Mar. 27, 1918. Wild turkey, Dyer (gobblers), Nov. 1-May 1; (Hens) Nov. 1-Feb. 1; Clay, Fentress, Overton, Pickett, Aug. 1-May 1; Lauderdale, Feb. 15, 1915. Dove, Shelby, Mar. 1-July 15.
- UTAH.**—Deer in Tooele County, Oct. 1, 1918. Nonresidents not permitted to kill deer. Quail in Carbon, Davis, Salt Lake, San Pete, Sevier, Uinta, Utah, and Webster, Oct. 1-Nov. 1; in Garfield, Kane, and Washington, Sept. 1-Feb. 1; Iron County, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; rest of State, no open season. Yellowlegs, no open season. Waterfowl, Grant, Kane, San Juan, Uinta and Washington, Oct. 1-Jan. 16.
- VIRGINIA.**—Deer, Oct. 1-Feb. 1; squirrel, Nov. 1-Feb. 1; dove, Aug. 15-Jan. 15; waterfowl, Nov. 1-Jan. 1, in Brunswick and Greenville Counties. Deer, Prince George and Surrey, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Squirrel, Isle of Wight and Southampton, Sept. 1-Jan. 15; Warren, Nov. 15-Jan. 1. Quail, grouse, wild turkey, west of Blue Ridge, Nov. 1-Jan. 1. Wood duck (State), Nov. 1-Jan. 1.
- WASHINGTON.**—See "Game Laws, 1914," for local seasons.
- WEST VIRGINIA.**—Snipe, Oct. 15-Dec. 16; yellowlegs, Sept. 1-Dec. 16.
- WISCONSIN.**—Deer in Pierce, Dunn, Eau Claire, Trempealeau, Jackson, Juneau, Marathon, Langlade, Oconto, and all counties north, Nov. 11-Dec. 1; in rest of State, no open season. See "Game Laws, 1914," for other local exceptions.
- WYOMING.**—Deer, Fremont, Lincoln, and Park Counties, Sept. 1-Nov. 16. Elk and sheep in Lincoln, Park, and Fremont Counties north of Big Wind River and Bad Water Creek, and also in Fremont south of Sweetwater River, Sept. 1-Nov. 16; rest of State, Sept. 1, 1918. All grouse in Albany, Carbon, Laramie, and Sweetwater counties, July 15-Sept. 1; sage grouse in Sheridan County, Aug. 1, 1915.

CANADA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Seasons south of lat. 55° are fixed by proclamation. Moose (male), Cariboo, Atlin, Skeena, and Columbia districts, Sept. 1-Dec. 16. Sheep, Yale, Similkameen and Okanagan districts, no open season.

MANITOBA.—Game animals and birds, except pheasants, may be taken as food, in cases of emergency, north of lat. 53°. Waterfowl protected on sand bars and shallow islands in Whitewater Lake.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Wood duck and dusky or black duck, only, Sept. 1-Dec. 2 (residents of Grand Manan Parish may kill black duck Oct. 1-Mar. 1). Shore or other birds on beaches, islands, or lagoons bordering tidal waters of Northumberland Strait, Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Bay of Chaleur, Aug. 15-Jan. 1.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.—Additional season on big game, July 15-Oct. 16.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Cow moose in province and all moose on Cape Breton Island, Sept. 16, 1915. Caribou (male) in Inverness and Victoria Counties only, Sept. 16-Oct. 16; elsewhere, Sept. 16, 1915. Ruffed grouse or birch partridge, Oct. 1-Nov. 1; sharp-tailed grouse, Aug. 15-Mar. 1. Snipe and blue-winged teal, Sept. 1-Mar. 1; yellowlegs and other teal, Aug. 15-Mar. 1.

ONTARIO.—Deer in Dufferin, Grey, Simcoe, and Wellington Counties, Nov. 1, 1917; in Bruce County, Nov. 1, 1916. Moose and caribou (males) south of Canadian Pacific R. R. between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 1-16. Black and gray squirrels, Nov. 15-Dec. 2, except Norfolk County, Nov. 15, 1915; Haldimand and Halton Counties, Oct. 14, 1917; ruffed grouse, Haldimand and Halton Counties, Oct. 14, 1917. Shore birds and waterfowl, south of Canadian Pacific R. R., Montreal to Toronto, Guelph, and Goderich railroad, Sept. 15-Dec. 16. Brant, Sept. 1-Dec. 16; geese, Sept. 15-Apr. 15.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—Snipe, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; yellowlegs, shore and other birds along beaches or tidal marshes, Aug. 20-Jan. 1. Geese, Sept. 15-May 10; brant, Apr. 20-Jan. 1.

QUEBEC.—Deer, male moose, in Labelle, Ottawa, Pontiac, and Temiscaming Counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 1. Caribou, Sept. 1-Mar. 1. Hare, rabbit, Oct. 15-Mar. 1, birch or swamp partridge, Sept. 15-Feb. 1, white partridge or ptarmigan, Nov. 15-Mar. 1, in Chicoutimi and Saguenay Counties east and north of Saguenay River.

SASKATCHEWAN.—Deer, elk, moose, caribou (males) north of lat. 52°, Nov. 15-Dec. 1; south, no open season. Whooping crane, no open season.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Additional season on caribou, Aug. 1-Oct. 1.

THE FUR MARKETS

There is no use in trying to hide the fact that the European war has struck a hard blow to the fur trade of the world. Most of the catch of North American furs as well as those from Europe, Australia, South America and elsewhere have been sold in London for years, where buyers, sellers and manufacturers from all over the world congregate. In the twinkling of an eye this has all been changed, for the present at least, brought about by the great war.

Trappers may think that they are "hard hit" by the low prices but they were fortunate in selling their furs soon after caught. With many dealers and exporters it is different, for they still own millions of dollars worth of furs bought at last season's prices and some even have furs bought two years ago that today they could not sell for half what they paid.

Just how many million skins are held in cold storage in Europe where they were sent for last season's sales, but owing to reduced prices were withdrawn, is not known. One thing is sure and that is that the quantity is very large as furs are held that were sent across much more than a year ago. The amount is probably near \$10,000,000.

The war has caused a condition never before experienced by the fur trade. Not only are millions of skins tied up in Europe unsalable, but in addition to this the fact must be kept in mind that only about one-fourth of the catch in America is needed to supply the home demand. Manufacturers ask why they should scramble for this year's catch under present conditions?

Not only the common furs, such as muskrat, skunk, opossum, coon, etc., but the finer and more costly furs, such as marten, otter, lynx, cross, silver and black fox, have suffered great reductions as well. Europe uses not only many of our cheaper furs, but has been the principal user of the finest.

During recent years there has been three firms in London holding sales of American furs—Lampson, Nesbitt and Huth—in addition to the Hudson Bay Co., which although a Great Britain corporation with its headquarters in London, has many branches in Canada and from its trading posts there secures its furs. In this connection it might not be amiss to add that Canada is a British possession and most of its furs in times of peace go to Europe. This country produces a great many furs in addition to the Hudson Bay Co.'s collection. This year they must be manufactured in Canada, sold to dealers in the United States or held by Canadian dealers.

War usually means that food products advance in price for the nations at war cannot raise wheat, corn and other grains needed; they also buy horses, mules and other war necessities in large quantities. The present war has the greatest number of men involved ever known. This can only mean an unusual

large amount of food stuff must be purchased. But what has this to do with the price of furs? A good deal because furs are not a necessity and millions in Europe and not on the firing line are now striving to get food and clothing. With few exceptions (the very well to do and wealthy) furs are not now considered, as they must buy the necessities of life.

Raw furs in this country were really forced too high the past few years—higher than the wearers of the manufactured articles cared to pay. Now it seems that they have gone to the other extreme and values are too low. On the other hand if manufacturers will not buy at higher prices and dealers are not speculators this season chances of better prices look slim. Values seem to be on the theory that this country will produce more furs this year than will be used.

Dealers in the various raw fur cities of the United States and Canada, even at the prices now prevailing, do not show much enthusiasm. In fact several dealers say that unless conditions improve they will not issue any price lists this season. In this connection we quote from a dealer and exporter who for years has watched the trend of the market and usually sizes up the situation pretty correctly:

"As you are aware, it is impossible for us to form any intelligent idea as to just what prices will be for the coming winter, except that they will be, in our opinion, lower than anything we have seen for a number of years.

"We do not know when we will issue our first price list. If the situation continues as gloomy as at present, we may issue none this winter. The great big majority of furs left over from last year makes the situation a whole lot worse than it would otherwise be. This big stock of furs held over together with heavy outstandings throughout Europe has taken away a great deal of the buying strength of the American fur dealer as well as his courage.

"Don't figure too much on American manufacturers being able to handle the entire collection, as they cannot. As you are undoubtedly aware, there is a very radical wave of economy sweeping through the United States at the present time. Thousands of women who would have bought new furs this season will make their old ones do for at least another year.

"We may be more pessimistic than other dealers, but every man has got to determine the present situation for himself. We cannot see much hope while the present war continues, and the Lord only knows how long this will be."

At the time the above dealer was written, others were, and several in their reply said that they were undecided as to issuing prices or not this season. Surely such conditions were never known before.

No doubt some country collectors will take

chances and buy at what appears to them very low prices. Prices are low, very low, compared with recent years, but there has been times when values were lower. Those who "take a chance" and buy at what appears to be bargain values may think different when they come to disposing of their collection.

The coming season is not apt to see much speculation on the part of the larger dealers for those in this class are suffering from past experiences. Reports are that several dealers could not at the present time dispose of their furs for half what they paid to say nothing of the expenses of carrying since they were bought. Again money can not be had so easily with which to buy immense quantities as a year ago.

For some reason manufactured furs are not selling as well as usual. A well known manufacturer a few days ago said that there was not one traveling salesman to call on him this fall to ten last season. This either shows that retailers were overstocked last season or are not buying. While furs are still fashionable it may be that retailers overbought and wish to clean up this season or it may be that they are of the opinion that manufactured furs are not going to sell as well as usual. There seems to be a wave of conservatism, at least in the eastern part of the United States, and as furs are largely a luxury, they will naturally suffer severely.

When conditions become such that where four raw fur sales have been held each year and none are now being held, there has surely been "something doing." London, England, has for many years been holding four sales—January, March, June, October—of American raw furs. Leipzig, Germany, has also been a great outlet for American furs as that city has some of the largest dealers and manufacturers of furs in the world. Gay Paris, France, has heretofore been one of the cities where immense quantities of made-up furs were sold each season. But how about these places now? They are all involved in war and the fur industry is practically at a standstill.

Trappers, to a great extent, were aware of conditions weeks ago, yet they did not in the majority of cases realize that prices would be affected so much. Dealers in trappers' supplies say that sales of steel traps has been lighter than for some years. Those that are not familiar with conditions should be made so for perhaps were the fur bearers not trapped as much as usual this year, it would be best for all connected with the fur trade. The Hudson Bay Co., when any fur was low or that specie being trapped too closely, the company sent out word that "values were away off." In a few years when the fur bearers had had time to thicken up values went up again. Perhaps the best way to bring back values is to not throw a very large supply of skins on the market this year.

The prices and comments in this magazine during the past have always been published as they appear to us. Thousands of readers will no doubt be disappointed in the quotations as published this month, but from all

indications they are values at the present time. Just where prices will be established for the season now just beginning no one knows, but one thing is sure, and that is that they will be very much lower than for years. The present war being responsible for the deplorable fur markets.

Quotations on following pages are for prime skins, unless otherwise specified. That the market will vary some during the season is to be expected but no radical changes are apt to take place for the war has already played havoc and its effects will last for years even though hostilities were now to end.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Wild Ginseng: Instead of the market improving as was expected last month, conditions have become far worse, and there is now practically no market for either Wild or Cultivated Ginseng, in any quantities, no matter what the grade is. The main trouble seems to be that the Chinese exporters have not the ready cash to purchase the root. After the outbreak of the war, most of the Chinese houses who have representatives here, still had some cash and means of getting it from their correspondents in Cuba and other places on this side, which enabled them to buy some small lots of the very choicest Wild, but this seems to have been about all used up now and has left us practically with no market for any class of Ginseng.

The only thing that collectors and growers can do with their root is to hold it. There is no doubt but that the Chinese will need Ginseng a little later on, and of course if they must have the root, they will have to find some way of sending the money here to pay for it. Advices from Hongkong are that money is very scarce. The English banks there really finance the business, and now they seem to be unwilling to extend anything like the usual business credits, and are evidently using the money for other purposes.

The crop of Wild root is evidently a good deal short of last year, and this no doubt will have a good effect when the Chinese begin to buy again.

Many of the larger growers of Cultivated have taken the advice of their friends in this market and are not harvesting any crop this year, while others who have dug their root are looking on the situation in a sensible light and holding it. It is impossible to move any quantity of Cultivated just now, and any lots that would be sold would be taken merely on speculation with prices necessarily very low. There are no market quotations which can be published, for, as said above, there is no demand, and Ginseng of all kinds is practically unsalable.

Golden Seal: The market is very dull and there is but very little call for it. Good dry lots are quoted around \$3.00 per pound.

Raw Furs: There is hardly anything new to report and the market is very depressed. Quite a little business has been done during the month in some of the articles which were

wanted most, but sales have been made at prices which admit of no profit, and in most cases heavy losses. Dealers realize that owing to the cutting off of the European demand, prices will be very much lower for the new collection, and this has led to a general slashing of prices, as every one feels that the goods can be replaced much cheaper than they are being sold for now. Manufacturers also realize this and are forcing credits and telling sellers that they wish to buy on a basis of 1915 prices.

The movement for the holding of Sales in New York the same as they were formerly held in London has progressed a great deal, and the New York Fur Sales Corporation has been organized. It proposes to hold three sales a year, and as there is likely to be no sales in London during 1915, it seems like an opportune time for the starting of the Sales here.

Owing to the poor prospects for the coming season, there will not be the usual rush of early price lists, and unless there is some change in the meantime, it is doubted whether the more reliable concerns will send out quotations before December. At this time there is no real basis to figure on, and any prices which might be put out would be merely speculative.

WHAT A DETROIT DEALER SAYS.

Trade in general appreciate that foreign markets for furs are largely closed against consumption for the coming season, "except for the armies," which may extend even beyond this term, dependent upon the length of the war—and even after peace is concluded conditions will have become so disastrously changed that the normal will not be reached for many years to come. Many foreign substantial merchants and manufacturers have closed their places of business and are fighting in the ranks; no doubt also many of them will never return—it follows that the monetary loss to their commerce will reach very large figures; those who are fortunate enough to return must face a disorganized condition which in all probability will compel them to start all over again; their capital and credit will have been seriously impaired if not utterly destroyed.

Whilst the above applies more seriously to the foreign merchant, their own disasters will involve a large number of American fur merchants who have extended large credits abroad and it is a very serious question as to what proportion of these outstandings remain a dependable asset; this solution is subjugated to the future.

Then again it is generally known that heavy stacks of fur skins are being carried over by dealers in New York, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit and elsewhere for which markets will be strenuously sought with a tendency to still further reduce the values of the fresh supply, if it be intended to offer the fresh goods in competition with the old.

The financial situation is also one to be reckoned with, particularly when it is believed

that purchases will be made in the expectation that the bulk of same have to be carried until markets are found or created.

The situation will be helped to the extent that American furs will be additionally used amongst home manufacturers in place of the foreign articles, of which stocks are low and cannot be replenished.

Up to this time the members of the Raw Fur Merchants' Association of the City of New York, Inc., are: Bach Fur Co., Bayer Bros., Becker Bros. & Co., David Blustein & Bro., L. Briefner & Sons, Geo. I. Fox, J. P. Glasser Co., G. Gaudig & Blum, Jas. S. Hanson, Harry Levy, J. S. Lodewick Co., Marquis Fur Co., F. N. Monjo, E. Pauly & Co., M. F. Pfaelzer & Co., J. L. Prouty's Sons, L. Rabinowitz, Revillon Freres, Rosenstiel & Wiener, M. Sayer & Co., Adolph Schlesinger Nachf. (Walter Koenig), H. A. Schoenen, Milton Schreiber & Co., Jos. Steiner & Bros., Benj. F. Schwersenski, Sticht-Singer Fur Co., Struck & Bossak, Inc., A. Suskind & Co., Jos. Ullmann, Ernest Wagner & Co., Max Wulfsohn, Ganss Fur Co., all of New York, and A. E. Burkhardt, Cincinnati, Chas. A. Kaune, Montgomery, N. Y., and Wm. Voelkel & Sons, New Orleans, La.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

Of Hunter-Trader-Trapper, published monthly at Columbus, Ohio, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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None.

W. F. Heer, Business Manager, Columbus, Ohio.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1914.

(Seal)

Robert E. Pfeiffer.

Notary Public, Franklin Co., Ohio.

(My commission expires Jan. 5, 1917.)

MINK—(Average Color)

	No. 1			No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
	Large	Med.	Small			
Canada, Northern New York and East.....	\$5.00	\$3.50	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$0.50	\$0.15
New York, Nor. New Jersey, Nor. Pennsylv..	4.00	3.00	1.50	1.50	.50	.15
Central New Jersey and Pennsylvania.....	3.75	2.75	1.50	1.50	.50	.15
Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.....	4.00	3.00	1.50	1.50	.50	.15
Dakota and Northern Iowa.....	3.50	2.50	1.25	1.25	.50	.15
Northern and Central Pacific Coast.....	3.25	2.25	1.25	1.25	.50	.15
Northern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.....	3.50	2.50	1.50	1.50	.50	.15
Cent. Ohio, Ind., Ills., W. Va. and Maryland..	3.25	2.25	1.25	1.25	.50	.15
Southern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.....	3.00	2.00	1.00	1.00	.40	.10
Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and So. Iowa....	3.00	2.00	1.00	1.00	.40	.10
Kentucky and Tennessee.....	3.00	2.00	1.00	1.00	.40	.10
Virginia and North Carolina.....	3.50	2.50	1.25	1.25	.50	.15
So. Carolina, Nor. Georgia and Arkansas....	2.50	1.75	1.00	1.00	.35	.10
So. Ga., Fla., Ala., La., Miss. and Texas.....	2.25	1.50	.75	.75	.30	.10

NOTE—Extra dark colored mink are worth 50c to \$2.00 above brown (or average color), as quoted; pale are worth correspondingly less.

RACCOON.

Wis., Minn., Dak. and No. Iowa.....	\$2.00	\$1.25	\$0.75	\$0.75	\$0.30	\$0.10
N. Y., N. J., Pa., Mich., Canada and East....	1.50	1.00	.50	.50	.30	.10
No. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Nor. Missouri.	1.50	1.00	.50	.50	.30	.10
Nebraska, Kansas and Southern Iowa.....	1.75	1.25	.65	.65	.30	.10
Cent. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and W. Virginia.	1.25	.75	.40	.40	.20	.10
So. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and So. Missouri..	1.15	.65	.35	.35	.20	.10
Wash., Ore., Cal. and Nor. Ind. Territory....	1.15	.65	.35	.35	.20	.10
Maryland and Delaware.....	1.25	.75	.40	.40	.20	.10
Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas.....	1.00	.60	.35	.35	.20	.10
Virginia and North Carolina.....	1.00	.60	.35	.35	.20	.10
South Carolina and Northern Georgia.....	.90	.50	.30	.30	.20	.10
So. Ga., Fla., Ala., La., Miss. and Texas.....	.85	.50	.25	.25	.15	.05

NOTE—Black and extra dark \$2.50 to \$7.50.

RED FOX.

Wis., Minn., Dakota, Iowa and N. W.....	\$6.00	\$4.00	\$2.50	\$2.50	\$1.00	\$0.25
New York, New England and Eastern Canada.	4.00	3.00	2.00	2.00	.75	.25
Michigan, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.....	3.25	2.25	1.25	1.25	.50	.20
Northern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.....	3.00	2.00	1.00	1.00	.50	.20
So. Ohio, Ind., Ills., Md. and W. Virginia....	2.50	1.75	1.00	1.00	.50	.20
Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas.	2.25	1.50	1.00	1.00	.50	.20
Virginia, South Carolina, Southwestern.....	2.00	1.25	.75	.75	.40	.15
Extreme Northeast and Northwest Coasts...	6.50	4.50	3.00	3.00	1.25	.25

OTTER.

Eastern and Canada.....	\$15.00	\$10.00	\$7.00	\$7.00	\$2.50	\$1.00
North Western and Pacific Coast.....	12.50	8.00	5.00	5.00	2.00	1.00
Western and South Western.....	10.00	7.50	5.00	5.00	2.00	1.00
Pennsylvania and West Virginia.....	10.00	7.50	5.00	5.00	2.00	1.00
Virginia and North Carolina.....	9.00	6.50	4.00	4.00	1.50	.75
Ga., Fla., Ala., La. and South Carolina.....	8.00	6.00	4.00	4.00	1.50	.75

BEAVER.

Canada, Michigan and North Western.....	\$6.00	\$4.00	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$1.00	\$0.25
Southern and South Western.....	5.00	3.50	1.75	1.75	1.00	.25
Kitts75 to 2.50					

OPOSSUM.

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	Small	
				to	No. 4
N. J., Pa., Ohio, Ind., Ill. and West Virginia.	\$0.40	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.03	\$0.10
Kentucky, Tennessee and South Western....	.35	.20	.10	.03	.08
Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.	.30	.18	.08	.03	.06

SKUNK.

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Minn., Wis., Nor. Iowa and Dakotas.....	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.35
N. Y., N. J., Pa., Mich., Canada and East....	1.25	.75	.50	.25
Kansas, Neb., Nor. Missouri and So. Iowa....	1.15	.75	.50	.25
Northern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois.....	1.15	.75	.50	.25
Cent. Ohio, Ind., Ills., Md. and W. Virginia..	1.10	.65	.40	.20
So. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and So. Missouri..	1.00	.60	.35	.20
Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina.....	1.00	.60	.35	.20
Tennessee, Arkansas and South Carolina....	.90	.60	.30	.15
Ga., Fla., Ala., La., Miss. and Texas.....	.85	.55	.30	.15
Minn., Wis., Dakotas and N. W. (long narrow stripes)75	to	1.25
Kan., Neb., So. Ia., etc. (long narrow stripes).	.60	to	1.10

GREY FOX.

Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois.....	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.40	\$0.10
New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia..	1.00	.75	.40	.10
Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas.	1.00	.75	.40	.10
Northern and Central Pacific Coast.....	1.00	.75	.40	.10
Virginia and North Carolina.....90	.60	.30	.10
S. Carolina, Ga., Fla., Ala., La., Miss., Texas.75	.50	.25	.10

MUSKRAT.

N. Y., N. J., Pa., Eastern and Canada.....	Large Fall	Small Fall	Kitts
Ohio, Ind., Ills., W. Va., Mich. and Wisconsin.	\$0.15	\$0.10	\$0.03
Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas.15	.10	.03
Maryland and Delaware.....15	.10	.03
Kan., Neb., Minn., Iowa, Dak. and Ter.....14	.09	.03
Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.14	.09	.03
Manitoba, Western Canada and similar.....14	.09	.03
Ga., Fla., Ala., La., Miss. and Texas.....12	.08	.03
Black rats20	.15	.05

BEARS.

		No. 1					
	Large	Med.	Small	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	
Black—Canada, Eastern, North Western....	\$15.00	\$10.00	\$7.50	\$5.00	\$2.50	\$1.00	
Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Western.	12.00	8.00	5.00	4.50	2.25	1.00	
Virginia, Carolinas and South Western...	11.00	7.00	4.50	4.00	2.00	1.00	
Ga., Fla., Ala., La., Miss. and Texas.....	10.00	6.50	4.00	3.50	2.00	1.00	
Brown—Western and Northwestern.....	11.00	7.00	4.50	4.00	2.00	1.00	
Grizzly—Western and Northwestern.....	15.00	10.00	7.50	5.00	2.50	1.00	

WILDCAT.

Northern, Western and Territory.....	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$0.50	\$0.50	\$0.25	\$0.10
N. Y., Pa., W. Virginia and similar.....	1.25	.75	.40	.40	.20	.10
Southern and Southwestern.....	.75	.50	.25	.25	.15	.05

FISHER.

Eastern, Canada and North Western.....	\$20.00	\$12.00	\$8.00	\$5.00	\$2.00	\$1.00
Central, Western and Pacific Coast.....	15.00	8.00	5.00	4.00	2.00	1.00

FOXES.

Black or Silver—North, N. West., Interior..	\$1500.00	1000.00	\$500.00	\$300.00	\$100.00	\$25.00
Canada, Eastern U. S., and North West...	750.00	500.00	250.00	150.00	75.00	20.00
Central, Western and Pacific Coast.....	500.00	250.00	125.00	100.00	50.00	15.00
Cross—Canada, Eastern U. S., and N. West..	150.00	100.00	50.00	25.00	15.00	7.50
Central Western and Pacific Coast.....	100.00	65.00	35.00	17.50	10.00	5.00
White—Arctic Region (N. Canada).....	25.00	15.00	10.00	5.00	2.50	1.00
Blue—Northern Sections	50.00	35.00	20.00	10.00	5.00	2.00
Kitt—North and North West Sections.....	1.00	.60	.40	.40	.20	.10

WOLVES.

Timber—North and Northwestern.....	\$3.50	\$2.50	\$1.25	\$1.25	\$0.75	\$0.25
South and Southwestern.....	2.50	1.50	.75	.75	.50	.20
Prairie—North and Northwestern.....	2.00	1.25	.75	.75	.50	.20
South and Southwestern.....	1.50	1.00	.50	.50	.25	.10

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lynx—Eastern Canada, North West.....	\$12.00	\$8.00	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$2.50	\$0.50
Marten—North, U. S. and Canada, dark...	15.00	10.00	6.00	6.00	2.50	1.50
Central and Western.....	10.00	6.00	3.50	3.50	2.00	1.00
North, U. S. and Canada, pale and brown.	6.00	4.00	2.50	2.50	1.25	.50
Wolverine—North and North Western.....	8.00	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00	.50
Badger—Western and North West Sections.	1.50	1.00	.50	.50	.25	.10
Mt. Lion—Western and Rocky Mt. Section..	6.00	3.00	2.00	2.00	1.00	.50
Civet Cat—Iowa, Neb., Kansas and Missouri	.35	.25	.15	.15	.10	.05
Texas, Arkansas and similar.....	.30	.20	.10	.10	.10	.05
House Cat—Black, all sections.....	.20	.10	.05	.05	.05
Colors, all sections.....	.10	.05	.05
Ring Tail Cat—Texas, South and Western..	.50	.35	.20	.20	.10	.05
Weasel—White, Canada and North, U. S....	.50	.35	.20	.20	.10	.05
Yellowish, Canada and North, U. S.....	.30	.20	.10	.10	.05	.05
Brown, all sections.....	.02	to .05
Beaver—Castors, dry, per lb.....	5.00	to 7.50
Rabbits—Whole Skins01
Ginseng—Wild, according to section, per lb..	5.00	to 8.00
Cultivated, according to section, per lb....	2.50	to 6.00
Golden Seal	2.75	to 3.00
Beeswax—per lb., (less freight).....28



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. Can you give me some information in regard to the Sage Bush Prairie Land of Bingham County, Idaho? Is the land good farming, or could it be converted into farming land?

Warren Co., O.

A. Perhaps some homesteader out that way will tell you what about this country.

Q. (1) Is a Number 2 Oneida Jump trap big enough to hold Raccoon?

(2) At what time is their fur prime, and what is the best bait for them?

H-T-T Reader.

A. (1) It will often hold a coon, but the next size larger is better.

(2) After the first snow, or when cotton picking is about ended. Coons will come to anything that arouses their curiosity, or will take meat, fish, birds, and they are very fond of anise. I knew a trapper who used a little strong molasses to bait them.

Q. Have a Remington No. 3 grade repeating rifle, shooting the long rifle cartridge. Could this rifle be changed so as to handle the 22 W. R. F. Remington special cartridge? Kindly let me know through the H-T-T what changes have to be made.

Arthur Becker, Washington Co., Wis.

A. Write to The Remington Arms Co., Illon, N. Y. I have had them rebore rifles for larger shells, but not this model. Some models they cannot rebores, others they can, and they do fine work. I doubt if the longer shell could be used in the same breech block with the 22 long rifle.

Q. (1) Will a fox hound be a good breed to hunt skunk, coon and mink?

(2) Would it do to put a shepherd dog with a fox hound in chasing animals or not?

(3) How can I train a young, inexperienced fox hound to trawl and tree animals and to do general hunting?

Gordon L. Dana, Dallas Co., Iowa.

A. (1) The Foxhound is the best you can use for that sort of work.

(2) The shepherd is preeminently a stock dog and should be bred pure if possible, as any outcross decreases his functional ability. If bred to Foxhound the offspring will possess but half the desirable quality for a dog required for chasing animals.

(3) Work the pup along with older dogs in hunting the special kind of game you wish to capture. Make no effort inducing the youngster to participate, letting him trot along at will; before long he will, by making observations,

take hold himself and henceforth make good showing on his own accord.

Q. Would you kindly advise through your valuable magazine the best method of anchoring live geese decoys, by the leg or by a harness, and where same can be secured.

O. A. Goff, Sheridan Co., Neb.

A. The harness is probably best, but I do not find any advertised. This is a good subject for the bird shooters to tell about—Care and service of live decoys, with special directions for harnessing, anchoring and using.

Q. (1) What is a good recipe for taking walnut stains off of your hands?

(2) How can you tell when there is a skunk in a hole and what does a skunk hole look like?

Andrew Link, Grant Co., Wis.

A. (1) I believe machinists' soap does the trick.

(2) When the tracks lead in and none come away from the hole or from any other hole nearby indicates the presence of a skunk. A skunk hole may be an abandoned woodchuck, rabbit, fox or other hole in the ground. Follow a skunk track in the snow and take a look at the place it enters for the night. That's his hole.

Q. Where or what is the difference between black and star black skunk? Stock bought under the name of black skunk—would this apply to skunk with some little white on head or tail? Star black would mean no white whatever, am I right? Any information pertaining to short or long stripe skunk would be valued by me.

J. C. Lake, Pickaway Co., O.

A. A black skunk is all black; a white spot is a "star"; generally a white spot of small size is not reckoned against a good black skin. Star-black indicates a small white spot. A short stripe is less than half way down the back; a long stripe is more than half way, and a full stripe extends the whole length.

Q. Could some one tell me through the H-T-T what would be the best kind of a dog for skunk hunting?

Walter Peters, Rutland Co., Vt.

A. The Foxhound will fill the bill well, as he possesses trawling instinct, staying quality and scrapping ability. There should be more than a single dog employed in this sort of sport. An Airedale in the pack will add considerably to efficiency owing to extraordinary scrapping propensity.

Q. Would like to ask our readers what they think of the New England double barrel, 12 gauge, 30-inch barrel shot gun, weight 6½ pounds. David Smallman, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

A. What do the boys say?

Q. Do the shot cartridges for rifles injure the rifling of the barrel?

H. Newton, Suffolk Co., Long Island.

A. No, but the shot scrape along the rifling and fill the barrel with leading. By using chilled shot this disadvantage is partly eliminated. The best way is to have two weapons, for shot were never meant for rifles. I prefer a small target pistol for small game when out with a big rifle.

Q. (1) Please tell me what ails my dog. He seems to be in the best of health every way, except his eyes. Every morning they are full of matter and all red.

(2) What is good to keep a dog's bowels regular. Will a little epsom salts in his feed weaken him? Wm. Harry, Perry Co., O.

A. (1) See answer to question of Chas. Kallin, this issue, which fully fits your case.

(2) Epsom salts is good and cooling, but if given too often and in large doses will weaken constitutionally. Castor oil is a safe and efficient remedy—dose from half to two ounces for a dose, once a week, according to size of dog.

Q. Where in Canada can I find a company buying rags, old rubbers, tins, etc.?

Gervase LaMarche, Sask., Can.

A. You will find addresses in Toronto, Quebec and Montreal papers. At least I noticed such advertisements in Canadian papers that came under my notice.

Q. Which cartridges have more killing power, the 25-20 or 32-20? Also which have the longest accurate range?

Fred Safford, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

A. The 32-20 makes a larger hole and therefore kills a little quicker. The 25-20 has a little greater range, but one could hardly discover the difference in ordinary tests.

Q. (1) Do you know of any weed that is used for curing warts on the hands? I have heard that there was one but do not know what it is.

(2) Is the white weasel an inhabitant of New Jersey? I have caught several brown ones but only one white one.

Wm. J. Birch, Mercer, N. J.

A. (1) Warts are due to dirt getting into the pores of the skin, causing irritation and swelling of the skin. The best cure is to keep the hands cleaned carefully with soap and hot water.

(2) Yes, the white weasel is the brown weasel turned white in winter, but in New Jersey and farther south, these weasels frequently do not change their color summer and winter.

Q. Please tell me what is wrong with my beagle bitch and a cure for her. She has a lump on the back of her head about the size of half an egg. She is always shaking her head and scratching her ears and whining all the time. Carl Johnson, Gogebic Co., Mich.

A. The lump on head is caused by impure blood. Lance it near edge on lower side so it can drain without pressing. Keep place open so long as it fills (several days), then let it

heal. Shaking the head and scratching at ears indicates canker of ears and needs different treatment—"Canker Cure" is the remedy.—See advertisement.

Q. Where can I sell gold thread and Sarsaparilla, also Crawley root?

Fred J. Strange, Franklin Co., Mass.

A. There is no regular market, but you may be able to find a market through drug stores or doctors. You might try R. W. Umstead, Salem, Ohio, or Sulzer Bros., Madison, Ind.

Q. (1) Do you need a trapping license in Wisconsin to trap?

(2) Is Forest County of Wisconsin a wild county? Is it heavily timbered there? Are white weasels plentiful in the heavy timbers? What fur bearing animal is there?

(3) When does the deep snow come there? Edwin Gust Afson, Ogle Co., Ill.

A. (1) I believe trappers have to have a hunting license there. Details can be obtained from the State Game Protector.

(2) Wisconsin woods are pretty wild in spots, and the timber is pretty thick. There are white weasels there, and also mink, otter, wolves, foxes, muskrats (along the streams), beaver, etc.

3. December, January, February and March are the mid-winter months. Snow comes pretty early sometimes.

Q. What is the matter with my dog? His eyes are always running, and sometimes a sort of a skin comes over his eyes. It has a yellow color. Please give a cure.

Chas. Kallin, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

A. As a rule mattering eyes foretell the presence of worms in dogs and treatment should not be delayed.—Use "Worm Exterminator." The eyes becoming in part covered with the inner shield assuming a red appearance is an ailment called "Haw" and yields readily to "Eye Lotion."—See advertisement.

Q. Where could I find a possible market for the musk from muskrats? Which would be the best way to preserve it for shipment to that prospective buyer?

Chas. C. Stevenson, Bent Co., Colo.

A. There is practically no sale for this animal musk. You might make a trap-bait scent which would find a ready market among fox, mink, fisher and other trappers of animals which catch muskrats. I believe that you could draw the scent in alcohol.

Q. Please tell me how to case skins and dry them for the market. In the casing I would like to know especially what is done with the skin of the front legs.

Edward B. Jones, Camden Co., N. J.

A. It would take several pages to discuss your questions. You will find the subject discussed in our Steel Traps and also in our Science of Trapping, and, in addition, there are many other things in these books of which you probably never dreamed, and yet are of prime value to any one interested in furs.

Q. What breed of dogs grow the largest? Where could I get a pup?

K. R. Garver, Harper Co., Kan.

A. St. Bernard, Newfoundland, Russian wolf hounds reach the greatest sizes and weights. You will find in H-T-T advertisements, addresses of kennels.

Q. Will a dog one-half deer hound, the other half wolf hound, make a good coon and skunk dog?
Oley Everts, Wis.

A. By nature both the breeds you mention are sight-hunters and, therefore, not specially adapted to tralling as is required for a coon or skunk dog. If hunted along with regular coon dogs most any kind of dog soon takes to hunting the special game as best in his ability and eventually becomes useful along this line.

Q. (1) Will poultry wire hold opossum in a pen?

(2) How should shot gun shells be loaded for rabbits and birds? What number shot and powder? Leo F. Brooks, Montgomery Co., Md.

A. (1) A heavier wire would be better, though poultry wire might serve.

(2) Hunters never agree on what loads are best. The catalogues of gun and gun cartridge and shell manufacturers give standard loads in great variety. Perhaps No. 8 or No. 9 shot is best for rabbits, but shot for birds must range all the way from "dust" for humming birds to buckshot for ostriches.

Q. Is a beagle hound any account for treeing squirrels, opossums or skunks?

E. S. White, Jackson Co., Ill.

A. Beagles are excellent trailers, and they would serve well for the animals you mention. But you should remember that beagles differ as much in character as men, and that one beagle might be best for skunks, another for squirrels. All round dogs are like Jacks of All Trades, and likely to be masters of none.

Q. How is raw hide prepared for making snow shoe filling and how are the strings cut so that they are uniform in width?

Carl F. Mickle, Gogebic Co., Mich.

A. There are many methods. One way is to take out the hair with lime or wood ashes in water. Then cut into long strings, and hang heavy weights on the strings to take the stretch out. The strings are not cut to a uniform width, but are wide where the skin is thin, narrow where the skin is thick. You can take the hair out of a skin by merely soaking it green in a brook or pond or tub for two or three days, and then rub the hair out. Then cut the skin into strips and stretch.

Q. Can some one tell me if there is good trapping grounds in the Duck Mountains in Manitoba, Canada? What kind of fur bearers are there? Would it pay to trap there?

Subscriber, Sask., Can.

A. Perhaps some one on the grounds will tell us about it.

Q. (1) Can you tell me what this animal is? I saw it in a pile of logs. It has a round head, short round ears, the underneath part of the body is a reddish brown, and its back is dark gray, tall from three to five inches long, bushy feet, black, very stoutly built, resembles a muskrat only a little larger.

(2) I have a Savage rifle, 303 caliber, with the following sights: Lyman combination front sight; Lyman Leaf No. 6 sight, Lyman 1 A. Savage, with wind gauge. What is the distance these sights shoot? Also, what is wind gauge and how used?
C. Williams, Canada.

A. (1) This is just a guess, but the description fits a grey-black woodchuck, or black woodchuck. That would fit the description nearer

than anything else I think of just now. If you noticed two teeth, like a muskrats, it was a black woodchuck, or perhaps a cross between the black and the red field woodchuck.

(2) The Savage Arms Company writes me that this question cannot be answered exactly, as they do not know precisely how the sights are adjusted. Middle leaf sight ordinarily would shoot 200 yards, but sometimes adjustment is necessary, since no two barrels are identical, sights being made adjustable to meet the variations. When there is a cross wind the wind-gauge is used to offset the distance the bullet is blown from its course by the side-ways pressure of the wind. The stronger the wind, the more the bullet is carried sideways. Also the longer the shot, the more the bullet swings down wind. In order to get the best results, you should carefully test your rifle, setting the sights to your eyes, for no two men aim, hold, sight or shoot their weapons exactly alike. You should try out your rifle under varying conditions and at different ranges, and thus learn what it will do, and by studying each shot you will soon be able to use it with far better results.

(I had to hold this back in order to get the data from the company.) R. S. S.

Q. What is the slowest burning smokeless powder?
E. M. Herron, Cuyahoga Co., O.

A. This is a technical question which should be referred directly to powder manufacturers or to cartridge makers.

Q. Will you tell me through your department of H-T-T the names and addresses of several companies who will sell aeroplanes and aeroplane accessories? Is Rem oil a good oil for shot guns and rifles?

John Yeomans, Greene Co., N. Y.

A. (1) The Curtis Aeroplane Company at Hammondsport, N. Y., and the Wright Aeroplane Company at Dayton, Ohio, are, I believe, the leading companies. You can easily obtain the names of experimenters, manufacturers and dealers by subscribing for one or other of the several publications devoted to flying.

(2) I know nothing against the oil.

Q. Can anybody tell me through H-T-T where I can get a book that describes and gives photographs of all the game and fur bearing animals in North America?

Caleman Webb, Bowie Co., Texas.

A. I do not think you will find all these animals satisfactorily described and illustrated in one book. Probably you will have to purchase several books. Judge Caton's about Deer is one great authority; The Deer Family, published by Grosset & Dunlap, and written by Col. Roosevelt, T. S. VanDyke, D. G. Elliot and A. J. Stone, is excellent and inexpensive. Coues' Fur Bearing Animals, Dr. Merriam's Mammals of the Adirondacks, W. T. Hornaday's books, Ernest Thompson-Seton's books, our own books on trapping are among the valuable additions to a library on game and fur-bearers. Write to your Congressman at Washington, D. C., and ask him for Department of Agriculture reports and pamphlets relating to the Wild Mammals of your part of the country. Personally I learn a great deal from the let-

ters and photographs printed in H-T-T about wild life. If you will take a large notebook and copy into it under such headings as Mink, Fisher, Wild Cats, Lynx, Wolves, etc., all that you read about the habits of these animals, you will have a much more useful game and fur bearer book than you are apt to have in most books. I find that my clippings from various periodicals, of which I have more than 50,000 sorted out, are more valuable than books. But I don't clip H-T-T, for each number is a great book on Nature in itself.

Q. (1) How is it figured out how many times a 22 long rifle bullet turns in 100 yards with the twist one turn in 16 inches and proved?
(2) What will take out rust from along the creases of a rifle barrel?

G. D. Goodrich, Greene Co., N. Y.

A. (1) If the bullet turns once in 16 inches, it turns two and one-quarter times in thirty-six inches, which is one yard. If it turns two and one-quarter times in one yard, it turns one hundred times that in 100 yards, or 225 turns. If you wish to test your rifle's twist, shoot a bullet through a cake of soap four inches thick. The crease will show how much the bullet turned. If in four inches it turns one-quarter around, it is a 16-inch twist, if one-third, it is a 12-inch twist, if one-fifth, it is a 20-inch twist.

(2) A good gun cleaner, with a wire brush, a good ramrod, linen cloth and plenty of elbow exercise.

Q. (1) Please give formula for sizing a tent and how much is required for a 10 x 12 tent.

(2) Is a coon hound pup, 5 months old, too young to run on coon with its mother?

(3) Is there any law against camping on vacant or government land in Arkansas?

(4) Where can I secure cow or steer horns in the rough 12 to 18 inches long for making hunting horns?

(5) When does cotton picking begin in northeast Arkansas, and what is paid for picking?

A. P. Law, Laclede Co., Mo.

A. (1) The pitch of the roof, whether steep or not, makes the difference in quantity of material used. Get a large, clean piece of paper and spread out on the table where you can draw on it. Draw a line ten inches long for the front base. If sides are to be three feet high, draw three inches; if four feet, four inches. Mark 5 inches (midway) on 10-inch line. Draw dotted line across tops of side lines and mark 5 inches from side on that. Draw perpendicular line to peak with pitch desired. Measure over sides, over peak, and total distance over from ground to ground in inches gives size in feet. Tent being 12 feet wide, distance over times 12 will give number of square feet. To get ends, multiply height of sides by width—3 x 10, say, times 2 (two ends). Then multiply one-half height of peak above dotted line by 10 by 2 (ends). Add all products together—gives square feet. Divide by 9, and get square yards of cloth required.

(2) No, for short races.

(3) Non-residents not allowed to hunt in Arkansas.

(4) Any slaughter house receiving western cattle.

(5) Late September or October, I believe. Depends on early or late season.

Q. Please tell me through H-T-T how to prepare meat to poison wolves? Is there any danger of a person poisoning himself while skinning poisoned wolves? Will they die instantly? Walter Heth, Jefferson Co., Wis.

A. Every trapper has his own way. Generally trappers make little balls of suet, tallow, or fat, and drilling a hole in it, insert the poison. Then the hole is plugged with fat, and sealed with a warm knife blade. Utmost care must be taken with poisons. Everything used in preparing the pills must be kept in its own place, away from all food, and the dishes and knife must be used for nothing else. Great care should be taken not to cut oneself with the skinning knife, but that applies to skinning all animals whether poisoned, shot or trapped, since one might get blood poisoning. They do not die instantly, but often wander away for miles before feeling the effects of the poison, especially if their stomachs are full, the poison bait is slow to thaw or dissolve, etc.

Q. (1) Could you give me a formula how to make a good bait for skunk and fox?

(2) How can I straighten the ridge pole of my tent? It is warped pretty bad?

(3) I caught a wolf in a No. 4 jump trap and the trap came apart and I lost the wolf (coyote). Can you tell me what caused it? Other trappers that have the same thing happen please write.

Fred L. Satter, Chaves, New Mexico.

A. (1) Both of these animals are fond of anise oil, of which a few drops on the bait makes a good scent.

(2) Perhaps soaking it a long time in water, and then bending it back and drying it would serve. Couldn't you swing it above your tent and sew in loops, and run staging up to the pole, instead of having the cloth over the pole?

(3) It is probable that the animal's plunging sprang the jaws in enough to let them slip off. Perhaps the nuts were loose and came unscrewed. Traps should be carefully examined and loose parts tightened.

Q. Can any of the readers of H-T-T, especially the Western readers, send me the words to the old ballads "Sam Bass," "The Chisholm Trail," "The Texas Rangers," and "The Cowboy at Church?"

Elwood Adams, 6350 Waterman St.,

St. Louis, Mo.

Answer to reader who wishes to know about the oil fields in Oklahoma. Just at present, owing to the drop in the price of oil, there is very little doing in the oil fields and experienced men are given the preference. A young man can get a start there when things are running. Dawnright at present is the place where things are moving. Watch the price of oil, nothing doing on a falling market.

Dr. L. J. Sizer, Tulsa Co., Okla.

Answer to Wm. Stuart, B. C., Canada, who wants to know name and where he can get a small medical book, will say that the Outing Publishing Company, N. Y., issues in their hand book, one called "Backwoods Surgery and Medicine," by Dr. Claude Moody.

Frank B. Hill, Rice Co., Minn.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

WANTED, FOR SALE, EXCHANGE, ETC.

Advertisements under this head will be inserted for FIVE CENTS A WORD PER ISSUE, CASH WITH ORDER. Those having articles to advertise that are of interest to Hunters, Trappers, and Raw Fur Buyers will be surprised at the results of placing their "Want" and "For Sale" notices here. The cost, too, is but a trifle—five cents per word. No advertisements taken for less than 75 cents per month. Copy for December must be received not later than November 20. Rates on large advertisements will be sent on application, and those contemplating advertising should remember that the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER not only circulates throughout the United States, but Canada as well. The full name must be given in all Classified Advertisements, such advertisements sent in, in which box numbers or initials only are given, will not be published.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

MILCH GOATS—Toggenburg, Saanen, heavy milkers. Live mink, marten, otter, opossum. Guinea pigs, pea fowl, swan. Established 23 years. Prospectus 6 cents. Golden West Goat Reserve, Joliet, Ills. (March)

SILVER, BLACK FOXES, cross foxes for breeding purposes for sale. J. A. Kane, 489 Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y. (March)

WANTED—Live silver, black and patch foxes, otter, fisher, marten, beaver, skunk, mink, civet cat. Give price and condition. M. H. Bolger, 262 Washington St., Boston, Mass. (April)

FOR SALE—Best quality ranch-raised mink; also Canadian wild geese. Nelson Waldron, Tyne Valley, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

50 RED FOXES for sale, \$8.00 each. W. T. Hodgen & Son, Box 232, Campbellsville, Ky. (*)

PETS—Rabbits, guinea pigs, etc. Pets all kinds. Enclose stamp. Fuller Trump, Springfield, Ohio. (Jan.)

SKUNKS WANTED—We will pay the highest price (more than anyone else) for black, star and short stripe skunks and buy any quantity. Write us what you have for sale for immediate or future delivery. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—Black, silver, cross, patch and red foxes for breeding purposes. Address W. Hanscom, Stratton, Maine. (Dec.)

LIVE ANIMALS bought and sold. Always state prices stocks held at when listing with us. National Fur Exchange, Columbus, Ohio. (*)

SKUNKS—We offer choice star black skunks, not more than six pairs to any one breeder. Send 30 cents for illustrated booklet, teaching how to remove scent sacs properly without spilling any scent and information on scientific breeding. Skunk Development Bureau, Box 554, Chicago, Ill.

STAR BLACK and all black skunks wanted. Will pay more than any other dealer. State what you have to offer and price. H. S. Cruikshank, Truro, N. S., Canada. (Dec.)

WANTED—Mink, muskrats, foxes, black and short-striped skunks. State sex and price. Todd Brothers, Milltown, Maine.

TRAPPERS—Wanted, live mink, fisher, otter, marten, black skunks, patch foxes. Need fur-bearers for new fur farm. Maine Fur Farm, Topsfield, Maine.

FOR SALE—Coons, \$3.50 each; young opossums, \$1.00 each; old opossums, \$3.00 a pair. S. L. DeMyer, Fulton, Ky. (March)

FOR SALE—20 coons, \$4.00 each. W. T. Hodgen & Sons, Box 232, Campbellsville, Ky. (*)

WANTED—Star black and short stripe skunks, fox, mink and all other fur-bearing animals and game birds. State price, sex, etc., first letter. North Star Fur Farms, P. O. Box 437, Springfield, Minn.

FOR SALE—Pet raccoon; \$4.00 buys it. C. S. Stilson, Gibsonburg, Ohio.

SILVER FOXES FOR SALE—Black, silver, patch, cross, blue and red foxes; mink, marten, otter, beaver, skunks, raccoons, elk, deer, buffalo, cranes, Bob White quail, pheasants, grouse, swans, squirrels, rabbits and all other kinds of animals and birds. Send ten cents for complete lists and information. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—Coon, skunk, mink, muskrats, opossums, badgers, red foxes, cross foxes, coyotes, wolves, lynx, alligator, Mexican peccary, rabbits, pheasants and wild ducks. North Star Fur Farms, P. O. Box 437, Springfield, Minn.

LIVE SKUNKS WANTED in large or small lots. Address The Pioneer Pet Stock Farm, New Weston, Ohio.

FIVE PAIR RED FOXES for breeding; a bargain in some classy foxes at your price. Order these. Wanless Bros., Varna, Ont., Canada.

FOR SALE—Pure bred wild mallard decoys. Excellent callers; \$1.00 each. Geo. E. Schmeling, So. Germantown, Wis.

30 CARNEAUX PIGEONS for sale, or what have you to trade. R. E. Platts, Northfield, Conn.

WANTED—Two pair of good silver black foxes to ranch on shares. Can give reference as to ability of fox ranching. Dr. E. J. Perley, Henderson, Iowa. (Dec.)

POLAR BEARS WANTED—All fur-bearers dealt in. Write us before buying or selling. C. C. Garland, 15 Center St., Old Town, Maine. (Dec.)

WANTED—Forty opossum, alive, healthy, uninjured, by December first. Will pay fifty cents apiece and express. Lewellyn Morgan, Alto, Mich.

MINK, SKUNK, fisher and foxes for sale. Also all other fur-bearers at lowest price. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

288 FOXES FOR SALE—Blacks $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, blacks, silver, breeders. Old and young. Large healthy animals. Rusty silvers, patches, 50 to 90%. Largest selection, lowest prices. Mink \$20, marten \$63, fisher \$100. Trips too far north undertaken for anyone to buy animals. Commission basis. Know band Indians have over 100 blacks, silvers, patches. Write G. G. MacBean, Box 343, Swift Current, Sask., Canada.

SKUNKS WANTED—State sex and quality in first letter; also price. W. Langworthy, Aloha, Oregon.

FISHER, MARTEN, OTTER, and all other fur-bearers for sale. Trappers write us before selling. C. C. Garland, 15 Center St., Old Town, Maine. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Female, black bear cub; live mink and white weasels; two No. 5, five No. 14 and six No. 2 Newhouse traps. Earl C. Haskins, Glen Flora, Wis.

FOR SALE—Black, patched and cross foxes; choice breeding stock. A. H. Herrmann, Polar, Wis.

FOR SALE—One pair good, black silver foxes, \$1,500.00. Best stock; others in proportion. Wm. Haws, Cardston, Alta., Canada.

FOR SALE—One silver fox. Write for description and price. M. G. Hay, Foxwarren, Man., Canada.

WANTED—50 ring-neck pheasants. State price. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

BOB WHITE QUAIL, Gambel's quail, crested blue quail, pheasants, swans, wild geese, ducks, wild turkeys, peafowls and all other varieties of animals and birds for sale. Complete lists, ten cents. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo. (Dec.)

WANTED—Live skunk, high grade. Envilla Stock and Fur Farm, Cogswell, N. Dak. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—20 coons, \$4.00 each; 1 pair cross foxes, \$50.00. W. T. Hodgen & Sons, Campbellsville, Ky., Box 232.

TRAPPERS—Don't kill your mink and sell skins at war prices. Catch them alive and sell to me and double your dollars. Wm. Jydstrup, Raymond, Minn.

FOR SALE—Red and patch foxes, mink, bear and live moose. J. D. Frier, Sussex, N. B., Canada. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Choice Belgian, Carneux pigeons, \$2.00 pair. Mated, yellow splashed youngsters, 50 cents each. C. J. Knight, Quaker City, Ohio.

FOR SALE—50 red foxes, each \$7.00; 10 coon, each \$6.00; marten, \$75.00 each; 50 mink, opossum, ferrets, coon, silver and black foxes, pheasants and peafowl. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

NORTHERN RANCH-RAISED red foxes, good size and color. Prices right. Isaac Austin, Romeo, Mich.

FOR SALE—Seven large, dark, well furred, tame coons. Robin Beghtel, Huntington, Ind., R. No. 1.

WANTED—Live Mink, patch male fox, foxhound pup. Will any man put male fox with two old breeders for half interest? Will trade nine red foxes for mink or male patch. Harry Beckwith, Fort Levett, Maine.

WILD MALLARD DUCKS, decoys, callers, breeders, \$1.00 each as they come; no limit. Send draft. C. Bremen Co., Dept. H-T-T, Danville, Ill.

FOR SALE—Three pair black foxes and five pair fisher. Prices right. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

RED FOXES, silver blacks, patch and grays for sale. Buy and sell all kinds live animals. Write us. C. C. Garland, 15 Center St., Old Town, Maine. (Dec.)

FOXES, SKUNKS, SQUIRELS, pigeons, hares, caires, etc. E. W. Cordingley, 138 Stowe St., Jamestown, N. Y.

SCENTLESS, narrow stripe skunks, females, \$10.00 each; males, \$2.50 each. Frank Coler, Cambridge, Neb.

GENUINE WILD TURKEYS for sale. Theresa Davies, Susquehanna, Pa., R. No. 4.

WANTED—Male fisher. State color, age and price. Want few choice skunks. E. B. Doyle, 4005 Campbell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PAIR SILVER FOXES, slight rust, \$500.00; pure silvers, \$2,000.00. Other bargains. State your wants. E. W. Douglass, Stanley, N. B., Canada.

FOR SALE—Large, dark mink, \$30.00 per pair. Geo. Damare, Iberville, La.

FOR SALE—Live skunk, choice, foundation stock, narrow stripe, \$5.00 pair. Envilla Stock and Fur Farm, Cogswell, N. Dak. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—One buck caribou. J. D. Frier, Sussex, N. B., Canada.

FOR SALE—Young dark raccoon, female. Best offer takes it. Wm. Ulrich, Lockport, N. Y.

I SELL LIVE coons, minks, opossums, skunks, foxes, hunting dogs, pit games, Indian runners. Write me for prices or what you pay. Walter Odum, Box 208, Durant, Miss.

SKUNK WANTED—Buy black, star and short stripes; also all classes fur-bearers. Write us before buying or selling. C. C. Garland, 15 Center St., Old Town, Maine. (Dec.)

I PAY \$12.00 for live mink. Will buy foxes, skunks, etc. B. F. Tarman, Quincy, Pa.

FOR SALE—Pet, odorless skunks, \$2.00 each. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

FOR SALE—Choice, dark male mink, ranch-raised. Supply limited. Chas. Lambert, Sabula, Iowa.

WANTED—Star black skunk. We can use all you can supply. Write for prices and state number you have for sale. Rock River Zoo, Oregon, Ill.

FOR SALE—100 star and short striped skunk; also red fox. F. J. Wilson, Lewisburg, Ohio.

LIVE ANIMALS WANTED—Pay double fur value. All kinds. Write us. C. C. Garland, 15 Center St., Old Town, Maine. (Dec.)

I WILL PAY \$12.00 each for live mink. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

FOR SALE—Belgian hares, Flemish giants; safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Stamps for reply. C. E. Whitney, Wolf Run, Ohio.

BAITS AND SCENTS.

TRAPPERS, do you want sets for fox, wolf, bear, otter, mink and all fur-bearing animals that are a success and recipes for scents and decoys that will not drive the animals away. All complete in one book. Price \$1.00. I have trapped in different parts of the country for sixty years. Special sets for the large rivers and marshes in the Southern States. If you want particulars and testimonials write E. N. Woodcock, Coudersport, Pa.

FOX TRAPPING—Walter Bray, Orland, Maine, caught 24 fox, 34 mink, 6 fox in one trap set on land, the first fox traps he ever set. Thomas Calahan, North Monroe, N. H., caught 23 fox, lots of mink and skunk. Both used Page-Sets and Baits. Send stamp for testimonial book. Fox scent in pints, bait in quarts. Methods warranted; land, water, snow sets. Edgar R. Page, Orland, Maine.

TRAPPERS—Try a bottle of my fox, skunk and coon scent. I have had great success with this scent. It is made of musk and favorite food of these animals. Price seventy-five cents per bottle. Von Rogers, Richford, Vt.

BROTHER TRAPPERS—I am no grafter, only a plain, hard working, successful trapper. Why do you pay \$1 a bottle for scents made by people who never saw a trap line, when you can buy my formulas for One Dollar which will last you a lifetime? And to prove to you that I am on the square I am going to make you the following offer: Mention the H-T-T, send for my formula which is good for all land animals, send no money, and I will send you the formula. You make your own scent, use it during the coming trapping season, and when you are satisfied that it is no fake then send me the One Dollar bill. Remember that you are to be the judge, as I do not want your dollar if I cannot have your good will to go with it. Thos. L. Elliott, The Copper River Trapper, Copper City, B. C., Canada. Enclose stamp for reply.

P. S.—Do not look for an immediate reply during the winter months as I will be on the trap line from November until May, and only get my mail every 30 days.

FOX OR MINK SCENT—200 sets, fifty cents. Fox and mink trapping fully explained for a small sum. Satisfaction guaranteed. Jesse Bently, Arlington, Vt.

TRAPPERS, TRAPPERS, Look Here. I have just discovered a new animal scent for fox, skunk, mink, coon, muskrat, weasel, bobcat. I will send you the formula for making on receipt of one dollar, postpaid. Your money back if it fails. Now, if you want to get more animals this fall, then send me one dollar and state for which animal scent you want formula and I will send formula by return mail, postpaid. Address George T. Frelhofer, East Astead, N. H.

BEST METHODS AND SCENTS postpaid—Method written and scent made by expert trapper and traveling buyer. Booklet sets 25 cents. Odorless wax for coating traps, 25 cents per cake. Pure fish oil 25 cents; dry powder scent for general use 25 cents. Special scent for animal you name, 50 cents per bottle. Udall Raw Fur Co., Wolcott, Vt.

BOATS AND CANOES.

EVINRUDE DETACHABLE MOTOR, 2 H. P., guaranteed to work perfectly. Practically good as new; \$40. No trade. Ray Trantow, Merrill, Wis.

BOOKS.

TRAINING THE BLOODHOUND—Complete copyrighted treatise. Reduced from \$5 to \$2. Horse and Hound. Training the foxhound. 300 pages, \$2.50. Write for prospectus. Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky. (**)

BOOKS—Remember, any two 60-cent books, if ordered at same time and to same address, will be sent for \$1.00; three for \$1.50; four for \$2.00; five for \$2.50. If any of our \$1.00 books are ordered with 60-cent ones, the price is reduced to 75 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

BOOKS—Interesting 2,000-mile rowboat trip, from Omaha to New Orleans, by Wm. Rounds. Twenty-five cents each in coin. Chas. Malicky, Oketo, Kans.

BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES.

FOR SALE—1914 7-H. P. Twin Indian, new condition, run but little, fine running order, tires not worn. Price \$160. A. J. Allen, Dorset, O.

FOR SALE—One bicycle with engine attachment, 2½ horse power, runs good, just like a motorcycle, in good order. I would not sell but I need the money for doctor bills. Price, \$60.00. L. H. Dobias, Angus, Minn.

FOR SALE—One 1911 four horse power M. M. motorcycle. In first-class running order. Price \$55.00. Will take good shotgun as part payment. Theo. Hanson, Haifa, Iowa, R. No. 1, Box 55.

CAMERAS AND PHOTO SUPPLIES.

FILMS DEVELOPED, three rolls for 25 cents; 8x10 enlargements 25 cents. C. E. Stewart, Ellwood City, Pa.

FOR SALE—One 5x7 camera and outfit in good condition; one rabbit hound. Chas. Booth, Hurdred, W. Va.

EXPERT AMATEUR finishing films and packs developed, one cent each; good exposure; prints from 2 cents up according to size. Adirondack Photo Laboratory, Box 425, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

CONLEY FOLDING CAMERA—Size 4x5, brand new and in good condition, with tripod and developing outfit, many other things with, too numerous to mention. Need the money and will take half price; \$30.00 buys it. You can't lose on a bargain like this. Waldemar Schanche, Blue Earth, Minn.

HUNTING DOGS.

REGISTRATION—If you wish to register your dogs or puppies, write the United Kennels Club, Chicago, Ill., Box 156, for free instruction blanks.

HUNTING DOGS—This book contains 253 pages which tells how to train for night hunting as well as fox chasing, best breeds, etc., etc. Price, postpaid, 60 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

THE C. S. R. Blue Book of Dogdom (seventh year) will contain a complete directory of the leading kennels and breeders and exhibitors of dogs in the United States. If you desire your kennels represented, send for free blanks. Address Compiler, C. S. R. Co., P. O. Box 1028, New York City. (Jan.)

AIREDALES.

AIREDALES—Ready to train and hunt, good breeding; prices right. W. D. Goble, Staples, Minn. (Dec.)

BLACK CANON KENNELS have a great lot of Airedales for sale, including puppies, one to eight months old, brood bitches and hunters. Prices most reasonable. An unrelated pair \$25.00. Raised outdoors, and are the game, hardy, hunting kind of the best breeding. Dept. F., Montrose, Colo. (Dec.)

AIREDALES FOR SALE—Puppies and grown stock by two of the best dogs ever imported. Ch. King Oorang and Ch. Soudan Swiveller, ex Stanley Princess, she by Ch. Prince of York. J. T. Stanton, Mountain View, Plainville, Conn.

OORANG AIREDALES are the greatest utility strain of dogs on earth. Their superior intelligence makes them the most desirable of friends and companions for man, woman and child. Their faithful and untiring watchfulness makes them the best of guards and protectors for camp, home or estate. They are careful and efficient stock dogs. They are true sporting terriers and have no equals as water dogs, retrievers and hunters of all kinds of game. They are trailers, tree barkers and stayers. They will climb a tree or go to earth and fight anything from a rat to a grizzly bear. They are raised in the open and are hunted 365 days in the year. Their iron constitution withstands the hardest usage and they are breeders of vigorous youngsters whose hunting instincts are bred in the bone. Circulars and illustrated postcards for five cents in stamps or coin. Oorang Kennels, La Rue, Ohio.

AIREDALES—Just a few and very reasonable; Ch. Red Raven, Ch. Tintern Royalist, Ch. Briar Masterfield. Mako J. Wessels, German Valley, Ill.

GET A REAL Airedale puppy—the big kind—registered. Stamp please. Skookum Airedale Farm, Marysville, Wash.

AIREDALES—Only three left or will trade for wire-haired terrier. Ed. Grove, Rockbridge, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Few female Airedale pups, one year old. H. D. Stephan, Plainview, Minn.

AIREDALES—Two females, 4 months old, big husky, black and tan, pedigree furnished, farm raised. Parents are hunters and game getters; \$10.00 each or will exchange for Winchester shotgun. C. E. Thompson, Plano, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 1.

YOUNG AIREDALE DOGS—Pedigreed stock, just right for this fall's hunting. Let us tell you more about them. Van Fleet Bros., Attica, Ohio.

AIREDALES—A few more husky July pups at \$10.00 each. All thoroughbred with pedigree, guaranteed true. State your wants. W. E. Crawford, Massillon, Ohio, R. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Female Airedales, 5 months old. Pedigreed, blood lines of Ch. Gamecock, Culbertson, Bustler, Culbertson Briar, a good one. R. F. Reich, Zanesville, Ohio.

AIREDALES—Just a few, but classy and very reasonable. "Champion Tintern Royalist, Champion Illuminator, Champion Red Raven." J. Bate Locke, 1842 N. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Airedale, female, two years old; pedigree and registered A. K. C. 176974; \$30.00. Live opossums, \$1.00 each. H. D. Gwin, Hagerstown, Ind.

FOR SALE—Male and female farm-raised Airedale dogs, three and two years. Eligible for registering; will trade one for 2-gauge gun. Photograph of dogs on request. Also for sale, one live male mink. G. Munson, Berlin, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Airedale bitch and five pups at reasonable prices. Ray Wixson, Union City, Mich.

REGISTERED Airedale puppies, \$8.00 each and up, according to age and quality. Alex. Williamson, Gladstone, Mich.

BEAGLES.

THOROUGHLY TRAINED beagles, foxhounds, and rabbit hound, trial; also pedigree beagle pups. Keystone Kennels, Columbia, Pa. (Jan.)

UNITED KENNEL CLUB—Pups, two males, one female, whelped August 2d. \$8.00 each. Photo. Dog at stud. Ralph Wilson, Bloomville, Ohio.

BEAGLES, ALL AGES—Get your pups now for fall training and save money. Bitches in whelp and empty. Two foxhound bitches. No better blood than I have. Tiff Kennels, Brooklyn, Pa. (Jan.)

BEAGLE PUPS, 2 months old, beauties, pedigree, bred from winners and hunters. Males \$4.50, females \$3.50. Thoroughly broken dogs and bitches, \$10 to \$15. Trial. D. H. Hamme, Seven Valleys, Pa.

FOR SALE—Five very intelligent, healthy beagle pups, highly pedigree and eligible for registration. Ready to train. Write me your wants. Parker Yahraus, Waverly, Ohio.

REGISTERED English beagles, dogs and bitches. Prices reasonable, quality considered. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bern Ruble, Powhatan Point, O.

MALE BEAGLE PUPS all sold. Have 4 female pups ready to train at \$8.00 each; 2 females, one year old, at \$10.00 each; one female, 2 years old, partly trained at \$15.00. Every one is worth double the price asked as a breeder alone. F. A. Rich, Northfield Falls, Vt.

TRAINED FEMALE BEAGLES pups and skunk dog for sale. George Rothley, Lowell, Washington Co., Ohio.

FOR SALE—One trained beagle brood bitch, \$10.00. Three June bitch pups \$3.50 each. Walter Parkison, Oblong, Ill.

FOR SALE—Two English beagles, dogs, thoroughly broken on rabbit; not gun shy. William McCullough, Kittanning, Pa., R. 3.

THOROUGHLY BROKEN beagle hounds, guaranteed good hunters and not gun shy. Warren S. Henderson, Downingtown, Pa.

FOR SALE—Black and tan beagle bitch, three years old, extra good brush dog and not gun shy. First \$8.00 takes her. L. B. Carson, Salem, Ohio.

BEAGLE PUPS, from two to seven months old, every one sired by a field trial winner or the sire of field trial winners. Don't ask for the five dollar kind; do not breed them. Cayuga Creek Kennels, Sanborn, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Some fine beagles, good as lives, old or young stock, all dogs registered in A. K. C. and guaranteed. A. A. Cutting, Iowa Falls, Iowa. (Jan.)

FOR SALE—Pair beagles, trained, on trial; \$28.00 if taken at once. R. H. Gordon, Bowerston, Ohio.

FOR SALE—One beautiful beagle hound, male, 18 months old, partly trained; \$12.00 takes him. Harry Buck, Tamaqua, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Three beagle pups, six months old, partly broken. One three-year-old beagle dog; no mongrels. Write me. S. H. Johnson, Benton, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Pedigreed English beagle pups; also trained rabbit hounds. Stamp for reply. Salter & Son, Tipton, Ind.

FOR SALE—Well-bred beagle hound, beautiful, black and white, good earage, gun-proof, ready to train, good voice; price \$5.00. Send stamp. R. P. Rentschler, Shartlesville, Pa.

REGISTERED beagle pups, four months old, Cass City Beagle Kennels, Cass City, Michigan.

BEAGLES—Broken bitch, dog 7 months, pair 4 months. Cheap. Must sell at once. A. L. Lake, Waukegan, Ill.

FOR SALE—My 2 English beagle hounds, well broken and stayers; guaranteed; price each \$12.00. For particulars write Dan Culp, Van, Pa.

BEAR DOGS.

BEAR DOGS—Pair thoroughly trained. Absolute guarantee. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

BLOODHOUNDS.

REGISTERED ENGLISH Bloodhounds—Puppies and grown dogs, best blood. Max J. Kennedy, Freedonia, Kansas. (Dec.)

BLOODHOUNDS—Young and old registered stock. 50-page illustrated catalogue, five-cent stamp. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

ENGLISH BLOODHOUNDS, bred for criminal work only. Some well trained and partly trained dogs for sale; also puppies; all registered stock. Prices reasonable. Hill Top Bloodhound Kennels, Lock Box 793, Eyesville, Ohio.

COON DOGS.

COON HOUNDS—Some well broke on coon, opossum, skunks. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

COON HOUNDS AND COMBINATION hunters for all game that trees, thoroughly trained. Will gladly send on free trial. New catalogue profusely illustrated. The most elaborate catalogue of night-hunting dogs ever printed. Will be sent on receipt of 10 cents. Southern Farm Coon Hound Kennels, Selmer, Tenn.

COON HOUNDS—On account of low price cotton in this section can get a few coon hounds at a reasonable price. State wants in first letter. Sam Stephenson, Covington, Tenn.

COON HOUNDS, still trailers; fox, wolf, mink, skunk, squirrel and rabbit dogs. Trained dogs. State wants. Edward Hopkins, St. Francisville, Mo. (Dec.)

COON HOUNDS—Fox hounds, rabbit hounds. Trained and untrained. Pedigreed and eligible to register. Guaranteed to please. Also some fine youngsters at reasonable prices. R. F. Johnson, Assumption, Ill. (March)

FOR SALE—Long-eared, red bone and black and tan coon hound. Riverside Hound Farm, Decatur, Ill.

FOR SALE—Coon dogs, 15 days' trial. Low prices on genuine old-fashioned, long-eared coon hound pups. Blood tells, breeding tells. Buy young hounds where they have broken hounds to breed from. Natural tree and hole barkers. Few fine rabbit hounds. Stamp for reply. Kunkel Bros., Ashland, Ohio.

BARGAINS!!—Six-year-old female coon hound, trained on squirrels, coon, opossum, skunk. Fox and rabbit-proof. Guaranteed. \$45.00. Male coon hound, 6 years, good rabbit, trees opossum, \$15.00. Two 6 months black and tan coon hound pups from above bitch, \$8.00 each; pair \$15.00. Few other hounds. Curtis E. Matz, Carmi, Ill.

AS GOOD COON HOUND dog or bitch as lives for sale. W. H. Giles, Ripley, Miss.

PAIR COON DOGS—These are cur dogs with nearly 100 coon to their credit last season—8 in one night; \$75.00 buys the pair on 15 days' trial. Write or wire Sam Stephenson, Covington, Tenn.

FOR SALE—As good a coon hound as money can buy. Guaranteed fox and rabbit-proof at night. Price \$60.00. M. L. Secrist, Dayton, Pa.

COON DOGS—Four pups from my coon hound. Can be easily trained; males at \$5.00 each; one female at \$3.00. Louis Silverthorn, Cardington, Ohio.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD coon and fox hound, shipped on 8 days' trial if money is deposited. Price \$30.00. Henry Quigley, Baring, Mo.

FOR SALE—Registered coon hound bitch (35367), guaranteed; \$35.00. Stamps for photo. C. Nerson, Royal Center, Ind.

FOR SALE—First-class coon hound, guaranteed good tree and hole barker; one partly trained. J. A. McDaniel, Fletcher, Va.

FOR SALE—Coon hound, well trained on coon. Rabbit-proof. Record 25 coons last season. Seldom Lom, Elkton, Va., R. 1.

FIVE STRICTLY A1 coon hounds, ¼ English blood, ¾ Redbone; prices \$15.00 to \$50.00, on trial. Three skunk and opossum hounds. Get busy. Stamp. Jacob L. Anglemyer, Leetonia, Ohio.

TEN COON HOUND PUPS from registered stock, sire and dam noted coon dogs; three months old, long ears, bugle voices; \$5.00 each. Allen Bros., Geneva, Ohio.

FOR SALE—One litter, old-fashioned coon hound pups, four months old, none better. E. Blehler, Russville, Ind. R. No. 2.

FOR SALE—Coon hound pups, four months old; also one coon hound bitch, two years old, at right prices. Edward Eakin, Hillsville, Pa.

FOR SALE—Coon hound, rabbit-proof, skunk and squirrel dog. Rabbit hound. Stamp. H. W. Gardner, Rehoboth, Mass.

FOR SALE—Coon hound, guaranteed good hunters, trailers and tree barkers. Stamp for reply. E. Raines, Durham, Mo.

WANTED—First-class coon dog—no other kind—at once; only on trial. Chas. Howley, 335 Main, Oshkosh, Wis.

FOR SALE—Two very fine coon hound pups, five months' old, bred from one of the best bitches in the state. Write for circular, description, photos of this strain of dogs. H. G. Maltbie, Geneva, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Long-eared, red bone and black and tan coon hound; pups for treeing dogs, \$12.00 per pair. Riverside Hound Farm, Decatur, Ill.

COON HOUND PUPS—9 months old, the kind that make good, \$12.00 and \$15.00 a pair. Bred right and guaranteed. Clem Wiegand, Canal Dover, Ohio.

FOR SALE—High-class coon hounds, \$25.00, \$35.00 and \$50.00. On trial. Riverside Hound Farm, Deatur, Ill.

FOR SALE—First-class coon hound, on 10 days' trial; price \$50.00. James Kennedy, 8515 Water St., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE—Coon hounds, well trained and partly trained; one pup, 10 days' trial. Cheap. Elmer Page, De Sota, Wis.

WANTED—Coon dog, fast on trail. Money deposited; on trial. George Trawitz, Middleburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—Two coon hound pups, six months old; have been trained some; will make good hunters; send stamp for reply. Howard Mergenthaler, Fostoria, Ohio, Route 6.

COON, SKUNK AND OPOSSUM DOGS.

A FEW THOROUGHLY TRAINED coon, skunk and opossum hounds for sale. This is your opportunity. Don't let it pass. Stamp for reply. A. T. Rice, Brooksville, Ky. R. 4. (Dec.)

TRAINED FOX, wolf, coon, opossum and skunk hounds, guaranteed. R. N. Hendricks, Bollivar, Mo. (Dec.)

AS GOOD COON, opossum and skunk dog as lives; also a few as well bred coon hound pups. W. H. Giles, Ripley, Miss.

FOR SALE—Coon, skunk, opossum hound pups, eight dollars each or fifteen dollars a pair. Send stamp. H. E. Grossnickle, Newtonville, Ohio, Box 12.

FOR SALE—Trained coon, skunk and opossum hounds and young stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stamp for reply. Edward Young, Leslie, Ga.

COON, SKUNK, OPOSSUM, rabbit dogs furnished on short notice. Stamps for reply; a square deal. E. F. Smith, Brooksville, Ky.

FOR SALE—Good skunk dog, partly trained on coon and opossum; rabbit-proof; price \$18.00. William Schenck, Valparaiso, Ind.

GOOD COON and opossum dog, well trained; reasonable price. W. F. Reger, Berryburg, W. Va.

FOR SALE—Two good night dogs, fox, skunk, coon and opossum, \$20.00 each. Henry Perinot, Coulterville, Ill.

FOR SALE—Some more of those fancy coon, skunk, opossum and mink hounds. Robertson & Robbins, Roanoke, Mo.

FOR SALE—Coon and skunk hounds; prices reasonable. Stamp for reply. Harry Knecht, Barberton, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Guaranteed coon and opossum hound, 6 years old, price \$40.00; trial allowed. Harry E. Ackers, Lancaster, Ohio, R. No. 11.

ONE GOOD COON and opossum dog, four years old, rabbit-proof, \$25.00. Elmer J. Beever, Coulterville, Ill.

EXTRA GOOD SKUNK, coon and opossum hound, five years old, \$50.00. Le Grand Burrus, Elmhurst, Pa.

TWO COON, opossum and skunk hounds, open trailers, good tree barkers and true; \$25.00 each. W. Fisher, Oswego, Kans.

BOYS—For best coon and opossum dogs, remember W. A. Shook, Hazel River, Va. Trial allowed. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Coon and opossum dog, one-half hound; good tree barker, extra fighter and fast on trail. Trial allowed. 7½ years old, rabbit-proof. Price \$30.00. D. F. Herron, 6410 E. Thirteenth St., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—Two thoroughly trained A No. 1 coon and skunk hounds; rabbit-proof; also one extra fast foxhound. Cecil Metzgar, Smithport, Pa.

COON AND SKUNK DOG, ½ shepherd, ½ hound, 5 years old, weight 50 lbs. One of the best in the state; rabbit-proof. Come here for trial. Will refund money to any one if not as represented. Price \$40. B. C. Tiffany, Middlefield, Ohio.

DEER DOGS.

DEER DOGS—Two couple high trained deer dogs. Fully guaranteed. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

FOR SALE—A three-year-old hound, guaranteed on deer; price \$25.00. M. J. Beck, Tolmi, Minn.

FOXHOUNDS.

FOXHOUNDS—Best blood on earth; field trial winners; 50-page catalogue five-cent stamp. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

FOXHOUNDS—Good running hounds, broke on fox, some broke on rabbits; also young stock and pups. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

FOR SALE—Long-eared foxhounds; also rabbit dogs and pups. Every one guaranteed. P. R. Shelley, Guilford, Conn.

PEDIGREED FOXHOUNDS—Trained and untrained; best blood on earth. A few young Airedales. Ten champions on pedigrees. Photos and particulars for stamp. Rockhill Kennels, Barryville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Foxhound puppies, old strain, long ears, good voices, bred from hunting stock. Six months and under. Burton B. Paterson, Cornwall, Bridge, Conn.

FOR SALE—Thoroughly broken foxhounds, good stayers and fast runners and good trailers. Guaranteed. Send stamp for reply. Valley Creek Kennel, Lyndell, Pa.

FOR SALE—Male Walker foxhound. Will exchange coon hound for good gun. Send stamp. John Wright, Jamaica, Vt.

FOR SALE—Pure bred foxhound pups, whelped August 22, sire registered (Sugarloaf strain), dam registered (Walker strain). Dogs \$8.00, bitches \$6.00. J. D. White, Kittanning, Pa.

PEDIGREED Walker foxhound pups for sale. Arp, sport blood, winner of Derby 1910. Whelped June 26. Stamp for particulars. Lewis M. Walker, Branchville, Ind.

FOR SALE—Pair foxhounds; also pups two months old. David Wood, Stony Creek, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Four fine foxhound pups, healthy and nicely marked. Any person dissatisfied with pup may return same. Photos stamp. Jed. Vancor, Saxtons River, Vt.

HIGH BRED fox and coon hounds. Fine trailers. \$20.00. L. R. Veatsch, Lewistown, Mo.

FOR SALE—Foxhound sluts, 15 months old, stayers on fox. Sire is New England strain, carefully bred since 1888; 27 fox shot in front of him last season. Dam, registered Walker. Burton B. Paterson, Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

FOR SALE—Old-fashioned New England blue-ticked foxhound pups. H. C. Prindle, Salem, N. Y.

THOROUGH BRED foxhound and pups, 7 months old, from very best trailers with loud, clear voices, \$8.00 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trained hounds that are second to none. Write me. Glenn Parker, Dodge Center, Minn.

FOXHOUND at stud. Varner, pure July, fee \$25.00. Won at Barre 1911-1912. Won Mt. Upton mid-winter hunt 1911 in one foot of snow, seven-hour race and six degrees below zero. Varner sired two winners, one litter. A wonderful cold trailer and starter; no race too long. His off-springs all show these good traits and are dead game. He won in open competition with the best Walkers. Varner is heavy boned, coarse coated, stands 24 inches, color black, white and tan. Geo. E. Mould, 134 South St., Newburgh, N. Y. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—A good foxhound, thoroughly broken on rabbit, fine hunter, stayer and trailer. William McCullough, Kittanning, Pa., R. 3.

TWO PARTLY TRAINED foxhounds, \$10.00 each. A bargain. Herb, Heaton, Hillsboro, Iowa.

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE foxhound, two years old, nicely started on coon, fair treer, wide ranger, half English, half Cuban blood; \$10.00 cash, no less. J. Kober, 5766 Natural Bridge, St. Louis, Mo.

PEDIGREED FOXHOUNDS PUPS, 3 months old, bred for fox, coon and skunk. Black and white, natural tree dogs, bugle voices; \$5.00 each. Allen Bros., Geneva, Ohio.

PEDIGREED AMERICAN foxhound for sale cheap. D. H. Boody, Jr., Vineland, N. J.

FOR SALE—Foxhounds, my entire pack. Two old ones, two partly trained, three last spring's pups. Must sell, no place to keep them. For prices inquire of Wesley Brener, West Burlington, Iowa, R. No. 2. (Jan.)

FOR SALE—Five good foxhounds, \$25.00 and \$30.00. C. H. Comstock, Westminster, Vt.

FOR SALE—Female foxhound, 3½ years old, well trained, \$16.00. Earl Dygert, Hermon, N. Y.

FOR SALE—A male foxhound about one year old. E. W. Fisher, Tully, N. Y. R. F. D. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Pair fast fox dogs, \$45.00. Riverside Hound Farm, Decatur, Ill.

FOR SALE—Several well trained foxhounds, good rangers, trallers and stayers. Price \$15.00 and \$23.00 each; also some fine rabbit hounds at a low price. Stamp for reply. A. T. Rice, Brooksville, Ky.

FOR SALE—All foxhound pups, guaranteed. Trained female rabbit hound. Cheap. Stanley Francis, Remsen, N. Y.

BITCH FOXHOUND, 3 years old, thoroughly broken on rabbits. Trial. Cecil Mears, Clyde, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Three first-class foxhound pups and female, partly broken on skunk. Grant Fraunfelder, Kingston, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 1.

POINTERS AND SETTERS.

SETTERS AND POINTERS—Some well broke dogs and bitches for sale. Catalogue, 10 cents. List free. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

WANTED—English setter or pointer male dog, about three years old; must be well trained. Give full description and lowest price. Walter Fulton, Stewartstown, Penna.

FOR SALE—Pure Llewellyn dog, three months. Registered. \$20.00. Pointer bitch, year old, partly trained, beauty, \$15.00. Pair pointer pups, four months. Registered, each \$5.00. Elkwood Kennels, Ashland, Wisc.

FOR SALE—Six thoroughbred Irish setter pups, four male and two female, three months old. The best retrievers on chickens, quail and ducks; reasonable prices. These are good ones. Sire, Count Waldo; dam, Queen Isabella. Wm. Debus, Griswold, Iowa, R. No. 4.

ENGLISH SETTER, one year, for 20-gauge Winchester pump gun. R. E. Burbacher, Summerfield, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Blue Belton English setter bitch, 4 years old, good worker on all game birds; \$35.00. One female, two-year-old, well started, works fine, \$20.00. One female pup, four months old, a dandy, \$10.00. See picture of all three. S. C. Michaels, Goodland, Ind.

FOR SALE—English setter bitch, two years old, shot over last year. English setter bitch pup, nicely started. Stamps for reply. Will Peterson, Carrier 21, McKeesport, Pa.

FOR SALE—Perfectly broken Llewellyn setter, male, 3 years old, \$15.00. Robertson & Robbins, Roanoke, Mo.

FOR SALE—White and liver pointer bitch, good one, retrievers. Harley Van Cleave, Paoli, Ind.

FOR SALE—Pointer bitch, a good one, price \$13.00. A. J. Wesner, Campbellsburg, Ind.

POINTER PUPS FOR SALE—Three dogs, three bitches, six months old, just right to start on quail. Breeding, none better. Papers furnished. Dogs \$15.00. Bitches \$10.00. J. G. Wehrle, Wellman, Iowa.

RABBIT DOGS.

RABBIT HOUNDS—Lot of well broken hounds for sale, some extra good. Send for catalogue, 10 cents. List free. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

30 BROKEN and partly trained, nice rabbit hounds. Reasonable prices. Bunch photos 10 cents. Write Harry Welsh, New Mayville, Pa.

GET BUSY—Rabbit dogs, \$5 to \$10.00 each. Skunk and opossum dogs, \$10.00. Puppies \$2.00 each. Ernest Stauffer, Powhatan Point, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Rabbit dogs on trial. \$15.00. Ferrets \$3.00 to \$3.50 each. Stamp. E. O. Burbacher, Summerfield, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Well-trained rabbit hound; also a young hound; also shot gun. For particulars write Mathias Michel, Spragueville, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Fine rabbit dog; will make an all around dog; also Airedale bitch, pedigreed, \$15.00 each. Joseph R. Harclerode, Everett, Pa.

HILLSIDE KENNELS, Enosburg Falls, Vt., has 42 No. 1 fox and rabbit hounds, good barkers, starters and stayers. For a stamp will tell you all about them. (Jan.)

FOR SALE—A first-class rabbit dog; none better; price \$17.00. Also a six months old coon hound pup, \$8.00. E. Kelley, Cranberry, Pa.

BARGAIN—Extra fine, young rabbit dog, price \$12.00. S. J. Kenley, DuBois, Pa. R. No. 3, Box 19.

TRAINED AND PARTLY TRAINED rabbit hounds for sale. Price reasonable. Daniel Kopp, Jr., Kewanna, Ind.

HIGH-CLASS rabbit hound, female, broken on all kinds, none better, two years old. Trained foxhound, runs fox only, "buckfield" trial; black and tan female pups, five months old, extremely long-eared. E. H. Balch, Cazenovia, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Fine rabbit hounds, well trained. On trial, \$15.00 each; have some at \$10.00. Riverside Hound Farm, Decatur, Ill.

RABBIT HOUNDS—4 extra good ones, \$10.00 to \$20.00. Stamp for reply. Earl Hershey, Orrville, Ohio.

TEN RABBIT HOUNDS, \$10.00 to \$15.00. Four skunk dogs, \$25.00 to \$50.00. Four coon dogs, \$50.00 each. Three foxhound pups, \$5.00 each. Enclose stamp. W. S. Ferguson, Rainsboro, Ohio.

RABBIT AND COON hounds for sale. Sent on trial. Stamp for circular. Comrade Kennels, Bucyrus, Ohio.

TWO GOOD RABBIT dogs, first eight dollars each gets them. J. S. Mitchell, Cumberland, Ohio.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Dandy rabbit hound, worked on coon some, fine looker, female. Two June hound puppies, dandies. H. H. Lewis, North East, Pa.

WOLF HOUNDS.

WOLF DOGS—Three seasons on timber grey. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

FOR SALE—Irish wolfhound pups from registered stock. Bear Valley Kennels, Mazeppa, Minn.

WOLF HOUNDS FOR SALE—16 months old, \$10.00 and \$15.00 each; also a few pups at \$5.00 per pair. Address O. K. Olson, Astoria, S. Dak.

MISCELLANEOUS DOGS.

THE BLUE GRASS FARM KENNELS, of Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale setters and pointers, fox and cat hounds, wolf and deer hounds, coon and opossum hounds, varmint and rabbit hounds, bear and lion hounds; also Airedale terriers. All dogs shipped on trial, purchaser alone to judge the quality. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 56-page highly illustrated, interesting and instructive catalogue for ten cents in stamps or coin. (Dec.)

THOROUGHLY TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds; also some fine pups for sale. Prices reasonable. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (Dec.)

HOUNDS, HOUNDS—Coon, mink, skunk, opossum, rabbit, cat and squirrel dogs. Coyote, wolf and foxhounds that will run till holed or killed. All first-class stuff. English, Redbone and Kentucky strains. Also Walker fox and wolf hounds trained, untrained and partly trained. Sent anywhere on ten days' trial. Send stamps for reply. Wm. Loggins, Greenville, Ill.

TRAINED HOUNDS—Pedigreed coon, cat, bear, deer, wolf, fox and rabbit hounds, pups that make good with little training. Sharon Center Kennels, W. J. Lytle, Prop., Sharon Center, Ohio. (July)

ENGLISH SETTERS, pointers, beagles, rabbit and foxhounds; finest stock in the world; shipped on trial. Send ten cents for catalog, prices and photographs. Hopewell Kennels, Stewartstown, Penna.

FOR SALE—Coon, fox and rabbit hounds. Fifteen days' trial will convince you Homestead dogs are right. Pure bred young stock. Stamp for catalogue and particulars. Homestead Stock Farm, Fred Little, Mgr., Plainfield, Ind. (Feb.)

HILLSIDE KENNELS, Enosburg Falls, Vt., offers a few extra good fox and rabbit hounds that are broken and can do the trick. Stamp for reply. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—One thoroughbred Chesapeake bitch, good retriever, two years old, price \$15.00. Clyde Klippel, Lena, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Fox and wolf hounds, one bitch in whelp, all guaranteed; \$2) each. L. Foreman, Morley, Iowa.

NORWEGIAN BEAR DOGS, Irish wolfhounds, English bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, American foxhounds, lion, deer, wolf and coon varmint dogs. All trained. Shipped on trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Purchaser to decide. Fifty-page highly illustrated catalogue 5c stamp. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (*)

IRISH TERRIERS—Grand bear and cat dog, traller and fighter. Quick, active, dead-game. Those out to buy (not curiosity seekers) apply. Coast Native Kennels, Tacoma, Wash.

HOUNDS—I will sell one hundred trained rabbit hounds, guaranteed to run rabbits; a few extra good squirrel dogs. Send stamp for prices. Wm. Loggins, Greenville, Ill.

FOR SALE—First-class coon, skunk and bear hounds, still and open trallers, the best that goes. Send stand for reply. Yellow Creek Kennel, Salsville, Ohio.

THE LAST CALL—Fox, coon and skunk dogs, a specialty. Rabbit dogs at all times. Tecumseh Chief Kennels, Tecumseh, Mich.

REGISTERED fox terrier pups for sale. Donald B. Shaw, De Lancey, N. Y.

I HAVE A FEW good staghounds and greyhounds for sale. Write me your wants. Edgar Eberhard, Westington Springs, S. Dak.

FOR SALE—Hole dog and fast, black and tan foxhound bitch, three years old \$25.00. Black and white bitch, three years old and fast, \$15.00; broke on fox. Trial two weeks. Chas. Shartle, Wometsdorf, Pa.

THOROUGHLY BROKEN foxhound, price \$15.00. Pedigreed Alredale, partly broken on coon. Several broken coon hounds. Will have litter of one-fourth bloodhound, three-fourth foxhound puppies ready to ship November 20th; also few rabbit dogs. Stamp for reply. L. H. Class, Sycamore, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Fox, beagle and rabbit hounds that know how; also young stock. J. C. Northeimer, Narvon, Pa.

FOR SALE—Rabbit and foxhounds, \$20.00. Trial. Foxhound pups, four months old, \$6.00 each. Water spaniel pups, \$4.00 each. Herbert Slichter, Mohn-ton, Pa.

FOR SALE—Trained English beagle, English foxhound, trained on rabbits. Pair of Walker foxhound pups, age four months, pedigreed, eligible to registration. Adam J. Kirschbaum, Cassville, Wisc.

FOR SALE—Fox, coon, wolf, skunk and rabbit hounds on 10 days' trial. Owen Smith, Altamont, Ill.

THOROUGHLY BROKEN beagles, foxhounds, and rabbit hounds. Trial. Pedigreed beagle pups, started on rabbits, from six to nine months old, beauties; bred from hunters. John Cristy, Climax Kennels, Columbia, Pa. (Jan.)

FOR SALE—Four male pups, two months old, hound and shepherd cross, \$3.00 each. One bitch, good on rabbits, \$10.00. Arthur Boyer, Biggsville, Ill.

FOR SALE—Registered dachshund, 16 months old, a little beauty, not gun shy, \$8.00. Be quick. Two female rabbit hounds, five months old, ears measure 16 inches, \$2.50 each. Ed. Avey, Mt. Morris, Ill.

FOR SALE—Trained coon, fox deer and rabbit hounds, still trallers and pups. Address Noah King, Calico Rock, Ark.

THOROUGHbred Irish spaniel puppies for sale, \$8.00 and \$10.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Frank Kadinger, Hartford, S. Dak. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Four good fox, coon and skunk hounds, three years old and a few fine pups. H. Halverson, Le Grand, Iowa, R. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Two-year-old spotted hound, nicely started on coon, as game as lives; \$20.00 buys him. C. C. Habecker, Danvers, Ill.

FOR SALE—Fine Scotch collie pups, 3 months—beagle hound bitch, eighteen months old. Dan Lowry, 521 Fifth St., N. East, Canton, O.

FOR SALE— $\frac{1}{2}$ blood and $\frac{1}{2}$ Alredale, 3 years old, trained on big game, stay forever. Price \$15.00. Also pair of pet coons. Write A. F. McKee, Amboy, Washington.

FOX, COON, SKUNK and rabbit hounds, broke to gun and field and at the right price. Fox and coon hound pups, \$5.00 each. Stamp for photos and reply. H. C. Lytle, Fredericksburg, Ohio. (Dec.)

HUNTERS—Do you want a dog to drive out your game when holed by hounds. My fox terriers will do it. Two trained bitches, ten pups, registered beagle bitch sired by Champion Slaves Mark, price \$25. Stamp for circular. John Annesser, Tilbury, Ont., Canada.

FOR SALE—One hound bitch, six months old; first \$10 takes her. C. F. Moore, Castana, Iowa. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—One $\frac{1}{2}$ fox, $\frac{1}{2}$ English beagle; one thoroughbred English beagle, well broken on rabbit, thoroughbred American foxhound pups; one coon dog. C. C. Miller, Cranberry, Pa.

DACHSHUNDS—Fine litter of pups, whelped Sept. 24. Black and tan. Registered. Howard Sackett, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Few male hound pups, one year old. H. D. Stephan, Plainview, Minn.

DOG MEDICINES.

DR. CECIL FRENCH'S MODERN REMEDIES—Vermicide Capsules—for Tapeworm, Roundworm and Hookworm. Box of 6 capsules, 25c. Box of 10) capsules, \$3. Tonic Globules—The greatest thing for getting your dog into condition. Box of 30 Globules, 25c. Box of 500 Globules, \$3. Enteric Globules—for Diarrhoea and Dysentery. Box of 40 Globules, \$1. Skin Specific—For all skin diseases—mange, eczema, etc. Tube, 50c. Mailed on receipt of price, stamp or coin. Dr. Cecil French, 23 French Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MANGE, ECZEMA, ear canker, goitre cured or money refunded. Price \$1.00. Eczema Remedy Co., Hot Springs, Ark. (Sept. 15)

RID THE DOG of worms. Eureka Worm Tablets (chocolate coated), for all tape, round and thread worms. No starving. 24 doses, 35 cents; three packages, C. O. D. \$1.00, parcel post prepaid. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Book on diseases mailed free. The Roach Mfg. Co., Box H-211, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Jan.)

EXCHANGE.

EXCHANGE—Good rabbit hound for shotgun. Write Lester Hellman, 407 Gardner St., Bellevue, Ohio.

EXCHANGE—\$25.00 course in taxidermy, for live female skunk, short striped or star black. Quinnus De Vries, Zeeland, Mich., R. R. No. 8.

SELL OR TRADE—Bicycle, \$8.00; .22 rifle, \$2.00. Want .22 repeater. Frank Rumpf, St. Joseph, Mo., Station D., R. 1), Box 37.

EXCHANGE—Foxhound, Barney Stone, prize winner (William strain); 2 years old, partly broken on fox. Ancestors winners. Want guaranteed coon hound. G. Richardson, 1353 East 120th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

SELL OR TRADE—One National Steam Vulcanizer; one Haywood Steam Vulcanizer, in good order; one 8-inch electric fan; one 1/5 H. P. motor. Take one or all; no reasonable offer refused. Send red stamp if you want further particulars. Roy W. Hawse, Morrison, Ill.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Skunk dog, Alredale and bull. Want gun, \$10.00, or graphophone; opossium \$1.50. Send stamp. R. Kerslake, Chesterland, Ohio.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Three English setters. Want automatic shotgun, rifle, pistol, camera, or what have you; Raymond R. Humphrys, Covington, Va.

FOR TRADE—New No. 5 Oliver Typewriter for pair of coon dogs. Tack Everley, Vanvoorhis, W. Va.

SELL OR EXCHANGE—Old flint-lock gun in good condition. What have you? Clarence B. Utter, Sayre, Pa.

WILL TRADE new .12 gauge, double-barrel shotgun for full-bred pointer bird dog, male, one year old. C. Fohl, 1166 Reservoir Ave., Monessen, Pa.

EXCHANGE—Four fine black and tan foxhound puppies, males, extra well bred, magnificent voices, 6 months old. What guns have you? Mark Funk, Foltz, Pa.

EXCHANGE—4x5 plate camera and outfit, good condition. Want single-barrel shotgun. H. Earl Heron, 258 Walnut St., Titusville, Pa.

WILL EXCHANGE—30-30 Winchester rifle with complete reloading tools, in good condition, for smaller caliber, or \$10.50 cash. Louis Larson, Route 1, Bottineau, N. Dak.

EXCHANGE—Edison Standard Phonograph and 25 records for trained coon dog. Elson Long, Ottawa, Kans., R. 1.

EXCHANGE—Coon, opossum and skunk pups, natural trees and hole barkers, trade or sell. What have you? Write James Mederer, 237 Belmont St., Warren, Ohio.

EXCHANGE—Winchester .25-20 Repeater, A1 condition, Lyman sights, case, reloading tools, etc., for pair of rabbit hounds. No pups wanted. Write for particulars. Fred Meng, 156 Winthrop Ave., New Haven, Conn.

FOR TRADE—Female pointer, one year old, worked some this season, is fine. Want good skunk, opossum dog, not over five years old, open trailer. One female rabbit hound, one year old, black and tan, a nice looker, not gun shy and good trailer. Want good open trailer, opossum dog. S. C. Michaels, Goodland, Ind.

EXCHANGE or trade, a 25 dollar course in taxi-dermy of 40 lessons for a rifle, or what have you? Christian Rigoni, Lockport, Ill., No. 468.

SALE OR TRADE—Printing press, 6¼x8½, and outfit. View camera. Prefer gun. Will Ward, Norwalk, Ohio.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—English beagle bitch, two years, broken, \$7.00. Pochet beagle bitch, eight months, \$5.00. Remington automatic .12-28, \$18.00, perfect. Winchester Automatic .22, \$10.00, perfect. Want 20-gauge. What have you? Joe Tate, Antonio, Colo., Box 163.

WILL SELL OR EXCHANGE well-bred foxhound bitch for Alredale dog, 1 or 2 years old. Ernest Sipes, Foltz, Franklin Co., Pa.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—32, also .38 (S. & W.) hammerless, .41 Remington double derringer, .22 Win. Centerfire single shot, set-trigger, reloading outfit; muzzle loading target rifle; (3¼x5¼) camera and outfit; field glass; six blue andulian cockerels. Want Remington automatic shotguns, high power rifles or Bisley model Colts. Vernon W. Smith, Albion, Ill.

FERRETS.

FERRETS—Either color, large or small, single pairs or dozen lots. Held & Anderson, New London, Ohio.

FERRETS FOR SALE—Either color, size or sex. Send for free catalog. George Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio.

TRAINED FERRETS—Ferret harness; muzzles; rabbit net; ferret and pheasant books, catalogue free. Wallace & Son, Lucas, Ohio. (Jan.)

3,000 FERRETS FOR SALE—Fine stock. Best rat and rabbit hunters on earth. They will clear your place of rats. Ferrets guaranteed to be safely delivered. Write for free book and price list. C. M. Sackett, Dept. T., Ashland, Ohio.

FERRETS—Hundreds of them for sale. Buy direct from the breeder and save the middle man's profit. Safe delivery guaranteed. Circular free. Ralph J. Wood, New London, Ohio.

FERRET FOR SALE—Large or small lot. Ferret bought large or small lot. H. H. Lewis, Leavittsburg, Ohio.

FERRETS WANTED—Large and small lots. State price and age first letter. Muzzles, leather, adjustable. 25 cents (coin). Bremen, 709 Franklin, Danville, Ill.

FOR SALE—Ferrets; males \$3.25; females \$3.50; \$6.25 pair. W. S. Soldan, 46 Seventeenth St., Wheeling, W. Va.

FERRETS—\$3.00 each; ferret sacks, 40 cents; ferret muzzles, 30 cents; Stevens pistol, camera, 4x5. J. J. Dalton, Wellsville, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Ferrets trained to hunt, either color, size or sex. J. E. Younger, Leavittsburg, Ohio.

A FEW EXTRA nice ferrets left. Price list free. Bert R. Northrop, Oxford, N. Y.

FERRETS FOR SALE—Trained to hunt, strong and healthy, single or pairs. Rudolph Pitz, Amana, Iowa.

FERRETS WANTED—Large and small lots. Give full description and price. Henry Qulmby, Oswego, New York.

FIREARMS AND AMMUNITION.

RIM AND CENTER FIRE loaded cartridges for Swiss, Vetterli and other rifles, \$3.00 per 100; guns changed to center fire for 25 cents. Send only breech block and firing pin; bullet moulds, \$1.50; caps \$1.00 per thousand; also repairs for Swiss arms. Jules A. Sandoz, Spade, Neb.

FIRE ARMS—New and second-hand sporting goods for sale. Bargains in guns of all kinds. New Marlins, \$15.00; new Ithacas, \$15.75; rebaring, restocking, repair work a specialty. Get my prices. C. T. Harner, Xenia, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Two old-time muzzle-loading squirrel rifles, fine old guns. What will you give? Send 10c for photo. C. S. Stilson, Gibsonburg, Ohio.

WANTED—Stevens .20 gauge repeater, 28-inch barrel preferred. Louis Watkins, Route 1, Oberlin, Ohio.

\$450.00 SAUER three-barrel hammerless shotgun, .16 gauge, rifle caliber; 11/5 mm. "Krupp Special steel" 27-inch barrels, full pistol grip, 6¾ pounds, new condition, \$125.00. Firearm, binocular and watch bargains. List for stamp. Hurd, 126 West 23d, New York.

FOR SALE—12 gauge single shot gun, \$3.50; H. & A. 32 revolver, 5¼ inch, blue, \$3.50; Stevens Diamond model pistol and holster, \$4.00; an old muzzle loading rifle; for best offer. George Blehl, 755 N. 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE—30-30 Winchester Repeater, excellent condition, \$15.00. M. Brown, 800 National Ave., Richmond, Ind.

BARGAINS—Marlin 38-55 High Power Take-down rifle, \$15.00. Barden rifle range telescope, 33 power 56X astronomical eyepiece, \$17.00. Willoughby \$35, 8X Stero Prism Binocular, \$28.00. D. M. Standell, Edinboro, Pa.

FOR SALE—Reasonable, Stevens 22 single shot target pistol, 6 inch barrel. Shot 100 times, cost \$6.25. K. Francis Felly, Ottawa, Ill., Box 56.

STEVENS NO. 37 Ideal Target rifle, 32-40, \$15.00; Stevens high power, 35 caliber, \$10.00; Winchester 1894 take-down, 32-40, nickel steel, Lyman sights, engraved, and case. Cost \$45.00, for \$22.00. J. W. Fream, Firearms, Harney, Md.

WANTED—Offhand, Stevens pistol, 1½ inch barrel, good shape, reasonable price. T. A. Dice, Creekside, Pa.

FOR SALE—Winchester 32-20 take down, Sheard and Marble sights, reloading tools, all like new. Bargain. No trades. James Cook, New Bremen, Ohio.

NOTICE!

Beginning with our January, 1915, Issue, all classified advertisements will cost 5 CENTS A WORD. No advertisements taken for less than 75 cents. Name and address, figures and initials are counted same as words.

SPECIAL BARGAIN in loaded shells. We have purchased from the Sportsman's Cartridge Company, seventy-five thousand shot gun shells, loaded with standard brands of smokeless powder and any load of shot, at a price that enables us to sell them at \$17.00 a thousand f. o. b. Kansas City. No orders filled for less than 500. If we have not load ordered will substitute as near the load desired as possible. Terms cash or shippers order. Consumers Cartridge Company, 810 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—\$50.00 Parker, double hammer, 12 gauge, 30 inch twist barrel. Good condition. \$19.00. Forrest Crisman, Hobart, Ind.

BARGAIN—Iver Johnson blued 22 revolver, belt and holster. Good condition. \$5.00. R. E. Clark, Hebron, Neb.

SELL CHEAP OR TRADE—20 fine second-hand repeating 22 caliber rifles, \$4.00 to \$8.00 each; also three Remington automatic high power rifles and few shot guns. Write Eben Calhoun, Hanlontown, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Ithaca hammerless shot gun, good as new. \$23.00. W. O. Canteberry, Killbuck, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Winchester repeating 30-40 rifle, good condition with reloading tools, shells and case, \$20.00. Also 44-40 Frontier Colt's revolver with belt and holster, \$10.00. Frank Halm, Mt. Morrison, Colo.

FOR SALE—1 Savage 22 repeater, Lyman bead front sight, cost \$12 new, \$7.00 takes it. R. P. McKenzie, Monticello, Cal.

COLT OFFICER MODEL, 38, 6 inch barrel, swing out, \$9.00; Colt Frontier 41, 6 inch barrel, new, \$9.00. Frank Helmelt, 305 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J.

REPEATING Hammerless Shot Guns, two samples, never used, twenty gauge, full choke, 28 or 30 inch. Krupp Fluid Steel barrels, top rib, Union Arms Co.'s latest model, sold for \$23.00, closing out price, \$15. Horace Green, Lake St., Ithaca, N. Y. (*)

SOME BARGAINS—38 caliber Winchester, good shooter, \$4.00. 32 Winchester repeater, ivory bead, perfect shape, \$7.00. 8 gauge, long range, medium weight, reloading tools, 20 brass shells, \$8.00. 25-35 Winchester, nearly new, \$10.00. German Mauser Carbine, powerful shooter, perfect condition, \$10.00. Would like Savage feather weight or Automatic. B. O. Lewis, Summerville, Mo.

FOR SALE—Remington pump, 12 gauge, case, cleaning rod, good as new. Blaine Mohn, Clyde, Ohio.

SILENCER for 22 and 25 power telescope for sale. Write Walter Norlander, Eagle River, Wis.

38-56 WINCHESTER repeating rifle, too large for this section. Will trade for smaller caliber Carbine. F. F. Randolph, Belchertown, Mass.

FOR SALE—Savage 30-30, \$12.00. Almost like new and guaranteed accurate. John Whipple, Boulder Junction, Wis.

GUNS—All standard make guns and rifles at lowest possible prices. State your wants and let me save you money. W. Bivins, Eminence, N. Y.

SAVAGE 22 High Power, perfect inside and out, a bargain, \$19.00. Harry Smith, Pelican Rapids, Minn.

REMINGTON AUTOMATIC Shot Gun 12-28, full rib on barrel, inside perfect. Outside slightly worn, \$21.50, cost \$35.00. Raymond Schorer, c/o Hewitt Log Co., Satsop, Wash.

FOR SALE—25-35 Winchester caliber, take down rifle. A1 condition, half magazine, half octagon barrel, 26 inch. Model 1894. First offer of fifteen dollars takes it. Address Adam Yackey, Canal Dover, Ohio. (Dec.)

FUR FARMING.

SKUNK FOR BREEDING—We supply choice black skunks with scent sacs removed, start your fur farm now. Send thirty cents for information on scientific breeding and directions for removing scent sacs without spilling any scent. Skunk Development Bureau, Box 554, Chicago, Ill. (Dec.)

FUR FARMS—A good many are engaging in the business of raising fur-bearing animals and most of those so doing buy their wire from us. Send for Fur Farm Fencing Price List. A postal will do. Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Prince Edward Island silver black foxes. Also patch and Hudson Bay blacks. We build ranches and instruct you in the care of the animals. St. George's Bay Fur Co., 800 Journal Bldg., Boston, Mass. (April 15)

FUR FARMING tells how to build and set box traps to catch animals to stock fur farms as well as how to build enclosures, what to feed, etc. This book contains 266 pages, 39 illustrations. Price, postpaid, 60 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

SKUNK FARMERS—Send twenty-five cents for booklet about catching, fencing, care, etc. Complete instructions for removing scent sacs. M. G. Holloway, R. 2, Marlon, Ia. (Nov.)

NOTICE TO FUR FARMERS—I have the following red foxes for sale which I guarantee to be in first class condition, good breeders and from healthy stock. 4 pairs, four years old, at \$25.00 per pair; 3 females, four years old, at \$15.00 each; 3 females, 7 months old, at \$10.00 each; 2 males, 7 months old, at \$6.00 each. Address all letters to Allins Fox Ranch, Mount Albert, Ont., Canada.

NOTICE TO SKUNK farmers. I will pay \$10.00 each for live star skunk; \$5.00 short, females. O. R. Austin, Foster Centre, R. I.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE to get in on the best fox ranch in Canada. Selected stock. Approximately 40 finest Blacks and Silvers, balance 43 beautiful high grade patches. Large, strong, healthy animals. Many proved breeders. Stock, land, buildings and equipment worth \$200,000, twice the capitalization. Strong company, competent experienced management. Perfect location, splendid future on pelt basis. Sell 40 shares \$4,000 par. Snap offer. Best reasons selling. Investigate. G. G. MacBean, Box 343, Swift Current, Sask., Canada.

BREED MINK—Instruction Book 50 cents. Information for stamp. George Norton, Box 176, Pleasantville, New York.

FUR FARMERS—A few good wild opossums for sale, \$1.50 each. Hugh Satterly, Jr., Farmington, Iowa, Route 1.

FUR FARMERS, ATTENTION!—We can sell you fine Northern foxes for breeding purposes, from \$10.00 per pair up; also Canadian lynx, fisher, marten and other fur bearers at very moderate prices. Get our prices before buying elsewhere. We can save you money. Address us today. Robertson Bros., Grand Rapids, Minn.

MEDICINAL ROOTS.

MEDICINAL PLANT PAMPHLETS—Tells where and how to gather for market 400 of the most valuable flowers, roots, herbs, as used in medicine growing, wild and cultivated in North America. Complete set, postpaid, 10 cents. Forest Products Co., West Milan, N. H.

ROOTS—Sell your burdock, elecampane and other roots, herbs, seeds, etc. Send 10 cents for list of dealers and directions. Wm. Bivins, Eminence, N. Y.

GINSENG—Stratified seeds, 75 cents per thousand. Pure Minn., warranted to grow next spring. John Sladek, Montgomery, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE PLAYS.

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS, \$50.00 each. All or spare time. Correspondence course unnecessary, details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 439, Cincinnati, Ohio. (Dec.)

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

FOR SALE—Edison Phonograph and 50 New wax records. Worth \$40.00—\$20.00 will take it. Particulars on request. E. A. Williams, Gibsonburg, Ohio.

FOR SALE—A good violin with case and bow, \$15.00, or will trade for a good gun. Harold Dygert, Hermon, N. Y.

EDISON STANDARD PHONOGRAPH and records for \$15.00, or trade for shot gun. Joseph M. Shaw, Kanawha, Iowa.

LOOK AT THIS!—We will sell New Edison Wax Records, 2 minute kind, 10c each, 4 minute, 15c each. S. B. Stilson, Music Dealer, Gibsonburg, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Violin made in 1765 for \$80.00; will redeem again in 6 months for \$100.00, if party wants to sell it. Reason for selling, must have money. Best of reference can be given. E. J. Simon, Ruth, Nevada.

OLD COINS AND CURIOS.

OLD COINS WANTED—\$2.00 to \$600.00 paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send ten cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 98, Leroy, N. Y. (Dec.)

PARTNER.

WANTED—Good, honest, sober partner for this season's trapping. New York or New England. F. A. Mead, 125 Lexington Ave., New York City.

WANTED—Partner for fur farming. Have land with stream. References required. For particulars address Fred Beebe, Ashtabula, Ohio, R. No. 1, c/o Homer Sterns.

WANTED—To hear from some trapper who will take a man with a little experience as partner. Address A. E. Hoehn, Hollidays Cove, W. Va.

PARTNER WANTED—To trap in Adirondacks this winter, good location. H. Mallory O'Dell, Hague, New York.

EXPERIENCED TRAPPER wishes partnership with established trapper. Correspondence solicited. Royal Stott, 438 West 33rd, Los Angeles, Cal.

PEARLS.

PEARLS—We want good pearls, good large sizes and good quality. Send them in on approval and if price is not satisfactory they will be promptly returned. We also want slugs in large lots from 1 ounce up to 100 ounces. -H. Willard Son & Co., Pearl Dealers, Marshalltown, Iowa. (* Jan.)

PERSONAL.

MARRY—Many wealthy members will marry, all ages. Directory with photos and description free. Pay if suited. New Plan, Dept. 3, 1228 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper containing advertisements marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio. (Jan.)

ADDRESS WANTED—We would like to have postoffice address of John Latham, who wrote article on Frog Farming in our May issue. Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus, Ohio.

MARRY—Marriage directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The exchange, Dept. 49, Kansas City, Mo.

PRINTING.

100 GOOD WHITE envelopes, 6 1/2, your return card printed in corner and sent you, postpaid, for 35 cents. Arrow Printing Co., Dept. H., Coshocton, Ohio.

RAW FURS.

WANTED—A reliable man in every town to buy furs for us. For particulars address Southern Fur & Hide Company, Waynesboro, Miss.

RAW FURS—Top prices. We pay all charges, furs held separate. Write for prices. G. Ramsey, Crosby, Pa.

I WANT A FEW more buying agents in Ohio and Indiana. I have an honest proposition to make to right men in fur business. D. P. Connell, Wholesale Dealer in raw furs, Eaton, Ohio.

RAW FURS WANTED at highest market prices with liberal assortment. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for price list. Lester Burris, Centerville, Ind. (Dec.)

FUR SHIPMENTS WANTED from nearby sections. Send for special guaranteed buyers' prices. Daniel Heft, Frazeysburg, Ohio. (Jan.)

M. SLOMAN & COMPANY make an announcement on page 158 in this issue which will interest every man who has furs for sale. The firm gives good reasons why they are in a position to pay the highest market prices for furs this year.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID for furs, prompt returns. Good reference. Correspondence solicited. E. P. Nilan, Eggleston, Minn.

TAXIDERMISTRY AND TANNING.

GLASS EYES—For Birds and Animals. Largest stock of Taxidermists' supplies in America. Lowest prices. Save money. Get our catalogue 56. It is free. Write for one today. Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 63 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb. (**)

WE DO TAXIDERMISTRY work and buy and sell unmounted skins of all kinds. Price list for stamp. Raiston Bros., Troy, Ohio.

FOR ARTISTIC TAXIDERMISTRY—Work by special museum methods, send your prize trophies to E. C. Shabillon, Artist-Taxidermist, Orangeville, Ill. (Dec.)

SPORTSMEN AND TAXIDERMISTS—Moose, elk, and deer feet made into inkwells, match safes, paper weights, cigar holders, and thermometers sell at sight. I carry a full line of these fittings and furnish instructions how to use them. Also taxidermy books giving full instructions how to mount birds, animals, heads, and fish, \$1.65 to \$2.65. I am the largest manufacturer of glass eyes in this country. Taxidermists' supplies, shields, etc., at lowest prices. Send 2 cent stamp for list. James P. Babbitt, Box 1395, Taunton, Mass. (March)

THE HOOSIER TAXIDERMIST—Let us mount your trophies this fall and get the best results money can purchase. My work can not be duplicated anywhere. All work done by the plastic art system. Latest museum methods used. All kinds of hides and furs tanned, rug work a specialty. Send for price list. L. B. Wallingford, Taxidermist, Muncie, Ind.

FOR SALE—300 deer heads, 100 moose heads, and several hundred other specimens at reasonable prices. Established 1878. Send for list. John Clayton Co., Taxidermists, Lincoln, Maine.

WANTED—Apprentice, strong, healthy, of good Christian family, no amateurs. Gus Soyka, Furrer, Tanner, Taxidermist, Big Fork, Minn.

FOR SALE—Moose and elk horns and scalps, all ready to mount, perfect in every way, all sizes, contains some extra fine heads, scalps to suit the horns you now have; sets of horns, elk tusks, etc. Duty free. Edwin Dixon, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ont., Canada.

WOULD BUY few good specimens mounted Birds, Animals and Heads. Must be good work, moth-proof and low price. Give full description and price. William Bivins, Box 200, Eminence, N. Y.

FREE INFORMATION on how to do taxidermist work. Send for our circulars and prices on mounting game heads for wall mounts, such as deer, moose, etc. Rug work for the floor, open and closed mouth. W. W. Weaver, Custom Tanner, Reading, Mich. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Taxidermists Store, doing good business, large stock on hands, established since 1879, will sell reasonable on account of poor health. W. W. Woodruff, 2448 Superior Viaduct, Cleveland, Ohio. (Jan.)

SPORTSMEN—The new Taxidermy Book, published by Jack C. Miles, Sculptor-Taxidermist, containing 5) Big Game pictures on 11 x 14 enameled paper, mailed for 10 cents postage. 1710 Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

WANTED—To buy large horns and scalps, all kinds, also skins wolf, bear and lion with skulls. Quote what you have with measurements. No price lists. J. C. Miles, 1710 Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

TRAPPERS.

NO FUR TRAPPER can afford to be without our proposition this year. Write today. Herman Reel Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

WOLVES, FOXES, SKUNKS, BADGERS—How to poison them. Five times as fast as traps. Kill no dogs. Printed instruction for \$1.00. Nine-tenths of strychnine sold is no good for wolves; get pure stuff, \$2.00 per ounce, per express. Kill the beasts, get the skins, save the game. If not satisfied after trial, dollar back. Jules A. Sandoz, Spade, Neb.

TAKE SKUNKS from their dens, easily, quickly. No expense, a valuable method, worth many dollars to trappers, mailed for only 45 cents. F. M. Simon, Dept. 1, Dane, Wis.

RAMSEY'S FAMOUS Concentrated poison capsules, always sure of your game. Write to G. Ramsey, Crosby, Pa.

TRAPPERS—You will never regret getting my method for trapping wolves and coyotes and scent used, also a recipe for making wild cat scent. 25 cent coin, no stamps. Joseph Falt, Leo, Wyo.

TRAPPER'S POISON—Use Goes' New Liquid Poison Capsules, quickest killer for fur animals. Kill on the spot if bait is properly taken. Eight seasons in market with excellent results. Write for free circulars. Edmund Goes, Milwaukee, Wis., Station E.

FELLOW TRAPPERS—If you can not catch any coyotes or wolves just as easy as any animal, change your dope, you are no trapper. See my advertisement in October No. H-T-T. John L. Linville, Alturas, Cal.

LEARN TO TRAP Wolves, coyotes, foxes and other animals of similar nature. Pay for this information and get what's coming to you. See what we offer. Address L. Loucks, Logan, Wis.

TRAPPERS—Do you want to double your catch, if so, send 25 cents for one ounce of Blackfoot Animal Attractor. Ed. Treat, Polo, Ill.

GREATEST SCHEME YET for fleshing fur, increases value, saves time. 50 cents. E. A. Rahiman, Santa Ana, Cal.

STEEL GRAPNELS for fox trappers, 12 cents apiece; one dozen \$1.20. C. F. Reed, West Granby, Conn.

TRAPPERS—Get my quick, sure method, how to kill skunk without stink or scent, only 25 cents. Frank Simon, Dept. 1, Dane, Wis.

TRAPPERS' COMPANION—Gives best methods of trapping, fishing, hunting, boat building, mink farming, tanning and drying hides, making animal and fish baits. Price one dollar. Mark Sheley, Trenton, Ohio.

TRAPPERS—Don't fail to get our proposition, it means money to you. Address Dept. B, Southern Fur & Hide Company, Waynesboro, Miss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROTHER—Accidentally discovered root, cures tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. K. Stokes, Mohawk, Fla. (June)

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. Service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-805. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—Splendid income assured right man to act as representative. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. All or spare time only. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. National Co-Operative Realty Company, L-429 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

CACHOO—Joke Sneeze Powder. One 10c, 20 for \$1.00, 100 for \$4.00. "Chicken Inspector," "Sheriff by Heck" and "Kissing" Badges, 10c each. Catalogue of wigs and makeups (for theatricals) on request. Ewing Supply House, 11 Thatcher Way, Decatur, Ill.

WANTED—Fox and grey squirrel tails. Any amount. Pay from 2 to 4 cents each. Box 166, Logansport, Ind. (*)

GAME LAWS—This book has been revised and contains important changes in Game, Fur and Fish Laws for 1914. This book, including supplement, contains 152 pages and will be sent to any address for 25 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

ECZEMA, psoriasis, tetter, old sores, catarrh, dandruff, sore eyes, rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff joints, itching piles cured in three weeks or money refunded. Write for particulars. Expressed for \$1.00. Eczema Remedy Co., Hot Springs, Ark. (Sept. 15)

FOR SALE—Pit game chickens, warhorse and black breasted; 1 cockerel and 1 pullet for \$3.00. John B. Sendelbeck, Waterloo, Ill.

FOX & HOUND—Monthly magazine about fox, wolf, coon and rabbit hounds. Has good beagle department. Fox & Hound, Desk H, Decatur, Ill.

TWO GOOD shotguns, 8 x 10 view camera outfit, fancy poultry. No trash, real bargains, get busy. Stamp. Fred Shrigley, Zanesville, Ohio.

READERS—We want your names on our lists and as a special inducement offer all six of Trask's guaranteed formulas (soup tablets, ink for writing on iron, skunk decoy, trail scent, distemper and worm cures) for 25c. These formulas are guaranteed correct. Rochester Specialty Co., Rochester, N. H.

\$22.00 BUYS seven thoroughbred bronze turkeys, high class stock, a bargain. Address George T. Frelhofer, East Alstead, N. H.

FOR SALE—Bound volumes of H-T-T for years 1902-1913, one of each year, also a few steel traps. L. Denman, 2469 B-Hutchison, Montreal, Que., Can.

SEA SHELLS—O my, where did you get all of those pretty sea shells? From Dad Collins, Allenhurst, Fla. Only 60 cents. I will surely send for some today. Are they not beautiful, all colors of the rainbow? I will give you 25 cents for that one shell. No, sir, I would not take 50 cents for it.

FOR SALE—Two pool, one billiard table, balls, racks, cues, Brunswick, complete outfit, new. Enclose stamps. A. H. Burkhardt, Pioneer, Ohio.

RAZORS OF QUALITY, warranted, price \$2.00; strops, \$1.50. Razors honed, 25 cents. Edw. C. Baum, Box 358, St. Louis, Mich.

TYPEWRITER FOR SALE—Oliver No. 3, nearly new and in good shape. J. A. Jackson, Bellefontaine, Ohio. (*)

FOR SALE—Two 50 horse steam boilers, cheap. Good choice farm land reasonable. A. H. Herrmann, Polar, Wis.

FOR SALE—Violin and outfit, cost \$25.00, take \$20.00. Double hammerless Remington shot gun, 12 gauge, fair condition, \$10.00. Iver Johnson revolver, 38 caliber, cost \$5.00, take \$2.50. Eastman folding Kodak, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4, cost \$15.00, take \$10.00, good as new. Henry B. Lunt, Monroe, N. H.

FOR SALE—Some very fine red Cuban and Irish Belfast pit games. Spring chickens, \$2.50 pair, 2 years old, \$3.00. They are dead game. J. D. Wolfe, Kellettsville, Pa.

ELECTRIC VIBRATOR—Cost \$16.00, want field glass or automatic firearm of equal value. Rush Landrith, Flat Rock, Ill.

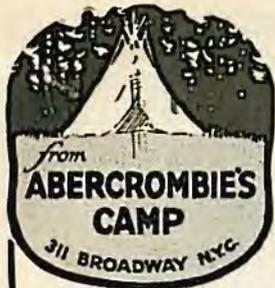
PURE LEAF Tobacco, 30 cents pound, postpaid. Jas. Weatherford, Bradfordsville, Ky.

NEW PATHFINDER watches, good timekeepers, with mariner's compass on stem. While they last \$1.00 each, prepaid in United States. Bivins Store, Eminence, N. Y.

NETS OF ALL KINDS to order. Turtle traps, seines, crab traps, and water proof gill nets for ice fishing. Correspondence solicited. A. F. Wallace, Station A, Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE—6 H. P. Detroit Marine Engine, used one season, consumes kerosene, also cost \$85.00, price \$35.00. Stanley Woods, 3537 Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES sharpened by electric process. Better than new, 2 1/2 cents each, any make Wight Edge, Dept. 2, Sandusky, Ohio



Your Camp
Outfit Makes
—or Mars—
Your Trip

Expert help and advice in the selection of tents, clothing, rifle, axes, blankets, cooking kits and clothing can be obtained from

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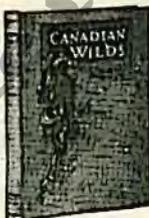
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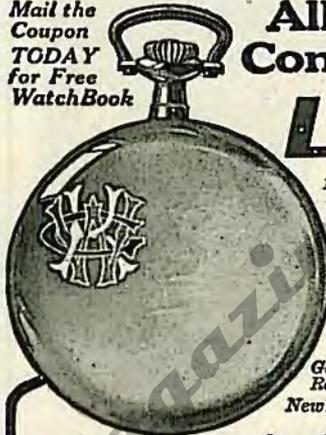
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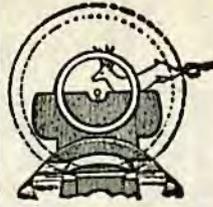
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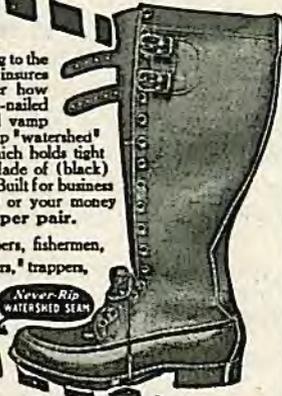
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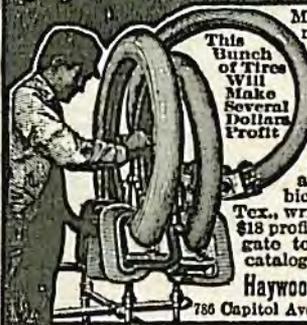
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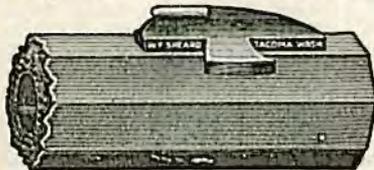
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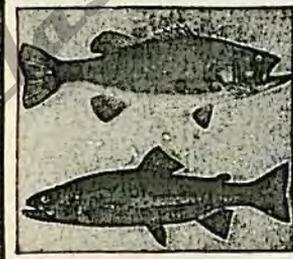
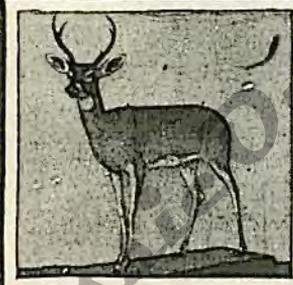
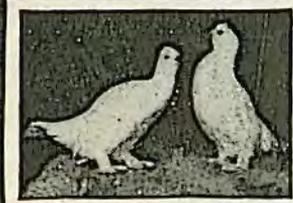
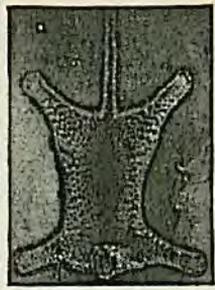
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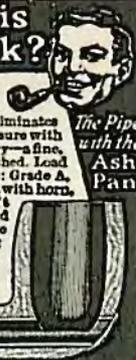
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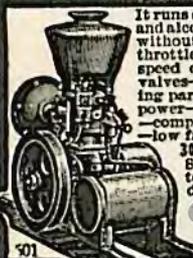
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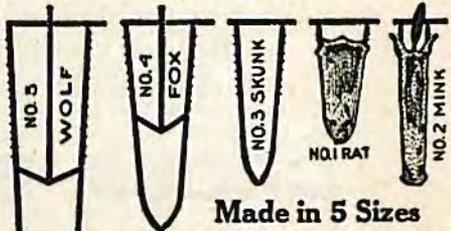
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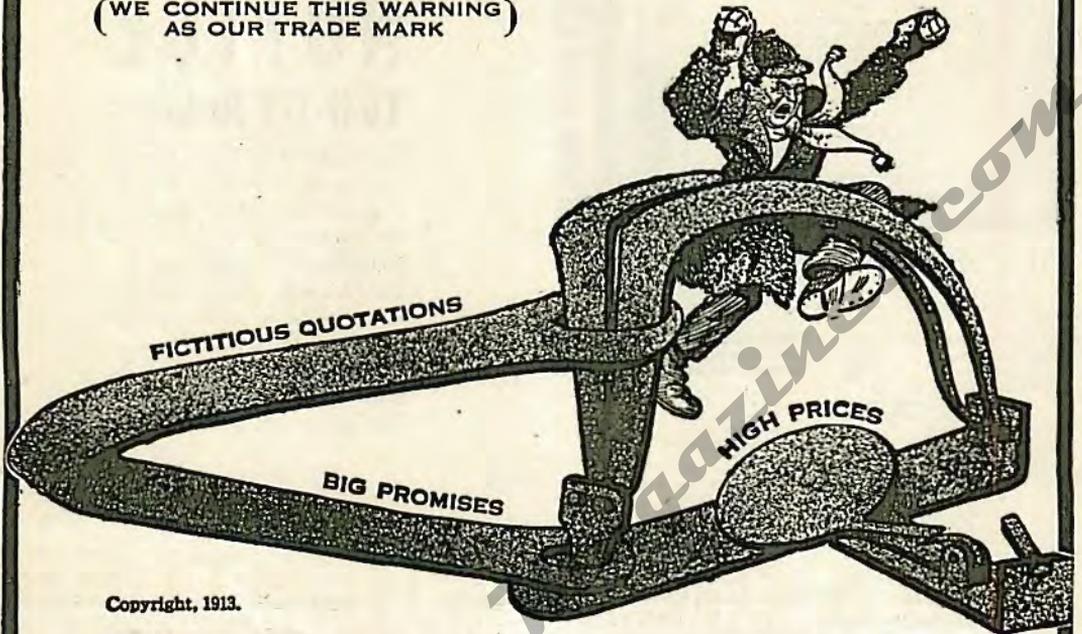
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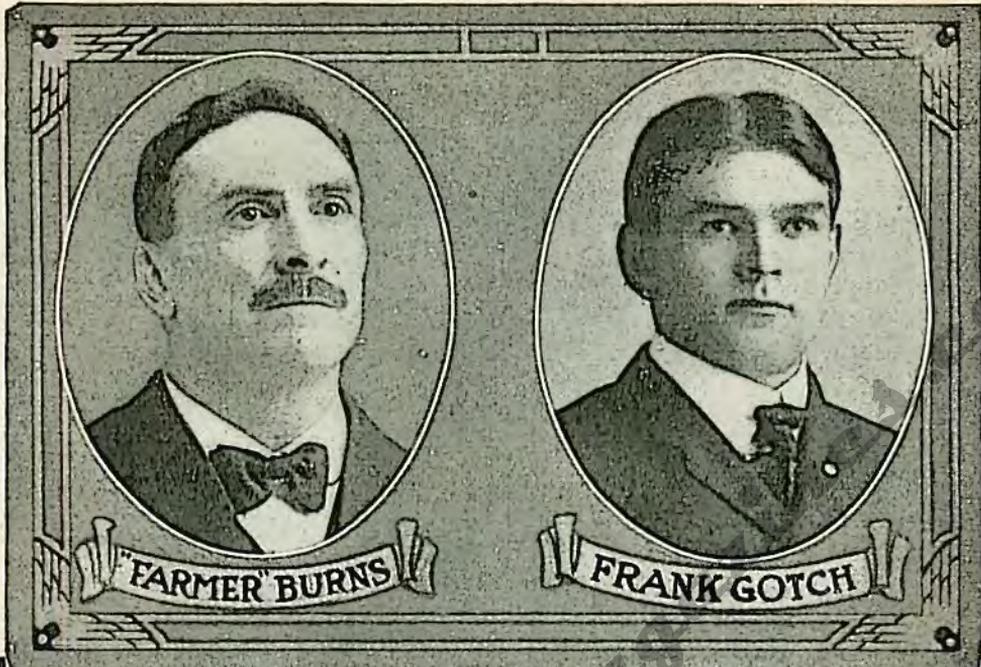
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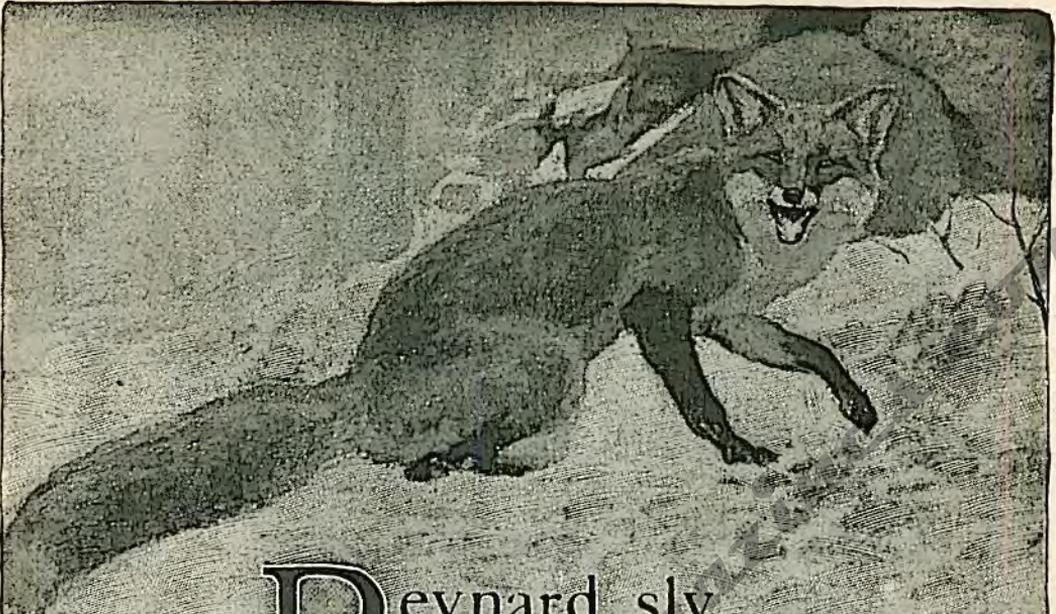
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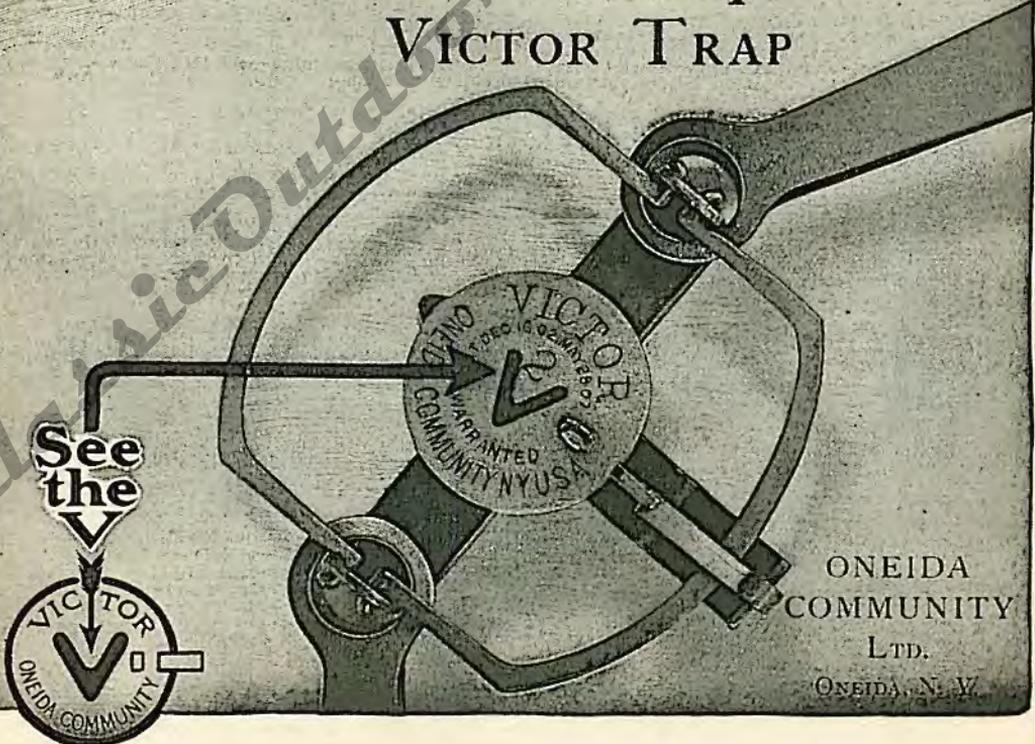
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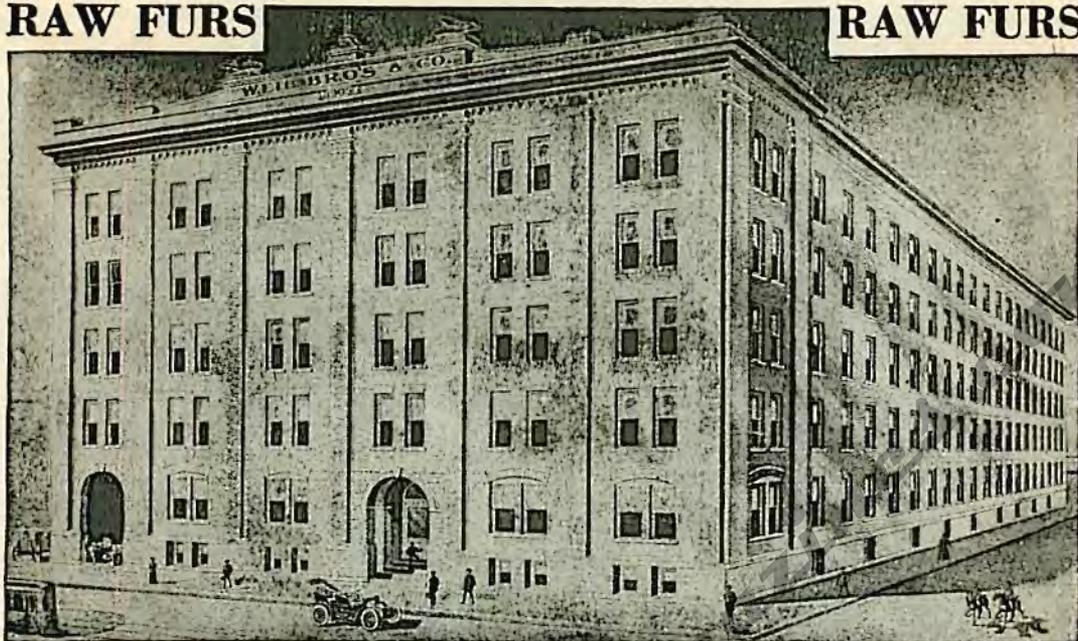


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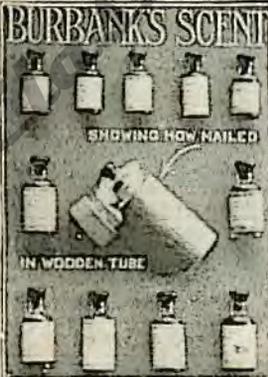
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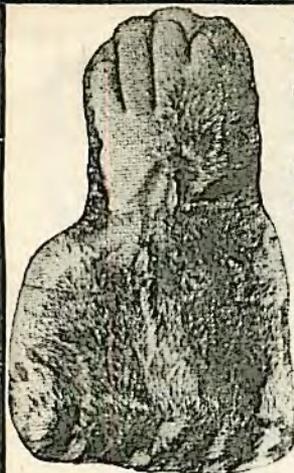
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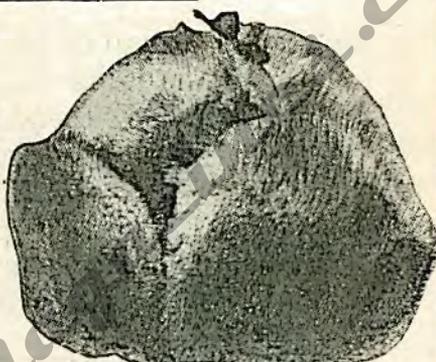
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Below we are listing some of the premiums you can get for new subscribers. Look them over and see if you don't think they are worth your while:

FOR ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER

Any of the following books: Mink Trapping, Fox Trapping, Steel Traps, Deadfalls and Snares, Land Cruising and Prospecting, Science of Trapping, Science of Fishing, Fur Farming, Farmer's Tanning Guide, Canadian Wilds, Hunting Dogs, Wolf and Coyote Trapping, Camp & Trail Methods, Bee Hunting, Vacant Government Lands, Game, Fur and Fish Laws, A Trip on the Great Lakes.

New Census Atlas.
Two Jump Trap Setters.
Burbank's Muskrat Scent.
Burbank's Opossum Scent.
Burbank's Coon Scent.
One Pair O. K. Ice Creepers.
Two Sets Safety Heel Plates.
Two Sets Safety Ball Plates.
Two sets Reversible Heel Creepers.
One Pair E-Z-Fit Creepers.
Marble's Rifle Cleaner.
Three Steel Letters (any initial).
Three ounce bottle 3 in One Oil.
Dog collar.
Wire or Leather Dog Muzzle.
Sixty yard Brass Reel.
Map of any State.

Judy Awl (add 10 cents)
Razor Hone.
Shaving Brush.
Indian Game Call.
Wellington Pipe.
One No. 0 Newhouse Trap.
One No. 1 Newhouse Trap.
Two No. 0 Victor Traps.
One No. 1 Victor Trap.
One No. 1½ Victor Trap.
One No. 1 Oneida Jump Trap.
One No. 1½ Oneida Jump Trap.
One No. 91 Oneida Jump Trap.
One No. 0 Tree Trap.
One No. 2 Stop Thief Trap.
One No. 3 Stop Thief Trap.
One Oneida Kill-Um Trap.

FOR TWO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Fifty Years a Hunter and Trapper.
 The Cabin Boat Primer.
 3001 Questions and Answers.
 "Ginseng and Other Medicinal Plants."
 Burbank's Trout Oil Scent for Mink,
 Burbank's Siberian Wolf Scent.
 Burbank's New Labrador Fox Scent.
 Burbank's Hudson Bay Marten Scent.
 Burbank's Extract of Beaver Castor.
 Burbank's Lynx Scent.
 Burbank's Otter Oil.
 Burbank's Fisher Scent.
 Burbank's Trail Scent.
 Kewance Self Spreading Gambrel.
 Trapper's Cutting Pliers.
 H-T-T Big Chief Pocket Knife.
 H-T-T Western Favorite Pocket Knife.
 H-T-T "Special" Pocket Knife.
 Norlund's Fish Spear.
 Marble's Improved Sight.
 Marble's Standard Sight.
 Marble's Adjustable Leaf Sight.
 One No. 2 Double Spring Newhouse Trap.
 Two Victor Traps, No. 1½ or smaller.
 No. 3 Tree Trap.
 No. 3 Newhouse Trap, not prepaid.
 No. 14 Newhouse Trap, not prepaid.
 No. 4 Hawley & Norton Trap, not prepaid.
 50 Yards Cuttyhunk Fish Line.
 Pocket Steel Tape Measure.
 Haberlein's Amateur Trainer, paper bound.
 Lyman Leaf Rear Sight.
 Cartridge Belt.

FOR THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Marble's Safety Axe, wood handle.
 25 Yards Best Silk Fish Line.
 60 Yard Nickel-plated Reel.
 Five foot Maple Canoe Paddle.
 One Pair Ash Oars.
 One Pair Ice Skates.
 Ingersoll Watch.
 Baldwin Camp Lamp.
 Vest Pocket Flash Light.
 Razor and Strop.
 Ideal bullet Casting Set.
 Sheard's Front Sight.
 Haberlein's Amateur Trainer, (cloth bound)
 Poate's Atlas of the World.
 Marble's 16 or 20 oz. Pocket Axe.
 Hunting Cap (Duxbak).
 Duxbak Leggings.
 Marble's Compass and Bracket.

FOR FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Still Hunter.
 One doz. No. 1 Victor Traps.
 One doz. No. 1 Oneida Jump Traps.
 Marble's 24 oz. Pocket Axe.
 Stevens Single Shot Rifle No. 14½.
 Daisy Air Rifle No. 2.
 Complete Fishing Outfit.
 Ingersoll Junior Watch.
 Thermos Bottle (Pint size).

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Steel Bait Casting Rod.
 Benjamin Air Rifle.
 Six No. 1½ Newhouse Traps (not prepaid).
 Marble's Pocket Axe, 16 or 20 oz.

FOR SEVEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Pair Lumberman's leather top rubber overs.
 Remington Single Shot Rifle, No. 6.
 Stevens Crack Shot Rifle.
 Thermos Bottle (Quart Size).

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Duxbak Hunting Coat.
 One Dozen Decoy Ducks.
 22 caliber Maxim Silencer.
 Stevens Favorite, (Take-Down) Rifle.
 Stevens 6-inch Diamond Model Pistol.
 Russet Leather Gun Case.
 Savage Junior, Single Shot Rifle, 1904.

FOR TWELVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Gillette Safety Razor.
 Pair Best Grade Rubber Hip Boots.
 Stevens Off-Hand Target Pistol.

FOR TWENTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS

8 x 10 Wall Tent, 10 oz. canvas.
 Savage 22 Repeating Rifle, Model 1909.

GUNS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Ithaca No. A. Hammer Gun for 38 new subscribers; or 20 subscriptions and \$9.
 A. H. Fox Hammerless, No. SS. for 50 new subscribers; or 25 subscriptions and \$12.50 in cash.
 Stevens Single Barrel Hammerless No. 180 for 18 new subscribers; or 10 subscriptions and \$4 in cash.
 Remington No. 1 Autoloading Shotgun for 60 new subscribers; or 20 subscriptions and \$20 in cash.
 Winchester Self-Loading Shotgun, Model 1911 for 60 new subscribers; or 20 and \$20.
 Marlin Repeating Rifle, Model 29 for 19 new subscribers, or 10 new subscribers and \$4.50 in cash.
 Marble's Game Getter Gun for 33 new subscribers, or 20 new subscribers and \$6.50 in cash. Winchester Repeating Rifle, Model 1906 for 17 new subscribers, or 10 new ones and \$3.50 cash.
 Savage New High Power, Model 1899, for 50 new subscribers, or 25 new ones and \$12.50.
 Remington No. 1 Standard Hammerless Repeating Rifle for 21 new subscribers, or 10 new ones and \$5.50 in cash.
 Colt's .25 caliber Automatic Pistol for 24 new subscribers, or 15 new subscribers and \$4.50 in cash.
 You can get any gun, pistol, revolver or rifle you wish that is advertised in catalogues of our advertisers. If the gun you want is not listed here, write us and we will tell you how many subscribers it requires to secure it.

A. R. HARDING, Publisher Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus, Ohio

H-T-T KNIVES

To meet the wants of our readers—hunters, trappers, traders, sportsmen, campers, fishermen, prospectors, farmers, etc.—four special pocket knives all made of the highest grade of English Cutlery Steel, tempered by a Special Process, file and wire tested, so that they are free from flaws and of a temper to take and keep a keen cutting edge, are offered.

H-T-T "General Purpose"—Stag handle, brass lined, German silver bolsters and name plate, two blades, both spear point. Size open 6, closed $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 3 oz. Price, postpaid, 65 cents.

H-T-T "Western Favorite"—Stag handle, brass lined, German silver bolsters and name plate, three blades—one spear point, one sheep-foot—one small. Size, open, $6\frac{1}{4}$, closed, $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, weight 3 oz. Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

H-T-T "Special"—Celluloid handle, brass lined, German silver bolsters, two spear blades. This is a nice knife but not intended for heavy work. Size, open, $5\frac{1}{2}$, closed, $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, weight only 2 oz. One side shows a hunter and trapper and the words Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus, Ohio; the other side illustrations of six fur-bearing animals—beaver, fox, wolf, marten, wildcat and skunk. Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

H-T-T "Big Chief"—Stag handle, brass lined, German silver bolsters and name plate, one large clip blade. Size, open, $8\frac{1}{2}$, closed, $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, weight only 5 oz. A good, strong knife for hunters, trappers, campers, sportsmen, cattlemen, farmers or any one wanting a large one bladed knife. A handy knife for the trap line, good for all purposes from skinning a mink to dressing a moose. Price, postpaid, 85 cents.

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H-T-T "Western Favorite"—Price, postpaid, \$1.00; two new subscribers or one and 35c.

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SPECIAL. Two or more (same or different) knives if ordered together, 10 cents reduction on each. Liberal discount to dealers in dozen lots.

A. R. HARDING, PUBLISHER, Columbus, Ohio.

H-T-T BIG CHIEF



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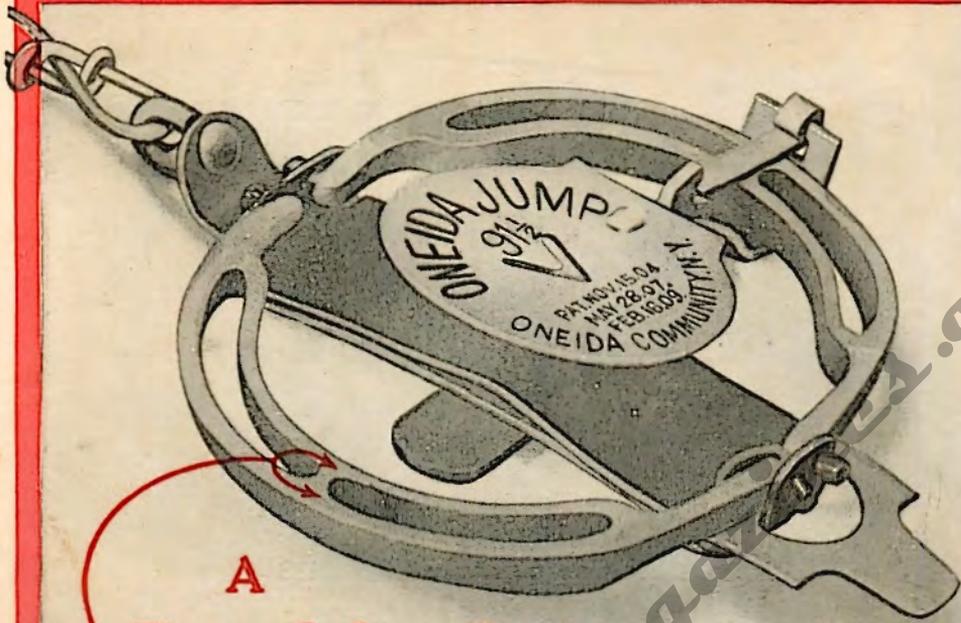
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