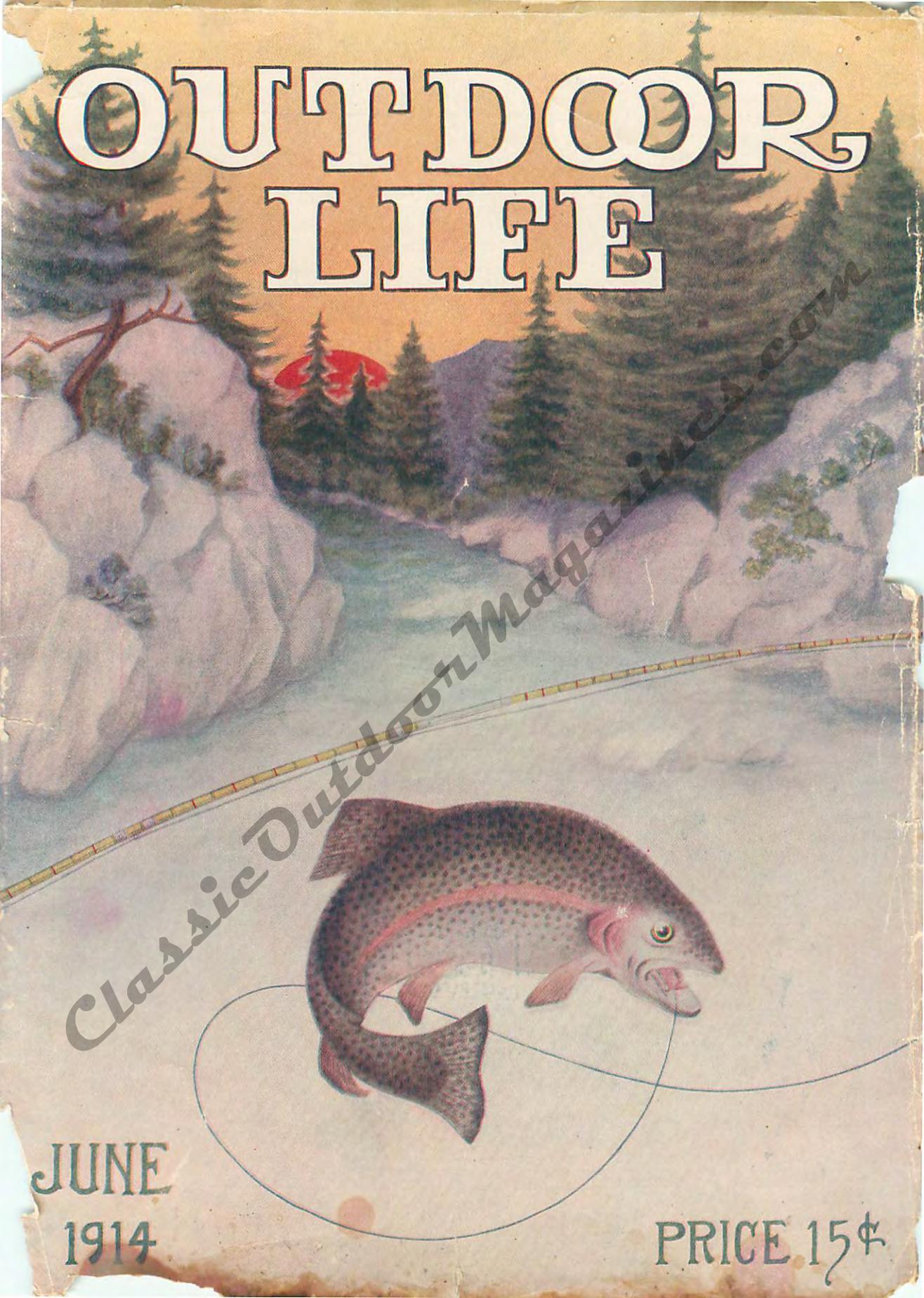


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JUNE
1914

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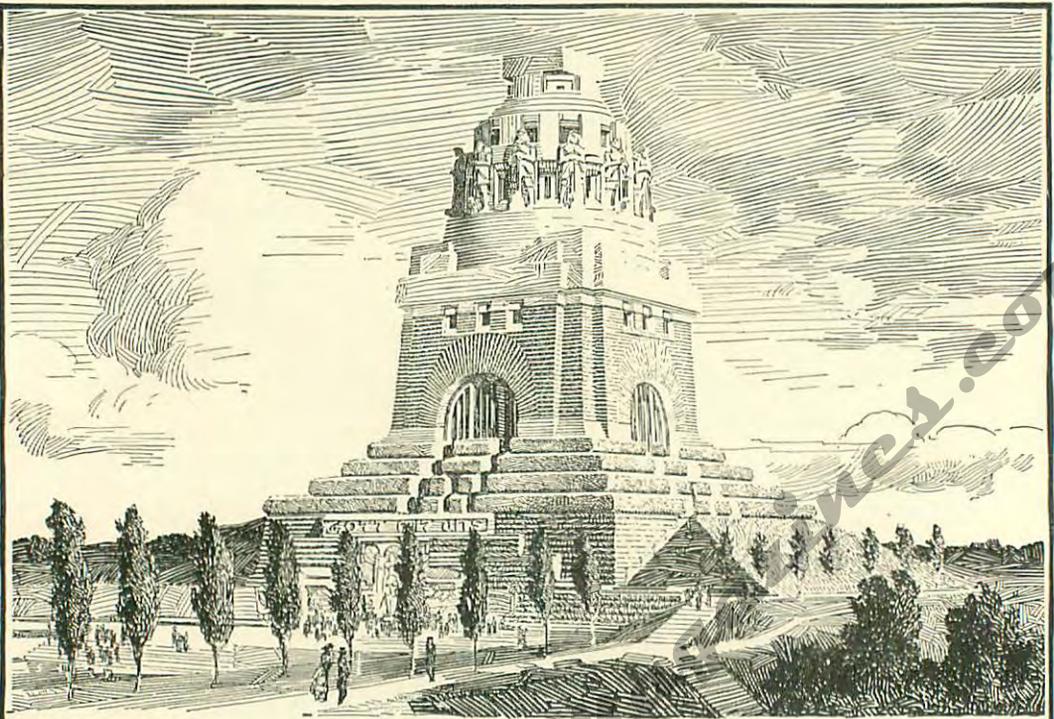
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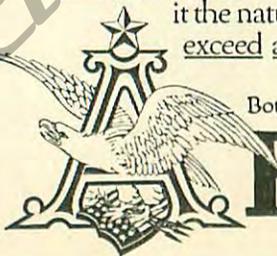


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 Prong-Horn Hunting in Alberta.....Edwin G. Lyttle
 Tips on Tents.....S. N. Leek
 A Mixed Bag in New Brunswick.....Ross C. Bodwell, D. O.
 The Tree-Killer.....Enos A. Mills
 The Shoe Question.....Chauncey Thomas

And other papers of value to sportsmen, besides dozens of articles in our Arms and Ammunition, Angling, Game and Mixed Bag Depts.



IT IS THE AIM of the management to make every issue of Outdoor Life a star number. The best hunting, angling and natural history talent of this country is being used, not only to maintain the past high standard of the magazine, but to advance it to a higher plane than formerly, if possible.

The July number will be a splendid example of what we believe a sportsman's magazine should be. It will be noteworthy for the authentic color of the articles contributed in the story department as well as for the reliability of the Angling, Arms & Ammunition and Game Depts.



school-boy knows his book.

Mr. Farrell's bear story will be quite an absorbing subject for those who are interested in Alaskan hunting. Mr. Farrell has hunted in Alaska on several occasions, and knows the country and game haunts like a

Hunting antelope is probably the most interesting sport on this hemisphere, with the possible exception of sheep. This curious little animal, that the naturalists tell us is really not an antelope at all, will soon be exterminated from the plains of the United States, but in Alberta, Canada, he flourishes in plentiful numbers in certain sections. Mr. Lyttle tells us how several were killed on one trip, and gives us valuable information on the effects of bullets on the game killed.

In the July number we will publish a very enlightening story from that peer of big-game hunters, campers and photographers — S. N. Leek — entitled, "Tips on Tents." It has fallen to the lot of very few men to enjoy the reputation as a packer and camper that Mr. Leek does, and therefore his advice will be accepted by all outing people as reliable and worth reading.



He tells the kinds of tents to use and those not to use, and illustrates the

story with nine clear photographs showing the different styles.

The good and bad qualities of the porcupine have been extolled so strongly by the adherents and the enemies of this booby little forest animal that all will be curious to read what Mr. Mills has to say about him. His article, we believe, will be accepted as the last word on the subject.



Dr. R. C. Bodwell's story on hunting in New Brunswick will be interesting for its general entertaining features, aside from the fact that the author filled his license during the fall of 1913, getting a big moose, a nice caribou, two splendid deer and a black bear. This feat was not duplicated by any sportsman hunting in the section covered by Dr. Bodwell during that year.

Chauncey Thomas has given us a good paper on the subject of shoes — covering it in more detail than has as yet been done by any other writer for Outdoor Life. Mr. Thomas is chock full of ideas, and other articles on blankets, beds, etc., are promised by him (in addition to his Campfire Talks) for future numbers.



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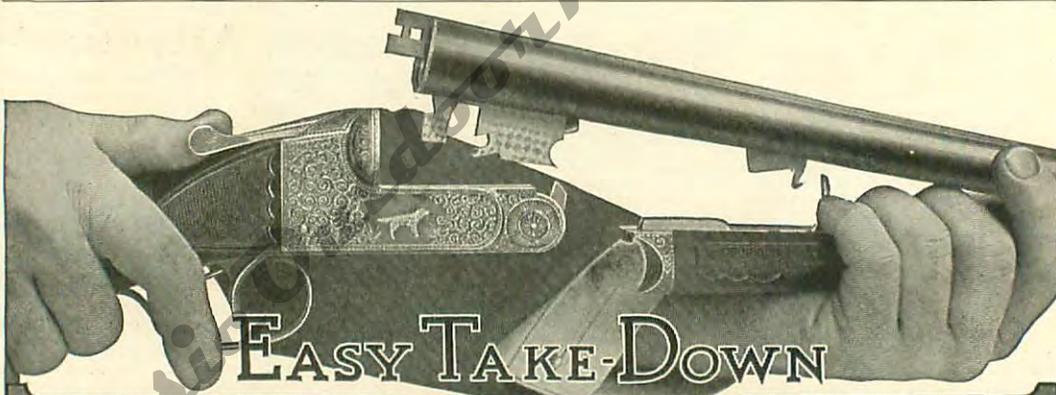
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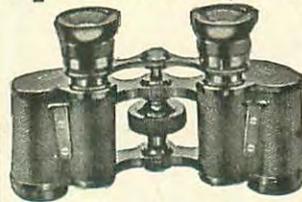
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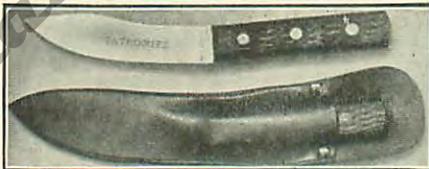
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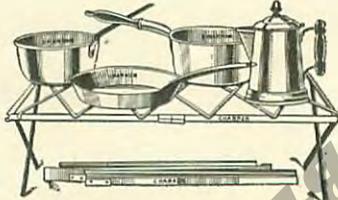
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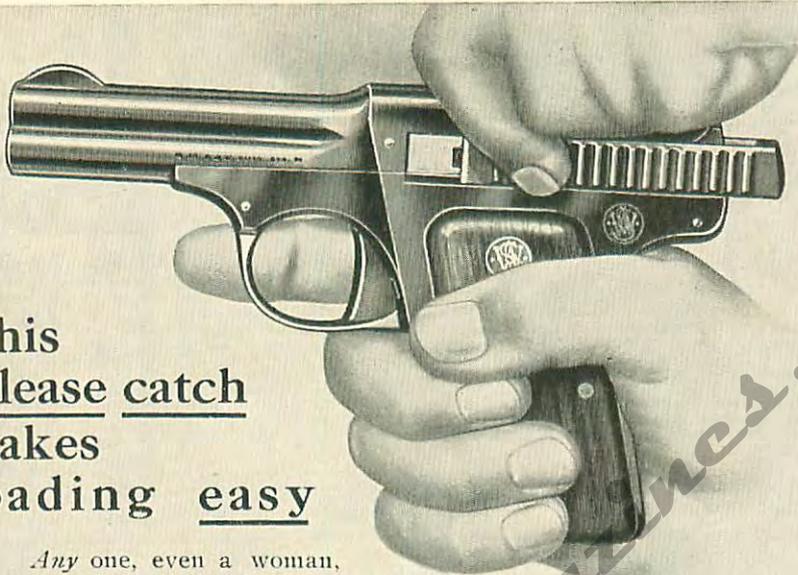
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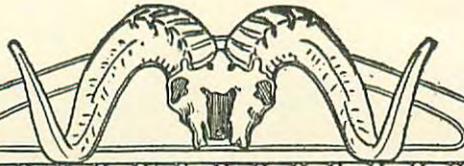
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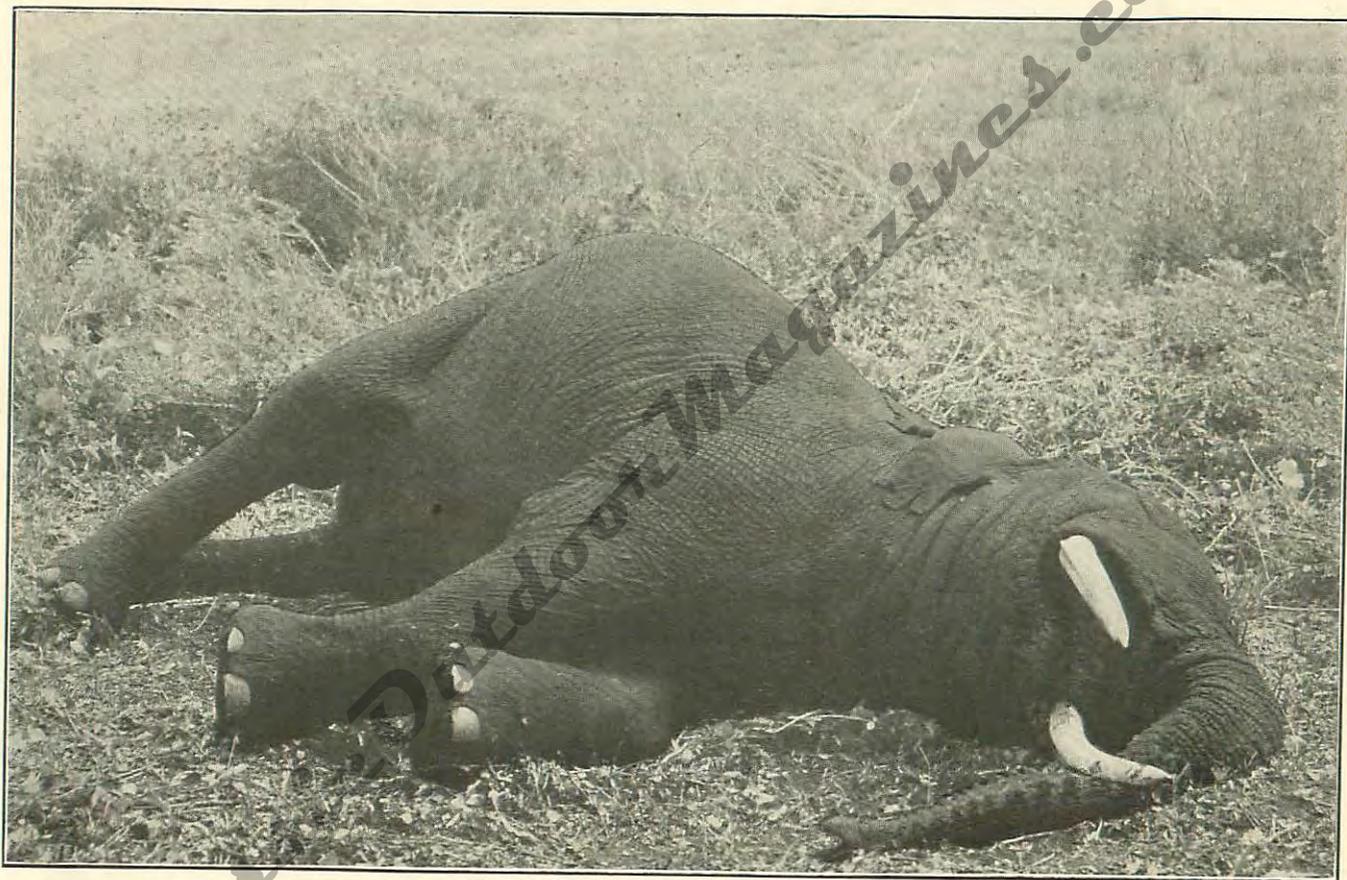
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ELEPHANT KILLED BY NATIVE SPEARMEN IN B. E. AFRICA.



Vol. XXXIII

JUNE, 1914

Number 6

AFRICAN GAME HUNTERS AND METHODS

CAPT. W. ROBERT FORAN, F. R. G. S.; F. Z. S.

(ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.)

"What else can we do?" inquired King Kinanjui of the Wa-kikuyu tribe of British East Africa. "We have no smoke-guns like the white man, and our people must have meat and hides to make their clothes with."

"Yet," I answered, "your native methods leave much to be desired. To dig a pit for elephants to stake themselves upon is not fair."

"Give us guns, then, so that my people may shoot them as the white man does," the king replied.

But that is just what can't be done. Rifles, especially modern ones, in the hands of these untutored savages of equatorial Africa would make life even more of a hell than it is at present for the white residents of the country. Therefore, although admitting the native African method of hunting to be unsportsmanlike in most instances, yet what can be done to prevent it? King Kinanjui had given me an inquiry in reply to my protest against his people's methods of trapping elephants, which is unanswerable. I held my peace, for there was no further room for discussion. The hand was the king's play.

The reason for my protest had foundation in my observation of the different tribal customs in hunting big game of all kinds. For some six years I had wandered through the country, either big-game shooting or else in my official capacity as a district superintendent of police. And in these years I had learned much about the methods of native trapping.

The white hunter's sport in Africa is now well known, but very little, if anything, has been written about the natives' ideas on the sport of kings. The latter are so adept in all manner of trapping that a study of their methods well repays the time devoted to it. Their traps are as ingenious as they are effective, while their ordinary hunting, without the aid of traps, is just as instructive. But, it must always be remembered, that King Kinanjui spoke the truth when he said that his people hunted for meat and for the hides to make clothes from. This remark, however, does not apply to the elephant, for the value of the ivory is sufficient inducement for them to make use of any means at their disposal in killing them.



GROUP OF WAKAMBA WARRIORS AND HUNTERS. HABITAT NEAR NAIROBI AND MACHAKOS.

In many cases, no doubt, their hunting methods are similar to those employed by the Indians before the days of white settlement in the West. Although entirely different races, as un-

like as the sun and moon, except for their mutual love of the free, untrammelled life of the open, there is much in common between these two peoples.

While traveling in Uganda, I learned from an old chief many vastly interesting things about the tribal customs as far as hunting is concerned. The king of Uganda and a few of his principal chiefs used to make the hunting of small game a pastime, and followed the chase for the pure love of the sport. With the common people in general, however, the hunt was either a profession or a means of obtaining food.

The elephant-hunters were men whose fathers had practiced the profession, and who, from childhood, had been trained to notice every peculiarity of elephants, and were familiar with all their haunts and habits. Different modes of hunting elephants were practiced, and are practiced to this day, in various parts of the Uganda country.

In Kyagwe, for instance, the method followed is more humane and better adapted to the physical features of the country than those observed elsewhere. If the animals are in a forest, the hunters take up their stations in the trees and spear them as they pass beneath. The day previous to the hunt is spent in preparations for it; their weapons are spears, with leaf-shaped blades, six



ELAND TRAPPED BY NATIVES.

inches long, and an iron shank a foot long; these blades are let into wooden shafts five feet in length and from two to three inches in diameter. The spears are very heavy—quite as much, in fact, as a strong man can throw. After the spears have been sharpened, they are taken to the temple of the god of the chase, "Dungu," where they are left all night before the seat of the god, who is propitiated with the present of a pot of beer and a goat. The Baganda, like all other African natives, are most superstitious and rigidly observe the customs of appeasing the various gods. Being a god in Africa is a pleasant occupation, for their stomachs are well taken care of—and apparently teetotalism is not looked upon as a godlike virtue.

On the following morning, the hunters complete their arrangements and partake of a meal. Then they proceed to the neighborhood of the herd to be hunted, where they climb into the trees which have already been selected, concealing themselves and waiting until the elephants pass beneath them. When the elephants approach the hunters, one with large tusks is selected, and, as it passes under the trees, the hunter draws back his arm, throws his spear with all the force of which he is capable, endeavoring to strike the elephant between the shoulders and to drive home the spear to the haft, so as to disable the pachyderm at one stroke. If his blow is successful the animal sinks down, and the hunter jumps to the ground to dispatch it; but if the blow is unsuccessful, he calls to a companion for help, and the latter waves his piece

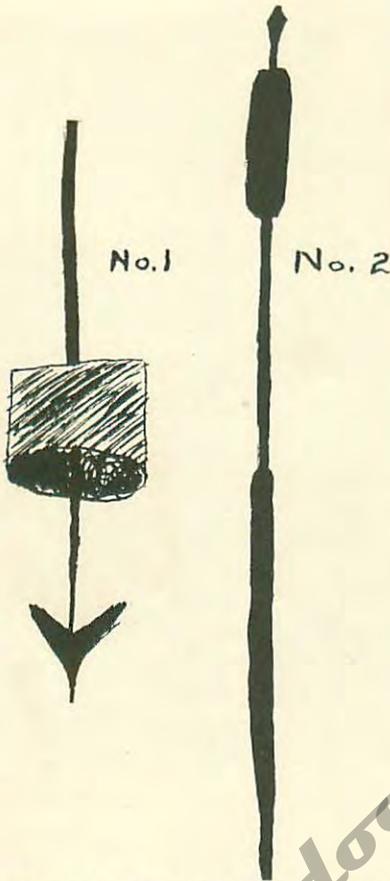


IMPALA CAUGHT IN NATIVE TRAP.

of skin to attract the attention of the infuriated beast, which naturally rushes at what appears to be the cause of its pain. It is only the old story of the bull-fighters in Spain and Mexico repeated. The aides are merely the "picadores."

When the wounded elephant is near him, the native "picador" lets his skin drop, and as the huge animal stops and kneels upon it to crush it, he tries to spear him again. The herd of elephants generally crashes off through the jungle at the first alarm, but as a rule, the hunters kill from one to four animals before the herd escapes. The hunters work together like a football team when an elephant is wounded, as first one and then the other has to attract its attention and spear it as best he can.

I found that another method of killing elephants, and one used on the open plains mostly or where there was only small scrub, was for three or four men



No. 1, spear used in tree for spearing elephant as it passes; No. 2, Ndorobo elephant harpoon with dart.

to carry throwing-spears and to approach a feeding herd. The men crawled along the ground, and were such adepts at it that they could creep

to escape as best he can, often a very exciting and dangerous proceeding; his companions help him by rushing in and spearing the animal again, and so diverting the attention from the man who first speared it. In this way, by taking turns at spearing the animal and diverting its attention, they can soon bring it down. This plan, of course, required infinite courage and a strong nerve, and only men who could be trusted implicitly to stand by their comrades when an infuriated elephant charged would be enlisted for the work. Often a hunter is killed, though this fact does not seem to deter them from repeating the adventurous undertaking.

The Bulemezi people sometimes hunt elephants from trees, but more frequently set traps consisting of weighted spears hung from trees, which the animals would release in passing underneath by striking their feet against a cord. The hunters then follow up the wounded animal until it becomes faint from the loss of blood and isolated from the rest of the herd; then they surround and dispatch it as quickly as possible.

Another type of trap used by the Bulemezi in elephant-hunting is a foot-trap. A deep hole is dug in the ground, being a little larger than an elephant's foot. At the bottom of the hole a stout stake, sharpened at the top and notched a few inches down, so as to break off easily, is placed pointing upwards; the hole is then covered up, and when the animal treads on the covering its foot



METHOD OF THROWING DART FROM THE HARPOON.

into a herd without being noticed; they were not detected by their scent, for their smell was not unlike that of the animals themselves. They then deliberately pick out one and spear it in the side of the head. The hunter then has

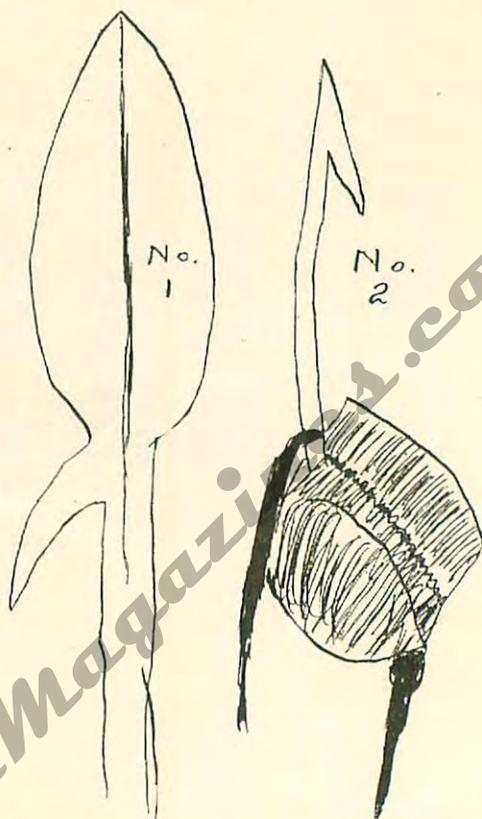
sinks in and is spiked. As the elephant tries to rub off the stake, it pierces further in, the stake breaks off where it is notched and the spike is left in the wound. The lamed animal soon becomes isolated from the herd and falls

an easy victim to the men who are watching for it.

Quite a number of these pits are placed in a path, so that some animals from the herd are sure to fall into them. Most of the ivory thus obtained by the hunters becomes the perquisite of the king—a kind of civil-list tax—who rewards the hunters with cattle and wives. The chief of the district in which the animal is killed also levies a tax on all ivory captured. The system of tribal graft is as perfect as anywhere else in the world—and might even make a ward politician sick with envy, when it is remembered that ivory is worth \$3 a pound. The Baganda do not eat the flesh of the elephants killed, but sell it to neighboring tribes. The proceeds of this sale are the property of the hunters and free from taxation or graft.

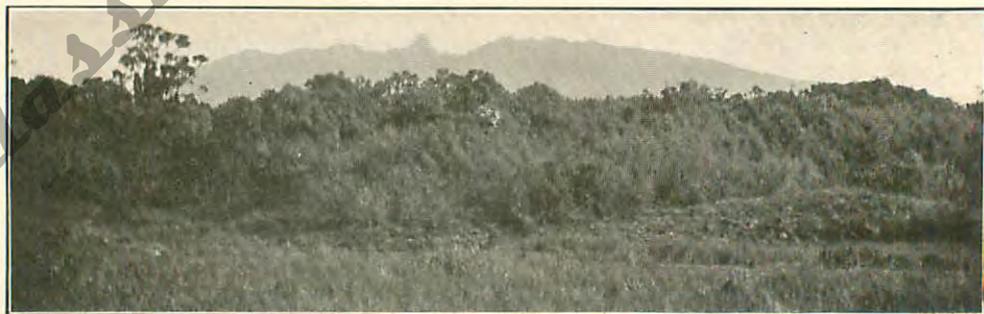
The tribal elephant-hunters also hunt the buffalo. It is killed mostly for its meat, but also for its hide, which is used in making shields and sandals. The buffalo are stalked, and the hunter creeps close up to a herd to inspect it. When he sees a good buffalo bull he spears it, and then lies down flat to avoid its charge; another man makes a dash forward, spears the wounded animal, and thus turns its attention away from the first man. Three or four hunters will soon dispatch a buffalo in this manner. Sometimes they use dogs to hunt them, whose duty it is to assist in keeping the bison at bay while the hunters spear them.

I observed in some districts foot-

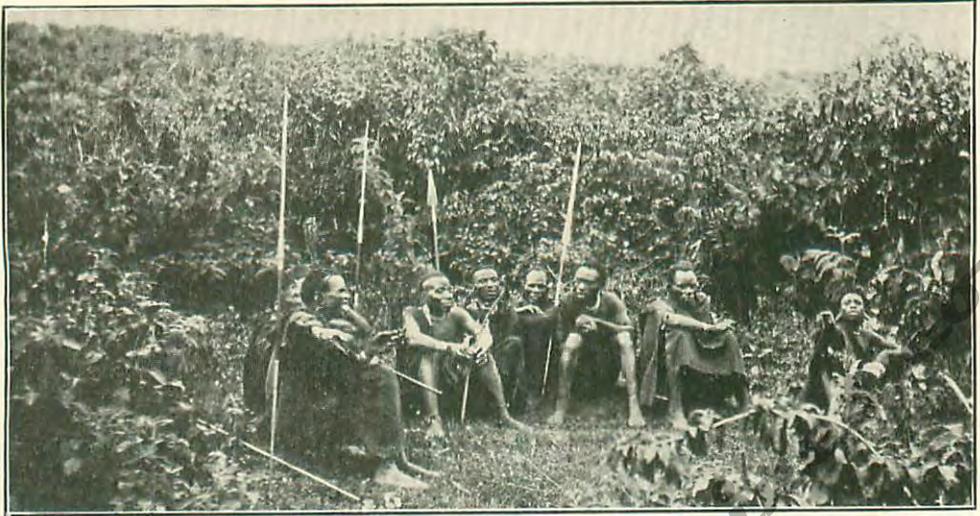


Harpoon used in killing hippopotami: No. 1, harpoon; No. 2, harpoon and float.

traps used for catching the buffalo also, but they were somewhat different to the elephant foot-trap. They consisted of a ring of strong creepers, through the sides of which thorns had been pushed from the outside towards the center, leaving a small space in the



SUMMIT OF MT. KENIA, FROM ABOUT 9,000 FT.—WHERE THERE ARE MANY ELEPHANT PITS.



NDOROBO WARRIORS AND HUNTERS.

middle; the ring was fastened by a strong cord to a stake and laid over a shallow hole in the path leading to the buffaloes' usual watering places. When a buffalo stepped upon the ring, its foot slipped through it, the thorns ran into the upper part of the foot or fetlock, and the beast was held a prisoner, for the more he pulled the stronger he was caught. Presently the owner of the trap came up and speared it. Any attempt the buffalo might make to escape proved futile, for the rope that held the trap was strong enough to hold the most powerful buffalo ever born. Pits with strong stakes at the bottom are also used occasionally to trap buffalo; and sometimes, though not often, huge pits are dug, large enough to entrap even an elephant in its entirety.

The peasants of Uganda hunt small game in their spare time, in order to supply their families with meat. There is a leader of the party, who maintains a hunting pack of dogs solely for this purpose. The game is driven into nets provided by the head hunter. On the morning of the hunt, the leader blows his horn and calls the hunters together; the sound of the horn warns all women off the path. The men hunt in the open glades of the forests, using nets four

feet wide and twenty feet long. These are fixed to stout stakes, to keep them upright, and as many nets as are necessary to enclose the land to be hunted over are joined together.

Men stand hidden along the nets, ready to spear or club the game which runs into it. The dogs used are a small kind of lurcher, yellowish-brown in color, trained to some extent to hunt and capture game; the leading dog of the pack has a bell attached to its loins, so that the natives can know where the dogs are working. Numbers of natives act as beaters, following the dogs and driving the animals into the nets, where those on guard are ready to kill them. The nets are strengthened where they cross paths the animals are likely to take. They are made of strong twine prepared from shredded aloe leaves and worked into meshes by the hunters themselves. The beaters shout as they drive, and the dogs yelp loudly, like a pack of foxhounds, when they scent an animal. It is not infrequent for as many as fifty or more small gazelle and antelope to be killed in one of these drives.

In the forests of Uganda near village settlements, one may often come across pits, which are commonly used for trapping wild pigs and the smaller ante-

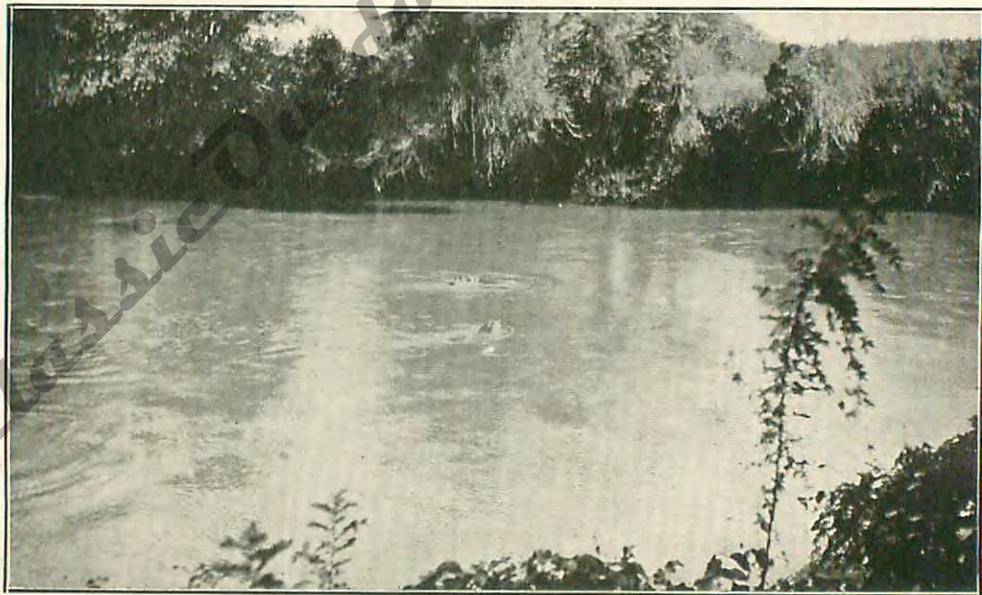
lope. They are dug four feet long, three feet wide and six feet deep, with stakes at the bottom, so that the animals can be impaled on falling into them. They are so skilfully covered that even the hunters themselves have to be careful to avoid them. In fact, when traveling through the native hunters' territories the white man has always to keep his weather-eye open to avoid falling into these pits.

In 1910, when journeying through Uganda down the Nile to Khartoum, I came across a most ingenious spring-trap in the forests, in which a fine specimen of waterbuck had been ensnared. Much as I coveted the head, I reluctantly left it for its owner, after first killing it, for there is an unwritten law in Africa that the traps are sacred personal property, and under no circumstances to be pilfered. These spring-traps are made by placing a stout noose of rope in the path and attaching it to a sapling, which is bent down and tied so delicately that, when an animal passes its head into the noose, it at once releases the sapling; the latter then springs back to its original height and strangles the animal. In the particular

instance I have mentioned, this had just taken place, probably as the waterbuck was on its way to or from water, for it was just at daylight, and the poor brute was still struggling frantically to free itself.

Daily examinations are made of these traps, so that no animal is left in one for more than a few hours; but even then many must die a lingering death, and the traps cannot be recommended for humane qualities.

In Uganda they hunt lions and leopards by order of the king or paramount chiefs, whenever they become particularly troublesome. This is done in an entirely different manner to all other kinds of hunting. Generally it is their custom to go out a thousand natives strong if the objective of the hunt is a lion. Some of them go forward to track the lion to his lair, and, when this is found, they all surround it; beating down the scrub and tall grass, shouting and singing to the war-drums' beatings, they advance slowly towards the lair. Most of them are armed with clubs, only a favored few being permitted to use spears. When the lion finds that enemies have surrounded him, he makes



TWO LIVE HIPPO IN RIVER FLOWING INTO VICTORIA NIANZA BEFORE BEING KILLED BY NATIVES.



DEAD HIPPO BEING DRAGGED ASHORE BY NATIVES.

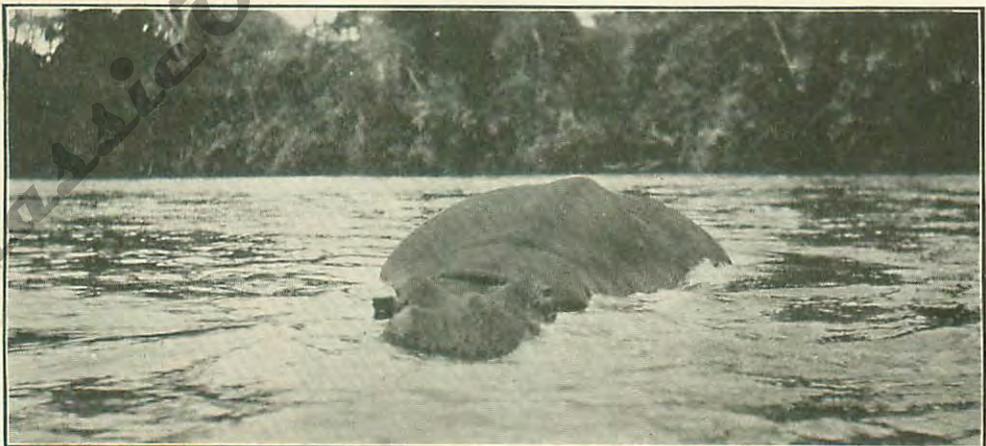
a desperate fight to escape his impending fate, rushing hither and thither, but always beaten back by the hearty showers of blows from the clubs of the natives. Sometimes he will try to bound over the heads of the hunters, who have then to be quick and sure with their blows and kill him, or else be badly mauled by the terrible claws of the "King of Beasts." Seldom has a lion been known to escape, though generally one or more men are seriously injured.

In hunting hippopotami the natives use the spear or harpoon, though on occasions they also use traps. The Baganda do not eat the flesh, and therefore do not often go out hunting for them. Their general method appears to be by the setting of a spear-trap on a path used by the hippo in going to or

from the water, and the beast falling into the pit is impaled upon the spear and dies a slow death unless found quickly and dispatched by the owners of the traps.

On some of the Sesse Islands and other island groups of the Victoria Nyanza I have often seen the natives going out in canoes and harpooning hippopotami in the water. They use long lines with floats attached to the harpoons, so that when an animal is struck and sinks, the men can track it until they have killed it, and also so that they can recover their spear if they miss their throw.

The Nandi tribe of British East Africa use spears and hunt in large numbers. When a herd of game has been surrounded by hundreds of them, they



DEAD HIPPO IN LAKE BEING DRAGGED ASHORE BY NATIVES.

shoot at them with arrows or throw their spears, killing as many as they can for the sake of the meat. They also, like the Baganda, use trained packs of mongrel dogs for hunting, as well as occasional wooden traps. I have seen them snaring game by means of a leather noose, the end of which is fastened to a heavy log of wood, whilst underneath a pit is dug. The whole is then covered carefully with grass and twigs, so that it is entirely hidden from sight.

The Pygmies of Central Africa use traps for hunting principally. The usual kind is a bamboo bent towards the ground, where it is tied in a running noose towards the game path, being fastened with a string to the ground. By this means they catch

their bodies and hair, while the meat is much prized for eating purposes.

The Wa-Embe people of East Africa also kill elephants by means of a spear fastened to a tree, and released by a string as the elephant passes underneath. This would appear to be the favorite method in use generally through equatorial Africa, for the greater majority of tribes with whom I came in contact used it.

The Wandorobo people, who are by far the best and most ingenious hunters in all Africa, for they live in the forests and support themselves almost entirely by their hunting of big game, carry a harpoon-shaped handle, which is fairly heavy and made of wood, and a large quiver of darts with iron heads as



HARTEBEESTE ON ATHI PLAINS NEAR NAIROBI.

many wild pigs and smaller mammals. Another method I have seen them employing is a fixed spear, weighted with heavy blocks of wood, in the trees. The elephant, passing underneath, releases the spear by breaking the cord to which it is attached. But as far as I could learn the more common method of killing elephant is to fire a poisoned arrow or arrows into it, having done which they follow the unfortunate beast for days, until it drops dead.

On the shores of the Albert Edward Lake the natives trap the hippopotami by building a stout scaffold of logs and fastening thereto a booby trap, consisting of a heavily weighted spear head. But these are rare and not often met with. They are very fond of the fat of the hippo, which is used for greasing

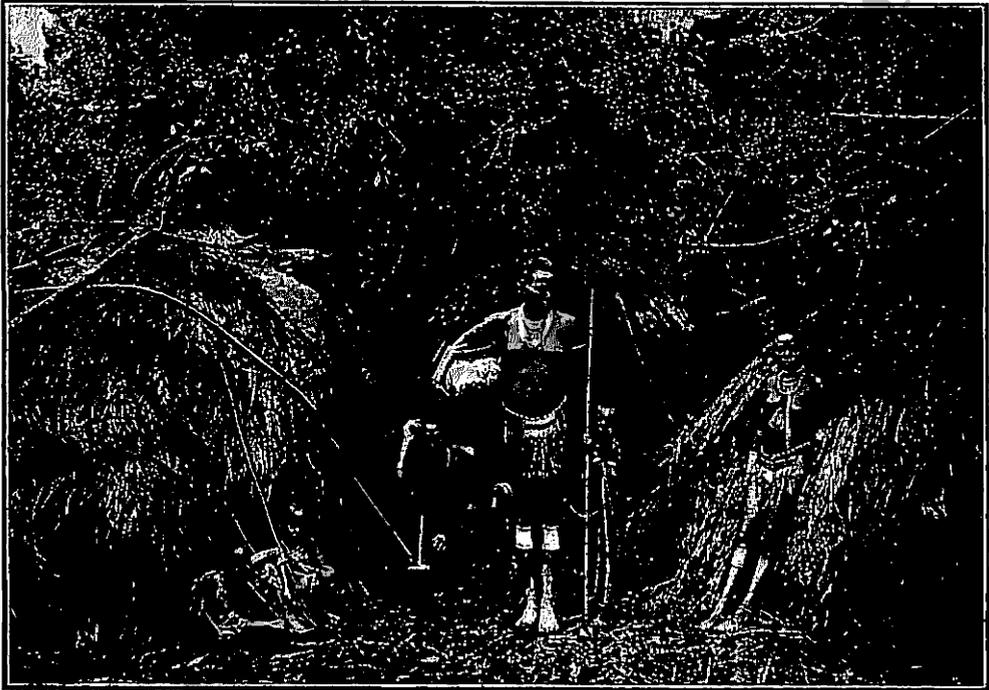
sharp as needles, the shafts of which fit into the handles. The darts are smeared with the deadly poison they obtain from a mountainous wood, and each is carefully wrapped up in a piece of skin carried expressly for this purpose.

On getting near the game, the Ndorobo hunter takes out two darts, removes the skin covering, and, fixing one of them with the greatest nicety into the handle, carries it in the right hand, while the spare one is held in the left. He then enters the bush perfectly naked, and creeps very stealthily through the thicket to within a few paces of the nearest elephant. He delivers his blow with all his strength, and then instantly dives through the bush to avoid a possible charge. The

herd of elephants generally stampedes. The Ndorobo then picks up his harpoon handle, inserts his second dart, and follows them up. The most deadly spot to aim at with this weapon, I was informed by one of my Ndorobo hunters, is the part of the stomach where lie the small intestines, roughly about the flank, as far as I could gather.

These Wandorobo hunters live solely in the mountainous forest areas of the highlands of British East Africa. They

to follow the spoor. Suddenly the leading tracker turned swiftly to the left, and we followed without question. He was running doubled up and close to the ground, with his forefinger extended like the nose of a pointer dog. Half an hour later he brought me straight to the wounded bull, which had left the herd and gone off by itself, and I was able to finish it off. I had seen no tracks or blood spoor to indicate that even one of the herd had parted com-

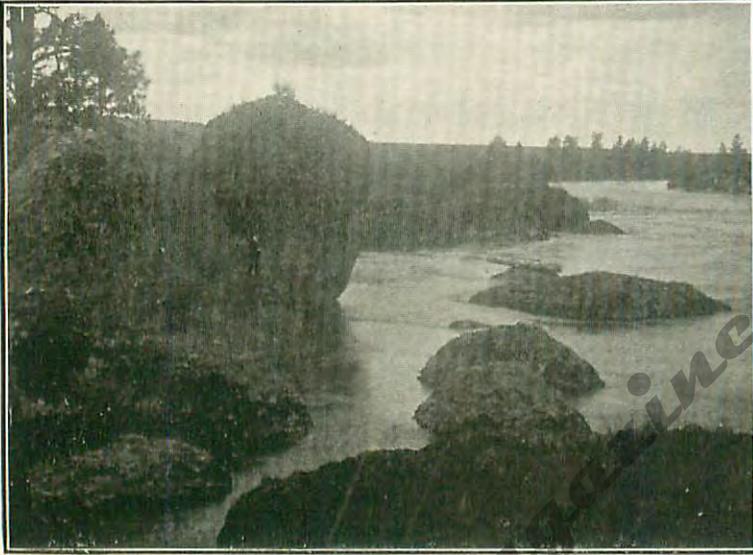


FAMILY GROUP OF WANDOROBO HUNTING TRIBE.

are famed all over the "Dark Continent" for their extreme ingeniousness in hunting, and are undoubtedly the best trackers. On one occasion I was out hunting with two of these wild men and came across a fine herd of eland. I fired at the biggest bull and wounded it severely. The herd, including the wounded bull, galloped off and were soon lost to sight. I followed them up at a run, my two trackers going on ahead. We were traveling over rocky, hard ground, and it was almost impossible for even my experienced eye

pany from the rest, let alone that the wounded one was in solitary flight. It was one of the most marvelous pieces of tracking I had ever seen.

Probably many old American hunters, who have seen Indians trapping bears and other big game, may recognize a close resemblance to many of these wild men's methods of hunting in those employed on the American continent. If not in the present day, at least in the glorious past, before the trend of civilization overspread the land of primitiveness.



"From business cares and worries with a thumping at his heart."

Bass Are Striking

When the bloom is on the May-vine, and the pussy-willow weaves
A fillagree of lacy stuff with tender, sprouting leaves
Across the ripples of the stream awake from winter's sleep,
Where the ferns are pushing up their fronds from crevice dank and
deep;

It is then the lusty angler steals forth from city's mart,
From business cares and worries with a thumping at his heart,
With his creel upon his shoulder, bright and ruddy is his cheek,
For he knows the bass are striking in the shadows of the creek.

When the sky above is azure, flecked with fleecy, floating cloud,
With the first spring breezes flirting till they seem to be endowed
With a witchery of magic moods that urges one to go
To the glade where bumps the bittern, where the dainty sweet-flags
grow.

Oh, you all have had the feeling, for it comes as sure as fate,
Insistently upon you stealing till you can no longer wait;
But with creel upon your shoulder, your favorite haunt you'll seek,
For the bass are madly striking in the shadows of the creek.

RUTH A. PEPPLÉ.



TOUCHING A WILD BIGHORN ON THE NOSE.



THE WILD RAM OF ESTES PARK. COPYRIGHT BY ENOS A. MILLS.

THE BIGHORNS OF COLORADO

J. A. McGUIRE

The mountain sheep of Colorado have always been one of the proud possessions of the state. With the advance of agriculture, mining and grazing enterprises, however, the sheep have been driven back from their former winter haunts. While the cliffs and crags of their old summer homes remain undisturbed, yet the valleys that they were wont to roam over when the snows covered the feed in the upper elevations, have mostly been taken up by farms, cattle ranches, and in some instances, good-sized towns. The result is that bands of the bighorn family annually frequent the valleys of Estes Park, the valley of the Arkansas and other rivers, and make daily and weekly visits to

such towns as Ouray, on the Western Slope. It is not uncommon for passenger trains going through the Royal Gorge to pass quite close to bands of these animals on the surrounding hills.

Some agitation was worked up a few years ago in favor of a short open season on sheep in Colorado. While our magazine took no active part either for or against that movement at the time, events have transpired since then that have shown to us that such an innovation as an open season on sheep in Colorado would simply spell annihilation for these noble and picturesque animals. They have become what might be called semi-domesticated, and through the increased confidence which they



"DOC," THE OURAY RAM.

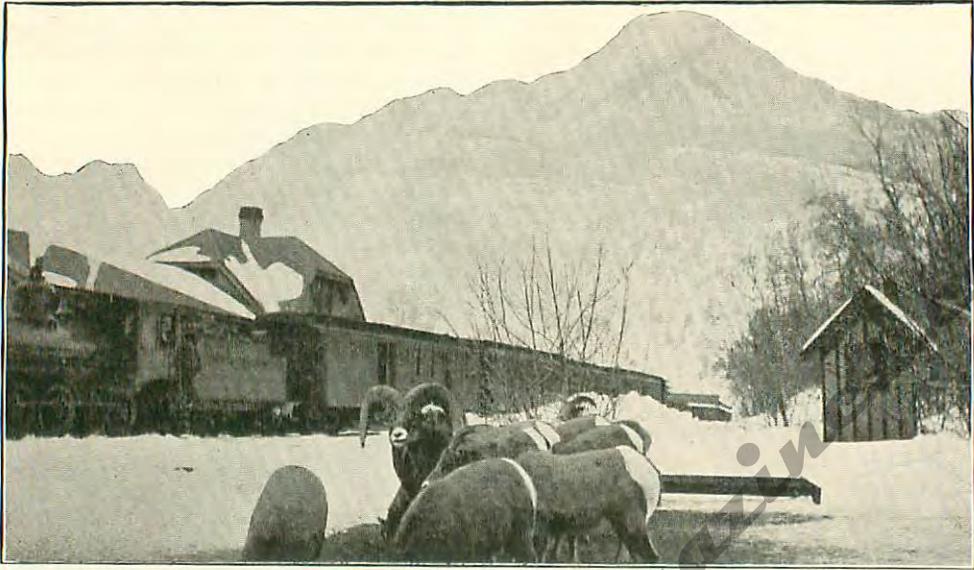
have been taught to have in man through being fed by him every winter, they would be easily stalked and killed even in their wild state above timberline, in the autumn. I therefore must go on record as being unalterably opposed to an open season on sheep in Colorado at the present time; and I doubt if ever there will be an open season in this state on these animals, as with the enemies constantly preying upon them in the shape of eagles, wolves and man, it is doubtful if they will ever increase to such numbers as to warrant their being placed on the open-season list.

I believe the state game department would be justified in offering a large reward for the apprehension and conviction of a sheep-slaying vandal. These law-breakers appear at times in our midst, for at frequent intervals reports of such depredations are circulated, and some very severe lessons should be taught the guilty ones.

Enos A. Mills, the great naturalist and forest expert, recently told me of an odd experience which he had with an old ram in Estes Park, Colo., Mr. Mills' home. It seems the Estes Park citizens take a great interest in the sheep of the surrounding hills, even to feeding them



THE OURAY SHEEP GATHERED FOR THEIR DAILY FEED.



ON THE OURAY FEED YARD NEAR DEPOT.

in winter and placing a salt lick for them but a few hundred yards from the center of the little town. Mr. Mills told me recently that after a late heavy fall of snow he snow-shoed over to the lick to find there an old ram that he had been noticing on and off for many years in that vicinity. He found by following the old fellow in the deep snow that he (Mills) could out-distance him in a race. After making a few "passes" at the bighorn, in each case resulting in the latter scurrying off a hundred or two hundred yards, he went right out after his quarry to run him down. His only object was to get some photographs of the animal, and after tiring the sheep and getting up close enough to become acquainted, he found it no trouble at all to go up to the old fellow's side and even rub his nose. These maneuvers were not all accomplished in a few minutes, nor even an hour, but were the result of many hours of study and companionship with the king of the crags. Mr. Mills is an expert photographer, and by the aid of an assistant he was able to secure some splendid photographs—the best pictures I have ever seen of a wild bighorn sheep.

One of these pictures shows the animal deeply imbedded in snow, very

meekly allowing his conqueror to approach to within touching distance. The other photograph shows the sheep located in a ravine, where he took refuge after finding that it was useless to press on further, in view of the great odds against him.

In this connection I take pleasure in publishing a story written by a tourist visiting Ouray, Colo., where the sheep are so plentiful that from ten to sixty head have been seen at the depot feed-yard at one time.

This mountain town is situated in a cup-shaped depression among the highest mountains in the state. The elevation of Ouray is about 7,700 feet (population, 3,000), while the mountains surrounding it rise to elevations running from 13,000 to 14,000 feet. From a scenic standpoint it is one of the grandest in Colorado. The town bears the expense of feeding the animals, and as a result the sheep come down into the place regularly in winter and feed on the hay pile, which every morning is thrown within fifty feet of the depot for their exclusive use.

Mr. Cary A. Griffin of Ouray writes me that when the sun peeps over the amphitheater every morning during the winter months, it beholds a scene

unique in the history of wild animals. That these bighorn mountain sheep, famed above everything else for their shyness and timidity, should develop the docility and tameness seen here every day, is little short of marvelous.

The lure of feed and the united sentiment of the town that no harm shall befall the hungry visitors, have combined to produce the result.

As many as sixty at a time have been counted from the depot. Some are battle-scarred, 12 or 15 years old, and some are lambs, cowering at their mothers' flanks. Some of them are becoming so well known to the townspeople that they are receiving names. For instance, "Doc," a battered ram, whose horns are an almost complete circle, is a familiar figure. He, and many of the others, will permit the approach of man within a few feet.

The article mentioned as having been received from a tourist visiting this rock-ribbed town in search of wild mountain sheep pictures follows:

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP HUNT

The ride up the valley from Montrose, Colo., was a delightful one—so they say—but we were not looking for scenery. We were looking for sheep. Puffing away and making as much

noise and fuss as a real locomotive, our miniature engine, with a final wheeze of utter exhaustion, came to a stop at the station, and we tumbled out of the car to find ourselves in a literal amphitheater, surrounded on every side by towering mountains. Our train was late, and darkness was beginning to settle over the valley as we hurried into the bus, and were soon safely landed at the Beaumont, where we lost no time in storing away a hearty supper, after which we sought the office and renewed our inquiries as to when, where and how we were to get a chance to photograph and study the bighorn sheep of that locality. It was my desire to stalk and photograph them in their native habitat, rather than await their entrance to the town, which was a common incident. We drifted into the San Juan drug store, where we found some pictures that immediately arrested our attention, and in the manager, Mr. W. C. Tyler, we found a friend who was interested in our quest, and through him we learned that if we hoped to realize our ambitions, the best way would be to get an early start in the morning, climb the mountains to the northwest of the town and take our chances on getting a sight of the wary game we had come so far to stalk.



"AWAY THEY WENT UP THE MOUNTAIN."

Back we went to the hotel and spent a busy evening overhauling cameras, films and mountain clothing. Determined to be early on the trail, we registered a 5:30 call, and then tumbled into bed.

It seemed to us as though we had barely lost ourselves in slumber ere we heard a knocking at the door. Heavy-eyed, we stumbled out and opened the door and found Mr. Herzinger waiting for us with a cheery, "5:30; time to turn out." We hurried into our clothes, and after a hasty breakfast we slung our cameras over our shoulders, lighted our pipes, and under the leadership of our guide, hustled down the street in the direction of the depot, our hearts going down like a barometer as we peered up at the towering cliffs in front of us and realized that possibly, in order to get the game we were after, there was many an hour of hard climbing ahead. Already we were puffing like narrow-gauge engines as we followed our guide, for we were just beginning to realize that we were at an elevation of something like 7,700 feet; but we were game and went puffing along behind our guide. We had just crossed the railway tracks and he was looking for a trail that would lead us up along what seemed the almost perpendicular cliffs. Suddenly his hand went up in warning and we stopped in our tracks as he pointed to the slope just ahead of us and not a hundred feet from the tracks, with a whispered: "Well, what do you think of that?" Looking in the direction he indicated we found ourselves facing a magnificent ram and half a dozen ewes. That they had heard us was evidenced from the fact that every one of them was on the alert. For an instant we were paralyzed—and then, obedient to the whisper of our guide to "hurry now, or



ALONG THE TRAIL OF THEIR DOWNWARD TRAVELS.

you'll lose 'em," we unslung our cameras with nervous haste, took a hurried focus, snapped the shutter—and not a moment too soon, either, for away they went, leaping and bounding up the cliffs and before we could turn another film into place, not a sheep was to be seen. But the light was good, we felt sure our focus had been all that it should be—and we were happy; we had at last stalked a mountain sheep, and had, in our little black box, the evidence of our prowess.

With a half laugh at our enthusiasm our guide said: "Well, do you want to go back now?" But the lust of the hunter was on us and our emphatic, "Not on your life!" brought a broad smile to our guide's face as he said: "All right, then; we will have a good bit of stiff climbing ahead of us; maybe we can sight another bunch, maybe not—but if you want to try it, come on"—and he set off at a quick pace diagonally up the hill to the northward, and we followed him, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, but with an enthusiasm that made us forget all about fatigue.

Pausing occasionally for breath, we caught glimpses of the beautiful scenery that opened before us like a great panorama. On we went, still working



PERFECTLY AT HOME ON THE FEEDING
GROUND.

upward and northward down the valley that was gradually opening before us. For nearly an hour we had been climbing, but not a thing had we seen save an occasional grouse whirring out from under our feet and seeking safety far up on the side of the mountain. The strain was beginning to tell on us poor "tenderfeet." Our breath was coming in panting gasps and we had just begun to wonder whether the possibilities were worth the exertion, when our guide suddenly dropped to his knees, at the same time whispering, "See, over there! just rounding that point." Peering in the direction he indicated, our pulses went bounding upward as we counted one—two—three—

four—five—six—seven—eight full-grown sheep as they swung into sight along the point of the cliff just to the left of a lone pine on the extreme edge of the cañon. Breathlessly we watched them until the head of the bunch turned toward a chasm to the left of us, and then we hurriedly focused our cameras, snapped the shutter and with trembling hands began to turn another film into place. Our haste was our undoing, for by the time the film was in place the last sheep had suddenly disappeared from sight. Noticing our evident disappointment, our guide laughingly remarked: "Never mind; wait a few minutes, right where we are, and I'm sure we will get another chance at them."

Glad of the rest, we dropped down on the side of the mountain, lighted our pipes and looked out over the valley and down into the little city just breaking into life. Just to the north of us the cables of the American Nettie mine stretched across the valley like a monster spiderweb; at our feet the rushing torrent of the river augmented by the addition of Portland and Cascade creeks, went tumbling down the valley in picturesque abandon; over to the south we could see the entrance to Box Cañon, and a little further to the southeast the Red Mountain road went winding up the hills, with snow-clad Mount Abram standing sentinel over its windings. The scene was a fascinating one, and for a moment we had forgotten our real quest in feasting our eyes on the new visions of beauty that came to us every way we turned. But our guide hadn't forgotten the purpose of the trip and suddenly brought us back to earth with a whispered: "There, what did I tell you?" We came back from fairyland with a smothered gasp, grabbed our cameras and peered around us. Sure enough, just a little to our right and almost straight above us we caught a glimpse of our four-footed friends of a few moments ago. There they were, scattered over the hill side, a vigilant ram in the foreground, and he had evidently discovered some-

thing not to his liking, for hardly had we snapped our cameras before they disappeared down the cañon to our right. We stumbled after them, but they were too wary for us—not a sheep could we see. For an hour or more we clambered over rocks and cliffs and

through cañons and ravines in a vain hope that the good fortune that had thus far stood our friend might vouchsafe us just one more shot, but our hopes were futile, and we finally made our way down the cliffs to the railway track and thence back to the city.



A MASSIVE BIGHORN.

Killed and owned by C. T. Summerson, New York city. Killed in Montana, November, 1913.
Base, 17 inches.

This Time o' Year

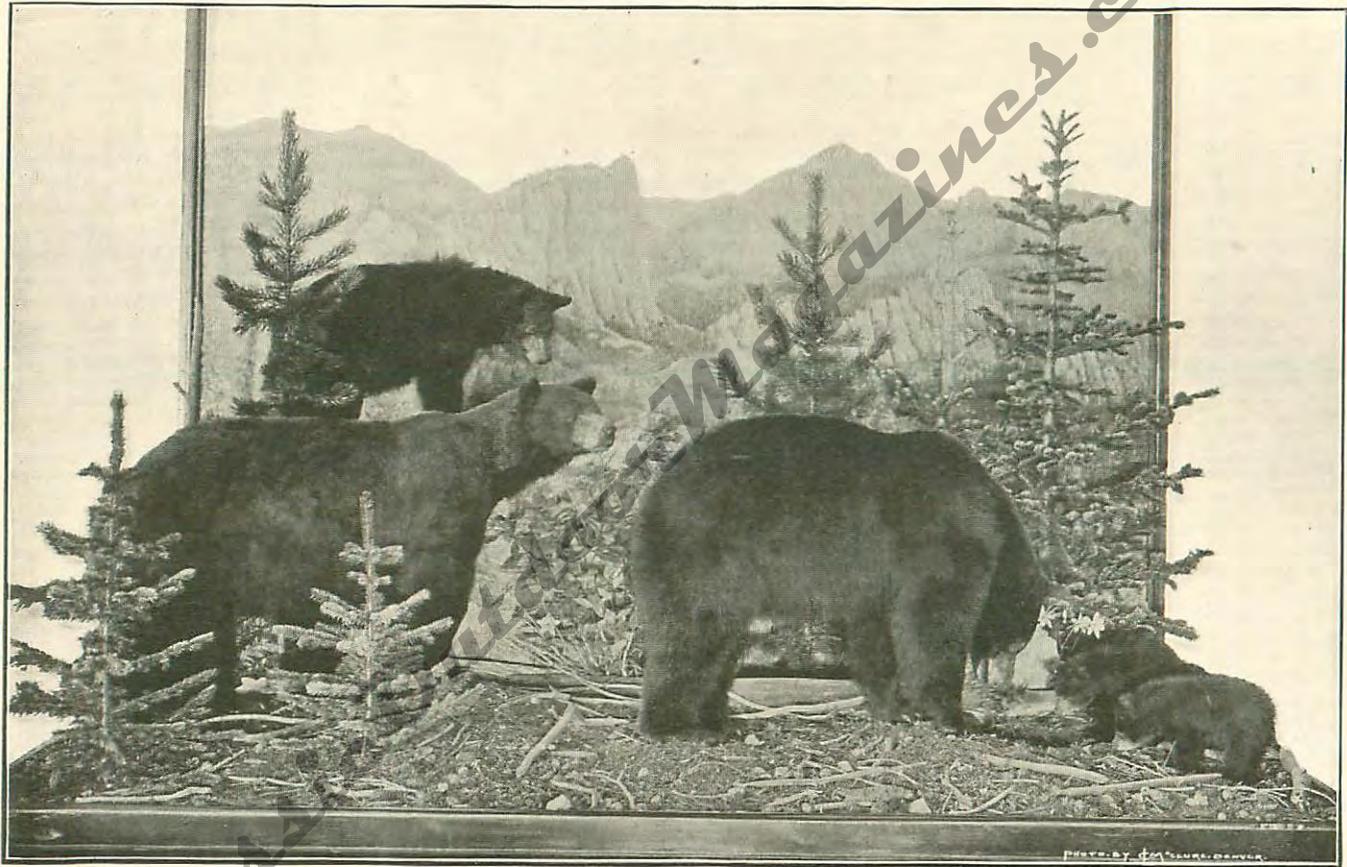
Jest about this time o' year
Feller gits to feelin' queer.
Somethin' callin', callin', "Come!"
Where the wild bees drone an' hum.
Springtime breezes teasin' you,
Sun a-peepin' from the blue;
Hankerin' to sort o' go
Som'er's, you don't hardly know.
Gits a feller right down here,
Jest about this time o' year.

Jest about this time o' year,
Feller feels plumb out o' gear;
Somethin' whisperin' all day:
"Stop yer work an' go an' play."
Smell o' moss, an' fern, an' pine;
Thoughts o' bait, an' pole, an' line
Playin' tag within yer breast,
Till, I jocks, you jest can't rest!
Can't you feel it drawin' near,
Jest about this time o' year?

Jest about this time o' year,
Noticed how it will appear—
That ol' lazy feelin' you
Can't resist a'yieldin' to
Till you've packed yer duds an' went
To work off yer discontent
Out where gentle breezes blow
An' where mossy streamlets flow?
It's jest Nacher callin', callin' clear,
Jest about this time o' year.

Jest about this time o' year,
Somethin' whispers in yer ear
Thoughts o' mountain, peak er plain,
Jest a springtime sweet refrain.
Lurin' you from haunts o' men
To the pine-clad hills again.
Can't resist that gentle plea,
Not if you are built like me!
Allus gits a feller here,
Jest about this time o' year.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.



BLACK BEAR GROUP IN COLORADO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.—See Opposite Page.

A Western Museum and Its Work

In the Colorado Museum of Natural History, City Park, Denver, this city has an institution of which the state of Colorado may well feel proud. Starting with an investment of something like \$10,000 some fourteen years ago, when the Carter collection of Breckenridge was purchased by twenty-five of the city's philanthropic millionaires, it is a safe guess to say that our museum's holdings couldn't now be purchased for a million and a half dollars, if it were possible to duplicate much of the work already done. The museum association is already planning to build an extensive wing to the structure now occupied, and this will make room for a large number of mammal groups and other collections that will add greatly to its attractiveness. The public-spirited men of Colorado will, we feel certain, respond quickly to any appeals for financial help that may be made to them for the above purpose.

During Director Figgins' connection with the museum the past three years it has shown marked progress. Professor Figgins' association with large Eastern museums fits him wonderfully well for this work. In fact, we very much doubt, considering the demands that are evidenced today for first-class men in this field, if a better man could be secured in this country for the position which he occupies. Professor Figgins spent many years with the American Museum of Natural History, New York; was for a time with the National Museum of Washington; accompanied

Rear Admiral Peary on two trips—to North Greenland and Ellesmere Land (on both of which he was collecting specimens for the American Museum of Natural History); made a biological survey of the Dismal Swamp of Virginia; explored Olympic Mountains of Washington for elk, and has collected specimens in various parts of the United States, Canada and Alaska, having spent much time in the latter territory out from Juneau, on the Kenai Peninsula and on the Alaska Peninsula. He is a resourceful man of great scientific achievements and a credit to the museum staff.

One of the latest and most attractive groups added to the museum is that of the black bears, a photograph of which is reproduced on the opposite page. We do not believe there exists a truer-to-life pose in any museum than is shown in the one of the mother and cubs. The other specimens also are very good. The mother and cubs were taken April 15, 1913, in the Perma Mountains of Montana, by Steve Elkins. Director Figgins himself killed the large brown and black specimens shown, getting them on the North Fork of the Shoshone River, Wyo., above Cody, on May 15 and May 21, 1911, respectively. The background painting is by Professor Figgins, and shows a scene on the Navajo River, Colc., a spot much frequented by bears. It adds much to the artistic touch of the group, and the idea is being carried out by the director in other large mammal groups now in course of completion.



THE YEARLING.

In the late winter and early spring the elk of Wyoming need protection and care the worst. After a hard winter they are weak and emaciated, and in this condition and at this time the greatest death toll is exacted. Photographed by S. N. Leek.

Big Bill's Smile

Great big William Coyner, he
Runs the Coyner Pharmacy.
He sells drugs of every kind;
Any brand that's on your mind.
Drugs for aches and drugs for pains,
Drugs for swellin' of your veins;
Drugs for rheumatiz and such,
Sore spots you can barely touch;
Made men walk who couldn't stand
'Thout a cane held in their hand;
Most too wonderful to say
How he cures the folks that way.
Seems more like real mirikels,
All the cures that's done at Bill's.

Got me thinkin' just a bit,
Wonderin' the cause of it.
Seems it's most too awful much,
Makin' one throw down a crutch;
Got to really puzzlin' me,
Wonderin' how the case could be,
Wonderin' how 'twas Bill could sell
Drugs that surely'd make you well.

Stood inside his store one day,
Thinkin' why 'twas just that way,

When a boy rushed in and said:
"Draw a glass of Cherry Red;
Came four blocks around here, too,
Just to buy that glass of you."

Bill he smiled a smile that sped
Straight throughout that Cherry Red—
Even through the lingerin' drip
Of the fountain spigot's tip.
Plain as day, now, how it came
That his drugs cured up the lame—
That they walked from everywhere
Just to get their soda there.
'Twas Bill Coyner's pleasant smile
Made its way into the vial—
Made its way into the glass,
Charging it with laughin'-gas—
Molecules of merry mirth,
Mingling smiles about the earth.

Shows just what a man can be,
Selling drugs, or books, or tea.
He can wrap a smile or pout
With whate'er he's sending out.
Pity we can't, all the while,
Carry Big Bill Coyner's smile.

ALLEN AYRAULT GREEN.

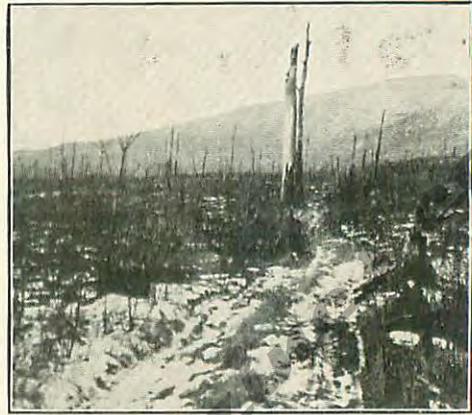
CALLING A 60-INCH MOOSE

E. S. CORLISS

As the fall comes around again and the frost begins to turn the leaves from their summer green to all the shades of autumn, there comes over us a feeling of sickness that no doctor's pills will cure, and we know that there is only one remedy for it. To cure this ailment we went to the big woods of New Brunswick last fall and each of us got a nice moose. I say "we," which means S. O. Burdick, my old hunting companion, and myself, as we have hunted together for years.

This year we wanted to get out into the caribou country, so we wrote to the Dominion land office asking them to find us the best location, and then we began ourselves to look over all the sporting books we could find for guides and names, and finally, while we were looking over maps I spied a dot on one of them away up north that looked like the lone north star, which was the mark for Nictau, N. B. Thinking that it might be as lonely a country as it looked on the map, I wrote a letter of enquiry and directed it to Nictau. In a few days I received a reply from the postmaster, Mr. George Miller, who, by the way, may be truly called the "leading citizen," as he is also a farmer, a hotelkeeper and a storekeeper. He advised me to write to Mr. George Gough, one of the head guides, which I did, and soon received a reply. Later, Mr. Gough and I made a trade.

On October 26th we left Rutland, taking the 6 a. m. train for Boston. We found out that our third party was sick and could not go with us, so "pard" and I went alone. We reached Boston about 11:30 a. m., remained in the city a short time and then started on our long trip through Maine on the B. & M. and M. C. R. R. We got along all right until we reached Bangor, Maine, at 10:30 in the evening, where we were informed that the train did not go any farther and we would have to stay over Sunday, as they did not run any Sun-

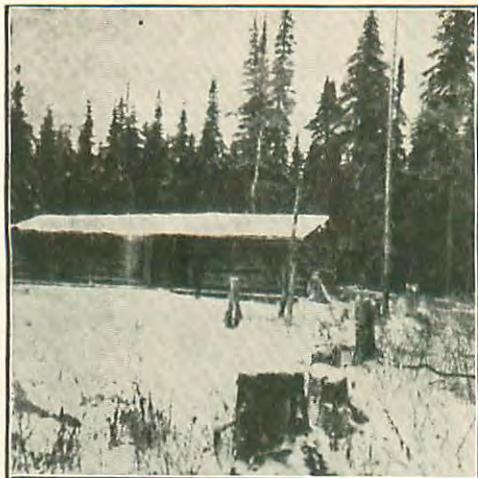


GOING TO GOUGH CAMP

day trains on the C. P., so we had to hike out and find a hotel for the night.

Sunday morning was bright and fair and we had a fine chance to see the city. We looked over the vast fire district, which was destroyed a little while before, and saw the nice, new structures going up. We also visited the shipbuilding dock and spent an hour or so at the new reservoir, which deserves more than a passing mention. It is situated in a large park in the center of the city. The tank must be from 75 to 100 feet across and is made like a large boiler, with spaces around it some ten or more feet wide, in which is constructed an enclosed winding stairway, which leads to the tower, at an elevation of at least 200 feet, where seats are provided, and from here one of the grandest views of the surrounding country in every direction is obtained.

Well, all things come to an end, and so they did for us. Three o'clock a. m. found us in the train again, bound for McAdam Junction, the first station in New Brunswick after crossing the Maine border, and at this point, which we reached in due time, we met the custom house officers. After looking us over and taking from us deposits on our guns and ammunition, which depos-



GEO. GOUGH CAMP NO. 2.

its were returned to us when we came back, they passed us all right, although our large trunk was behind, but they agreed to and did pass it along.

After eating a good breakfast we again boarded the train for Perth Junction and Plaster Rock, which places one can never forget, although they are difficult to describe. We reached Plaster Rock about 5 o'clock and were met by Mr. A. W. Turner. We found his hotel, where we spent the night, a very acceptable place to stay. We were a little ahead of time, as our baggage did not come until the next day. We were informed that there was another sport to meet, a man from Lyndonville by the name of Fred Parks. We spent the following day looking around. Everything was very well excepting the red mud and that was horrible everywhere. It is formed from the plaster rock from which the town takes its name. This rock is of the brightest green, but the action of the air and water for ages has dissolved it, turning the clay soil for miles around to a blood red. In the rainy season this clay forms into a mud whose "sticking" qualities rival every known adhesive plaster on the market. I speak from experience, for I brought home some of it on my boots and for a long time it refused to be separated

from them, so strong appeared to be its loving attachment for them.

Night came, and with it our baggage O. K. This being the end of the railroad, a man with a team was waiting with everything in readiness for an early start in the morning, when, clad in our new uniforms, with our city duds stored away, we proceeded on our way. We were glad the camera did not work, for Mr. Burdick had left the camera on the counter at the hotel and never thought of it until we had gotten almost to Nictau.

The day was a nice, pleasant one, and the drive fine, nothing happening until we reached Mr. Watt's house, where we found a big dinner awaiting us, which we were fully ready for, and then we took another hike for Miller's. It was a hard ride on a lumber box wagon for thirty-four miles. We reached Miller's just at dark, ready for supper and bed. As the teamster lamed one horse it was necessary to obtain another team to take us to the woods next morning, and here was where the trouble began with twenty-five miles of solid "comfort" walking over burnt ground, both hill and swamp, and if these miles did not measure fifty feet to the rod, then I cannot measure. We reached our destination about 7 o'clock and who was not glad for a chance to rest? We found there in Camp No. 1, other sports all ready to go out on the wagon we came in on, and here we first met our guide, Mr. George Gough, as well as Messrs. Thomas Gordon and Ace Marston and the cook, whose name I have forgotten; but he was a nice little fellow and "on to his job" and a good cook.

Now I will try and explain a little about pard's and my gun equipment, which consisted of a .35 caliber auto-loading Remington rifle with Cumming's telescope and open sight, .45 caliber 7½-inch barrel Colt's revolver, large 6-inch sheath knives and a small leather-covered flask in side pocket; while our partner from up the state (Mr. Parks) was armed with a .22 high

power; and he "blowed" all the way in that it was the only gun ever made and would kill anything that ever walked in America and he could not see why any man would think of lugging around any such old cannon as the ones we had. About this we will see later.

On Thursday, November 1st, we all started out with Gough and Parks for Camp No. 5 on the Caribou barren. Mr. Burdick with Guide Gordon going to Camp No. 2, which left Marston and the writer at No. 1, as we had to wait for provisions. We hunted around all day, but found nothing but a couple of deer, at which we did not get a shot. We then got up some wood and went to bed.

The following morning we started out early. It was a nice day and there was a good wind. We hunted until noon and started up a couple of small moose. Coming to a beaver pond we

stopped and "biled the kettle" and had lunch, after which we took a north-west course to a high ridge, on the top of which is a thick growth of scrub spruce. Ace said: "Let's try a call here," so he peeled off some bark from a birch tree, bent up his horn and called a few tones, but did not get any answer, so we walked along down the other side by the edge of the thicket, and there in the opening, not over twenty rods away, stood one of the finest bulls that ever walked the woods, behind a large old tree. While his face was hidden, his horns and body were not.

Ace, speaking low, so as not to attract the attention of the bull, said, "There he is, a d—— good one! Shoot!" I was not long in throwing the old cannon to my face. I fired once, hitting the bull fair in the breast. Ace then said: "Don't shoot again; put up your gun and put the safety on."



THE AUTHOR'S BIG 60-INCH HEAD MOUNTED.

Meanwhile the bull jumped into the thicket, out of sight.

"Now," said Ace, "let's sit down here and wait a while and let him die." So, taking out his pipe, he cleaned and filled it and smoked, but I was not so easy as that, as I could not see him. "You got him, sure," said Ace; "he will lie down there soon." He finished his smoke and continued: "Now, while I watch his tracks, you look out for him. We will find him soon."

We walked over where he was when we fired, took his track about five rods and found plenty of blood, but soon it dried up and you can imagine I felt lost for sure. Ace, however, said: "You have got him; I can tell by his tracks." We followed down the hill fifty or sixty rods, when all at once we came onto him lying down, and as he tried once to get on his feet the .35 rang out, sending a missile through both shoulders. He threw his massive body over backward without a gasp, and there lay lifeless, one of the huge

animals of the wilderness. We looked him over, measured his head and found 23 points on his horns. We clasped hands and with the other I found the little leather-covered flask, and you know the rest.

We then began to take off the hide and skin out the head, and as it was then after 3 o'clock, after finishing that we took the cape and started to spot a trail to camp, seven miles away, which place we reached about dark. The next morning (Sunday) we had an early breakfast, after which Ace, the cook, and the writer went to the spot where we had left the carcass, where we boiled the kettle, and then returned to camp with the head. Now, a man who never tries to pack out a 60-inch set of horns had better let out the job or take his own time, but we got back about an hour after dark, and if poor mortals were ever tired we were that night.

Next day we started for Camp No. 2. When we reached there the other boys had gone, and we remained there expecting the cook to follow the next day but as he did not we waited one more day—and as he did not come, Ace began to be worried about him, so the following morning we started back over the nine miles of bad traveling. Reaching the camp, we found our head guide, George Gough, and Mr. Parks. The latter had driven a stub up through his shoe into his foot and was in bad shape. Our grub had come by this time, so next morning Ace, the cook, and the writer, left for No. 2, and after reaching there looked around a little and retired early and the next day went to Camp No. 3, which



THE 48-INCH HEAD SECURED ON THIS TRIP.

we reached in good season. The writer shot a nice deer that day.

The following morning we three left for the caribou barren and then to Camp No. 4, where we boiled the kettle; had lunch and then started on the trail for Camp No. 5. We had gone about a mile or so when we heard talking, and, after waiting a little, glanced up the hill and saw Burdick and his guide with a nice caribou head on their backs. We were glad to see each other, as it had been about five days since we separated, and neighbors look good in such a lonely place.

"Well," says Burdick, "there are lots of caribou on the barrens, but you will find the last five miles the d— traveling you ever struck!" We parted and went on to Camp No. 5, and you bet, they were right, as there was a big snow and hailstorm that overloaded the trees, and in the night there came up an awful windstorm which blew down thousands of trees across the trail, but we reached the camp safely about three o'clock.

While the cook was getting the camp and supper ready Ace remarked "Let's go out on the barren, which is only a quarter of a mile from camp, and we may see something." So we walked to the edge of the barren and up the side for about half a mile and stopped to look around, and through the glasses we saw three caribou, two bulls and a cow about half a mile away, feeding in to the wind. One of them looked good to me and I told Ace that it was good enough for me if we could get them. We waited until they went over a knoll and then took a run after them and came up behind where they went over the hill, and, creeping up, we saw them in the valley below, about sixty



THE AUTHOR'S CARIBOU HEAD.

rods away. The old Remington spoke once more and the noble caribou dropped in his tracks, never to rise again, with a large hole through the top of his neck. Now imagine us once more with clasped hands and the little leather-covered flask standing over one of the lordly beasts of the barrens. We then proceeded to take off his hide and head, as Ace said that it was an exceptionally fine woolly one and would make a nice rug. We finished up the job and got back to camp a little after dark and found a good supper awaiting us.

The next morning was fine and bright, and we, having all the law allowed and being fifty miles back in the woods and with prospects of another big storm, started for our other camp and friends. We traveled all day and got to Camp No. 3, where we found everything in good shape. We went to bed and in the morning awoke to find

it raining and hailing, which was bad for us, but after breakfast we left once more for Camp No. 2, where we had dinner, and then went on to Camp No. 1, reaching there at night. We found the boys all there.

Mr. Burdick had found two bulls, but thinking them a little too small, he let them go. Mr. Parks had hard luck, having but one deer to his credit, and his head guide had turned him down and would not go out with him again with his .22, as he had three or four good shots at moose and lost them all; so the guide said he would not find any more for him if he hunted moose with that gun. So, as I had my allowance, I offered him my "old cannon," as he called it, and the guide then said he would go if Mr. Parks would take that. They went the next morning and returned at night with a nice deer, and consequently feeling better toward the old gun. The following day they came across a very old bull which had a fair-sized head, and before he had time to look around the "old cannon" spoke again and there laid prostrate another of the lordly animals of the woods.

As the time for our absence had now expired and the team would arrive at night to take us on our return trip to Plaster Rock, we must do as all others have had to do, be ready for it. With vows to come again next year if possible, we started for civilization the next morning, and nothing happened on the

way. It is one of the hardest experiences a man can have and one cannot appreciate it unless he has been there. We reached Miller's a little after dark, and you know what a good supper and bed means.

The following morning we left Miller's with a big set of horns, two moose, two caribou and two deer, all nice heads, and reached Plaster Rock tired, cold and hungry. We took the train next morning for Boston, having billed the heads to Stillman Armstrong Co., Vanceburg, Me., one of the best taxidermist firms in the country. In due time we arrived home with memories we shall never forget.

Now I will say a little about the country, which I think is one of the best moose and caribou countries in New Brunswick. Mr. Gough has a nice lot of camps and some excellent guides. Mr. Thomas Gorden seems to be a very good and obliging fellow, and he understands the woods well, while old Ace Marston is a man that cannot be beaten in the whole of New Brunswick. He was brought up living and working in the woods, and one cannot tell him anything he does not know about animals and their ways, and certainly a better man never lived. The cook, whose name has escaped my mind (but memory of him has not), is also a fine young man and served some nice meals. We were sorry to see him away from his family alone in the big woods, but good things come slowly.

A Rural Madrigal

I know nor question why I sing—
It is enough that it is Spring;
That Winter has been dispossessed
And earth, in gala garments dressed,
Takes up her world-old minstreling—
It is enough that it is Spring.
Off through the meadow, all a-gleam,
Slips giddily the laughing stream,
That drearily, the winter long,
Voiced its complaining little song.
I hear the waking blossoms stir,

The first uncertain cricket's chirr,
A tuning-up, shrill-piped and thin,
Of flute and fife and violin.
Again the soul of love awake,
Speaks in each lane and path I take,
And feathered folk are on the wing—
I know nor question why I sing.
Again the old transport thrills through
The bird-songs that I listen to—
What need of knowing questioning?
It is enough that it is Spring!

ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL.



ON THE TRAIL. NOTE LION TRACK IN SNOW AHEAD OF HOUNDS. ONE AIREDALE WOULD NOT STOP FOR PICTURE. LION TREED 1 HR. 45 MIN. LATER.

LION HUNTING IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

HENRY ANDERSON

In November last I left my home at Gardiner, Montana, and entered the Yellowstone Park for the purpose of establishing a camp in what is known as the Blacktail country, on the west side of the Yellowstone River. I had secured the necessary governmental permission to hunt for lions with dogs, and anticipated some fine, and at times perhaps exciting sport, in ridding the park of as many of those predatory beasts as I could locate within reach of my rifle.

A light snow had fallen when I left camp on my first search for the big cats, and I had gone but a short distance when I discovered the fresh tracks of three lions. I turned my Airedales loose on the trail, and away they went, as eager as I to sight the game. They had been on the trail but a short time when their sharp barking indicated that they had uncovered the game, and, hurrying forward, and when within about 100 yards of the keen-scented hunters, I saw a big lioness climbing a fir tree. I fired from where I stood with my high-power Savage .22, and she came tumbling to

earth. When I reached the spot I found that she was stone dead, and the dogs were having a canine picnic tugging at her ears and nose, and wherever else they could get a jaw-hold, as if daring her to get up and make a fight. The bullet had torn through her lungs, lacerating them almost into mincemeat.

The next morning I returned to the same locality, and soon sent the restless dogs away on a fresh trail. I am a pretty good non-professional sprinter myself, and I reached for the highest places in my efforts to keep within hearing distance of the lively dogs, hoping to at any moment hear the yelping signals that they had located the cat. After a quite long tramp I was surprised to meet the dogs coming back, and could not understand whether they thought the game too speedy for them, or whether they had lost the trail in a network of tracks of elk or wolves.

I went back to town the next day and wrote to Steve Elkins, at Plains, Montana, and he sent me a pair of well-broken part blood and part fox hounds that would work for bear or lions

among elk or deer and pay no attention to such game. One of the hounds reached me several days before the other, and I took him with two of my Airedales on my next hunt, keeping the smaller dogs under leash, as I desired to see how the hound would work. He soon struck a fresh lion trail, and that dog's baying was sure music in a hunter's ears. He made the cat take to tree within half a mile from the start, and when I came up it leaped to the ground about fifteen feet distant from the hound and was away, with the dog in close pursuit in one of the prettiest races I ever witnessed. At times I thought he would secure a tailhold on the cat, he pressed it so closely, until it again took to a tree, the hound cussin' it for not remaining on the ground for a fair race. It again leaped to earth, and I then released the Airedales, and the chase was a lively one until they passed beyond my sight. But a short time elapsed ere the barking of the dogs told me the lion was again treed, but when I reached the spot I found it had taken refuge in a den in the rocks under a slide of tumblerock, and, being unable to see him to reach him with a shot, I was compelled to leave him in his rock-bound castle and return to camp—in no enviable mood, I assure you.

The second hound had reached me

before my next trip, and with the Airedales and the two big dogs I went about four miles east of Blacktail creek to a high, rocky butte and there struck a lion track in the snow and sent the dogs away, the hounds baying eagerly as they nosed the trail. I clambered over the rocks until I reached a shelf that ran along the butte, below me an almost precipitous slope that ran down to the Yellowstone river. Along this ledge the lion had led the dogs, and I made every effort to be as near them as possible when the beast took to tree.

Leaving the ledge, the trail descended the slope toward the river, and the voices of the hounds soon told me I was needed in their vicinity. When I reached them they were holding a big yellowish-brown lioness up a big fir tree about thirty feet from the ground, and it required but one shot from my Savage to bring her to earth. After removing the entrails, I hung the carcass on a tree out of reach of wolves until I could go back after my horse, which I had left where I struck the rocky trail in following the dogs. Having secured the hide, I returned to camp.

While out the next day I met a cavalry patrol in charge of a sergeant, and he informed me that they had crossed a very fresh lion track in the snow about a mile and a half back on



CAMP ON BLACKTAIL.

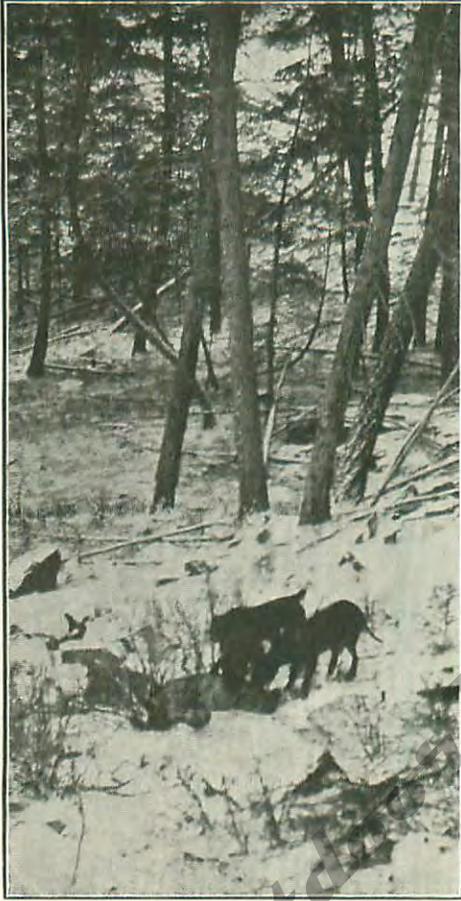
the trail they were following. I made for that point and easily located the tracks. Holding the dogs in check, I followed the trail in the snow up to the top of a rocky point covered with a growth of sagebrush, where I came upon the partly devoured carcass of a yearling mountain sheep which the lion had killed. After having satisfied his hunger, the beast had partly covered the carcass with snow, twigs and earth, to be finished when his digestive apparatus had made room in his interior for another feed. There I released one of the hounds, and after circling around for a few moments he went bellying away on the trail, and I immediately sent the other hound after him. The trail led over a high raise, then down into a ravine, in which the lion took to tree. When within twenty steps of the tree I fired, but the shot struck the lion in the shoulder, too far forward to break the back, as I had intended it to do. The shot brought him to the ground, and then began a lively tussle as the dogs pounced upon him. Over and over they rolled down the gully under logs that had fallen across it, until a log lying too low to allow them to roll under it stopped their progress. There the lion lay on his back, keeping the dogs at a safe distance with its claws until one of the hounds, worked up to a high pitch of excitement, made a dash in on the big cat, which grabbed him with its paws and bit a deep gash in his breast. I was watching the battle from up a short distance on the steep hillside, and when I saw the cat grab the dog I started to his rescue in too great haste and my feet took an upward scoot and I found myself using the fullness of my pants as a toboggan in a rapid slide downward until I bumped into a tree near the bottom with a force that I thought had surely jarred my back teeth loose. By this time the dogs were both fiercely fighting the cat and when I saw a favorable opening I sent in a shot that took fatal effect between the shoulders of the beast. After skinning it I started for camp,



Dogs killing a lion that was shot through hips. The cat is still alive, but dogs jerked her on side just as the bulb was pressed.

well satisfied with the fine pelt I had secured.

The following morning I mounted my horse and rode down Blacktail creek, and had not gone far before I struck two fresh tracks; one that of a big tom and the other a medium-size one. I sent the dogs away on the trail, and just then I made a discovery that caused me to address some heated remarks to myself which I was glad were lost in the solitudes of the mountains away from reach of polite ears. I had committed what any good hunter could justly call an unpardonable sin by leaving my rifle in camp. Riding back as hastily as the rough nature of the ground would permit I secured the weapon and made a short cut for a



AFTER THE KILL.

point about a mile west of where I had sent the dogs away on the trail. When I reached the north end of the point, I heard the baying of the hounds to the westward, and knew they were yet on the trail and that the lion was yet on the ground. Cutting across in order to, if possible, get in ahead of them, I rode rapidly, but upon reaching an opening that afforded a view ahead I sighted them and hurried to strike the trail behind them. The trail led toward Mount Everett through patches of timber with openings between, and the chase was a lively one. Why the lion did not take to a tree in one of the timber patches I could not understand. Crossing the south end of the mountain,

the trail led down the west side, which was very steep and overlooked the Mammoth Hot Springs. It took the dogs a long time to work the lion to the north end of the mountain, as the ground was bare, but they finally treed it in a large fir with limbs reaching to the ground.

I here discovered that I had a climbing as well as a trailing dog. As I approached the spot I could hear two dogs barking, but could see but one, and upon coming closer found that one of them had worked himself up through the thick limbs until he was just under the big cat. He would make a snap with his jaws at the lion's feet, and duck back when the beast would strike at him with its paws. A shot brought Mr. Lion to the ground where the other hound attacked it, and at the first jump got a claw-cut beneath an eye which tore the lid. He was game, however, and continued the fight until the climbing dog got down to his assistance, but by this time the lion was beyond fighting and soon succumbed from the shot I had given it. It proved to be a very large, slate-colored female, in whose body I discovered a bullet-wound not yet healed, administered by some previous hunter, who had no doubt said things over losing his game. I inferred that was why she did not sooner leave the ground in the chase. She had evidently been treed before, and her cat instinct told her it wasn't entirely safe to leave the ground when a human trailer with a gun was following the dogs. She measured seven feet four inches from tip to tip. This chase began about 8:30 in the morning and continued until 3:45 in the afternoon, and I figured that dogs and cat had covered about twenty-five miles in their meanderings. It can be imagined that the hounds were pretty well all in before they treed their game.

Anticipating continued sport, I moved over to my Cottonwood camp and spent three days hunting in a basin where a few days before I had seen lion tracks, but the cats had left that locality and my search was unsuccess-

ful. I ran onto a bobcat track, but it led into rocks, where the dogs were unable to locate it. From there I started to go into Gardiner, and on the way discovered a network of lion tracks, and started the dogs on the one that looked the freshest. In a short time I heard their barking, and after a laborious climb over the rockiest stretch of country in the park I reached them and found they had run the game into a den in the rocks from which it could not be dislodged. Returning to where I had left my horse, I continued on toward Gardiner and had not ridden more than one hundred yards before I struck another very fresh lion track and started the dogs on it. I followed only to discover that the varmint had disappeared in a den in the rocks near where the other lion had holed up. Again I was doomed to miss a killing, and the edges of my temper were considerably raveled as I mounted to continue my course to town.

I found the trail a terrible one, filled with holes from two to twenty feet deep, the latter big enough to hide a load of hay in. As my horse followed me along this much harder road than Jordan to travel, he lost his footing on the brink of a great hole and fell into it, alighting on his feet at the bottom some ten feet below. Here was a predicament that would have caused a saint to forget his Christian principles and indulge in language entirely foreign to his religious nature. After considerable scheming I concluded that if I would get the faithful animal out of the big hole it must be by dropping rocks down beside him and gradually filling the cavity until, by keeping his feet upon the stones beneath him he would be brought to the top. I began the great task, and was pleased to note that the intelligent animal seemed to divine my intentions as he stepped upon the rocks as they afforded him footing.

Hour after hour I worked, until darkness fell, and I was compelled to postpone further work until the morning. I saw that the horse was standing com-

fortably about two and a half or three feet from the surface, and, leaving him in that position, I went into the timber a short distance and started a fire at a big fir stump. The night I put in was not one filled with pleasant memories, for it was very cold and while my front exposure was roasting at the fire, my back felt like it had been hewed out of an arctic iceberg. Sleep was impossible, and I lay in the grassy bed I had bunched up changing front and rear to the fire and indulging in quite unpleasant thoughts until the gray streaks in the east proclaimed the coming day. As soon as I could see I returned to the hole to find that the horse had managed to clamber out, and his tracks showed that he had started back toward camp. I took his trail, and had gone but a short distance when I discovered that he had fallen into another hole head-first and was dead with a broken neck. No alternative was left me but to hoof it six miles in to Gardiner, and with my saddle and outfit on my back I started, wondering what hoodoo had caused me to lose two lions and a horse within a few hours. Before I had traversed half the distance to town that load seemed to weigh a ton. It severely taxed my strength, and when I got within a mile of my destination I shook the burden, and upon reaching town had T. E. Newcomb, an old guide and trapper who was to go the round of his traps, bring it in for me.

The next morning, with a fresh horse, I returned to my Blacktail camp, eager to again get busy with the lions. I rode down the Blacktail to the Yellowstone and up to the mouth of Geode Creek. The trail up this creek being impassable for the horse, I left him and started up the stream on foot with the dogs. Some distance up the creek I struck a fresh track in the snow and followed it to a box cañon, the walls of which were tangled slide rock. At the upper end of the cañon there was a small patch of timber, upon reaching which I turned the dogs loose and told them to get busy. Away they went on

the trail, and I climbed to a point from which I could see all around the patch. I soon heard the music of the dogs not more than a hundred yards below me and started down, and on the way came upon a track where the lion had dragged some animal into the timber. When I reached the dogs I found they had treed an old female lion, which I brought to ground by a shot through the heart from almost beneath her. She fell with yet enough life in her to put up a weak fight, but soon gave up the struggle and died. I discovered she

that the old fellow had been given his final dose by a lion, but on reaching the spot I found a dead cub at the foot of a tree and a very much alive little fellow up in the branches. "Red's" fighting growls had ceased when he had killed the cub, and he and the other dog were sitting on their tails watching the other one, evidently thinking it too small game to make a fuss over. From limb to limb I climbed up and seized the cub by a hind foot, and you should have seen the belligerent little rascal get busy. It succeeded in giving



IN LION-LAND, SHOWING YELLOWSTONE RIVER, CREVICE LAKE AND BLACKTAIL CREEK COUNTRY. X SHOWS WHERE SEVEN OF THE LIONS WERE KILLED.

had milk in her teats and knew that she had young which might be near by. After removing her entrails I hung the carcass on a tree and started with the dogs to locate the cubs, putting them on her back trail. The trail led about a mile in a southerly direction to a rocky ridge, where it turned west. Some distance further on the dogs set up a barking, the yelps of old "Red," one of the hounds, rising clearly above those of the others. His barks soon changed to the fighting growls and snarls, and all at once ceased entirely. I hurried forward, expecting to find

me a few scratches before I could get it between my stomach and the tree where it was unable to use its claws. I then seized it by the hide on its back and held it at arm's length, and soon had it on the ground. Taking a heavy muffler from my neck I tied it around its feet, put a dog-chain on it, and started with it under my arm, with the dead one in the other hand, for my horse.

On the way down I struck the tracks of six lions, all leading in the same direction, and all having apparently been made at the same time, and deter-

mined to return the next day and endeavor to locate the bunch.

The next morning my horse looked so gaunt that I concluded to rest him for a day. He was in fine shape the following morning and I started to where I had seen the six lion tracks. In following them, I found myself back to where I had captured the cubs, and I there discovered that the female I had killed was not the mother of the little ones. I found the tracks of another female which ran here and there around the vicinity of the tree as if seeking her lost kittens. I also found cub tracks in the newly fallen snow which were evidently the cubs belonging to the mother I had killed. These cubs had taken refuge in a cavity in the rocks, and I spent two days endeavoring to get them out without success. This occupied so much time that I did not think it worth while to locate the mother of the kits I had captured.

My next hunt was for a very large male lion that ranged up and down the Yellowstone. When I struck his trail I found that it was several days old, but knowing his haunts I started along it hoping to find a fresher one intersecting it at some point. On this trail I found the carcasses of two full grown and one yearling cow elk the big fellow had killed. He had dragged one carcass into a bunch of quaking aspens and covered it with sticks, leaves and snow. He had eaten but a small portion of meat from the others. The yearling was torn open at the flank and the small entrails devoured. I determined to get that old fellow if it took all winter, and made several hard rides looking for him.

When starting upon one of the rides I struck a fresh track about a mile below my Blacktail camp and started the dogs. Going up on a point from which I could get a view across the cañon to which the trail led, I saw a lion cross an opening from one patch of timber to another, the dogs on its trail. Again it came in sight and turned up a rocky ridge and disappeared. When the dogs

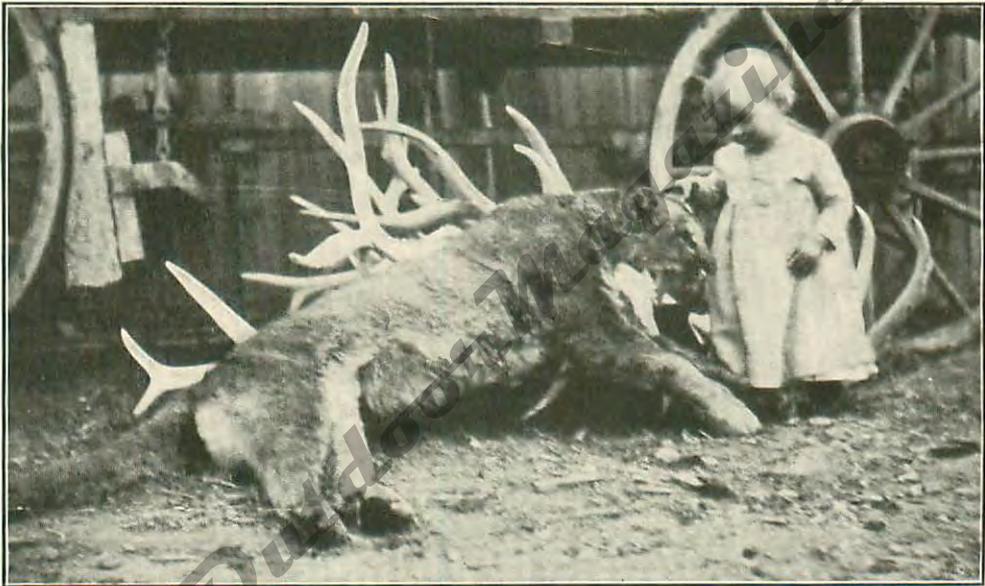
came upon the ridge they sighted me and came to me. I started them off again on the trail, which deflected and led across the Blacktail. We followed it along a timbered ridge for a mile, when it turned down toward the Yellowstone, and in the timber bottom the dogs announced a treed cat. I could not get my horse down the steep, rocky ridge, and left him and descended on foot. I was about half of the way down when the dogs again started their trailing baying, telling me the game had left the tree and was off again. From where I stood I saw the lion make straight for the river, into which it plunged and swam across, the game dogs following. It was then up to me to climb back to my horse and go down the stream about two miles, where it was fordable. When I got across I again located the dogs about half a mile below Knowles' cabin with the lion up a large fir tree. I shot it through both shoulders and it was dead when it struck the ground and the dogs pounced upon it, but were disappointed in not getting a fight. It was of a sort of blue-brown color and very fat, and measured 7 feet 2 inches.

My next trip was after two lions that had crossed Blacktail Creek during the night, leaving fresh tracks upon which I started the dogs. I rode around about three miles and crossed a ridge sloping to the north and heard the dogs about a mile away coming in my direction. I waited on this ridge at a point which afforded me a view almost to the river. The dogs trailed the lion to the edge of the timber lying between me and the river and plunged into the forest, making lively music in the mountain air. I soon heard them turn west up the river, and rode rapidly to head them off. About a mile further on the trail led into the tracks of a herd of elk and we lost it, and there we scored our first failure to locate the game we were after.

I still felt a hankering to add that big fellow's hide to my collection, and a few days later I located his trail on the lower Blacktail, leading west. I

followed it a short distance when it joined that of a female lion, and further along I discovered where they had killed a yearling elk, upon which they had fed. The trail then led up on a ridge to a high rock beside which they had laid down for a while, then led back to the elk carcass from which the female had evidently torn out a big chunk of meat to take to her kittens. Here I started the dogs on the trail. I followed, and discovered that on the north side of a very rocky cañon the lions had been so hard pressed that the

and the dogs at once pounced upon her. Raising upon her haunches, she put up a wicked fight, striking savagely with her paws whenever she saw a chance to hit a dog. Prince, one of the hounds, made a lunge at her head and she struck him with a paw, and instead of backing away, he dived in between her front legs and seized her by the throat. The other dogs kept busy chewing at her loins and wherever else they could set their teeth. At nearly every stage of the ten minutes' battle the lion was comparatively helpless, the hounds



SIXTEEN-MONTHS-OLD LION-CATCHER—H. ANDERSON, JR.—BESIDE A RECENT KILL.

female had dropped the meat she had been carrying. They had there separated, the female going down into the cañon and the male continuing along the ledge which ran along it. The hounds hung to the female trail, while the Airedales followed her companion. The hounds soon announced a "tree," and the Airedales, evidently not wishing to miss any fun, returned to them. I was anxious to see my four dogs fight a lion on level ground, and here was my chance. Descending to where the hounds had treed the beast I shot her through the hips and she came down

fighting so close in that she could not use her claws effectively, and the Airedales working viciously behind her. She at last succumbed, and the battle was over with victory perching on the banners of the dogs.

Leaving the carcass there, I started the dogs on the trail of the male, which I struck about 200 yards from the scene of the battle. After following it a short distance I found where the Airedales had treed him, where they had evidently thought he would remain while they went to help the hounds out on their job with the female. He had

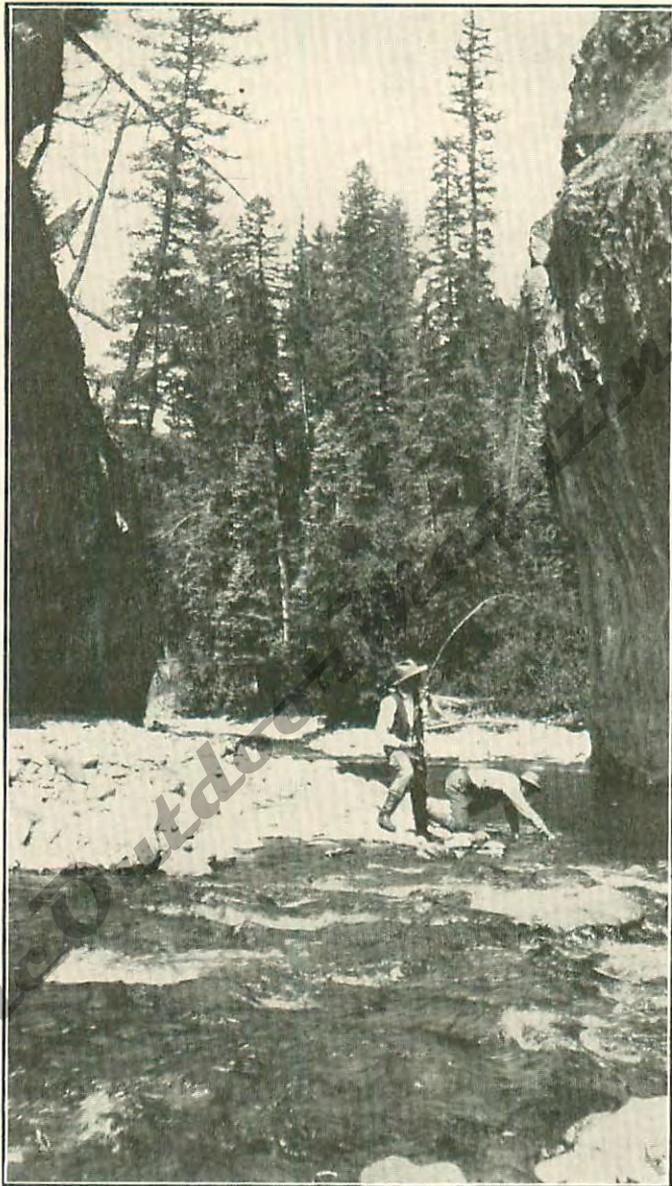
descended and had left on the run, and I sent the dogs away on his trail up a steep, rocky point. As I hurried along as fast as the rough nature of the ground would permit I met old "Red" coming back to look for me, and he looked up in my face and let out a few yelps, as much as to say: "If you will strike a trot you will get there sooner. We've got him off the ground." But I was almost out of steam and in no condition to do trotting. When I reached the top of the ridge I found they had the big tom up a tall, slim fir tree in a small basin. There were evidences of a scrap on the ground, and one of the big cat's feet was torn where a dog had bitten it. I shot from directly under him, and as he had his hind feet on a limb and was resting his body in a crotch, he just settled down and hung there. After taking a snapshot of him with my camera, I climbed the tree, which I found was no easy task, as it was many feet up to the first limb. I finally got within reach of his lionship and gave his tail a few yanks to assure myself that he was good and dead, as I had no very great desire for a battle so far from the ground, and found to my satisfaction that his demise was a dead sure thing. I tried to shake him loose, the excited dogs below barking crazily in their eagerness to fasten their teeth in his body. I finally climbed to a limb above him and got him by the back of the neck and tried to lift him sufficiently to dislodge him, but desisted through fear that the limb upon which I was standing might give way, and I had no desire to make an impromptu flight earthward and have a pack of dogs muzzing me up before I could convince them of my identity; acquaint them with the fact that I was a cat of a different species. I climbed down again alongside of him and after repeated efforts succeeded in working him loose, and down he crashed through the limbs and for a time afforded recreation for the dogs.

It had begun to snow, and after skinning the big fellow I returned to where I had killed the female, and removed her pelt. She was unusually large for a female, measuring seven feet nine inches from tip to tip. The male lion was a very old one, a patriarch of the forest, measuring nine feet two inches, and weighed about 200 pounds. His head bore the scars of many battles with dogs and rival lions, the fangs of his lower jaw were broken off and his ears were almost in tatters.

On another occasion when I was on my way in to Gardiner from my camp I struck the trail of a medium size lion and started the dogs on it. They followed it up over the summit of a steep ridge and treed the beast on the other side, and when I reached the spot I found a nice red female up a fir tree about fifteen feet from the ground. When she saw me approaching she jumped to the ground, alighting between the two Airedales on the lower side, the hounds being on the upper side. All four dogs made a dash for her, and she ran to another tree a short distance away. I rode up and gave her a shot through the lungs, bringing her to the ground where she put up a lively fight, but the dogs soon got the best of her.

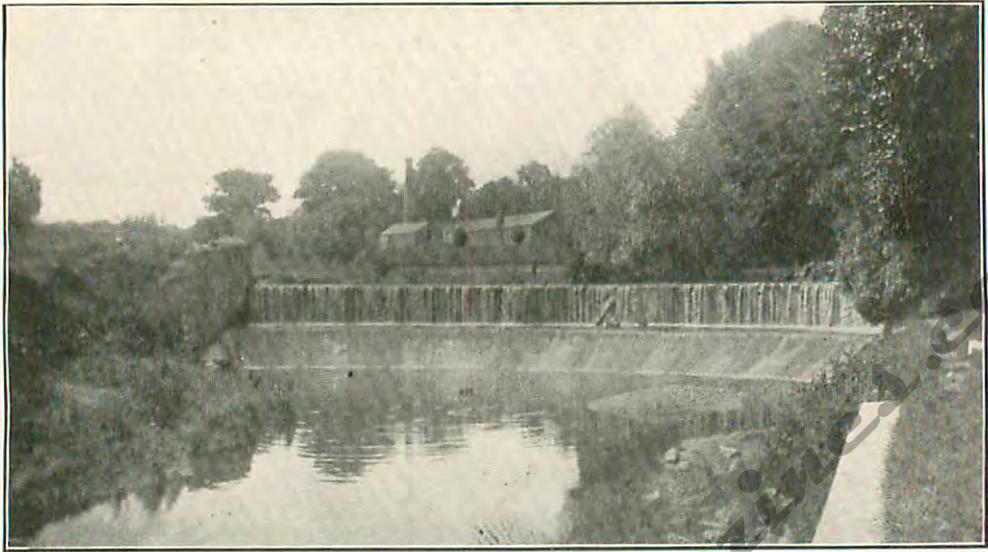
The hunts here described extended from November 16, 1913, to January 24, 1914. I have recorded only the actual killings and locations, omitting a number of chases in which I was unable to locate the game trailed. On these hunts I used the .22 high power Savage and found it a most effective lion gun. It badly mangles the inside of the game, but does not go through the body, as I have always found the copper jacket beneath the hide on the opposite side.

Ere this is published I will have added more chapters to my lion hunting experiences, and the lovers of wild beast hunting who read this may again hear from me through the always interesting columns of *Outdoor Life*.



BUT HE GOT AWAY.

A scene on the Cimarron, in Colorado. Photograph by Leon T. Gibson.



A DRY FLY POOL.

WET AND DRY FLY FISHING FOR TROUT

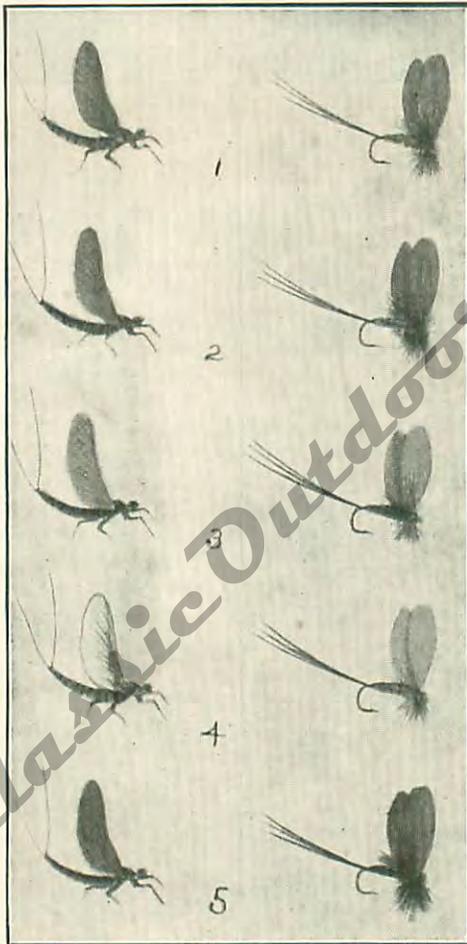
P. J. MOLLOY

Although there has been in American waters in the Eastern states a recent development of the art of dry-fly angling and a very useful magazine literature in promotion of the newer method, yet the great bulk of trout fishers still adhere to the old-time "chuck and chance it" business of the wet fly. We have even been treated to interesting controversies between redoubtable exponents of the wet and dry styles, each striving to show by the standard of success that his particular form of presenting an artificial fly is best; and, judged by this standard it is difficult to decide absolutely between the rival schools. Fortunately it is not necessary to make any such decision; the truth being that in accordance with the natural manner in which insect food is presented to trout under varying conditions, both methods intelligently pursued are equally correct, artistic and successful. The study of entomology,

the science that treats of insect life, is extremely serviceable to the man who goes fly-fishing, when his work with the rod is guided and illuminated by the natural facts as far as they apply to the ephemerals and other flies peculiar to the river of his choice.

Generally speaking, the insects that form the natural food of trout may be divided into land and water flies, the former being hatched and developed in the foliage of trees, plants, etc., along the stream, and blown thereon by the winds; and the latter evolved under water on the rocks, sand and mould that form the bed of the river. Land flies, when first they alight on the surface of the river are dry flies purely, and on smooth, glassy flats will remain dry with an occasional short flight or flutter until rapidly tumbling waters wash them underneath the surface, when they are whirled along, willy-nilly at the caprice of the current as

wet flies that will never regain their original dry character. The same is true of the water flies once they have risen to the surface on hatching out. Bear in mind that this wetting process darkens or clouds the original color of the insect where not at first black; so that where you have wet and dry imitations of the same insect, the dry should be exactly similar in shade and structure, while the wet should be slightly darker with much less wing. In the process of being submerged the wings of a fly are broken and washed close to the body and a hackle fly



A few of the ephemerals (water flies): No. 1, Yellow Dun; No. 2, Golden Dun; No. 3, Pale Evening Dun; No. 4, Pale Evening White; No. 5, Red Spinner.

(with no wing) of the proper shade is perhaps the best imitation to employ. Any angler may observe the land and water flies of his own region. The wings of the land flies are flat, those of the water flies erect; and the former are very numerous in the lists supplied by fishing tackle firms. The following may be had wet or dry: Hawthorn, Sedge, Oak Fly, Cow Dung Fly, Willow Fly, Yellow Sally, Blue Bottle or Wood Fly, Alder, Moths and Gnats.

Observe that once land flies fall on the stream, their general direction, whether dry or wet, is with the current, at first alive and shapely on the surface, then inert and less shapely, washed hither and thither as the wandering water may decide. When flies are dry, trout remain poised a short distance underneath the surface and neatly pick off the insects as they pass overhead. In moderately clear water a trout thus suspended close beneath the surface of a river clearly sees a moving object on either bank, provided the object is up stream from his position. Therefore to successfully present a dry imitation of a land or water fly, the angler, keeping well out of sight, must cast up-stream and allow his fly to float over the fish. If he clumsily move down-stream, trout on the lookout for surface flies will dive to the bottom until he passes. When fishing a fly wet, there is not the same necessity for extreme caution, as the trout take the fly beneath the surface. Still it is better to move up-stream rather than down; for when a trout rushes out from his lair to seize an object drifting by, he may see the angler and return without taking the fly. Besides, as the proper method of using the wet fly is to cast at an angle up-stream allowing the flies to drift downward with the current, the natural mode of progression for the angler is up-stream. Further practical suggestions may be delayed until some account of the ephemerae or water flies be first given.

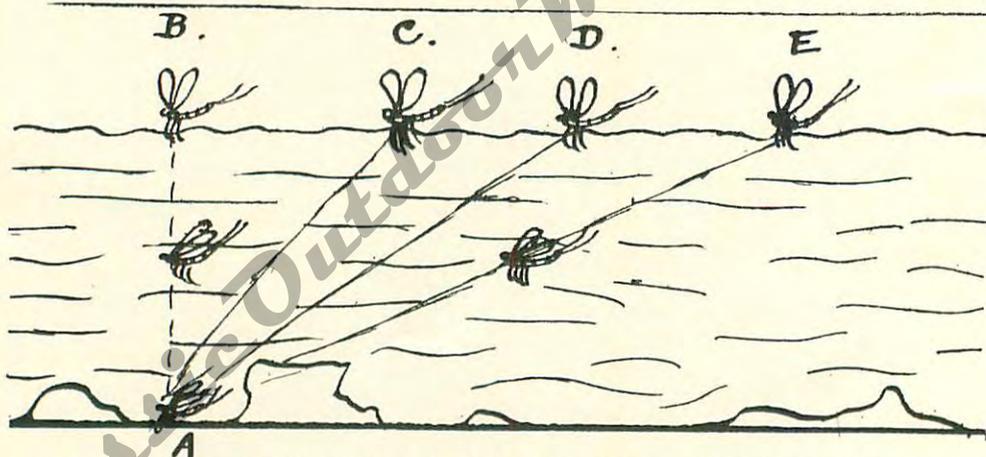
The up-winged or water flies are perhaps more familiar to anglers than the land varieties, and include many pat-

terns structurally alike that differ from each other mainly in shade. Of these there are only four families: Olive Duns, Blue Duns, Browns and Mays, which include the March Brown, Hare's Ear, Turkey Brown, August Dun, Olive Quills, Ginger Quill, Blue Quill, Whirling Dun, Golden Dun, and May Flies, amongst others. They are more directly the natural insect food of trout than the land flies that reach the rivers more or less by accident.

The brief existence of the water fly is spent normally in and on the water. The action of heat develops the egg into the larvæ state and then speedily to that of the perfect insect. The first two stages are entirely worked out under water. When the perfect insect emerges from the pupa-case, it rises at once to the surface. In perfectly still water this would be a perpendicular process, but in rivers the upward passage is deviated from the perpendicular in proportion to the rate of the current



BESIDE THE WATERS.



B—STILL WATER; C—QUIET FLOW; D—MODERATE FLOW; E—FAST FLOW. CURRENT FLOWS TO RIGHT.

at the point of hatching out. This will be clearly understood from the accompanying sketch.

It will be noticed in the rising process that the wings of the insects are depicted flat, owing to the pressure of the water, and only attain the upright posture on reaching the surface. From which it follows that in contradistinc-

tion to the land fly the first stage of the water fly is wet, and in that stage is taken by trout. The succeeding stages are similar to those described for the other variety.

You will find from observation that hatches of these flies do not often occur in deep water, but on shallows and at the edges of deeps. A certain per-

centage of those hatched on the rippling shallows survive to float over many deep, still reaches before being finally submerged; but very few submerged flies pass along beneath the surface of these quiet places. So that on still, glassy pools, practically the only insect food received by trout is found on the surface. In fast, broken water, where the current is strong, trout may have a choice of submerged and surface flies, but the former are more easily obtained and most frequently taken. Hence, to evolve a scientific working rule from the philosophy of fly-fishing for trout: on smooth pools and glides float your fly on the surface; on the ripples and in fast water, drift your fly beneath the surface.

Apart from the natural insects so far discussed there are many fanciful creations that trout will take "on general principles." Such are Wickham's Fancy, Gold Grouse, Silver Doctor and many others.

At any time when insect food is pres-

ent on a stream, a certain insect will predominate in quantity, and will sometimes be taken by trout to the exclusion of all other varieties present. This is unquestionably true of floating flies and may be true also of the sunk or wet flies. Hence, if the angler notice large numbers of a certain fly being taken by trout, it is wisdom to use that pattern. If no such guidance may be had, if trout cannot be seen feeding, select the most likely pattern for the season and go to work with it. In both styles fish fine. For dry-fly work, grease your line well, but never your leader. Oil your fly sparingly. The greased line will not interfere with wet fly fishing when you come to the ripples. Your leader and wet flies will sink effectively and sufficiently deep. Use a tapered leader with finest drawn gut at the end. Keep your eyes (and your brains) open; move quietly, fish up stream, and so good bye and good luck to you, my distant brother of the rod.



Fool Around and Fish

Oh, the days are getting balmy
 And the grass is showing green,
 While the leaves are all awakening,
 Fine as I have ever seen;
 And I've got the same old feeling
 That comes o'er me every spring,
 When the brook begins its calling
 And the birds begin to sing.
 It's a lazy-hazy feeling,
 Coupled with a fervent wish,
 Not to do a dog-gone blessed thing
 But lie around and fish.
 Just to mosey to a quiet place,
 And lie around and fish—
 Just to sort'er shake my troubles off
 And fool around and fish.

There's a silv'ry pool that's hidden
 Well from anyone I know,
 Where the sentinels are giants,
 With their branches hanging low.
 There no sound of habitation—
 There no sign of sordid quest,
 But the peaceful, slumbering quiet,
 Where a man can truly rest.
 Oh, it's calling, calling, calling,
 For it knows my every wish
 Is to dabble in its waters
 And just fool around and fish.
 Not to do another blessed thing,
 But lie around and fish—
 Just to get out in God's garden once,
 And tinker 'round and fish.

GRIFF CRAWFORD.



CAMPFIRE TALKS

By CHAUNCEY THOMAS

No. 26—Tramping

Before me is a letter which says in substance: "My friend and I are not in good health. The doctor says that we must have plenty of outdoor exercise, and should also sleep out of doors. Neither of us are strong enough to do outdoor rough, hard work, nor do we know how. Besides, we don't want to. We want to rest and build ourselves up. Neither of us are hunters, but we both love the outdoor things, and don't care to hunt. Besides, we have not the money, even if we wanted to, as hunting is nowadays a rich man's game. What do you say to a long tramp, going slow and light, and doing just as we please? Is it practical? We have talked it all over and decided to ask you for suggestions about what it would cost and what to take? Also what to do and what to avoid? And where to go?"

"Remember, all we want this summer is a good time out of doors, with as little cost and hard work as possible, but plenty of fresh air and sunshine and light exercise. As for 'roughing it'—no, thank you. Nor do we want any Pullman cars nor hotels, and the average summer resort, with all the comforts of home' is the worst of all.

"You know what we want; now please tell us how to get it."

Some job that, but I'll try it. First, tell a man what he wants, then tell him how to get it. But all said and done, it is the sanest letter about outdoors, and probably covers the needs and secret wants of more people, than anything I have seen for a long time.

The trouble with most of our outings is that we set out to go somewhere or to do something, then break our fool necks doing it, and come home played out. We seek pleasure in the object rather than in the process, and that is work instead of play. When one goes through a certain process for an object, that is work; and when one goes through the same process for the process itself, then that is play. Baseball, hunting, chess, boxing, motoring, walking, or anything else for money is hard work, but done for the thing itself, it is play, pleasure or amusement—call it what you will. "Play" is the mother-word.

Well, these two friends of mine have the right idea. They want an outdoor trip just

for the game itself, and I fancy there are thousands of others who would do the same thing if they knew it were done so cheaply and so easily. For \$1 a day each you can live like kings. The two chief factors in such a trip is no place to go and plenty of time to get there. Pack the campkit, take the trolley to the edge of town; then let affairs unfold themselves as Fate ladles it out. If you want to stay at the end of that trolley line for five minutes or five days, why, then, stay there. There is no one to say you nay. Five miles is enough for one day.

A definite plan spoils many an outing. If you don't get there the trip is a failure. So first and above all, have no cut-and-dried program. Change your mind, and your route, as you please. If it rains three days straight, then you won't be delayed in the least. Nor will you miss anything on the way for lack of time to turn aside and enjoy it, for the very thing that invites you is the very thing you have come to see or do. It may be a country dance or a ten-mile ride on a load of hay or on a handcar, or all night on a mountain top. I once spent a very pleasant afternoon trimming a hat for a certain old-time frontier woman that I know. As I had just come from New York city, I assured her that the result was the latest effect on Fifth Avenue, and she was correspondingly happy, even if for once in my life I did invent a new fashion.

Another time we floated all day down a big irrigating canal on a raft made of planks borrowed from the ditch company for the occasion, and got our legs beautifully sun-burned. We were in the water so much, keeping that rollicking craft keel down, that our costume resembled the Japanese, or that worn by Romeo. Now, if you are bound to get somewhere, and have just got to get there in a hurry, you can't do these things. Nor can you enjoy them if you have a whole homestead with you, usually on four wheels. But if footloose and free, then a half dollar to some brakeman of the way freight may give you and your chum and the dog a pleasant afternoon's ride to somewhere else. Just where that is depends, of course, on when you get there. It may be this pile of old ties—they burn well, usually—where the

scenery is fine and there is a trickle of water near, or it may be that old ivy-covered farm house, if you are in mind of a woman-cooked meal and want to buy some bread and eggs.

Go independent as a wolf. That is the secret of it all. Leave behind everything that hampers you. Then you can trim hats, launch a raft or ride on the handcar as you see fit.

You will need a campkit, of course. Otherwise you would be bound, and be dependent on others for bed and board. Don't ask yourself: "What shall we take?" but "How much can we leave behind?"

In place of the house and lot you will need—for two of you, I mean—a very light, small tent, weighing about five pounds. Then comes a light hatchet and a small flat file to edge it with. The bed next, of course. And I suggest wool-filled cheese-cloth comforters, weighing about three pounds each. Montgomery Ward sells them at \$2.67. They are much warmer than blankets, pound for pound, cost much less, but won't wear over one-fourth as long. But what we want is warmth, lightness and low cost. For a waterproof use either the lightest grade of rubber sheeting, or of oiled cloth, either one weighing about two or three pounds, for a piece measuring 6 by 7 feet. Rubber blankets weigh five or six pounds, this size. With a slit in the middle, this serves as a poncho. The tent cloth is around the rest of the outfit, remember, when packed.

A few of the lightest tin dishes that nest closely, for cooking, and without handles. By all means take a small pair of nippers, or pincers. They are simply iron fingers to me, and I carry a pair as I do my pocket knife. Use these nippers for everything hot. Then there is no need of handles on any dish.

We now have our house, our bed and our table. As for guns, a pocket revolver will be wise, perhaps, if in a state civilized enough to let you own and use a six-gun. But have it light in weight. If you must have a gun, I suggest a single-barreled 16-bore shotgun, with a barrel not over two feet long. If in a country where one may meet considerable hard citizens, a shotgun in sight tends to keep one out of trouble. On the whole, I suggest the shotgun, but one must have this item decided for him by the country he lives in. The idea is not to hunt, but to pick up a stray shot now and then as it offers, to avoid trouble from hold-ups and drunks, and to carry and pack easily. Hence the need of the sawed-off barrel. If you can afford it, a .22 pistol will give lots of amusement, and some game, if there is game to be had, or is in season. But the 16-bore and the .22 target pistol is plenty of shooting iron. Or a .22 rifle may take the place of both. But it must be a take-down. Cartridges, of course, but not

too many, for lead is inclined to weigh something, and you can buy more almost anywhere. If there is fish to be had, you know what to take.

And now comes the dog. If he is a good dog, then leave him at home. All you want is the common garden variety of "yaller" dog—the kind you don't have to worry about. He is lots of company, and when you get tired of him you can present him to some one. You can do this often. His chief use on the trip is to look pleasant, and to give you something to poke fun at rather than at each other. When he chases some wandering chicken you can lick him, by way of variety. By all means take the dog. You might adopt one on the way, but 'tis better to go prepared beforehand, for a dog is a man's substitute for a baby. He is a necessary nuisance. If he gets to be too cussed, shoot him and try another. You can't lose him, and no one else would have him as a gift.

If you drink, then don't take any whisky along. But if you are on the water wagon the way I am, then there is no use talking; but a bottle of whisky will open many a door that cannot be passed with either gold or a sledge hammer. Can you ride on the load of hay for a dime? You cannot. Can you board his wagon like a pirate crew? You cannot. In either case you trudge behind in the dust. The "yaller" dog, of course, promptly takes his place under the wagon in the shade and pokes along with hanging tongue, but you and your chum foot it, and sweat beneath the packs.

But have a drink? Surest thing you know. Climb up and ride as far as you please. One swig of firewater, and you snooze those ten miles, gently rocked in the cradle of the hay; otherwise you walk. As a medium of exchange whisky has an unique value on occasion, and is even a useful form of bribery. Shake the uncorked bottle within two inches of Sambo's nose and offer him a good long pull at it if he will transport both packs to the top of that hill across the river, and Sambo starts right off with those packs. On top of the hill an hour later you part with a dime's worth of liquor in a tincup, and Sambo departs happy, while you dispose yourself in the shade and rest from your labors. Offer Sam a dime an hour ago, and "No, sah." That looks suspiciously like work—that hill and those packs do—and he really needs a dol-lah for it all. Whisky doth oil the wheels of rural hospitality where otherwise doth lure frowning suspicion and tight-fisted thrift. I don't know where 'bouts in Shakespeare you will find that, for I never saw it there.

The next important thing to tact on a trip of this kind is a clean shave. One must be neatly dressed, otherwise he is taken for a tramp. If you are waved aside as a peddler, don't grieve; you'll get used

to that. When the inmates see that you have nothing to sell and that all you want is a pail of milk and some kind words—well, they may ask you to stay all night, and daughter may even play for you on the cabinet organ. Hence one dresses differently than on a regular sure-enough hunting trip. Farmers, as a rule, hate hunters, and usually with good reasons. The shot to be felt under the hide of the old brindle cow is the foundation of his complaint, to say nothing of broken apple limbs and tramped melon vines.

But you don't want to be all dolled up, either. Corduroy is perhaps the best material for such a trip, as it looks better than any other outdoor material, and the Norfolk jacket effect is quite taking for such occasions. But above all, be clean, shave religiously, display a gold watch and chain as optical evidence of prosperity, and wear a collar and fresh necktie. A white handkerchief for special occasions helps out a whole lot, I've found. And if you want to establish yourself in really worth-while places, carry along a few engraved cards.

Don't laugh. That is just what I mean. Now, listen: Once upon a time I sat on a roll of blankets by the side of Snake River, in Idaho, where it leaves the railroad and enters as naked a wilderness as I ever saw. An upright, clean-cut man strode by me, with a glance of indifference. On his way back he asked me a question about the bridge, and his voice was short and crisp, in the tone he used to drive "bohunks," as the hobo laborers of that section are called. I answered, and mildly suggested that a cantilever bridge would be better than a pier and span. Then to his puzzled question of "Who the blankety-blank are you, anyway?" I handed him my card. That card ended it. We traveled down the muddy Snake together for several days. He was

one of the four men in charge of the driving of one of the longest tunnels in this country, and I was no different in appearance than several hundred men with blanket packs thereabouts, except that bit of white pasteboard. So take a few along. When the pocketbook and flask won't get you in, maybe the clean shave and the engraved card will.

All of this for partly civilized sections. If you head for the high hills and the wild places, then take more grub and an axe, and buy a pack jack. Otherwise the conditions remain about the same. The sportsman has no mortgage on the great outdoors, remember. It is yours if you will but put out your foot and take it.

I'm going on one just as soon as I can, out over a stretch of prairie, June green, then along a rolling stream up into the wooded hills and still on to the bare rocks above, there to watch the sun go down as the smoke of my fire begins to show above the treetops. I hear my chum gently cussing the mosquitoes, and the smell of fried rabbit comes through the brush to me. So I pick up the pail of water and wander back to the fire, strangely restless with instincts born again of the smell of the green timber and the wood smoke, and the odor of the raw earth, yet content with the peaceful evening and with our comfortable little camp. Starlight or storm, it is snug for the night. There are no Indians now, so its fire can gleam for miles.

Nothing is freer or costs less than a night outdoors. It is free to all that walk, yet of the millions in cities pent, how many have ever lain them down on their mother earth and slept beneath the stars?

Nothing is better than a new-made camp by a new-made trail. The first trickle of flame in the dusk lights up a new world, yet 'tis as old as Life and Fire. 'Tis yours if you will but pack and go.

Good Night

Softly fades the lingering day,
Swallows from the chimneys glide;
Evening soon will hold full sway,
Peace with thee abide.

Drowsy slumber-time is nigh,
Twilight falls on every side;
Little stars now pierce the sky,
Peace with thee abide.

Darkly Night has won his place,
Sleepy birds their heads now hide;
Dewy winds bathe Nature's face,
Peace with thee abide.

HAMILTON ABERCROMBIE.

ANGLING DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY
O.W. SMITH

The Angler's Fireside

A Testimony Meeting.



The editor is a sure-enough fisherman, as well as a writer of fishing "dope."

For a long time we have been threatening to publish some of the complimentary letters received from our correspondents, not simply because we like to make public recognition of the kind things said, but also because most of such letters are suggestive. True it is that "A little praise now and then is relished by the worst of men." I have

just gone over a pile of such letters—forty-two of them—and without exception they have intimated that we are on the right track and breathe a spirit of good fellowship that is truly inspiring. The first quotation is from a long letter received from a good Presbyterian preacher in New York:

"Your letter of the 15th, concerning your transfer to *Outdoor Life*, has just been received. I hasten to congratulate you. Having read your letter I again took up the March copy of that magazine you kindly sent me last summer, and carefully examined it. I certainly like it. It has splendid type, furnishes interesting reading, and is not dry in the matter of scientific gun lore."

Then follows a personal matter, for I have known the gentleman through correspondence for a number of years. Those were good words, and the preacher proved himself a practiser as well as preacher, for he is now a subscriber, and therefore a member of the Fireside Club. Just look over the pages of any copy and see if *Outdoor Life* does not deserve his words of commendation. The next letter selected is from a certain well-known writer, who "hangs out," when at home, in Minnesota:

"I take pleasure in writing you, telling you of the incomparable pleasure it has brought me to know that you are to be with *Outdoor Life*—a liberal and most thoroughly brilliant contemporary. I shall not only read your department with the same pleasure I have derived from looking into your works in the past, but I shall gain inspiration, in thinking of you, to follow my own pursuits and pleasures, allied as they are with your pleasurable own."

Now, we enjoyed that, especially the latter part; that is just what this Angling Department desires to be—an aid to your enjoyment. As a trout creek matches mood with mood—laughing rapids for you when the things of life go well; deep, quiet, refreshing pools to meet your heart need with gentle blandishments when things go ill. So we of the Fireside hope that you will come and sit down with us, no matter what the care and trouble, joy and sudden pleasure.

The next letter we take up is one that gives us something more than pleasant

words, leaves a spur to ambition in our minds. It is from a well-known lecturer who lives out in Iowa. He says:

"Just received your circular announcing that you had cast your lot with Outdoor Life as its angling editor. Allow me to be one of the first to congratulate you. Of course you may be sure that Outdoor Life is on my magazine list for 1914. Now it is up to you to convert a bunch of old-timers who love the rod and reel into the belief that Outdoor Life is the real thing piscatorially. I, for one, expect to be converted and wish you well and a full creel in your new field of labor."

We liked that letter, but beg to take issue with the gentleman in one particular. It is not up to the editor to convince the boys, but it is up to the comrades of the Campfire to make this the one and only angling magazine. What a big-game magazine Outdoor Life has been, standing in a class by itself. Now, if the fishermen will just gather to the support of this Angling Department in ever-increasing numbers, as we believe they will, we will show the sportsmen of America a big-game magazine with a fish tail. (You may spell it t-a-l-e if you desire.)

Naturally, a great many letters have come from Wisconsin, where the angling editor lives when he is at home, so we will pass them by with a "thank you, boys," to take up a letter from Oregon, written by a man who used to live in Wisconsin, makes artificial flies, which I some time ago dubbed "spread-eagles," and writes delightful fishing letters. He says, in part:

"I note with pleasure that you are to be connected with Outdoor Life. I shall keep in touch with you in your new connection, as I see the Outdoor Life every month. I wish you all kinds of good luck, and shall be glad to boost your magazine whenever I can; furthermore, whenever I have anything to donate to the good cause I will send it to you as usual." [Then the news part of his letter is too good to omit.] "I am now living in Eugene, Ore. It is somewhat different from old Wisconsin, but there are more fly-fishermen here and more kinds of trout. We have Rainbow, Dolly Varden, Steel-head, Mountain Brown, Silversides, Salmon and many others—all good fighters, with no closed season on trout over ten inches. My 'spread-eagle' flies take fine here, and I expect to start a small factory to meet the demand for them. I hold the record for large trout on Coos River; caught it on a Robin No. 9, and had the fight of my life to land it. Anything I can do for you out here will be a pleasure to me, so do not be bashful about asking."—E. S. Brooks.

If that would not warm the cockle-burrs of a fellow's heart I do not know what would. I shall expect to have the pleasure of printing many a welcome communication from my old Wisconsin friend. The fellows we desire in these Fireside meetings are those with ideas and those who have specific wants. Brooks can tie flies that are "different," and I know he can catch trout. Ask him questions—and my word for it—you will ask a man who can answer.

But time and space flies, and here is a letter from Vermont, just a line or two, but we must have it:

"Let me congratulate you upon your adoption into the Outdoor Life family. Will be glad to join later myself, and you will surely hear from me soon."—Proctor, Vt.

Something uncanny about the way all these fellows congratulate me upon my connection with Outdoor Life. I know what it means, all right. In order to trot in this class I've just got to ginger up. And here is the rub: Alone I can not make this Fireside the open forum I desire; you must tell of your experiences and send along your pictures. For this department we do not need literary articles—just-as-it-happened stories, problems solved, questions that have come up—any old thing you and yours have found of interest will be of interest to we and ours. But another letter touches my elbow, this time from North Carolina, a letter with a hunting tang:

"I note that you have become angling editor of Outdoor Life. While I am sure we will regret losing you from your old place, still I must congratulate you upon your advancement, but it will also necessitate my taking the new magazine. I have been away from my office all fall, too busy for even a quail shoot. Monday I take four days off—quail, partridge and turkey. Wish you could be with me."—H. G. R.

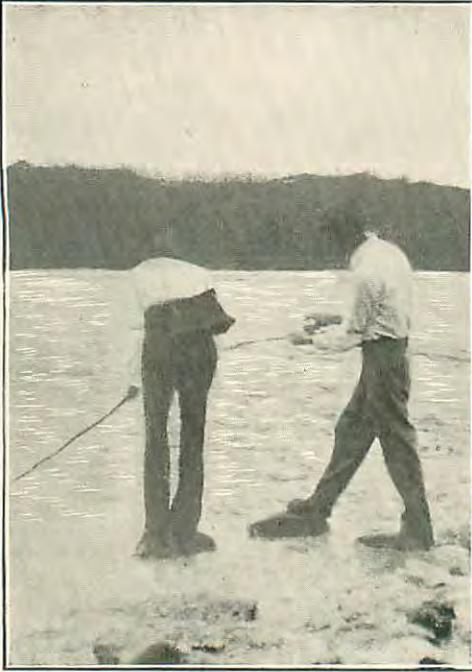
When I received that letter did I not just wish that I could slam the desk shut and steal away. But the next best thing to doing anything is to read about the fellow that has. When the fishing season opens, H. G. R., who is an attorney, will surely send us some material well worth our while. And, say, we have several good things ahead, more a-bornin'. It would be rare fun to keep this up ad infinitum, but it may not be; we must close somewhere, and it might just as well be right here as anywhere. Have you noticed that the letters mentioned have come from various sections of this country of ours? Almost every state in the Union is already represented in our files, and still they come. We are glad of it—glad for the good words you say of the magazine, but glad as we are, we desire informational letter or letters that bring out information. If you do not wish to have your communication shelved, make your letter vital, of worth to others beside you and I. We may never 'toot our own horn' like this again, but the temptation was too great; we just had to do it.

O. W. SMITH,
Angling Editor.

Letter No. 26—The Muskie That Got Away.

Editor Angling Department:—I wonder if you will give me room in the Angling Department to relate a story of the "one that got away." I think you yourself not long since quoted a late President of the United States to the effect that it was the large fish that usually escaped. At any rate, let me tell my version of the oft-repeated story of the fish that got away.

I am a resident of the "Sucker State," but I do my fishing in the "Badger," for good



"Made a lunge with the gaff."

and sufficient reasons, though I am too loyal to my own commonwealth to give expression to them. Last summer a party of us set out from Glidden, on the Soo railway, planning to unravel that twisted skein of water named on the maps, Chippewa River. We did not do all that we planned, which is neither here nor there, leaving the river where it makes its way under the Soo railway near Poplar, because we lavished so much time along its upper reaches, in love with the great fishing. It was at "Goose Eye Rapids," below Barker Lake, an enlargement of the river simply, that I hooked and lost my record fish. Barker Lake afforded splendid fishing. Several fine muskie were taken, though I failed to connect with a record fish. It is the unexpected that always happens, so when we went into camp near the rapids mentioned, I fixed up my light casting rod, thinking that I might rise a bass or two. I fastened a "Charmer Minnow" to my gimp, a barber-pole affair, and cast out into the deep pool just below the rapids. At the second cast I got a great strike, and the way the line was ripped from the reel told me that I had hooked something larger and more spirited than a bass. The swift water, added to the fish's weight, made the fight extremely difficult from the very first. Perhaps, as a rule, muskie do not leap on a slack line, but that one did, and again and again, shaking his great body until my pet lure beat a merry tattoo on his

armor-plate sides. I stood upon a point of rocks well out in the river, the shores being lined with a dense growth of underbrush and small-sized trees, so that following along the bank was out of the question. I had to draw that fish back against the current—coax is the proper word. Several times he had the line almost all off the reel, but always I stopped his rushes just at the last instant. A comrade saw my plight, and with gaff came to the rescue. Well, there is no use continuing this yarn. At last I got his bigness up to us, and H. B. (may Heaven forgive him; I will when I can) made a lunge with the gaff, missed the muskie and caught the line. Somehow I do not know just how, the line broke, and fish and lure were free. I am going up there again and get that fish; may my lure still be fast in his great jaws.—"Sucker."

Answer.—This is the sort of letter we like, newsy and informational, a been-there letter. There is a difference between leaping on a slack line and on a tight one. In such a place as you apparently were fishing, when snubbed, the fish naturally must struggle to the surface and break water; even a bull-head might do it. I am sure that a muskie leaps on a slack line in still water, however. I have often seen them go into the air, and as you say, shake themselves, at the prick of the hook, when apparently there was no strain from the line. What is your opinion regarding this matter? We will be glad to hear from all muskie fishermen.—O. W. S.

Letter No. 27—Some Books Upon Fish Culture.

Editor Angling Department:—Could you give me the names of a few books upon fish culture? I am a farmer, but think of going into the business of raising trout and bass for market.—Farmer, Iowa.

Answer.—You are informed that there are any number of books upon the subject mentioned, among the most helpful being the bulletins issued by the United States Fish Commission. A splendid book is that one by Livingstone Stene, "Domesticated Trout," issued in 1891. Another really worth while volume is Fred Mather's "Modern Fish Culture," issued by Forest and Steam Publishing Company, in 1900. Both of these books are by men who held government jobs as specialists, therefore speak with authority.

One of the latest volumes upon the topic, and therefore deserving of a more lengthy review, is "Fish Culture in Ponds and Other Inland Waters," by William E. Meehan, at one time fish commissioner of Pennsylvania. This book is issued by Sturgis & Walton as a volume of "The Farmer's Practical Library." It is practical and it is complete, just the sort of book to put into the hands of the one who seeks to make a success of fish-raising for pleasure or profit. It treats of

the various fish raised, from trout up through, or down through, the long list of well-known fishes to common perch. Just to mention the different species treated—black bass, rock bass, calice bass, sunfishes, catfish, carp, trout, salmon, yellow perch, pickerel, muscallonge, white perch, striped bass, smelts and suckers. There are chapters also upon "Frog Culture," "Making and Managing an Aquarium" and "The Culture and Cure of Gold Fish." I do not know that I have ever found so complete a book in so small a compass. It is a book for the angler, too, for he derives a vast amount of information regarding his pet sport from its pages. We are glad to recommend to you this volume, if not the last upon the subject. Sells at \$1, I believe. If the foregoing does not supply your needs, write me again. All above books, by the way, are for sale by Outdoor Life, as well as other works on angling subjects.

Letter No. 28—The Dictionary of Flies.

Editor Angling Department:—Will you kindly describe for me the proper feathers and material for the following flies: Beaverkill, Seth Green and March Brown?—Amateur, N. D.

Answer.—Beaverkill—Body, white silk floss, with slight show of gold tinsel at butt; legs, brown hackle wound whole length of body; wings, blue heron. Seth Green—Body, green silk floss, ribbed with yellow silk; legs, brown hackle; wings, light brown mottled turkey. March Brown—Tail, Scotch grouse; body, dark brown, ribbed with yellow silk; legs, Scotch grouse; wings, Scotch grouse. As Scotch grouse is very difficult to secure, other feathers are substituted.—O. W. S.

Letter No. 29—The Marks of a Muskie.

Editor Angling Department:—I would be much pleased if you would tell me how I may know whether a fish is a pickerel, pike or true muskie. Is there any difference?—Bait Caster, N. Y.

Answer.—Your query opens a much-mooted question, which is sometimes put in this form: "When is a muskie not a muskie?" "Answer: When it is a pike." In letter No. 17 we answered a question regarding northern pike and the so-called wall-eyed, which, as we there pointed out, is not a pike at all, but a perch. There are but four true pikes—the banded pickerel, a small fish found east of the Allegheny Mountains; the little pickerel, or grass pike, a fish of the Mississippi Valley and streams tributary to Lakes Erie and Michigan; the common pickerel, green pike or jack, the common pickerel of New England, a fish of considerable importance, as it attains a weight of several pounds, it is the fish commonly caught and

called pickerel; the Great Lakes pike is the fish of the Mississippi Valley and northward through Canada, where the Creek Indians call it "eithinyeo-cannooshoeoo"—pronounce it for yourself—it is the same fish of which Walton writes so entertainingly in the "Complete Angler," saying that when properly cooked he is "too good for any but anglers and honest men"; lastly is the muscallonge, a fish closely related to the former



Fifteen-pound muskie caught at Potato Lake, Wisconsin.

type, but differing. There is a difference in form and coloration, but unfortunately these differences are not constant, some anglers to the contrary notwithstanding. I have many letters on file from various sections of

the country where muskie angling is the last word in big-game fishing, those anglers asserting oftentimes that they are never in doubt regarding the identity of a given specimen. I can not be sure in the matter of coloration, for that depends to a great extent upon the particular water inhabited. Of course we all know that the general color of a pike is "bluish or greenish-gray, with many whitish or yellowish spots, which are usually smaller than the eye," while the muskie is described as "dark gray, with round or square blackish spots of varying size on a ground color of grayish silver." But, after all, it would take a lawyer to tell the difference there, and the language is that of a well-known scientific work. To the fish student the branchiostegal rays offer a means of identification. Branchiostegal rays are the bony structures on the under side of the gill covers that, like the ribs of an umbrella, assist in opening and closing them as the fish breathes, and are

usually denoted by the letter B or Br. Now, the muskie has 17 to 19 Br., the pike 14 to 16, the eastern pickerel 14 to 16, the little western pickerel from 11 to 13, usually 12, while the American, or banded pickerel, has 12 to 13, but as it is found, as noted above, east of the Alleghenies, it need not confuse us. Now, there is another means of identification which holds true, to-wit: The muskie's cheek and gill covers are scaly on the upper half only; the pike's cheeks are covered with scales above and below, but the gill covers are scaled above only; the pickerel has both cheeks and gill covers covered with scales above and below. Fix this last fact in mind, forgetting that the color of each fish should be thus and so, and you will have little trouble in determining the nature of a capture. It is exceedingly difficult for a fisherman to learn to distinguish fish by anatomical differences, but we must if we are going to be certain in our naming. O. W. S.

Trout Lore

Chapter 6—Fly-Fishing for Trout.

Trout are pre-eminently the fly-fisherman's fish. True, other fish—almost any fish—will upon occasion, rise to the challenge of the feathers, from humble "pumpkin-seeds" up through the long list to the great northern pike; but even so, it is the wild, winsome wonder of the brooklets which is most often sought, even as it was because of him that fishing with artificial flies came into existence. It would be interesting to know who first used the "counterfeit presentment" to lure speckled beauties from their watery home.

A GLIMPSE AT ANCIENT HISTORY

We only know that the art had its rise in pre-Waltonite days; a way back in ancient Greek and Roman times fly-fishing was practiced very much as it is today. If time sufficed or we dared sufficiently to elongate this paragraph, we would enjoy tracing out the history of fly-making and fly-fishing, beginning our study away back beyond the days of Jesus Christ, perhaps three hundred or more years before His birth; but that may not be. Only remember this: fly-fishing was hoary with age before the wise and pious prioress of the Benedictine nunnery of Topwell wrote her treatise on "hawkynge, huntynge and fisshynge." Think of the following when next you fasten a red hackle to your leader: "In the begynning of Maye a good flye, the body of reddyd wull and lappid abowte wyth blacke silke; they wynges of the drake of the redde capons hakyll." No, fly-fishing is by no means a modern sport.

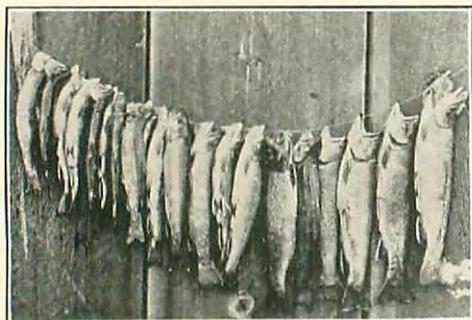
In a word, the theory of the artificial fly is simply to duplicate the appearance and

action of the living winged insect. However, two schools have arisen, the first, known as colorists, insist that all that is necessary is to duplicate the colors of the natural fly; the second school, the formalists, insist with equal emphasis that the proper method to pursue is to duplicate the form and never

THE THEORY OF THE ARTI- FICIAL FLY

mind the color. Now, no doubt, much can be said upon either side, but the fact of the matter is, he is most wise who occupies a middle-of-the-road course, employing both methods. There are days when "any old fly" will prove attractive, and there are also days when no fly will prove attractive. I have passed through experiences which have converted me to the colorist school, but always those experiences have been followed by others which have reconverted me to the formalist faith. I have about come to the conclusion that to change from a large fly to a small one, or from a small fly to a larger, is as apt to produce net results as to change colors and pattern. In my experience the smaller fly is as a rule the successful one. Do not worry over many types of flies; a half dozen standard patterns in various sizes will prove ample. Time was when I thought it absolutely necessary to have every known product of the fly-tyer's art in my stock book. Today I am satisfied with a meagre half dozen or so. While I pay attention to both form and color, there is something which I believe is of greater importance.

I have become an osteopath; I believe in "manipulation." More depends upon the man behind the fly than upon the fly itself.



The fly-fisher's reward.

granting of course that the fly should be

HANDLING THE FLY

what the Irishman called "dacent." The problem of the fly-fisher, as stated by Mr. Wells, is: "First, to place the fly within reach of the trout without alarming it; second, to handle it as to simulate a living creature, and one tempting its appetite; third, to do this in such a manner that if the fly is touched, the trout shall infallibly be fastened."

This may well be called the gospel of fly-fishing, but how to do it; ah, there's the rub. Not every angler learns to obey the first rule even, and when it comes to the third, who can say, "This law have I kept from my youth up." That delicate handling of the fly, that quick response to a rising fish, neither can be taught on paper; the best school for the would-be fly-fisherman is the school of experience, actual fishing on a trout stream. I have cast by the hour upon the back lawn, to the great amusement of passers-by and abject terror to the house dog, but I am ready to assert that I have derived more real benefit by following an expert handler of flies in actual fishing. No doubt much can be gained by dry-land practice after one knows how to handle the lures; but before—well, to my mind it is something like learning to swim in the drawing room. When Horace Greeley was asked how the government was to set about resuming specie payment, he tersely replied, "The way to resume is to resume." Do not make any mistake about the matter; the way to learn to handle fuzzy wuzzy lures is just to handle them. Perhaps some day you will find yourself without worms or bait of any kind, with only a few bedraggled flies in your book which you have carried for show. Then you will fall to and use them, and lo, all at once a fish will be hooked; you will have become a fly-fisher.

A HALF DOZEN FLIES

Later on we are going to devote a chapter to the matter of flies—pattern, size, manufacture, etc., but here we give a list of a possible half dozen which should prove successful

anywhere, any time. Remember, this is just one fellow's list: No. 1, Professor; No. 2, Coachman; No. 3, Brown Hackle; No. 4, Beaverkill; No. 5, Silver Doctor; No. 6, Scarlet Ibis. I would have those tied on Nos. 10, 12 and 14 hooks, with perhaps a few on No. 8 for use of these large ones of which we dream are rising. You understand my position, three sizes of each pattern, and I would not think of going with less than three of a size. This is my list, and now, "Lay on, Macduff, and—"

It is too bad, but in a work of this character we must dismiss the matter of tackle with little better than a word. Probably more has been written regarding rods than flies, which is saying that no mere man can read it all. My trenchant is for a split bamboo rod of the

ON RODS, REELS, LINES AND LEADERS

best grade possible to afford, for it seems to me there is nothing equaling the quick response and fine action of the thoroughbred bamboo. Next comes the solid woods, then the steel. For small creeks, not over eight feet long and weighing in the neighborhood of three ounces. For large streams, say ten feet and weighing up to seven ounces. The lighter rod will handle a fly better than the heavier one. The reel for fly-fishing is the single action; on heavier rods and for heavier fishing the automatic may be used. The reel is nothing more than a container for the line in average fly-fishing and is used but little in playing the fish. As to line, double tapered G, if you can afford it; if not, the best simple enameled you can. And when we come to the leader, again I urge the best. I am not an advocate of overly long leaders, thinking that they interfere somewhat in landing the fish. I limit them to four feet. So much for fly-fishing tackle—we should have spent a whole chapter discussing it—but it will be mentioned later when we take up fishing particular waters.

Personally, I desire three flies when fishing with those fuzzy wuzzy lures, not because I desire to take two fish at a cast, though there is rare sport in successfully

NUMBER OF FLIES

playing two trout at once, but because the dropper fly is often successful when the end fly proves unattractive; however, the use of more than one fly is frowned upon in some quarters and is prohibited by law in at least one state, so I perform am learning to be content with one fly. As dry fly-fishing is becoming more and more popular we will find it less difficult to be content with a single fly, as one only can be used in dry fly-fishing, so-called, which will be discussed in our next chapter.

**NOTES ON
THE WAY OF
A TROUT
WITH A FLY**

The ways of a trout are past finding out, for they are as unstable in their habits as the sea-side girl. When trout, especially large fish, are rising lazily and rolling on the surface of the water, as it were, they seldom strike at a fly, and I much doubt that they are feeding at all. Indeed, large fish seldom strike with vim, while small ones will even shoot above the surface in their efforts to reach the tantalizing bunch of colored feathers. Again trout seldom rise to flies when the surface of the water is unruffled by breezes, and the noontide sun beats down upon the water. A passing cloud or a vagrant breeze will often stir them to life. In swift water usually the fish hooks himself, but in dead water the action of the angler's wrist must be instant and sharp or the fish will not be hooked. In fishing swift water it is best to fish downstream, while, upon the other hand, in slow streams, where it is possible to make one's way against the current without too much effort, upstream is the proper course to pursue, as fish lie with their heads pointed in the direction of the down-coming flood. There are times when in deep water the only way fish can be moved is by using a weighted fly, fishing two feet or so beneath the surface, though it is not fly-fishing per se. The old rule holds good still—on light days dark flies,



Caught in the act.

and on dark days light flies. But he who goes forth in the morning sure that he knows the best method of angling and the proper fly to use, will return at night with an empty creel and disappointed heart.

Replacing Rod Windings

The method of replacing a broken rod winding is very simple when you know how, and a valuable bit of knowledge to possess when you are far beyond the reach of tackleman. Windings should always be kept firm and in place, for upon them, to a great degree, depends the life and strength of the split bamboo rod. Always the rod and windings should be covered with a thin coating of shellac. It is a good plan not only to go over the rod in the spring, but also give it a refreshing from the shellac bottle several times during the year. Now to the winding.

There are two well-known methods of winding a rod. The one I use and hereby

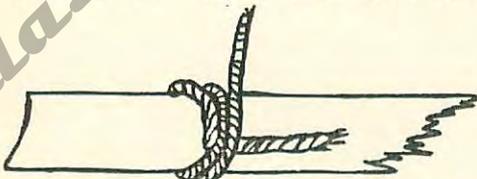


Fig. 1.

recommend is, I think, far and away the best and easiest. Get your winding silk of some dealer in rod supplies, or even sewing silk

will do at a pinch, but remember to purchase it several shades lighter than the color desired, for the application shellac will darken it. Once I purchased a dark shade of green,

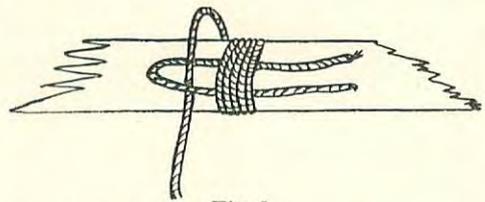


Fig. 2.

thinking to have something striking when rod was finished; what I had was a rod wound apparently with black silk. So also a dark red will appear almost black when covered with shellac or varnish.

Moisten the end of the silk and lay it against the rod, passing silk round and round, over the end. (See Fig. 1.) This can best be done by turning the joint itself. In order to do a good, smooth job you will have to pay close attention to the work in hand. But should the work not appear sufficiently smooth, simply unwind and try again. Do not hurry the work, for the secret of good winding is patience and stick-to-it-

iveness. When the winding is, say, two-thirds laid, place a loop of silk against the rod, loop sticking out towards the end of binding. (See Fig. 2.) Lay silk over this loop, taking care to keep the strands of the latter close together. When you have the winding as wide as you desire, clip the binding silk, leaving the end two or three inches long, and pass same through loop protruding. Now take hold of the ends of loop and pull binding silk back through and under

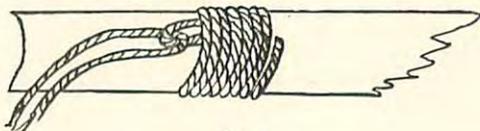


Fig. 3.

binding. (See Fig. 3.) Now shellac, and you are ready to go on with your fishing when the rod is dry.

Some Fish Culture Facts

By S. E. Land.

One of the most valuable and permanent public assets that remains from a vast array of vanishing natural resources are its public waters for fish-cultural opportunities. Fish culture multiplies hatchery results in a wonderful way; the artificial hatching and rearing of young trout and subsequent stocking of the public waters by the liberation of the fry has proved a success with the national government as well as most all the individual states. They are increasing the yearly production of fish by means of enlarged or additional hatcheries.

With the aid of modern science and appliances now in use there is no other way possible to maintain in our public waters an approximate balance of fish life. Were it not for the work along these lines, which is now done by legislative enactment in our several states and by the nation, there would be but few edible fish in any of our inland waters. The game and fish of the state belong to all the people and not to the individual. No person has the right to infringe upon the rights of others. The game and fish department of the state was crystallized into laws, in the interest of the people, to protect and propagate a natural state resource. The practice of maintaining and protecting the state fisheries at public expense is of long standing and is firmly established as both expedient and profitable.

In regard to fish, protection means both preservation and propagation. Laws are passed to be obeyed and not violated. The intent of laws for the protection of game and fish was to conserve and not to destroy the state's natural asset. The people of the Rocky Mountain states have just begun to be alive to the fact that one of their greatest natural resources today is their game and fish, not only as an attractive feature for those seeking health and outdoor recreation, but as a food problem it is of great value.

Good roads and mountain scenery constitute an asset of value to the people; but to build and maintain good roads means the expenditure of large sums of money, while with a special license tax for hunting and fishing, our state game and fish department can be made self-supporting. Without the

attraction of game and fish for outdoor sports and recreation, such as camping along forest and stream, there would be little of interest to induce visitors and citizens to come to our commonwealth.

With the improved method of taking and handling spawn of the wild trout, which is known as the collection of green eggs taken from wild trout, the matter of operating the hatcheries by such collections of eggs and the distributions of young trout, has become a very important branch of state game and fish departments, and is of economic importance. Hatcheries are an expensive thing to operate; even fair fish culturists are scarce for stations already in commission.

Possibly no enterprise in the world is so dependent upon the skill, faithfulness and enthusiasm of those in charge as that of fish hatcheries. The work of a whole season may be ruined and the expenditure of considerable sums of money wasted by a few hours' negligence; therefore, none but experienced and practical hatchery men should be employed to do the work such as is required of a state fish culturist.

It has been my experience that eggs taken from wild fish produce stronger and better progeny; the young of the wild fish grow faster, stronger and better in every way than the young of fed trout.

The work done by the state fish commission of Colorado proves this: We are taking eggs from the wild trout from our streams and lakes by the million annually. This last fall nine crews of men were out seining the lakes in the mountains and took 8,000,000 brook trout, and in the summer we take 10,000,000 native and rainbow trout eggs in the same way. The only trout in the streams and lakes in Colorado, naturally, were the black-spotted, or mountain trout; all others found now are the varieties that have been introduced through the work of our state hatcheries, and our public waters are now kept well stocked. When the rapidly increasing population is taken into consideration, the importance of the question of the present and future welfare of the community regarding such natural resources can be realized.

The following facts are of economic importance: First, more trout fry can be secured by artificial impregnation of the eggs than are ordinarily hatched under natural

conditions, which averages less than 5 per cent; second, trout fry can be reared artificially in immense numbers, with less mortality than in nature.

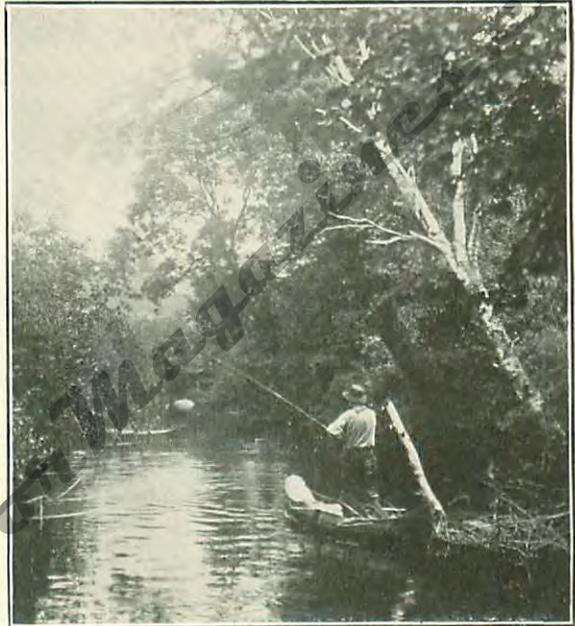
Colorado.

A Protest

We are too matter-of-fact, too commercial. We take our sports so seriously that they became a business. When we make a business of our pleasures they cease to be pleasures. Take up the average outdoor magazine and examine the "Gun Department," "Fishing Department," "Dog Department," "Camera Department" or what not department. See how seriously, pseudo-scientifically, the topics are treated. Hardly does the real fascination of the sport, that which actually makes it worth while, appear at all. It is just as important to love a dog as to know how to kill fleas; to appreciate the beauties of a photograph as to know just how many drops of potassium bromide to use; to be able to describe the sound of the fall wind as it sighs through the leafless trees as to tell to the fraction of an inch the proper drop for a rifle stock; to know the blandishments of the weeds and waters as well as the proper tackle to use. After all, it's the fishing, the environment, and not the tackle nor yet the fish that makes angling worth while.

Are we altogether wrong when we say that a new sort of technical writing is desired, a style that will combine the practical and the aesthetical? Some men write novels as though they were scientific treatises, while others write scientific treatises as though they were novels. When we can combine fact and fancy in such a way as to be neither prosy nor prolix we shall have achieved a triumph. Fact and fancy should always be wedded. The trouble with many an outdoor magazine

is that it has become so how-to-do that people no longer read for pleasure, simply instruction. We lack imagination.



"* * * After all, it is the fishing, the environment, and not the tackle, that makes angling worth while."

This, then, is a plea for something different, something new under the sun. Let's keep our visions while we grub in the earth. Let us enjoy our sports without commercializing them. Let us hear the birds, for they sing not because we know all about tackle, but because they can not help it.

Some Plain Hints on Casting With the Short Rod

Casting with the short rod and modern reel is not as difficult as some imagine. In this paper we are not going to speak of these new reels which are in a sense crutches, the anti-back-lashers, self-tumblers, self-spoolers, etc., though there is a legitimate field for them. There is no doubt but that they are a great aid to the one who wishes to travel a short road to casting ability, but like all short roads, some joys of

the longer trail is missed. I would not for the world cut out of my angling past the joy that came to me when I had completely mastered the reel, knew that I could do with it almost anything in reason. So, while I have nothing to say against the new reels, I do say, stick to the old-fashioned one if you wish all the joy there is in the sport of casting to become your portion.

I am going to take issue with the author

of "Something About Casting Rods," and say that I regard the steel rod as the best for any fisher, no matter whom, or what he fishes for. It may not be quite so sensitive as the ultra-light split bamboo, but it is stronger and possesses action enough to get the lure out where the fish are. The user of a steel rod feels that he has a dependable tool in his hand—one that will not forsake him in the hour of his necessity. Of course, the better the grade the better the rod. I agree with all that O. W. S. has said about good tackle; by all means get the very best you can afford. Steel rods are made today to meet every angler's need and pocket-book. But it was not to write of tackle that I started out; rather to give the tyro some hints on how to handle tackle. So let us suppose that he is comfortably seated in a boat within thirty feet of a weed bed, known to shelter some good small-mouths. I hold that the best way to learn to cast, you see, is to cast. I enjoy casting in the back yard; there is lots of fun in that exercise, but one will cast in such a place a long time without catching a fish. Better get the practice and fishing skill at one and the same time. It is a good plan to go with a man who understands the ins and outs of the game, but if that is impossible, just follow these instructions, and you will win all alone.

Supposing you are right-handed. You take the rod in your right hand, the four fingers around the hand-grasp, the thumb pressing against the reel-spool.* The lure hangs about six inches from the end of the rod. You are ready. Bring the rod up and back with a quick, decisive motion, until back of your right shoulder. A little experience will teach you how far back to swing the rod. Ready again; swing the rod forward, directly over the right shoulder, down front. When the rod passes the perpendicular, release the thumb pressure upon the reel, but not wholly; sufficient pressure must be maintained to prevent an over-run, which produces a back-lash. Bring the rod down until at right angles with the body. This movement must be executed with snap and ginger, for upon it depends the length and accuracy of the cast. To revert for a moment to thumbing the reel, until you attain control of the spool, you have in nowise learned to cast. Thumbing of the reel is difficult. No one can tell you how much pressure to exert; experience alone will be your guide. In the beginning of the cast the lure tugs at the line with great force, but after the first spurt, when the spool is whirling at a great rate, gravitation gets in its work upon the

*Editor's Note.—In regards to thumbing the reel I would suggest that the tyro learn to thumb the end plate of spool instead of the line. It is easier after a little experience to properly gauge the pressure and it is not so wearing upon the thumb.—O. W. S.



"Better get the practice and fishing skill at one and the same time."

lure and it lags. Now, unless the pressure be increased upon the spool, it will surrender more line than the wearying lure can use, and a back-lash will be your portion. If you press too hard the cast will fall short and if you do not press hard enough you will have a snarl. It sounds like, "Damned if you do; damned if you don't." Only experience will teach you how to thumb. Do not seek distance at first. Learn to control your lure and distance will come with experience. I think as a rule, forty or fifty feet will be the average cast. The value of the long cast is much over estimated.

Let us suppose for the sake of instruction that a bass hits the lure upon this first cast. Strike at once, firmly and with force, for the average bass rejects the lure at once upon striking unless the angler hooks him. Make no mistake in this; the bass as a rule does not hook himself; it is the right hand and arm of the fisherman that does the work. As soon as the lure reaches the water, strike or no strike, transfer the rod to the left hand, end plate against the palm, fingers embracing rod, thumb acting as guide for incoming line, right hand free to crank the reel. It sounds simple, and it is, yet difficult enough to tempt any lover of skill. Too much cannot be said regarding the importance of spooling the line properly, for some of the worst tangles are caused by the

line piling up and tipping over, speaking sophomorically, the unraveling of which requires much patience, and not a few anglers resort to a sharp knife, which is rather destructive to the line. After a long time of casting I have come to the conclusion that proper spooling is second only to proper thumbing. Some anglers use a thumb and forefinger to guide the line upon the reel, though if the fish should happen to be a large one you will need all of the fingers of the left hand to hold the rod. Make no mistake; more than one fisherman has seen his rod go by the board, jerked from his impotent hand by some hard-fighting bass or pike. Of course such an event makes a good story, but it comes high.

Keep a tight line on the fish, always. If he leaps, and he will if he be a bass, see that the rod is at an angle of 45°, the proper position for playing a fish, so that the rod can be swung sharply to the left or right, and thus a tight line maintained, otherwise the lure will be shaken from the fish's mouth unless it be unusually well hooked. There are many other points in playing a fish, all of which will come to you "by instinct" as you get into the game, and need not be enlarged upon in this brief paper.

When the fish is close in to the boat, do not be in a hurry to net him, for here

"haste makes waste" indeed. Keep the fish moving, "in and out, round about," never let him rest and collect his strength, for a bass will "come to" in a few moments. If a small fish, it can be easily lifted into the boat by the hand, though it is a good plan always to use the net and so become expert in its use. In lifting in a fish, never, never touch the line; take the lure by its wire leader—it always should have one—or, better, slip your fingers into the fish's gills, held so the fish will not struggle, for some reason, a point to remember in disengaging a lure.

After you have learned how to handle the short rod, then learn where to fish, for it is only the duffer that fishes in any old place. Fish where the fish are. Much has been said about the uselessness of fine tackle, that the boy with a willow stick and old, rusty hook will catch more fish than the man with the modern, expensive outfit; all of which is only a half-truth, for, give the man possessed of modern tackle, the one who knows how to handle it, I mean, the fish knowledge the boy possesses, and the sportsman will catch two fish to the boy's one. I have seen it tried again and again and know what I am talking about. Learn to handle rod and reel with skill, learn where the fish are and their habits, then you will catch them. "WALTON."

A New Fly Book of Merit

Editor Outdoor Life:—I believe the angling readers of your magazine will appreciate what I am going to say of a new fly-book that I have just received. The one I refer to is a large double book, made of flexible, soft leather, insides of sheepskin, which holds the flies conveniently and allows them to be easily removed. A strap

is attached for preventing the book being lost. In event of the book being dropped into the water no harm can result, as it is all leather and sewed with waxed thread. The book sells for \$2.25 and is made by the W. R. Thompson Company, a big saddle and leather-goods house of Rifle, Colo. These books are also made in a smaller size.

Utah.

F. J. FINK.

Fishing Facts and Fancies

"The world loves to besmirch
whatever dazzles it."
—Goethe.

Fishes and Finesse.—I have been asked to submit rejoinders to the criticisms of my articles in the January Outdoor Life, condemning carelessness in the preparation of ichthyological composition for the public print and the wanton disregard of common grammar in these manuscripts. Since Mr. Dawson agrees with my views, and only criticises the propriety of making them public, I need not worry about anything considerable in the form of a rejoinder to his honest notion, but I am inclined to write a line or two, believing the subject of interest to the general reader. The incorrect use of the word fish in the volumes of the authors

Mr. Dawson mentions does not excuse the incorrect use of the word by other writers. Ignorance is not allowed as an excuse for crime. My neighbor committing forty murders does not legalize my committing similar crimes. Would-be authors—unpracticed persons not skilled in common diction, plain composition, ordinary typography and the science and history of the subject they would treat of, whether it be of fish, fishes, fishermen or fiddlesticks—have no right to publish their tyroic twaddle without first submitting it to a practical mind that it may be developed into intelligible and practical reading, out of respect to the reader, whose feelings are entitled to as much consideration as the author, since the author is wholly dependent upon the reader. In experience

in filling teeth, amputating human limbs, compounding poisonous chemicals or operating dangerous machines induces the normal man to dread undertaking these performances, and so the normal man unpracticed in the art and trade of writing and unfamiliar with the science and history of his favorite subject, no matter how merely fond he may be of the art and trade and subject, should be very careful to appreciate the value of profound study and actual experience before he places his manuscript before the reader. The practical engineer is first a fireman; the practical printer is first a compositor. In interpreting Hamlet so as to please the auditor and not evoke censure from the critic, the conscientious player studies the character of Hamlet, masters the speeches, dresses the part, looks the part, feels the part—and he'd best know a thing or two about the art and trade of acting and the technique of the professional stage if he'd spare himself the indignity of being hamstrung between the girders, roasted on the gridiron, flayed on the flygallery or thrown in the paint box. Why should a person unskilled in letters attempt literature with any more reasonable privilege than a person unpracticed in dentistry should attempt dental surgery? Why should a person ignorant of natural history be allowed to write unnatural history with any more pardonable quality to his credit than the person inexperienced in medicine should be allowed to prescribe for our serious mental or physical ailments? The courts jail medical fakirs and illegal law practitioners and unofficered officers. Why should the illiterate literary imposter and the unnatural history swindler have a wider mesh to escape warranted punishment for wanton disobedience to the laws of God and man? As to Mr. Caswell's plea and personal abuse of me: He confesses to all the blunders I itemized; yet the editor of his manuscript permits him to call me a crank, and to say, in a woeful digression from the debate in hand, that for my justly condemning admitted nature-faking and allowed illiteracy in exploiting the unnatural history I should be bound over to Mr. London and Mr. Beech as their golfstick bearer. Mr. Dawson's allusion to me as an autocrat and noted writer weakens Mr. Caswell's cry of crank and consequently softens the vocabularic blow he aimed at me. As for his last paragraph, that I become a golfstick bearer, I'll leave it to the general reader to discover and discourse upon any connective sense in these words of the disparing (Mr. Bradford probably means disparaging.—Ed.) Mr. Caswell, who no doubt

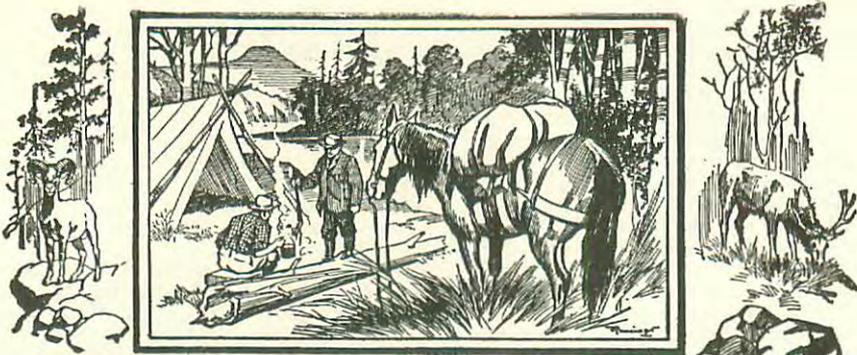
flings them at me as a convicted felon would assault his jailor. And so endeth forever my part in this unpleasant argument.

Those of our brothers who have read *Outdoor Life* for the past sixteen years know that we do not agree with Mr. Bradford's sentiments. The above reply by him will close the controversy, but as he casts, probably unconsciously, a reflection on the editorial hand that allowed Mr. Caswell's letter to be published as written, we cannot allow the friendly aspersion to pass without explaining our position. Publishing as we do a magazine devoted to the outdoors, where everything speaks of the natural in lieu of the unnatural; where the crudeness of the mountains and forests stand out so grand in their uncultivated state that we human beings appear small, in the cultivated form, it would be almost sacrilegious for us to bow to the mind of the city student in preference to that of the country naturalist, be the latter ever so illiterate or crude in his form of expression. In our work we have always given preference to the rough and ready ideas of the mountaineer, if they bear the earmarks of authenticity, in whatever manner expressed, to those of even the polished college students, for instance, who may have rather fanciful ideas with regard to game or other outdoor subjects. One through his learning and strict adherence to the use of good English is able to write a very interesting article—sometimes authentic, and sometimes not. The woodsman, who lives in the hills all his life, but who probably doesn't know how to spell "it," can give us some very valuable and authentic ideas on natural history whose only value possibly lies in the truth which they contain, but which, on that account alone, are worth more per line than the college man's matter in some instances would be worth per page.—J. A. M.

Care of Fish Food.—Salt codfish or other fish is best wrapped in paraffin paper and then put in a box with an airtight cover.—Houston (Tex.) Post, Dec. 22.

You should say other salt fish, because fresh fish is ruined if kept in an airtight condition. Fish wrapped in a mess soon spoil. Wrap them separately if you must wrap them at all. The best way is to put foliage between each fish and keep them in an air-free creel or ventilated box. Iced fishes all taste alike. The cold storage box ruins the individual flavor of each species.

CHARLES BRADFORD.



IN THE GAME FIELD

Outdoor Life will be glad to receive information at any time of any infraction of the game laws of any state. Such information will always be immediately communicated to the game department of the state in which the infringement is alleged to have been committed, after which it will be our aim to exercise a stringent espionage over the carrying out of the game department's duties in the premises. It is not our intention to divert such information from the game department channels, but rather to solicit such information in addition to what has already been sent to the department by the informant.

Just Dogs

Editor Outdoor Life:—There are dogs and dogs. Like men and all other animals, some are intelligent and others are simple, and an occasional fool is discovered among them. Dave Bean had a spotted hound which could make more noise on an acre of ground and do less tracking than any dog I ever saw. Dave called him Spot, but I named him properly as "The Fool."

In 1877 Dave and I departed for a hunt on Eele River, Cal., where at that time one could kill a deer before breakfast and a large blue grouse whenever chicken and dumplings were desired. Dave suggested that we take Fool along and see if we could teach him something. Well, on the way, I saw a fox looking as if he would enjoy a run with Fool, and he surely did. I took Fool over there and put him on the fox track and the fun began immediately, and as I could see the circles and back tracking beneath the manzanita brush it was a great sight. Fool was running his own tracks most of the time. I watched the fox run to a pine log and he carefully dragged himself up onto one end of the log, so as not to fool the Fool, and then he short-stepped along on the log to the other end where he turned and by long leaps landed back to where he had climbed on. From there he jumped as far as he could for about six jumps to a large pine tree and placed himself against the tree at about the height of a dog's nose, and then jumped far to one side and into a small bunch of thickly

grown buck bush and lay close in hiding therein.

I watched Fool come to the log, and he mounted it and ran to the other end, bawling his head off, and never stopped but went straight off that end and bawled his disappointment over a few acres of ground. Finally, I became disgusted and caught Fool and led him back and onto the log, then off to where the fox had leaped. Again he renewed his noise and followed the track to the tree where he smelled the scent on the bark, and then he deliberately sat down and declared the fox was up that giant of the forest.

A sensible and experienced dog would have encircled that tree before he allowed himself to make such a false declaration, but he didn't. It was with difficulty that I dragged him from the tree and to the buck brush where I kicked until the fox jumped up with a broad smile on his face. Then I held that dog by the tail while he raved. The fox deliberately stopped and grinningly looked back from a distance of not more than seventy-five yards and acted as if he wanted me to turn the "fool" loose, but I would not do such a thing. It was reflecting on my judgment to do it, and besides he was too much a fool to be matched against such animal intelligence. That dog lived and died a fool.

The most intelligent dogs I ever knew were Sport and Drive, and I, with the aid of a Kangaroo shepherd (a cross between a

French sheep dog and a greyhound) succeeded in training Sport, and then he in turn trained little Drive. When I first attempted to impress Sport with my authority he did not know why a dog was a dog. He would not respond to the command "Come back," but would chase a rabbit as long as he had breath, and he would chase a deer or anything for that matter.

I collared him with a rod and swivel to my shepherd and allowed them to run after a jack-rabbit for about fifty yards, and then I would yell "Come back," and the shepherd would sit down and brace himself while that large spotted hound would turn a somersault in the air and fall flat on his back so hard that his wind would leave him for a time. It required no more than one hundred such flops as that to teach him the meaning of "come back" and that it was wrong to chase jack-rabbits.

Finally I spied a bob-cat and I conducted the dogs to the track and there turned them loose and told them to go. They ran only about a quarter of a mile when they "treed," and I climbed the tree and with a long stick prodded the cat until it jumped out. I wanted a fight to encourage that large spotted hound, for I rather liked his melodious voice and his desire to chase real animals and not phantoms.

Well, there was a fight, and that hound was rather badly scratched, but the shepherd managed to kill the cat and the hound always believed that he was the dog that did the work. I skinned the cat, not that I wanted the skin, as there was no value to a summer cat skin in those days, but to show to the hound that I wanted cats. I also petted him and bragged on him until the shepherd showed real jealousy. That was enough. After that Sport would look on a fleeing jack-rabbit with contempt. He wanted only cats and the kind that could show a fight. Deer could not even interest him sufficiently for him to raise his nose from the scent of a cat track to look at them.

Then I purchased a fine blooded black-and-tan Missourian, a pup, but a fine bred one with red tips and ears so thin one could see through them when held towards the sun. This was Drive, and he never belied his name, as he was the best driver I ever saw. Like all pups, he took to chasing rabbits, but old Sport would leave a cat track and go to him and growl objections until he either quit or received a good shaking. A few dead cats soon firmly convinced Drive

that rabbits and deer and all animals that could not climb a tree were worthless.

Sport was a large dog and Drive was small. Sport ran several feet to the leeward of a track while Drive nosed close and never lost it. Ofttimes Sport would take a cut off and then he would have to return to Drive to get the scent. I paid a man two dollars per day to work, but with instructions that he saddle Barney, my hunting horse, and go to those dogs every morning that they were away from home. This was on a mountain ranch where game of all kinds was plentiful.

I once watched the sagacity of a fox matched against them which afforded an interesting incident. The fox was running around a patch of brush, possibly ten acres, but the dogs were so close he could not sidestep them, and it was evident that his only possible means of escape would be to cross-cut through the brush. Several circles had been made when Sport deliberately stopped and Drive glanced back at him with evident approval. Sport dropped close to the ground and waited for the approach of the fox, and then there was commotion, with a dog on either end of a fox that failed even to reach a tree.

At another time I had ridden several miles to find the hounds, and when within about a quarter of a mile of where they were treeing I saw one dog trot down a trail to a stream of water and bathe and drink while the other dog remained at the tree and barked more intense than usual. I alighted from the horse, as he was excited over the chase, and sat down to watch results. Finally Drive had cooled sufficiently and he trotted back along the trail and barked at the tree while Sport came to the stream to cool off.

When they both were at the tree I rode over there and found they had a mountain lion, which soon kicked his last with a bullet in his brain. I dismounted to shoot the lion and it was no more than dead when the horse was there smelling it. That horse always had to smell of every dead animal that resulted from the chase. He took as much interest in listening for the bark of the dogs as his rider, and appeared to always distinguish the bark that indicated that they had treed. These dogs exhibited wonderful intelligence on many occasions but to relate them all would make this article tiresome. I never read of some one declaring that animals do not reason but I feel disgusted at such ignorance.

Arizona.

A. M. POWELL.

The Tortures of the Steel Trap

Editor Outdoor Life:—I would like to give my views in regard to the use of the steel trap for big game. Four years ago Father and I took a trip back in the Sierra Nevadas,

east of the city of Fresno, in the San Joaquin Valley, Cal. I had purchased a twenty-two-pound trap from a Chicago firm, and we took it along, and as we had a pack of three

dogs, and they were good ones, too, we expected to have a royal time with the bears, which were very numerous that year, on account of the heavy mass of acorns.

On reaching our destination we found plenty of sign and had a good run the first day, but owing to the temperature, which was very high for this time of year, and the hardness of the ground and roughness of the country in general and our bad luck in particular, we failed to get our bear.

On the way to camp we happened onto a cow that had died recently, so we proceeded to camp and got our trap and axe and returned to the carcass, and with stakes, brush and logs fenced it in, leaving an opening in which we set the trap.

It was in a fine place for bear—a long, bushy ridge about a mile from camp and overlooking Dinkey Creek, where many a bear has fallen before the prowess of the hunter.

The next morning we were up early, and the first thing we noticed was that our best dog was missing. I started for the trap, Father staying at camp, as he was about "all in" from the run of the day before. I found the dog's tracks making a line for the carcass, a mile away, and knew what to expect.

When within 100 yards I stopped to listen,

and heard a low, pitiful whine. I came up and found the dog caught by the right front leg, above the knee. He whined again and gave me a look that I will remember the rest of my days. I prepared to shoot him, fully believing that his leg was crushed, but finally decided to take him out first. The trap was a very strong one, each spring requiring a pressure of 230 pounds to loosen it, so, as we had no clamps, I had my work "cut out" for me. I had brought along a small chain, which I snapped around one spring close to the jaws, and finally succeeded in working a small block between it and the spring, thus forcing it down. This done, I stepped on the other spring, and by grasping the jaws and pulling, finally opened them enough to get the dog out. His leg was badly swollen and the teeth had torn the flesh, but to my great surprise the bone was not broken. The poor dog had gnawed and torn the logs and branches and must have suffered a thousand deaths, but he recovered and we have had some big times since. But this incident so impressed me that I have discarded the steel trap and have prevailed upon many of my friends to do likewise.

LEE BOBO.

California.

Can the Cougar be Successfully Still-Hunted

Editor Outdoor Life:—Some years ago a short article appeared in Outdoor Life in which mention was made of the writer and his brother killing several cougars without the aid of dogs. The animals were killed several years prior to the publication of the article, and as I remember it, the writer was then a guide in the Rocky Mountains. Occasional other references have been made to hunting cougars without the aid of dogs, and I remember in particular of reading that certain Indians had been successful in securing them by calling loudly and simulating the noise of dogs while following their tracks.

At two different times I have seen the fresh trail of a cougar and lynx while hunting deer, and it is reasonable to assume that the same experience has happened to many others, and in view of the great damage done to the deer by these animals, would it not be wise to secure all of the information possible in regard to hunting them without dogs for the benefit of your readers? Of course the only practical method of hunting cougar is with the aid of dogs, but there may be information and experience accumulated by hunters and guides that would be valuable under certain conditions to other hunters.

J. H. ROOT.

Washington.

Lions and Coyotes Prey on Mountain Sheep

Editor Outdoor Life:—I have read with interest the account of Mr. Norton H. Pearl capturing two lambs of the mountain sheep and the time he had in doing so. In his article he makes the statement that the mountain sheep have no enemies but the eagle. He is wrong in that statement, to my personal knowledge, for the mountain lions are constantly living upon them. I have in my possession here at the hatchery in Estes Park (Colorado) a 2-year-old sheep that during the heavy snow in December had been separated from the bunch and was nearly tired out trying to get away from a

lion. With the help of two other parties I managed to get the sheep, but we both went through the ice into Fall River and got thoroughly wet before I got it. We then tied its legs and slipped it into a grain sack, when it was handed to me, and I carried it about a mile on my horse, and have had it since tied up with my cows. The lion was seen just after I caught the sheep, but not having a rifle with us, he got away.

A year ago I found where a lion had killed a sheep and made his breakfast off of it. I was there before the sheep had gotten cold. I followed the tracks of the lion over

the mountains for quite a distance when I had to give it up.

Just last week I saw two coyotes come down the mountain side, and they had a sheep separated from the bunch and were doing their best to catch it. My dog started after them, and the coyotes turned back up the mountain side and the sheep got away.

The sheep that I have had for nearly three months is very interesting. It is a 2-year-old ram, and while it is not at all afraid of my cows and horse, it is hard for it to become accustomed to man. He will look for his cup of cracked corn every night and morning, as well as hay. He will drink out of his bucket, but he does not want me to come too close to him. If I do he will stamp

his feet, as much as to say, "You keep away."

Since I have had him and been feeding him grain his coat has changed from the light color that he had to a much darker and much prettier one. If he should get back to his old haunts on the rocks no man could catch him, but the heavy snow brought the sheep and the deer close down. Now the mountain sides are so cleared of snow that they can get food higher up, and are doing well.

There should be a bounty offered by the state on both the lions and coyotes sufficient for it to be an object for hunters to get out after them.

G. H. THOMSON.

Colorado.

The Decimation of the Deer

Editor Outdoor Life:—Less than fifteen years ago there were probably at least a million head of black-tail deer in Routt and Rio Blanco counties (Colorado) alone. This estimate is based upon the number of cattle known to range at that time on the White River Forest Reserve. There were about 80,000 head of cattle and the deer must have been fifteen or twenty times as numerous. There were also thousands of elk.

Nobody who did not behold with his own eyes could now be made to understand how plentiful the game was. I used to ride a good deal in the country between the Bear and White rivers, and I am sure that to jump 500 deer in one day was not at all unusual, and they were not so plentiful at that time as they had been.

In the summer, they lay in every thicket of quaking aspen, and all the patches of down timber were alive with them. In the fall I have sat in the doorway of the Pagoda postoffice, early of a morning, and watched the annual migration to the Grand River, counting the deer by hundreds, as they crossed the Williams Fork. Some of their trails were worn nearly two feet deep.

The ranchmen, then few and far between, on the river bottoms, lived on wild meat practically the year round, for it never occurred to anyone that so numerous a body could be exterminated. But the event has proved this view to be mistaken. In all this region, where formerly one had seldom to ride more than a mile away from home to get his meat, one can go all day and never see a track.

In Massachusetts deer are a pest to farmers; New York's annual bag is about 6,000 head. It is doubtful if there are 2,500 head of black-tail in the state of Colorado. The horse having been stolen, the stable door is now locked. But more will be required than a closed season to bring the game back.

Within the past year the federal govern-

ment has increased the number of bird refuges to sixty-four. Congress also appropriated \$50,000 to buy ranches for an elk preserve in Wyoming. Michigan, Washington, Ohio, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Montana, California, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah and Wyoming have all been creating game preserves during this time. Oregon established six, Manitoba four; Wyoming now has five very large ones.

What has Colorado done along this line? Nothing. It is a shameful record for a state that so recently had more wild animals in its boundaries, probably, than any equal area on this continent.

W. B. S.

Colorado.

A FREAK WHITE-TAIL DEER HEAD.

Editor Outdoor Life:—I am sending you, under separate cover, photo of freak deer



A great oddity in freak horns.

antlers. This deer was killed near this place. (Paragould, Ark.). I have never heard of another freak of this kind. Would be glad to know if there is any record of a similar head.

J. W. ROBINSON.

Arkansas.



Tips on Hunting Footwear.

Editor Outdoor Life:—In looking over some of the back numbers of Outdoor Life I read with interest an illustrated article by J. A. McGuire on "Hunting Footwear." The subject was so thoroughly covered that very little of value can be added.

I find that for hunting when there is no snow on the ground, a well-made calfskin shoe with light uppers, full toes, medium soles, with low heels fitted with Wing's screw, one-quarter-inch calks, will do. The short calks are best—six in the half sole, two between the sole and heel and three in the heel. Screw calks are best, for they can be easily removed when not needed, and such a shoe would still be serviceable for ordinary every-day use. The only objection to the calks is that they cause the hunter to make considerable noise in walking over rocky ground. If short calks are used there will be no need of tripping, and they hold as well as the longer ones. If shoes are bought purposely for a hunt they should be purchased a month before the trip, so they may be thoroughly broken in before the long, hard tramps incident to hunting are undertaken.

I have tried about everything in footwear for cold weather. When there is snow on the ground, leather boots and shoes are an abomination, for the best of leather will soak through in wet snow, and if one stops to rest, eat a lunch or watch a runaway, his feet become cold and uncomfortable. If hunting in zero weather one has to keep moving all of the time and fast enough to keep his feet from freezing, and when camp is finally reached the leather shoes have to

be thoroughly dried for further use. They have been known to shrink one or two sizes before morning and occasion more profanity than all other causes combined. Tramping through deep snow is hard work, and the hunter (unless his love of the chase is well developed) after traveling a mile or two up grade without seeing a fresh track is apt to double on his tracks and return to camp and there await the return of his companions, unless they have already beaten him to it.

But I am getting away from my subject. There is no light footwear made that will keep the feet warm and dry in bad weather. The best togs for the purpose are two pairs of wool socks, one pair of German socks that can be drawn up over the pants to the knees and fastened just below the knee with a light strap and buckle. This will keep the feet warm and trousers dry, so there will be no need of changing pants when camp is reached. Over the German socks I wear a pair of Goodyear's Gold Seal all-gum overshoes, 10 inches high, with bellows tongue, with large eyelets for leather laces. I have light oak tanned leather soles nailed on the rubber soles to hold the screw calks. The all-gum shoe is far better than the ordinary rubber and cloth overshoe, for it is more durable and absolutely waterproof, and has no buckle fastenings to catch in the brush. For use around camp an old pair of ordinary easy shoes will do.

This advice is not intended for the old-timer who has learned from experience what is best for him, but for the beginner who has the most of it yet to learn.

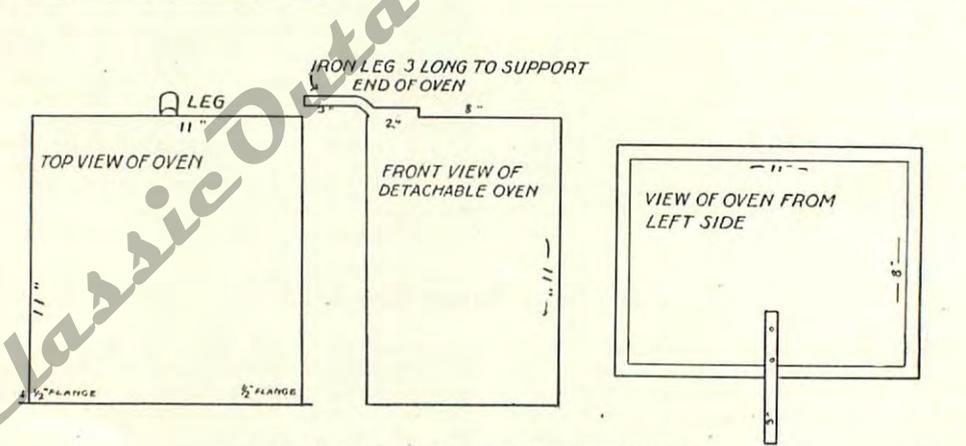
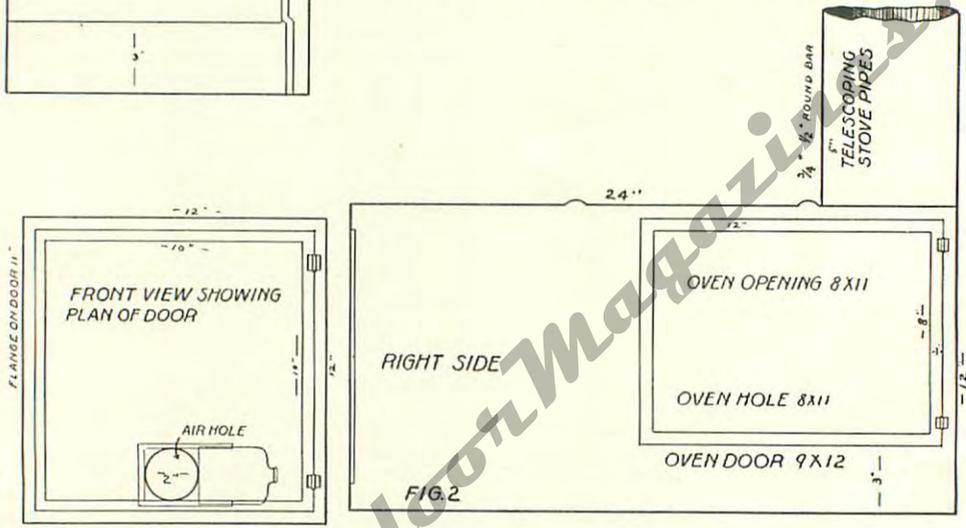
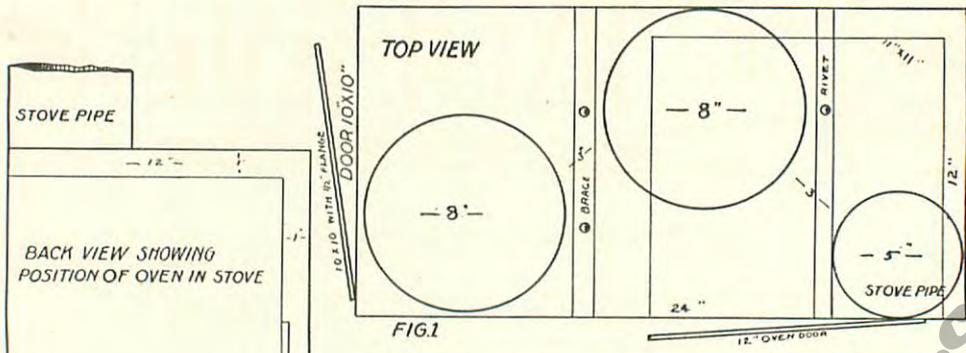
Montana.

G. A. TREMPER.

An Ideal Camp Stove

Editor Outdoor Life:—The camp stove is one of the most important things for a successful trip into the wilds, and as I have made a study of this subject, I submit the following remarks in regards to same: Many campers use what is known as a "folding" stove, on account of the little space it occupies for packing, but how many campers find them up to their expectations? Very few, for the simple reason that after a folding stove has been used to any extent it become buckled and warped with the heat. I have seen them so badly warped that they

could not be folded back into anything resembling a folding camp stove, as most of stoves are made of very light sheetiron. The folding stove is all right to pack in and use while in camp, but it is not worth while to pack out again after being used; therefore, the ordinary stove, "non-folding," is considered the best; it is bulky to pack, but, then, it can itself be packed full of other articles, such as pots and pans or traps, if the user be a trapper, and as for size—12x12x24 inches is about the right thing. I have used a stove size 10x10x24 inches, but



A. A. Thomas' suggestion for a camp stove.

it was too small to put in a large enough stick of wood to last all night. It had a 5-inch stovepipe and two 8-inch holes for cooking. The holes were just right for size, but there was not enough room between the lids

to allow room for pots or pans. The distance between the stovepipe (which was in back right-hand corner) and first hole was just 1 inch, and the distance between the two holes was also 1 inch, so I got to think

ing how I could get a stove made as short as possible and overcome this difficulty. So it will be seen by referring to the accompanying drawing (Fig. 1) how to place the holes so as to give 3-inch room between them.

As to camp stoves with an oven, they are clumsy, and in some cases useless, and take up so much room in a stove that there is not enough room for the fireplace. I have known several campers to have purchased stoves of this kind and to have gotten so disgusted with them as to tear the oven completely out of stove, that they might be able to get in enough wood to make a fire to keep from freezing to death on a cold night. Now, here is where I set to thinking again to remedy this, and by referring to Fig. 2 it will be seen that a detachable oven can be made, to be placed in stove when desired for baking, and when through baking, simply open side door (which serves as a door to oven) and pull oven out and close the door, which converts it into a box stove 12x12x24 inches, and by filling with dry wood you can soon have a fire that will make it jump off the floor.

I furnish other drawings also, so as to give the reader a thorough understanding of the construction of this stove, so that any-

one desiring to have one made can do so easily. The best material to use for this stove is the sheet iron that is used for locomotive jackets. By visiting some roundhouse, enough scraps can be had for the asking to make the stove. This sheetiron, I believe, is called Russian iron, and will not burn out. Of course the telescoping stovepipes will have to be bought ready made.

Now, a few words as to setting up a stove. The stove should have a large door in front for putting in wood, with a 2-inch air hole in lower side of door, and a slide to shut off draft; a damper in stovepipe is also necessary. In setting up a stove, the best way is to make a foundation and elevation for stove by using small logs or boards and filling with dirt or gravel; then set stove on this. A good idea, to keep the chill off through the night, is to place flat stones around the stove; they become hot with the heat of the stove, and after night when the fire dies out the stones will still remain warm enough to keep out the damp, chill air. But even this plan has its drawback, as the sides of the stove will in time burn through on account of the stove being against it, keeping in the heat. Well, I have to fix my fire for the night, as the thermometer outside says 38 degrees below.

Ontario, Canada. ALFRED A. THOMAS.

Curing a Balky Horse with an Automatic Pistol

Editor Outdoor Life:—I have sometimes thought I was a man born to misfortune, and to add to this belief a friend left with me a short time ago a balky horse—a big, strong horse that would suddenly refuse to stretch a tug, regardless of whether the wagon was loaded or empty. Now, there is no use to whip, for ten men couldn't whip a balky horse into the notion of going ahead. No use to build a fire under them or spear them with a pitchfork; the result is the same, and often disastrous. Now, when Old Bets flew back in the breaching not long ago I pulled out my automatic and emptied it in behind her heels. She seemed to think

something awful was going to happen. The shooting at least diverted her attention to the extent that she forgot the balk and was mighty anxious to get out of that. The next time I saw her kink her tail, which is a sure sign, I let fly, and she didn't even stop, and now I can always tell when she commences to think of balking, for she kind of hesitates, and then away she goes—thinks of the six-shooter. So, Brother Sportsman, if you are ever so unfortunate as to get mixed up with a balky horse don't lose your religion, but try smoking him up with a six-shooter close in behind him. I have heard this would work on some kinds of men, too.

New Mexico.

SAM STEVENS.

"The Pranks a Bullet Can Play"

Editor Outdoor Life:—On page 170 of your February number I notice an article headed, "The Pranks a Bullet Can Play." Here is one to match it: Some ten years ago a party of four Denverites, of which J. K. Marsh and myself were members, started for Clark's Camp, on White River Mesa, Colorado, to hunt deer. A Mr. Griffith, who ranched at the foot of the mesa, was to take us to the camp in his four-horse wagon. He was not ready when we got to his place, and we had to stay over a day. Each of the

party, except myself, had a new revolver; I carried a .32 Smith & Wesson, 7-inch barrel, which had been my hunting companion for thirty years. In fact, I owned it "before the war."

All were anxious to test their weapons, so we found a pine saw log, some two feet in diameter at the big end, whereon was tacked a paper target about three inches square. The boys and I did very good work, but I finally declared the mark too big for experts. I drove a .44-80 brass shell into the

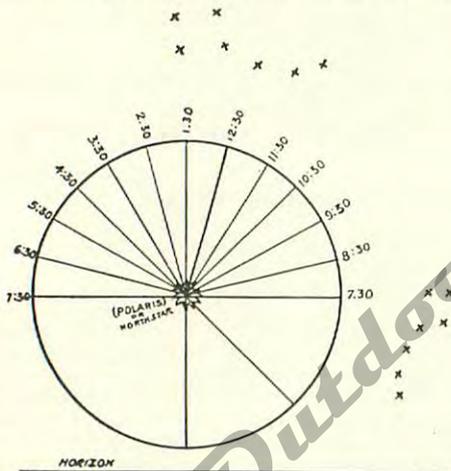
end of the log, stepped off thirty feet and fired. The bullet struck the shell fairly in the big end, and a second later hit Marsh, who was standing a few feet to my right, on the left leg, above the knee. He picked it

up, put it in his pocket, and maybe has it yet. Next!!! J. B. THOMPSON.
Colorado.
Is the above O. K., Jerry? J. B. T.
Correct. J. K. MARSH.

“Telling The Time by The North Star”

Editor Outdoor Life:—I have read the article on page 171 of the February number under the heading of “Telling the Time by the North Star,” by Capt. Charles Johnson. I cannot understand how the author can be in Canada and see the “Big Dipper” in the relative positions according to his diagram, which shows Ursa Major in the zenith at 8 a. m., while here (118° 17' W. Long.) February 10, 1914, it was 1:30 a. m. (nearly), a difference of 6 hours 30 minutes; difference in longitude of 97° 30', which places the writer in Longitude 20° 47' W., which would be far beyond the eastern boundary of Can-

ada, somewhere near the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. How do you account for this difference? As I am still in the dark respecting the mystery, I am, yours for light,
THOS. A. CARMICHAEL.
Los Angeles, Cal.



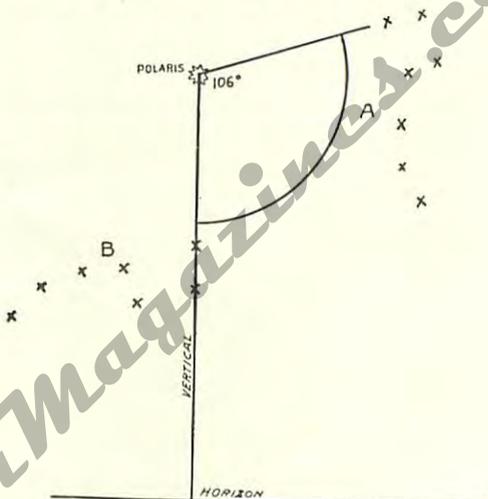
Relative position of the “Big Dipper” and North star Feb. 10, 1914, in Long. 118° 17' W. and Lat. 34° 7' N. Los Angeles, Cal.

ada, somewhere near the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. How do you account for this difference? As I am still in the dark respecting the mystery, I am, yours for light,
THOS. A. CARMICHAEL.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Upon receipt of the above letter we sent it to Captain Johnson, requesting a reply, and are pleased to publish his very explicit remarks below:

Editor Outdoor Life:—When I wrote the article on finding the time at night by the North Star I never thought of criticism or I should have taken a particular date and an exact measurement of the angle between the vertical and the position of the “pointers.” I wrote it on general terms, just to give some brother camper an idea of how the

time could be calculated at night without a timepiece. I might say in passing that I wrote it at the request of an old hunting



A—Position of “Pointers” at 8 p. m., March 12, 1914, in New Brunswick, Long. 66° 45' W. B—Position of “Pointers” in New Brunswick Nov. 26, 1913.

chum now living in California, one with whom I have spent many happy days hunting and fishing, who, remembering my method of finding the time by the “pointers” and thinking it would interest some of the readers of your magazine, asked me to write it up.

I am pleased to see that Mr. Carmichael does not find fault with the method; only with my location of the “pointers” in my diagram. This matter of location is of minor importance, as anyone interested enough to try out the method would naturally locate the “pointers” where he found them at the hour he compared them with his timepiece and take his departure from that position.

Now, to see just when said “pointers” were in a vertical position, pointing straight up at the North Star, I have been waiting for a clear night, and last night (March 12) at 8 p. m., got a fairly good measurement of the angle between the vertical and the pointers and found said angle to be 106 degrees. As “Ursa Major” is just 23° 55' 47½” making his circuit he gains 4 minutes and 12½ seconds, or 1° 0' 50” each day, or for practical purposes, say 1 degree a day. Thus

it shows that 106 days had elapsed since said "pointers" were in a vertical position. Going back 106 days from March 12 brings us to November 26, which is near enough for the general terms I used. As to the position that Mr. Carmichael places the "Big Dipper" at Los Angeles on February 10, it may have been correctly stated, but if so, there was certainly something wrong with his timepiece, or the "Big Bear" was on a rampage and got away from his regular trail, as deductions from this end place it differently. However, what is a handful of degrees—or hours—among friends. If Friend Carmichael is a lover of the out of doors and

could drop down our way next October during the week of the full moon and visit one of our many hunting spots—among them I would name Lake Stream Meadows—get under my old tent with his moccasins for a pillow, his feet to the fire and his pipe going good, with a "sure and certain hope" for a shot at a bull moose between the waning of the stars and sun up—he wouldn't care a continental whether the "pointers" pointed up or down—and the glow of the fire, the light of the moon and the stars and his pipe would furnish all the "light" he needed.

C. JOHNSON.

New Brunswick.

A Sportsman Finds His Ideal in Footwear

Editor Outdoor Life:—I have made a discovery in winter footwear, and thinking it may be of interest to the readers of Outdoor Life, am sending along description of same with my reasons for thinking it the best ever. The descriptions is as follows: A pair of sheepskin pacs worn over woolen socks and under leather topped rubbers. The sheepskin is tanned with the wool on and pacs are made with wool inside. The rubber is a low rubber with leather top such as the Barker shoe advertised in Outdoor Life. So much for the description, now for the reasons.

I have worn all kinds of winter footwear, but this combination has given me more foot comfort than anything else.

Like the editor, I have never found a boot that would turn snow water, and as for German socks and rubbers, my feet were always damp and generally cold in them. The reason for the dampness I suppose is that the rubbers sweat the feet. Here is where the pacs come in. The rubbers being low, the leather in the pacs comes between the feet and rubbers and this seems to overcome the effect of the rubbers on the feet. At times upon removing my footwear at night I have found the outside of the pacs and inside of the rubbers damp, but the dampness has never penetrated through the wool of the pacs and my socks are always dry.

The advantages of leather topped rubbers over other winter footwear are these: They afford protection to the feet against snow water while the leather tops give the wearer ankle freedom, protect the shins and being pliable can be laced tight enough at the tops to exclude the snow. In this outfit I can walk all day without chafing my feet or ankles. While my feet are always warm in them, they never sweat.

In purchasing this kind of rubber care should be taken to select one with a good quality of leather in the top, otherwise the wearer will find himself with a pair of wet ankles. However, if the leather is good and is kept well filled with Viscol oil no such trouble will be experienced. For my own use I prefer a rubber with a heel and not less than ten inches in height.

I have found only one objection to this rig. In shallow snow or on ice-covered ground they are bad to slip. This could be overcome by a light half-sole with hob nails. I have thought of having a sort of leather sandal made with half-sole filled with Hungarian hob-nails; this to lace over top of foot and around the heel. As the footwear in question is light this sandal could be added to it and it would still be lighter than high-topped boots.

THOS. F. POWELL.

Washington.

"Under-The-Arm" Tobacco Habit

Editor Outdoor Life:—This may get to be a habit with some, but its effects are such that few, I imagine, would ever have the courage to follow it up for any great length of time, for if there is any one thing that will make a man sick it is a piece of real tobacco moistened and bound in the armpit over night.

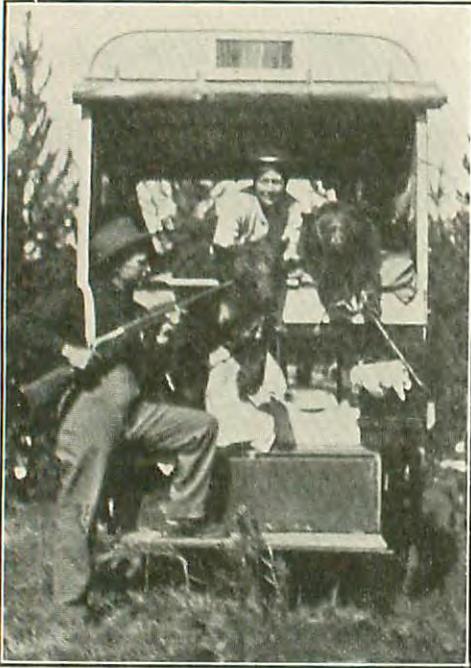
This practice originated in the army; whether American or foreign I am not sure, but there it is resorted to by certain nosto-

logical individuals for the purpose of procuring an honorable discharge plus a pension, if possible. Placed in this manner under the arm it causes anorexia, nausea, vertigo, cough and night sweats, with both increased and subnormal temperatures about twelve hours apart, and simulates the tubercular diathesis so closely that the man invariably gets his honorable discharge and sometimes a pension, and three weeks after he quits it he is as good as ever.

California.

G. W. HARVEY, M.D.

An Auto Camping Wagon



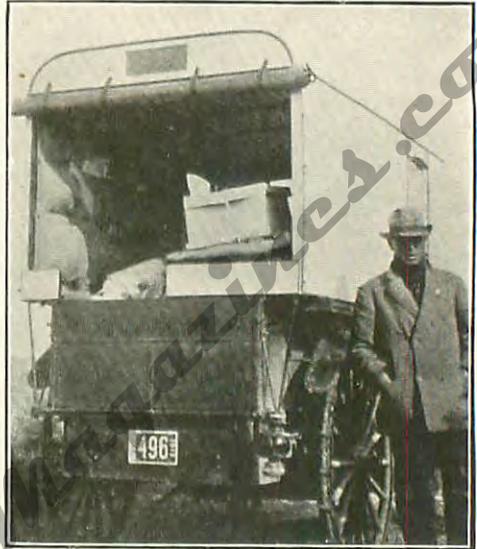
THE CAMPERS, THE GAME AND THE WAGON.

The results of a bear hunt on the Bighole River, Mont. The mother dressed 360 lbs. and the cub 90 lbs.

Mr. Dan Kowske, an enthusiastic sportsman of Butte, Mont., has sent us photographs of his camping wagon, which seems to be the last word in camp-wagon construction. The body of this "hotel" was designed by Mr. Kowske after many years of camping experience, and was built by the International Harvester Co. of America, in Chicago. It contains every modern convenience—kitchen, pantry, dining room, bed room, dresser compartment, clothing compartment, even the luxury of a collapsible canvas bath tub, gun and fishing rod racks, a dozen or more canvas wall pockets for small wearing apparel and light articles for daily use, coat and hat racks—in fact, everything that could be desired for the convenience and luxury of a summer outing.

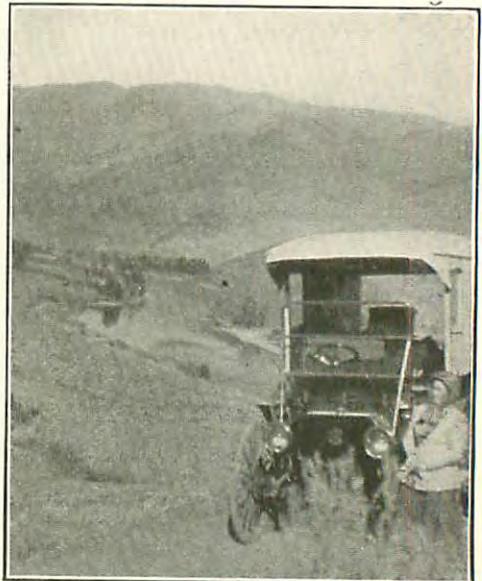
The arrangement is so compact and complete that there is not a particle of waste space, and yet not crowded at any point. The chassis of this car is built on high wheels and solid rubber tires, giving a high clearance and entirely eliminating tire troubles. The average speed is twenty miles an hour, although a higher rate can be attained. Mr. and Mrs. Kowske started from Butte last July, crossing the Continental Divide three times without difficulty, which proves

the high power of their car. They aim to annually cover the most picturesque parts of the country in a leisurely way, camping, hunting and fishing as they go.



THE AUTO CAMPING WAGON.

On summit of Bannock Pass (Continental divide, elevation 8500 ft.), the dividing line of Montana and Idaho.

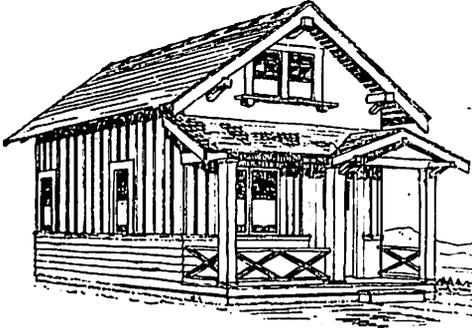


FRONT VIEW OF CAMP WAGON.

Climbing up from Salmon River, at mouth of Pahsimaria Valley, Idaho.

An Elastic Shack for Hunters and Fishermen

We call this "elastic" because there is a big attic which will sleep a dozen heavy fellows in an emergency. It was built originally in California for a family of four—three hunters and one artist who naturally "took to the woods." It cost \$380 without plumbing. It has been built since several times. Once for a beach cottage, with bath-

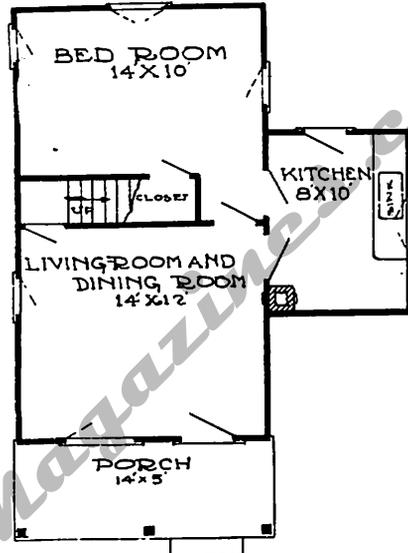


room built in a small annex, good plumbing, electric wiring and fixtures and altogether a very comfortable little home, for \$560.

Of course there is no plastering. The construction is of vertical twelve-inch boards battened on the outside and covered with burlap inside. The chimney serves for the kitchen and living room as well and a small stove will warm up the whole place comfortably in zero weather.

Outdoor Life has made arrangements by

which it will furnish the complete plans and specifications for this little house either as shown or completely revised for \$8.00 and no doubt there are many mountain, valley



and beach lovers who will be glad to build such a cozy little "roost" at so reasonable a cost. This house was designed by Henry Menken of California.

How the Indians made Arrowheads, Spearheads, etc.

Since the publication in our February number of an article purporting to show that the process used by the Indians in making arrowheads was the fire-and-water method, we have been flooded with letters denying the truthfulness of the statements made in that article. We haven't space for all these communications, so will only be able to use short extracts from a few of the letters received, which we hope will end the controversy:

Editor Outdoor Life:—In your February issue, page 179, Mr. John B. Hill has a few words to say about the fashioning and chipping of Indian axes and spears. As you will see, I don't put much stock in the fire and cold water method.

From National Museum Report, 1897, Part 1, article on "Arrow Points, Spearheads and Knives of Prehistoric Times," by Thos. Wilson, LL.D., Curator Division of Prehistoric Archaeology, U. S. Nat'l. Museum, I take liberty to quote the following, page 882: "In the inventory of tools the flaker must not be overlooked. Many of these have been found. The Eskimos use those of ivory fas-

tened to a handle. These were used for chipping by pressure. The real prehistoric flakers have been found. They were simply pieces of bone or horn, usually the point of a deer horn, with sufficient length to insure a firm grip. The workman, having chipped his piece to proper form by percussion, desiring to bring it to an edge, took it in one hand, the flaker in another, and by placing its points against a portion to be removed, with a pressure in the right direction and an artistic or mechanical twist of the wrist, he started a small flake of greater or less breadth, thickness or length."

On page 984, Appendix D, "Making of Arrowpoints" described by explorers and travelers, Catlin thus describes the Apache mode of making flint arrowpoints: "Every tribe has its factory in which these arrowheads are made, and in those only certain adepts are able or allowed to make them for the use of the tribe. The master workman, seated on the ground, lays one of these flakes on the palm of his left hand, holding it firmly down with two or more fingers of the same hand, and with his right hand, be-

tween the thumb and two forefingers, places his chisel (or punch) on the point that is to be broken off; and a co-operator (a striker) sitting in front of him, with a mallet of very hard wood, strikes the chisel (or punch) on the upper end, flaking the flint off on the under side, below each projecting point that is struck. The flint is then turned and chipped in the same manner from the opposite side; and so turned and chipped until the required shape and dimensions are obtained, all fractures being made on the palm of the hand."

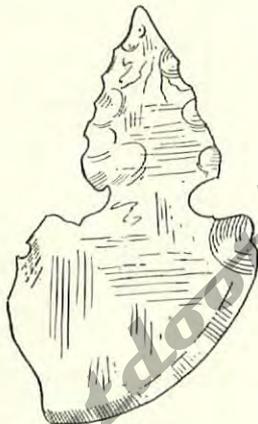
Now I will give you my experiences with the fire and water method. I have taken pieces of agate and other stone and placed them in the fire until red hot and then according to directions, dropped cold water on them, but to my disgust not a chip flew out. Instead the agate cracked, and by a little pressure could be broken to pieces with the bare hands.

O. J. SALO.

Montana.



Obsidian



Glass

Editor Outdoor Life:—I am sending you two arrowheads, which I made—one from obsidian, and another made from glass. In making arrowheads, the Indians used for tools stone, deer horns and bone, together with buckskin to cover their hands in order to prevent the flying chips from cutting them. Instead of bone, I use steel as it is more easily obtained. I have made agate arrowheads with only a stone and a tooth brush handle.

In regard to the theory advanced by Mr.

Hill, he is very badly mistaken, as the stone is not heated nor is water used to chip the stone into shape. It is simply knowing how to use certain peculiar tools in a way that requires considerable skill as well as a knowledge of the method. It is similar to the work of an engraver. The latter may have the tools and the material to be engraved, but unless he has been taught the way to hold the gravers and other matters of importance in regard thereto, he would make a sorry job of it.

FRANK S. WASHBURN.

California.

Editor Outdoor Life:—In the February number of your magazine I saw an article on the probable method of the Indians for chipping flint and agate into suitable shape for cutting-tools and weapons. I had read some time ago of the method Mr. Hill speaks of, and, needing a small piece of flint for use in an old flint-lock, I attempted to chip down a large piece by heating the flint and dropping on water. This was a complete failure, as I merely succeeded in turning the flint from a clear brown color to a heavy gray-white, reducing it to a softness almost as great as that of chalk. Lack of flint prevented me from repeating the experiment.

J. D. DOUGLAS.

Pennsylvania.

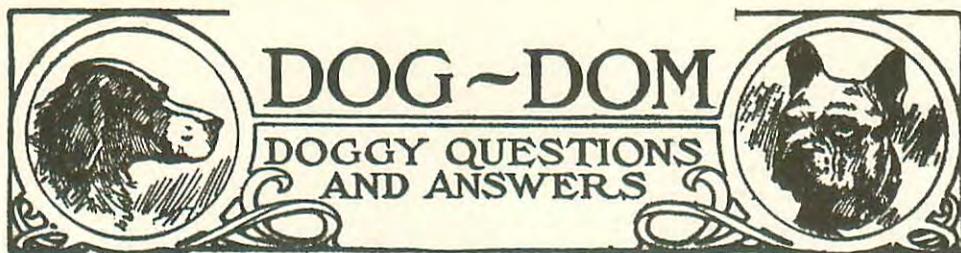
Editor Outdoor Life:—I own one of the largest and finest private collections of genuine ancient Indian relics in the United States, and have hundreds of stone hammers in my collection, and I never saw a hammer made out of flint, and I venture the statement that Mr. Hill never did, either. I would respectfully suggest that Mr. Hill read again the article appearing in your August number, and I believe he will agree that his article was at least "ill-advised." I will also add that if Mr. Hill had taken a piece of flint and heated it very hot and then dropped a drop of water on the hot flint, he would not have written his article at all. For no Indian "either red or white" ever made an arrow-point that way. If a flint rock is heated well and then water dashed on same, the flint is shattered into many pieces, and this was the manner in which the Indians prepared the flint pieces from which the arrow-points were to be made.

GEO. B. SPENCER.

Kansas.

An Editor's Savings.

An editor who started about twenty years ago with only 55 cents is now worth \$100,000. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business—and the fact that an uncle died and left him \$99,999.—Editor and Publisher.



DOG~DOM

DOGGY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Conducted by ED. F. HABERLEIN, Author of The Amateur Trainer.
TRAINING, HANDLING, CORRECTING FAULTS AND CARE OF THE BIRD DOG.

M. G. C., Amarillo, Texas.—I have just recently acquired a 3-year-old pointer bitch, said to be trained for hunting. Have taken her out but once and find that she hunts well, but will not retrieve. Possibly it may be too late to teach this now at her age. She came in heat a few weeks ago, and had her bred to a fine dog. Is it advisable to go ahead with training while in whelp? Have just purchased a copy of the "Amateur Trainer" and want to use that system.

Answer.—It seems you have a good dog and needs but training to make retrieve, which can be done any time except when in whelp or while still nursing the litter. Up to five weeks of pregnancy she could have been put through the course of yard training, which is about all she needs. You should now wait till litter has been weaned before attempting anything along this line. Within a few weeks' training (at home) she should retrieve well and be perfectly obedient to orders besides.

L. A. D., Lindsay, Cal.—Last August I went to the mountains and took an 8-months-old Airedale pup along. After starting with the pack my pup soon gave out, and I had to take up and carry on the saddle to camp. When rested and doctored up, I put him down again, and he exhibited grit and fighting quality, but his mouth got sore and bleeding very quickly, which disabled him. Got so he could not swallow, and had to be fed with spoon; finally died. What may have been the cause of it all?

Answer.—Giving out so soon may have been caused by being infested with worms, which had sapped the system, robbed vitality and stamina. Sore mouth, doubtless, was "rash," or "canker mouth," frequently found with young dogs and is, usually, caused by defective teeth. To swab mouth twice a day with a solution of boric acid—half ounce in pint of soft water—would have cured it quickly.

T. O., Moberly, Mo.—What is it that makes a dog hunt, take up a trail and follow it in the right direction instead of, sometimes, taking the back track?

Answer.—It is an inherent propensity, impelling endeavor to get possession of the game hunted, without which there would be no desire to hunt, and without the fine discernment to judge in what direction the game ran he would be at a loss to know which way to go. All of which is called instinct, and bird sense in a bird dog.

M. E., Denver, Colo.—I have an Irish setter, 4 years old, which I would like to train as per "Amateur Trainer." Do you think he is too old to make a good hunting dog? I am getting along nicely with him in yard training.

Answer.—So far as yard training is concerned and making obedient, there is no reason why this dog should not turn out satisfactorily. As to whether or not he will make a good hunter, is another question. If never taken afield and merely kept in the city up to his present age, he is apt to feel "lost" when taken out, slink behind, take to his heels at the flutter of rising birds or a gun fired, and strike out for home. A dog must learn that there is something for him to do afield—hunt for game, get active and show ambition. This should be ascertained before any training is attempted, as it may prevent great disappointment later on.

P. B. J., Platteville, Wis.—I have a foxhound, 14 months old, in good condition and apparently in best of health, but he walks and runs like his front feet, the legs or shoulders were painning him. In other words, he acts like an old, broken-down hunting dog that is all stove up in front. Can you suggest remedy?

Answer.—Doubtless a case of ingrown toe nails. Frequently dogs are thus troubled and partly disabled till relieved. Upon examination it will be found that the toe nails have grown long and curved inward and upward, so that when foot is put down the weight presses the pad of foot onto points of toe nails, rendering movement difficult. With file take off all the curve and shorten to make toe nails straight—a simple thing—and the ailment is cured.

T. P., Commanche, Mont.—One of my hounds got badly used up in a fracas some time ago and the wounds do not seem to heal. He suffers much, but has good appetite, and am in hopes of saving his life. One leg was dislocated and the spine seems fractured, as he cannot stand up. What remedies would you suggest in such a case?

Answer.—Chloroform. When injuries are so severe that recovery seems improbable, or at least disable the sufferer after healing, a quick and merciful death is often the greatest boon it is possible to grant to suffering dumb creatures.

D. W. A., Weatherford, Texas.—I have a Chesapeake Bay dog, 3 years old, and the worms are about to get the best of him. He has had them for over two years. I have tried about everything recommended, but nothing has helped much. Most of the medicine I gave him he vomited. Dog is very thin, still lively and wants to hunt, but fags out quickly.

Answer.—Any dog infested with intestinal parasites will necessarily get emaciated, lose activity, stamina, have staring coat, bulging eyes, bad odor and soon becomes disagreeable about the house. Use Worm Exterminator (see ad), which is a safe and reliable remedy.

L. G. H., Indianapolis, Ind.—A friend presented me with a nice pointer puppy, 4 months old, and I desire to rear and train him up right. This is my first dog, and am very proud of it; he seems so smart and lively and is of finest breeding, to judge by the long pedigree. Is the object of training to teach the dog to find the birds, show you where concealed, and then cause them to take wing to be shot at? I have been to my uncle's in Pennsylvania and went out with him with his beagles to hunt rabbits, but have never seen a bird dog worked in the field.

Answer.—Residing in a large city, you have not the best chance to bring out the good points of a bird dog properly unless ample chance can be given the pup by taking to where game birds abound, so he may learn to seek, find and point them in natural manner. This should be done before thinking of putting him through course of yard training, which latter is to be done at home in the yard, vacant room or barn. When through the course, practice on game in its haunts will be the next step. Training consists of a series of lessons, calculated to make the dog submissive and obedient to orders. It is natural for the bird dog to hunt and point game, but without proper subjugation he would be uncontrollable and frustrate the pleasure sought. It would lead too far to go into details in this matter; a copy of the "Amateur Trainer" will give

you fullest information from beginning to end and enable you to rear and train your dog to perfection, although you have no previous experience in the matter, and, besides, afford you unforeseen pleasure.

Mrs. G. L., Kansas City, Mo.—I have two poodle puppies, 5 weeks old, and have begun feeding three times a day. I give boiled rice, oatmeal and milk—no meat. They are not thriving well, have rough, staring coat, and seem bloated to some extent; also walk wobbly. What can be done for them to make them thrifty?

Answer.—These puppies, doubtless, have worms and need treatment. The kind of food is good, but a little meat (beef, chopped fine) will be beneficial to growth and thriftiness so soon as cleared of intestinal parasites. So young puppies should be fed six times a day, not much at a time but just enough to satisfy, then remove the dish and dispose of otherwise, and never set before them again, for fear it has soured and be harmful.

R. A. S., Los Angeles, Cal.—My bull terrier is very stubborn and will not lead when taken out for a walk of evenings on chain. He either pulls hard when in front or tugs back and lets me drag him. What will break him of this?

Answer.—Quite an easy matter. By use of the force collar this difficulty can be overcome very quickly because it at once teaches him that to pull in either direction will inflict self-punishment, hence quit the foolishness and lead properly.

J. C., Belleville, Ill.—I have a foxhound that is troubled with his ears. About a month ago I noticed a scratch on his ear, and thought it came from going through wire fence. Not long afterward I noticed the same thing on the other ear also. I used home remedies, the sores seemed to heal, but break open anew and keep sore, getting worse all the time, so they bleed when he shakes his head, which he does quite often. It causes the dog a good deal of worry and constantly flops the ears, which makes them bleed.

Answer.—The dog is afflicted with canker of ears, that causes itching, irritation and the constant flopping of ears, and that makes them crack and bleed. It is useless to try healing the breaks at rim of flaps—the cause must be removed, which is located in the inner ear chambers. Canker Cure (see ad in this issue) will give instant relief and cure within a week. The same fluid may be applied to sores on outer rims. It stops pain and itching at once, hence shaking the head and flopping ceases, and healing can proceed.



For the Benefit of the Sofa-Pillow Crowd, et al.

By E. W. H.

"Murder will out."

Do you respect facts? If so, peruse this; if not, skip it.

Don't some of the small-bore publicists lead everything in the solar system in consistent inconsistency? It appears that nothing is too absurd or impractical to merit and receive joyous acclaim, which is continued until the bubble is punctured or axes need re-grinding, when it is usually relegated to the limbo of exploded infatuations and something else—usually more impossible—cooked up. All interested sportsmen know what a motley host of "Hi-power" (beware!) loads there are under .40 caliber, when the various calibers, powder charges and differences in weight, composition and form of bullets are considered. This affords the bipeds who place ease or profit above principle and sportsmanship unlimited material for selective use—as handy as the selective memory of an eminent trustocrat under investigation on the charge of maltreating the Sherman law.

Having been so frequently and clearly pointed out in the past by various able writers, it seems preposterous to think that any one at all interested could hold a trace of a doubt as to the existence or great size of the gap that separates the ideal big-game load from the present-day ideal military load. The degree of difference between them is practically as great as between a shifting sand dune and Gibraltar. Yet when we size up the many loads or combinations mentioned above, what do we find? That some of them are straight military, some tinkered military, and the rest but slight departures from the military type!

In practical use out among the tall and uncut, the difference in effectiveness between the majority of such calibers or combinations does not amount to a tinker's dam. They are all tarred and feathered with the same stick. The best of them are bad enough for use in the big-game field. If a sportsman using a certain small-bore combination pours pills into a quadruped until he gets cramp in his trigger finger, and the critter refuses to linger, then some of the

chameleon-hued guides of the fraternity who are mainly responsible for the widespread delusions regarding the reliability of such squib and freak loads, hasten to chide the erring brother for not using a caliber about a gnat's heel bigger, or a bullet of a little different weight or type in the cartridge used, or for not hitting the animal "in a vital spot"—all very ponderous arguments, and quite cheering, to be sure. Am not arguing for a second that bullets for the same cartridge that vary in make-up would perform at all alike under the same conditions. With any caliber, it is mighty important that the bullet of a make-up best suited to the work at hand be used. But no bullet ever devised will make any small-bore combination as truly reliable for big-game work as a well-selected big-bore combination

"End of part one. Part two will follow immediately."

In the November number of "Field and Stream," of Little Old Gnu Yawk, was an article entitled "The Springfield on Moose," by Mr. J. F. R. Scott. It's the same old story. The party was composed of three military riflemen, all armed with Springfields, in which they used ammunition loaded with the 190-gr. soft-point bullet. How inefficient such loads frequently prove to be under even the most favorable conditions, all should have long ago been able to clearly see. The work (?) of the armament in the hands of Mr. Scott on the second animal tried for, affords more, if superfluous, solid evidence of this fact. In fact, you rarely read a candid and open hunting account where such loads were used that you do not find more or less evidence of their untrustworthiness. The first chance offered was at a moose that he and the guide thought was a monarch with wide-spreading antlers, that would make a fine trophy. Darkness was gathering, and the animal was almost invisible, except that the light antlers showed plainly. Such conditions are common, but under such it is very hard to hit an animal at all, let alone "in a vital spot." After eight shots were started his way, His Mooseship decided to hike, but

was given the ninth one for an accelerator. Investigation the next morning disclosed evidence that he had made three beds within 150 yards and had bled quite a little. Mr. Scott decided that he must have been hit several times, which was probably correct, as little blood usually flows from a single small-bore wound. The varmints probably got that one—Mr. Scott didn't.

He had almost given up hope of another chance when, at the eleventh hour, one was offered by a small-antlered moose wading around in the lake, beyond 100 yards range. After being punctured five times Br'er Moose "became confused," and after being hit eight times in eleven shots, he yielded up the ghost. Had that one been in or near the timber, he would probably have scooted for the eternal elsewhere long before his would-be slayer could have prevailed upon him to entertain a cargo of small-bore ticklers.

The Scott party were unanimous in the decision that the Springfield is a "splendid hunting rifle." It might be that, but it is most certain not a rifle that will bag big game regularly under average conditions. In the nature of the premises, it is surely a long jump to such an astounding conclusion. There are doubtless many who, if it had served them as it did Mr. Scott, would have felt strongly inclined to larrup it around a hardwood sapling. Mr. Scott laments the loss of the chap with the ponderous millinery, but expects to use Hoxie bullets next time, "in hopes that all our game will stay dead when it is hit a few times." See! He's in the pillar-to-post, end-of-the-rainbow predicament of all those groping mortals who imagine that a really satisfactory big-game combination can be evolved from small-bore material. We wonder wherein he thinks the Hoxie would be one whit better for such game than the bullets used. Can the idea!

In an article entitled "A Preachment," in the December "Field and Stream," the immaculate Edward C. Crossman—fearing that the Scott account might tend to un-deceive somebody—makes a frantic effort to establish an alibi for the Springfield. Read from either end it is mainly the characteristic Xman bunk on the "right-caliber question." He leads off with the following:

"To the best of my memory I have appeared in print several times, stating that bullets at high speed were more deadly than those at low speed; that weight had little to do with the question, and that diameter had little to do likewise."

Men don't always believe what they preach, but if Xman really and truly believes what he says in that statement as to weight and diameter of bullets, he is saying, in effect, that he is suffering from palpitation of the imagination—or something. Nor, granting that the theoretical muzzle energies be anywhere near the same, is

there any extreme-velocity load on the market today that can touch the best of those around 2,000 feet in regularly bagging big game over the average maximum sporting range—and don't you forget it, either!

He also says, in effect, that the Scott party didn't use the right load in the Springfield—that the loads used were equivalent to those for the .303 Savage. Mr. Scott did not state what make of ammunition was used. The W. R. A. Co. list such a load, which, as per the catalogue dope, is 47% more powerful than the .303 Savage (UMC), but are not now furnishing it. The regular 220-gr. load is a better one, anyway. The UMC 190-gr. Springfield load has 22% more energy than the .303 Savage. Some appear to think that there is no greater difference than that between a load for sparrows and one for elephant.

After showing (?) us that the Scott party used loads equivalent to the .303 Savage in the Springfield, he advises all of us that the normal (abnormal?) Springfield cartridge uses a 150-gr. Spitzer bullet at a velocity of 2,700 foot-seconds. He further says that "the game-killing [Take care!] cartridge uses bullets of the same weight and velocity and shape, but fitted with an umbrella-collapsing [Look out!] point when made by the UMC Co. and with a soft point when made by the Peters Cartridge Co. These are horses of quite a different color from the slow coach 190-gr. projectile."

Yes, we'll freely agree that they are "horses of quite a different color," but if a fraction of what we hear of the bunk performance of similar creations, be true, they are a darned sight balkier than even the other uncertain critters.

If we had not long ago learned the importance of forming no conclusions without having before us complete and detailed first-hand reports, or, in the absence of them, to make due allowance from the comments made upon them by certain designing individuals who have often clearly demonstrated their proneness to mutilate, magnify or muddle the facts, we might have believed long ere this that there never was, is not and never will be anything that can touch the Springfield cartridge when loaded with the 150-gr. full-patch, or military, Spitzer, as the ideal of ideal loads for work on big game. For the past two or three years one could hardly pick up a sporting publication without seeing some reference to the great work done by this load in the hands of Roosevelt and White. This has actually been carried so far that even the editor of the Arms and Ammunition department of another magazine has been strongly recommending the 30-150 military load on the strength of its performance in the hands of Roosevelt and White. Now comes the denouement:

If this 150-gr. full-patch Spitzer was the

remarkable killer that it is plain some individuals would have had us believe, what in the name of common sense prevailed upon the factories to very recently put out a 150-gr. Spitzer in "umbrella-collapsing" and soft-point forms? Get that? Xman and others have canted often, loud and long about the work done by White with the Springfield full-patch Spitzer ammunition. He even offers, in his December article, a list of game killed by White with it, as proof, we take it, of its excellence. But in the selfsame article he refers to the new "umbrella-collapsing" and soft-point Spitzer loads as the "game-killing" cartridges. Wow! Is it possible that the full-patch were guilty of improper conduct, after all the nice, loving things that have been hinted of them? We shall see.

Regardless of how widely prevalent is the opinion that the 150-gr. full-patch Spitzer is a desirable one for big-game work, it is for such use about the most erratic performer ever dug up.

Stewart Edward White embarked the 15th of May, 1913, on his second African trip. A letter written by him to Mr. Crossman appeared in "Arms and the Man," December 4, 1913. In speaking of his armament, Mr. White refers to the .465 Holland, his rhinobuffalo-elephant gun, the power of which makes even the .405 look like a never-wuzzer. As to the .405, he says: "The .405 continues my standby for lions, and for close work in brush country. It is a hard hitter, and the more I use it, the better I like it."

Thanks, Mr. White! We think a good bit of it ourselves. Let the reader not forget that the .405 is Mr. White's regular gun for lion, although many prefer something more powerful for *Felis Leo*. Mr. White is not anxious to tackle one with anything less efficient, as he rather freely admits. He hasn't lost any lion when he has nothing but the Springfield along; and the lion is not such a big animal in size. The moose, the elk and the Alaska brown bear are all far larger animals. The grizzly is larger, and the caribou probably near the same weight—on the average, of course. Don't the ethics of clean sport and your own success call for the use of as powerful a load for non-dangerous big game as for dangerous game of the same size? It looks a wee bit that way to us.

After speaking so highly of his .405—a "forty-years-behind-the-times" lever action firing "slow-coach" projectiles—Mr. White probably realized that this would have a tendency to disorder Xman's bile, so he jollies him a little by saying that "the Springfield is as usual a wonder." This has to be done, of course, for that boy has had a lot of trouble in the past few years. If he doesn't look a "leedle oudt," he's liable to have a darned sight more in the next few.

But Thomas and Maria come a-ripping out of the sack at Ross velocity when Mr. White makes the following illuminating statement:

"Have been using the heavier bullet, as I did before; but used forty rounds of the 150-gr. to try. It is a savage little bullet, but too erratic in its diving for me. I had five examples of 'in and out' diving. . . . Also it goes way through too much of the time."

Ahar! at larst! O, hevinks! Does anybody doubt it now? It's down in black and white. No guessing about it. That's the way these military contraptions behave. Wonder if any of the "headline readers" who fondly imagine that "the latest" is always superior to everything that has gone before, lost any game or are out any coin by harboring the delusion that the 150-gr. Spitzer was "the thing?"

By "in and out" diving, Mr. White no doubt means that the projectiles came out on the same side that they went in on. They are addicted to the habit of cutting such didoes. A man is liable to shoot himself by using such boomerangs.

Mr. White says: "I think if hunters would use the 172-gr. we would hear no more complaints of the action of the Springfield." There it goes again! The very idea that the action of a bolt-action arm would ever give cause for complaint. The jinx must be working overtime. Had we been sufficiently receptive, we might have believed that it would handle sofa-pillows without clogging or jamming. Only antiquated lever actions are licensed to cut up so "scandiculously." Wonder what sort of "a wonder" that wonder is, anyway.

In his article in "Field and Stream," Xman dilates upon the ineffectiveness of ordinary soft-point bullets at velocities around 2,000 feet. Strange that Mr. White uses them regularly for lion, and won't tackle a lion at all with the kind Xman recommends, unless under the most favorable circumstances! Isn't that funny, now—eh, wot?

Nobody can question Mr. White's courage or expertness in the game-field use of the sporting arm. But be a man human or superhuman, he surely has reasons good and plenty for being lion-shy when the best weapon handy is such an inefficient and fickle performer as the Springfield with any load. The man who makes a practice of tackling such critters with it, either has little or no idea as to the make-up of a really dependable big-game load, or else has probably already bargained with his undertaker.

To prove the wonderful efficiency of the Spitzer stuff, Xman gives a list of ten head of non-dangerous game which he says Mr. White killed in Africa with one shot each. Xman says the ten head were killed with the "service Spitzer stuff." The service Spitzer is loaded with the 150-gr. bullet. Will the reader please note what Mr. White said, as quoted above: "Have been using the

heavier bullet, as I did before." Judging from this statement, he used none of the 150-gr. stuff on the first trip. Looks like there might be a Hottentot in the woodpile. Mr. White gave the 150-gr. a trial, but threw it overboard because of its boomeranging propensities and other shortcomings.

Anyway, how far does a list of non-dangerous game killed under African conditions with a certain load, go to prove said load as the ideal one for hunting on this side of the vasty deep? There is many a whence and whither and whyfore to be considered along with it. How many of us hunt in Africa? In his letter Mr. White states that in one day he counted and estimated four thousand, six hundred and twenty-three (4,623) head! And Cunninghame, the noted African guide, says that of all the hunters, of every description, whom he had ever seen in Africa, White was the best shot. Some bouquet for Stewart Edward, eh? A scrub shot compared with Mr. White could roll up an enormous bag of non-dangerous animals with the old Henry rim-fire load under such conditions. The old copy book said something about practice making perfect. It is very probable that Mr. White was gifted with an unusual degree of natural ability for this line of sport, and he has certainly had far more actual experience, or practice, in the big-game field than has fallen to the lot of but a mighty few members of this generation. In the final analysis, the absolute unreliability of such loads as the Springfield has been proven over and over by the reports of the users themselves; there is as much difference between African conditions and the average North American as between the republics of the United States and San Marino. Mr. White is a phenomenal game shot, probably largely the result of an experience, or practice, far greater than that which falls to the lot of but very few sportsmen. When the man who hunts on this side of the herring pond considers these points only, to say nothing of many more that figure largely in the question, how in the name of reason he can see any evidence whatever in what has been reported of the work of the Springfield in the hands of Mr. White, that would enable him to arrive at the decision that some military-sporting mule load is the thing for him to use, is far over my head. I give it up!

Note what Lieutenant Whelen says in the March, 1913, issue of "Field & Stream," page 1200:

"Small-bore men like to call attention to the records made by Colonel Roosevelt and Stewart Edward White with the Springfield and Spitzer bullets as evidence of the killing power of the combination, but they seem to forget entirely that when these gentlemen were placed in positions where they wanted, above all things, to make a clean, quick kill—as before a charging lion—

they invariably chose the .405 Winchester."

Xman's shuffling and double-dealing on certain questions of weighty import to the sporting fraternity should be plain to all, but we will quote a little from his writings anent bullets:

In the January, 1912, "Outer's Book," page 62, he says, speaking of the lead-point Spitzer: "Sir Charles Ross says bullets of this sort will not shoot straight if they are made with enough lead exposed to open on impact, and they will not open out if made to shoot straight." We also find another article by Xman, in "Arms and the Man," October 10, 1912, in which he discusses (guess it would be better to leave the "dis" off) the .333 Jeffery. The Jeffery Spitzer is made in both lead-point and full-patch types. These Spitzers didn't look a bit good then to him, either. It was an "inferior bullet" compared with the Ross copper-tube—probably the boss bust-up bullet of the universe. He says in this article: "The sportsman shooting the Spitzer bullet and expecting it to kill merely because it is a Spitzer is doomed sooner or later to disappointment. The Spitzer per se, is not a killing missile." Well, what do you know about that?

We'll freely and gladly admit that what he says here as to the Spitzer is shaving the truth pretty closely, but if a copper-tube one that busts up as badly as the Ross is more desirable, we'll eat our "lid" and go bare-headed!

The Springfield should be one of the most effective of the small bores, but comes far from giving what should be considered satisfactory results on big game. The Scott incident is but one out of a multitude that absolutely prove the correctness of this assertion. Nor can the load be expected to do nearly as regular work on deer as a larger bore of about the same theoretical energy, for it is a practical impossibility to devise a bullet of such small caliber that will at all satisfactorily utilize, as a rule, that amount of energy on an animal the size of a deer. It would appear that if Mr. Scott is alive to his own best interests, he will use a really reliable load in the future, such as the .405. However, if the question of sportsmanship does not concern him—if the killing of two animals to bag one is of little or no moment—and he is such a dyed-in-the-wool gambler as to stake his chances of success on such an unreliable load as the Springfield at its best—let him not commit the gross error of using a lighter bullet next time, but the heaviest procurable—the blunt soft-nose, 220-grain. The increase in weight being but 16 per cent, the difference in effectiveness between the 220 and the 190-grain bullets would hardly be very noticeable in practical work, but would help a little.

Mr. Scott being a military man "likee" Xman, it appears queer that he didn't follow

the latter's teachings and use the wonderful now-she-works-and-now-she-doesn't Spitzer. Maybe he had found out by bitter experience with them, or possibly somebody had given him a "tip" as to the rotten department of the "sharp-pinted" boomerangs. He said nothing about using them next time, either. Must be a "reb."

We surely think we have given him abundant evidence that the use of heavier bullets will be the part of wisdom. It is unthinkable that any man could desire more evil-

dence, but if he does, there is a-plenty handy. Considering the many points involved, a starter has hardly been made on the "right-caliber question."

"Those who live in glass houses"—should pull down the blinds.

Facts are ever greater than fabrication.

P. S.—And please don't forget to remember that the load to freeze to is the one that will practically always get 'em when you don't hit 'em in a "vital spot."

Pennsylvania.

New American Arms—The Model 1914 Savage .22 Repeater

By Ashley A. Haines.

The latest .22-caliber repeating rifle to come to the writer's attention is the tubular-magazine Savage, known as the Model 1914. This beautiful little arm resembles in many ways the box-magazine .22-caliber Savage of Model 1903, though, in the writer's opinion, it has an advantage over that model which most shooters familiar with it will readily recognize after a slight acquaintance with the later model, which, I presume, is to supersede the older one.

Users of the older model Savage were limited to a magazine capacity of seven cartridges, and, while this was usually suffi-

grip (so called) on the older Savage detracted from rather than added to the rifle's neat appearance, while so far as affording any advantage whatever in the way of better holding was concerned it was an absolute failure. 'Twas the same old story: The pistol grip was placed far too far to the rear of the trigger guard, and the 1903 Savage is not the only rifle with this defect to its credit. So radically different from the old-style pistol grip is the newer one that the first thing to attract the attention of the observing shooter is this valuable feature. Instead of the pistol grip appearing as an



The new Savage .22, 1914 Model.

cient for any emergency to be met with in hunting, there were many times that the rapid-fire specialist at target practice desired a greater magazine capacity; and this tubular magazine .22 Savage solves the problem, as instead of seven cartridges being offered the shooter at one loading of the magazine, as in the older models, the marksman is now offered in this new model an arm with magazine which will give the shooter at one loading twenty .22 short cartridges, seventeen .22 long and fifteen .22 long rifle cartridges. And these cartridges can be fired as rapidly as the shooter can operate the action which, being of the trombone type and designed to work with the slightest effort possible, places at the shooter's disposal an arm exceeded for rapidity by but one type which, of course, is the automatic.

The older model had a rifle butt stock (that is, the standard pattern had), which the writer preferred to the shotgun butt so generally coming into favor, but the pistol

ugly and useless lump inches too far to the rear of the guard, this new Savage pistol grip is shoved up near the guard, where it should be to afford all the advantages to be expected from the very best pistol grips to be found on any arm. Shaped as it is, and placed where it is, the shooter finds his hand full of a grip that is of actual benefit to him. Although a rifle butt stock would have been used on this arm had it been designed by the writer, at the same time it can be truthfully said that the style—shotgun butt—adopted as the standard by the Savage people will be found excellent.

The neatly designed stock, with its properly proportioned and rightly located pistol grip, with its long and slender forearm, tapering gracefully forward, the small tubular magazine extending well towards the muzzle of the 24-inch octagon barrel, all contribute to producing a .22-caliber repeater with exceptionally pleasing lines.

Like all Savage arms, this rifle is hammerless; also a "take-down." In the older model

the writer has experienced some little trouble from the take-down arrangement, permitting the two parts of the receiver working loose, especially after many shots were fired, but in this new arm this fault has not developed to date, though the little gun has been shot many times and action worked a great deal. From this experience, it is believed that little or no difficulty need be apprehended of this nature, provided the user always takes the precaution to turn in the take-down screw firmly when assembling the gun.

The safety is conveniently located on the upper tang and can be quickly and readily placed at the desired position. After a slight acquaintance with the arm the user can readily learn merely from the sense of touch whether the rifle is cocked or not, or whether safety is "on" or "off," and the hammer can be lowered safely without snapping.

The take-down feature enables one to quickly take gun apart, remove the breech-bolt and clean from the breech, if desired. When taken down, the gun can be packed in a space the length of the barrel and receiver, which is about 27½ inches. This feature will be found a great convenience for many. The method of attaching the butt stock to the receiver is worthy of special mention. This is accomplished by a single screw passing through the pistol grip from the bottom and screwing into the receiver. In case of the wood to the stock shrinking, as sometimes will happen after a gun has been used on a rainy day, which will leave any looseness between it and the receiver, this can readily be taken up simply by tightening the stock screw.

The method of loading the magazine readily is accomplished by drawing out the inner tube, which is of brass, and loading the cartridges through an opening in the outer tube, same as in many other tubular-magazine arms of .22 caliber.

The rifle is regularly equipped with open sights, dove-tailed into the barrel in the usual manner. Like many other factory sights, these are hardly what they should be to find a place on such an excellent little rifle. Those desiring better ones, however, will find the tangs of their rifles drilled and tapped for the Lyman and Marble peep sights, while if they prefer open sights different than the factory sights found on the gun when purchased, others can be substituted readily. It might be well, perhaps, to mention that these sights which are regularly supplied with the standard rifles consist of a steel bead front sight and a rear sight with a flat top adjustable for point-blank and windage by screws, for which purpose a screw driver will be required.

The solid-top, solid-breech, side-ejecting features are rapidly coming to be recognized as especially strong points in the modern

rifle, and while many who have become so accustomed to the hammer guns, so long used by American riflemen, may not take readily to some of the hammerless rifles offered them, it may be said that this Savage hammerless .22 will undoubtedly suit the admirer of the hammerless type, while its simplicity and convenient form of safety will quickly find favor with many who have been dissatisfied with some other hammerless arms. The neat outline of the little rifle, the superb balance and easy handling features, combined with its light weight (5¾ pounds) and excellent shooting qualities, are all features which will be certain to attract the attention of the shooter in search of an ideal .22-caliber repeater.

The New Remington-U. M. C. High-Power Repeater No. 14½.

Although the first of the trombone-action rifles which were placed on the market along in the middle '80s had their faults, the method of operating appealed to a great many shooters, and I believe it perfectly safe to say that I have heard more hunters remark that they would very much prefer the trombone type of action for a hunting rifle than any other, provided one could be designed that would prove reliable. Popular as are other types, the fact remains that the average man finds it much easier to manipulate the trombone readily and rapidly than any other of the hand-functioned arms. While the first of the trombone-actions offered the shooters were not manufactured many years, the many strong features of these arms so appealed to shooters everywhere that there has been quite a demand made on manufacturers for arms of this type, and while until recently the makers have only responded with trombone rifles of the smaller calibers, and particularly the .22 calibers, the fact is pretty apparent now that the big-game hunter who has waited so patiently for so long for a big-game rifle of the forearm action will now find within his reach satisfactory rifles of this class.

The Remington-U. M. C. high-power rifle in the .25, .30, .32 and .35 Remington calibers has been on the market long enough to become pretty well and favorably known among hunters everywhere. This rifle is known as the No. 14A, has the trombone action and is supplied in both rifle and carbine. The four high-power calibers in which this rifle can be had offers the big-game hunter several sizes from which to make a selection for the game field, and while probably at least 75 per cent of the big-game hunters will not care for rifles for American big game developing greater power than some of these, it will not surprise the writer should manufacturers discover a demand for still more powerful rifles of the trombone type and in time place such arms on the market.

Among the latest of the trombone rifles which have been placed on the market might be mentioned the Remington-U. M. C. No. 14½. While many will not class this among the rifles especially adapted to present-day big-game hunting conditions, at the same time the cartridges adapted to it have always been so popular with many for general purposes that it seems certain that there will be a strong demand for this trombone Remington-U. M. C. which has been developed to handle them. The cartridges for which it is made are the famous .44-40 and .38-40 Winchester cartridges. These cartridges were, of course, originally designed for the 1873 model Winchester rifle, which, although pounds too heavy, may well be placed among the most famous rifles which have ever been made. Lever-action rifles, lighter and neater in design, both Winchester and Marlin, have appeared since the introduction of the old '73 model to handle the .44 and .38 cartridges. The Colt Lightning magazine rifle, although among us but a comparatively short time, was also made for these cartridges, while to show the great popularity of these cartridges, and particularly the .44, it is but necessary to mention that both Colt and Smith & Wesson revolvers, in various models, have been, and are being, made for them. And what is more, rifles and revolvers and cartridges of these sizes are meeting with as steady a sale, apparently, as ever.

All this will help to explain why the Remington-U. M. C. are now in the field with a trombone-action rifle to handle these popular cartridges. Famous as they were and still are, when used in the earlier arms to which they were adapted, their being now adapted to a reliable trombone will still further popularize them.

As yet I have been unfortunate in not having seen one of these rifles, but judging from the cut of same and from what I have

been able to gather from the makers, the gun differs but little from the high-power Remington, with which most of the readers are no doubt quite familiar. The magazine tube is straight instead of spiral, and such small alterations as were found necessary were made to handle a rimmed cartridge instead of a rimless one. The standard length of barrel for the rifle is 22½ inches; weight, 6¾ pounds. Length of barrel on the carbine, 18½ inches, while the weight is 6½ pounds.

For a rifle to handle the cartridges to which this rifle is adapted, many are pretty well satisfied with some of the light-weight lever guns, but that there are a great many who will "shelve" the lever for this trombone seems certain. And this simply due to the fact that it is the one thing needful to make them absolutely happy.

Now for a question: When will the Remington-U. M. C. people offer us a trombone-action designed to handle the .32-20 and .25-20 cartridges? Surely there will be found many ready to welcome such a rifle with widespread arms, and especially if the rifle is made on a frame especially designed for the cartridges it is intended to handle. To offer us this No. 14½ rifle altered to handle these smaller cartridges will not interest many of us in the slightest. We have lever-action rifles originally designed for the .44-caliber cartridges which, with slight alterations, can be had for the smaller cartridges. This is not as it should be. If we are to have a satisfactory trombone in these small calibers the entire gun should be proportioned accordingly, thereby producing an arm considerably lighter than would be the case should one be built on the .44 foundation. The R. A.-U. M. C. have made an excellent start; let them finish the good work by producing a properly proportioned .32-20 and .25-20 trombone.

Improved Trigger Pull for the .22 Bekeart Revolver

By Frank M. Woods.

Outdoor Life.—In your February issue, 1914, there is an article by Mr. Haines on the single shot pistol. In this article Mr. Haines mentions that he had read somewhere that the Perfected Model S. & W. single shot pistol has a more nearly perfect trigger pull than that of the older lock-work found in the Model '91. Inasmuch as Mr. Haines has commended a previous article of mine written on the Bekeart Model .22 S. & W. when it first came out, I wish to repeat a statement made in that article in connection with the new Perfected Model .22 pistol, namely, that the lock work of this new .22 pistol gives a better trigger pull than can possibly exist on the old '91 model. Mr. Haines never happened to think of just

the points covered by his statement; his statement that the same weight of pull could have been supplied on the old '91 model is quite true; my own pistol in this model has a pull of less than one pound, and this pull has remained constant from the day that I first adjusted it—about four years ago—and approximately three thousand times fired. The point is this: When I spoke of trigger pull I included not only the weight of pressure of the finger, but also everything that happened to the aim from the instant the trigger began to slip on the cocking-notch until the hammer had delivered its full energy to the shell, and in this action of the trigger and lock work the trigger pull of the new Perfected Model may

be said to be absolutely and directly better than on the old '91 model. There are several mechanical reasons for this better pull found in the lock work of the newer model pistol, most of which Mr. Haines will probably be able to understand by dismounting the action, but the proof of this better pull-off will be found by snapping the old '91 model from the off-hand position in comparison with the Bekeart Model, and carefully watching what happens to the front sight upon the target. It will be found that the front sight will show in the old '91 model a distinct and uncertain wobbling motion, due to the release of the lock and the fall of the hammer such as does not exist in near the same degree in the Bekeart .22 revolver, and I have also found that there is much less motion in the new ten-inch Perfected .22 pistol than there is in my eight-inch .22 of the older '91 model. It should be understood that this difference is not great, and that it will not gain many points on even a long score, but I think that if Mr. Haines will try out this action, using a deliberate hold and slow pull with pistols empty, he will be able to corroborate my statement that there is a distinct gain at this point in both the Bekeart revolver and the Perfected Model .22 pistol. It will also be understood that shortening the barrel, some of this hanging of the pistol to the point of aim must be sacrificed during the instant of release and fall of the hammer, and this will prove more detrimental in the case of the pistol as compared with the rifle, owing to its relatively greater lock impulse in proportion to the weight of the arm.

Mr. Haines censures the open space between barrel and frame on the .22 S. & W. pistols. While I think he is, on the whole, correct, I have myself found that this space is of so much use to ascertain instantly if the arm is loaded, and also so much more easily cleaned than a countersunk breech, that I have never taken the trouble to correct it. All that is necessary to make a tight breech here is a horseshoe-shaped piece of metal pinned to the breech with its

open ends up so as to permit the cartridge-head to pass up and down with the motion of the barrel in loading and ejecting.

I do not entirely agree with Mr. Haines' statement that the barrel should open just enough to kick the shell over the top of the frame. This is one of the features which has been praised in the Webber pistol, but for .22 caliber cartridges, some of which are quite dirty, the wide-opening frame possesses every advantage for the thorough and easy cleaning of breech, barrel and extractor.

If Mr. Haines will practice the following method of opening and loading the .22 S. & W. target pistols, I think much of his objection to the wide opening of the barrel from the frame will disappear. The pistol having been fired, it is lowered to the level of the waist line, and pointing horizontally across the body towards the left (presupposing a right-handed man) with palm down, the left hand is closed around and grips the barrel with the thumb lying along its left side pointing towards the breech and about one or two inches ahead of same (depending on size of hand). The right hand is allowed to slip around the stock (without changing the shooting grip) so as to bring the right thumb directly under the left hand knurled part of the barrel catch, when a strong upward push with the thumb held close to the side of the frame will open the catch; the left hand then fulcrums the barrel clear open and with the completion of this ejecting motion the left thumb leaves its position on the barrel and is slipped through the trigger-guard; this grip of the left hand with the fingers over the top of the rib and the thumb through the guard, holds the pistol in the most convenient and rigid position for loading, and this whole operation is much quicker and easier, both on the shooter and pistol, than the usual process of yanking it open by the left hand. I have polished all parts of this barrel catch, so that in my pistol I am enabled to use a barrel catch spring only about one-half as stiff as usual, which makes opening especially easy.

The Sullivan Anti-Weapon Law

By F. J. B.

This little reminder is written especially to call the attention of the voting citizenry of New York state to the condition of affairs existing in their state, and which they are in a position, should they be so disposed, to alter.

In looking back over the history of other nations, as well as our own, we find that the days of great oppression, which at last grew unbearable and resulted in great and

bloody wars, as the only recourse against the indignities and oppression to which people were subjected, have, in all cases, been the result of a series of minor causes, apparently insignificant in themselves, but of great consequence as a whole. These conditions could all have been avoided had the proper action been taken, and the resulting years of suffering and bloodshed been avoided.

In contrasting the history of our own country to that of the greatest of ancient powers, Rome, we find that, step for step, our progress is identical, as nearly as the advanced age of development could be identical with an ancient power.

Our greatest boast and the vaunted reason for our almost unbelievable growth and progress has been, and is still, that we are a free people, governing ourselves and, therefore, making such laws and allowing only such conditions as are best for our welfare.

In the early days of this country, the days of our Revolution and up to our Civil War, practically every man took an active interest in the affairs of the country. No law which would interfere with the freedom of our citizens was recognized or allowed. We revolted because of high taxation and oppressive laws. Yet in the State of New York there are laws today which not only restrict a man's liberty, but absolutely prohibit his defending himself, his wife, family or property under any conditions whatsoever. A law has recently been put through in that state which is equaled only in countries where a condition of citizen slavery of the most debased form exists; such as Russia and Turkey. It is laws similar if not identical with the New York state law which made possible and resulted in the horrible massacres of Moscow and Constantinople. Rienzi, in his address to the Romans, said: "And this is Rome, who from her seven hills of glory ruled the world. . . . Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman was greater than to be a king!" And in the same address he said that the sun rose and set upon a race of slaves; base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde of petty tyrants. He was speaking of a condition of affairs in Rome similar to what this recent New York state law will make possible, and even probable in that state. He called on his fellow countrymen to revolt and put down the tyranny under which they labored.

The New York state law prohibiting the owning or possessing of a weapon of any kind other than that which is fired from the shoulder will lead to a reign of terror similar to the conditions in Rome at the time of Rienzi. It is only by studying conditions of the past and affairs which led up to them that we can judge as to what will be conditions in the future—the future of our free (?) America. This law has not only been used in connection to "short guns" but has been applied to shotguns and rifles. The only effect this law can have is to make the danger to the hold-up, yegg and "cat" (burglar) 100 per cent less. One might almost wonder if it were not made for their benefit. It denies any man the right of self-defense under any circumstances, not only for himself but his fam-

ily and property, as I have before stated.

When this nation was founded it was found necessary to adopt a constitution, upon which to found laws. This as a protection to the people that tyrannical and oppressive laws could not be forced upon us, as had been done in the past, and because of which we fought for independence. Laws which were at that time considered so oppressive that they could no longer be endured and which called for armed revolt as the only relief, have been completely overshadowed by some laws of the present time, and this latest law, prohibiting a man the right conceded to be the first law of nature, that of self-defense, should call for a protest from all self-respecting citizens of sufficient force to compel it to be repealed. Our constitution states that inasmuch as we consider a large standing army as a great burden on the people, that one shall not be maintained, but that in lieu thereof every able bodied man shall be considered as a member of a national militia, to be called upon in time of need, and as a militia to be efficient must be composed of men familiar with the use of arms, that, therefore, the right of the people to bear arms shall not be infringed. There is no statement allowing a modification of this law. England prohibited the New Englanders from owning arms and this, in a great measure, helped to precipitate the war which resulted in our freedom from "such unbearable tyranny." Why should it be tolerated today? As this clause of the constitution has been questioned in that it referred to our National Guard, or what is commonly called the militia only, I have seen fit to refer to the "Dick military law," passed on September 26, 1913, and signed by President Roosevelt. It provides that "the militia shall consist of every able-bodied male citizen of the respective states, territories and the District of Columbia." In that the constitution does not limit the bearing of arms to what is today known as the National Guard, but distinctly states the militia, and in that the militia is clearly defined here, as well as in the constitution itself, I fail to see where there is any authority permitting any Legislature to restrict the carrying of arms by any citizen of the United States.

This matter has been brought up before the supreme courts of the states of Tennessee and Kentucky, and they have decided that any such law, or any law prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons was invalid, inasmuch as it was unconstitutional.

We think that it is time a decisive move was made by the citizens of the state of New York and this law repealed. It is unconstitutional and tyrannical to the last degree, for, in refusing to acknowledge the right of self-defense, which is what it

amounts to, it places every man, woman and child open to the insults and attacks of any criminal whatsoever and leaves them with no recourse. I have been offered strong inducements to move to the state in question but have hesitated so far, as I do not wish to place my wife, my property or myself in a position of absolute helplessness, one where we must suffer insult, indignities or attack with no recourse from such persecution, except if we were able after the attack to bring action through the courts against the offending parties. Such action is usually too late, except as to the disposal of the effects of the deceased. It's mighty little satisfaction to a man to know that after his head is shot off or smashed in that the "authorities" will make an effort to apprehend the criminal and deal with him according to law. It doesn't mend your head or bring you back to life, or look after your wife and little ones, who may be left destitute.

In the November issue of *Outdoor Life* the editor writes a short article explaining this "Sullivan anti-weapon law." He states that it is rumored that the law was the

result of an attempt to hold up the two largest revolver manufacturers in the country to the extent of \$30,000, to which they would not submit.

It is an everlasting disgrace to New York state and to the whole United States that any such law can be passed, and to allow it to stand will indelibly stamp the state and citizens of the state a disgrace and shame to a liberty-loving nation and justify any steps in an endeavor to redeem the honor of the nation and make it a place where women will be safe from insult and violence and where life and property will not be in constant jeopardy.

I feel sure that steps will be taken. Steps have already been taken by far-sighted men who see what such a law will lead to. But a move to regain one's rights in that state requires the active and moral support of every man in the state, and the sooner it is done the easier it will be.

The great martyr, Lincoln, said that the government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth, but it seems to be in a fair way to come to this sad end.

Thinks Lieutenant Whelen Over-looked One Good Rifle

Editor *Outdoor Life*:—I have read the article by Lieutenant Whelen in the April number of *Outdoor Life*. As he goes over the list of big-game rifles he mentions Winchester, Remington, Ballard, Savage, Stevens, Ideal, Krag and Springfield. Has he mentioned them all? I am partial to none and have and do own every gun that is mentioned, and more, too; but there is the one best little gun which he has left out entirely, and I believe that if he has never had one of these guns he has missed a great little gun—and that gun is the Marlin.

The Marlin people make guns to order, and it is within the reach of every man to get one with a balance to suit. They are to be had in all the popular calibers, and practically all of them can be had with case-hardened receivers, and all of the Marlins

are rifled and finished with care. I will appreciate it very much if anyone will show me a better rifle than the Marlin. My stock of guns include Winchesters (single-shot and repeaters, including the automatics), Marlins, Savages, etc., but I have some pet Marlins fitted with half magazines, pistol grips, half-octagon barrels and shotgun butt stocks, with different lengths of barrels, and Lyman sights, which to me seem to have been made for nothing else but to shoot, and they do their work well.

I am not trying to find fault with anything that the lieutenant has written, but I differ from him somewhat, and these are the people that I learn the most from, but I can not think he has ever used a Marlin, or he would have had much to say about it before this.

O. A. KERNS.

Kansas.

Automatic Pistols and Revolvers

Editor *Outdoor Life*:—As a regular reader of your wholesome magazine, allow me to add a few lines by way of experience to the general comment on revolvers and pistols frequently handled in *Outdoor Life*.

First, I have used and shot both Smith & Wesson and Colt revolvers for years, and have found them both excellent guns of their type and class.

But when it comes to quick, continuous action, with a gun possessing great penetration and hard-hitting power, combined with

lightness in weight, compactness in build and neatness in form, the Colt .380 automatic is an ideal gun. In fact, I have yet to learn of a single instance where users of revolvers ever returned to that system of firearms after a thorough acquaintance with the use of automatic pistols. I am, therefore, an enthusiastic admirer of the automatic system of firearms in both pistols and rifles, and believe the revolver system will soon be relegated to the scrap-heap as relics of good old days gone by.

Well, I have already spoken of the Colt .380 and will further state that for pocket use, this light, strong, compact, hard-hitting piece of simple mechanism has no superior as an easy-carrying weapon of defense. The .32 automatic of same make and pattern is also a good one, and is the gun mostly purchased by the public at large. But its penetration and shocking power is not nearly so great as the .380.

The Savage people also make good automatic pistols of the same calibers as the two above mentioned, but, personally, I do not like them as well. The larger, longer grip of the Savage and its greater number of shots are a distinct advantage greatly desired. But the simple, strong, closed mechanism of the Colt automatics, whereby no dust nor sand can enter the working parts to prevent action, is the thing that strongly appeals to me. I have never known of a failure to work perfectly, when properly handled and cared for.

The Mauser people make a .25-caliber automatic, which, in my judgment, is the finest

small calibered pistol made. It is a very neatly made, strong, hard-shooting little gun, using the same cartridge as the .25-caliber Colt. It is an ideal gun for a woman, whether used for defense or at the target. In fact, any woman could, upon turning one of these little "spit-fires" loose at night make a prowler or burglar think he had run up against a whole gattling battery.

The Luger, 765mm. or .30-caliber automatic can outshoot in point of velocity, penetration and accuracy any automatic pistol I have yet tried out. But it is too bulky and cumbersome for pocket use. It can be carried conveniently only in a belt. Aside from this objectionable feature, it is for ranchmen, hunting parties and for military use an ideal gun. The Luger is now used in the military service as a sidearm by ten foreign governments, and while not in anywise near so simply constructed as the Colt guns, they send a bullet through wood or air faster than any other pistol or revolver I have ever yet seen perform.

H. M. BOWERS.

Nebraska.

Concerning the Strength of the Krag Action

Editor Outdoor Life:—In your March issue, in answer to Mr. Chas. Smith, who desired to know whether the Krag action could withstand the pressures generated by loading the Krag shell with 41 grains of 1909 Military or 46 grains of Ross powder, using the 150-grain service bullets (giving respectively 48,000 and 50,800 pounds), Mr. Charles Newton asserts with great positiveness "in this regard would say, there is practically no doubt that the Krag action would handle this pressure all right, as the pressure is but a shade over 50,000 pounds with the Ross load."

In this Mr. Newton seems to have overestimated the abilities of the Krag action. I desire to call his attention to a note on "Ammunition for the Krag" by Lieutenant Whelen in the March Outter's Book in which the Lieutenant states:

"Caution should be exercised in using heavier loads than the standard in the Krag action. The breech pressure with this action should not exceed 43,000 pounds. If it is made much higher than this, the bolts will occasionally give way, although there have been Krag actions which have stood

over 46,000 pounds. If sufficient powder be loaded into the Krag shell to give 2,600 to 2,700 foot-seconds, the breech pressure will be 46,000 pounds or over and the load will be unsafe for the Krag. . . . The inability of the Krag action to withstand high pressures is due to its having but one locking lug at the head of the bolt. In experiments leading to the adoption of the 1903 (Springfield) rifle it was found that when pressures were as high as 44,000 pounds, the bolts of several Krag rifles in every 100 would give way, and as the pressure was increased above this figure the proportion giving way increased very rapidly."

If Lieutenant Whelen's figures are correct, and they coincide closely with those in articles that have appeared at various times on the limits of the Krag action, then firing the loads mentioned from a Krag might be attended with unpleasant consequences, and if Mr. Smith's query was prompted by a desire to try such loads, it might be wise for him to take shelter behind Mr. Newton's "Concrete Abutment" and pull the trigger with a string.

New York. HARRY ELKINS, M. D.

Marble's Flexible Joint Peep Sight for the 1895 Winchester

Editor Outdoor Life:—In Lieutenant Whelen's article, "The Big-Game Rifle—Range Dope and Wilderness Experience—Part II," April number, he mentions the Winchester, Model 1895, rifle. He gives good and bad

points (mostly good) and says: "Lastly, the action will not allow of a Lyman or similar sight on the hang." This is an error which I think should be corrected. Mr. W. L. Jennings of Port Chester has one

(Continued on page 568.)

Why Internal Bathing Is Essential to Health

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M. D.

No matter how well or how regular you think you are, unless you are entirely different from seventy-five million other Americans, you do not eat the food nor perform the manual labor that will permit your system to rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates, without any assistance.

This waste, accumulating a little at a time in the colon (lower intestine), is proven almost the sole cause of our feeling dull and heavy, and lacking in ambition, initiative and keenness on some days, especially if the atmosphere be heavy and the day unpropitious.

As you probably know, there is nothing more poisonous than this waste, and the blood, in circulating through the colon, takes up and distributes just enough of it throughout the body to rob us of much of our normal efficiency and pull us down below "concert pitch."

Of course, the more the accumulation, the more serious the effect, and any physician will tell you that ninety-five per cent of all diseases would be absolutely prevented if the colon were kept free from waste.

Invariably, as you know, the very first step every physician takes in a case of real illness, no matter what its nature, is to give a laxative to get rid of the waste.

If we can consistently eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously uncertain in our work.

You will never thoroughly realize how altogether bright, clear and perfectly healthy you can feel, until for a time you have been entirely free from this accumulation.

The best way to be rid of it is the most natural way, with the least strain on the system, and nothing could be more simple or thorough than warm water, if properly applied.

Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell of New York has specialized on Internal Bathing, and made it his study for twenty-five years, and the "J. B. L. Cascade" for Internal Bathing is the finished result of his experiments and experience. This has been steadily growing in favor and use for the past fifteen years.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which though so rational and simple, is so effective in its results.

A most interesting little book has been written by Dr. Tyrrell, called "Why Man of Today Is Only Fifty Per Cent Efficient," which gives much valuable information of his researches and experiences, and will be sent to anyone, without cost, who writes Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., 134 West Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, and mentions having read this in *OUT-DOOR LIFE*.

This is a subject which is little understood generally, and seems to be of sufficiently vital importance to deserve a more intimate knowledge. You will find that this book treats the subjects so clearly and intimately as to be most instructive, and is well worth the reading.

of these rifle for the .1906 cartridge, fitted with a Marble Flexible Joint sight. I also have one of the same model for the .30-40 or Krag cartridge fitted with the same sight.

These sights work perfectly on this rifle. The breech-bolt hits the sight when the action is opened, but it immediately flies back to its original position when the action

is closed. As the tang of this rifle is not tapped to take this sight, it is necessary to have some good gunsmith do this, or better, do it yourself.

The ideal combination is Marble's Flexible Joint tang sight with snap-shooter's disk and ivory bead front sight, semi-jack. The fine bead is too hard to pick up in the early morning and at dusk at night.

New York. EDW. W. KELLY, JR.

A Formula for Blueing Gun Barrels

Editor Outdoor Life:—In the January, 1914, issue of your valuable paper I notice that Mr. E. L. Stevenson, in his article on remodeling a gun at home, appears not to have been able to find a satisfactory method of blueing the barrel, so I offer the following formula, which may prove satisfactory. I have used it for several years on rifles, with excellent results. This method is known as the staining process:

Dissolve $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of hyposulphate of soda in a quart of water; also $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of acetate of lead in a quart of water, then mix the two solutions and bring to a boil in a porcelain dish or stone pot. Clean the barrel free from grease, oil or varnish; then warm the barrel and smear the hot solution over it, using a piece of sponge tied to a stick. When the color develops, wash and wipe dry and finish with boiled linseed oil.

California. H. B. STRADLING.

Arms and Ammunition Queries

M. J. Costallat, New York City.—Is the 7mm. Mauser cartridge, Spitzer-pointed bullet more effective on big game than the soft-point bullet? The Mauser people advertise their bullets—the imported—as having a muzzle velocity of 2,935 ft. sec., while the U. M. C. Co. advertise their make of the same cartridge as having a velocity of 2,785 ft. sec. Does that show that the domestic bullet is inferior to the imported in killing power? Would you advise the use of imported ammunition in preference to the domestic?

to the German ammunition. The writer has overcome this lack of suitable soft-point Spitzer ammunition in 7mm. by using the 145-grain, .280 Ross copper-tube bullet in this cartridge and gets good results. Therefore as between the German and the factory-loaded American ammunition, the German is the better, because it has a soft-point bullet, and only for this reason. The American is better for target work because of its higher velocity. The American load would be better all around with a soft-point bullet.

Answer by Mr. Newton.—Touching the above inquiry, would say that I have had chronographed two lots of imported German cartridges for the 7mm. Mauser rifle. One lot used $151\frac{1}{2}$ -grain Spitzer bullet and gave a muzzle velocity of 2,604 ft. sec., while the other used a $153\frac{1}{2}$ -grain bullet at a muzzle velocity of 2,521. At the same time I had chronographed the same cartridge loaded with 45 grains Ross powder and the 139-grain, solid-point Spitzer bullet, and the result was 2,784 ft. sec. The German ammunition mentioned as having 2,935 ft. sec. velocity was some loaded with a very light bullet. This higher velocity in the German cartridges was, of course, due to the lighter bullet. The question pertains particularly to killing power, and in this connection would say that there is no question but that the German cartridges would have greater killing power than the American, owing to the fact that they have a soft-point bullet. If the American companies were to load the 139-grain bullet with a soft point it would then be, in my judgment, slightly superior

Ollie DeMun, Beaver Dams, N. Y.—Will you have Mr. Newton answer the following through the columns of Outdoor Life? Why not neck the .30-30 Remington auto-loading cartridge down to .25 and re-chamber the Model 1912 Remington H. P., pump-action .25 caliber to handle it? It seems to me this cartridge with Spitzer bullet could be speeded up to equal the 6mm. U. S. N. if the action of the rifle is strong enough. Would like to hear from Mr. Newton as to what he thinks the possibility of such a combination would be.

Answer by Mr. Newton.—Replying to Mr. DeMun's inquiry, this proposition will be entirely feasible. In fact, the writer has often contemplated necking the .30-30 shell or the .25-35 down to .22 caliber and using the .22 Savage high-power bullet. Another and better proposition in the .25 caliber, however, is to use the .35-caliber, auto-loading shell necked down to .25 caliber. When you have this shell necked down you have a practical duplicate of the new .25 Savage high-power. I do not know whether or not the Remington

rifle has been made to use the .35-caliber, auto-loading cartridge, but if so it could readily be fitted with a new barrel and adapted to the Savage shell. Another proposition, however, obtrudes itself, and that is whether or not the Remington action is strong enough to stand the high-pressure ammunition. The pressure of the auto-loading cartridges is comparatively low, while the pressure of those producing respectable velocities is quite high, and the element of strength of action may be quite important, while concerning this element the writer has no first-hand information. Another proposition would arise in the matter of using a sharp, soft-point bullet, since it would be absolutely essential that the bullets, if of sharp-point construction, have the point protected in some way, since they are held end to end in the tubular magazine. Therefore with either the .25 or .22-caliber bullet, assuming the action to be strong enough and sufficient power to extract the cartridge from the chamber, this would make a nice little rifle.

J. P. Williams, Leavenworth, Wash.—Will you kindly give an old subscriber some enlightenment on a subject which does not seem to be covered by any publication. Have become much interested in rifle shooting at objects thrown into the air and have made good progress with plain, open sights, using a Remington gallery special .22 rifle. However, I have understood that many professional riflemen use the Marble improved front sight, the one with the bead up on an arch of metal, which permits seeing around and under the target. What rear sight do they commonly use with this front sight? Naturally, it would have to be a peep of some kind; otherwise the benefits of the front sight would be lost. Can you suggest a combination which I can use on my rifle? Is there a trap made for throwing targets for rifle shooting, and if so, where may I purchase one? Do you know what Ad Topperwein uses in his .22 work? I think that I have heard that he shoots at small wooden blocks.

Answer.—The writer has never used the sight you inquire about, but has the following from the makers which he trusts will inform you fully concerning same: "For aerial work with a rifle, we would recommend the use of our medium bead Improved front sights. As your inquirer refers to the Remington repeating rifle in particular, we would recommend one of our Special rear sights, No. R7, with what is called a Snap-shooter disc. This disc has a large aperture, but the rim is only about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in diameter or a little more. This disc was designed at the request of Mr. George H. Garrison of the Remington sales force to meet his particular requirements. It has proven exceedingly popular wherever introduced." The Chamberlain Cartridge & Target Co., Cleve-

land, Ohio, make a trap such as you inquire about, we have been informed. Regarding the wooden blocks Mr. Topperwein uses in his exhibition work, will say that the size of these blocks is $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches square. The most remarkable shooting we have ever heard of was performed by Mr. Topperwein when shooting at 72,500 of these $2\frac{1}{4}$ -inch blocks; he hit all of them but nine. This, of course, was at the blocks thrown into the air. In this exhibition he made straight runs of 14,540, 13,599, 13,292, 13,219 and 10,383. This shooting was with two Winchester automatic rifles, the loading being done by Mr. Topperwein.

F. C. Monteag, Golden, B. C.—Why are the .44-40 Winchester low velocity smokeless cartridges loaded with metal patched bullets, when the black powder cartridges of same velocity are only loaded with ordinary lead bullet? Surely the lead bullets would be the more effective. I see in your November number you give the .38 Colt Special black powder cartridge a higher velocity than the smokeless. Would the same be the case with a .44-40 Colts? Can .44-40 W. C. F. be used in the Marble Game Getter—I mean the black powder and low-velocity smokeless cartridge?

Answer.—As we understand the matter, it is claimed that there is little demand for the lead bullet with smokeless powder in this cartridge, and that there is a slight advantage in accuracy with the metal patch bullet in this size over the lead one. From the writer's experience with this and similar cartridges, there is practically no difference in the killing effect of the soft-point metal-patched bullet and the lead, or alloy bullet, as there seems to be but slight difference in the mushrooming of the two kinds. The velocity figures which we have for the black powder .44-40 Winchester when used in a revolver is 1,028 ft. sec., while with smokeless powder and metal patched bullet the velocity is 1,017 ft. sec. The Marble company state that they do not believe the use of the ordinary low-velocity cartridges in their Game Getter would in any way work injury to the gun, but the results obtained with them could not be at all satisfactory as the barrel of the Game Getter for the .44 cartridge is smooth bored and as a consequence the bullets would key-hole. In an emergency one at close range might use these cartridges and do heavy execution.

Charles Younkman, one of Denver's oldest sportsmen and gun salesmen, has taken a position in the sporting goods department of the George Tritch Hardware Company. With the addition to this company also of Frank Ellis, Jr., of the old F. A. Ellis & Son Hardware Co., the Tritch company is pretty well supplied with gun talent, as follows: Charles D. Plank, manager; Charles Younkman; F. A. Ellis, Jr. and Melvin Reed.

BOOKS FOR THE SPORTSMAN



Trail Dust of a Maverick, by E. A. Brininstool; 250 pages; \$1.25 net; illustrated; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Mr. Brininstool's verse has kept the pages of *Outdoor Life* alive for years to the swaying influences of the sagebrush and the thrilling rushes of the rodeo. He has sung with his pals in their joys, stood with them in their perils and wept with them in their sorrows. He is to the range what Cy Warman was to the railroad, what James Whitcomb Riley is to the children. In Mr. Brininstool's new book he shows us the cowboy as he actually is, without any frills or attempts at high-flown language. We are with him in the branding-pen, on the long cattle trail, in the corral and out on the range. We get a whiff of sagebrush and greasewood, and are carried with him down winding coulees and draws; we are at his side in the mad midnight stampede; we lope with him across blossomed mesas and dreary desert wastes, and we sit on the corral fence and watch the cowpuncher's antics as he essays to subdue an outlaw bronco, or listen to the "grub-pile call" of the round-up cook where the chuck-wagon top is shining by a flowing stream. In the "Introduction" to the book, Robert J. Burdette says: "E. A. Brininstool's verse lends splendor to the sunrise and beauty to the sunset. Sagebrush and cactus and yucca; cañon and arroyo and the corral bars; the seas of chaparral; the shouting of the storm and its torrents, and the low singing of the desert river—he sings for them all in their own speech of desert-born eloquence. And he can do this, because he is of their blood, and knows their 'master words.'"

The Canoe (Its Selection, Care and Use), by Robert E. Pinkerton; 162 pages; illustrated; 70 cents; Outing Pub. Co., New York.

With proper use the canoe is one of the safest crafts that floats. Mr. Pinkerton tells how that state of safety may be obtained. He gives full instructions for the selection of the right canoe for each particular purpose or set of conditions. Then he tells how it should be used in order to secure the maximum of safety, comfort and usefulness. His own lesson was learned among the Indians of Canada, where paddling is a high art and the use of the canoe almost as much a matter of course as the wearing of moccasins.

Salt Water Game Fishing, by Charles F. Holder; 163 pages; 70 cents; Outing Pub. Co., New York.

Mr. Holder covers the whole field of his subject, devoting a chapter each to such fish as the tuna, the tarpon, amber-jack, the sail fish, the yellow-tail, the king fish, the barracuda, the sea bass and the small game fishes of Florida, Porto Rico, the Pacific Coast, Hawaii and the Philippines. The habits and habitats of the fish are described, together with the methods and tackle for taking them. The book concludes with an account of the development and rules of the American Sea Angling Clubs.

Practical Dog Keeping, by William S. Haynes; 160 pages; 70 cents; Outing Pub. Co., New York.

Mr. Haynes is well known to the readers of *Outdoor Life* as the author of books on the terriers. His new book is somewhat more ambitious in that it carries him into the general field of selection of breeds, the buying and selling of dogs, the care of dogs in kennels, handling in bench shows and field trials, and at considerable length into such subjects as food and feeding, exercise and grooming, disease, etc.

Boxing, by D. C. Hutchinson; 120 pages; illustrated; 70 cents; Outing Pub. Co., New York.

Practical instruction for men who wish to learn the first steps in the manly art. Mr. Hutchinson writes from long personal experience as an amateur boxer and as a trainer of other amateurs. His instructions are accompanied with full diagrams showing the approved blows and guards. He also gives full directions for training for condition without danger of going stale from over-training.

Blister Jones, by John Taintor Foote; 324 pages; illustrated; \$1.20 net; Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

This is one of the cleverest race track stories ever published. There is no lagging of interest, but on the contrary it is a busy story from start to finish. It is a real horse story, containing a deal of human sympathy, good humor and a bit of healthy sentiment. The author has fully demonstrated that he understands both horses and men.

Trade Literature

We have received from Wm. Mills & Son, 21 Park Place, New York, a copy of their 1914 Tackle Booklet. The great attractive feature of this book is in the 175 varieties of flies shown in their true colors and printed on heavy enameled paper. Rods, creels, reels, fly books and other fishing accessories are also shown. Any of our readers who enclose a 2-cent stamp for cost of mailing and who mention this notice may procure a copy of this beautiful book gratis.

The A. H. Fox Gun Co., 4654 N. Eighteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa., have this year

issued one of the most beautiful catalogs we have seen. Among the most interesting features of the new book to sportsmen naturally is the new Fox 12-gauge gun, a counterpart of which was used by Roosevelt in South America. We note with pleasure the greatly improved engraving on their A and B grades for this year, and the price of their automatic ejector, which is only \$7.50, instead of \$12 over the price without ejector; also the Fox-Kautzky single trigger, of which this company has the exclusive control. This handsome catalog is sent free to all *Outdoor Life* readers.

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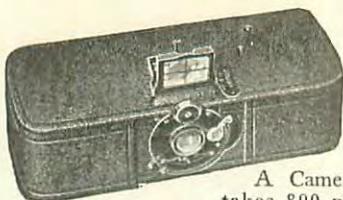
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The Simplex Multi Exposure Camera uses a 50 foot cartridge of Eastman Standard perforated motion picture film taking either 800 small or 400 double size exposures. Film costs 4c a foot and can be had of all photographic dealers. Exposed portion of film may be removed at will, developed and printed on paper or on positive film for lantern projection. Subjects enlarge with sharp detail to 8x10 or 11x14.

The Simplex Multi Exposure Camera is constructed of highest grade aluminum, brass and nickel steel, handsomely finished, fitted with 1 c. Tessar F. 3.5. anastigmat lens, No. 00 Compound shutter, direct view finder, focusing scale, tripod sockets, exposure counter, ready for instant use. The box is 7 in. long, 3 in. wide and 2 in. high, and may be used in projecting or enlarging. The Simplex is light in weight, simple of operation and fits the pocket. Price Complete **\$50.00**

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Gives white, penetrating light.
Lamp 3 1/2 inches high, weighs
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Will not blow out—absolutely safe. No oil or grease.

The Baldwin Camp Lamp makes nights in camp just as pleasant as during the day because it gives the best artificial light next to sunlight. Rowing or canoeing at night is made perfectly safe.

On "hikes" through the woods it is unequalled because it projects its light 150 feet and prevents stumbling and bad falls over obscure obstacles. It makes automobile repairing an easier, pleasanter task.

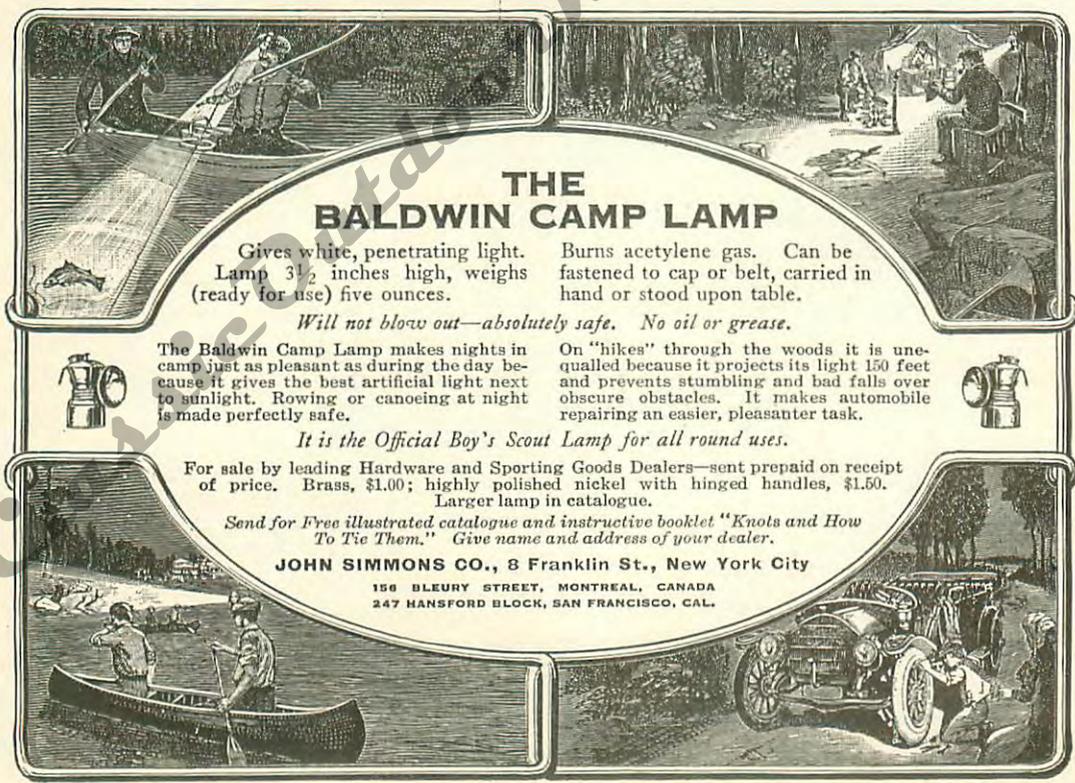
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Send for Free illustrated catalogue and instructive booklet "Knots and How To Tie Them." Give name and address of your dealer.

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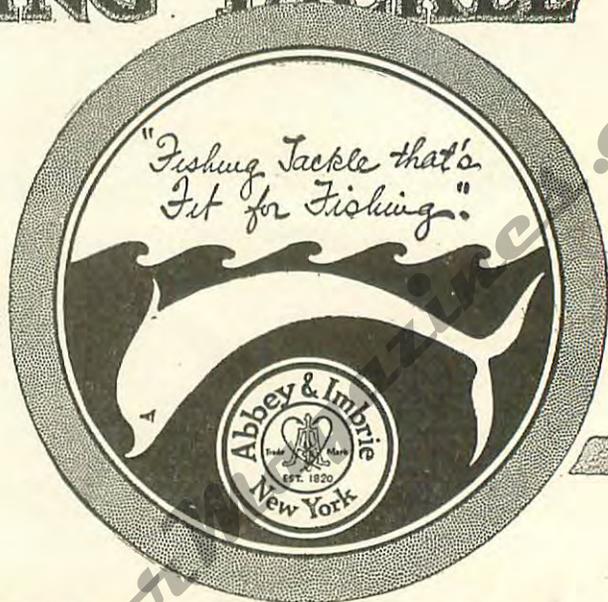
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New illustrated catalog "L" (224 pages) sent on receipt of parcel postage (10 cents) to any angler who will give us his tackle dealer's name.

SEA FISHING may be any and all things, from lazily straddling a string piece "just waiting for a bite" to a half day's struggle that tests the wits, the skill, the physical strength of an athlete—and tests his *tackle* too!

When *you* set forth upon your fishing trip—whether on open sea or inland stream—whether you fish with bait or fly or trolling spoon—do you risk your fun on whatever you find on your dealer's shelves?

Or do you ask your dealer for Fishing Tackle that's *Fit for Fishing*? Look for the "Sign of the Leaping Dolphin."

On rod or reel or hook or line; in city or town or camp; it's the sign of *quality* and *reputation*. The sign of a hundred years of intelligence and good faith in tackle-making

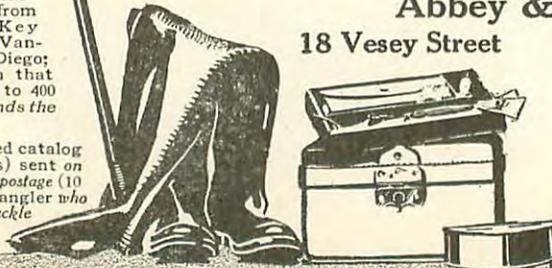
It means Abbey & Imbrie "*Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing.*"

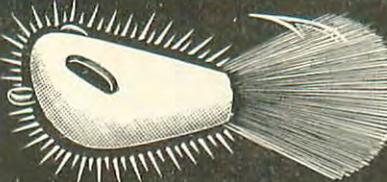
Abbey & Imbrie

18 Vesey Street

New York City

Established 1820





THE JAMISON SPECIAL
DESIGNED FOR CASTING
COAXER BAITS
50 Yds. 12 lb. Test
No. 5

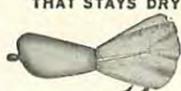
LUMINOUS "COAXERS" CATCH FISH NOT WEEDS

The Big Ones strike at night and they fight harder than you ever dreamed they could. When they hit the "Coaxer" it sounds like an explosion and it is followed by a series of the most savage leaps and plunges imaginable. As bass feed in the weeds close to shore at night a weedless bait is an absolute necessity. The Luminous "Coaxer" is positively the **only weedless night bait** on the market. We guarantee that you can cast into the thickest rushes or lilies in the dark without snagging. It is a surface bait with red wings and tail and a white body, which gives off a phosphorescent glow that is irresistible. Send stamp for color catalog of baits, flies, trout and bass spoons, leaders, fly dressing materials, etc.

Here's Our New Braided Silk Casting Line. Give it a trial. You will cast easier and farther and catch more fish than ever before. It is smaller, stronger and smoother than any other No. 5 line. Guaranteed to be the best that money can buy. Per 50 yd. spool, 75c, postage 2c. Can be had two spools connected. Our folder, "Care of a Bait Casting Line," will save you money. Free with each line.

W. J. JAMISON, Dep O 736 S. California Av., CHICAGO, ILL.

A DRY FLY THAT STAYS DRY



"Coaxer" Floating Flies are real sure enough floaters. They have solid cork bodies that are coated with celluloid enamel. Absolutely water proof, will outwear two dozen best flies, and they sure do get the fish. Trout, 6 Colors, \$1.35; 12, \$2.65. Bass, 6 Colors, \$1.65; 12, \$3.25.

KNOWLES AUTOMATIC STRIKER SPOON

A Wonderful Lure. Automatically hooks fish the instant he strikes. Sudden stop at bottom of slot strikes it deeper and he can't escape. Always gets them in the MOUTH as hook is right in bowl of spoon. Can't fail. Lifelike motion. Does not spin, kick up a fuss or scare fish. Great for Bass, Tuna, Tarpon, Trout, Pickerel, Salmon, Bluefish, Yellowtail, Musky and other striking fish.

ALL SILVER--SILVER OUT-COPPER IN--ALL BRASS

Price and Length of Spoon: 2 1/2 in. 55c; 3 1/2 in. 65c; 4 1/2 in. 80c; 5 1/2 in. \$1.

If your dealer hasn't got it, we will send it post-paid on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfied. Write for particulars.

S. E. KNOWLES, 75 Sherwood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

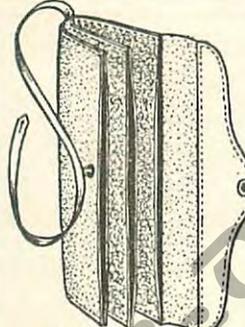
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Use with your favorite hook
A Substitute for
Attracts Fish by its Taste, Smell and Color
Natural Bait
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PATENT APPLIED FOR.

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Vest pocket size, single 5 1/4 x 2 3/4	\$1.00	Large single 7 1/4 x 4 1/4	\$1.75
Small size, single 7 1/4 x 3 3/4	\$1.50	Large double 7 1/4 x 4 1/4 (see cut)	\$2.25
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The capacity of K & K Fly Books is from 50 to 200 hooks. These books are made of soft, flexible, tan-colored leather. The double book shown in cut is made up with three pockets for leaders, etc., while the two openings for flies are lined with sheepskin—the wool offering the best and most convenient means of holding flies yet devised, allowing them to be removed easily. Wetting the book has no effect on it whatever, as it is all leather and sewed with waxed thread. It has strap for attaching to wearing apparel. Made by

W. R. THOMPSON CO., RIFLE, COLO.

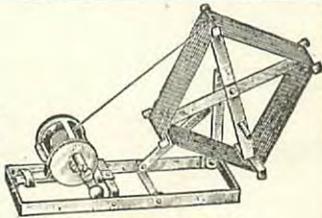
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The fact that 21 Prize Winners in the 1913 Field and Stream Contest used Meisselbach Reels, must be conclusive proof of their perfection.

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In Your Tackle Box

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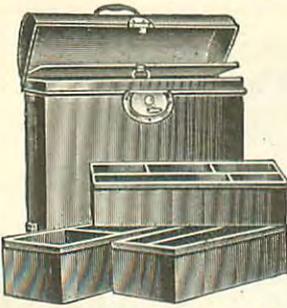
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"It is weighted so it always travels in an upright position. Where used it has proven VERY SUCCESSFUL." O. W. Smith in June (1913) Field and Stream.





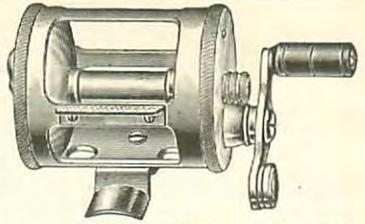
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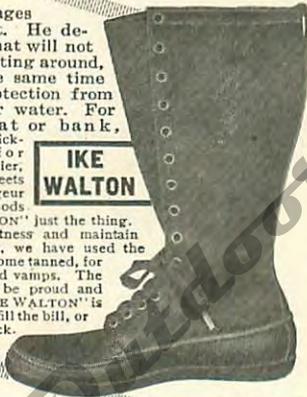
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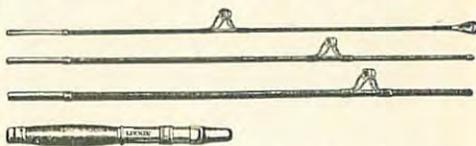
Trout, Bass and Fly Rods of Six and Eight Strip Bamboo: plain, split and silk wrapped, Bamboo Bethabarra, Greenhart, Dagama, and Lancewood.

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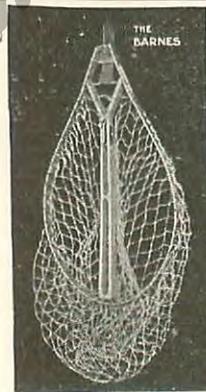
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Put up in YELLOW Boxes and must show the Decker signature on box to be the right one—look out for the imitation.

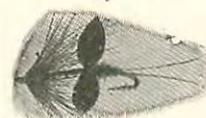
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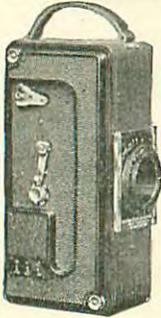
By Izaak Walton

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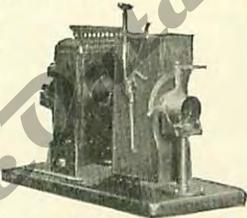
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This is the greatest storehouse in the world for the greatest sport in the world.

If you are puzzled, write us. We have, ready to ship, the very thing you are thinking about.

Tents of Waterproof Balloon Silk

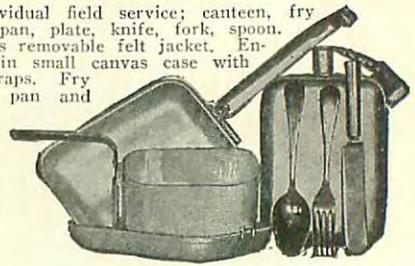
Lightest material made for tent purposes—so called because of its close similarity to silk; absolutely watertight. Made of long, staple sea-island cotton. Size 8¼ by 10¼, \$22.95. Baker Tent, same material, 7½ by 7½ \$17.75.

F. O. B. New York.

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For individual field service; canteen, fry pan, stew pan, plate, knife, fork, spoon. Canteen has removable felt jacket. Entire outfit in small canvas case with shoulder straps. Fry pan, stew pan and plate of aluminum.

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Outside of heavy waterproof canvas; bottom padded with heavy blanketing; size, 3 1/2 x 6 1/4 ft.; flap, 4 ft.; wt., 13 lbs.; plain white.....\$7.00



IMPROVED CAMPING TENT

With 6 ft. wall; size 10x14 ft.; 17.00
10 oz. duck; each.....\$17.00



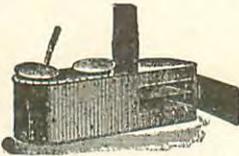
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ROLL TOP CAMP TABLE

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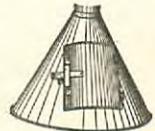
14-oz. Double filling duck with leather bottom and leather ventilator, 50c
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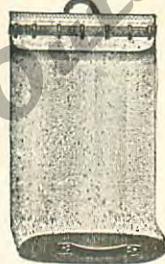
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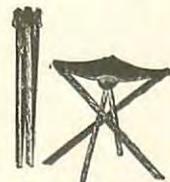
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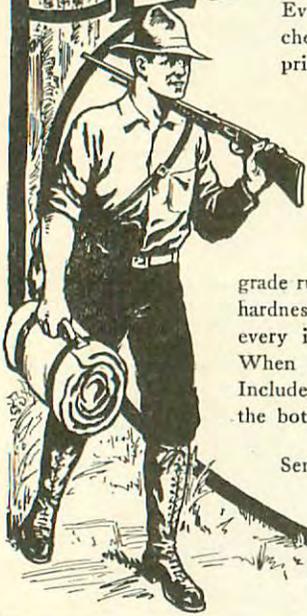
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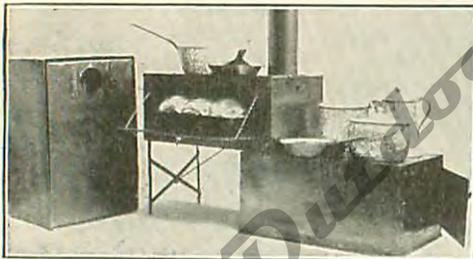
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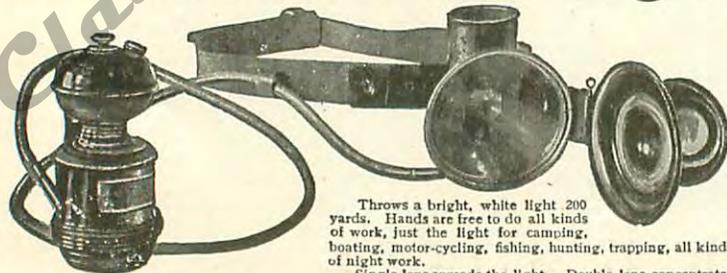


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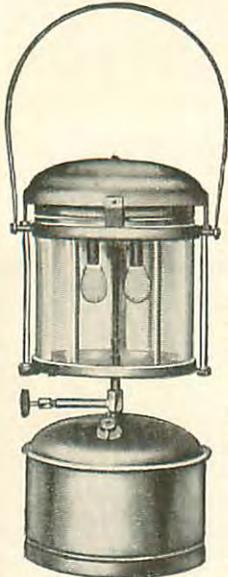
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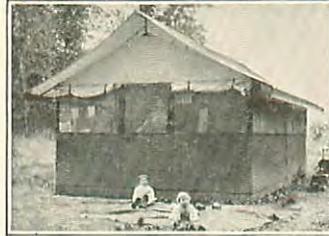
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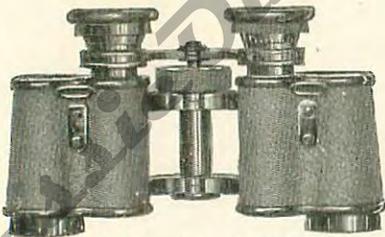
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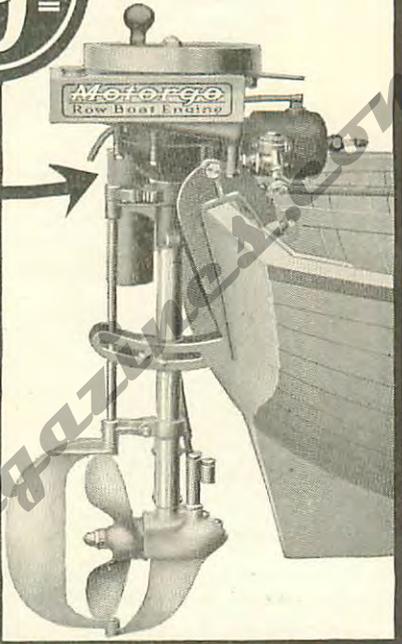
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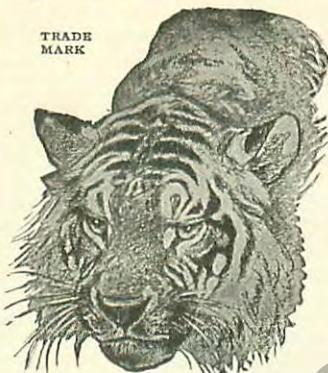
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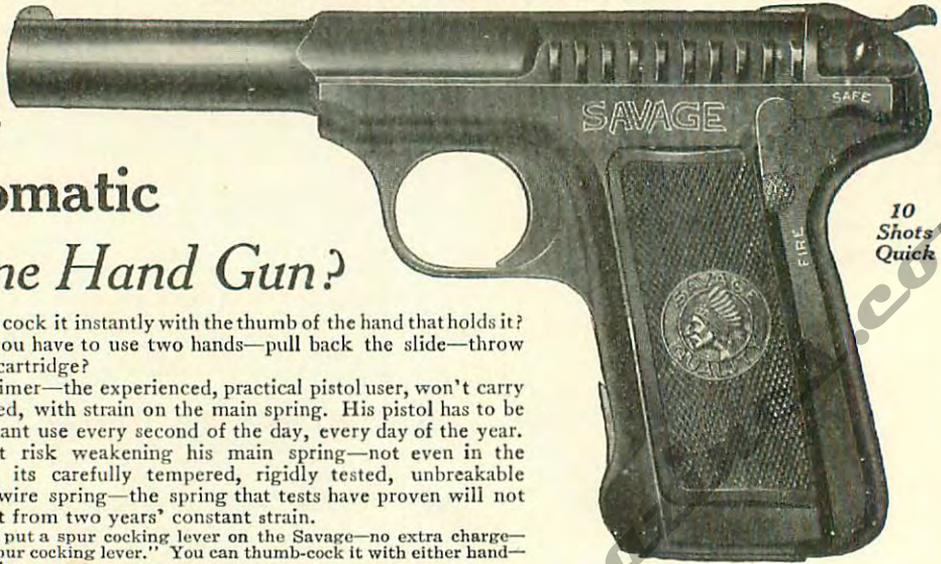
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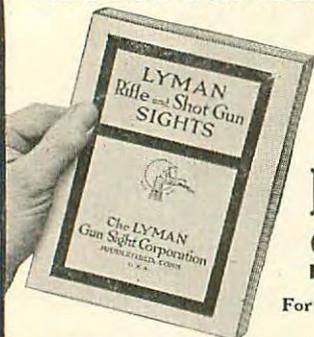
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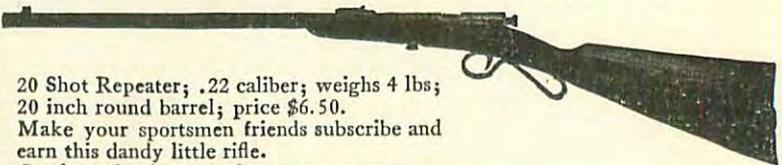
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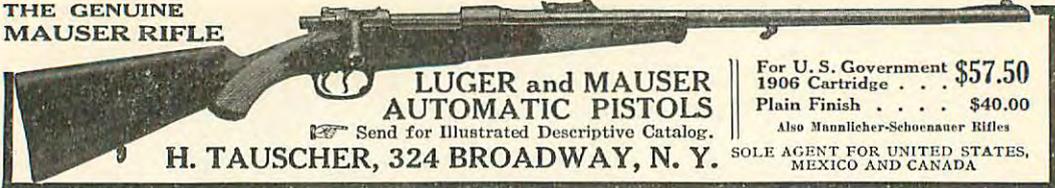
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Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of **FOUR CENTS A WORD PER INSERTION**. No advertisement inserted for less than **SIXTY CENTS**, and **CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER**, as we cannot afford to keep an endless number of small accounts in this department. Each number and initial counts as a separate word. Copy should be received by the 10th of each preceding month. For the protection of both advertisers and readers, we require that you submit as references the names of two reputable persons with your advertisement. **OUTDOOR LIFE** is read monthly by thousands of sportsmen—men in all walks of life—distributed all over America, and you will find this classified advertising the cheapest and most effective you can buy.

KENNEL DEPARTMENT

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 catalog for 10c, stamps or coin. 11-1f

SELLING OUT PACK OF COYOTE HOUNDS—Will sell one large dog, two years old, cross between Russian wolf and greyhound; measures twenty-six inches in height; and two pups, eight months old. All trained and big dogs, very fast. Will tackle coyotes and sure after jackrabbits if other dogs to help. Fifty dollars takes the bunch of three. Buyer pays express. Write L. V. Almiral, Lodge Pole Ranch, Scholl, Colorado. 1-1f



Black Canon Kennels
Wm. P. Price, Owner, Montrose, Colo.
Breeders and Importers of
AIREDALES
for every Purpose
**HUNTERS, SHOW DOGS, GUARDS,
COMPANIONS**

MOUNTAIN VIEW AIREDALE CLEARANCE SALE—Due to unfavorable legislation, will close out ten young Airedale bitches, the result of seven years' careful breeding; all pedigreed from best winning and working stock. Some bred, some soon due; no culls; all quality. Mountain View Kennels, Butte, Mont. 6-1f

AIREDALES—The kind that work and win. Largest kennels on the Coast. The great Ch. Red Raven at stud. Spayed bitches. Laddix Kennels, Estacada, Ore. 5-3t

AIREDALES—We have them, from proven trailers and tree-barkers. If looking for a dog of value buy mountain-raised pups, not the city fad. A real dog from a real kennel. Flathead Kennels, Kalispell, Mont. 4-3t

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I can guarantee bear after April 15th in the best bear-hunting section of Montana. Lion-hunting is also good here in the winter and spring months.

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(By J. E. Williams)

Treats of hunting all sorts of predatory game with dogs; breeds best adapted. Special attention to **BREEDING, RAISING, TRAINING and HANDLING** the night hunting dog. Illustrated. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

OUTDOOR LIFE PUB. CO., - DENVER, COLO.

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FOR SALE—Some splendid setter and pointer pups and dogs, spaniels and retrievers. Send stamps for lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. 4-tf

GRIZZLY KENNELS—Has everything in high-class Airedale terriers for sale. See my guarantee. W. C. Bowers, Prop., Route 1, Boise, Idaho. 4-3t

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DOG REMEDIES—Black tongue, sore mouth, hook worm, mange, distemper. Guarantee absolute cures. Southern Chemical Co., Lexington, Ky. 7-tf

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NOTE—No advertisements will be published under this heading except of such concerns and individuals as can be recommended to our readers by this magazine.

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In the best big game section of Colorado, with a good trailing pack of foxhounds, bloodhounds and Airedales. First class saddle horses. Scenery grandest in state. Splendid trout fishing. Elevation, 7,800 ft.

Also have young trailing dogs from best stock for sale.

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In the lofty Rocky Mountains on the West Gallatin River. Finest fishing and hunting in the Northwest. Saddle horses. Guides furnished. Best of accommodations. Write for booklet. (6)

P. F. KARST, SALESVILLE, MONTANA

MEMBERS WANTED for Gun Club in San Joaquin Valley, 129 miles from San Francisco. Leases club house, barn and eighteen hundred acres; wonderful duck and goose shooting. Limited to fifty members. Dues \$50 per year. A. C. Hayes, 24 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose, Calif. 6-1t

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GRIZZLY I'LL GUARANTEE if your guide I am to be next spring. Non-resident license for bear, \$25; also good for moose, caribou, goat, in the fall. Write now. Joe La Salle, care G. B. Watson, Assistant Engineer G. T. Ry., McBride, B. C. 1-6t

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via Western Entrance

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SPEND YOUR VACATION at "Spencer's Wigwam" in the mountains of Wyoming. Good fishing. Big game hunting in season. Terms reasonable. I. C. Spencer, Cody, Wyo. 5-2t

SPORTSMEN—Join game preserve proposition. Turkeys, birds, plentiful. Dogs trained, boarded. John Butler, Boynton, Va. 5-6t

WILL B. SHORE, hunter and outfitter, formerly of Gardiner, Mont. New address, Cody, Wyo. See Frost & Richard C. Co. 2-tf

ATTENTION, HUNTERS AND FISHERS!

We have the Best Pack of Bear Dogs on the Western Slope. Come with us this spring. We handle fishermen and tourists with our pack and wagon outfits to Trappers Lake, North Park and other points in the mountains. Write for date. Terms reasonable.

LOCKHART & PAGE, Steamboat Springs, Colorado

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PLEASE LOOK, and note new guns at prices that should bring your remittance by next mail: One Marlin, Model 16, C grade, 16 ga., 28 in., full choke, regular \$40 gun, for \$30; one Model 24, C grade, 12 ga., 30 in., full choke, \$30.50; one Marlin, Model 24 trap, 12 ga., 30 in., full choke, regular \$35 gun, for \$25. Shipped anywhere on receipt of price. Fine repair work a specialty. F. H. Doell, Gunsmith, 11 Dock Square, Boston, Mass. 6-1t

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

CHALLENGE—Open to anyone; one hundred shots each with pistol, rifle and shotgun; amount, \$200 to \$500; match must be shot here. Dr. B. J. Ochsner, Durango, Colo. 6-1t

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ALL ABOUT AIREDALES—By R. M. Palmer—Third Edition, revised and enlarged. This book has met with widespread approval by the fancy, and is today the standard work on the breed. Much valuable information regarding training and hunting Airedales on big game, the care and raising of puppies successfully, diseases and proper treatment, etc. Price \$1.10 postpaid. Outdoor Life Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. 6-1t

NEW BOOK—NIGHT HUNTING, by J. E. Williams. Treats of hunting all sorts of predatory game with dogs; breeds best adapted. Special attention to breeding, raising, training and handling the night-hunting dog. Origin and development of American coon hound and big-game hound. Not only instructive but interesting and entertaining. Illustrated; price, \$1. postpaid. Outdoor Life Pub. Co., Denver, Colo. 3-t

"RHYMES OF DAVID"—Racy. Rare. True to Nature. One dollar. No catalogs. Fetter Book Co., Robinson, Md. 9-13t

MINK FARMING—By A. S. White. There is big money in raising fur-bearing animals, and while it requires a large sum of money to start fur farming with some animals, mink farming is something which is within the reach of all, and the demand far exceeds the supply. Here is the knowledge acquired by several years of successful mink farming. Postpaid, \$1. 1t

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Largest stock of Taxidermists supplies in America. Lowest prices. Save money. Get our Catalog 56. It is FREE. Write for one today. N. W. School of Taxidermy, Elwood Bldg., Omaha

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MINK FARMING—By A. S. White. There is big money in raising fur-bearing animals, and while it requires a large sum of money to start fur farming with some animals, mink farming is something which is within the reach of all, and the demand far exceeds the supply. Here is the knowledge acquired by several years of successful mink farming. Postpaid, \$1. 1t

FOR SALE—All new, subject to examination: 20-ga. Winchester pump or .22 Hi-Power Savage, Sheard's triple rear and gold front, \$20; 3A Eastman and case, \$17; \$6 Redifor reel, \$4; beautiful felt mounted rug, 6 tanned coyote skins, tails on, \$25. J. B. Thompson, Cedar Vale, Kans. 6-1t

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ANGLERS—**BEAUTIFULLY MADE FLIES**, Lake and Stream. Special introductory offer: two dozen favorites, including new killers and lifelike "Dry" flies, \$1. Send this mail. Holford, 94-A Larden Road, Acton, London, England. 6-1t

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INSECTS

butterflies, etc. **WANTED.** Big prices paid. All have cash value. Hundreds bring \$1 to \$10 each. Rareities fetch enormous prices. I sell them to colleges and rich men, for collections. Simple. Interesting. Men. Women. Get market prices, valuable information, and complete book of beginners' instructions. Send 2c stamp. JAS. SINCLAIR, ENTOMOLOGIST, Dept. 22, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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Ensign Reflex Folding Camera



Measures only
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$
inches, closed
Weights only 4
pounds



Quick, sharp work on a dull day—easy with this new Ensign Camera.

When ducks hurtle overhead—when the deer stiffens in startled pose—when athletes speed and horses run—then this new camera catches em, sharp and sure.

English nicety has created a $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inch Reflex whose hood folds completely into a recess in the body, reducing the dimensions $2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4} \times \frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the weight one pound over the box type. Perfect rigidity. One motion extends the camera and the focusing hood rises automatically.

Self-Capping blind, Focal Plane Shutter. Plates and film pack.

Exposures $1/10$ th to $1/1000$ th of a second.

Carl Zeiss F. 4.5 Lens, or special lenses on order.

Send for new catalog giving full information concerning Ensign and Ensignette Cameras, and Ensign Double Instantaneous, Non-Curlable Films.

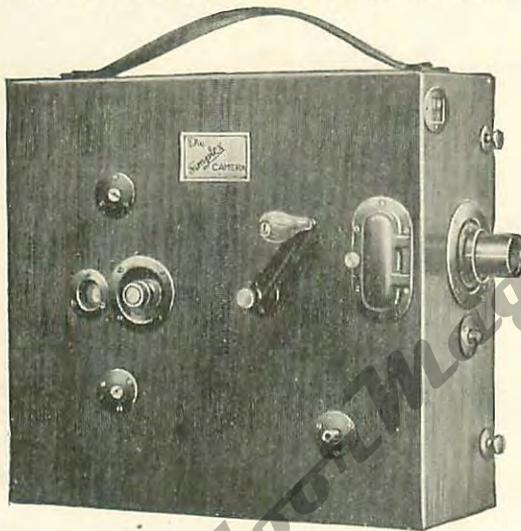
Ensign Cameras are sold by leading dealers

G. GENNERT New York, 24 East 13th St.
Chicago, 320 S. Wabash Ave.
San Francisco, 682 Mission St.

Remember
The Ensign
LONDON
MADE

MOTION PICTURES AT HOME

open up an entirely new and fascinating field of entertainment and instruction. They afford an opportunity to keep an accurate record of the experiences within your family circle that you will look back upon with pride and delight. There are countless numbers of subjects always ready for the motion picture camera.



12 5-8 inches long, 11 3-4 inches high, 5 inches wide, weight 12 lbs. loaded.

The SIMPLEX MOTION PICTURE CAMERA fully meets the constantly growing demand for a simple, practical and efficient outfit not only for the professional but for the amateur as well. It represents the very finest construction throughout, scientific accuracy in every detail, and the use of materials that insure a long and useful life to every part. As a finished product, the SIMPLEX stands without a peer.

The equipment includes an F. 3.5., I C Tessar lens in absolutely accurate focusing mount or any other anastigmat lens to suit individual taste; 2 one-piece aluminum film boxes of 200 feet capacity each, counter, finder, level, prismatic focus, adjustable shutter, automatic self feed, designation cutter, single picture cranking, etc. The box itself is furnished in solid Mahogany. A light weight, staunch tripod with panoramic or tilting head is furnished as well as a handsome leather carrying case.

Send for Catalogue L-5 of our products known the world over for precision and simplicity of construction.

MULTI SPEED SHUTTER COMPANY
Office, 114-116 E. 28th Street, N. Y. Factory, Morris Park, L. I.



Simplex MOTION PICTURE CAMERA

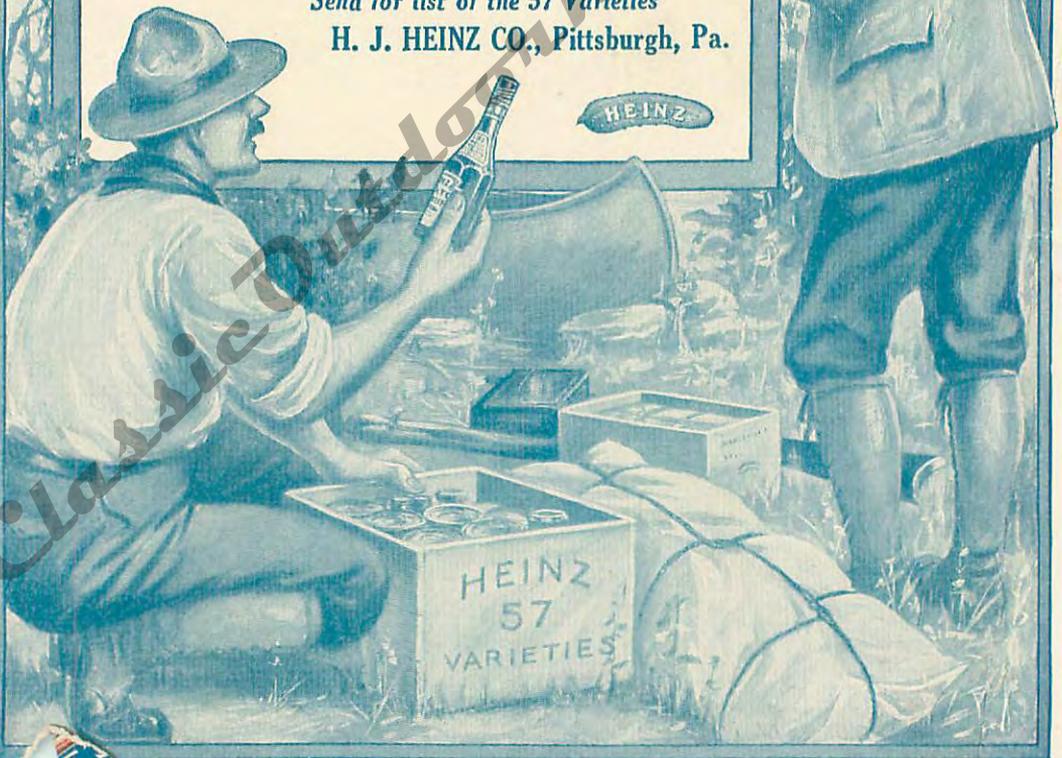
Why Cook When You Can Fish?

Vacations are too short at best. Take along a generous supply of Heinz Pure Foods—they're ready to serve—and fish while you have the chance.

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Heinz Baked Beans have a reputation the world over—good hot or cold—four kinds. Heinz Spaghetti ready cooked with tomato sauce and a special cheese—the kind you get in the best restaurants. Heinz Peanut Butter—all the butter you need. Also Heinz Tomato, Pea and Celery Soups, Tomato Ketchup, India Relish, Preserves, Pickles, etc. All grocers have them.

Send for list of the 57 Varieties
H. J. HEINZ CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.



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