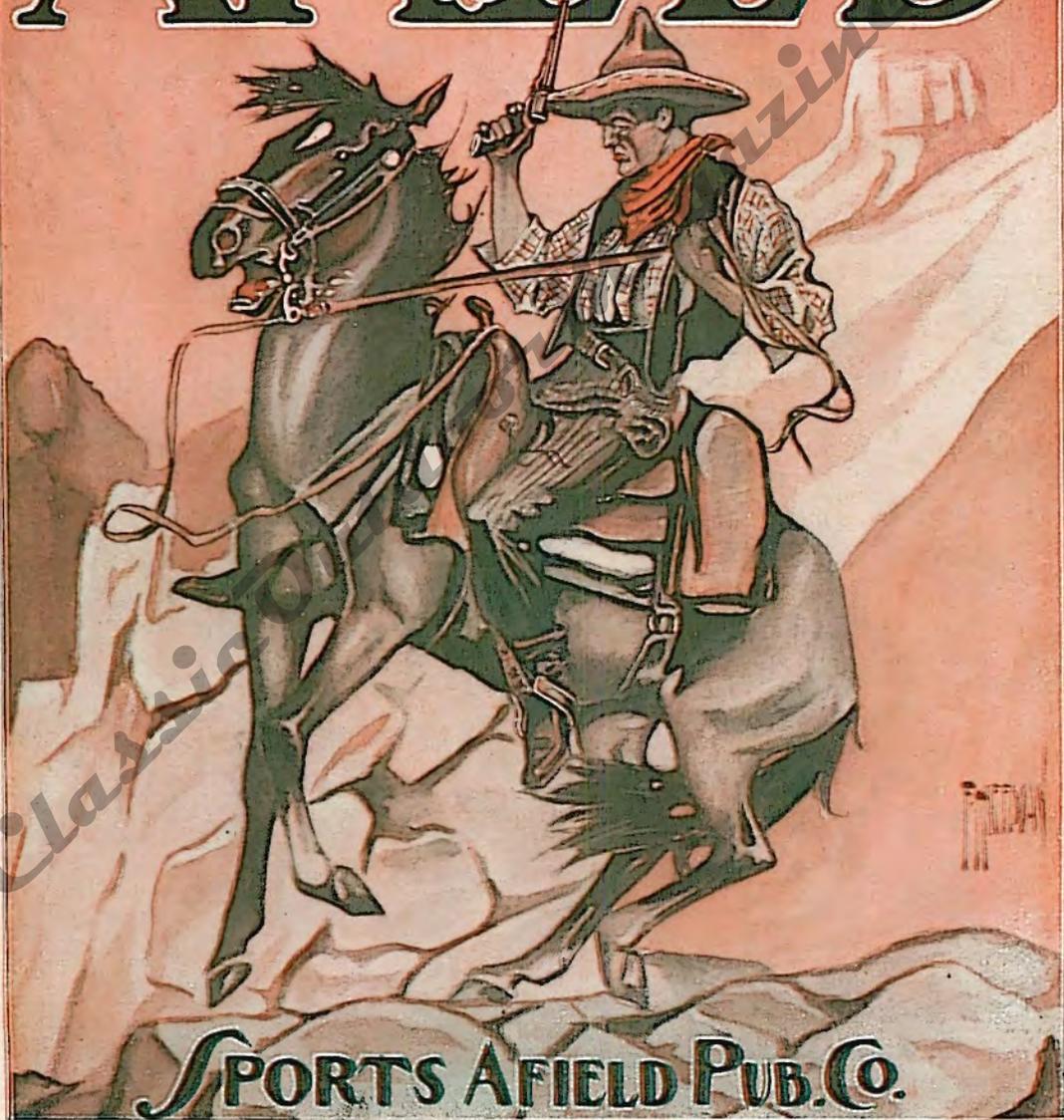


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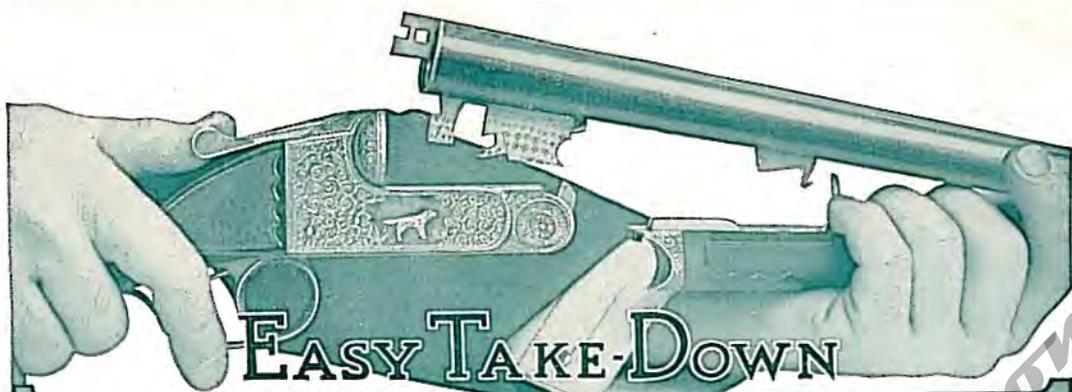
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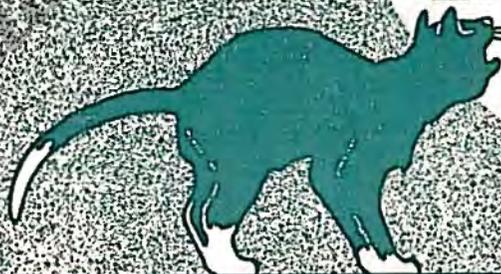
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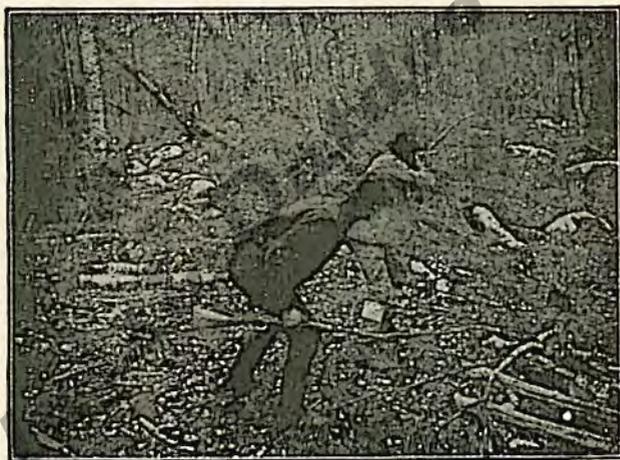
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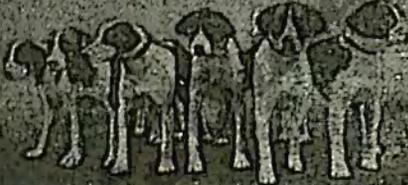
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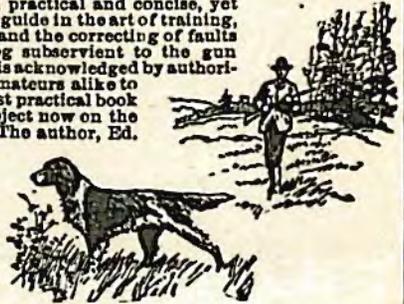
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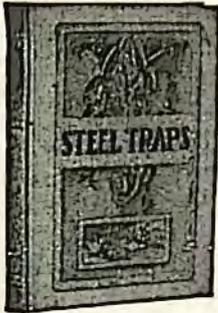
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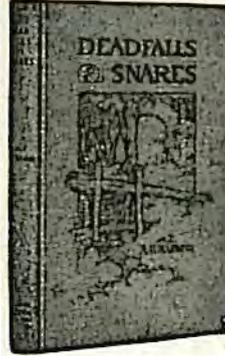
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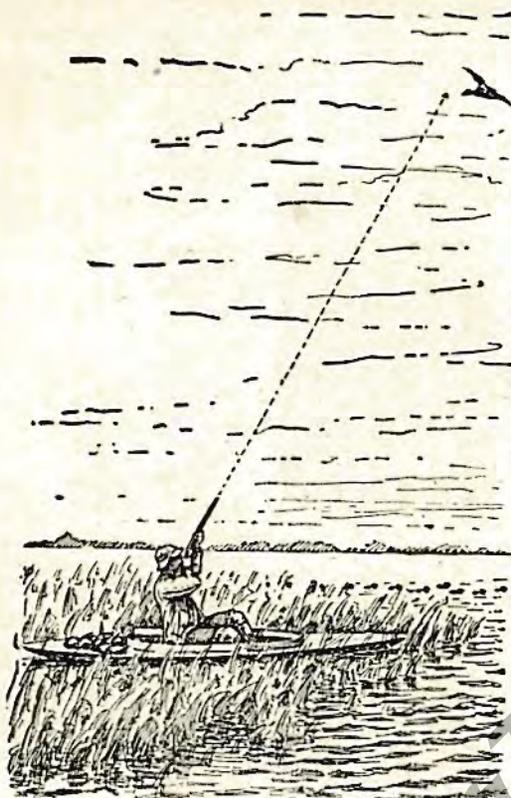
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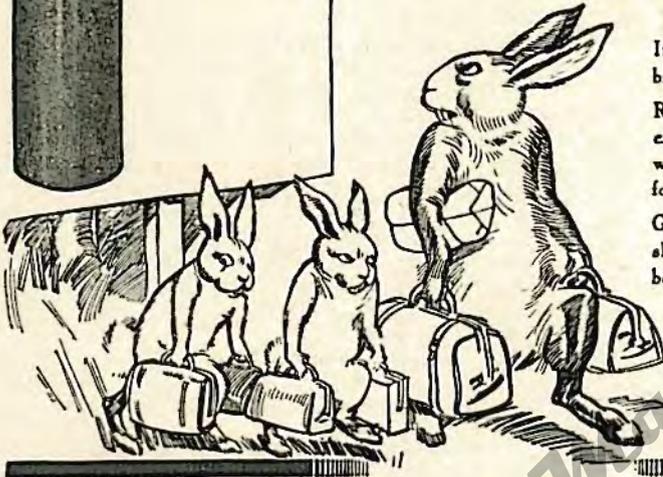
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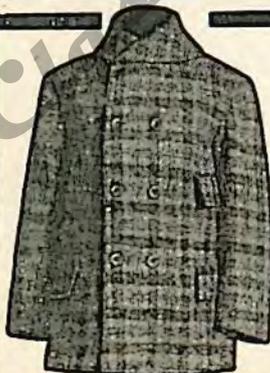
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**FISHING BELOW THE DAM AT DAKOTA CITY, ON EAST BRANCH OF DES MOINES RIVER.**

Photo by BURT STONE.

See article, "On the Upper Des Moines," Page 180

# SPORTS AFIELD

VOLUME 54.

MARCH, 1915.

NUMBER 3.

## SUNSET CAMPS AND TRAILS.

A CONTINUATION OF THE "FIFTY YEARS OF WOODS LIFE" SERIES.

By TREDWAY H. ELLIOTT.\*

CHAPTER XVI.—On the Atchafalaya.



EXCEPT in unusually cold, rainy seasons, the main flight of mallards from the North may be expected in lower Louisiana not earlier than the 1st of December. I was about to say that the teal lead the migration, but this would not be strictly true; for first come the various species known to the river folks as "summer ducks," which were hatched and reared in the Mississippi swamps south of the Canadian boundary, and came down with the current in scattered flotillas when the foliage of their summer haunts was set aglow by the Frost King's touch. I had not anticipated finding anything like good wild-fowl shooting in the Atchafalaya country so early in the fall, and consequently was not disappointed; but I felt assured that shooting of some sort awaited us—trusting in the sportsman spirit of the old friend whose guests we were to be. Every gunner within a hundred miles of New Orleans knows of Colonel Spotts, though

not by the name I am giving him. And right here, with the consent of my readers, it is perhaps well enough to explain why, in writing accounts of my hunts of later years, it has been deemed necessary to substitute fictitious names for the real ones, and also to avoid describing localities so that they might easily be identified. Several years ago my lesson was received, when I was concluding the Fifty Years of Woods Life serial. "I will be glad to meet you any time, at Ft. Smith or anywhere in the woods," wrote one of my closest friends, "but I can't encourage you to visit us, because all the other members of the family show fight whenever I say 'Elliott.' We've been bedeviled beyond endurance by the hunting parties that your story has sent us. Let me tell you about a few of them—" And there followed six closely written pages which I didn't enjoy reading, though they told of nothing worse than the ordinary mistakes and mischances of a horde of inexperienced hunters, turned down in a strange country like a lot of six-months-old city-bred puppies in a Nebraska stubble field. But, as I say, the lesson was accepted with due humility, and if I err now it is from over-cautiousness.

Personally, I would like nothing better

\*This singularly interesting biography, from the pen of a seasoned trapper and hunter, began in the September, 1914, issue of SPORTS AFIELD. Back copies sent, post-paid, to any address at the rate of fifteen cents each.

than to give, for the benefit of all, the details omitted from the accounts of my hunts. I could number by hundreds the letters of inquiry which in the past years have reached me through the kindness of this magazine, and to the majority of them I have replied, at the cost of no inconsiderable time and labor, rather than wholly disappoint their writers. But I have never departed from the rule which I was forced to set for myself, preferring to give my correspondents general information meeting their needs, rather than the specific facts requested; and if in this manner I have given offence to my good friends, no choice remains but to express regret and continue as before at the risk of further offending.

The Atchafalaya, as every one knows, is improperly termed a bayou, while in reality it is a cut-off from the Red River to the Mississippi, deep and very swift of current when the former stream is at flood, and likely at some future time to become its principal channel of discharge. Its shores, like those of the Missouri, are always crumbling and changing in contour, but here a cut bank on the one side does not always mean a growing sand-bar opposite, for the disintegrating clay is hurtled on toward the Gulf, or is later precipitated upon the vast prairie marshes of the Delta. But for its treacherous current, the Atchafalaya would have achieved renown as a hunting ground for water fowl, since it is a busy fly-way for the flocks in season; but to New Orleans' sportsmen and market hunters the shallow, waveless coves and pockets of Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain are naturally more attractive. As elsewhere, however, the man who knows the Atchafalaya can locate a gun or two where they may keep busy for a few hours in the day, and with a reasonable certainty of retrieving the ducks and geese which fall. Colonel Spotts would take care of us. He was anxious to; so much so that the telegraphed announcement of our coming—dispatched from Houston—brought three replies, two of them addressed Care Conductor Sunset Express, and all detailing, with a lavish and expensive use of words, just what might be expected to happen upon our arrival.

But between the New Orleans depot and our shooting grounds stretched an interval of more than thirty hours, which were

passed as neither Sullivan nor myself would have preferred. The Colonel's automobile, in which we were whirled up town, must have cost him the price of fifty bales of cotton; our rooms were among the best at the Monte Leone Hotel; and after a dinner that double-discounted Sullivan's turkey feast at Court's sawmill, despite the lateness of the hour, we were bundled into the automobile again and taken the rounds of the Colonel's clubs and favorite cafés, kept from our beds until 3 o'clock in the morning, and hustled out again at 7, to be shown the daylight wonders of the Creole City. We met and were introduced to many men of local and national note, but I am sorry to say that their names were forgotten almost immediately; Sullivan's memory proved vastly superior to my own, I suppose because, talking less, he had nothing to do but remember. Then there was more eating, of the sort one does not get in camp; more sightseeing; another meal; and finally a long and very speedy trip over an excellent road; a transferring to a mule-propelled vehicle, where the good road ended; and at last we found ourselves on the broad veranda of a plantation house, responding to the frantic caresses of a very little dog, which Sullivan greeted as The Terror.

"Show 'em their rooms, Cassius," the Colonel ordered a giant darky, who stood burdened with our guns and grips. "I'll send you up a hot toddy, Elliott—oh, yes, I will! Auntie Jane-Eliz' is the champion mixer of the South, bar none. Swallow it the minute you hit the sheets, and you'll know nothin' till I pull you out for the day-break flight. Goin' to be lovely weather. It's drizzling, right this minute."

"Did he say 'daybreak'?" Sullivan sleepily inquired, when we were alone. "After such a round as we've had?—and it's away past midnight now! And a 'lovely drizzle'!"

"He means good weather for ducks."

"But doesn't he ever sleep? He's such an old man!"

"Only seventy-two—and growing younger every day. You'll find him considerably boyish if you two happen to be shooting at the same pass. He has an old 32-inch 10-gauge Smith—a regular reach-out-and-get-'em—and certainly knows how

to handle it. You'll have a chance to heft the old cannon in the morning."

But I was mistaken, as it happened, for the gun which lay on the end of the breakfast table seemed dazzlingly new, though the Colonel told us that this was its second season. A veritable infant it was, even beside our own little 16s—two inches shorter of barrel and a full pound lighter; and I thought, until informed to the contrary, that some dude sportsman from the city must have arrived to take part in our shooting.

"Say it out loud, Elliott!" chuckled the Colonel, who had sensed the meaning of my side glances; "you're the only old-timer of my acquaintance who hasn't aired his opinion of toy guns generally and that one in particular. Just a little 20-gauge—and I'm only sorry now that it isn't a 28. Twenty-six inches, and weighs  $5\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. How did it happen! Why, a son-of-a-gun of a Texas lumberman invited me over to his place on the Sabine, matched a 20 against my 10, and came out thirty head of game in the lead at the end of four days of mixed shooting. Some of these days I'm going back after his scalp—and it's just the same as mine right now. Watch me pull down the ducks this morning!"

"Can you reach the high flyers?" queried Sullivan, bursting with unbelief.

"Sonny," said the Colonel, with a fatherly smile, "let me tell you something about shotguns—and you are getting the information 60 years earlier and a whole lot cheaper than it came to me. If bored alike, and with proportionately equal powder charges, one gun will drive a No. 5 shot just as far as another. That's fact Number One, and I reckon it sounds idiotic to you, as it has all these years to me. Number Two relates to the man behind the gun. The long barrel is slower on the swing and forces him to shoot farther at his game than the short-barrel man. The heavy gun tires him before the day is half over; and the recoil of big charges gets him to flinching. I always used to carry a bottle of liniment on my duck hunts, and many is the time that I've cussed poor old Cassius for rubbing too hard over the bruised muscles. The second morning would find me gun-shy, and after that I was simply shooting on my nerve, and wanting to quit and go home. Elliott

can give you figures on recoil that will open your eyes. I am weak on statistics, but have got sense enough to know that the little gun saves me from several thousand pounds of jolts to the hundred shots. People wonder how I can stand so straight at my age. Shucks! I'd defy any man to get round-shouldered so long as he shoots a 10-gauge with duck loads. A week of good shooting used to make me as swaybacked as a plantation mule."

Within the confines of the Colonel's plantation, though considerably more than a mile from the house, a shallow bayou, which was practically dry in the summer time, led from the main stream and cut directly across a bend, joining the Atchafalaya again after spreading out into a cypress lake of several hundred acres. The bulk of the duck flight naturally chose this minor waterway as the more direct route, and the best stand was at the narrows near its beginning; for here the flocks swung in between a double line of tall trees, so that, with a gun on either shore, all which passed at a reasonable height were within the danger zone. According to the Colonel's plan, Sullivan and I were to have been stationed at this point, but I preferred to accompany our host to the head of the lake, where Cassius had, the previous day, built brush blinds and anchored several dozen decoys. The boy might turn a few of the passing flocks back to the river, but commonly no amount of shooting can swerve water fowl from the route they have set their heads to follow. Lem, a gingercake mulatto boy, was to lie in hiding on the shore opposite Sullivan, but nearer the river, in readiness to show himself upon signal and "shoo" the ducks over to the gun. It looked to be an admirable arrangement, promising lots of sport for both of the youngsters, white and—otherwise. When we dropped Sullivan out of the spring wagon at his stand the morning star was still in the tree-tops, and it was still too dark for reading facial expressions, but the boy's unusual silence betokened nervousness, for which there were several good and sufficient reasons. Since starting East from New Mexico the tenor of our lives had not been particularly restful. A scant five hours' sleep we had had in the night just passing; an hour or so less than that at New Orleans—just a mere

breath-catching period in the midst of endless and wearisome "meanderings" through and around the city. (I am growling about it now with the privilege of ill-tempered old age, just as I did in the Colonel's very ear while we were "doing" America's most interesting and picturesque city in a manner compatible with his own ideas but wholly contrary to mine—and he will laugh as cheerily now as then at Old Man Elliott's boiler-plate grouch.) Less sleep is required as one advances in years, but I knew that I was feeling fagged and not up to the mark, and presumably Sullivan's eyes and brain were no clearer. Besides, he was "up against" the breaking in of a new gun—while there was the menace of Colonel Spotts' 20-gauge, unconquerable in score-making. Everything considered, it seemed fortunate for the boy that he was to have the most favorable stand and the services of a colored assistant.

Instead of the Colonel's drizzle, there had come during the night a heavy rainfall from the northeast, accompanied by a considerable drop in temperature. The clouds had broken before dawn, as will sometimes happen when the wind is shifting, but the glimpse of clear sky was brief in duration. A gray blanket swept down out of the north with growing chill, and, though the rain had ceased, there seemed threat of a very disagreeable day. But the turn of the weather was bringing ducks. Before it was light enough for the flocks to be seen, we could hear the whistling wings as they swung aside from the river, directed by that unerring instinct which seems so unapproachably superior to human reasoning. "The lake will be full of 'em," asserted the Colonel. "Jog along, Cassius—and put the bud to that doggoned Bill horse! Don't you see him rubbing his heels against the single-tree? Put 'em in a lope, soon as you pass this stretch of corduroy. We ought to be in our blinds right now, nigger. Fix up things like I told you to?"

"Yas, sah. Rockin' cheers in bofe blinds, an' a soap-box tuhned ober foh ter sot de shells on. De bale ob hay foh de cyahpets is done back dar in de wagon. Pick up dem feet, ole fools! Wha'foh I done flings de hahness on yo'all befo' day? Look out, Marse Elliott! dar's a marster drap in yo' side de road just ahaid."

There were lots of "draps," but to my notion it beat joy-riding in a \$3,000 automobile; and it suited me better to tumble out in the midst of a canebrake than at the marble-entrance of a city club. We left Cassius with the wagon and crept ahead through the half light, dodging around pools formed by the night's rain, and wading mud to our ankles in crossing the occasional sloughs. Just ahead we could hear the "talking" of many water fowl. "Mallards!" said the Colonel and I together. The storm from the north had brought us good fortune.

"Go easy the rest of the way," whispered Spotts. "That's your blind to the right, and we'll make it by hugging the switch-cane ridge. Lord! Look at 'em!"

Which were decoys, and which real, live ducks? The water was aswarm immediately in front of the blind. The shore line seemed alive with mallards, foraging for acorns among the fallen leaves. Farther out were clustered flocks, seeking their breakfasts in approved duck fashion, dipping and diving in the shallows. As we watched them, from up the bayou came the snappy double report of Sullivan's new gun.

"He's sending us more of 'em along the line," the Colonel whispered, "and we must move these fellows to make room. What a chance for a lot of N'Orleans pot-hunters! Both barrels into 'em as they are, and we'd pick up a back-load."

"We could do nearly that well on the rise," I answered. "Let's make it single birds—so far as the spread of the shot permits."

"I'm game. One, two, three! Go at 'em!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A New Gun and New Work.

We were honest and earnest in our good resolutions, but in that swarming upburst of startled mallards there were other confusing factors to contend against, beyond the 40-yard spread of our charges. Ducks rise against the wind—which threw them directly toward us—and their crossing, interweaving flight prohibited selecting individual targets. At my first shot I seemed to see ducks falling in a streak half-way to the middle of the lake, and two dropped at the second report, though I could have

sworn that only one big drake was anywhere near the line of fire.

"Seven—eight—ten!" counted the Colonel. "And only four of 'em are mine. Thought you said something about single birds, Elliott?"

"How will we get them in?"

"There's a boat farther down; the nigger can attend to that part of it after a while. You Cassius! hustle that hay into the blinds! Look out, Elliott! some of 'em are swinging back."

Mallards possess their own share of curiosity—at least I have always attributed to inquisitiveness their way of drifting back over the guns when driven from feeding grounds. They came in couples and dozens, just above the trees and flying swiftly; and, cutting through their desultory circling, there appeared a flock of teal, hurrying from Sullivan's bombardment. Standing without concealment at the water's edge, we added four kills to those already scored—the Colonel winging another, which we had no way of pursuing.

"Speaks well for the guns—only one cripple out of fifteen," said Spotts. "Notice how the wind is sweeping our birds down the lake, and toward this shore? The first we killed are almost around the point. What's the matter with putting the nigger down there, out of sight—?"

"The ducks will never see him if he keeps close in, and it will save us a lot of birds. I suppose the alligators—"

"Yes, and alligator gars, turtles, catfish as big as either of us, and a few minks thrown in for good measure. We always have 'em to contend with here. One fall I shot ducks with a friend on the Salt Lake flats in Utah, and the one thing I couldn't get used to was the certainty of picking up everything we killed. Watch me roll that fish duck!"

A brace of big mergansers, flying widely separated and only the drake likely to come within range, had appeared over the tupelo gums at the head of the lake.

"A long shot for even a 10-gauge," said I, for there was a certainty that the drake would not pass closer than fifty yards. It is hard to wholly abandon theories cherished for a lifetime. Though I had long since weaned myself away from the bigger gauges, there still lingered a sneaking suspi-

cion that phenomenally long kills with the smaller bores were largely the result of fortunate accident. Ten-bores and 32-inch barrels for duckshooting! I rather regretted that the Colonel would permit his enthusiasm to let him in for certain disappointment—then the little 20 snapped like a whip, and the drake, hard hit, started to tower and was instantly caught and crumpled by the second barrel. Such a kill is worth going a thousand miles to see, and it was not hard to compliment the Colonel, upon his own skill as well as the capabilities of his arm.

Sullivan was doing a lot of shooting, and the shots at the head of the slough were always unfailing notification of the coming of a chance for our own guns. The flocks would traverse the distance in from two to three minutes, and we therefore knew when to be prepared for them. Cassius had made the blinds comfortable for occupancy, so that the Colonel and I were separated by some 40 yards—still within calling distance, though too widely parted for satisfactory conversation. I had the upper blind, which gave the first chance at the ducks as they came; but invariably I let them pass before shooting, so that frequently our guns sounded almost together. After a time it became plain to me that this was no general flight of mallards, such as I had often seen in the Arkansas flat woods, but merely the first of a series of migratory waves—the early drift from near by nesting grounds, hurried along by the sudden storm.

"Too blame many teal, wood ducks and chicken-bills!" announced the Colonel, "and the flocks are running small and far between. Now if we could see an occasional red-head or canvasback—but there's not even a shoveler or buffle-head. How's your score, old man?"

"Lost count long ago—but I can remember one run of three straight misses."

"And I'll have you tied if the next shot goes wrong. Say! let me have that brace of greenheads."

They passed me within easy range, but I left them to my companion. They swung in at his call, but he was too impatient and accepted them as incomers, when half a minute more would have brought them directly overhead. It was a bad mistake for

a seasoned duck hunter, for he missed with both barrels and permitted me to bag the two drakes with a quick right and left. And right then I was as ready and willing to quit shooting as though they were the last mallards between the Gulf of Mexico and the Canadian line. "I hit 'em both," grumbled the Colonel. "Bet a hundred dollars, and we'll pick the feathers off their breasts right here! It was a fool trick for a grown man—but I hit 'em."

"Hit a lot more in the same way," I laughed—and the next moment missed a passing teal, which the Colonel brought down in beautiful style.

Not a wing showed on the fly-way after 9 o'clock. Cassius was somewhere down the lake with the boat, picking up our kill, which was a task of some difficulty, since the shore was lined with elbow-brush, among which a dead duck might easily be drifted out of sight. The pick-up yielded less than forty head of all species, but more than half of them were mallards.

"Good enough for two guns—and one of them a 16-gauge," chuckled the Colonel, again in good humor.

"If only they had both been 16s!" I sighed regretfully; and then we shook hands and began wondering how the boy had fared. Poor Sullivan! He had but seven ducks to show for all that cannonading, but I was pleased to find that he had settled upon the cause of his hard luck and was not inclined to blame any part of it upon the gun.

"Just a plain case of nerves," he said. "I could see the coming flocks a mile away, and the strain of waiting—well, it was something fierce! I was shooting them full in the face, until Lem told me better; then I was a long time getting the right lead. The first mallard killed was third in line behind the one shot at. It isn't much like quail shooting."

"Or shooting any other game," agreed the Colonel, "especially where all sorts are coming, as they were today. The right lead for a mallard won't do at all for a blue-wing teal. As a rule it is better to lead too much than too little. Be sure to remember this if ever you go after Canada geese—for then you will be tempted to hold dead on, because they are so big that it seems impossible to miss them."

Can any one be taught wingshooting save by experience? I doubt it. Ask any two successful gunners how far to hold ahead of a crossing teal at 40 yards, and it is likely that one's answer will be in inches and the other's in feet. It is like telling the apparent size of the moon: the standard of measurement varies with the individual. Ask a few of your friends, and by way of comparison they will probably mention pennies, pancakes and wagon-wheels. But Sullivan had met and finally conquered his difficulties, as those seven ducks mutely testified. I have known older hunters to do far worse.

During the hours of our mid-day rest Colonel Spotts chanted the praise of his 20-gauge: "One of your Yankee writers gets it right when he says: 'A 28-gauge will drive any size of shot (if it chambers properly) as hard as an 8-gauge, and no harder, provided the powder charges give both loads the same muzzle velocity.' And again: 'A 20-gauge gives a denser pattern, with killing circle only four inches less at 25 yards than the 12-gauge, under same conditions.' That's why I knocked 'em so blamed hard this morning."

"Must have been the fault of the gun," said I, "for it was plain enough that the man behind it—"

"The man can skin an old mossback like you, shot for shot, at any sort of game that walks or flies! Try him on jack-snipe this afternoon."

"If you only had a real gun—one with long enough barrels to burn its powder charge and hold the shot together!"

And then the Colonel exploded. "Argument is wasted on some people! They never grow out of the kindergarten class, but hang on to the theories and fancies of babyhood until their teeth fall out. Hasn't the improvement in powders given us quicker and more uniform combustion? Wh-wh-what the devil—"

"That's bluster," said I, "and the loudest talkers I ever saw were phenomenally poor shots. Come along with Sullivan and me, and watch us slather a few snipe."

"May I take along my 20-gauge?" grinned our jovial host.

"Oh! we don't care to separate the child from his toy—but you won't need it, for we'll find no snipe. It's too early for jacks.

I suppose you've seen a few clapper rail and didn't know the difference between the two."

"Seems to me that you claimed it was too early for mallards. Hurry up that team, you Cassius! Haven't had your dinner? Get back to the kitchen, while Lem is harnessing and hitching. Here! break into that new case of No. 9 loads and fill my coat pockets. Nines, remember! I don't want to shoot snipe with 6s or 4s.

"You buy ammunition in case lots?" exclaimed Sullivan, in dazed admiration.

"Just the loads most commonly used. And be sure they're 20s, Cassius! You see I have to keep a few of all gauges on hand to supply my visitors. Cassius! Cass—damn that nigger! Say, you'd better bring down a few boxes of 16-gauge for these gentlemen. I don't want them handicapped by duck loads."

My guess concerning the snipe flight proved to have been partly right and partly wrong. The birds had come, but not in great numbers. A jack flushed beside the road as we were driving to the shooting grounds, giving me an opportunity to call Sullivan's attention to its peculiar flight. "As in quail shooting, the dogs will tell you where and when to expect the rise, and you must either smother a jack when he jumps or else wait until he gets straightened out in flight. I rather imagine the Colonel will adopt the latter plan, in view of the long years he has hunted with the 10-gauge; so it is likely that some really snappy snap-shooting wouldn't be bad for your own individual score. Remember that chilled No. 9s run nearly 600 pellets to the ounce, and that you must hold over your birds a whole lot. I see there are three dogs, but they may insist upon working together. If they will separate, you tag along behind that old, crippled Irish setter, for likely he will work closer to the gun."

The wet prairies of Louisiana are ideal snipe grounds, the only possible objection being the occasional "island" of bushes, behind which a bird will now and then dodge and thus escape the second barrel. As we lined up, some thirty yards apart, for the first drive, a king rail fluttered out of the grass at Sullivan's feet and quite naturally was overshot. In baseball parlance a rail would be termed a "grass-splitter," and

I had cautioned the boy to hold high. The second shot, noticeably delayed, stopped its flight. Sullivan looked over to me questioningly.

"You'd have got him if he'd been a jack," I assured him. "Hold that gait and you'll be all right."

Our two young pointers insisted upon mouthing the rail, and then chased off to the left, as though certain where another could be found. One of them ran over a snipe and was immediately sprinkled with shot by his master, though at such long range that it is doubtful whether the dog felt them sting.

"I'm always shooting dogs," laughed the Colonel, "but I never drew blood on one yet. Best way in the world to teach 'em carefulness. Say! that boy of yours is having all the luck."

The crippled setter, like many other good dogs I have known, was a believer in sticking close by the first gun to kill game; and the luck of bird finding seemed with him, for he was down on a point where the marsh grass grew rank.

"Mike will flush 'em at the word," called the Colonel.

"Go on, boy," ordered Sullivan—and I hardly saw that the bird was a snipe, before it went down in a smother of feathers.

"That's the next thing to murder," growled Spotts. But within five minutes he had tried the same trick and failed—the first charge under the snipe and the second thrown away in trying to catch it "on the twist," leaving me sufficient margin in time for an easy straightaway. Said he, "You're welcome to that jack, Elliott. I was rattled by watching your shooting machine over yonder. He must have commenced pretty young?"

"His only shotgun work has been a couple of days on Texas quail—but I'll bet a dollar that he'll kill one snipe out of three with a rifle." This last was spoken too low for the boy to overhear—and I am now quite sure that it would have been a losing wager, for jack-snipe are not turkeys, either in size or manner of flight.

The pointers had steadied down somewhat, but persisted in holding together; so the two professedly better shots followed them, while Sullivan trusted to the guidance of Irish Mike. Claiming a desire to see the

20-gauge given a thorough test, I pushed the Colonel to the front, and was the gratified witness of some pretty shooting. Spotts had very wisely returned to his deliberate tactics, giving the birds plenty of time to straighten their flight, and apparently gauging with accuracy the exact instant for trigger pulling. Five shots and five snipe—certainly no larger gun could have improved the score—and after the last of these five not another bird could the dogs locate, which was perhaps the luckiest thing for me that could have happened. At any rate, mine was the cleanest score, for I had shot but once and killed, while the Colonel had two misses, and Sullivan had expended five cartridges for his rail and three jacks.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### No Place Like Home!

The Terror had been tried out against the coons and possums of the Atchafalaya, and would have deserved small blame had he proved a total failure. After nearly a thousand miles of railway travel in a little crate, it was ridiculous to think he would show at his best when put to hunting in a strange country, and without even the encouragement of his master's presence. But he had actually beaten the Colonel's hounds in striking the trail of game, had run as well as the shortness of his legs permitted, and, when given a chance at a big coon, had killed it in exactly forty seconds by the Colonel's split-second timer. So the three of us Westerners may be said to have held our own with the local talent and might proceed on our way with flying colors. The remaining distance would be traveled together, the dog accompanying us in the baggage car so far as we held to railroad lines. Beyond this I had arranged by telegraph for a couple of mule teams to be in readiness, and there would be loads for both of them, since our purchases in New Orleans of provisions, ammunition, tools and other necessary supplies would weigh at least half a ton.

But before leaving the city we enjoyed a day of sightseeing in our own way, spending the morning at Chalmette upon Jackson's battleground, and reading together, under Pakenham's Oak, Grace Elizabeth King's incomparable "Glorious Eighth of January"; while the afternoon was pleasantly

passed in exploring the quaint side streets of the French Quarter. Being so lately from San Antonio (as distinctively Spanish as New Orleans is Creole), and each city pervaded with the encroaching atmosphere of American progress, possibly much was noticeable to us by force of contrast which might have escaped the less favored observer. We had lunch at a little stand in the old French Market, dined at Antoine's world-famous old restaurant, and wandered haphazard, avoiding the busier streets, until the night was well advanced.

"Me to come back again and stay a month," announced Sullivan, as we reluctantly turned toward our hotel.

"Both of us!" I agreed, "and we'll time our visit to miss the tourist rush. Once I was here in June—sweltering hot, night and day, and millions of mosquitos and gnats—but the city was living its own life in its own way, without dress parade or posing. If both are alive and still of the same mind, we'll be here next June or July. And I can promise you this, that we will see a great deal denied to the ordinary visitor—the home life behind those jealously shuttered windows in the city's old quarter. The claims of friendship will open doors which money cannot unlock."

Ours was a local train with no cut-and-dried schedule, beyond an approximate starting time; yet we were safely transferred to a branch road before 10 o'clock in the morning, and an hour later saw our belongings stowed in a box car on a spur track a dozen miles in length which had been built primarily in the interests of the lumbering industry. At its terminus our mule teams were awaiting us, and here, too, we found our equipment forwarded from New Mexico, and a certain long and weighty box bearing the stencil of an Eastern arms factory, which seemed to interest Sullivan more than all the rest together.

"But I'll not open it until we're comfortably settled," said he resignedly. "I suppose we'll be getting into camp tonight?"

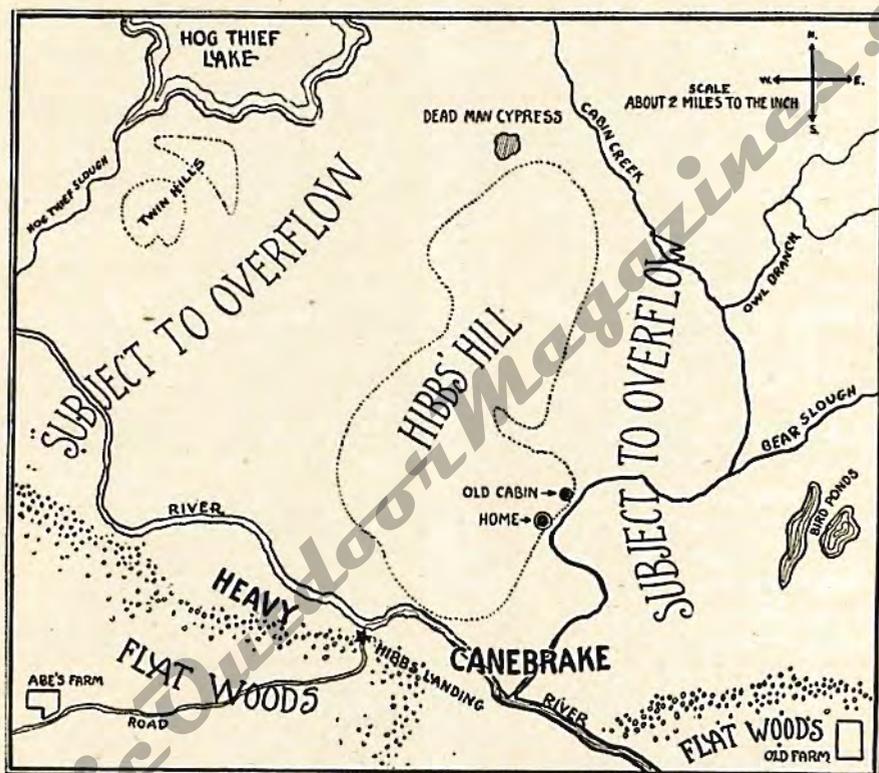
I could safely answer in the affirmative, for the roads seemed to be in fairly good condition because there had been very little travel since the rain. The eight miles to the river should be driven easily enough in two hours. After that, if there was sufficient water in Cabin Creek—but it is high time

that I should give the reader an idea where we were going. Not necessarily a long task, or one calling for a multiplication of words, since I shall commence by requesting the Editor to here reproduce a rough outline map which was originally drawn for Sullivan's information.

I had bought the Hibbs Hill property several years before, taking it in exchange for timbered lands nearer marketing facilities, and it was perhaps the best bargain of

thieves during the time when all the lower rivers bore rafts and barge-loads of pipe staves for export to European vineyards. The Hibbses were deemed competent to guard their holdings. Their reputation as fighters is still traditional—supported rather than discredited by the tragic happening which I shall relate farther on.

The river, bordered by heavy canebrakes on either shore, barely touched the hill's southern extremity. Hibbs Landing (so



Map Showing the Location of Our New Home in Louisiana.

my life. The hill is something like four miles long and averages nearly half as wide—counting only the area above highwater line. The 4,000 acres covered by my deeds include practically all of the best of it, since the upper end of the hill is slashy and sparsely timbered with elm, black gum and the bitter oaks; but, because of the magnificent white oak clothing its southern portion, the tract had remained for twenty years in possession of the Hibbs family—which explained its immunity from raids by timber

called, though never a stopping place for steamboats) was a mile above and on the other side of the stream. Here ended the wagon trail from the railroad station and nearest town, and three miles back on this trail was the little farm of an old ducky, who would be our nearest neighbor. A mile below the hill, Cabin Creek entered the river—a currentless and almost dry slough except in the rainy season, though ordinarily small boats could ascend it a couple of miles to the point of the hill where the old Hibbs

cabin had stood. North, east and west of the hill stretched the lowlands, a wilderness of forest and canebrake, for a third of the year a woodland sea, while at other times—but to those unfamiliar with the overflow country along our Southern rivers an attempt at its description would carry little meaning.

I had wired my agent—a lawyer at the railroad terminus—to have a new log cabin built for us near the site of the old one. A location in some respects more convenient would have been at the river's bank; but I held with the hill's original occupants in desiring all possible privacy and quiet, which would not have been obtainable immediately upon a regularly traveled thoroughfare. The floating population of these lower Southern streams abounds in picturesque and interesting types which I have never found desirable as daily—and nightly—visitors. If housed on the farther side of the hill, we would be secure from intrusion and might safely leave our cabin unguarded. The time has been when I would have taken chances against thieves, or worse, for adventure has its appeal to youth; but as one grows old there is an increasing dislike of the unexpected happenings which were once the salt of life.

"Tell Abe to build two good boats," I had instructed Larue. Abe was our colored neighbor; I had employed him before, and was sure that he would make good, both as house carpenter and shipwright. There had been a few days of bad weather, but a darky will work in the rain if paid well, and if empowered to employ help of his own color will keep things moving early and late. Abe had completed his task, discharged all but one of his men, and was waiting at the landing for our arrival. A glance showed me that he had used good judgment, though going beyond the letter of his instructions, in designing our craft; for while they were alike in type—plain square-ended bateaux—there was a marked difference in their size.

"Dis am de freight boat, fo' totin' big loads," explained Abe. "I done makes her fo'teen fut long an' fo' fut ercross. De udder am de same len'th but a fut nar'r, an' I rakes her funder back at bofe eends. Dat boat sho' run, sah! When you staht any-whah, she dar right now—yas, sah!"

"The other one looks rather big for the creek," I demurred.

"Plenty watah, sah. Spesh'ly sence we drapped down a qua'tah dis side de ole cabin. Had to do it, Boss, foh de house logs. Eb'ryt'ing cut aroun' de ole place. Couldn't git no team to snake de logs, an' had to tote 'em all in. Bes' we could do, sah."

Again I was rather pleased that he had assumed the initiative. The surroundings of an old house are rarely attractive, and at the new site there would be the virgin forest on every side—which meant an abundance of firewood at our hand.

The carrying capacity of even the smaller boat was not to be derided, since at least 500 pounds of hand baggage and express packages were stacked amidships before we took up the paddles, bow and stern, and swung out into the river. Abe would have to make two trips with the "freight boat," his helper remaining behind on the first to guard the remnant of our belongings. It was instantly apparent that Sullivan was not wholly new to the water, for he dipped his paddle straight and without splashing, turning the prow from the shore as neatly as I could have done it myself; yet I cautioned him to sit steadily, because a strange boat is always an unknown quantity—especially if heavily loaded. The river was at half-banks, with a great deal of drift coming down, and I was better content when, after a half hour's run with the current, a narrow doorway between two walls of blue cane offered entrance to the dead waters of Cabin Creek. An accident now meant only a wetting, nor was it more than remotely possible, since it is easy to hold a boat from capsizing when one's paddle is on the bottom.

Ducks commenced rising ahead of us before we were fairly in the creek; there were tracks of deer and turkeys in the soft mud of the shores; the chattering of squirrels on every hand told of hunting grounds rarely disturbed by powder burning.

"Sounds good!" ejaculated Sullivan, hungrily.

"This is virtually our front dooryard," I told him, "including everything between river and creek south of an east and west line drawn from the cabin. The squirrels I leave to you and your .22 rifle, but

big guns will be barred from our 'preserve,' except one day in the week."

"The idea is to hold the game we have and drive in more?"

"Exactly! I doubt there ever being necessity of shooting near home. There are only two mouths to be fed."

"And one straight shot at a big buck—"

"Exactly," said I again. Then we paddled on in silence.

Freshly cut stumps along the verge of the hill at our left were the first visible indications of Abe's recent activities. To the casual observer it was plain enough that the darky's "house logs" had been eight-inch saplings—which, of course, did not matter at all, since the size of the logs used in house building have very little to do with the comfort of the completed structure. It is all in the finishing, in the shutting out of heat and cold. And here was proof that this part of the work had not been slighted; for a giant yellow-butt oak lay with the greater part of its trunk intact, and its stump surrounded by a litter of shingle-bolt backs and hearts, where Abe had riven "boards" for roofing and crack stopping.

"They have left us work for our cross-cut and axes, and back logs for many good fires"—and I tried to say it cheerfully, though, at the present high price of first-class oak, I would be paying dear for both shingles and fuel. It is only of recent years that I have come to think seriously of forest conservation. In the old days—but they are so lately passed that few of my readers will enjoy hearing them recalled. Too many of us have sinned in the manner of Polecat Bill, who—

"Chopped down a tree,  
By the light of the moon,  
Four feet across the stump,  
For a four-bit coon."

The channel we were following had narrowed, and become so obstructed by logs and driftwood that it seemed doubtful whether the larger boat could find a passage. But the cabin was at last in sight, and in a few minutes we landed within fifty yards of its door—the overflow marks on the trees indicating that in times of high water the distance from house to harbor would be shortened by more than half.

"Home!" exclaimed Sullivan, as he stepped ashore—"and a brand-splintered new home at that. Isn't it great!"

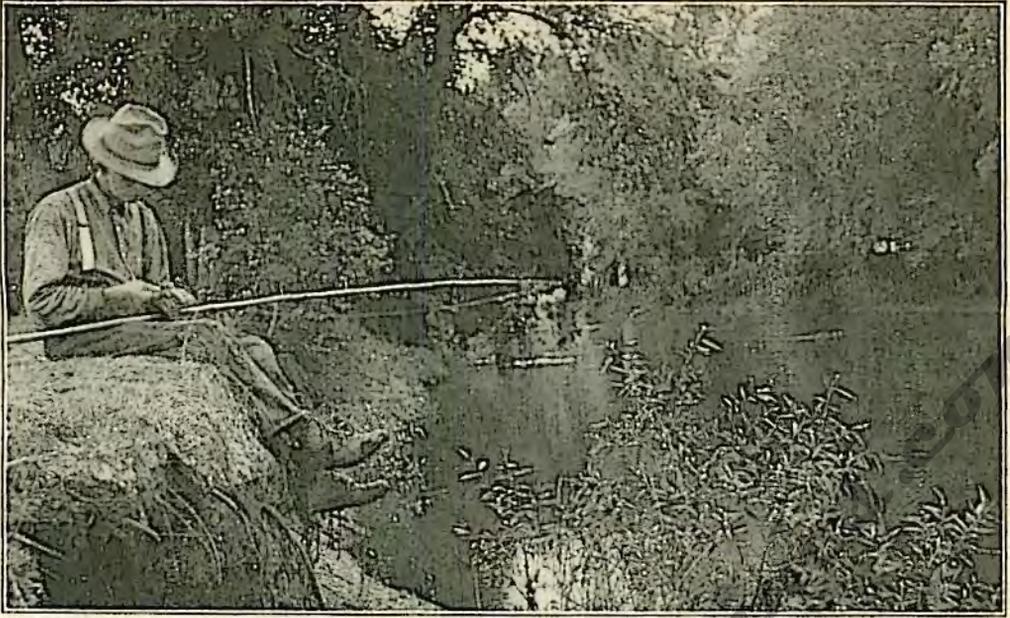
Of course I was of the same mind. But with pretty nearly everything in this world the charm or its lack depends upon the viewpoint of the individual. Lots of people would fail to become enthusiastic over a twelve-by-fourteen log cabin in the midst of a Louisiana wilderness. Just then it only mattered that we were suited. The rest of the big, restless world was too remote to justify its being given a thought.

Abe had built substantially and well. A log house is judged by its four corners. If they are carried up plumb and the logs properly notched, it is the work of an expert, and you may expect to find all the minor details of construction have been given equally careful attention. The door was well hung; the window opening provided with a closely fitting shutter. Tiny smoke spirals were ascending from the stick-and-mud chimney, of which we could see only the top above a smoothly lain roof. The cracks between the wall logs were chinked and daubed in the manner approved by past generations of American woodsmen. Externally our new residence was all that the heart could ask. "We'll floor it," said I, "and put in a loft." But here, again, Abe had foreseen my wishes. Sullivan probably did not realize how much extra time and labor those few hundred feet of lumber had cost our resourceful darky friend. Every bit of it had been boated around from the landing—not floated, for the water would have swollen it, to the ruination of all hopes of a tight floor.

"The next thing is to make some furniture," remarked the practical Sullivan.

"We can buy what we need—cheaper and better. First, while the men are here, we'll throw together a shanty sideroom, for a kitchen. That will give us time to list a lot of absolute necessities, which Abe can bring out to us. It is the fashion here in Louisiana to let the colored brethren do the working and worrying. None of it for Elliott, my boy! Your Uncle Tredway intends leading the primitive life all right, but with the old-time element of laboriousness wholly left out."

*To be continued.*



A Beauty Spot on the Upper Des Moines.— Uncle William Fixing the Bait.

Photo by BURT STONE.

## ON THE UPPER DES MOINES.

By BURT STONE.

**Y**ES, Mr. Reader! there's something in Iowa besides corn and hogs and automobiles. The outside world judges us by our corn, hogs and "Fords," but we are not all base Commercialism. You can tell by eyesight the difference between an Iowa Farmer and an Iowa Hog, even if the farmer does not have his hat on!

We have both quantity and quality here. Texas is four and one-half times as large as Iowa; yet the crops of the Hawkeye State are worth millions of dollars more than those of the Lone Star Empire. Iowans paid one million dollars for automobile licenses in 1914! Going some, to be sure; but all of life is not reckoned in dollars and cents. **SPORTS AFIELD** is not a farm paper; neither is Yours Truly an agricultural writer. Let the corn and hogs take care of themselves for a day! We are going fishing! He who is so wrapped up in the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar that he has no time to go fishing or on a picnic excursion to the shady woods, is living in vain. Nothing doing! Useless journey thru this vale of tears! Why earn money to swell that bank account or buy

more land and starve your soul? Why do it? Woods, and valleys and streams are beautiful and alluring and were created for the appreciation of us biped creatures here below. Why waste our precious time and let Nature's glories, made for our appreciation, go to waste? When we are dead and buried and other people are spending our money, the opportunity will have passed. Nature is good and her grandest works are for our enjoyment. Nothing created by man's hand is as fine as Nature's own Outdoors. A poor Christian he who worships only in places created by man's handiwork.

We are going fishing!

Stretched at regular intervals between the hog and corn-land fields of Iowa are the streams and woodlands. The Upper Des Moines River country is truly a beautiful land. At Humboldt, in our county, the East and West branches unite to form the main stream. Humboldt is the home of the world-famous Frank Gotch. Frank had his first wrestling match away from home, here at Lu Verne. He was unknown to fame at that time and he met de-

feat at the hands of a professional whom some local sports had brought in especially for the occasion. Humboldt is a pretty little city, located on the strip of land where the East and West branches meet. Dakota City, the county seat, is practically a part of Humboldt or maybe Humboldt is a part of Dakota City. The population of Humboldt is 1,500 or more, while Dakota City is only about 500, the main building, of course, being the Court House. There are large dams at both Humboldt and Dakota City and usually

and then a shotgun, but the gophers were more numerous than ever in 1914. This is the way the Iowa boys get their start in the hunting business. When one once gets the habit it is his to stay. And there is fishing and the highly commendable art of hunting with a camera. All work well together and should tend to a love of the Great Outdoors. The writer has enjoyed them all but recommends the last as the best of all or at least a worthy auxiliary of the others. An anastigmat lens may not shoot as far as a Mauser rifle, but as a



Des Moines River Pearl Hunters.

Photo by BURT STONE.

good fishing at both places. Sons of Iowa pioneer farmers and many of the town boys grew up to be sportsmen naturally. The little prairie squirrels, or "gophers," as they are often called, are numerous on every hand and the boy finds them to be game to his liking. The barefoot boy with traps, snares, or pails of water gets his first training in the pursuit of "game." The gopher is a destroyer of crops, so the farmer encourages the boy in their destruction. And there is no complaint about a scarcity of the animals! As the boy gets larger he becomes the owner of a .22 rifle

helper to permanent after delights of a trip to Nature's beauty spots, it is better than any rifle or shotgun, say I.

Thirty years ago the people of the Upper Des Moines country made regular trips to the "woods" each fall to gather in their annual supply of wild plums, grapes and green, sour crab-apples. Glorious days were those! And the fruit was free to all wherever you found it. There was enough for all and some to go to waste besides. Finer fruit than some of those wild plums never grew.

Nowadays the beautiful woodlands have

been largely transformed into swine pastures, but much of the old time beauty remains in places. On the open prairies the old time duck ponds have been underlaid with drain tile and cornfields have sprung up and the wild teal and mallards have moved their home farther North. More corn, more hogs, fewer ducks, fewer muskrats! Thus sport in Iowa changes. Big white cranes all gone; curlews all gone; brant all gone. Canada geese and ducks are becoming scarcer, while quail and prairie-chickens are plentiful only in spots. Pioneer game is passing away; but the game animals of Civilization are taking their places. Cottontails, jack-rabbits and timber squirrels are increasing fast in late years. Foxes, coons and 'possums are moving into our woods, and the woodchuck of the East is getting very common. This sort of game comes from the East, except the jack-rabbit, which is traveling eastward. Thirty years ago the jack-rabbit was almost unknown in our State.

Yes; the squirrels and the cottontails came from the East, and so also do many of our enthusiastic sportsmen. A fellow born among the New England hills must hunt and fish sometimes. Can't help it! One fellow from New York, whose local nickname was "Zeke," was one of these. Zeke was accustomed to sheep, but had never seen a jack-rabbit before coming to Iowa. Shotgun in hand he watched the long ears and white fur disappear from almost under his feet over a far-away hill, before he made any remarks. Then he said: "Say! I never saw a lamb get over the ground at that speed before!" When his friend laughed, he realized that he had missed his first jack. This is *not* an office-made story. There was a real Zeke and

a real jack-rabbit, but Zeke didn't shoot. Zeke missed an opportunity. The jack didn't miss anything.

Fishing in Iowa is not what it was thirty years ago; but the real sportsman will be on the job, anyway. The beautiful spring days will lure him to try his luck, and he will fish, anyway, if nary a bite.

Years ago, when I was a barefoot boy running over the Iowa prairies, my Uncle William presented me with the first steel trap I ever owned. It was a genuine No. One Newhouse, and served its purpose several years. When I was some years older, this same Uncle William presented me with my first shooting iron—a double-barreled muzzle-loader that had been Grandfather's. My first killing shot at wild game brought me three ducks with one shot from the famous left barrel of that old gun. The next day I killed a mallard—a single bird, flying! No need to say much more about *that*. About being proud, puffed up, etc. You fellows know how it is. You have all been there.

But when you were a boy, did you have an Uncle William who knew just what a boy wanted and who had sympathy for you? I did, and he is still living. After hard years of labor with hogs and cattle and other strenuous ways of making money, he has retired from active business. Near a beautiful little city of the Upper Des Moines Valley country, close bordering on the woods and a good fishing place, he has "settled down." Several fish poles, with lines and hooks attached, are always ready, and there is no delay when his friends stop at his house to go fishing. I went up there last summer and will go again, sure. Wouldn't you? You know you would.



# THE PANTHER OF ROCKY CREEK.

A STORY OF PIONEER TIMES IN ILLINOIS.

By CHARLES ASKINS.

## CHAPTER III.—Spoiling a Good Fight.

In the time of the Rocky Creek panther, John Hughes was about 15 years old—an age when a boy runs abnormally to long legs and big feet—but he possessed a good breadth of shoulder that gave some hint of the six feet two of manhood that afterwards came to him. He had a long, thin, shrewd, muscular face, topped by a thrifty growth of sandy hair and lighted by the keenest gray eyes. If Josh was the personification of awkwardness at that age, he did not know it, for he was as wiry as a second growth hickory and habitually alighted upon his feet from every tumble. Father John Hughes was trying to make a blacksmith out of Josh, but the boy's mind ran all to dogs, rifles and hunting. As tinkering with guns and pistols was the only part of a blacksmith's work that he took kindly to, that sort of thing was soon turned over to him by common consent, and in the course of time he became an expert rifleshmth. Afterwards becoming noted as the most expert rifleman of the Black Hawk army, at 15 he was a good shot, but father John seriously objected to the youth owning or shooting a rifle, knowing how the twig would be bent by the incline of the parent tree and being determined to make a good smith of the boy first, without any misgivings as to the rifle skill later on.

Josh Hughes, the son of John Hughes the blacksmith, was the father of Felix Hughes, railroad attorney, Mayor of Keokuk, Iowa, and successful business man, who is the father of Rupert Hughes, musical critic, New York literary man and magazine writer of today. And so goes the pedigree of our notable men and some others. John enjoyed pioneer life to the full, removing to Missouri when people got to jostling him in Illinois, and living to the good, honest old age of 95.

The rifle being forbidden, Josh had perforce to hunt with his dogs, but of these he had a full supply. They were known to every one, for their like was not to be seen in all the big county of St. Clair. He had four dogs, all of one litter—cross-bred animals in which English mastiff blood predominated, but with something of the foxhound and bulldog in their make-up. They were a splendid looking quartet, all alike solid fawn in color, uniform in size, and weighing every one above the hundred pounds. They had the man protective instincts of the mastiff, something of the hunting and trailing ability of the hound, and not a little bulldog fighting quality. Josh was firm in the faith, that, fighting together, nothing in the world in the shape of a single animal could whip his dogs. Mastiff-like, they were peaceable dogs ordinarily, but they packed well, always fighting together, and, like Josh, they had no conception of being whipped. Unlike the modern clumsy descendant of the mastiff, these were fast dogs that could overhaul a gray wolf if they caught him fairly in the open. It was death to any wolf they overtook, too, and Josh had known them to kill one of the largest size in a minute's time.

When hunting in the Okaw bottoms, George Glass had caught a bear cub which, having reached a weight of 200 pounds, had become saucy. It was an expert boxer that thoroughly enjoyed slapping any dog a rod which undertook to investigate it too closely. George bantered young Josh on the ease with which Billy Bear could dispose of his dogs if opportunity were given. It was always a mistake to dare Josh like that unless a fight was fully expected. The bear struck one of the dogs and grabbed another, but the pack closed in and only heroic work on the part of the

Squire, George and Josh saved the black fellow's life. Naturally Josh's inordinate confidence in his dogs was not decreased by the incident. In fighting shape and pugnacious intent, Josh and the dogs roamed the woods. Wild cats, catamounts, wolves and all beasts so far encountered they had disposed of easily, but Josh had been impressed with a fear of panthers from his infancy. He was getting to an age now, however, when the boy wants to be shown and to learn from experience rather than to be told, but still he had a lingering, wholesome respect for the Rocky Creek panther, having seen some of its work in pulling down deer and domestic stock. Josh speculated on the outcome of a fight between his dogs and the panther and talked of it sometimes, but not where Hughes, pere, could hear him.

Then an incident occurred which brought matters to a climax. The Blooms were their nearest neighbors and Josh and Tom were together a good deal and fast friends, despite some difference in their ages. Josh was visiting Tom one afternoon in the early spring, when the sheep had only lately been turned out to grass. Late in the day these came home frightened and minus a fine wether. In the little remaining light the boys searched for the sheep, accompanied by the old shepherd dog and Tom carrying his rifle. At last with the help of the dog they found the sheep—killed by the panther, as they had expected. It was an unusual thing for even so bold an animal as the Rocky Creek panther to do—this killing a sheep in daylight almost in sight of the house. The great cat had killed the sheep, eaten a small portion of it, and dragged the carcass to an Indian grave—a depression in the ground, closely hedged about with a growth of sassafras trees and popularly supposed to be a place where Indians had been buried. The panther, after its fashion, had covered the dead wether with sticks and leaves, intending to visit it at some future time, perhaps that very night. The boys excitedly returned to the house to report their discovery, not noticing that the faithful Shep had lain quietly down by his charge, where he would remain until called away. The next morning old Shep was still there, keeping his watch, but cold and dead, with torn

throat and protruding bowels. Aunt Nancy was inconsolable; she had no children and she had raised Shep from a little, toddling, downy fellow. Following her instructions, the boys carried him home and buried him in the garden, nursing their wrath against the panther.

The young men of the settlement were called together and made a hunt with the hounds, but were no more successful than they had been many times before. They could not even strike a trace of the panther and returned in the evening full of plans, but discouraged. Josh was supposed to be too young to accompany the hunt, but he had plans of his own, which he was careful not to divulge to father John Hughes. It was Josh's deliberate intention to find the panther and kill it with his dogs.

A certain section of this country bordering upon the bluffs was of a formation not unlike the Mammoth Cave section of Kentucky, being underlaid with limestone, and the water, in place of draining into branches and creeks ran into basin-like depressions in the ground, known as sinks. Thence the water ran in an underground creek which broke out at the bluff in the shape of a beautiful sixty-foot waterfall known as the Falling Spring. By going down in these sink holes, large, roomy caves could be found. In fact, the whole country was undermined with great caverns. Years later a party went down in one of these sink holes and traveled underground six miles, without beginning to explore the extent of the passages. These caves were used by the Indians as a place of refuge in one of their wars from which the same difficulty was experienced in expelling them that was had with the Modoc Indians in the Lava Beds in more recent times. It was a popular belief, in which Josh shared, that the Rocky Creek panther lived in some one of these sink hole caves. If so, it was perfectly useless to try to drive the animal out, and he knew it as well as the oldest hunter, but Josh knew where the panther prowled and played, especially when planning a kill, and that was where Master Hughes expected to start it.

Like other beasts of prey that have undergone the same experience, the Rocky

Creek panther had become spoiled by the ease with which it could pull down domestic stock. It was no longer an honest panther deer stalker and hunter, but had become a lazy, vagabondish robber. It lay along the banks of Rocky Creek through the day, watching the settlers' straying stock, made its kill early in the night, and was snug and safe in its cavern home long before morning.

Master Josh reasoned that the beast would be again getting hungry after its feast on the sheep, and that this mellow spring day it would be lying somewhere along the creek, waiting for another kill. When he found that work was slack—no horses to be shod because the soft spring ground rendered shoes unnecessary, and it was too early for the plowshares to be coming in, and so he could have a day off—he called the dogs, Rule, Boss, Master and Sampson, and, with Mother Hughes' lunch in his pocket, for he would be out all day, strolled across the fields for the woods. He went about his task in strictly boy fashion and perhaps, after all, he was little impressed with the serious nature of the proceedings. Back in the woods pasture he caught up a rough hickory club and rasped it against the old post oak flying squirrel tree, to see if its inmates were awake after their long Winter's nap. When one of the bright eyed little chaps came out of the hole and ran to the top of the tree, followed by a club which caused it to take wing from the very top, he and the dogs followed it with shouts and barks—one of the dogs making a futile snap at the little animal when it reached the lowest point in its sailing flight. Josh clubbed it out of the next tree and the fun was much to his liking as well as that of the dogs—possibly the squirrel enjoyed it, too, for he was not in much danger. When the frolic was at its highest Josh was startled to hear a pleasant, girlish voice calling: "Josh! Come over here a minute—won't you, Josh?" It was Ella Glass, passing through the woods lot on her way home from Robin Gooding's, where she had passed the night with Fanny Gooding. She looked especially to Josh's liking in her short plaid skirt, bootees, and home knit red jacket and hood, with her brown hair just peeping from under it and shading the pink

cheeked face. Josh thought her the prettiest girl that ever lived, but he allowed no one, much less Ella, ever to have a hint of his hidden thoughts. Besides, Josh was thoroughly loyal to his friend Tom. She had a mock serious expression now in her dancing brown eyes, for well she knew that if Josh were treated with any levity he would take instant umbrage and positively refuse to take the message she wished him to carry. "Josh," she said with friendly cordiality as he approached, "you have grown so fast that, really, I hardly knew you, but then you have not been to see us in so long. I thought some man was running away with your dogs until I got quite close."

"Thought it was Tom, now, I'll bet!" chuckled Josh, but highly flattered.

Ella tossed her head, stooping to pat one of the dogs, thus hiding her face from the keen eyes of young Josh, as she replied: "I haven't seen Mr. Logan for so long that I would hardly know him from you," and then lightly, "but I guess he knows the way over if he wants to come, unless he is afraid of the panther."

"Tom ain't afraid of no painter, now, I tell you," declared Josh, "nur of your Stookey feller neither, as that Frencher will find out if he keeps up his brag."

"Tell Tom not to make any bigger fool of himself than he has to," said Ella sweetly.

"Take your own advice, Ella Glass," said the indignant Josh explosively. "It's you girls that don't know a man when you see him, and you won't find Tom Logan no fool, even if you would like to make one out of him."

"Don't get mad at me, Josh. Papa says you have the finest dogs that were ever in the settlement, and he believes they could kill a full grown bear. I shall have to go, Josh, for I promised to pick a mess of greens today. And—say, Josh—will you tell Tom to come over tomorrow night. I have a letter from his cousin in Kentucky that I wish to show him"—and she glanced at Josh with a look that deepened the color in his tanned cheeks.

"Yes, I'll tell him. Good-bye, Ella," said Josh, mollified and amazingly rattled besides. "I guess he'll go, too, though he hadn't ought to, but who could stay away,"

soliloquized Josh, as he looked after the trim swinging figure, plaid draped and red jacketed, now fast disappearing. Girls were a puzzle beyond him, so he presently called the dogs and started for the creek. Perhaps she would think him a man if he killed the Rocky Creek panther after all the rest had failed.

Down on the creek he saw a mink running with head held high, arched neck and back, and a fish in its mouth almost as large as the intrepid little beast of prey. It got into a hole in the bank before the dogs could catch it and took the fish with it. Josh made a mental memorandum of the place and resolved to dig the mink out some day. Farther on he found a jack loon in a small pond and put in some pleasant minutes trying to shy a rock quicker than it could dive.

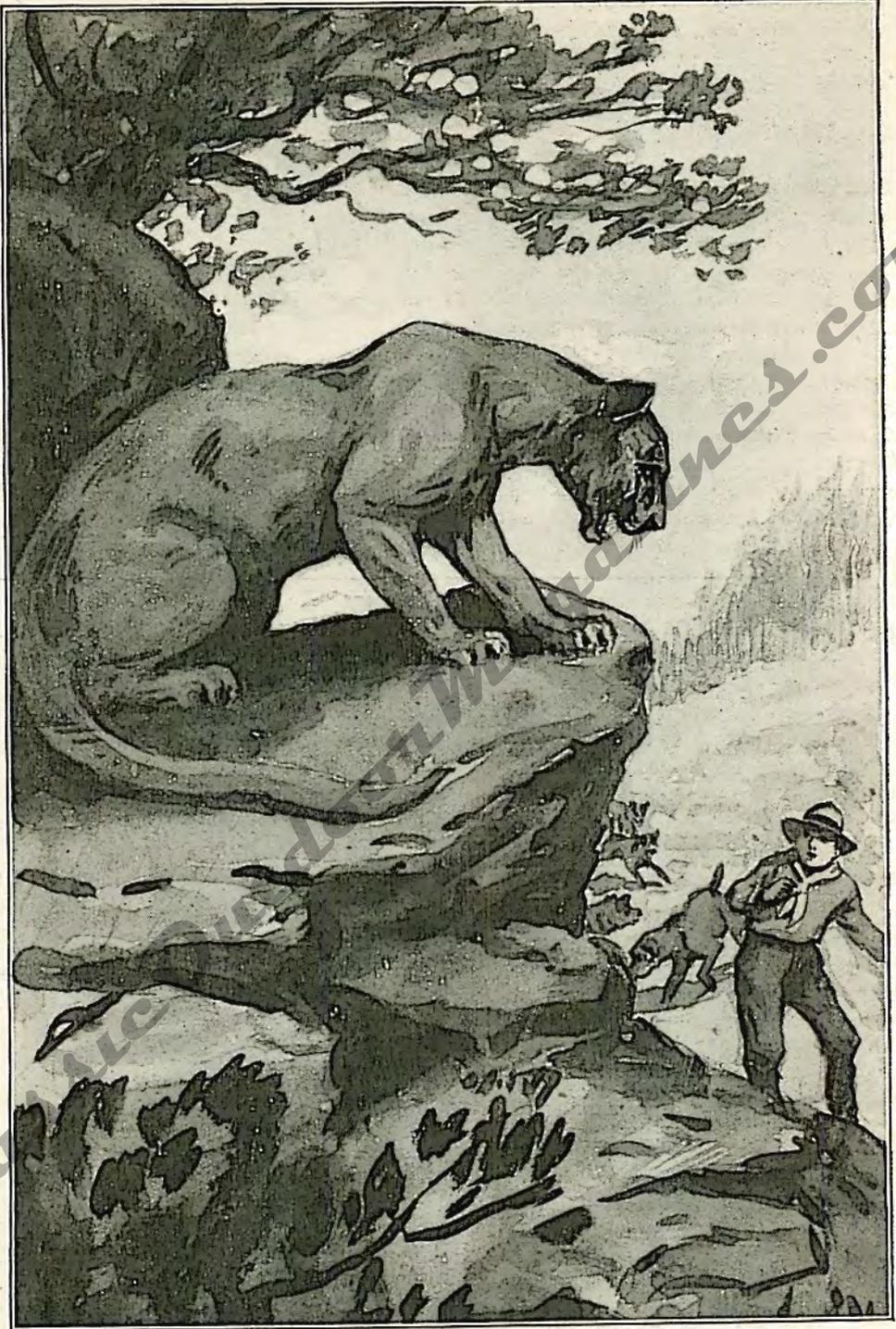
Seeing some large fish in a shallow hole in the creek, caused him to wish he had a gun or a gig, but, though he tried with hook and line, the creek was too high and too cold for the fish to bite. Along the gravel bars of the stream he found sign of all the commoner wood inhabitants—mink, coon, muskrats, wildcats, wolves, gray foxes and even otter and beaver, but not a track of the panther. That lazy scoundrel was above fishing apparently. About noon Josh went to a sunny place with which he was well acquainted to rest and eat his lunch.

Where a strong spring broke out of the hillside, and, after flowing a short distance, entered a deep hole in the creek, Josh stopped to eat. It was a favorite place with him because the spring water warmed the colder stream, causing many fish to congregate in this spring hole. He meant to cause them to rise by throwing the crumbs from his lunch into the water, but when he had eaten the half of it and divided the remainder among his four dogs he found that the fish would get very little this day, so he continued on up the creek toward home.

At one point a curve in the creek threw it almost against the hill on his side and there its washings in times past had exposed a ledge of stone. Here the settlers had secured material for their chimneys and the foundations of the houses, throwing the top dirt off and quarrying the stone

away for twenty feet or more back, leaving a sheer ascent of bare rock fifteen feet high. Josh always gazed upon this ledge with suspicion since one time when he found a buck that had been pulled down directly under it. The game trail which he was following led from a wide valley below to another wide stretch of bottom land above, and deer as well as tame cattle constantly passed between this ledge of rock and the creek. They were in a trap, too, if any animal like the panther chose to occupy this watch tower, for they had to pass too close to successfully avoid his spring. There was nothing in sight about the place. Josh was getting tired now and the big dogs were trailing quietly after him. Having passed through the narrow opening, he paused for another look, and there the most startling sight of his life met the gaze of the pioneer boy.

The top of the ledge was flat, with all the soil cleared off, but the quarrymen had left one large loose boulder that was difficult to move. Even as he looked, a large paw reached up from behind and grasped this stone, followed by the other foot; then a whiskered face and great round head came up, seemingly pulling the remainder of the long tawny body into view. The panther had just awakened and was totally unaware of the presence of others. Its yellow eyes opened wide in a sleepy way as it slowly raised its head, arched its neck, wrinkled back the lips from the long white teeth, opened its mouth to the widest extent, lifted the red tongue to the roof of the mouth, exposing all the lower teeth, and deliberately gave vent to a tremendous yawn. As he gazed, fascinated, Josh could see it slowly ripple back over the sleek body; the sheathed fore-claws, white and inches long, shot into view; the powerful muscles of the fore-legs and shoulders grew tense and stood out as the yawn traveled back, expanding the barrel and causing light and shadows to play over the ribs; at last it reached the tail, causing it to straighten out rigid and then curve upward. It came back to Josh in his sleep for years afterwards. He was not thirty feet away and the bright sunlight struck fair upon the panther. Presently the beast's eyes dropped and rested straight upon him. He could see the eyelids draw



" Presently the beast's eyes dropped and rested straight upon the boy."

Drawn by WALTER S. ROGERS.

up at the corners and narrow to slits; the whiskers flattened to the muzzle; the ears disappeared, altering the outline of the skull; the head seemed to settle back into the arched neck, and then the huge panther softly dropped from sight.

Though Josh had seen several panthers at a distance and others dead, his mind had never remotely conceived anything like this. No man's imagination can prepare him for a first close sight of a powerful and dangerous wild animal in the woods. Josh was only conscious of a great cold spot right at the pit of his stomach, where the long white claws would presently tear him. His mind moved no more than his limbs or his fixed, staring eyes. He did not know that he was afraid; he knew of nothing in the world except the cold spot in his stomach that was widening, widening, driving a slow chill up his spine to the very roots of his hair. Then the picture machine moved on—bringing tenses action.

Attracted by some scent or perhaps hearing a suspicious movement on the rock, Rule (one of the dogs) ran to the ledge and attempted to climb it; once he fell back, but, selecting an easier place, he got up. Motionless, the staring boy saw it all. When the dog reached the boulder a sudden paw swung out in what looked to be a mere love tap, but the dog whirled through the air, struck on his back, rolled over and tumbled down the rocks almost to the boy's feet, with three sharp lines of crimson showing upon his shoulder. Results were instantaneous. The wounded dog sprang up and with his mates went fighting his way up the ledge. And Josh was with them, too, for in reaction all his fear had given way to his reckless, fighting temper. One of the dogs fell back—knocking him flat to the quarry floor—but he was up again in a twinkling, looking for an easier place to scale the rock. The dogs were ahead of him and he heard snarls and cries, while struggling up the clayey bank. Before he got in sight of the combatants, the fight had changed to a chase, and he heard the dogs going through the woods after the panther with the short whimpers that showed they were exerting themselves to the utmost. They quickly got beyond his hearing, but Josh raced on in the direction of the chase

as fast as he could and presently was rewarded by hearing the deep resounding barks of the mastiffs that had treed their game. Guided by the tremendous uproar he found them. A hollow sycamore, seven feet in diameter, had been fired by hunters, some time, killing it, and it had been broken off ten or twelve feet from the ground. The panther had evidently run along the fallen trunk and sprung to the top of the stub, where he was secure from the dogs, which, thoroughly enraged, were frantically trying to run up the tree. Josh could just see a head on one side of the tree and a tail waving angrily back and forth on the other.

As the boy approached, the big cat sprang out, looking in his downward swoop, with fore-legs extended and rigid tail, as long as the stub of the tree—a veritable picture panther. The dogs met his spring and the fight went rolling down the hill too fast for the eye to follow the different movements. Letting out an encouraging yell, Josh ran in to help, but suddenly one of the dogs shot up high in the air, driven by the raking claws of the panther's hind-legs as it lay on its back. There was a whirl and all the dogs seemed to be standing still, while the panther had broken away and was gone through the woods. Though the dogs were hurt, none were disabled, and, encouraged by their master, they tore away after the varmint again. The cat was fleeing in earnest now, in the direction of its sink hole home, for it began to realize the dangerous nature of its antagonists. However, the dogs were the fastest, and, following as best he could, young Hughes soon heard their deep bass cries, telling that the big cat was treed again.

When Josh reached them the panther was in plain sight, fifty feet from the ground—lying across the fork of a large elm tree. This time it refused to move when he came up, but, quickening the beat of its serpent-like tail, it turned its eyes from the dogs to the boy, as though he were the more dangerous antagonist. Josh moved about the tree, keeping at a respectful distance, but the animal refused to budge; thereupon he went closer and shied a stick at it without effect. Picking up a stone, he landed upon the cat the first time,

which sprang straight for him with a shrill scream.

The dogs met it and the fight became deadly. The panther could not stand up before the combined canine rush for a minute, but it was even more dangerous when upon its back than when erect. Now a dog was sent spinning with a single kick from a hind-foot and then the panther twisted upon its feet and brought the blood with wicked strokes of its fore-paws. He caught a dog by the neck and tried to break it by giving the animal a quick swing over his back. All the time the big mastiffs kept boring in, and, though he was cutting them with every stroke, he was unable to intimidate any of them or to prevent their coming back with renewed ferocity. The din was terrific—the shrill, feminine cries and snarls of the panther being mingled with the deep bass growling of the dogs, while Josh added to the noises as he pranced about to see where he could help. Now Boss had the cat by the hind-leg close up to the body; Rule, the back of the neck; Master had caught a front foot in his mouth as the beast attempted to strike with it; and Sampson had a chest hold, where he was doing more damage than all his mates together. Sampson was pinning the animal to the ground with a great grip over its lungs, when the other dogs fairly pulled it out of his mouth and away from him as they stretched it front and rear, lifting the heavy body off the earth. The cat gave vent to a long, frightened tom-cat wail and Josh thought the fight about over. Rushing forward, he caught the long tail, so as to assist in keeping the brute stretched out and helpless. But the dogs were unable to reach deep enough to affect the life of the cat. With a spasmodic blow of its free hind-leg it struck Boss—sending him back against Josh—and the boy and dog went over together. Then, while getting to his feet, he saw the panther bound above the reach of the dogs, where, striking apparently by accident against the side of a huge water oak tree, it clung there an instant and then began climbing slowly. Josh searched swiftly for a club to strike it with, but could find nothing available in time and the panther never ceased going up until he reached a point more than seventy-five feet above the ground. The

great cat left blood marks upon the tree as he went up, but Josh doubted if he were much hurt. The wounds of the dogs were superficial, too, and there was little question as to the ultimate outcome of the fight, if they could have kept their wily antagonist upon the ground.

Going to a brook, Josh filled his cap with rocks of a proper size and again tried stoning the beast out; but it was higher now, the tree had many intervening branches, and young Hughes' missiles were totally ineffective. He struck the varmint sometimes, but hardly elicited its attention. As Josh flung his stones with vengeful though futile effort, he relieved his mind by abusing the panther roundly. "You better git out a there," he said, "or, the first thing ye know, I'll jist knock one o' yer ole yaller eyes out. You found you didn't have ole Shep this time—didn't you?—you dang ole coward! Git out o' that tree an' fight! Good fellers!" he said to the dogs. "Ef we git him down, we'll rip his yaller skin clean offen him Hey! shoo! git out! darn yer cowardly ole picter! Talk 'bout er painter whuppen my dogs—Rule could whup you himself ef ye'll jist stay down an' fight!"

Master Hughes built a fire with the hope that the blaze and smoke would frighten the panther out, but it was quite as ineffective as the stones had been. He knew better than to climb after such a beast, but at last he did go up a neighboring tree to a point opposite the cat, from which place of vantage he hoped to stone the beast with better results. The only effect was to cause the tawny body to twist to the other side of the tree, while the panther threatened under its breath. Meantime, with Josh up in the tree, the dogs renewed their clamorous barking, which could be heard a long distance in the still of the evening.

Sam Carlton and Tom Logan, out on a quiet hunt for the panther themselves, heard and recognized the barking of Josh's dogs. When the hunters drew near, the situation startled Tom, but a dry grin overspread Sam's face. The barking dogs were sitting about the tree on their haunches, watching the cat and Josh with hopeful patience. The panther was clearly outlined against the evening sky, but such was its height that it looked small. Josh was

busily engaged in expending the last of his stones and swearing at the beast in a way that father John Hughes certainly would not have commended.

"I owe him something for old Shep. Let me take him," whispered Tom.

With the sound of the rifle the panther sagged down and fell heavily from limb to limb—apparently helpless and limp. Striking the ground, however, seemed to revive him, and, too quick for the dogs, he sprang up ten feet straight into the air. At the highest point of the leap Sam's rifle cracked; the tense muscles of the Rocky Creek panther relaxed and the great Indian Devil was dead in the air.

"Your bullet did the work, Tom, certain. I was afraid for the dogs," said Sam apologetically.

Josh had been too much occupied to see any one approaching and the bang of the first rifle so shocked him that he almost fell out of the tree. Now he came down, red in the face and boiling with indignation. "Tom Logan," he cried, "that painter is mine! What the hell did you spile the fight fur? Now we'll never know which 'ud 'a whupp'd."

That night at supper—Josh having previously related it all to him—Sam Carlton told Father John and Mrs. Hughes the story of the day's hunt. Father John listened without a word of comment, his face

sphinxlike. When the tale was told, he turned to the busy Josh and queried:

"Josh, did you stun thet painter out'n ther tree an' make 'im jump?"

"Yes, Pap, 'spect I did."

"Did you grab 'im by ther tail an' hole on while they wuz fightin'?"

"Yep."

"Climb a tree up alongside ther painter an' carry a cap full o' rocks?"

"Well, Pap, he wouldn't jump," said Josh defensively.

"Did you git mad at Tom Logan an' swear 'cause he shot 'im?"

"He kilt old Shep," asserted Josh defiantly, "an' I wanted ther dogs to show him 'at they could tear his ole yaller hide off."

Father John turned reproachful eyes on Mother Hughes, as he remarked decisively: "What 'ud I tell you, Ma! There wuz never no sich a fool ez that in the Hughes fambly before."

"The boy showed plenty of pluck. Not?" intervened Sam.

"Pluck!" roared Father John; "pluck! 'Tain't his pluck I allus been talkin' 'bout, but his cussed fool judgment. I oughter take 'im out in ther shop an' tan his hide to sole leather—but 'tain't no use. Josh," he said despairingly, "you kin have thu old rifle. You won't never be no good fur nothin' else."

## A LOUISIANA DUCK HUNT.

By H. M. WIDDOWSON.

ONE evening, while walking down Canal Street, in the old town of New Orleans, I espied a bunch of hunters with their hunting coat pockets bulging out and showing other signs of having made a successful bag. Was I interested? Oh, no! Interested would not be the word at all. I was "infected" on sight with the hunting fever. I had heard that the ducks had arrived from the North, and the sight of those guns and those bulging pockets and mud stained hunting togs "got my goat." I just *had* to go hunting, and that was all there was to it. So, of course, I had to find out

where to go and how to get there, as I had never hunted in that locality before. The next day I got real busy, finding out among my friends and acquaintances where to go and who wanted to go out with me, and before night I had found two other "bugs" as badly bitten as myself. Here are their names: Fish and Hunt. This may seem a little strange, but it is a fact, for all that. Fish was Purchasing Agent for the Morgan Line Steamship Company and Hunt was a real estate man. The three of us boarded at the same house in St. Charles Street, near LaFayette Square. Fish had a fine made-to-

order Winchester repeater, with 30-inch barrel; Hunt carried a beautiful Fox double gun. I had an old-time English double-barrel cylinder bore gun, with 27-inch barrels, and was guyed all the way out on the train about trying to shoot mallards and other large ducks, with their winter plumage on, with a little cylinder bore "sawed-off."

Our destination was "Lake Catherine"—a small lake along the L. & N. Ry., between New Orleans and Pass Christian, Miss. The whole country along the railroad is more or less a flat sheet of water, and low ground just a few inches above water—a regular Ducks' Paradise.

We arrived at the station in time for supper—and "such a supper!" I never will forget it! We found lodgings with a French "Cayjan" (*Arcadian*) by the name of Joe. He and his good wife made a business of catering to hunters and fishermen—and they certainly knew their business. Their house stood on stilts, and was simply a large, rough board shack, but everything (beds included), was spotlessly clean and neat. The supper consisted of crab gumbo soup, "crawfish" (French style), boiled rice, Mexican frijoles, corn pone, fried plantains, hot biscuits, baked pompano, and French drip coffee "that would do for ink." Was it strong? Yes, it was!—and it's the kind I like.

After supper Fish "fished" out of his duff-bag some real cigars. They had been made in Havana, but had gotten over to New Orleans in some mysterious way, without any duty having been paid on them, and were the real thing. Hunt "hunted up" a pack of cards among his outfit, and I suddenly remembered some stuff, in a bottle that I had brought along, that had been made in Tennessee—good for bad colds, snake bites, and other things. Fish said he would try it, as he thought he was in danger of catching a bad cold. Joe came in our room, and we soon started a game of nose poker—only, instead of noses, we used the cork! Joe said: "Ah don't laik dat game. A faller lose to dam many drink!" The last thing before going to bed we told Joe to get us up in time to be in our blinds by daylight. "Nevaire mind, you faller! By gar, ah been here long taim, an' I know ma beez. You do laik Joe say an' you geet

beeg duck—plenty duck! Plenty mud-hen, mebbe! You laik mud-hen? No!"

The next thing I remembered, after going to sleep, was Joe's lighting a candle and bringing in a steaming pot of his famous coffee and a can of condensed cream. Fish said he would try some of my snake-bite remedy in his. While we drank our coffee, Joe told us the pirogues were all ready, with decoys, paddles, push poles and everything fixed, ready to start. "By gar, Ah t'ink Ah go 'long. You t'ree dam fine faller! You-all dam Yankee, enty? You-all know how push pirogue? No!"

Breakfast over, we took the four pirogues and started. Hunt and Fish had been in all kinds of boats, but a pirogue was new to them. They were good swimmers, however, so they did not hesitate to tackle them. A pirogue is simply a dugout canoe, made out of a cypress log; about 28 or 30 inches wide and some 15 feet long, and much more cranky than any birchbark canoe. In fact, a factory built canoe is like a flat-boat for steadiness, compared to a genuine Louisiana pirogue.

Joe took the lead and we started. For a while we were not sure that we were all going to stay on the upper side of those dugouts. I felt pretty much at home in mine, which was the smallest one in the lot, as I had been paddling canoes since I was a kid, but Fish and Hunt kept guying each other and offering to make bets as to which one would get dumped first.

It was well for us that Joe came along, for we would never have been able to find our way to the shooting "pass." We paddled thru all kinds of lanes among small islands covered with tall reeds and grass, and in less than fifteen minutes I did not know where we were. The whole place looked alike to me, and it was so dark that I could hardly see the dugout in front of me. I was in the rear, Joe in the lead. Fish and Hunt between us, but in these waters it makes no difference how dark the night is; every stroke of the paddle makes a blaze of silvery phosphorescent light, which lights up the man in the canoe so that he can be seen, unless the paddle be dipped very carefully. Now and then a bunch of coots would go flapping away from in front of us—leaving a trail of light, as they partly ran and partly flew on the surface of the phosphor-

escent water, and every fish (except the one in the canoe!) would leave a fiery wake behind him, when disturbed by the dugouts.

We arrived at the blinds without mishap, and Joe stationed us at different points around a small island which was simply a quaking mud bar a few inches above the water, with grass and reeds growing on it. It was a pass or fly-way between Lake Pontchartrain and Mississippi Sound, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico. While sitting in my pirogue I recalled the lines of an old poem—

"Water! water, everywhere!  
And not a drop to drink!"

But Joe had fixed that. He had put a bottle of water in each dugout, as the water in these passes is all salt—including that of Lake Pontchartrain.

Joe had warned us not to shoot before broad daylight (as that is the law in Louisiana); also we must stop shooting at noon: I sat there and pointed my gun at several flocks of mallards and could have gotten several of them, but I had to wait till daylight. Fish was stationed to my right, just out of gun range, and Hunt the same distance to my left. Joe was stationed on the far side of the pass, but within sight of us. Fish was the first to score. I was watching a flock of redheads that were coming my way, when Fish began working his pump gun into a bunch of mallards. I looked around in time to see two of them come tumbling down and one already flopping on the water. "Hooray!" says Fish. "Do you think that your old sawed-off gun would do that?" But I was real busy just then, as two of the same bunch swung over me, and I got them both with a quick right and left—making a clean kill with each shot. When I looked around again, there was Fish, up to his middle in the water, towing his cap-sized dugout to shore—calling to me to come over and help him and cursing the first Indian or white man that ever made a canoe out of a log. While I was helping Fish get his boots off and the water out of them, Joe and Hunt were banging away at the ducks. Finally, Fish was in shape to shoot; so I went back to my dugout, and soon had three redheads and five small ducks similar to our bluebills (I forget their local name). By this time the flight was over,

and Fish had started for the house, as he was wet and cold and the little bottle I had given him was empty. Joe and Hunt knocked over a few mud-hens, and then they started back—leaving me still in my "blind" (if a few long reeds and bunches of grass can be called a blind). Joe called to me and said: "Don't forget to stop shoot at 12 o'clock, or you geet our Game Warden down here dam queek!" After they were gone, I got a pair of green-wing teal that came to my decoys; then started back, hunting mud-hens on the way, and arrived at Joe's shack at 12:30 with two mallards, a pair of teal, three redheads and five common ducks, and more than that many coots or mud-hens. Fish and Hunt had 17 ducks between them and a big bunch of mud-hens. When we had changed our clothes and cleaned our guns and ourselves, dinner was ready. I had been "sniffing" garlic and onions and stewed duck from the time I sighted the house on my way in, and, I tell you, it was "some smell" to a lot of hungry duck hunters. But I nearly forgot. When Fish got back to the shack, Joe's wife gave him some of Joe's clothes, so that she could dry Fish's clothes before the fire, and maybe he was not a comical sight. Joe was about five feet four inches in height, and Fish was about six feet three; so you can imagine how he looked.

Dinner? You should have been there and seen us eat! Better still, you should have helped us eat it. Roast ducks, baked sweet potatoes, stewed oysters (from Bayou Barataria), shrimps, stuffed crabs, hot biscuits with cane syrup, and some more of that French coffee. That meal would have cost us \$3.00 each at a New Orleans hotel, and not been one-half so appetizing, and I forgot to mention a dish of stewed mud-hen, with plenty of garlic and onions, celery and parsley. It was the best dish on the table. Everything was cooked in genuine French Creole style.

After dinner we smoked some more of those smuggled cigars, had a good chat with Joe and his wife, and late in the afternoon we boarded our train for home, where we arrived in time for a late supper. We had enough ducks to supply the table of our landlady for several days; but we all agreed that Joe's wife was the best cook of them all.

# ON THE UPPER TIPPECANOE.

By ALBERT E. ANDREWS.



The Author.

**R**UNNING off the divide in Northern Indiana is a stream called, in a bad combination of English and Miami Indian, the Tippecanoe; which, being interpreted, means "Clear Water—Plenty Fish." And, verily, it is well named; for its water is clear and in it are many bass.

Pack your duffle, forward your canoe, ride three or four hours from Chicago over one of the best railroads in the country, and there you are—ready to be carted to the putting-in place. It is in Indiana, unknown to many Hoosiers, and, from the looks of the map, most unreasonable. The Upper Tippecanoe, near Warsaw, Ind., by all the laws that govern canoeing water, could not float a boat; but it has floated mine and my

companion and me, and it will float you and yours.

If you are a non-resident, only one thing is necessary to comply with the Indiana law: get a hunting and fishing license. It will cost \$1. I suggest that you first write to the Clerk of the Kosciusko Circuit Court, Warsaw, Ind., asking if he will issue a license; for, though the law of 1911 says he shall do so, the custom of this office once was to refuse licenses to persons not residents of Kosciusko County. You might also write to the Fish and Game Commissioner at Indianapolis, where you could get your license.

You arrive at the station, hire a light wagon, and, after following a river road out three miles from Warsaw, you get your first glimpse of the Tippecanoe—little more than a creek, flowing rapidly, steadily, its water so clear that its bottom is always visible, except where it is screened and sheltered by overhanging trees. You slide the canoe from the wagon and carry it down to the bank; then come the blanket roll, the fishing rods, and your various packs. Your grub box or sack will be well supplied with food, for ahead of you is a journey of many miles to the first town; and you will have your jug full of water and keep it so, for, though you will pass springs, most of them are not near the best camp sites.

From most that has been written of the trip before you, you will gain little. The last Indiana Fish and Game Report does contain a short article on the Tippecanoe, but it leaves a wide gap; and it is this gap I propose trying to fill.

The report says its writer intended to go to the town of Tippecanoe from near Warsaw in one day. If you look at the map, it seems possible. When you try it, you find two or three days' work with a loaded canoe and three or four days' work with a good boat. Reading the report is interesting, for its statement that its writer finally hired a farmer to transport him and his

boat far below the really interesting part of the Tippecanoe. When you make the trip you will profit in good fishing and interesting canoeing by leaving the farmer for the man with tender feet, and running through what the few Tippecanoe canoeemen call "the wilds." You can spend any amount of time between Warsaw and De Long or Leiters and leave the Lower Tippecanoe to the summer cottagers. If, however, you cannot do your own cooking, and if you cannot rest when sleeping on the ground, you should rent a cottage and go to a Chautauqua with the women and children. Hav-

The stream at places is entirely arched by trees, and, if you are traveling in September, there probably are no mosquitoes or flies.

The current is swift—strangely swift you think, when you contemplate the fact that nearly all this land is without hard strata and that the fall of the river is consequently evenly distributed; and, again, when you think of it, you are riding down along the edge of the nose of Indiana toward the cheek of it. Just north of you are the little hills that divide the Great Lakes Basin from the Ohio Valley. You



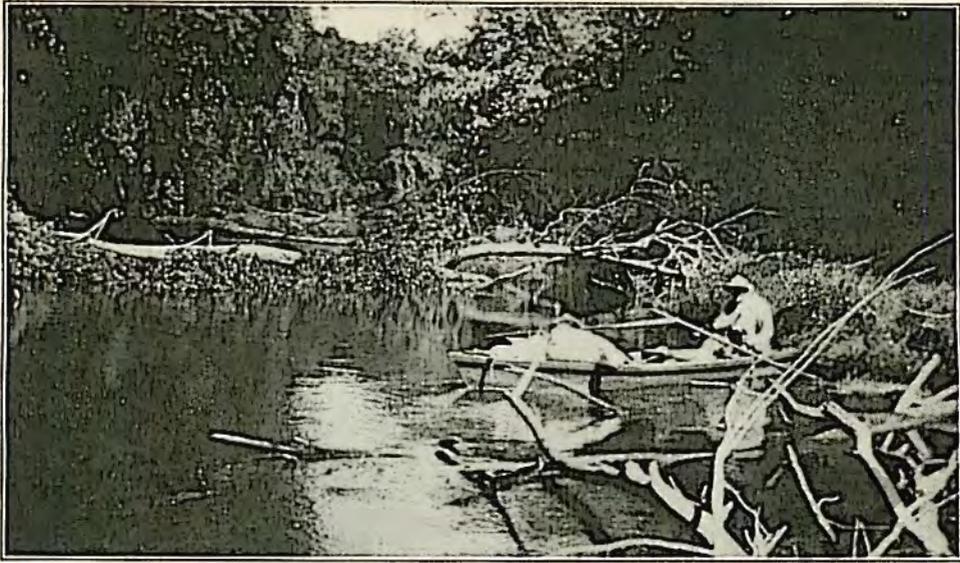
"We Camped Late in the Afternoon."

ing a good time on the Tippecanoe requires a certain small amount of take-care-of-myselfness.

But you have pushed off, passed under the Pennsylvania Bridge, just west of Warsaw, and are really "out in the country." The water is so clear you can see the shells at five feet. In the shallows are rank growths of water grasses that curl and twist in the current and conceal shiners and riffle chubs. Over the sand you see countless fish, scurrying—if a fish ever scurries—to get away from the silently moving canoe. You pass over sunken logs that loom darkly from the better fishing water.

are in a stream that for 100 river miles hesitates about which way to go, paralleling the divide, until, seeing no place to break through, it comes to an abrupt decision and slides southward toward the Wabash.

If you are wise, you have taken this first day's run easily. You will camp early, partly because you just can't wait to wet your line; partly because you are tired in the upper arm and shoulder. If you and your companion are fly fishermen, you rig up fly rods and come back in a short time with red-eyes and probably a bass or two, with maybe a pike (*Esox lucius*). If you are not old fly fishermen, you may try this



Early Morning On the Upper Tippecanoe.

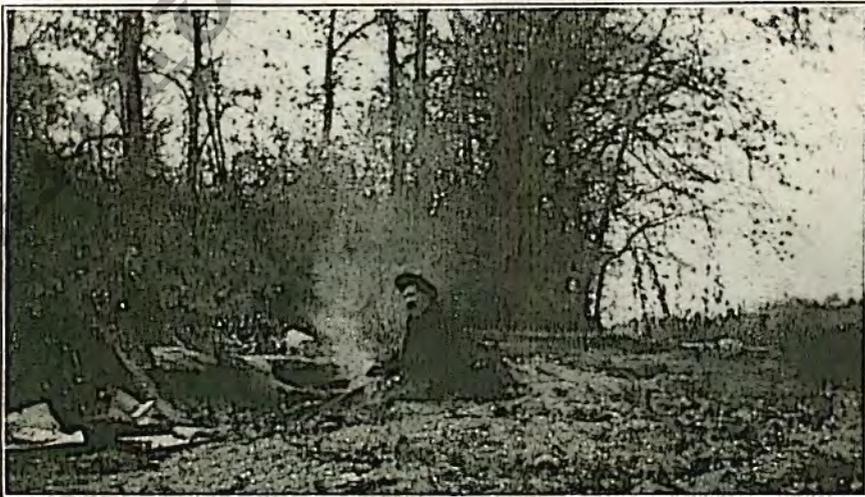
outfit with success: A fly rod of a little more than average weight; an E size line, enameled; a three-foot leader and a No. 1 or O Hildebrand spinner with a Black Hackle or a Lord Baltimore. Black flies are especially good in September on the Tippecanoe.

To cast your flies, wade. A woolen bath suit, an old pair of trousers and coat will be good. Wear tennis shoes that come well up the ankles. Do not wade near bayous or only your hat may remain above the bot-

tom. Cast your flies and spinners about logs and drifts.

If you are a bait angler, take a big supply of bass hooks and two dozen minnow hooks; Kinsey's are good for minnows. You will be able to get minnows by fishing for them in the water grasses. If you use big minnows (four to six inches long), you will get your share of bass, but you will lose many in the snags and logs. It is a part of the price you must pay.

The rewards, however, are worth the



My Companion Preparing a Hasty Meal.

cost. These Tippecanoe bass can fight! I have seen them make double jumps and—I hesitate to say it—they will even sulk, keeping you guessing at times as to whether you have hooked a fish or a stump. The authorities will tell you a bass never sulks; that when he seems to do so you have hooked a log or a stump. There are differences of opinion.

Your run the second or third day will see you in the wilds in earnest. They begin at what is known as the Bloxham Bridge, near the edge of the Kosciusko County line. The worst—or shall I say best?—of the

Marshall County. It looked easy. *It was not.* We were then near the Marshall-Kosciusko County line. We pulled in at Tippecanoe after dark, and my partner walked to town, a mile away, and came back with the best Porter-house steaks I ever tasted.

But after this stretch it is easier. The river has worn its way down to the gravel, and riffles and rocks appear. We went farther with greater ease, and we found good camp sites everywhere. We landed at the Wigwam Hole—a former Indian camp ground. From this place to Leiters or De Long you have easy going and good



Around the Camp Fire at Night.

wilds reach three miles westward. In those three miles you will probably travel ten. If you start by 9 o'clock, you ought to be through with a loaded boat by night. If you travel in a canoe and have a good axe, you should be nearly through in half a day. In 1911 another man and I went through in a boat. It took us a day. Part of the time we waded; for we could not well portage the boat. We camped late in the afternoon.

Next morning we consulted maps. We saw the town of Tippecanoe on the river, at a point half-way through the corner of

Marshall County. It looked easy. *It was not.* We were then near the Marshall-Kosciusko County line. We pulled in at Tippecanoe after dark, and my partner walked to town, a mile away, and came back with the best Porter-house steaks I ever tasted. But after this stretch it is easier. The river has worn its way down to the gravel, and riffles and rocks appear. We went farther with greater ease, and we found good camp sites everywhere. We landed at the Wigwam Hole—a former Indian camp ground. From this place to Leiters or De Long you have easy going and good

if you refuse both of these ways out, you may go on to Winamac and take the Pennsylvania.

If you fish, figure your trip as taking ten days or two weeks, and—I repeat it—take enough rations.

# SIX WEEKS IN JACKSON'S HOLE—

WHERE "SMITH" LIVES.

By PICK SMITH.

THE statement is probably well within the mark, that not more than one person in each hundred thousand in this country has any sort of an idea what or where Jackson's Hole is, and it is also barely possible that those who haven't are not worrying much about it. For sportsmen, however, who have the time and inclination to go there, opportunity is afforded for sights and thrills not offered by any Chautauqua gathering in the country.

Jackson's Hole is a big basin in the mountains of Wyoming, immediately south of Yellowstone National Park, with the beautiful Wind River Mountains to the east, the grand old Tetons on the west, and several smaller ranges intervening. Charming valleys lie between these ranges, intersected by fine rivers and rushing mountain streams, while numerous mirroring lakes reflect the forest-clad, snow-capped mountains—presenting a panorama at once beautiful and grand. The view of The Hole obtained from Teton Pass is one that to adequately describe would be too much of a strain on this writer's vocabulary. The Hole extends south from Yellowstone Park some forty miles, is many, many miles from any railway, and seems, when in it—especially when alone there—hundreds of miles from anywhere. Being entirely surrounded by mountains, some as tall as Pike's Peak, it is mighty tough sledding getting either into or out of it. If certain things—mostly human—could be eliminated, Jackson's Hole would be a paradise. For many years it has been the stamping ground for wild and woolly beasts and men. I presume there is no other section of country of equal size, outside of Hades, where the proportion of men named Smith is so large. On my first visit there, our first stop was one Sunday noon at the home of Mrs. and Captain John Smith. We were all of us ready for a meal cooked by a woman. When I

was introduced to Mrs. Smith as Mr. Smith, she said: "Aw, come off! What's your real name?" During dinner we spoke of passing a house farther back and asked who lived there, and were told that that was Jim Smith's place. We afterward saw where Pete Smith resided, and a little later got a glimpse of the domicile of Sam Smith. Not one of the Smiths, so far as we could learn, claimed kinship with any of their name—denied all such ties, in fact—nor did one family seem to know anything much—especially good—about any of their neighbors. If any of them happened to forget themselves for an instant and speak half-way decently about a neighbor, he would quickly qualify his remark by adding, "But I don't believe his name is Smith," or whatever name he claimed was his own.

After much moving about, looking for the right spot, we finally located our first "permanent" camp on the headwaters of Little Black Rock Creek, up on a shoulder of a mountain, about a hundred feet above the creek bottom. After a couple of no-luck days in that locality, we decided to change once more the next morning. While we were getting supper that evening, and Joe, our guide and teamster, was down in the creek bottom fixing the horses for the night, our attention was called to some one, out of sight up the slight trail running up and down the creek, shrilly whistling the Arkansas Traveler. Presently a cow appeared in sight, from behind a point of rocks, soon followed by another and then by others, until five were in view, and at the heels of the last one followed a man on horseback, behind whom trailed a pack-horse. The aggregation stopped near Joe and our animals, when the cows spread out and began grazing and the man dismounted and removed the trappings from his horses. We called to Joe to bring the stranger up to camp, but he replied, "He says he won't

come." Doc then held up a bottle of snake-bite dope and said, "I say, Stranger! come up and take one. Mebbe it'll change your luck."

"I'll go you, if I lose," returned the newcomer, and came up with Joe.

After imbibing, the stranger remarked, "That's sure good pizen," and with "Much obliged, fellers," turned and started down the hill, declining a pressing invitation to stop and have supper with us, saying he had a "snack" in his kit. Doc insisted that the creek bottom was just alive with snakes, and that it would be the height of folly for him to go down there without at least another dose of "anti," and one of the others piped up and said: "Stranger, this man that's talking to you is a Doctor and knows what's what."

"Well," laughed the man, "if he's a Doctor, I'll take another."

Doc then took him by the arm, and with "Look here a minute" led him up to the "kitchen" and showed him trout, grouse, potatoes and onions cooking, also the "punk" baking in the oven, and got him over on the lee side of it all, where he got a whiff of that bacon smell and a sniff of the b'ilin' coffee. He remained for supper.

Our guest was a hungry man, if you ask me. It did us all good to see him eat, and we filled him up. He was a handsome fellow and a fine specimen of physical manhood. As he began to slow down a little with his utensils, some one asked him his name. "Smith," said he, behind his coffee cup. We all smiled. So did he, as he put his cup on the table and went on. "They call me Tefon Smith."

"Anything else?" asked Doc.

"Oh, yes" (*with a grin*): "horse thief, cattle thief, some say 'a killer', and all agree that I am a son-of-a-gun. Some of 'em may be more'n half right, especially as to the last, as none but them kind would live in this country."

The foregoing is not a letter-perfect quotation of his language. His was no Sunday-school vocabulary.

After supper we all sat about the fire, and hardly had become seated when Doc, who is a great gatherer of things curious and out of the ordinary, noticing Smith's immense spurs, asked, "Want to sell those spurs, Mr. Smith?"

"Sure! sell anything I've got," said he.

"How much?"

"Two dollars."

"Get 'em off!"

As our visitor jingled the two coins in his hand, he said, "That's the first money I've felt for many months."

"How do you get along without money?" some one asked.

"Just trade," he responded, with a smile.

When pipes were brought out, Smith was asked if he smoked. "Not lately," said he, with a twinkle in his eye; "haven't had a chance." And when he was handed a new Missouri meerschaum, a small sack of tobacco and a bunch of matches, he filled up and lit that pipe in short order, remarking after about half a dozen stiff pulls, "Say, fellers! that has a sort o' old-times taste. It's the first smoke I've had for months."

Our new friend said he was on his way home with the cows, which he said he had "just traded for" up the creek. He told us that on our way up the creek to our present location we had passed through his ranch, about ten miles down the creek; that we couldn't get there by any other route. He advised us to go back to that locality, assuring us of much better shooting, "Plenty elk—mebbe a bear," he said. This prospect looked good to our old hunters, so we decided to move again.

Smith brought up his bed, but couldn't be induced to sleep inside our big roomy tent—saying he would bunk under our fly extension, as he wanted "plenty of air." We did not insist on his coming inside, and just as it was beginning to get light next morning we heard him trying to sneak off for an early start, but after considerable coaxing he was induced to wait for breakfast; and I have been wondering all these years how a man with such an appetite as his could deliberately attempt to drag it away from a nice hot breakfast as he tried to do that morning. Some of the charcoal-tablet persuasion would give up thousands of dollars for an appetite and digestion like unto his'n. After a breakfast fully as substantial as his supper, Smith and his cows started down the trail, and we followed as soon as we could break camp, round up our horses and "hook up."

On our down-creek travels we got along famously until within a quarter of a mile of

ammunition and clothing scattered about, and never lost a thing during our stay; and, what is better, we had no fear of doing so.

One day the relator was riding along a trail skirting a big mountain, many miles from camp, when he was overtaken by another horseman, who gave him the customary warning about the Teton Smith Gang, and he never will know whether the stranger really believed his name was Smith, when so informed during their talk as they rode along. They spoke of the abundance of Smiths in that bailiwick, and, to sort o' even things up, the relator asked the stranger if his name too was Smith. "No," laughed the man, "but it's pretty danged near Smith—it's Jones!"

During our first week at Teton's place we had killed three bull elk and one bear—and had the proof thereof, to wit, the heads of the elk and the bear's overcoat. They were drying in close juxtaposition to our boudoir.

Along about noon one day, while Joe was getting dinner, Pete was sitting with us in the shade, listening to one of Doc's li-kely stories and watching an approaching horseman. When the man got nearly to the tent Pete said in an undertone, "He's a game warden." The man dismounted; threw his reins over his horse's head and then walked up near us, when greetings were exchanged and Doc said, "Just in time for dinner, Stranger. Have something?" After the "something" and before anybody could say a word, the newcomer, glancing at our trophies, asked, "Got any licenses?" When five of us produced, he seemed a bit surprised, but was evidently satisfied, and as he began rolling a cigarette he began telling us what awful risks we were running camping thereabouts and what terrible things were liable to happen to us any minute via the Teton Smith Gang, with Pete, a member in good standing of said gang, sitting right there and taking it all in. When the Warden stopped for breath, Peter arose, delivered a few pungent, unlauded remarks in his direction, and then departed for the Smith domicile.

When the Warden fully comprehended Who was Who thereabout, he realized and admitted that, like the parrot, he had conversed too freely. Just at that instant Joe called "Dinner!" when, without any undue

urging our visitor seated himself at our board—facing the abode of our landlord, so to speak. He was a big, fierce looking chap, with an immense white handled revolver strapped over each hip; he looked as if he oughtn't to be afraid of anything on, in, or over the earth, unless they got the drop on him; he had all the ear-marks of a scrapper, also a counterpart of Teton Smith's appetite. He asked why we hadn't told him Pete was not one of our party, and when we said he hadn't given us a ghost of a chance, he said he guessed we were about right, as he frequently gave his tongue more rope than his brain.

After dinner, and before our new friend had half finished rolling a cigarette, the Smith Gang started down from the house—Teton, Mrs. Teton, Pete and a brother-in-law of Teton's. Smith had a wicked looking knife, with a blade about a foot long, with which he was ostensibly manicuring his fingernails. He walked close up to the warden and stopped; Mrs. Smith, with a Winchester, took up a position near our woodpile, about ten yards from her husband; Pete and Smith's other retainer, each with a big gun on each hip, flocked near their chief.

For a time no one said a word.

A somewhat turgid atmosphere pervaded that locality—for tenderfeet, at least. Our Camera Man forgot that he had ever even seen a camera.

Smith opened up a pow-wow, during which the Game Warden exhibited great discretion and diplomacy, even addressing our host as Mister Smith, and admitting that he didn't know but had "only heard" so-and-so, and which talk-fest ended by the gentlemanly official being given fifteen minutes in which to begin a permanent absence. The Smith army thereupon retired in good order.

One afternoon Mrs. Smith's sister and niece—the latter a beautiful child of about 13 years—came over on horseback from their home several miles away, the mother having a banjo and up-to-date rifle in her possession. We were invited up to the house to some sort of musical doings. Mrs. Smith had a violin, which she played remarkably well, and the soulful tunes she and her sister (who manipulated the banjo) coaxed out of their respective instruments

the Smith ranch, when, in going down a shelving side of a mountain, where we should have eased the wagon down with a rope and a half-hitch around a tree, the wagon skidded and broke our front axle so badly that it barely held together until we reached our new camp site in Smith's "front yard." A nice fix, that—a "busted" axle, and about a hundred miles to a blacksmith's!

Smith, having arrived with his cows ahead of us, welcomed us cordially, showed us the best spot for our tent, said his wife was away visiting her sister but would be back shortly, and said he hoped we would stay a long time and have lots of fun. When he learned of our broken axle he said: "Gee whiz, boys! you sure are in hard luck! Over a hundred miles to a blacksmith shop. I reckon you'd jar loose from a good bit of money for a new axle, wouldn't you?"

We admitted that we would pay quite liberally for repairs, when he went on: "Mebbe I can help you out."

"Are you a blacksmith?" we asked.

"Naw," said he with a grin; "I'm a trader, I tell you! You know what I told you last night as to what folks say about me. Well, I've got the dead mortal cinch on you fellers, and I guess I'll give it a twist or two."

When we told him we wouldn't stand for too much of a twist, he chuckled and asked how we could help ourselves, adding, "You've just got to have your wagon fixed or you never can get out of The Hole." Then, without giving us a chance to say anything further, he turned on his heel with "Come along!" and started into the timber. Three of us followed him, and there in the thick brush and weeds we found he had a regular junk shop. There were divers and sundry parts of wagons of various kinds and sizes, buggies, machinery, implements and a heap of other things, all of which he said with his peculiar grin he had "traded for." Out of the assortment we proceeded to and did dig out the front gear—wheels, axle, bolster and tongue—of a wagon of the same vintage as our own, only much less the worse for wear, which we hauled up to camp. The tongue of our wagon had been splintered on some former trip and tinkered up, but the other tongue

was as sound as a dollar. Smith said, "Let's try it," and we soon were admiring a wagon "as good as new," as he expressed it.

"Now, what'll you give me to boot?" asked Smith.

"We wouldn't want to set a price on another man's property," said Doc, who did most of the talking.

"Well," went on Smith, "you fellers just got to have that axle! It's a hundred miles to a blacksmith shop. Tough luck—you know it! But, say, fellers, you treated me white last night—first time anybody's done that since I've been in The Hole—and, by thunder, I've got a chance to even things up, and I'm going to! Give me five dollars to boot and it's a trade."

"Five dollars!" exclaimed our party as one man; but Doc repeated the exclamation, with seeming doubt as to his ability to hear correctly, and when Smith replied, "That's what!" he was in instant need of a stimulant. After the Doctor had about recovered, Smith went on, "I wouldn't even take the five, but I know you wouldn't want to trade even up. Now, give me the five and shut up!" as Doc began talking.

We soon had our camp shipshape, and asked Smith where we should get wood for fuel, when he called one of his punchers named French Pete and asked him if he wouldn't get us a "jag of wood." Pete roped a pony in the corral, saddled up, and then disappeared in the quaking aspen (quakin' asp, in mountain lingo). Soon we heard two revolver shots, a series of yells, and a great racket in the brush; then the pony, Pete, and a great cloud of dust appeared, followed by a great bundle of wood on the other end of Pete's rope, which bundle stopped near our stove and was soon reduced to convenient size by Mr. Peter and his little axe. "When that's gone, I'll get some more," said Peter.

When out on trips from camp we would often meet people who, when we told where our tent was, would tell us to watch out or Teton Smith and his gang would rob us blind—or worse. According to some, nothing was too bad for them, if given half a chance. We were frequently away from camp all day, leaving hundreds of dollars' worth of articles—guns, rods, cameras,

furnished a hustling accompaniment for some marvelous and fairylike dancing by this beautiful and modest little girl. As a proof that the music was all I claim for it, and also as an exemplification of the truth of the old saw that

"Music hath charms to soothe," etc.,

I will state that, after it was all over, there still remained two "camp robbers" perched in a pine tree near the door, when free to escape, to say nothing of the fact that Stewart, a member of our party and a former Mayor of Dubuque, Iowa, lay peacefully sleeping on a wolfskin in a corner of the room.

Speaking of Dubuque reminds me that when on our way to The Hole we passed through Yellowstone National Park, and that Doc and I took a ride on a steamboat on Yellowstone Lake, 8,000 feet above sea level, that was made in Dubuque and shipped out there in sections. This steamer, the *Zillah*, ran from the hotel landing to the Thumb, stopping on the way to "feed the animals"—buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, etc., on an island in the lake. The only other passengers that trip were two comely women who were stopping at the hotel—tourists we took them to be. We chatted together, as tourists usually do, and assisted in feeding the animals. After leaving the island we sort o' divided up into couples, and sat talking and admiring the charming surroundings. Before reaching the landing and parting, my companion passed me one of her cards and asked for one of mine. I didn't happen to have any cards along, but did have one of Doc's with a memorandum on the back; I drew my pencil through the writing and handed it to her, saying it was

all I had with me. When she looked at the card she exclaimed, "I just guessed you were a Doctor." I smiled (inside me). A few minutes later I saw Doc hand the other woman a card. When they later compared notes, I presume they wondered which of us was the liar. After we had assisted the women down the rather steep gang plank at the landing and had bidden them farewell, Doc asked the Captain if he knew who the ladies were.

"Swipes from the hotel," said the Captain, with a grin.

"They said they were 'stopping at the hotel,'" laughed Doc. "I imagined it was golf, tennis, and rowing that made their hands so hard."

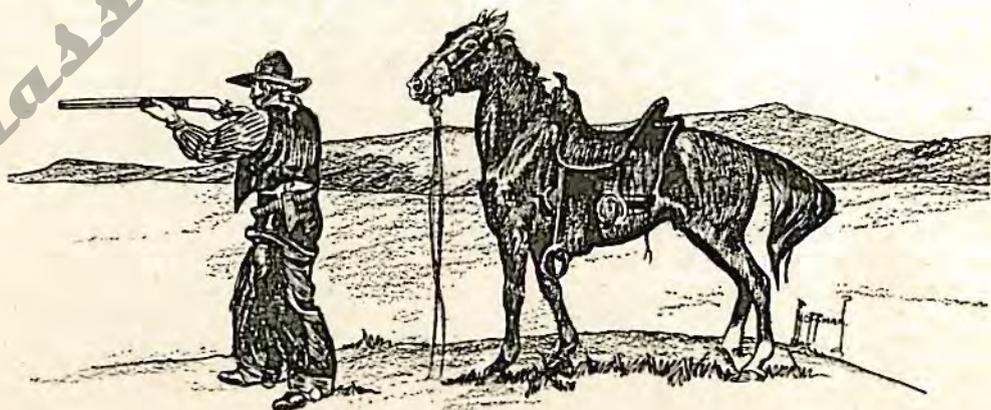
The Captain grinned again.

\* \* \* \*

The Teton Smiths hadn't a single chair in their home, using sections of logs in lieu thereof; so when we took our departure from their protection we presented them with six folding camp chairs that we had in our outfit, very much to their delight.

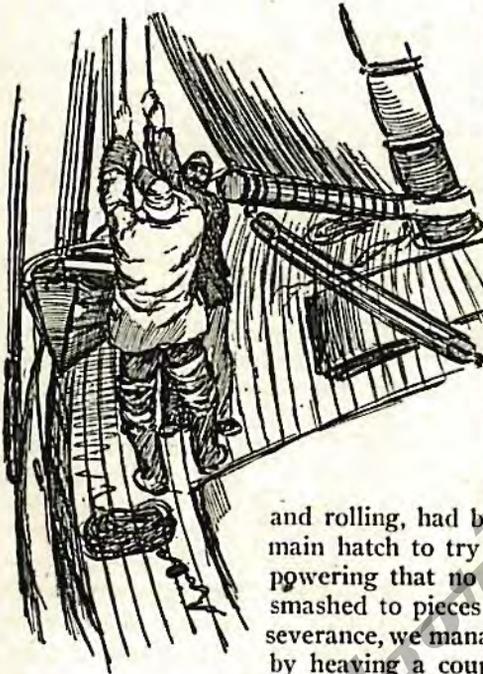
On my next visit to The Hole I heard that the Teton Smith Gang had been driven out of Jackson's Hole the winter following our occupancy of their front yard—being considered by the denizens of that locality a trifle too tough for even that keep-your-eye-peeled neighborhood. They gave us of their best, however. None could have done more. There is a heap of good in most folks, if you happen to strike them right.

We saw several other game wardens before we got out of The Hole, but never a peep did we ever again get of our big friend who had talked too much.



# THE WRECK OF THE ASIA.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES ADAMS.



OLD Bully Clark, Captain of the *Asia*, was one of the greatest villains unhung. We left Liverpool on the packet ship *Asia*, bound for New York with four hundred emigrants. For the first few days everything went along all right with the exception of old Bully Clark's knocking down a few sailors once in a while, which was customary with old Bull.

When we reached the Newfoundland Banks, we were caught by a north-easter, which blew out a couple of topsails. We had beaten all the emigrants down below, as we did not want them in our way while the gale lasted.

We had in our cargo some casks of chloride of lime, and the ship, in pitching and rolling, had broken these loose. When we opened the main hatch to try and chuck them, the odor was so overpowering that no one could go below. Two of them had smashed to pieces by hitting some machinery; but, by perseverance, we managed after a time to throw them overboard by heaving a couple of old topsails from the junk below.

In the morning watch Chips sounded the well and found eighteen inches in the hold; so all hands were called to man the pumps, while a few of us helped old Chips remove the four big hatches. With a lantern Chips and I went below, to see if we could find the leak—but to no purpose. All day long it was Pump! pump! pump! But, with the hardest kind of work, we could not keep the water from gaining. Old Bull was quarrelsome and it was not safe to be near him. Seeing that the crew were getting tired, I went below and mustered some of the male emigrants and told them to come on deck and give us a hand, and in this way we made four relays.

As the daylight broke, a sail hove in sight, flying the Company's house flag. She was homeward bound and bearing down on us fast. Old Bull told us to hoist our flag; also the ensign with the union jack down—as he wanted to speak to him. Just as 8 bells struck, Chips the Carpenter reported four feet and gaining fast. By this time the *Portchester Castle* was about a cable's length or one hundred and twenty feet to leeward of us, with her main yards aback.

Among our passengers was one belonging to our Company—a Mr. Burgess. He was on his way to New York to straighten out some of the Company's business. There was a consultation in the cabin, and Mr. Burgess—putting more confidence in the ship's First Officer than he did in old Bull—asked me what I thought the chances were with regard to saving the vessel. I told him that it would be wise to transfer the passengers to the *Portchester Castle*, as the water was gaining, and that we had better do it as quickly as possible. He told the Steward to send the Captain in. But Plum Duff (as we called him) returned

saying, "The Captain is asleep in his room, sir, and I cannot wake him." Mr. Burgess then turned to me and said: "Mr. Adams, I give you full charge of this ship. Do as you think best."

"All right, sir! I will at once communicate with the Captain of the *Portchester Castle* and have him send all his boats and commence transferring the passengers at once."

When the emigrants heard that they were to be transferred, they nearly caused a riot on account of the orders that they were to take none of their baggage. It was growing dark as the last boat left, except the one I had reserved for myself, the Captain and the Steward. I told the Steward to go in the cabin and tell the Captain that we were ready to shove off. Old Bull had been drinking all day and I knew there would be trouble before we left. The Steward came back, saying, "He is too heavy for me. I tried to carry him, but I can't make it!"

"All right! I will help you." At that moment, casting my eyes to the window, I saw a heavy fog growing down on us, and said: "Quick! let's get into the boat! The fog will be all around us before we can get away."

Going into his state-room, we both picked the Captain up and hurried him on deck to the boat; but, by the time we had him lying in the stern-sheets, the fog was as thick as pea soup. Seeing we were in danger of not reaching the boat, I told the Steward to get some grub, while I got some breakers of water. We cast off our painter and pulled a ship's length to leeward and laid on our oars—waiting to see the old ship go and praying that the fog would lift. It seemed quite a long time before we saw any movement in our old ship. But the Steward suddenly called my attention to it. I was looking around to see if I could locate the *Portchester Castle*, which was nowhere in sight, when he said, "There she goes, sir!" And, sure enough, she was going down without any fuss. We watched our old home disappear gradually, and as the main truck disappeared below the waves we both heaved a sigh, as now we were

alone, with little prospect of the fog lifting, and Old Bull was snoring like a pig, dead to the world. The Steward and myself stood a four hours' watch and watch, all that first night, until a change of weather.

Second day. Wind, northeast; light seas.

Third day. Wind shifted west by north. Stood on the deck with my glasses, but could not see anything save sea gulls. Old Bull was sitting up, feeling half dead. Having brought half a dozen bottles of brandy with us, I gave him a drink, as I knew it would do him good.

Fourth day. We hoisted our sail—steering east and by north, to get into the track of the shipping. The evening wind veered to south by west. Saw smoke on the horizon.

Fifth day. Same weather. In our middle watch we were nearly run down by a bark. We called and screamed and beat on our tin plates with our knife handles; but they either did not hear us or were asleep.

Sixth, seventh and eighth days. Same weather. Our water was giving out, but we had plenty of biscuits.

Ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth days. No change in the weather. Today we are on the last quarter of a glass of water each, and we pray for rain. In the middle watch a school of flying fish flew across the boat. I managed to knock five of them inside the boat, and we ate them.

Of the next two days I have only a hazy recollection. The Steward, I remember, slept soundly most of the time. On the fifteenth day it began raining hard. By spreading our sails across the boat and placing an empty bottle in the center—forming a depression—we caught both breakers full again. Oh! that glorious water! I can taste it yet.

Then followed three monotonous days, with a light air from the westward. Old Bull began getting out of his mind and we had to tie him down. He keeps repeating, over and over, "Some one is trying to shoot me! Some one is trying to shoot me!"

Nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second days. A light air from the

east. Nothing in sight since the night we were nearly run down.

The twenty-third day. Opened with a spanking breeze from the northeast. As nearly as I could judge by the sun, my watch having become out of order and stopped the second day out, I took it to be about 10 o'clock when we saw a sail coming up from the southwest. I cut up a little wood with my knife, making some fine splinters, and tried to make a smoke; but was unsuccessful, as the last two matches we had were damp. It was quite a time before we saw that we were noticed. The

Steward and myself started to pull. When we arrived along side of the ship, we found that she was a whaler from dear old Nantucket, bound for Fayal, to send home oil.

They treated us royally, indeed. I gave them the boat, which they had hoisted aboard. Old Bull was a long time before he came to. Another forty-eight hours would have finished him. We arrived at Fayal safe and sound and were put in good shape by our Consul there and sent home. We found out on our arrival that the *Portchester Castle* had arrived and reported us all lost.

## AN ANCIENT BLACKFOOT LEGEND.

By REV. W. McDOUGALL TAIT.

IT is rather a strange coincidence that many of the traditions and legends of the Blackfeet Indians in South Alberta tally with incidents in the experience of many of the old timers. One of these legends has to do with the passing of the buffalo from Canada, and it has its counterpart in the experience of men living today in the south country.

A half-breed Blackfoot Indian of refinement and education, living now in Glacier National Park, Montana, tells a legend in which Chief Mountain figures prominently. Many years ago there was a famine in the land of the Blackfeet. At that time the Blackfeet Indians owned everything from Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and in all that land there was no green spot except in the valley that is called Two Medicine. The buffalo left the country because there was no grass, and the Indians who sought refuge in the mountains found no game there or anything to eat save berries.

The old men of the tribe withdrew up the valley that is called Two Medicine, under Old Chief, and prayed to the Great Spirit to be told what they should do to be saved from the famine. The Great Spirit directed them to send seven of their patriarchs to Chief Mountain, where the Wind God was then residing. Seven of the oldest men retired to the mountain and found the Wind God, but were afraid to

approach him. Then the Great Spirit told them to send fourteen of their bravest and strongest young men to intercede with the Wind God. These young warriors also were afraid when they saw the Wind God, but they drew nearer and nearer and finally they dared to touch the skins that he was wearing. They made their prayer to him and he listened, and his wings quivered and quivered, and gradually clouds began to gather over the plains and the rain fell as in a deluge. He stretched one wing far over the plains, telling them to go out there and they would find the buffalo. The warriors then descended to the valley and brought the good news to the people, and they found that already the buffalo had returned and the famine was broken.

It is a fact of history that sometime in the early eighties the buffalo disappeared. It is related that traders in the United States sent men to Southern Alberta to burn the grass, so that the buffalo would not return north to breed. It is known that, as a consequence of prairie fires, the buffalo did not return to Canada during their last years but roamed the prairies of the Yellowstone Country in Montana, where they were finally wiped out of existence, except in widely segregated bands—ancestors of those now the property of the Dominion Government in the park at Banff and Wainwright.



## AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

It was not so many years back when the approach of blustery old March made us think of the snipe marshes, and those of the old timers who can remember the co-operative advent of shad and jack-snipe—the latter bird being known along the Jersey marshes as the “shad spirit”—will also remember the pleasure one had in eating the one and shooting the other. When I had my first interview with Jacky, it was after a thorough course of study, as laid down in Lewis's *American Sportsman*, Frank Forster's stories, and a somewhat rare though none the less interesting book, Krider's *Sporting Anecdotes*. Everyone knows that you can learn how to shoot jack-snipe or any other feathered game from a book. So, full of book knowledge, conceive of the student, armed and equipped as laid down in the books, marching gaily over the sodden marshes and always endeavoring to have the wind blowing against his face, because the snipe always rises against the wind (at least the books say so), and then endeavor to sympathize with the same wet, muddy, tired student at night fall, with pockets empty of cartridges, stomach empty, and nary a snipe to show for his day's hunting. Snipe there were, but, alas! never a one where the spread of shot could lay one low. Talk about “artful dodgers,” they were all that, and then some. During a recent trip to New York I saw from the car window the same marsh over which

I had tramped and waded, thoroughly drained, and with tall factory chimneys clouding the sky with smoke—showing that never again would jack-snipe feed there on their way North.

\* \* \*

It is the same old story in many another location where Jack Snipe once abounded, and, while the Federal laws protecting migratory birds may save the remnant of *Gallinago Wilsonii*, the days of snipe shooting, as we had them twenty-five years ago, will never come again. The fiat has gone forth that the earth must be cleared and built up to accommodate the calls of business, and when the last marsh is drained, the wading birds of all kinds will be found only within the areas set aside as bird refuges. Perhaps it is best that this should occur; but I fancy there are many, like myself, who will look back along the years passed and gone and remember Jack as a prime article of sport. An elusive, erratic sprite—here today and gone tomorrow—whatever his fate, we wish the little fellow a better end than extinction.

\* \* \*

THERE are those who decry trap-shooting as a training for field shooting, just as there are others who claim that target practice with a rifle is not good training for game shooting; but I look back upon the days spent at the traps, not only as a first-class

recreation, but as a training school, and realize that this training made me a quicker and better shot in the field. After I had gained the skill required to break from 80 to 85 per cent. of the targets, sprung at unknown angles and unknown traps, during a hard contest, there were fewer birds missed, no matter whether the feathered target sprung from before the dog or was jumped without my four-footed friend being near.

\* \* \*

GOING back to those days and my notebook, I find a memorandum: "March 27th, 1885. Snow's Marsh: Eleven jack-snipe." Very few words but replete with memories. Snow's Marsh is a widespread acreage of wet land, through which meander any number of tortuous guts—some shallow, others deep—kept full of water from the rise and fall of the tide of Bush River, a tributary of Chesapeake Bay. You get to the nearest railroad station by an accommodation train that leaves Baltimore very early in the morning, and have a long tramp to reach the marsh. Once there, however, there is enough hunting ground to satisfy a man equipped with seven league boots.

\* \* \*

ACCOMPANIED by a friend and his dog, I made the trip on the date mentioned, the day being one of those ideal spring days, when the sun shone over the ugly marsh, a gentle breeze from the south rustled the frost-bitten marsh grass and weeds, and patches of early grass showed a delicate green through the universal yellow tinge of dead stuff. Entering the marsh from its upper end, the eager dog squattered through the weeds and undergrowth for a half-mile before he showed the presence of game by slowing up and finally coming to a dead stand. As we approached with ready guns, a number of snipe arose, darting through the air like a lot of crazy mosquitos—one crumpling up as my friend fired, while the others escaped the two loads I sent after them. Rising high in air, the birds circled several times; then disappeared in the far distance. We found no

more for an hour, during which we hunted out all of the upper end. Crossing a rather deep gut by the aid of a pair of fence rails, placed there by some kindly person, we deployed in a stretch bordered by slow running streams, where the new grass was more in evidence, and, while the dog was slowly working on a bird near my companion, a single jack jumped before me, and, almost before it had cleared the weeds where it had been feeding, the charge of shot caught it, and, as it fell, another sprang up—only to fall to my second barrel. Before the dog located game, a pair startled by my shots, darted off within range of my friend's gun, and he promptly accounted for both. From then on until lunch time we found nothing but markings, and, as the lower part of the marsh was almost knee-deep in water, we decided to rest for an hour, and then hunt over the same ground, on our way back, that we had covered during the morning. In fact, there was nothing else to do. There was so much water in the guts that it was impossible to ford them, and, while there was good hunting ground on both sides, it meant a tiresome walk to shallow water, and a still more tiring return after hunting new ground. All of the snipe jumped had proven rather wild and were as fat as could be—proving they had been feeding well for a day or two and needed little stimulus to leave for safer quarters. The six we killed during the trip back were thin and laid like stones, every one being killed over the dog, and between us we lost but two shots.

\* \* \*

GIVEN the opportunity to shoot at, say, about six thousand snipe each year, I have no doubt that the sportsman would finish his year of experience as a skillful shot. On the other hand, if one only shoots at eight snipe a year, he could hardly gain much skill. Target shooting, when practiced at unknown traps and angles, gives the shooting experience which may be, and, I think, is applied when shooting in the field, and offers a grand school for the beginner. So, too, with the rifle, though one has to

reckon with many factors when this weapon is under consideration. Estimation of distance, for example, is a wonderful factor in causing a bullet to miss its mark; yet shooting at known distances, over the target range, cannot help but give some idea of the appearance of inanimate objects at varying distances. Knowledge of trajectory, as well as sighting and aiming, are factors of great importance, best learned on the range, where every possible assistance is obtainable to learn the peculiarities of rifle and ammunition. One cannot cure buck ague on the range, and the trained eye that distinguishes the shadowy form of a deer, blending into its surroundings as though a part of them, never received its training on the range; but the fellow who knows how to point his rifle will be more likely to make a hit, when once he gets the ability to pick up his game with eye or glass, than the sharpest eyed chap who has not been trained in the use of his weapon.

\* \* \*

APROPOS of the amateur and deer shooting, T. S. VanDyke tells a funny story. A young man, who was so green that cows chased him on sight, was being chaperoned by a friend who was also an instructor in the art of wing shooting. Reaching a country village in a vicinity where all kinds of game abounded, the pair found pleasant quarters, and, while not out shooting, enjoyed rustic hospitality to the utmost. The village School-marm happened to be not only beautiful but something of a flirt, and, as our young greenhorn of the chase was an accomplished dancer, the young lady found him an enjoyable companion, and flirted with him outrageously, for the purpose of making her whilom bucolic lover jealous. The latter gentleman (becoming wrathful enough to commit murder, but still retaining enough common-sense to control his desire for blood) plotted the downfall of his rival. Chance came to his aid. A deer hunt had been planned, the modus operandi of which consisted in placing the guests upon known runways, while the balance of the crowd followed the dogs to start the game. Our hero bewailed the fact that

his shotgun was too light to use against deer; upon which our farmer boy offered the use of his father's duck gun—a single-barreled 8-gauge affair. Into this young cannon Mr. Farmer loaded a teacupful of powder and as much heavy shot, with all or a greater part of the weekly paper, and turned the whole thing over to Mr. Greenhorn. Placed upon a runway, Mr. G., totally unaware of what was coming to him, patiently waited, until the ringing voices of the dogs and yells of the followers announced that game was afoot. Nearer and nearer came the dogs, and there, in front of him, suddenly appeared a fine buck, two does and a well grown fawn. The animals clustered together for an instant. There was an awful roar, a cloud of smoke, and Mr. G.—gaining his feet from the recoil—saw the fawn, apparently dead before him. While endeavoring to dispatch it in approved style, the animal came back to life and gave our friend the time of his life to finish what the shot had failed to do. Mr. Farmer now appeared on the scene, all ready to gloat over his revenge. Imagine his surprise, when his proposed victim strode up to him, and, shaking a rather bloody fist under his nose, demanded to know the name of the adjectived villain who had loaded that gun! Scared out of his wits, Mr. Farmer denied all knowledge of the loader, and, while the crowd (who had been let into the secret) were laughing themselves sore, plaintively inquired what was the trouble. "Why," exclaimed Mr. G., "I only wanted to know who he was, and then give him the licking he deserves! If that blamed old gun had only had a decent load in her, I'd have killed every one of those deer!"

\* \* \*

THE old physician shook his head, after listening to the symptoms related by his patient, the wife of a well-to-do farmer. "Ah, my dear," he said, "all you need is a little gentle exercise and a bottle of tonic. You will soon be well, I'm sure." Said the woman rather bitterly: "Perhaps you're right. You're a Doctor and ought to know; but when a woman gets up every morning at 4

a. m., milks eight cows, takes care of the milk, gets breakfast for half-a-dozen hearty men, washes up the dishes, churns, puts the butter away, gets the children off to school between times and then prepares dinner, does some more dish-washing, sews all the afternoon, then gets supper, then more sewing after the inevitable dish-washing, and goes to bed too tired to sleep, and awakens to the same jobs for every day in the week, with a heavy wash and ironing, it seems to me that what *that* woman wants is a little rest and change."

\* \* \*

THERE are very few women whose early training fits them for the woods; but that is no reason why the Call of the Wild should not be heeded by both sexes. The time has long since past when we yearned to "rough it." Nowadays we travel light, but we smooth the work as much as possible. Some months ago, a lady came to me for advice concerning a gradually increasing irritability and loss of nervous control. She had been married but a year or two, and, with no children to care for, her daily duties, light and assisted by various labor saving devices as they were, had begun to assume proportions that were crushing out her spirits and developing a morbid introspection that merited attention, before it grew into a chronic condition. Her husband leased a furnished bungalow within an hour of the city and close enough to solve the problem of food supply. The little home snuggled down under the brow of a mountain, surrounded on all sides by whispering pines and spruces, overlooking a tremendous gorge, thru which tumbled a mountain stream that sang sweet, gurgling music, day and night. A widowed aunt was glad to accept a home, and pay for it and her board by taking care of the house, and My Lady had nothing to do but rest. In due course of time she donned short skirts and stout shoes and became an enthusiastic pedestrian—resting when tired, eating when hungry and sleeping like a log at night. The male of the species found that his business still kept going, even if

he was not always there, and presently he too became infected by the "Outdoor bug." A more than average skilful handler of the camera, he taught his wife the art, and Behold! a small but increasing income began to come in from the sale of pictures. Here was more interest aroused, and the result, as shown in just one year, totaled a perfectly well woman, a fine large baby, and a husband who is quite 30 pounds heavier. The case-book of any physician devoting his time to nervous complaints will show many kindred cases. Medicines are good servants; but there is no therapeutic resource known to physicians that gives better results than the Great Outdoors.

\* \* \*

SPRING shooting of migratory birds is absolutely prohibited under the provisions of the Federal Migratory Bird Law, and the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture proposes to enforce this law to the limit. No waterfowl may be shot in the Northern zone after Jan'y 15, except in New Jersey, where the season extends to February 1. In this connection it is well to remember that prosecutions under the law may be instituted at any time within three years of the offence.

\* \* \*

ATENTION is again called to the foolishness of offering bounties for hawks and owls. The money paid out for such a purpose is money that should be used for more practical objects, such as paying efficient game wardens sufficient salaries to enable them to give closer attention to their duties. There are some varieties of hawks (possibly some owls also) that kill game and song birds; but by far the majority of both these birds are more useful than harmful. It requires a skilled ornithologist to distinguish the harmful varieties on the wing, and indiscriminate shooting destroys many varieties whose whole life is given to killing noxious insects and small mammals, equally destructive to growing crops. The so-called Chicken Hawk is one of the varieties condemned because it occasionally kills chickens; but when it is remembered that this hawk kills many times its own weight

of rats, mice and other vermin, surely we can spare it a chicken now and then.

\* \* \*

SPORTSMEN interested in conserving our game will rejoice to learn that the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Ass'n has succeeded in having 54,000 acres of land surrounding Lake Minnetonka set aside as a wild life sanctuary; this is probably the largest wild life haven in America within close distance of a city the size of Minneapolis. Louisiana has also started a game farm on Avery Island, on a reservation of forty acres, presented to the Conservation Commission by Edward McIlhenny. The Conservation Commission of New York recently purchased a tract of 139 acres on Long Island, which will be the third farm for the purpose of propagating game birds established in the great Empire State.

\* \* \*

IF I were going back to trap-shooting as a steady recreation, and could be persuaded to give up my old Winchester repeater, the latest Ithaca product would be a second choice. Mention of this high-grade single-barrel trap gun was made in our February issue, and, after looking it over very carefully, it would seem to fill the requirements of the work for which it is intended. Its design is evidently the creation of a past master in the art of trap-shooting; for it balances well, and, while I prefer a perfectly plain weapon, the extra adornments will not detract from its merits in the eyes of very many who like their favorite gun to be admired. What I particularly admired was the admirable adjustment of the trigger pull and the elevated matted rib—both innovations not always seen in ordinary trap guns.

\* \* \*

THE article upon the Moccasined Foot in the February number brings to mind that, while the average man who goes into the woods should not burden his feet with heavy, ill-fitting shoes, there are very few men who can don the moccasin and stand a long trip without considerable discomfort. We have been so accustomed to smooth going and modern shoes, that the decided difference between the support given the

foot and ankle by the shoe is sadly missed by the average man who fares forth afield, wearing a pair of moccasins. There is no doubt but what the moccasin, as made and worn by the Indian, is the most comfortable foot-gear ever known, *after the foot has become accustomed to it*. This matter of foot covering is an extremely important one, as the author has pointed out; for it is surprising the number of men afflicted with feet unable to stand a hike of any great distance. The clerk or business man has become so accustomed to riding everywhere he goes, that walking has become almost a lost art, and this is seen in its perfection among our citizen soldiers, when required to march and carry their accoutrements. The same men, turned loose on a wilderness trail with its usual rough going, would soon play out, not so much from the weight carrying as from their feet resenting the unaccustomed strain. No matter how well fitting the shoe, this is bound to occur; but I am of the opinion that the majority of men would cover more ground when shod with a well fitted shoe than they would if shod with moccasins, simply because the conditions would be closer to those of every day life. When it comes to resisting cold, the heavy woollen sock and moccasin is an ideal foot-gear, even though the feet may get wet, and the blisters, seen after a day's march from shoes and cotton socks, rarely ever occur. The average man suffers from what we used to call stone bruises, unless the soles of his feet are protected by a reasonably thick leather sole, and on the whole I believe that a carefully made shoe with double sole will prove the best foot-gear for the majority. Any fellow who can wear the moccasin with comfort, and who has had experience with such foot coverings, will think, with Mr. Johnson, that they are surely the real thing.

\* \* \*

SCORE another mark for the .22 Long Rifle cartridge and Winchester .22 calibre musket with bead front sight and Krag rear sight. Capt. H. D. Meyer of the Adrian Rifle Club—a gentleman who is a past master in pointing this particular weapon—re-

ports the following scores made at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yds:

200 yds., 8-inch bull, 20 shots.	Score: 24 24 24 24
-96. Possible, 100.	
300 yds., 8-inch bull, 20 shots.	Score: 23 25 24 24
-96. Possible, 100.	
500 yds., 20-inch bull, 20 shots.	Score: 20 22 23 22
-87. Possible, 100.	
600 yds., 20-inch bull, 5 shots.	Score: 5 4 5 3 5
-22. Possible, 25.	

Captain Meyer shot from the prone position and used the strap, imitating as far as possible shooting with a military rifle, and, while he is an expert shot, the scores made fairly indicate the possibilities of the small calibre rim-fire cartridge, from a suitable rifle, as an excellent training for the more powerful military weapon.

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It has been pointed out in these columns more than once that the day is not far distant when all preliminary training in the use of the rifle will be done with the .22. The fundamental principles of shooting are the same, no matter what the rifle or ammunition, and, while the military rifle shot must have a certain amount of training and experience with the weapon he would use on the firing line, the economy of practice with a cheap, accurate cartridge and rifle is very apparent, especially when this training is capable of bringing results later, when the military rifle is needed.

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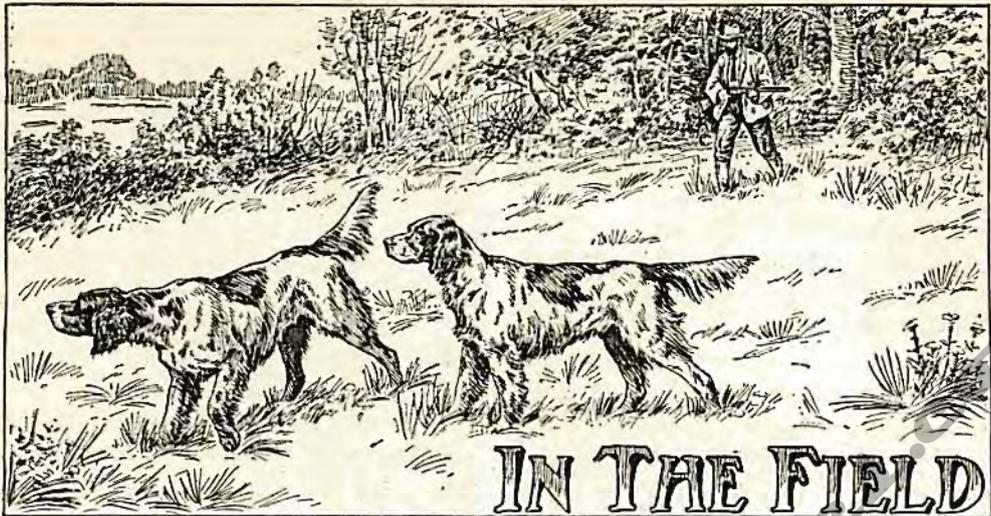
I LOOKED over a sample of the Savage .380 automatic pistol the other day, and, while it does not differ from other automatics of its type in its general action, there are several points about this arm well worthy of consideration, as marking a distinct advance in making it more accurate. In the first place, this pistol has real target sights, resembling in appearance those known as Partridge sights. The front sight is square and the rear sight notch is cut to the same shape. One of the greatest objections to all automatic pistols I have used, is the insignificant sights, apparently considered by the manufacturers as being sufficient for all intents and purposes. As a matter of fact, while it is possible to do remarkably accurate shooting, firing rapidly, with these weapons, the sights cannot be ignored. You can point the pistol accu-

rately, I admit; but at the same time if the hits are to bunch themselves, or rather if you desire to bunch them, the sights must be used to steer them into the group. Consequently, sights must be supplied which may be caught by the eye rapidly, and this means something more than a piece of steel on the front end and a notch in the rear end of the bolt.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER innovation in the .380 Savage is an indicator placed in the barrel, telling when a cartridge is in the chamber. This indicator is so placed that the finger can detect it in the dark, simply by the touch; and when it is remembered that one of the greatest dangers of the automatic pistol is that when the magazine is removed, unless every shot the arm contains has been fired, the last cartridge thrown into the chamber remains there and may be fired inadvertently if not removed. The peculiar mechanism of the Savage pistol, that prevents all movement of the barrel until the bullet is out of its cavity, is stated to develop all the accuracy of the .380 cartridge, and that it has proven a close rival of the .38 special revolver cartridge, which if true is highly important, as the time is coming when the automatic is going to take its rightful place as a target weapon, even though primarily designed as a rapid fire weapon. Years ago Arthur Gould, then editor of *Shooting and Fishing*, stated his opinion of the so-called expert revolver shot, as one who could deliver the contents of the cylinder as rapidly as possible and make a small group. This applies directly to the automatic as well, and while the beginner must shoot slowly at first, until accustomed to the trigger pull, hold and aim, the acme of expert shooting must remain with rapid firing. The Savage .380 holds a place between the very heavy and powerful .45 military model and the smaller models, being suitable for the pocket or the belt, and capable of delivering enough energy of impact to stop most anything the ordinary citizen would ever desire to stop. More of this anon.

SAM'L J. FORT, M. D.



## OUR HUNT IN THE OZARKS.

By O. S. WILFLEY, M. D.

It was in November that we decided to take a week's vacation somewhere in the Ozarks; but it was not until after much planning and corresponding that we finally found ourselves ready to start on the afternoon of Saturday, December 5, 1914. "We" in this story is to be understood as meaning George, the butcher; Cotton, the mine operator; Bert, the grocer; Dutch, the banker; Ernest, the cattleman; Honest John, our cook, and myself. Two Ozark natives, Frank and Mont, were to join us at Winona, and to them, acting as our guides, was left the selection of our camp site.

Reaching Winona, we were met with teams and wagons and were introduced by our Ozark friends to Uncle Si Lawson, who, they said, would hunt with us, and the addition of this veteran of the woods to our party proved to be an important acquisition. As our trip was made chiefly for pleasure, the presence of Si Lawson and the never ending fund of amusement which he provided largely compensated for our failure in bagging much big game.

Uncle Si is a typical mountaineer. A native of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, he was a soldier in Stonewall Jackson's famous brigade during the Civil

War, and has been a resident of the Ozarks for forty years. At the age of 71 he is still as brisk and chipper as many a city man of 30, and could outwalk most of our bunch. How spry the old fellow was, may be judged from the fact that, after a long day's jaunt, he thought nothing of walking another five miles to the home of our nearest neighbor. He implicitly believed that Prevention is better than cure, and it was a part of his religion to never sleep on anything but a feather bed. "I have to do that," he said, "to keep off my rheumatiz."

Like Thos. A. Edison, he believed in short hours for sleep and plenty of exercise. For, notwithstanding his long walk from his chosen resting place, he never failed to be back at our camp before daylight, and would wake us all up with some of his quaint mountain songs, among which his favorites were: Everything Looking Off Down the Road and Cotton Eyed Joe.

Except for his preference, like that of many of the Ozark natives, for sleeping on the softest of feather beds, there was no reason in the world why he should not have staid in camp with us, for our accommodations were a little above the average. We had two hip roof tents, 12x14, and a 6 ft. wall. The tents were placed facing each

other, so that the awnings touched over the "hall-way" between them. A wagon sheet over the north end of this hall-way furnished us a 12x40 tent. We had heating stoves, tables, clothes racks, etc. Our beds were of straw packed in gunnysacks; ticks were laid on wagon sheets, and we had all the covers needed for making sleep in the open a luxury. This arrangement, with a smaller tent fitted up with gasoline cook stove inside, and an open cook stove just outside, gave us all the appliances for making the cook happy and for supplying the needs of a ravenous group of fellows who were out for the full enjoyment of a camp hunt in the hills.

The permanent camp to which our guides steered us was all right, when once we found it. It was in the heart of the Ozarks, so far as that section of country was concerned. Our nearest neighbor, Alex Zinn, lived four miles and Wesley West another mile further away. But distance was no bar to their joining us in all of our hunting trips, for Zinn and Zinn's boy Walter, and Wes and Wes's boy Art, with their fathers, were with us every day, all of them adding their stock of information to the wide knowledge of woods life possessed by Uncle Si.

Camp Four was the official designation of our headquarters. It is variously estimated by hunters at from 12 to 20 miles from Winona, in a southerly direction. Our teams were not of the best for rapid travel. Some of them were from livery barns, and several readjustments of our impedimenta were necessary during the journey. When we started, Uncle Si was of the opinion that, leaving Winona by 10 o'clock Sunday morning, we might reach camp by nightfall. When we had traveled what seemed to us about the allotted distance, Wes said we were still five miles from camp, and suggested that we had better follow an old tramway, along the bed of an abandoned lumber railway, from which the rails had been removed, altho most of the ties were still in place. Adopting this suggestion, we were soon deep in the forest, and our party scattered until its fragments were out of

hailing distance. My companion, George, furnished the first excitement of the journey by jumping a big gobbler. We tried to follow the flight of that turkey, but it was soon out of sight. At one of the big ponds which abound in this section we flushed a big flock of mallards. But these were also too far away. Our experience later on was, that mallards are extremely wary—being up and away almost as soon as sighted.

The Ozarks in this region are not so mountainous as in other sections, there being more level land on top of the ridges than one would suppose. Scattered along these ridges are numerous sink holes—some full of water, others empty—and the latter often have large trees growing in them. It was in these depressions that we located the mallards.

If we did not get any game, we acquired no end of experience in keeping track of the wagon, which was supposed to be following our trail. We waited a while, but no wagon came within sight or hearing. Then Bert and I, who had become separated from the rest of the party, concluded to count ties on the tramway; but, after going some two miles, we returned to the point where we had left the boys. When we found them, they told us that they had seen a native who said that our camp site was still four miles ahead! So Bert and I started in what we thought was the most direct route, keeping in close touch with the tramway. Darkness closed in on us; but the camp—where it was—neither Bert nor I could even guess. In this dilemma we found ourselves out of matches. We had no tobacco and had had nothing to eat since early morning. The first ray of hope came when we heard a far-off shot, and were able to locate the direction from whence it came. However, we decided not to answer the shot. We had not quite decided to admit that we were lost on our first night in the woods. And luck soon afterward favored us, when we saw the glare of a camp fire, and were gratified, on reaching our companions, to find that we were not much behind the rest of the party, but they had been

there long enough to put up the tents and John had already prepared an appetizing meal. Everybody was ready—more than ready—for supper, and after we had removed our shoes and dried our socks, we soon began to feel good and warm, and greatly enjoyed our first night in camp.

Monday we spent looking over the ground—seeing plenty of deer and turkey signs. It was a weary tramp, and we returned

get a deer, for when we returned to camp we found a four-point buck hanging by his horns in a tree. Everybody claimed him, but nobody proved up, altho we all agreed on whom suspicion rested.

Wednesday furnished us a snowstorm, with the flakes falling thick and fast. We decided that under such conditions we would all hug the old railroad track and hunt turkeys and ducks. Five natives joined



From Left to Right: Honest John, Ernest, Dutch, Frank, and Uncle Si Lawson.

empty handed, so far as big game was concerned; but it was unanimously agreed by Uncle Si, Zinn and West, and the other experts, that the outlook was good.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were repetitions of our first day's experiences. Bert and I, who had been assigned to the southern territory, were rewarded by seeing all manner of fresh signs, but nary a deer, and we only bagged one turkey. But on Wednesday somebody did

us, and about a mile from camp we came on four turkeys. I blazed away—tenderfoot that I was—and used my gun, loaded with No. 4 shot, as I thought to the best advantage. But not a turkey responded, except to fly off, rejoicing and in quite a hurry. They had been some 80 yards away when we sighted them, and two of the natives—one close alongside and another in the rear—took a chance at them. The native behind me was so close that the concussion from his

gun knocked me over. It was a close shave, and I told him with some emphasis that I didn't care about hunting with him any more. Then we scattered, but we never again got sight of that bunch of turkeys, nor of any others.

The next day we were greatly encouraged, after our hard luck, to learn from some natives from the neighborhood of Jim Ball, whose place was five miles from camp, that they had seen several droves of turkeys—one of them numbering no less than 27. They had counted 'em! Cotton and I decided to go to Jim Ball's place that afternoon, stay all night, and get after that bunch of turkeys bright and early the next morning. We were treated royally at Jim's, and, after a 4 o'clock breakfast, started out after the turkeys, under the guidance of a native named Charlie, who worked us up to great confidence by declaring that he knew the exact place where the turkeys watered; that it was the only pond within four miles, and that he was positive they went there every day for their water. He, too, had counted 27 turkeys in the flock just the day before. He finally brought us up to a spring running out of the mountainside. This was his pond; but, after carefully looking all around it, not a turkey track could we see. Then Charlie hedged and said that the turkeys must be higher up the mountain, and that, if we would climb, we would soon be where the turkey hunting was good. We followed his lead, went to the top of the mountain, took in the scenery, found more ponds and gulleys and gulches and a horse-shoe ridge, and examined the entire country, high and low, for turkey tracks. Then Cotton and I decided we had had enough of climbing and were ready to make a start on our eight-mile jaunt back to camp, which we reached at 11:30 p. m.—two as tired and hungry mortals as ever returned from a fruitless chase.

We broke camp Saturday morning, hired a couple of teams from West, and made our way over the mountain roads to Fremont, for the return trip. Just after we got on the train another snowstorm came up, and we began kicking ourselves for not having staid

longer in camp, as our chances for game after the snowfall would have been greatly improved. While an abundance of big game did not fall to our lot, we had squirrels, rabbits and other small game on our table every day, and one deer and one turkey added to our enjoyment during our stay in camp.

But the one feature that will long linger in memory will be the delightful music and huntsmen's yarns furnished us by Uncle Si. His specialty, for which he is locally famous, is banjo playing, and the woodsmen from all around our camp gathered with us nightly to listen to his enchanting music. It is told of Uncle Si that at a recent hotly contested Congressional campaign, he was employed by one of the candidates to gather a crowd. Then, when the orator was well advanced in his oration, the opposing party stole a march on him and engaged Si to win away his audience. Si's effort was so successful, it is said, that the candidate was left speaking with almost no one to listen to his arguments.

Another unique distinction of our party is the fact that not a single drop of whisky was brought in by any of its members. Uncle Si said that, in his wide experience with such gatherings, ours was the first at which the visitors did not distribute free whisky to every one who came. It had been the experience of my companion George and myself (neither of whom drink a drop) that in former years, when we had taken part in a hunting trip, each had to spend from three to six dollars, to enable some one else to make a fool of himself. We determined that we would not do this another year; and the result, with the coöperation of our friends, was that there was not a drop of whisky in our camp this year; and we made the reputation of having, thruout the week, preserved the best of humor and of having proved ourselves the hardest hunting set of fellows with whom the natives had ever mingled. Not a cross word was spoken by any member of our party during the entire week. We hope to have the pleasure of meeting the same party at the same place in the fall of 1915, and trust that our camp

will prove as jovial, as brotherly and as whiskeyless as was that of 1914. We also hope that the fruits of our hunt may be more abundant, and that our stay in the beautiful Ozark country may be twice as long as that of last year.

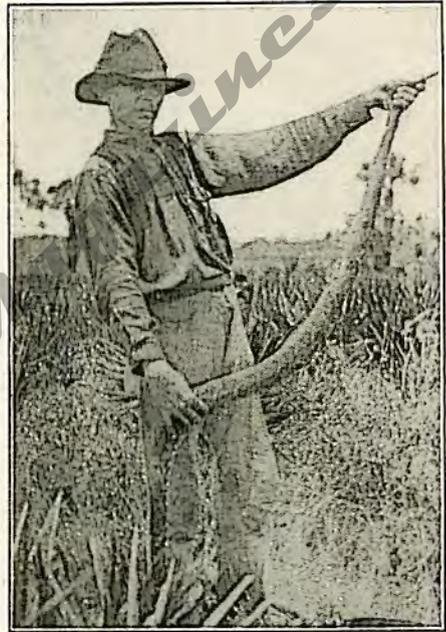
### JIM FROM THE BEND.

A glance at the map will show where the St. Mary's River crooks down into Florida, carrying with it a slim wedge of Georgia. It's a wild bit of country, and holds a wild lot of people. Jim came from the Bend. He joined me one bright, sunny day on a steamboat out in the Gulf of Mexico. I was on my way to a railroad camp, away down at the very toe of the line. He asked me if the chances for work were good "down yan way," and so we got acquainted. He had done something he said up in the Bend, and, without going into details, it was plain he meant to stay away.

He found work as soon as he struck camp, and staid at it till we broke up. Whenever there was a break-down on the works he and I roamed the woods and found means to add some tasty things to the regular fare of track hands. Our only weapon was a little .32 rim-fire pistol. I must say that Jim was by all odds the best shot I ever knew, barring none. And he was strictly conscientious with himself. The first time he ever tried the "baby" was at Bob White. From the top of a pine stump Bob dropped at the crack, but Jim remarked that he missed the shot. "Meant it for the head, and not for the neck," he explained. His marksmanship was a matter of genius apparently, for he did not waste any time in practicing. Though not a hunter in the true sense of the word, he was a game getter extraordinary. His self-control was another feature that made him valuable to me. When I had "roosted" a bunch of turkeys, he would sneak up to within shot before daylight and sit still till he could cut off a big head against the skyline. Not a mosquito would he slap and not a stick would he crack. Any one who knows what Florida mosquitos are, and

what the going is thru a "bay-gall," will fully appreciate his conduct.

One day we were coming home from "birding," with our shirts stuffed full and only one more shell. Jim, chancing to look into a hole for a gopher, suddenly whispered that he had found the biggest rattlesnake in the State! When I looked I didn't doubt him. Knowing that I would want the hide, Jim offered to just shoot off its nose. That was just what he did, but snakes' noses are apparently pretty short and not by any means a vital spot. Be that



Jim with the Big Rattler.

as it may, it took us fully two hours to kill that snake. It weighed 41 pounds. Jim, standing over 6 ft. high, could not lift its head from the ground. I still have a belt made from a strip of its hide.

On our first pay day Jim was much interested in the inevitable poker game, and begged me to teach him how. Not being especially expert myself, the best I could do was to write down the names and values of the hands on the back of an envelope. This he studied for a month and next pay day he dropped into a game of penny ante, from

which he came out with a pocket full of "beans." Thus encouraged, he sat in for a dollar limit, and, glancing over his shoulder, to my amazement I saw him deliberately lay down a pair of kings and three aces without attempting to play them. Half his beans were gone and he slipped out of the game, suggesting that we go out, and, to use his phrase, "woods it a while and make a kill." Away from camp, I asked him the reason for his lack of nerve. He assured me he would have played his hand if he had not already stolen the four aces from the pack and had them under the table. Of course, after seeing three of them suddenly appear in a deal, it was no longer safe to stay in that game.

Jim was a typical Georgia cracker. He learned to read and write without going to school, because, he said, he "jest nat'rally wanted to know how." And that is the true spirit of the Georgia Cracker. They just want and they just as "nat'rally" get it. Jim is now at Panama doing well.

*Savannah, Ga.* Prof. W. J. HOXIE.

#### WISCONSIN HUNTING NOTES.

Hello, Brothers! Here I am again, to add my little mite to the best of all sportsmen's magazines, which it certainly is, and which I sincerely hope it will long continue to be. Big game hunting this fall in Wisconsin was very satisfactory all around, the weather being plenty cold, and with sufficient snow for good tracking in the early part of the season. As for black bear, I believe there were quite a few of them killed, as the snow helped things along fine.

Most hunters here were quite successful in getting their deer this fall; also there were quite a few big ones killed this season. Small game was quite scarce in Price County somehow or other—especially rabbits. I suppose those white weasels can account for most of them, as I saw quite a few of them out in the woods. As I am not going to write very much this time, I will bring things to a point, so as to give some one else a chance to write a little about

their part of the country and the way conditions are there.

In the photo you will notice the big hole in the buck's left side, where the bullet came out, said deer having been shot at about five hundred and sixty-seven good measured paces. Also will say he ran about six rods before he fell, having been shot thru the lungs. Of course this cartridge—the .30 U. S. umbrella point bullet—is pretty heavy to use on deer at very close range, but just the same I don't like the idea of using a cartridge not powerful enough, specially in the case of a long range shot, because of the high trajectory of most sporting cartridges as used in deer shooting. Also, in case of a long range shot, most cartridges do not mushroom perfectly enough, as the speed is lacking somewhat; so, for all around work, I figure this cartridge to fill the bill pretty good, as it is just the thing for moose and similar game.

I see by the latest reports that some new firm is going to manufacture heavier bullets than the 70 grain .22 H. P., now in use. Let's hope they find a ready sale, because, to my notion, the 70 grain bullets are not long enough, or, in other words, not heavy enough to keep their head-on flight, as you will notice that they key-hole, after going in a few inches of soft pine. I mean the 70 gr. full metal patch bullet will go in straight for a few inches, and then it will gradually tumble over and soon stop penetrating. I also understand that these heavier bullets are going to have a longer point; that is, not quite so blunt as the present 70 gr., or, in other words, more of a tapering point. Also that they are going to make special bolt action rifles, to handle some new high power cartridges of their own design—being big shells, necked down to a smaller caliber, with a very high velocity and using pointed bullets of a correct weight and length. One of them is a Springfield '06 shell, necked down to 25 cal., and using a 117 gr. pointed bullet with a speed of 3103 feet a second, and a foot pound energy of 2504 pounds and a very low trajectory, making it superior to the regular Spring-

field cartridge. They have also got other calibers more powerful than the one I mentioned above—especially the 35 cal., with speed of 3000 feet a second and an energy of 5000 foot lbs. And they claim it don't kick any more than a 12-gauge shotgun with trap load. And the rifle only weighs  $7\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.

I don't know what size shell they are necking down for their .22 cal. special cartridge, but let's hope it is a Springfield shell, as then we will have a real .22 H.P. for heavier game than our small deer, and

have an automatic handling a cartridge on the lines of the Springfield. At least some of the factories are beginning to wake up lately and take notice of things; so let's hope that they will give us what we want, and not have us buy what is forced upon us.

So I wish to say to the brothers of our magazine to keep right after them, so as to hurry things along a little, and start the ball a-rolling. Wake up, you old timers! and let's make the magazine better than ever this year. So, boys, I will ring off now,



Showing the Work of the .30 U. S. Umbrella Point Bullet.

besides we can then take a long range shot once in a while and get good results; so let's hope they make the bullets heavy enough. If I am not mistaken, I understand some of their bullets to be 90 grs. in weight; so, if that's the case, I believe that is about correct for target shooting, and so could be a trifle heavier for hunting purposes at big game. Also we could get a supplemental chamber and shoot the small .22 caliber cartridges just like in the new Imp, made by the Savage Arms Company, which would make this rifle very handy for all-around use. It's only too bad that it isn't a lever action or automatic rifle. But I guess the day isn't very far off now, before we will

and leave the fireplace for some one else. Let's all wish for the best, and start things going.

PAUL TIPPMANN.

*La Crosse, Wisconsin.*

### A SCRAPPY WILD-CAT.

I spent my vacation last July down in Southeast Missouri, at a little town called Puxico, on the Frisco Railway, where my mother lives, and where I was born and raised until some few years ago.

While down there, Mother suggested that we take a couple of gallon buckets and go out to the bluffs and get enough wild blackberries to make some jelly and pies

over Sunday; so on Saturday afternoon at about 1:30 we set out for the blackberry patch, I taking a small single-shot Stevens .22 rifle with me to shoot snakes, which are plentiful in this part of Missouri. My smaller brother (who is 16 and who hunts the greater part of the winter) went with us and took his two dogs, which he had raised from puppies. One dog is half hound and the other half dog; the smaller one is part fox terrier and beagle. These two dogs ran rabbits all over me on our way to the blackberry patch, but I refused to shoot them, as they are not good to eat in summer.

After getting to the patch, Mother and I went down the bluffs in the old cyclone breaks, where the berries were plentiful, and after eating all I wanted of the berries I went to work picking the largest I could find to take home. It was near 3 o'clock in the afternoon when I saw thru the briars the largest berries I ever beheld in my life. They were about ten feet back in, beside a log about six feet across the butt. I found a hog path under these briars, and kept following the path on my hands and knees, picking the largest of the berries, until I was fully 75 feet back into the briars. Then things began to happen!

First I heard the dogs on the trail of something which I thought was a rabbit, and paid no attention to them until I began to hear the briars rustling in front of me, and to my surprise I came face to face with one of the largest wild-cats I have ever seen; I was right in his road, and we were both up against a stiff proposition. I could not get out, because the briars caught my clothes and held me tight, and I couldn't use the .22 for fear of hitting one of the dogs. The cat was as much up against it as myself; he couldn't get out without running over me or turning back, and if he turned back he would have to fight the dogs, so he stopped dead still and waited for the dogs to start the fight, which they lost no time in doing. I, the wild-cat and the dogs were instantly in a furious mix-up. Finally the dogs backed off and waited for the wild-cat to start the next attack. Meanwhile I had gotten all scratched up, but found my

chance to take a snap shot at the wild-cat. I fired at close range, but he turned his head just as I pulled the trigger and the bullet caught him in the shoulder, crippling him and making things worse. Then he started at me to get revenge, and he would doubtless have gotten it, and more, but Old Jack the dog, got him by the hind quarters and held on until I reloaded and took another pop at him. The scrap lasted fully twenty minutes. In that time I shot the wild-cat seven times in different places—the last shot going thru the heart.

After tearing my clothes almost to shreds and scratching myself up with the briars I got out to where Mother was. She thought I had been eaten up, and was all excited. I then called my younger brother, and with his help went back into the briars and pulled out the wild-cat, which we carried two miles to the village on the railroad track.

E. R. RODGERS.

*Chicago, Ill.*

#### DO WEASELS CLIMB TREES?

A syndicate of daily newspapers throughout the country are printing an interesting series of animal stories for children entitled, *Bedtime Stories* by Thornton W. Burgess. These stories are very interesting, and usually give quite accurate descriptions of animal life and are not open to criticism; but recently one of these articles gave a thrilling description of Happy Jack Squirrel being chased through the tree-tops by Shadow, the Weasel. It represented that Happy Jack was no match for Shadow, even in the tree-tops, and it was only by outside intervention that Jack escaped with his life, after being entirely outwinded in the wild flight.

Do the readers of *SPORTS AFIELD* believe that a weasel could catch a fox-squirrel up in a big tree in the forest? What about this? What does S. D. Barnes say? And Prof. Morris Rice? Did Tredway Elliott ever see weasels chasing squirrels through the tree-tops? How about this, folks? Am I mistaken when I say a fox-squirrel is safe from a weasel when he is up in a big tree—provided he knows the weasel is on his trail? Who is a Nature fakir—Yours Truly or the other fellow? BURT STONE.

*Lu Verne, Iowa.*



## SPORTS AFIELD.

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MARCH, 1915.

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### A REALISTIC STORY.

The discerning reader of fiction or short stories can usually tell when a novel or a story is founded more or less on facts, and when it is wholly imaginary down to the smallest details. There is a naturalness, a human element, a trueness to life in the story founded on facts which the judicious reader quickly recognizes.

It is the same way with the portrayal of wild life, the description of wild animals and writings on natural history subjects generally. The writer who narrates what he actually saw, or even what his father or older brothers have described to him minutely, will produce a more realistic story or article than the literary person who knows but little about wild animals in their

native haunts, but who writes of them merely from what he has gleaned in natural history books in libraries. There is a trueness to Nature about the accounts of the man who has seen and studied the animals themselves which the discerning reader instantly recognizes and appreciates.

The story of The Panther of Rocky Creek in this issue, by Chas. Askins, the popular sportsman writer and Nature student, is one of the most realistic tales SPORTS AFIELD has ever printed. The description of the panther awaking from its sleep on the ledge of rock, yawning and stretching itself, with the wrinkles moving lazily from its nose back over its head, neck, shoulders and along its body to its tail, all before it discovered the nearness of the boy Josh, is one of the most true-to-life descriptions of a panther we ever read. Before it noticed the boy its eyes were round, wide open and unseeing; but, after discovering the boy so nearby, its eyes "narrowed to two small slits" and the animal eased down on the ledge again, out of sight.

Also the chase of the panther by the dogs and the boy, and its taking to the trees on two different occasions, is a perfectly natural description of what a panther would do under the circumstances. The readiness with which it jumped out of the tree the first time, and its refusal to jump out of the second tree after it had had its furious fight

with the dogs and the boy, and found the dogs such dangerous enemies, is characteristic of the panther, and to some extent of any member of the cat tribe.

In commenting on the story, Mr. Askins writes us from his home in Oklahoma:

"I must tell you the tale of this story. None of the characters are imaginary. Josh Hughes, the most energetic character of the story, married my father's sister. He was alive the last time I heard of him, though past 90 years old. He is the grandfather of Rupert Hughes, the New York writer. Capt. Glass of the United States Navy is a grandson of Squire Glass, and both his father and grandfather were friends of my father.

"Every incident in the panther story is founded on fact. My father was born in 1810, and removed to Illinois in 1820—subsequently taking part in the Black Hawk and other Indian wars as a volunteer and captain of militia in the service of the U. S. Government. From him of course I got all the incidents on which the story is based; from him and from my grandfather Bobby Russell, who lived to be 98. I was born in 1865. Johnny Bloom was a Pennsylvania Quaker who made the 18th land entry in Illinois. He married my father's oldest sister, who was born about 1780. The Logans were our cousins, Gen. John A. Logan being about a fourth cousin of mine. So, you see, I am in a pretty good position to know of early life in Illinois, even though my information necessarily came second hand."

#### AS TO UNPREPAREDNESS.

Last month Doctor Fort gave us a little war talk—less than he would have liked to, probably, and certainly less than he should. Just enough of it to point out our unpreparedness as a nation, if attacked by even a second-rate power, and to suggest its cause, but not going so far as to emphasize how Americans may recover their once acknowledged status as effective rough-and-ready scrappers. In the days of Washington, of Jackson, and of Zachary Taylor, when you got a uniform on an American it meant one more skilled rifleman ready for the firing line, full to the chin with patriotism and eager to get at the work on hand. It was common knowledge that our forefathers had "fit" for about everything they had that was worth having, and we knew how they went at it when need demanded. Fighting retained its hold upon popular approval while the work of taming the wilder-

ness lasted—as James Russell Lowell said, "going on from sturdy father to sturdy son, making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed." American and rifleman continued to be almost synonymous terms, so long as there were venison stews and bear steaks to be had for the killing. Exact dates? Away back yonder—before baseball and bicycles, automobiles and aeroplanes, the movies and the tango. And not so far back, either, for the Civil War was fought by self-trained riflemen. The Yanks and Johnnys didn't content themselves with puerile bluffs. They didn't hang back from their several sides of the Mason and Dixon line and yell, "you'd better look out—all of Gran'dad's folks were fightin' men!" The "sturdy son" idea was still existent in the land, and they did honor to pedigree and tradition by delivering their "round-ball-and-three-buckshot" in the good, old-fashioned way.

In singing praises of liberty, we have forgotten that its price is eternal vigilance. All that we have was blood-purchased—given us "to have and to hold," and without a thought that the sons of our sires would fail in the holding. Doctor Fort suggests that the idea of compulsory military service or training is repugnant to "free-born Americans." It is the shame and disgrace of our country that there should be need of compulsion. The "free-born American" idea is in itself the sole peril to the perpetuation of our liberties. "Compel an American against his inclinations? Never!" But it is likely to be did, all the same, and somewhat less comfortably than by State or Federal legislation. Labor agitators discourage enlistment in the militia. Employers say that hired men have no time for serving a second master. Let them consider the present status of Belgian industries, and figure what the rights of employers will amount to in that day which must inevitably come. We have depended upon our size to keep the other fellow off—gloried in the success of our "bluff"—when, in reality, the sole reason of our immunity from attack has lain in the reluctance of any European nation to weaken its

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own line fences by engaging in over-seas war. When the present conflict ends there will no longer be an European balance of power to preserve, and then America will have to fight or else surrender the Monroe Doctrine and a few more long-cherished theories. Our most profound thinkers hold this belief. Hiram Maxim predicts a hostile landing on our Atlantic Coast within six months of the present war's termination. Thousands of Californians expect a Japanese invasion during the present year. To meet these perils we have 30,000 regular troops, 90,000 National Guards—of whom 25 per cent. will not meet the service physical requirements and 50 per cent. (as shown in the Spanish War) will decline to volunteer—and a reserve force of sixteen men. Really the exigencies of the situation would seem to demand thought and prompt action.

The need is *more trained riflemen!* There are possibly within the length and breadth of our country three million sportsmen with an understanding of the mechanism of modern arms and the ability to use them effectively. Perhaps half of these men are past the military age, and many of them are physically disqualified for actual service; but all would be found capable and willing instructors in rifle training, and as such their usefulness is beyond question. There should be organizations for instruction in rifle shooting in every village and cross-roads neighborhood. As individuals, we have subscribed liberally for the protection and care of Belgian orphans. Let us be as free-handed and fore-thoughtful in equipping our own prospective orphans against the stern necessities of the future. Introduce rifle training in all public schools. If it must be compulsory, it is as essential to the public interests as vaccination or the removal of adenoids. Primary and advanced classes, for boys and girls alike. Do you balk at the idea of teaching marksmanship to those who may some day stand, unbulwarked by their natural defenders, before the march of armies such as have invaded Belgium and Poland? Primary classes in the construction and functioning of modern arms; blackboard explanations

of the use of sights, diagrams of trajectories; advanced classes in actual practice work, indoor and outdoor ranges. Foolishness? A nourishing of the unholy war lust? Call it what you will. The outcome will prove its justification. A re-birth of Patriotism means regaining our former standing in the world's estimation, as something more than a nation of money makers and idle blusterers.

Another thing: Our government can, and may, prohibit the exportation of arms and ammunition; but the factories should be kept at their limit of output to supply the needs of individual purchasers here at home. As a nation we cannot actively prepare for war without exciting suspicion of our neutrality; but common prudence, as well as common loyalty to our country in her time of perplexity and peril, demands that all willing and capable American hands should have serviceable American weapons within instant reach.

S. D. BARNES.

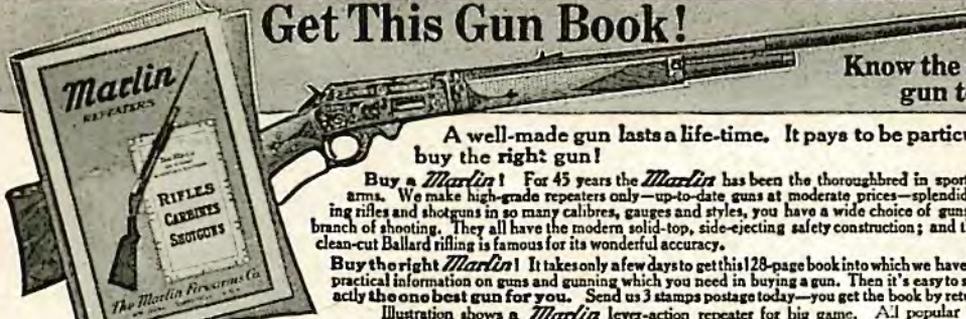
#### LINDSAY'S CREEK.

The pretty little town of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, was in the early days surrounded by many attractions for the sportsman, naturalist and Nature lover.

There were myriads of game birds, deer and fur bearing animals, and the beautiful lake teemed with various kinds of fish. Near the town were many mounds of prehistoric origin—most of them, Alas! long since leveled by the plow and harrow.

Some five miles east of town a highly cultured family by the name of Lindsay bought a farm. There were a large family of boys since grown to manhood. They are all living and are today prominent Milwaukee business men. Near the Lindsay barn was a fine large spring that emptied into a small creek that ran into Fox Lake. At intervals there were other springs—one a very large one, deep and clear and of the purest water. In the early spring there would be a run of suckers, and we boys, after plowing all day, would wade the creek until midnight with torches and spears to

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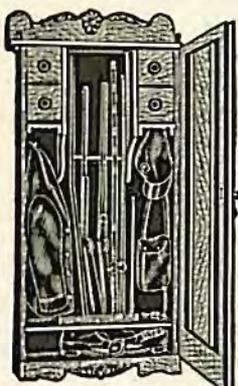
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gather them in. The winters were rather severe in those days, and everything would be frozen up, so that the fish would run up the spring brooks for air. One cold January morning Friend Charlie Ford and I were on our way to school, and as we were early Charlie said, "Let's go down to the Big Spring and see if there are any pickerel." When we arrived, we found the spring alive with fish—mostly pickerel from one to two feet long. I went to a nearby house and after a protracted search found a piece of brass wire, got some

greater magnitude, yet true in every detail. The scene of this other happening was between Fox Lake and Beaver Dam, where the Editor of SPORTS AFIELD is wont to spend a part of his vacation each summer.

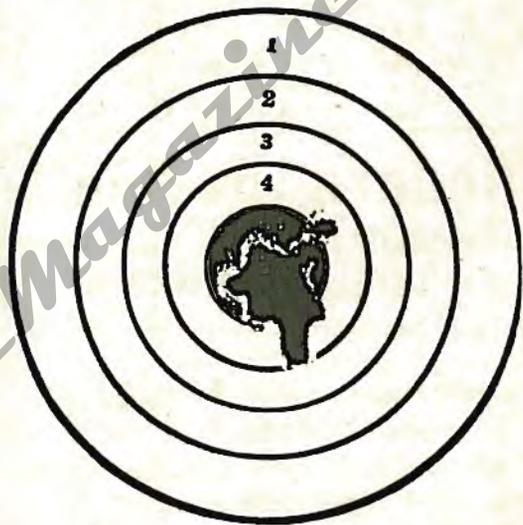
Dear old Lindsay's Creek! what pleasant dreams come to me as I recall your limpid depths! And there are sad memories, too, Friend Charlie and family have passed over the river, and all my boy friends who are living are old white haired men now.

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Sixteen Shots at 50 Feet.

strong twine and started on the run for the spring; Charlie in the meantime had cut a pole and we soon rigged a snare. The spring was 12 or 15 feet wide and a large tree had been felled across and some plank laid over, so that we had a good standing place. Well, we took turns in the sport and by noon had snared twenty pickerel; the larger ones were very sensitive and the moment they felt the snare they would scoot and it kept us busy following them. We buried them in a snow drift by the roadside and went to school, feeling quite proud of our mid-winter achievement.

Sometime I may tell a fish story of

#### A PAIR OF GOOD ONES.

The two targets shown herewith were shot at a distance of fifty feet, by artificial light, by Chas. M. Brooks of McGregor, Iowa, using a Winchester rifle and .22 Short Rifle cartridges. Friend Brooks is to be congratulated on his excellent scores, and we hope ere long to hear of his success at long range work also. Our illustrations show the exact size of the two targets shot at. How fortunate it would be for the United States, in these portentous times, big with possibilities of foreign entanglements, if all our young men had such a record for marksmanship to their credit!

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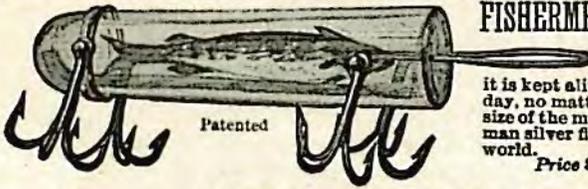
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In writing to Advertisers, kindly mention "Sports Afield."

### A STERN CODE.

Game Warden McCutcheon of Minot has had considerable experience the past year with the game laws, and has secured results. The other day, while we were at the Press Meeting at Fargo, writes the Editor of *The Journal* of McVille, N. D., Mac said to us that the following new game law ought to be enacted by the Solons for the good of the cause, and it is not far from hitting the mark at that: "Book Agents may be shot between October 1 and September 1; Spring Poets, from March 1 to June 1; Automobile Speed Demons, from January 1 to January 1; Road Hogs, from April 15 to April 15; Amateur Hunters, from September 1 to February 1; War Talkers, no closed season. Any man who accepts a paper for two years, and then, when the bill is presented, says, 'I never ordered it,' may be killed on sight, and shall be buried face downward in quick-lime, so as to destroy the germs and prevent the spread of infection."

### FROM SOUTHEAST MISSOURI.

EDITOR SPORTS AFIELD:—It may interest the Sportsman Fraternity to know that Southeast Missouri is still a good game country. I was raised in the backwoods, down in the "show me" State, near the Arkansas line, on the St. Francis River, where the fishing and hunting were excellent during my boyhood, and upon going back there last summer for my annual vacation I found plenty of game still there, for any good sportsman who will go after it. There are some deer, plenty of turkeys, squirrels, rabbits, wild-cats, wolves and a few black bear of the small type. During my boyhood I was taught to use a gun, but was the costliest thing to be had in the way was the costliest thing to be had in the backwoods at that early day.

I have always been fond of hunting, and all my spare time has been spent in the woods or on some lonely creek fishing, or seeking the pleasures to be had in the open fields and dense swamps. My wife and

myself have carried off some of the best prizes in shooting contests at different times, especially at the clay pigeon contest in East St. Louis last fall.

Hoping SPORTS AFIELD may have a royal year of prosperity during 1915, I remain, yours truly,  
E. R. RODGERS.

### A CAPITAL LITTLE BOOK.

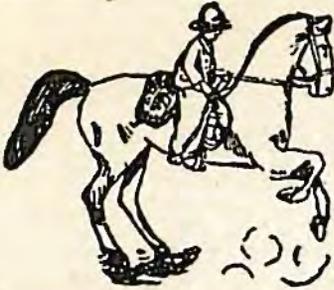
Every young sportsman and Boy Scout will be interested in a little booklet, *Four American Boys who are Famous Rifle Shots*, just published by the Remington Arms Co. It is crammed full of information about the good points of the Remington .22 caliber rifle and advice about improving the marksmanship of American boys and young men. It contains a short, meaty article on *The Usefulness of a Rifle* and another article on *How to Do Fancy Shooting*, by Rush Raze, champion fancy shooter of the world. It will be valuable reading for all American boys just at this time, when so much is being said and written about the importance of marksmanship to American young men and to our country in general. The booklet is sent free to any one who will mention SPORTS AFIELD and address the Remington Arms Co., 301 Broadway, N. Y. City.

### LOST IN THE MESQUITE.

A day and a night spent in a trackless waste of mesquite and cactus, without food or water, is an experience W. S. Concannon, a Kansas City hunter, has as a reminder of his latest deer hunt in Texas. Concannon returned yesterday from the seventh annual hunt of the five Concannon brothers on the 93,000-acre Cotulla Ranch, 30 miles south of Catarina, Tex. "It's an experience I don't want again," Concannon said.

Every year he and his four brothers hold a reunion and annual hunt in Texas. (A good suggestion in reunions, by the way.)

"Two of my brothers and myself left camp early in the morning, thinking we



**YOU NEED NO MONEY.**  
We will send our stock saddles anywhere C. O. D. subject to examination.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

**A. H. HESS & SON,**

305 Travis St.

Houston, Texas.



**Free Information on How to Do Tanning**

From the worthless looking green hides to the finest, soft tanned furred leather, moth-proof, at factory prices. Made up into beautiful Furs, Coats, Robes, Mittens and Caps. Send in your Catch. Taxidermist work.

**W. W. WEAVER, Custom Tanner, Reading, Mich.**



**INDIAN MOCCASINS**

Both Lace or Slipper

Made of Genuine Moose Hide

Men's Sizes, 6 to 11, at \$2.75

Ladies' or Boy's Sizes, 2 to 6, at \$2.25

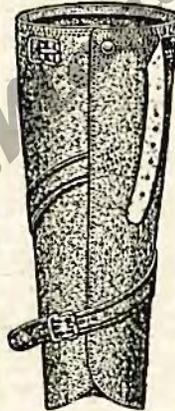
Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

We make the finest Buckskin Hunting Shirts in America. Carry in stock the largest assortment of Snow Shoes in the country. Also hand made Genuine Buckskin and Horsehide Gloves and Mittens. Our Wisconsin Crusing Shoes have no superior as a hunting shoe. Send for free catalog today.

**Metz & Schloerb,** 105 Main Street, OSHKOSH, WIS.

**Adjustable Puttee Leggings**

CIOCIOLA PATENT.



The ADJUSTABLE LEGGING is the success of the hour, because of the ADJUSTABLE features, which make it necessary to carry only two sizes in stock. Made in different grades of leather. Colors: Black and Russet. Sizes: 16 (to adjust to 14) and 18 (to adjust to 16). The leather is cut from No. 1 stock, and they retail at the following prices:

- |  | Per Pair. |
|--|-----------|
| No. 21. Genuine English Imported Pigskin; reinforced top, one side and bottom.....         | \$6.50    |
| No. 12. Cowhide; with imitation pig grain, bound on top, reinforced on one side and bottom | 5.00      |
| No. 38. Same Leather as No. 12; bound on top.....  | 4.50      |
| No. 13. Strap; with smooth finish, reinforced, bound on top, one side and bottom .....     | 5.00      |
| No. 37. Same Leather as No. 13; bound on top.....  | 4.50      |
| No. 23. Cowhide; with enamel finish, bound on top  | 3.50      |
| No. 24. Cowhide; enamel finish, reinforced as No. 12                                       | 3.75      |
| No. 25. Cowhide; enamel finish; one-piece legging, without being reinforced, plain.....    | 3.00      |
| No. 14. Three-piece Legging; joined together and bound on top .....                        | 2.00      |
- At your Dealer's, or will be sent to you, post-paid, on receipt of price.

**THE ARMY LEGGING CO.,**

General Office and Factory:

Sand Springs,

Oklahoma.



**BOOK ON DOG DISEASES**

And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S.  
118 West 31st Street, New York

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies



**GRAY MOTORS AND BOATS**

50 Leading Boat Builders have joined with the Gray Motor Company in issuing a catalog showing the specialties of each, which includes fishing launches complete from \$125 upward to mahogany finished express launches with Self-starting 6-Cylinder 4-Cycle Gray Motors for \$250. Cruisers from \$450 up. This book helps you select just the model of boat you have been looking for and tells you where to buy it and what it will cost. Send for this big Boat Catalog today. Free. Also Gray Marine Engine Catalog showing full line of 2 and 4 cycle marine motors from \$5 upwards, one to six cylinders. **GRAY MOTOR CO., 3233 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.**

**GUNS**

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES  
Exact Goods. Bottom Prices.  
Square Deal Guaranteed  
Send 3c. stamp for Catalog  
**POWELL & CLEMENT CO.**  
410 Main St., Cincinnati.

In writing to Advertisers, kindly mention "Sports Afield."

might get a shot at a buck and get back before breakfast," he said. "We split up and they told me not to cross a road toward which I was headed. I found the road all right and thought I'd take a chance, and crossed it. And I never found that road again. I walked all day and when night came I was still hunting—for the road. I sang and shouted and whistled as best I could to keep my spirits up. At 3 o'clock in the morning I found a log hut that had been an old camp, and there I got my bearings. That log hut was 18 miles away from where I had started. About daylight the next morning I saw one of my brothers coming thru the mesquite. They had hunted all night for me."—*Kansas City Post.*

#### JUST FOR OUTERS.

The New Metallic Razor Strop, advertised elsewhere in this issue of SPORTS AFIELD, is the invention of Thos. H. Fraser, a well-known Illinois sportsman. The invention was perfected while Mr. Fraser was marooned for nearly a whole winter at a gold mining camp in the wilds of Nova Scotia. On that occasion Necessity was in reality the Mother of Invention. There was nothing to use better than a boot-leg as a razor sharpener, and shaving became a painful task. Mr. Fraser had at hand, however, crucibles, a forge and several different minerals, and at last perfected a razor strop that is now proving to be a marvel in its line. A company was lately formed at Morrison, Ill., with Mr. Fraser as secretary, for the manufacture of this utility on a large scale and on more scientific principles. Try one for your outing camp.

#### A REVOLVER QUERY.

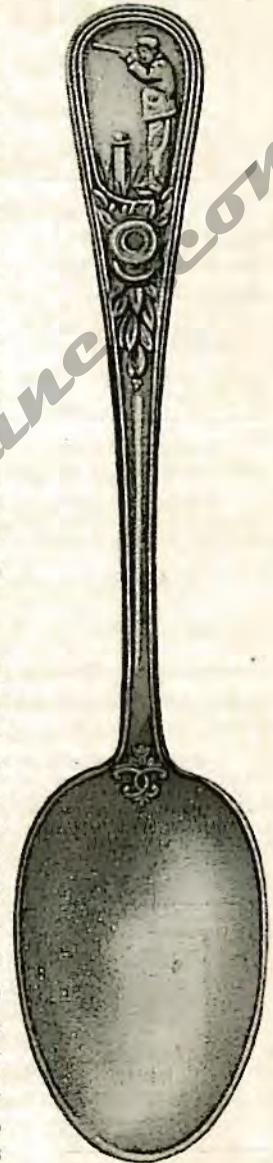
Can you tell me where I can get a .45 old style double action Colt revolver—7½ or 8 inch barrel, with side ejector; not stamped U. S. on frame. I am a collector of revolvers, pistols and rare arms of all sorts.

*Breckenridge, Mich.* DAN MERRILL.

#### A HANDSOME TROPHY.

An innovation in the way of a trapshooting trophy for gun clubs is provided in the DuPont 1915 Gun Club Trophy spoon. Several weeks ago the DuPont Co. announced that this year's gun club trophy would be an especially and appropriately designed sterling silver tea spoon, manufactured by Tiffany & Co. of New York. Instantly the idea seemed to meet with general favor on the part of trapshooters, and many clubs have made application for a DuPont spoon for their clubs.

One feature of the DuPont 1915 trophy proposition which is particularly pleasing is, that an opportunity is afforded any club to secure any number of these spoons that it desires. Every active and deserving club will be awarded one spoon, and they may purchase additional ones at \$1.50 each, postpaid. Under this arrangement a club may, at nominal cost, secure an attractive and useful supply of trophies sufficient to last through the season, and which will, beyond question, make their club shoots more and more interesting to their members. Gun Clubs desiring to secure these handsome trophies, should write to T. E. Doremus, Manager Sporting Powder Division, DuPont Co., Wilmington, Del.



# ERNEST MCGAFFEY'S OUTDOORS

A Book of the Woods,  
Fields and Marshlands

Price, \$1.35. Postpaid to any Address.

**SOME OF THE CHAPTERS.**

- |                            |                           |
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| The Marshes in April.      | Squirrel Shooting.        |
| Plover Shooting.           | Down the St. Joe River.   |
| The Melancholy Crane.      | A Masque of the Seasons.  |
| Flight of Common Birds.    | Woodchucks.               |
| Fishing for Crappie.       | Frog Hunting.             |
| In the Haunts of the Loon. | The Crow's Wing.          |
| Blue Bills and Decoys.     | Prairie Chicken Shooting. |
| Walking as an Art.         | Fall Jack-Snipe Shooting. |
| Along a Country Road.      | In Dim October.           |
| Under the Greenwood Tree.  | Hunting with Ferrets.     |
| Pan-Fishing.               | Quail Shooting.           |
| A Northern Nightingale.    | In Winter Woods.          |

"A worthy addition to the literature of American sport with the gun, rod and rifle."—*Forest and Stream.*

"Pervasive knowledge and understanding of the open-air world and poetic expression of the writer's temperament and feeling."—*Boston Transcript.*

**SPORTS AFIELD PUB. CO.,**

542 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

The Best and Most Authoritative Book on  
Fishing ever written.

## The Book of the Black Bass

By Doctor James A. Henshall.



This new edition, revised to date and largely rewritten, contains the complete scientific and life history of the Black Bass; together with a practical treatise on Angling and Fly Fishing, with a full description of tools, im-

plements and tackle. Seventh edition; 140 illustrations. Large 12mo. Handsomely bound.

Sent to any address, post-paid,  
on receipt of price, \$1.60.

**SPORTS AFIELD,**

Suite 1400 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ills.



## Indian Moccasins.

Made of Genuine Moosehide, embroidered with Indian tribe designs.

Men's sizes, 6-11, \$2.75. Ladies' and Boys, 2-6, \$2.25. Youths and Misses, 11-1, \$2.00. Children's (cloth tops), 5-10, \$1.25. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. We also supply handsome MOCCASIN SLIPPERS, same material, sizes and prices as above. They are artistic, sensible and the most comfortable home foot coverings imaginable. We make to measure the finest Buckskin Hunting Shirts in America. Write for Illustrated Circular and Price List of Moccasins, Snow Shoes and Hunting Shirts.

**METZ & SCHLOERB,** 65 Main Street, Oshkosh, Wis.

## A Rare Opportunity

A Fertile Wisconsin Farm of Forty Acres. With Comfortable Two-story Dwelling, Picturesquely Situated in a Grove of Fine Oak Trees. Located one mile from Dalton, a station on the Chicago & Northwestern's New Short Line between Chicago and St. Paul.

Twenty-four acres under cultivation; 8 acres good timber, balance pasture; land is in good state of cultivation; house has a good cellar; barn is 20x36, with 8-foot basement; two hen houses, 12x36 and 8x20. Good carriage house, tool house and granary. Buildings are all new. Good orchard and one-half acre of strawberries. Telephone; R. F. D. Only one mile from railroad station. Price, \$100 an acre.

**RICHARD S. JENKINS,** Dalton, Wis.

## WILDERNESS HOMES

By OLIVER KEMP.

A Book on Log Cabins and How to Build Them. Practical advice for the person who anticipates a cabin home in the woods. Contains many illustrations, sketches and plans, from a one-room cabin to the more expensive and elaborate 4 to 5-room hunting and fishing lodge.



Among the chapters are the following:  
 Making Plans      The Cabin and its Environment  
 The Fireplace      Inside the Cabin  
 The Axe and the Tree      What it Will Cost  
 Building the Cabin      Some Hunting Cabins  
 The Roof and the Floor      A Few Plans

Contains 155 pages; handsomely bound in cloth and Japanese wood-veneer. Price \$1.35, postpaid.  
**Sports Afield Pub. Co., 358 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

### THE NEW IDEAL HAND BOOK.

For the benefit of those shooters who have not been so fortunate as to secure a copy of the Ideal Hand Book in the past, we are pleased to state that The Ideal Hand Book of Useful Information for Shooters is a large 160 page book, issued each year and furnished without charge to any shooter sufficiently interested to send three stamps for postage. The principal purpose of the book is to show that the modern cartridge is a simple thing; that any intelligent shooter, using proper tools, can reload his rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition understandingly. He can adapt his loads exactly to his particular gun and enjoy a hobby that increases the efficiency of his gun, and cuts down his shooting expenses considerably.

It contains a world of useful information for shooters, answering clearly such questions as what is the twist of rifling in any standard rifle? What are the ballistics of the various cartridges? etc. It tells how to cast, and gives the diameter and weight of round balls for use in shotguns, explains how they are loaded and shows what results can be secured; explains how powder is measured for use in rifles and shotguns, telling how many cartridges one pound of powder will load; gives tables of primers, bullets and powders—showing clearly just what powder, primer and bullet to use for any rifle or pistol.

There are tables showing the actual cost of factory cartridges, compared with the cost of reloaded cartridges—showing the cost of primed shells, cost of powder, cost of bullets ready made, cost of bullets when you make them yourself, etc. The information in the book is accurate, and it will certainly make the average shooter sit up when he sees what a surprisingly big saving can be effected by reloading his shells. The book shows that the .22 Savage High Power cartridges, usually sold to the consumer at \$3.42 per hundred, can be reloaded at an expense of 62 cents per hundred. The .25-20 high velocity factory cartridges cost \$1.79 per 100; you can reload them with a mighty satisfactory load at an expense of only 59 cents. The .25-35 and .25-36 factory cartridges sell at \$2.97 per 100 and can be reloaded for high power requirements at 79 cents per 100.

By the use of reloading tools, one can cast perfect bullets; and, after the bullet is made, it is an extremely simple matter to prepare the cartridges, as it is only necessary to expel the old primer, seat the new primer, insert powder charge, place bullet in end of shell and crimp the shell on to the bullet—all of these operations being performed by a simple and inexpensive set of tools. One hundred cartridges like the .32-40 H. P. cartridge cost \$3.42 per 100; the 100 shells can be reloaded with factory bullets and have the same identical powder charges and primers as

in the new shells for \$1.35. You save \$2.07, while enjoying one of the most interesting half hours of your shooting experience. It would take more space than we can spare to mention one-tenth of the interesting features of the Ideal Hand Book; so we simply say, get a copy and look it over for yourself. Send 3 stamps postage today to the Marlin Firearms Co., 49 Willow St., New Haven, Conn., and get your own copy of the latest edition of the Ideal Hand Book.

### INTERNATIONAL SHOOTING FESTIVAL.

California invites the world to share in the celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal and feast upon the magnificent sights that are now being presented by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. With this invitation goes another—just as cordial, just as fraternal. It is an invitation from the marksmen of the whole Pacific Slope to the marksmen of the world to come to California and participate in the great shooting tournament which will be held under the auspices of the International Shooting Festival Association, August 8 to September 26, 1915. And the marksmen will come and will help to make this the greatest shooting tournament in all history.

The marksmen of the country are organizing large excursion parties, for the purpose of going in a body to California. The International Exposition Tour Company, with branches throughout the United States, advises the California marksmen that such parties are now being organized in different parts of the country.

What is expected to be the largest special train that has ever crossed the continent, will probably be the one carrying the marksmen of New York and New Jersey, with their families and friends, coming in a body to the great shooting festival. The following organizations are arranging to come: the Central Schuetzen Corps, New York City Schuetzen Corps, the Plattdeutscher Schuetzen Corps, New York Independent Schuetzen Corps, Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps, Deutsch-Americaner Schuetzen Bund, Hoboken City Schuetzen Corps, Hoboken Independent Schuetzen Corps.

The St. Louis Central Sharpshooters' Association, St. Louis, Missouri, has been organized by a combination of shooting societies, for the purpose of chartering several special trains, to travel in a body to California. This aggregation may have as large a number of marksmen as the Eastern contingent, and will start on the trip from an international tournament to be held at Davenport, Iowa. The Festival Association is preparing a program of unequalled attraction for this tournament—one that will interest the armies, navies, peace officers and civilian marksmen of all nations. The tournament will occupy fifty days; while

indoor practice will be held at night with artificial light. The society will offer valuable prizes in all events and contests, starting with an appropriation of \$35,000, which is likely to be increased to twice this amount from the receipts from shooting privileges and voluntary contributions from shooting organizations, heads of nations, communities, firms and corporations. Some of the prizes will be very valuable—thus compensating the winners for the expense of crossing the continent.

#### THE WEIGHT OF SILVER-TIPS.

Considerable interest has been aroused, and some discussion has arisen over the weight of the silvertip bear killed by Dr. E. C. Foote, as described in his article Hunting in the Sierra Madre of Mexico, on page 38 of our January number. The weight, 450 pounds, as given by Dr. Foote in his interesting article, seemed to us at first thought somewhat exaggerated; but, upon writing him about this phase of his article, he assured us that he was certain he had underestimated rather than over-stated the weight of the bear. Knowing him to be a man of unquestioned veracity, as well as an enthusiastic big game hunter, we believe our readers generally, and especially those of our readers who have doubted that silvertip bears ever weigh 450 pounds, will be interested in the following extract from a letter recently received from Dr. Foote, written from his home in Hastings, Neb.:

"Have just re-read the enclosed article, and assure you that the weight of the silver-tip is O. K. I know the great tendency is to over-estimate the weight in such cases, but I am fully convinced that she weighed every pound of 500, as the guide estimated her at 550, I believe. We could never have gotten her into the saddle had she not laid, where she stopped rolling, in a small ledge of rock—a trifle higher than the horse's back. You will note I said that the bears were 300 yards away, when I saw them rolling down the mountainside—i. e., 300 yards from me. Charlie was about 100 yards nearer to them when he did the shooting. Nevertheless, I consider it excellent shooting—three bear at five shots."

#### A SUCCESSFUL FISHING LURE.

The ad. of the Detroit Glass Minnow Tube Company in this issue of SPORTS AFIELD should interest every member of the Brotherhood of Anglers. This is a great company, with a long record of honorable dealing with fishermen, and their unique glass minnow tube, with its real live minnow, has been luring the Big Fellows from our cold Northern lakes and rivers for a great many years. Those of our readers who have not hitherto had business dealings with this splendid company can be sure of receiving a square deal from the Detroit Glass Minnow Tube Company, 63 West Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

#### THE DU PONT LONG RUN TROPHY.

In 1910 the Du Pont Powder Company originated the idea of giving a suitable trophy to trapshooters using a Du Pont powder in registered tournaments, who made a run of 100 or more, straight. The idea was so popular with amateur shooters throughout the country, that it was continued each succeeding year, with even more gratifying results. Of course the design of the trophy was changed each year, in order to make it attractive to the shooters who in previous years had won a Du Pont Long Run Trophy.

The Du Pont Long Run Trophy proposition for 1915-16 will be even more attractive than those given during previous years to shooters in registered tournaments. Briefly, the proposition is to award a handsome gold watch fob trophy to every amateur and professional shooter using a Du Pont powder who makes a run of 50 straight, or more, in a registered tournament. Trophies will be suitably engraved with the name and address of the winner, date of run, length of run and place where it was made. Thus the Du Pont Long Run Trophy becomes a permanent record of the winner's excellent shooting.

For each additional run of 50 straight, or more, in a registered tournament, a gold bar suitably engraved, which can easily be attached to the fob, will be awarded the winner. To indicate the length of the runs, the bars will be in three sizes, as follows:

For runs of 50 to 74 a bar approximately  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch wide will be awarded.

For runs of 75 to 99 a bar approximately  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch wide will be awarded.

For runs of 100 and over a bar approximately  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch wide will be awarded.

A solid gold watch of standard make (such as an Elgin, Waltham or Howard) will be given to every amateur winning a fob and 14 long run bars; that is, 15 runs of 50 or more entitle an amateur to the watch. When a shooter has received his watch, he may immediately start to work to win another.

The idea in stating definitely that the Du Pont Long Run Trophy and watch proposition will be for two years, is to make it clear to shooters that



if in 1915 they get but 8 runs of 50 or more, they have a chance during 1916 to make the required runs to win a watch. Under this plan, any shooter may win two, three or more watches, if he makes the necessary runs. But one fob will be given to each shooter. After winning one watch, additional runs will be recognized with bars like those first received. When the second 15 bars have been won, a watch will be awarded the shooter winning them. If preferred, silverware or other merchandise, or a lady's watch of standard value will be given to shooters entitled to additional watches.

The same conditions for professionals will prevail, except that they must make 25 runs of 50 straight, or more, to win a watch.

Shooters of Du Pont powders will be pleased to learn of the conditions under which Du Pont Long Run Trophies will be awarded in 1915-16, and we believe that this new and novel idea will meet with the hearty endorsement of shooters in all parts of the country.

#### FROM A GEORGIA PHILOSOPHER.

Our temperamental friend, Frederic Wortman, of Southern Georgia—poet, artist, dreamer, philosopher, sportsman and some other things eminently to his credit—in a personal letter to the Editor under date February 15 philosophizes thusly:

"Yours received some days ago, but stress of things not of making but of saving has interfered with my answering earlier. Things are in sorry plight down here, and misfortune has smiled such a wide, winning smile at me that things in line of sport have dodged a withered memory. SPORTS AFIELD was for many years a regular visitor to my den, and each issue furnished many an hour of reverie and wishful dreams. I have been for some time trying to get a large motor boat built, that I and kindred souls might scout into Florida waters, fish and ply the little .22, and, in spite of many things, I hope to do it all yet. Then, with a few facts to furnish nucleus and realistic spice, I can send in a few notes that may make half readable copy. Also I am getting a very fine 5x7 hand camera that will make pictures that you can turn into sure-enough illustrations. For the goods you had to start with, I want to say that those illustrations you made before were about as clear as I have ever seen, and I have helped to get up many for catalog work.

"Last fall I got a letter from the Chef of our drift, and he has taken unto himself a surgical nurse from near the line of Old Mexico, and was far north when he wrote. He is one of those genial souls that circle the globe, seeing things and making ends meet firmly for a season, that he may fray them later while he drifts, angles and sees the world as it is, literally keeping

sweet the milk of human kindness.

"Do you yourself ever drift south in forgetfulness that for a day ignores the strain that jerks you back to the desk, making and compiling cheer for others? If you do, and ever pass through Albany, stop off and ask for and about Wortman, and you will get various and divers replies. I will also take your likeness, and do my best to cartoon you—thereby getting even for the cut you slipped in, after saying that that proof could not reach you ere the magazine would go to press."

#### DOCTORS DO SOMETIMES AGREE.

DEAR MR. KING:—I am enjoying to the fullest degree Dr. Fort's "Around the Campfire." Would not be without SPORTS AFIELD for any consideration. Wishing you a royal year of prosperity, I remain, Faithfully yours,

Dr. W. R. STARBUCK.

Bricelyn, Minn.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

OUR long-time friend, Hon. C. H. Crane of Chicago—a most enthusiastic fisherman and a living example of the benefits (and length of years) arising from a fondness for the music of the reel and for life i' th' open—is spending the winter under Florida's turquoise sky, in a clime where black bass bite the year round, where the oranges are yellowing and sweetening in the sunlight, while we poor slaves are wading through the snow and breathing this "thick" Chicago air. We wish our genial "young" friend the usual fisherman's luck, and hope he will drink of the Fountain of Youth while sojourning under Southern skies, and return North in the spring with his usual assortment of fish stories, which we can assure all our readers will be veritable statements of truth.

\* \* \*

THE vast popularity of the .22 rim-fire cartridge is evidenced by the fact that the new Marlin catalog features four distinct models of repeating rifles for this ammunition, all using standard Short, Long and Long Rifle cartridges, and adapted to short-range target and small game shooting. Two of these repeaters have the under lever and two the trombone or sliding fore-end action. There is also, for short-range light shooting, the Model '92 repeater for .32 rim-fire cartridges, and in addition a modification of the popular Model 27, pump-action, repeater for the Stevens .25 rim-fire cartridge, renowned for its phenomenal accuracy up to 500 yds. For deer and larger game there are repeaters in a variety of models and for practically all the popular black-powder and smokeless high-power cartridges. All these arms have the regular Marlin features, solid top, side ejection and Ballard barrels—than which there are none better. A copy of the catalog may be had by addressing the Marlin Firearms Co., 49 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

# WANTS, FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Advertisements inserted under this heading for three cents per word, each insertion. Money must accompany advertisement.

These little ads. will be found extremely profitable—especially when the object or opportunity offered has real value. If you have a gun, rifle, fishing rod, tent or sporting implement of any kind and wish to sell or exchange it, try a Want Ad. Dogmen will find these pages of great value in disposing of young stock or when they wish to purchase a fine animal of any breed. The circulation of SPORTS AFIELD is world-wide, reaching all parts of the habitable globe, and many users of our Want and For Sale columns are steady advertisers all the year around.

**QUALITY BELGIAN HARES AND WHITE RABBITS. QUALITY RABBITRY, Bippus, Ind. 3-2t**

**WANTED.—A TAME DEER OR GENTLE FAWN. Will pay good price. Box 327, Lexington, Ky.**

**COCKER SPANIELS—ALL AGES; BITCHES IN whelp. FISCHER KENNELS, St. Francis, Wis. 3-3t**

**PEARL GUINEAS.—100 CHOICE BIRDS AT ONE Dollar each. Satisfaction guaranteed. JOHN HAES, Bettendorf, Iowa. 2-2t**

**SPORTSMEN!—A BEAUTIFUL HUNTING PICTURE—16 by 20; only two dimes. Fifty comic return envelopes postpaid; only 23 cts. W. SMITH, Hatfield, Minn. 3-2t**

**MANGE, ECZEMA, EAR CANKER AND GOITRE—Satisfaction guaranteed in three weeks or money refunded. Price \$1.00. ECZEMA REMEDY CO., Hot Springs, Arkansas.**

**FOR SALE.—BLACK AND SILVER FOXES—CROSS, patch and red—for breeding purposes; also mink. WM. HANSCOM, Stratton, Maine.**

**IF YOU HAVE A DOG, GUN, ROD OR ANYTHING YOU wish to sell or trade, you can dispose of it quickly by using a SPORTS AFIELD WANT AD. Think it over.**

**FOR SALE.—SOME CHOICE SETTER AND POINTER puppies and trained dogs. Also spaniels and retrievers. Enclose stamps for list. THOROUGHbred KENNELS, Atlantic, Iowa.**

**A IREDALES.—PART OF A LITTER WHELPED OCT. 3, 1914. Dam out of a Soudan Swiveller bitch; sire by Soudan Swiveller, out of a Tintern Desire bitch. Fine individuals; perfectly marked. DR. LUMLEY, Ellsworth, Wis.**

**ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, CANCER, TETTER, OLD sores, catarrh, dandruff, sore eyes, rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff joints and itching piles. Satisfaction guaranteed in three weeks or money refunded. Write for particulars; expressed for \$1.00. ECZEMA REMEDY CO., Hot Springs, Arkansas.**

**FOX AND HOUND AND TRAPPER'S WORLD.—Monthly magazine about fox,coon, mink, skunk, opossum, wolf and rabbit hounds; has good live Beagle department; tells how to hunt, trap and sell furs; tells of good locations for hunters, trappers and fishermen; \$1 per year; sample free. FOX AND HOUND, Desk S, Decatur, Ill. 1-2t**

**FOR SALE.—TWO LARGE MOOSE HEADS; SPREAD of horns, 56 and 50 inches. Winter killed and nicely mounted by the best known methods of Taxidermy. I will ship by prepaid express, duty free, to any point in the United States, with privilege of examination before acceptance, and at my risk in every way. EDWIN DIXON, Expert Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario, Canada.**

**WANTED.—AN HONEST AND ENERGETIC REPRESENTATIVE in every village, town and city in the U. S. and Canada to act as agent for SPORTS AFIELD. We want persons who can get new subscribers, gather up renewals and write us a short letter occasionally covering any matters of interest to sportsmen. Will pay very liberal commission on both renewals and new subscriptions. Do not answer unless you mean business. Write at once to Sports Afield Pub. Co., 542 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.**

**STAMPS.—CANCELLED AND OLD POSTAGE STAMPS wanted—especially old collections. Will pay spot cash for same. Address NUT & BUG, Palmyra, Wis. 3-10t**

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Advertisements inserted under this heading for three cents per word, each insertion. Money must accompany advertisement.

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**NORWEGIAN BEAR DOGS. IRISH WOLFHOUNDS;** English bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, American foxhounds, lion, cat, deer, wolf and coon varmint dogs. All trained. Shipped on trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Purchaser to decide. Fifty page highly illustrated catalogue for 5 cts. in stamps. **ROOKWOOD KENNELS**, Lexington, Kentucky.

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**FREE INFORMATION ON HOW TO DO TAXIDER-**mist work. Send for our circulars and prices on mounting game heads for wall mounts, such as deer, moose, etc. Rug work for the floor, both open and closed mouth. **W. W. WEAVER**, Custom Tanner, Reading, Michigan.

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Discard your old Hone and Razor Strop, and send \$1.00 for the wonderful

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It is Sanitary, sharpens by a Few Strokes, and will not round your Razor's Edge, like the old-fashioned leather strop.

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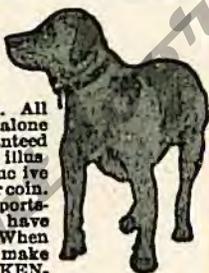
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**ANTIQUE PISTOLS. FIREARMS for sale. We pay the freight and postage. No duty. ALLEN, 3 The Facade, Charing Cross, London, England.**

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 by W. C. Hazelton, and also articles by Ernest McGaffey, Ross Kiner, J. F. Parks, R. P. Holland and others, in

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Here are four Dandy Guns—three rifles and one shotgun—any one of which will make glad the heart of the Young Hunter, Young Trapper or any Outdoor Boy. And the good news about all this is that you can

## EARN A GUN

without the expenditure of a cent of your good money. Simply do a little hustling for SPORTS AFIELD. These are all STEVENS GUNS, and this means as near gun perfection as you can buy anywhere, from anybody. Read these descriptions carefully, select the gun you think will give you best service, considering the game most plentiful in your locality—then HUSTLE!

1. Stevens "Little Scout" Take-down Single-shot Rifle. 18-inch round barrel; case hardened frame; blued steel butt plate; front and open rear sights. Adapted for .22 Short, .22 Long or .22 Long Rifle cartridges; weight, 2¾ lbs. Suitable for rabbit and squirrel shooting. A hard-shooting little gun, considering its weight. Given for only Five Yearly Subscriptions to SPORTS AFIELD.

2. Stevens "Marksman" Take-down Single-shot Rifle; .22, .25 or .32 caliber; weight, 4 lbs. Made especially for the use of smokeless powder ammunition; no possibility of "blow-backs." Fills the demand for a .25 or .32 as well as .22 caliber. 22-inch, round barrel; plain lever action; plain extractor. Full oval stock; shotgun butt with rubber butt plate. Bead front sight and open rear sight. Given for only Six Yearly Subscriptions to SPORTS AFIELD.



### The Stevens "Favorite" Rifle

3. Stevens "Favorite" Take-down Single-shot Rifle—.22, .25 or .32 caliber. Weight, 4½ lbs. 24-inch full octagon barrel; blued frame. Automatic ejector in regular .22 caliber only; plain extractor in other calibers. Walnut stock; shotgun butt; rubber butt plate; walnut fore-end; has Rocky Mountain front and sporting rear sights. A very serviceable rifle. Given for only Eight Yearly Subscriptions to SPORTS AFIELD.

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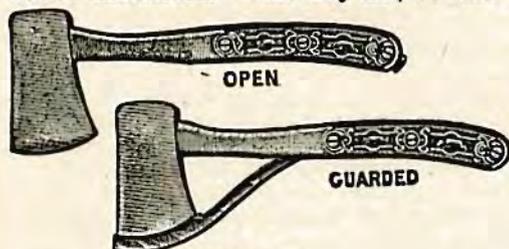
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Sports Afield Publishing Company,

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The most indispensable tool a sportsman ever carried is a Marble Safety Pocket Axe. Every up-to-date sportsman should have one. A perfect axe for clearing a trail, making camp and the many other uses an axe can be put to. If you have ever handled one in the woods they need no further introduction. While they last, we offer



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Style No. 2 for only **THREE** new yearly subscriptions at \$1.50 each. This axe weighs 20 ozs., has 11-inch steel and hard rubber handle; made of the best tool steel and is fully warranted; has safety guard, which protects blade and allows you to slip it into hip or coat pocket.

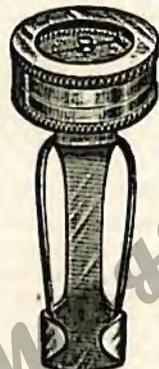


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How's the sight on your gun, or haven't you any? You can't afford to be without one, when we send you a Marble's Improved Front Sight for only **ONE** subscription (new, of course). This is the only sight which enables you to see under as well as over. On long ranges, where you cannot wait to adjust the rear sight, accuracy is insured by the fact that you can see the object aimed at under the sight. Made in 1-16, 3-32 or 1-8-inch heads, with choice of Ivory, German Silver, gold alloy or aluminum.



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Another indispensable article for sportsmen is a Marble Compass. No one can safely go into big timber without one. We offer this No. 2 Compass with jeweled capped needle for only **TWO** new subscriptions. Can be fastened firmly to belt, coat or vest, so it will be always in sight—thus keeping your direction without stopping to dig

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Canoe Knife.

A No. 2 Marble Safety Pocket Knife, 5-inch blade; engraved hard rubber side plates; weight 5 ozs. This is a folding knife and can be carried either in the pocket or at the belt.

An Ideal hunting knife No. 1, made from the finest steel in the world. It is hand tempered and hand finished. Is put up with laminated leather handle, brass and fibre trimmings and polished stag horn tips; either 5 or 6 inch blade.

Canoe knife, with 4½-inch blade, stag horn or leather handle; weight 5 ozs.

For **TWO** subscriptions we'll send a Marble Camp Carver. Finest quality steel, either stag or rosewood handle, 8-inch blade; or a handy fish knife with leather case, inlaid German silver plate on reverse side; choice of either 2½ or 3½ inch blade.

**Sports Afield Publishing Co.,**  
542 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

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Write us for a free bundle of sample copies and subscription blanks, and make a canvass of your town or neighborhood. As a rule, the best sportsmen are found among Doctors, Dentists, Bankers, Merchants, County and City Officials, Judges, Court Officers and the like. Subscription price: U. S., Mexico and Cuba, \$1.50 a year; Canada, \$1.75. In sending us a club, your own subscription will count as one. For your work, you can have a choice of any one of the following named articles.

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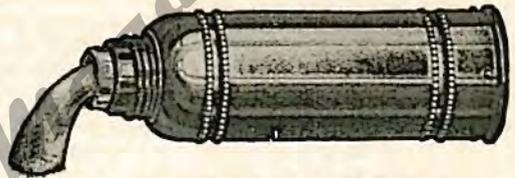
- ▲ Hawk-eye Refrigerator Basket (selling at \$5.00).
- ▲ Bristol Steel Bangley Fishing Rod (jointed); 9 ft. long; wt., 8½ ozs.; nickel mountings. A splendid all-round rod (selling at \$5.00).
- ▲ Pair of Finely Tanned Indian Moccasins (selling up to \$3.00); any size or make.
- ▲ A half-dozen Automatic Canvas Duck Decoys.

▲ A half-dozen Perdew Crow Decoys (selling at \$9.00 a dozen).

▲ A Stevens Crack Shot Take-down Rifle, shooting the .22 Long Rifle rim-fire cartridge as the .32 Short.

▲ A double-deck Folding Tent Cot (for two persons); 6½ ft. long by 27 in. wide. Made by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co., Racine, Wis. (selling at \$4.50).

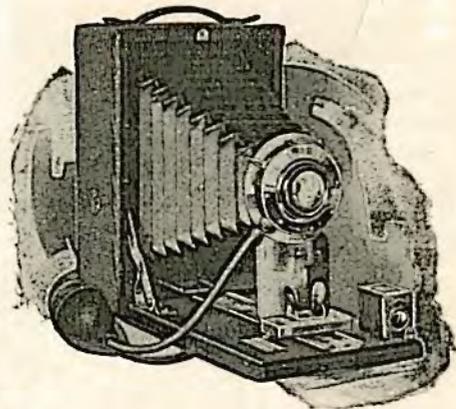
▲ An Icy-Hot Vacuum Bottle; pint size. Guar-



anteed to keep liquids hot for 24 hrs. or cold for 48 hrs. Quart size for 10 subscriptions.

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- ▲ A heavy-weight Webber Hand Knit Shooting Jacket; dead grass, Oxford grey, black, navy blue or scarlet (selling at \$5.00).

**An Upthegrove Hunting Coat**, made of the very best 10-oz. duck, full lined, cerduroy collar and cuffs (selling at \$8.00). Made to your special measure. Send for measurement blanks.

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**A finest quality Oak Tanned Heavy Leather Gun Case**; flannel lined, with patent lock buckle and brass trimmings (selling at \$6.00).

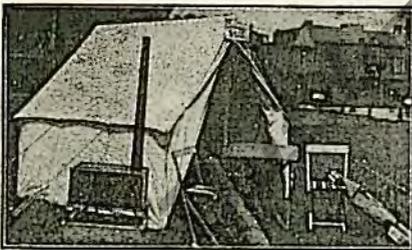
**A Stevens No. 105 Single Barrel Shotgun**; choked for nitro powder; 12, 16 or 20 gauge (selling at \$7.00).

**A Maxim Silencer**, complete with cap and coupling for attaching to rifle without the use of tools; .22 calibre; state model and make.

**A pair of Mayhew's High Top Waterproof Hunting Shoes**; made of best grade Para rubber; light and strong (selling at \$5.00).

**FOR TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS:**

**A 7x9 Wall Tent**, made of 8-oz. single filling; 6½ ft. high with 3 ft. wall (selling at \$7.00). This same size tent, made of 8-oz. Army Duck, for 14 subscriptions.



**Any Sweater Coat or Jacket**, selling at \$6.00 and under.

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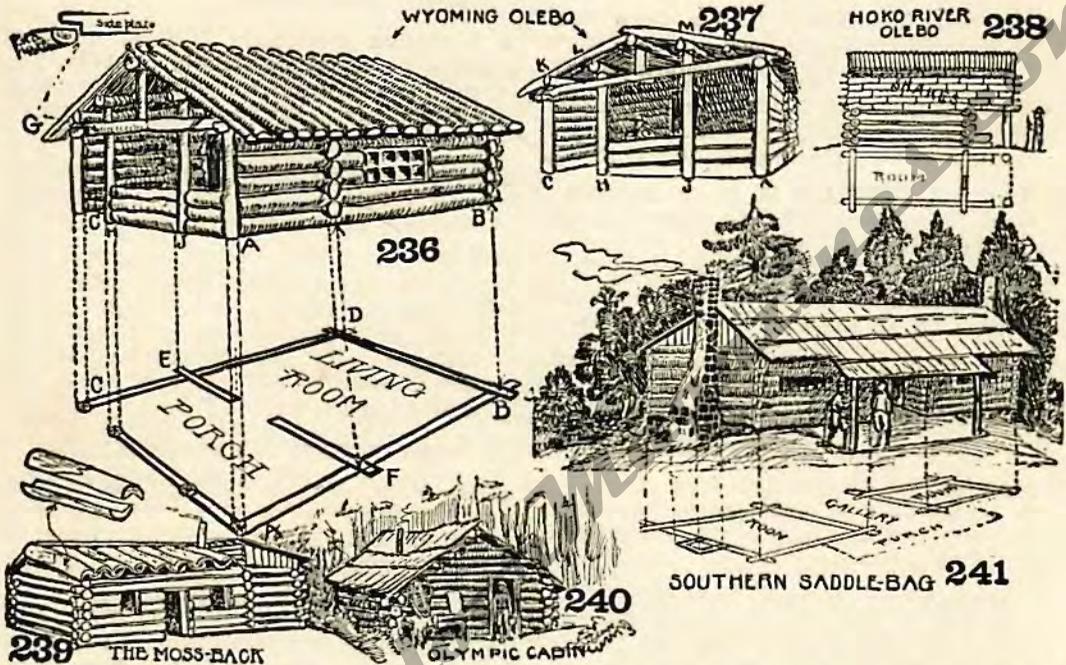
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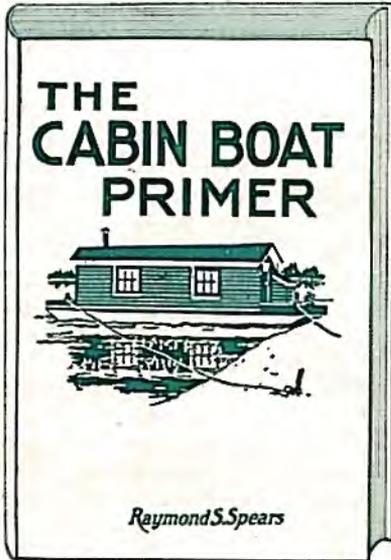
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