

10c. **America's Magazine for Gentlemen Sportsmen** 10c.

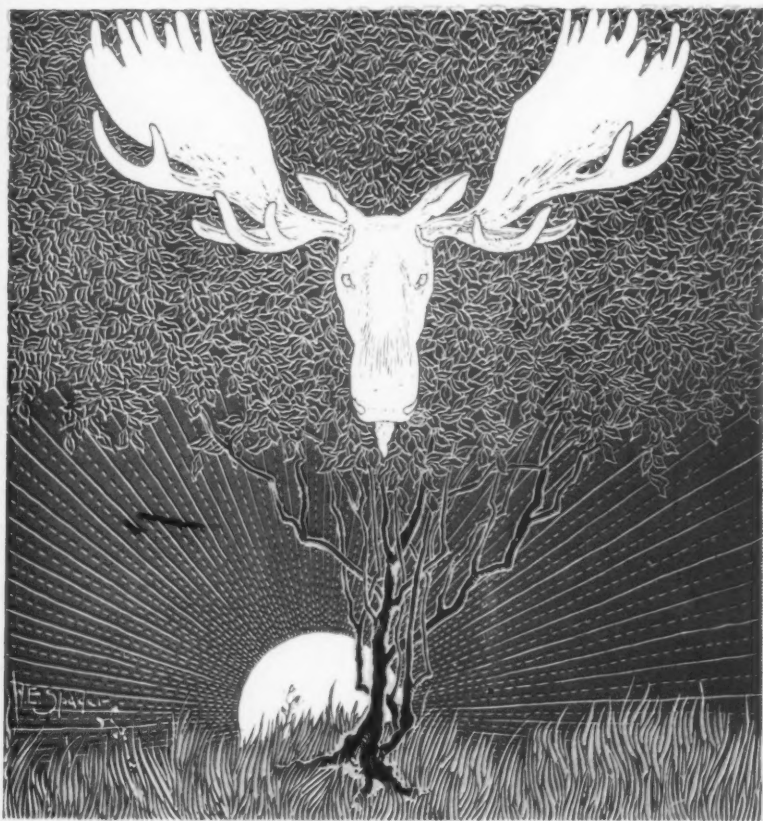
YEAR SIX

MAY, 1901

NUMBER THREE

# FIELD & STREAM

AND AMERICAN ANGLER



JOHN P. BURKHARD PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

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## STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers  
Liability Insurance.

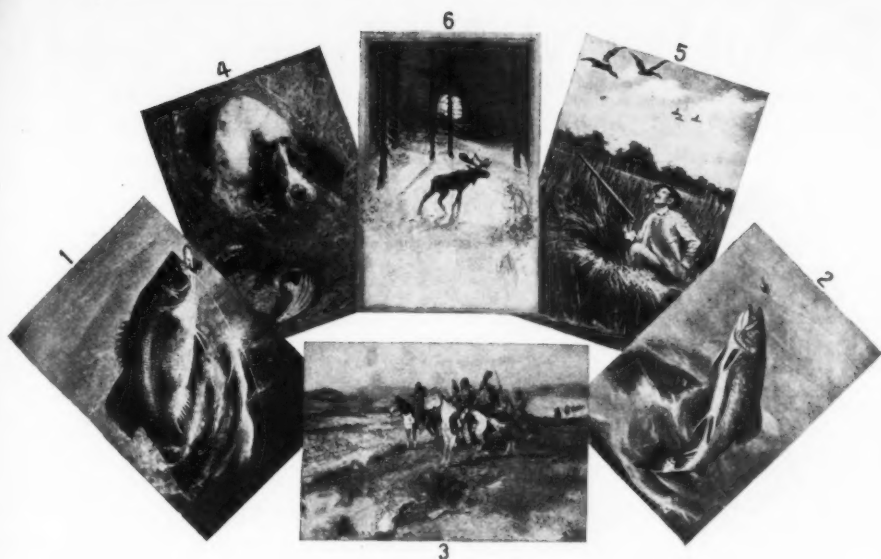
JAMES G. BATTERSON, President

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00

JANUARY 1, 1901	
Total Assets	\$30,861,030.06
Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.	26,317,903.25
TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves).	\$4,543,126.81
EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders,	3,543,126.81
SURPLUS,	
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	\$42,643,384.92
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900,	2,908,464.03
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	1,586,652.20
Life Insurance in Force,	109,019,551.00
GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:	
IN ASSETS,	\$3,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,885,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3½ per cent. basis)	2,484,392.52
PREMIUMS COLLECTED,	6,890,888.55

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice President  
John E. Morris, Secretary J. B. Lewis, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster  
Edward V. Preston, Superintendent of Agencies Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary





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No. 3. "Before the White Man Came," by C. M. Russell,  
the Cowboy Artist

No. 4. "Dead Bird," by Prof. E. H. Osthaus

No. 5. "Out of Shells," by Oliver Kemp

No. 6. "A Forest Idyl," by M. J. Burns

## OUR PICTURE OFFER

**O**NE dollar not only secures a year's subscription, but in addition any one of the above six beautiful pictures, postpaid.

Specify the one wanted by its number. These pictures are nineteen by twenty-five in size, worthy of a place in any home, being exclusive and original subjects by famous artists. If sold in art stores they would readily command \$3 apiece. If you are already a subscriber and wish these pictures, each dollar you send to apply on your subscription account entitles you to one choice. Secure them all now while you can.

JOHN P. BURKHARD PUB. CO.,

.....190

Enclosed find.....Dollar, for which send

**Field and Stream** to (address).....

for one year, commencing with the.....number, and

including picture No.....as per your offer.

Signed,.....

# Do Not Delay! The Time is Short!

Here are fac-simile checks received by winners of the first five prizes in recent U. S. Census Guessing Contest. On opposite page you will find particulars of another contest now taking place.

## Letters Acknowledging Receipt of Checks.

Pittsburg, Pa. Jan. 1st, 1902.

Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen—Have your prizes Nos. 1 and 299 in your late Census Guessing Contest amounting to \$1,000.00 and \$500.00 respectively. I am at once duty to show my appreciation at least to the extent of writing you one connected with the Press Publishing Association a happy New Year.

I have taken a great many chances in other enterprises but never struck it rich before. I am thoroughly satisfied of the absolute honesty and fairness of your methods. When one starts to consider the plan he can readily see that there is no chance for dishonesty. Four prizes are directly interested in every prize that is won, namely the subscriber to a paper, the publisher of the paper who receives the subscription, the Press Publishing Association, to which the value of the certificate is turned, and the bank which pays the prize. This publicity insures absolute honesty, and I am perfectly satisfied that any one who is fortunate enough to guess a lucky number in your contest will certainly receive the prize to which he is entitled. I intend to make a good many guesses in the Canadian Census Contest. I hope you will meet with very great success. Thanking you for the promptness in paying my prize, I am,

Very truly yours,  
GEO. MOHN, JR.

Detroit, Mich. Dec. 20, 1901.

Hammond Building, City.

Gentlemen—I was disappointed yesterday on the Central Savings Bank and received the \$500.00 prize which I won in your Census Guessing Contest. I will most gratefully thank you for the prompt payment of same. I subscribed for fifteen different papers in the late contest and was lucky enough to strike the one correct number. I think I shall double the number in your next contest. Kindly furnish me with a list of papers using your Canadian Census, and greatly obliging.

Yours very truly,  
W. A. McLAUGHLIN.

Troisla, Mich. Dec. 30, 1901.

Press Publishing Association.

Gentlemen—I was disappointed when I received your notice that I had drawn the third prize of \$1,000.00 and could not believe it until I got my check cashed at the bank. Did not expect to draw anything. I shall try again in your next contest. I know many others from this place will as they now feel sure it is a profitable business.

Yours respectfully,  
W. J. HARRISON.

Remond, Ohio, Mo. Jan. 10, 1902.

Press Publishing Association.

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 1st is received with much of interest. Many thanks for your promptness.

Yours truly,  
AUGUST BIERBAUM.

Lawrence, N. C. Jan. 15, 1902.

Press Publishing Association.

Dear Sir—I have yours of the 11th inst. enclosing check No. 1 for \$500. It is indeed, for me in case that I am very much for what I have won for that will not begin to tell you the appreciation. I notice that you have another Census contest, and I will endeavor to always speak a word of kindness for you when an opportunity is afforded.

Again thanking you for the prize I have won, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,  
A. F. NEWTON.

City Park, N. Y. Jan. 9th, 1902.

Press Publishing Association.

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your check on the Central Savings Bank, Detroit, Mich., for \$500.00 in payment of the sixth prize in your Census Guessing Contest. But which check accept my most hearty thanks.

Very truly yours,  
MISS D. E. LADOUX.

Richmond, N. C. Jan. 11, 1902.

Press Publishing Association.

Gentlemen—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of your check for \$500 in payment of prize No. 7 in U. S. Census Guessing Contest. I thank you for your promptness in sending same.

Yours truly,  
J. W. DORSEY.

Holland, So. Dak. Jan. 12, 1902.

Press Publishing Association.

Gentlemen—I received your letter of the 11th inst. enclosing check for \$500 in payment of prize No. 9 and one of the Census Contest. I also won a box of cigars from my neighbor, who said I would get anything even if I guessed the exact number.

Yours with respect,  
PERRY SIMONS.

Darien, Jan. 10, 1902.

Press Publishing Association.

Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge the check for \$500 which you kindly sent me, and oblige. With many thanks.

Yours truly,  
LESLIE MONROE.

Durham, Conn.

Fargo N. D. Jan. 11, 1902.

Press Publishing Association.

Gentlemen—Your check No. 21 for \$500 duly received, for which you will find enclosed receipt for same. Thanking you for my unexpected good luck, I remain,

Yours very truly,  
ALISON BUBAKER.

Treasurer: Fargo Theater

Press Publishing Association.

No. 1

PAY TO THE ORDER OF  
George Mohn, Jr. (Pa.)  
Five Hundred Dollars.  
TO CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK,  
DETROIT, MICH.  
W. A. Mohn, Jr.

Press Publishing Association.

No. 2

PAY TO THE ORDER OF  
W. A. Mohn, Jr. (Pa.)  
Five Hundred Dollars.  
TO CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK,  
DETROIT, MICH.  
W. A. Mohn, Jr.

Press Publishing Association.

No. 3

PAY TO THE ORDER OF  
W. J. Harrison  
One Thousand Dollars.  
TO CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK,  
DETROIT, MICH.  
W. J. Harrison

Press Publishing Association.

No. 4

PAY TO THE ORDER OF  
August Bierbaum  
Five Hundred Dollars.  
TO CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK,  
DETROIT, MICH.  
A. Bierbaum

Press Publishing Association.

No. 5

PAY TO THE ORDER OF  
A. F. Newton  
Three Hundred Dollars.  
TO CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK,  
DETROIT, MICH.  
A. F. Newton

# \$10,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY

## ARE YOU INTERESTED IN AN INTELLIGENT CENSUS CONTEST?

**I**F so, send your guess and subscription to FIELD AND STREAM and receive a certificate which will entitle you to participate in \$10,000.00, to be distributed in 1,000 Cash Prizes by the PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, OF DETROIT, MICH., among those making the nearest guesses or estimates of the population of the Dominion of Canada, as shown by the official census of 1901, which will be taken April 1.

We have made arrangements with THE PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION to enable our subscribers to participate in the distribution of the prizes, amounting to \$10,000.00.

**YOUR GUESS** When you send in your subscription you make your guess. Be sure to write your name, address and guess as plainly as possible. As soon as we receive your subscription we will send you a certificate of the PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, OF DETROIT, MICH., containing your guess, which will entitle you to any prize that you may draw. We will file the duplicate certificate with the Press Publishing Association. Every subscriber will receive as many certificates and have as many guesses as he sends subscriptions, or renewals of subscriptions, to FIELD AND STREAM.

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

To aid subscribers in forming their estimate, we furnish the following data:

Year	Total Population	Increase	Per cen.
1871	3,689,257	.....	.....
1881	4,324,810	635,553	17.23
1891	4,833,239	508,429	11.29

The population for 1901 at an increase of 12% over the population would be.....5,413,227  
(An increase of 579,988)

At an increase of 15% it would be...5,558,224  
(An increase of 724,985)

At an increase of 20% it would be...5,799,886  
(An increase of 966,647)

At an increase of 25% it would be...6,041,548  
(An increase of 1,208,309)

**I Hereby Certify**, that the Press Publishing Association has deposited \$10,000.00 in the Central Savings Bank, Detroit, Mich., for the express purpose of paying the prizes.

W. A. PRINGS,  
Pres. Central Savings Bank, Detroit, Mich.

## PRIZES TO BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

To the nearest correct guess .....	\$5,000.00
To the 2nd .....	2,000.00
To the 3rd .....	700.00
To the 4th .....	300.00
To the 5th .....	100.00
To the 6th .....	50.00
To the next 12 nearest correct guesses, \$10.00 each, amounting to .....	120.00
To the next 42 nearest correct guesses, \$5.00 each, amounting to .....	210.00
To the next 100 nearest correct guesses, \$3.00 each, amounting to .....	300.00
To the next 380 nearest correct guesses, \$2.00 each, amounting to .....	760.00
To the next 460 nearest correct guesses, \$1.00 each, amounting to .....	460.00
Total, 1,000 prizes, amounting to	\$10,000.00

In case of a tie, or that two or more estimators are equally correct, prizes will be divided equally between them.

## SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Name .....

Town .....

State .....

My Guess .....

# REMEMBER

THAT THE FIRST  
PRIZE IS . . . .

# \$5,000.00

SEE LIST OF WINNERS ON OPPOSITE PAGE IN THE  
RECENT U. S. CENSUS CONTEST, AND WHAT THEY SAY

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This is the cry of many a busy, rushing, hustling, business man, whose system through careless neglect of the natural functions of the body, or from overeating, irregular or omitted meals, worry, late hours or excess, is all run down.

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Indigestion tortures them, nothing either tastes good or digests easily, and life seems at times a burden. Better to-day—worse to-morrow.

To all such sufferers there is a sure, speedy, palatable, economical cure—time-tested, never-failing—that is

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**The Great Tonic Laxative.** When your system is all run down, when you feel weak, played out, tired in the morning, not enough energy to take any interest in life, it is the sign that your whole system is deranged, your digestive organs weakened, your blood thin and impure.

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Its remarkable tonic properties reach every organ—the liver, kidneys and stomach, nerve, heart and brain—and remove the cause of your debilitated condition.

*This is the only way to secure an absolute and permanent cure.*

Laxakola never fails. It does its work easily, gently and smoothly. At the same time it is a tonic. It tones up every organ and function of the body. It is the only remedy that should be given to babies. It tastes good. *Children like it and ask for it.* Absolutely pure; its gentle yet speedy effect commends itself to mothers of ailing, fretful, colicky, teething babies. A single dose of Laxakola often relieves the infant sufferer by moving the bowels and thus removing the cause. Laxakola will keep the bowels open and the stomach in healthy, active condition and its tonic properties will keep the little folks hearty and happy. Laxakola is not only the most efficient of family remedies, but the most economical. It costs less than other laxatives, you get more for your money, smaller doses are necessary, and because it combines two medicines, viz.: laxative and tonic, at one price. At druggists 25c. and 50c. or free sample of THE LAXAKOLA CO., 133 Nassau St., N. Y., 356 Dearborn St., Chicago, or send 50c. and a large bottle will be expressed you prepaid.

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**FOR SALE.**—Pointer bitch; broken; two years old, and her five puppies (four dogs, one bitch) two and one-half months old. Will be sold singly or altogether. They are not cheap dogs. Pedigree and price on application to **F. K. HALLEY**, Rhinebeck, New York.

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KENNEL**

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DUKE OF GILES

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(Rip Rap-Pearl's Dot.) Fee \$25.

## LAD OF JINGO

(Ch. Jingo-Dot's Pearl.) Fee \$25.

W. P. AUSTIN, Mansfield, Pa.

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.....H. B. LEDBETTER, Farmington, Mo.

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AND

## Fox Terriers

WE now have on hand a choice lot of Scotch Collie and Fox Terrier Puppies of both sexes, ready to ship, also handsome trained dogs and brood bitches in whelp from best blood in the country.

Prices and particulars will be given by letter.

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*The Famous English Setter*

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(ORANGE BELTON)

Winner in England of 124 Firsts, 5 Championships, 2 Challenge Cups, 12 Specials for Best Sporting Dog in the Show, and 38 Specials for Best Dog of any breed in the Show.

By Lord Bentinck from Orton Dobbie

Fee until July 1 to a limited number of approved bitches, \$35.

*Gordon Setter*

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*The Famous Irish Setter*

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MEDINA COUNTY KENNELS

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Winner of Four Firsts in Open Trials.

## UNCLE B.

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in America. 🐾 🐾 🐾

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*The Field Trial Winner*

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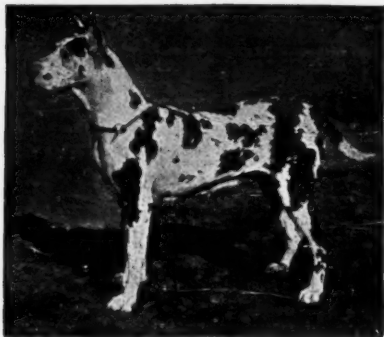
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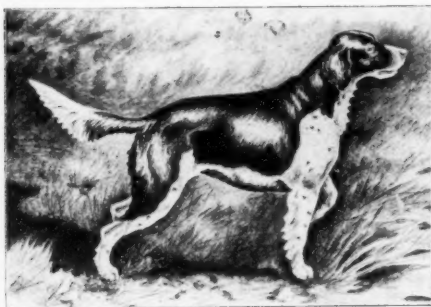
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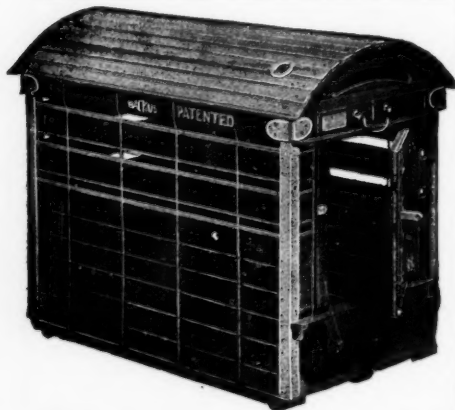
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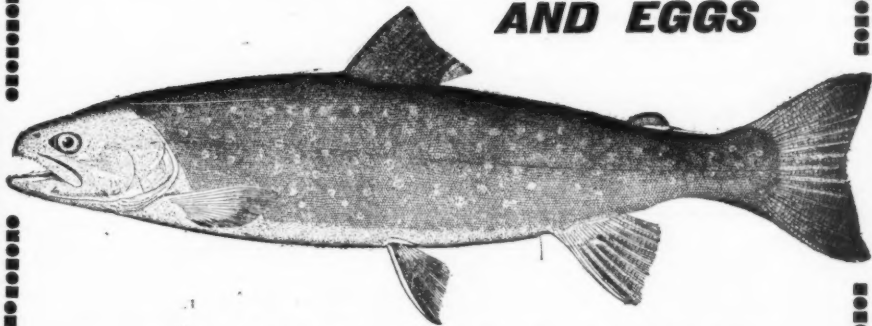
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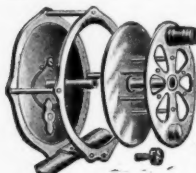
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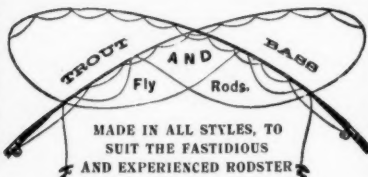
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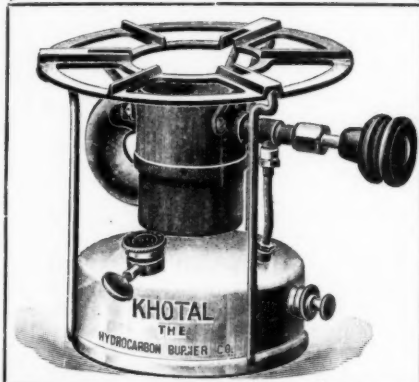
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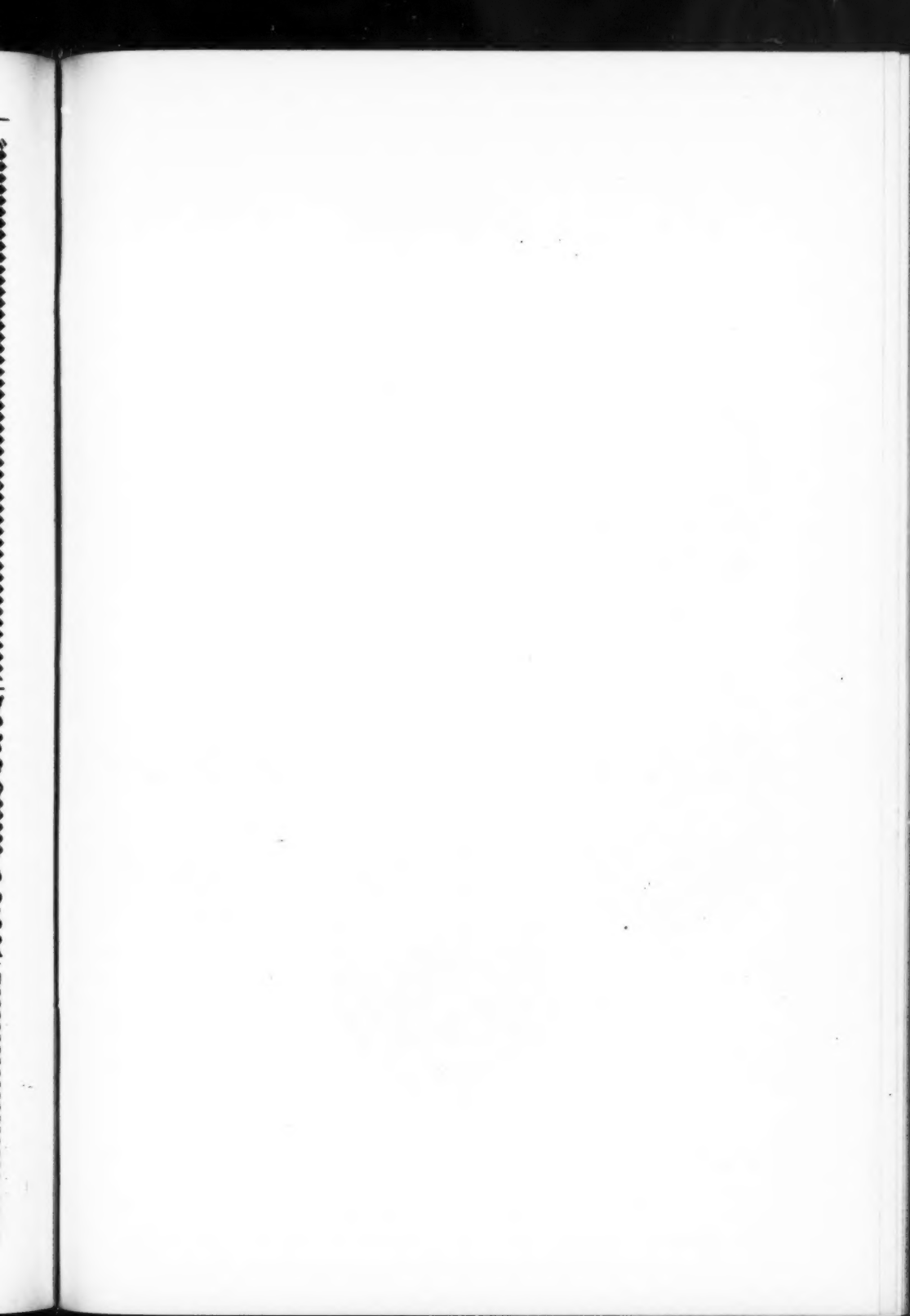
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# FIELD AND STREAM

Year Six

MAY, 1901

Number Three



## TWO FAMOUS SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS

Frank Heywood

**I**T is intended to give in these sketches some account of what has been known from time immemorial as one of the most remarkable game regions in the United States, as well as of two Sportsmen's Clubs, whose personnel and whose achievements with the gun, their methods and efforts along the line of establishing a higher standard of field sports, entitles them to distinction in the annals of gentlemen sportsmen.

It was once asserted by "Gloan," in his book, "The Breechloader," that "with the non-shooting public every man who can shoot on the wing is a sportsman; the man who can follow the track of a quail in the cornfield as an Indian can track a deer in the forest, who exterminates a bevy of birds at a single shot, is a sportsman; he who slaughters hundreds of fowl in and out of season, is also a sportsman and, knowing no difference between these and their betters of the gun, the indiscriminating public classes them all alike." It is believed that this was to a greater extent true when these words were penned than is the case to-day, and that the non-shooting public has been led to radical changes in its view of this subject largely by a more intelligent observation of the real qualities of genuine sportsmen, a better understanding of their methods, their effective efforts in the direction of game and fish pro-

tection, their dignified recognition of the rights and feelings of their fellow-men, and in their elevation of the standard of field sports. The field is the touchstone of the man; the qualities of a gentleman are inherent and exhibit themselves as conspicuously in the field, the forest and on the stream as in the drawing-room or the office. It is not difficult to believe that a large majority of men are sportsmen at heart. The love of field sports is not confined to any one class or nation. Go where you may you will find the same "nature's free masonry," the warm-hearted hospitality and good-fellowship, which is more than merely the generic bond of sympathy.

There must, of necessity, exist among men, high-minded and positive in their convictions, an honest difference of opinion regarding certain phases of the law and certain measures of clubs, societies and organizations generally, however meritorious or wisely framed.

Nestled peacefully in one of the most beautiful valleys of the great commonwealth of Michigan, in the midst of fertile, well-tilled acres, and the "elegant bounty" of one of nature's great producing districts, lies the attractive little city of Monroe, the second oldest settlement in the State. It is about three miles distant from Lake Erie, on the River Raisin. The surrounding landscape, while by no means striking,

is pleasing. For more than a century, even ever since this region was first explored by the early French voyageurs, the extensive marshes which lie between Monroe and the lake at its western extremity have been famous as a rendezvous for almost every variety of water fowl. The immense fields of wild rice and celery which constituted these marshes offer most tempting inducements as royal feeding grounds for vast numbers of ducks, while geese and brant frequently stop for luncheon on their way to and from breeding grounds in the region farther north. It is not strange, then, that this has always been a favorite haunt for sportsmen. The first club to be formed for the purpose of enjoying these great privileges was the Golo Club, of Monroe, Mich., and the way it came about is entertainingly told by Mr. Harvey M. Mixer, one of the charter members, and now the sole survivor, residing at Minneapolis, Minn., who will doubtless be remembered by many of our readers.

"I first began shooting in the Monroe marsh," said Mr. Mixer in a recent interview, "in 1849. I was at that time engaged in the lumber business, and employed an agent at Monroe, who bought and shipped lumber for me, and on whom I called two or three times a year. On the first of these visits I became thoroughly impressed with the immense opportunities for sport with the gun, and thereafter invariably took mine with me. In the great stretches of marsh lying between the town and Lake Erie there were, every fall, untold thousands of ducks, as well as many geese and swan, feeding wholly undisturbed by man, except for the occasional Frenchman, who would quietly push his dugout through the wild rice and lie in his hiding place until he could get a shot at close range. At that time there was not a gun heard for days, nor any sound, save the tumult of the enormous hordes of canvas-back, red-head, mallard and every other variety of water fowl. On the margin of the marsh woodcock and snipe shooting was excellent. I remember well one

afternoon's shooting with a friend in the locality, when we bagged seventy-three English snipe. In the high ground about Monroe, back a few miles from the lake, quail shooting was excellent, while wild turkey, partridge and other game birds were abundant.

"In the fall of 1853 I sent one of my vessels, the schooner 'West Wind', to Monroe with a cargo of iron for the M. S. and N. I. R. R., now known as the L. S. and M. S. R. R., which was then completed westward from Monroe to Chicago. I went to Monroe and chartered the vessel back to Buffalo with corn, and when she arrived at her dock an admiring crowd assembled to gaze at the magnificent lot of ducks which I had traced upon the rigging as the result of my three days' shooting in the Monroe Marsh.

"Among others was John L. Jewett, better known to his friends as 'Jack,' who was thrown into great excitement by the exhibit, and resolved to go with me to these great hunting grounds the next season. He did so, and for many seasons after, and so did George Truscott and J. H. Bliss, of Buffalo. We found lodging with Joe Sears, a capital fellow and good hunter, who had a house on an island in the midst of the marsh on the banks of the stream, and here we sent generous consignments of provisions, a judicious selection of liquid refreshments, together with our boats, decoys, etc. About this time the railroad company, which had some years before built two or three palatial steamers to connect the eastern terminus of this line at the Monroe piers with Buffalo, had erected docks, warehouses, elevators, machine shops and a large, fine hotel. The company for some years after operated this line as a part of their system from Chicago to Buffalo, and subsequently abandoned all these expensive improvements at the piers when there was no further use for them, and removed all the buildings to some other point. The hotel remained for some months, and finally it was proposed by one of our little coterie of hunters to buy the building and convert it into a club-

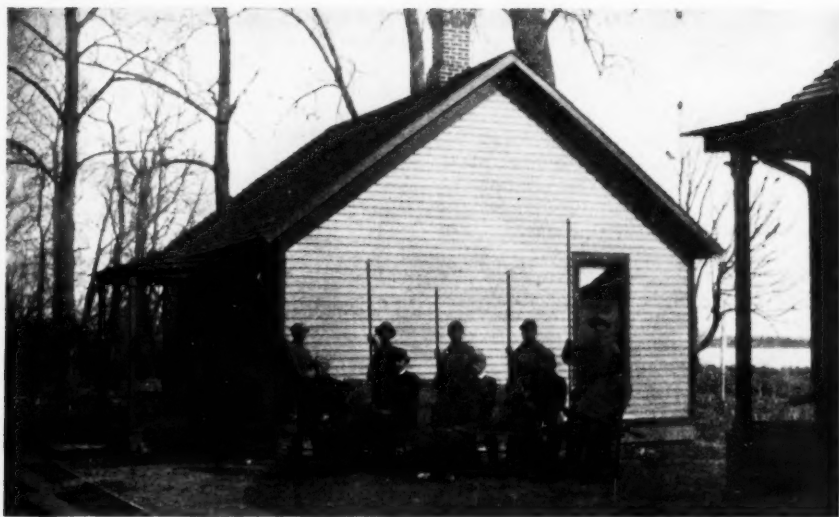
house. A conference was held in Buffalo by J. L. Jewett, J. H. Bliss, Geo. Truscott, A. R. Trew and H. M. Mixer. It was found that the structure was admirably situated for our purpose on the substantial piers built by the railroad company, directly across the channel from the government piers, and contiguous to the shooting ground, as well as to the finest bass fishing to be found in the country. It was accordingly decided to purchase the property, which was transferred, together with the privilege to use the docks and other buildings as long as they lasted. It was at this meeting, too, that the "Golo Club" was organized, about 1854, with the following officers: John L. Jewett, president; J. N. Sterling, vice-president; H. M. Mixer, secretary and treasurer; George Truscott, J. H. Bliss and A. R. Trew, directors. The name "Golo" was given to the club by President Jewett, a name which his French punter had bestowed on a peculiarly-marked duck occasionally shot in the marsh, and which some of the members of the club called "Whistlers," on account of a loud whistling sound made by them when in flight. The duck was about the size of a redhead, black on the back, glossy black wings tipped with white, black head, and altogether a very handsome bird. The name "Golo" itself has no other special significance.

"The new quarters were immediately taken possession of, alterations made and comfortably and even lavishly furnished; a competent chef had charge of the kitchen; servants and punters relieved the members of the usual drudgery of a hunter's life, and not a season passed from that of its organization to 1865 that did not see all the members present, as well as numerous guests who were invited to enjoy the generous hospitality of the club. The club-house was never opened for spring shooting, and during the shooting season in the fall we shot only the largest and finest ducks, canvas-backs, redheads, mallards, widgeon, and occasionally, blue-bills.

"During my incumbency of the office

of secretary of the club, I kept an accurate record of the number of ducks killed by each member, of days each one shot, and the kind of ducks killed. That some approximate idea may be had of the sport, the members of the Golo Club enjoyed during the season of 1865, it may be stated that the total score was something over three thousand ducks, the daily average per gun being about forty birds; and it should be remembered that it was in the days of muzzle-loaders. These were sent away daily by express in baskets made expressly for the club to our friends in New York, Albany, Rochester, Utica, Cleveland and Detroit. The only resident member of the club, as originally organized, was the late J. M. Sterling, of Monroe. Sterling never did any shooting, but was an exceedingly valuable man to the club in various ways. In 1866 my business kept me almost wholly in New York, as well as the year following, and I was unable to meet the club. I therefore sold my share of stock to General Geo. A. Custer, U. S. A., who had then just returned to his home in Monroe, at the close of the war. Shortly after General Custer was ordered to Texas with his command, and sold his share of stock to Hon. H. A. Conant, of Monroe. The club maintained its existence for a few years after this, but removal of members from the country, deaths of others, and the final destruction of the club-house during a violent storm which swept the piers, caused the dissolution of what is believed to be the first sportsmen's club of any importance organized in the West. The Golo Club had no title to any of the Marsh lands, but operated under permits from the United States Government to occupy the lighthouse reserve upon which the clubhouse stood, and leases and shooting privileges from the old French settlers. While always respected as a private reserve there was no exclusion of other parties from shooting in the marshes, and there was never, or but seldom, any disposition manifest to abuse the privileges extended, or in any way to embarrass the club. Besides, there were





Five members of the Golo Club seated, five punters standing in the rear

so many hundreds of thousands of birds in the marsh that it seemed that should the entire town turn out with guns they could not occasion any perceptible diminution of the supply. The portraits of the officers of the Golo Club, accompanying this article, were taken about the year 1860, and are regarded as excellent likenesses of these gentlemen, who were well known in Buffalo as successful business and professional men, who occasionally forgot the perplexities of commerce, the fluctuation of trade and the uncertainty of riches in the rational pastime of the gentleman sportsman."

The portraits were elegantly framed in a group, and hung upon the wall of the club-room. It is not difficult to imagine that this club must have been an almost perfect realization of the hunter's dreams of comfort and luxury in the midst of nature's most lavish provision for his enjoyment.

#### II. The Monroe Marsh Company

Following the dissolution of the Golo Club, and its disappearance as an organization from Monroe, Michigan, there ensued a period of more than ten years before any definite action was

again taken for the formation of a sportsman's club to acquire property and maintain exclusive shooting and other privileges in the famous Monroe marshes. During the interim, however, it is not to be supposed that these rich shooting grounds were neglected. As Sam Weller would sententiously remark, "On the contrary, quite the reverse." Not a season was allowed to pass without the semi-annual indiscriminate onslaught by hundreds of native and non-resident hunters. Both spring and fall shooting was pushed to the limit, and the continual bombardment by all sorts of hunters with all sorts of weapons, from a flint-lock musket of the vintage of 1812 to the regulation breech-loader, reminded one of a militia sham battle. This sort of thing went on for a long time, and it was not thought that legislation was needed to preserve the seemingly inexhaustible supply of birds until it was discovered by the more thoughtful and observant that the time had arrived when some decisive measures must be undertaken to prevent what promised to be gradual extermination of the ducks that annually visited these

marshes. The first laws enacted by the State Legislature for this purpose were not altogether satisfactory, and through lack of proper administration and vigorous enforcement proved inadequate and abortive. Meanwhile the sportsmen found their bags growing smaller with each succeeding season. Then it was that a number of congenial gentlemen who had been coming to Monroe year after year, just as the original members of the Golo Club had done two decades before, finding that unless something decisive and radical was promptly undertaken, and that in pure self-defense, the days of duck shooting for them in the Monroe marsh were numbered, met and organized "The Monroe Marsh Company." The records of the company show that the meeting at which this organization was effected was held at the Globe Hotel, Syracuse, New York, on May 30, 1881. Mr. Howard Soule was chairman, and H. G. Jackson, secretary. The membership of this club originally consisted of twenty-four gentlemen from different parts of the United States and Canada, all of them having become familiar with the attractions of the place through repeated visits there. The company so formed acquired by lease and purchase about five thousand acres of marsh lands, which extend from the high ground on which the city of Monroe is located eastward to a narrow strip of sandy beach, which forms the western shore of Lake Erie, varying in width from one to two miles. Near the center of this territory is an island, which, in aboriginal days, was a favorite camping ground for the Pottawotamie and Shawnee tribes of Indians. Later one of the early French settlers built a dwelling here, and the locality became known as "House Island." Still later this island was crossed by the line of railroad spoken of in another place, and during the progress of necessary excavations a large number of Indian relics were found, consisting of tomahawks, flints, arrow-heads, stone hatchets, copper utensils and many skeletons of supposed red men. Here, too, a quarter of a century ago, was the fa-

mous sportsmen's resort, "Hunter's Home," of which old "Uncle" Joe Guyor was the host, and where the daily menu was largely made up from the products of the surrounding marsh and the fields that flourished on the island, where frequently the *piece de resistance* was the toothsome "musquash" or the musk rat, with wild celery sauce. This is a dish whereof the native Frenchman is apt to speak to you in voluble enthusiasm, and will assure you in his most convincing patois that "w'en you cook him wid h'onions you shant tole her from duck." So we will let it rest at that. These possessions of Uncle Joe's were included in the property acquired by the Marsh Company, and on the site of the historic old hostelry, which is dear to the memory of many of the old fellows who will read this, was erected a commodious club-house, and, adjoining on the east, a number of private lodges, boat-houses and other buildings for the accommodation of members and their servants, all constituting an establishment which it is believed has no counterpart, and providing for the fortunate members a most attractive, luxurious home when on the marsh. A spacious and cheerful general sitting-room occupies a considerable part of the ground floor of the main building, one of whose conspicuous features in an immense fireplace capable of receiving logs of wood four or five feet long, which, in the chilly autumn evenings, appeal very powerfully to one's sense of the eternal fitness of things. Comfortable chairs and couches, cases of well-mounted game birds, all trophies of the club's campaigns; gun racks and other befitting furnishings make a most agreeable *tout-ensemble*. Each member has a bedroom with sitting-room adjoining for his exclusive use, both comfortably heated and furnished.

Besides a punter for each gunner the company employs a head keeper and under keepers, with a competent house-keeper and sufficient servants.

As may be readily believed, in the midst of these arrangements for comfort, the table is by no means the least

of the attractions of the place. A dinner of five or six courses is served every evening, each of which would stir the soul of an anchorite.

The club shooting is governed by field rules which are rigidly enforced, and which provide for the exclusion of any feature likely to militate against the interests of the company. Following are extracts from the club's manual:—

"No shooting for market or hire on the property of the Monroe Marsh Company shall be permitted at any time.

"Each member when at the marsh may employ only the punters or attendants approved by the directors. No punter or guide shall be allowed to shoot upon the property of the company except from the stand occupied by a member in his place and in his stead, or for the purpose of gathering 'cripples.'

"No gun shall be fired upon the property of the company between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of September; nor south of Smith's Island, Snake creek and the Rasin river between the fifth day of October and the fifteenth day of October; nor on Sundays; nor before seven a. m. on any other day; nor later than sundown with the exception of one evening each week during the months of October and November to be designated by a majority vote of the members present.

"During the month of October there may be at least one rest day beside Sunday in each week, the same to be designated by a majority vote of the members present.

"The priority for choice of positions shall be decided daily, by lot, the selection to be availed of before ten a. m. No person shall shoot within two hundred yards of another who has previously located.

"No jack lamps, nor any night lights, for fishing or other purposes, shall be permitted on the Marsh at any time."

As will be observed, the shooting rules are framed with the view of giving the ducks ample time for feed and rest.

While the legal shooting seasons open September first the rules of the club do not permit shooting before the fifteenth; thus the ducks which are harassed by hunters on the marsh outside from the first day of the open season soon learn that they have a haven of rest in the five thousand acres of the Marsh Company, with the result of their becoming wonted to the locality. The day's program at the club is about as follows:—

At the breakfast hour lots are drawn for the different points of vantage, when each punter is notified of his principal's location; he proceeds at once to load his own boat with the necessary decoys, blinds, etc., and brings the shooter's boat, supplied with his rugs, cushion, luncheon, guns and ammunition to the front of the club-house, where he makes it fast to the landing dock.

The punter then rows his own boat to the shooting point already designated, puts out the decoys, arranges the blind and prepares every detail in advance of the arrival of his principal, who, in the meantime, has finished his breakfast, and is now rowing out to his appointed place for the day, the punter having found a spot of concealment in the tall rushes or wild rice, and is in readiness to pick up a dead or recover a crippled duck.

When satisfied with the day's sport and ready to "knock off," the shooter pulls out of his blind and returns to the attractions of the club-house, leaving the punter to "pick up." This attendant's duties for the day are ended when all decoys and boats are carefully and neatly stowed away in the boathouse, the ducks hung up in the cold storage house and the guns thoroughly cleaned and replaced in their appropriate racks. The shooter has already arrived at the club-house, where a bath and a change of raiment prepare him for the keen enjoyment with the hunter's appetite of the excellent dinner which the chef has ready to serve. The day's scores are then all accurately entered in a book kept for that purpose, and then follows that luxurious indulgence in the fra-

grant weed before the great open fire, an exchange of the day's experiences, which rounds out what is a red-letter day in the hunter's life.

While many changes in its membership have taken place since its foundation the club has always been fortunate in its personnel, for all have been genial gentlemen and true sportsmen, and at no time have there been present discordant elements. As stated before, the original number of members was twenty-four, but it having been found that fewer guns would be advantageous the membership has been reduced to sixteen, and the stock of the retiring eight has been absorbed. Of the original members of the club only Franklin Brandreth, of Sing Sing, New York, and Henry W. de Forest, of New York city, now remain on the roll; and Clarence Carpenter, of Detroit, is the only Michigan member.

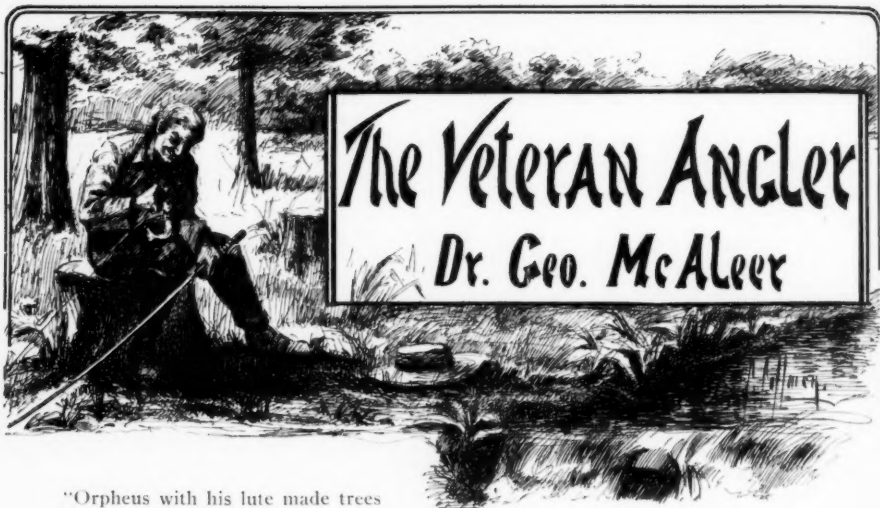
The present officers are as follows: President, Howard Soule, Syracuse, New York; vice-president, Col. Frank-

lin Brandreth, Sing Sing, N. Y.; secretary-treasurer, Frank B. Austin; trustee, W. C. Sterling, Monroe. The price of shares in the Marsh Company, which were originally \$500, are now \$5,000 each. The annual dues are \$100, in addition to which each member is required to pay into the treasury the sum of one dollar for every day or part of a day on which he shoots on the property of the company, or for each day that he accepts the assignment, whether he shoots or not.

It will, therefore, appear to the most casual observer that to gratify one's taste for such a luxurious hunter's life involves something rather more than the time. The author wishes to express his acknowledgements to one of the former members of the club, Hon. H. A. Conant, of Monroe, for most interesting information in connection with this article, and for courtesies too numerous to mention, including a portion of the excellent illustrations which we publish.



Monroe Marsh Company's Club House, Facing North



"Orpheus with his lute made trees  
And mountain tops that freeze  
Bow themselves when he did sing."

AND blending with the tuneful melody are the joyous songs of birds as they come trooping back from their winter home of the Southland. Boreas has been overthrown and his gyves broken. He has been defeated and driven back to his abode in the icy North, and all nature smiles with joy to be relieved from his cruel, galling regime.

Mountain brooks and woodland streams sparkle in the sunlight and add their music to the swelling refrain.

Luxuriant foliage now clothes the hillside, and the odors of adorning bud and blossom are wafted upon the breeze as clouds of fragrant incense.

The veteran angler, as if in touch with the season, comes forth with rod and creel, and journeys to his favorite trout stream with slower step but heart as young as in the long ago. Time has covered his head with the unthawing snows of age, and, unlike Nature on every side, he cannot renew his youth. Boon companions of his young and mature years have fallen by the wayside, and not one remains to keep him company and share his pleasures as do his old acquaintances and friends, the singing birds.

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Robins are busy with their domestic affairs, and as he climbs over the rails of a crooked Virginia fence a mother bird seeks safety in flight from her nest in an angle beneath a protecting rail. He peers into the nest and four necks are outstretched and four yellow mouths opened to receive expected food.

Continuing on down the sloping hillside he is soon walking upon a beautifully variegated carpet of deepest green filled in with pleasing designs of wild violets and meadow anemone,—the marge and ooze of the low lands being resplendent in a gorgeous dress of marsh marigolds.

He directs his footsteps towards the upper waters of the brook, being too good a fisherman not to know the many advantages of fishing down stream, and soon its glittering cascades and liquid melody give added emphasis to the voices of spring.

Again he is told that he is growing old. The foliage is fresh and fair, bud and blossom as beautiful and fragrant, singing birds as blithesome as in the springtime of his youth; and now the selfsame brook gambols along in the selfsame channel, singing the selfsame music, ever hasting, never resting, running from nowhere somewhere, and



youthful and as sprightly as in the springtime of creation.

The retrospect awakens a touch of sadness, but his life has been too well ordered to find pleasure in the irredeemable past. He soon turns his face toward the lime-light of the present, with its manifold duties and joys, and he peers into the future with hopeful anticipation.

His rod is assembled, reel mounted, and the lure gently dropped into the water. He does not allow the current to carry it too rapidly along; he carefully directs it from side to side, into all eddies and pools, leaving no likely hiding place of the wary trout untried. He keeps as much out of sight as possible; steps so lightly that no concussion or jar will follow footfall, and faces toward the sun so his shadow will not fall athwart the stream.

His eyes drink in the beauties of the varied landscape—the precipitous bluffs and gently sloping hillsides now clothed in a wealth of foliage and bloom; timid flocks of sheep and lambs and lowing kine in the pastures cropping the luxuriant grass or contentedly chewing their cuds; and flitting swallows and rollicking bob-o-links in the meadows.

While enjoying the freshness and beauties of the early season to the utmost he is adding choice specimens of the superlatively beautiful brook trout to the weight of his creel. He has unlearned the lessons of early youth and now knows that great care, patience, long waiting, and skilful coaxing are necessary to outwit and capture the larger trout from under the overhanging banks of the bends and in the deep pools below cascades.

This knowledge he puts to good use, and now a goodly number above the average size grace his creel, which a less skilled and hasty fisherman would have passed by.

The sun had reached the meridian when he arrived at the homestead of an old friend, now gone to his reward. Here Time has also laid his heavy hand upon the massive timbers of the buildings and wrenched and warped them from the horizontal and perpendicular.

The well sweep is blown down, and the uncouth burdock thrives where once the hollyhocks grew in profusion. Struggling lilacs still exist as if to tell the story of human habitation.

Here again is the aged angler touched and moved as he sees a reflection of himself as in a mirror—of other times and other days now past and gone, never to return.

He seats himself upon the threshold stone and eats his noonday lunch. He leisurely cuts tobacco, fills and lights his pipe, and breathing forth volumes of incense, he resumes his pleasant, contemplative occupation, recalling the whilom associations and pleasures which cluster around the old homestead, thankful that these are spared to him to brighten his days, even as the ray of sunshine that shoots through the trees and now brightens his path.

His efforts meet with further reward, and now he has arrived at the end of the rapids where the brook breaks over a sunken log and is lost in a deep pool beyond. Here he remembers the many big trout which he has taken from its pellucid depths. He re-arranges his lure and stealthily creeps on hands and knees sufficiently near to the brook to drop it into the rapids and let it be carried along in the most natural manner to the deep water when he gives it a most life-like motion as it gently makes the circuit of the sluggish whirlpool.

He has cast his fly successfully upon distant waters. He has long since known how quick the cunning of the hand must respond to the eye, how quick the strike must follow the rise, and the exceeding skill and care which are necessary to properly play and manage the fighting, gamy trout in open water with delicate tackle. While his being has often thrilled with such exciting experiences he is too good an all around sportsman, too full of experience, and too catholic in his tastes, to fall down and worship at this exclusive shrine and sit in judgment and condemnation of other forms of piscatorial sport.

Aha! but what is that? His line takes a sudden start across the pool. He is

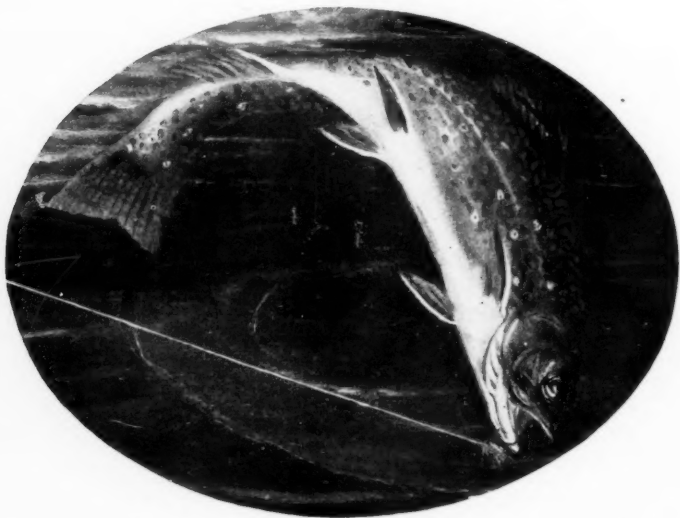
not slow to act. A large fish is soon upon the shore. It is a dace, but the fisherman is not disappointed. He well remembers former experiences, and the old adage which says, "Where there is dace there is trout."

He adjusts a new lure and tries again. The sun has passed below the tree-tops upon the hill to the west, and now in the gathering shadows the trout will be less wary than in the brilliant sunshine. Minutes pass slowly away and still no callers. Our fisherman begins to think that he must rest satisfied with the contents of his creel, and that he had better reel in and go home. He decides to remain five minutes longer, and consults his watch to note the time. While in the act of returning it to his pocket he feels an awful tug upon his line. He strikes to fix the hook securely and the battle is on! Darting hither and thither and lashing the waters of the pool into foam,—and yet the battle goes bravely on! The fish dives to the bottom and sulks. Ah! this is a repetition of many a previous experience, and our fisherman is cool and collected. He gently reels in when, great guns! the captive leaps out of the water, shakes

his head as if to release himself from the cruel barb, dives in again and darts here and there and out and down again! Bravely he fights for his liberty, but a master hand holds the rod and in the give and take he is master of the situation. The fight continues, but with less determination and vigor, soon the fish is reeled to the surface and led up and down and around the pool. His determined fight for his liberty and strenuous resistance is at an end. He is gently led to a shoal some distance below, where he is safely drawn out upon the sandy shore. The scales in the village store recorded his weight two pounds ten ounces.

The old fisher turned his steps homeward, the varied pleasures of the day embittered only by the thought that the prized companionship of other times was no longer his, with the group of friends now so fondly recalled and cherished.

He left his big trout at the home of a widow whose husband he remembered with the warmest and most valued of these friends, and who now sleeps in a grave marked "Unknown" upon the sanguine battlefield of Gettysburg.





### AWAY TO THE RIVER

Away to the river, away, away!  
 Away to the mountains to sport and play,—  
 To cast the light fly o'er the waters bright,  
 To conquer the trout in his gamy fight;  
 To breathe the clear air and the light ozone,  
 To wander afar and to dream alone  
 Of love and of light, and of life's bright May,  
 Away to the river, away, away!

Away from the tumult, away from care,  
 Away from the world and the sorrow there;  
 From note and from duns, and the hoped-for  
     gain;  
 From fashion's mad, foolish and idle train;  
 To loiter and loll where the meadow lark  
     sings,  
 The magpie laughs and the chipmunk  
     springs;  
 Where the sky is blue and the flowers gay,—  
 Away to the river, away, away!



Away to the river that flashes bright,  
 That babbles and sings in the glad sunlight—  
 Alluringly sings its gay, siren song:  
 "Oh, come to the river, oh, come along;  
 Oh, come to the river, and be there as free  
 As the lark that is singing a welcome to thee!  
 Enjoy the glad moments whilst yet you may;  
 Away to the river, away, away!"

—FLY-FLICKER

## THE JUDGE'S NEMESIS

N. H. Crowell

**S**HE walked into the office and set her grips down with a thud that stopped Bill Spinks in the midst of a blood-curdling bear story.

Then we all wheeled around and gazed while she picked up the very doubtful hotel pen, ran her arm up into the smoke-laden air in a business-like manner, and wrote her name on the line indicated by the nervous and polite clerk.

She was young, she was dark, she was athletic; and she had a jaunty way of handling herself that suggested a somewhat more than casual acquaintance with the strenuous life—this last being observed by Wheelock, who is credited with possessing the critical eye in its highest development.

After the porter had pounced upon her baggage and led her away up the stairs Spinks relit his cigar, which was fast nearing the danger limit, and resumed the bear story. It was thrilling. Spinks had already done a good day's work in killing the mother and thirteen cubs, but he had yet to deal with the old papa-bear, and was doing it in a masterly manner when the porter broke into the group with the announcement that "she" had a shotgun and a grip full of ammunition.

"What!" roared the Judge.

"'Deed she has, sah. Shotgun, sah, an' 'munition, sah. Saw um wid dese eyes—an' she's got leggin's, sah!"

"How jew know?" asked Spinks.

"Helped onpack um. Drapped um on de floor. 'Be keerful,' she say. 'Whaffor?' says I. 'I'll show ye,' say she. An' she onpacked dat weepin—hit's a shiner foh shore."

"Here, George, take this and refresh yourself," said the Judge, giving him a bent cent. "That's a little bit too thin."

"Cross m' heart an' hope to die, it ain't. Yo kin see for yo'self by jes' goin' up."

"Oh, can we?" said Spinks, looking dismally at his cigar, which he had spit-

ted on a toothpick for purposes known to himself.

The porter walked away with an injured air, and Spinks, still having the old bear on his hands, waded into him with such vigor that success perched on his banner in an incredibly short time.

"An' the b'ars wuz ricked aroun' me so dummed thick an' high, fellers, that it took me th' best part of an hour a-climbin' out," he added, as an afterthought.

"Come, cough up, boys," said the Judge, as he offered his cigar case to Spinks. His example was followed by the rest of us, and the nervy Spinks, with a fine show of hesitation—not the hesitation that loses, however—selected a cigar from every case, lit one and salted the rest about his person. The Judge knocked the ashes from his weed, cleared his throat and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Now I'll just tell you something that's straight," he said: "That young lady that carries shotguns, as Ike claims, brought it to mind. D'ye see this arm? Can't raise it only so high, see? What caused it? A woman with a gun, and she got me proper."

We all held our breath in expectation. The Judge's game arm had often been a source of cautious comment among us, and now the story seemed about to materialize, and by the Judge himself.

"I was up in Maine gunning for anything that wore horns. Had a guide and a cook-book. Got lost and nearly starved to death, by the way, too. But that's another thing. You want to know about the arm. Well, I was trailing a moose through the snow—dodging along through the underbrush, jumping logs and stumps, stepping high and wide, for I wanted moose real bad that day. Well, I noticed something brown on a ridge off about a half a mile, and I stopped to look, thinking I had spotted a deer. I hadn't hardly got my eyes focussed when I saw a puff of white smoke, and zip, something

struck me here under the armpit. It tore through that muscle there and for a minute I felt like a big case of frost-bite, then I imagined I was a hen being singed for a Christmas dinner, and I wondered if I'd be tough or not.

"Well, I forgot the rest until I woke up in a hospital with my back and shoulder done up in boards. They told me that a young lady had mistaken me for a deer and shot me—that she had stayed by my bedside four days and nights, and left only when called by an urgent telegram, and that she had provided for my care at the hospital until I should be fully recovered. I never saw her, but I'll bet that girl is sorry yet for putting a slug into a nice, peaceable old gent like me. I've kept her name somewhere's—it's Jessie or Josie, or something like that."

The Judge fumbled around and drew out a pocket-book from which he abstracted a bunch of miscellaneous cards. After some careful scanning he selected one, scrutinized it closely, and said:—

"Here it is. It's Jennie Fielding, and she came from Boston. She just lacked four inches of reaching my heart, boys."

"Nearer than most of the girls who have been making goo-goo eyes at the Judge lately, I reckon," commented Spinks.

A half-hour later the Judge's cigar-case having succumbed to the strain, he strolled up to the counter to replenish. As the clerk hastened to comply with his wishes the Judge's eyes ran casually over the open register. A moment later he was standing stiffly erect, gripping the railings with both hands as he stared at the book. Then he turned a pale face toward us and beckoned Wheelock with his finger.

"What's up, Judge?" asked Wheelock, as he strode up beside him.

The Judge pointed with a trembling forefinger at a name on the right-hand page.

"Jeannette Fielding, Boston, Mass.," read Wheelock. The two men looked into each other's eyes and understood.

"It's her," said Wheelock.

"Of course," said the Judge.

"Boys, come here," said Wheelock.

We came with a rush. The name on the register, the Judge's drawn face, and the scene in the Maine woods were before every man of us in a vivid fashion as the full import of the coincidence dawned upon us. The Judge looked at us helplessly.

"What'll we do?" asked Spinks, the bear fighter, noted for his bravery.

"I ought to tell her there's a credit of fifty dollars at the Rustypook Hospital, hadn't I?" asked the Judge.

"Sure!" responded Wheelock.

"And you ought to show your arm and let her feel of the scar," suggested Squires. The Judge looked bored.

"What would you do, boys? I'm lost. Would it be all right to speak to her?" anxiously inquired the Judge.

"Certainly. Tell her that she has made quite an impression—" began Squires, but stopped, as the Judge turned in his direction.

"I'll tell you what I'd do," said Spinks. "If I had the honor of being shot by a young lady and lived to tell it, I'd be confounded if I wouldn't like to congratulate her on her eyesight, at least."

"Perhaps you would," said Jones, looking at Spinks's slim figure.

"And I wouldn't allow no girl to set up with me nights without thanking her when the chance come," said Wheelock.

"Here, too," said Jones.

"Well, go in, old man, and peace be with you," said Spinks, getting behind the perturbed Judge and giving a gentle push.

With the look of a startled fawn the Judge began buttoning his coat. Then he adjusted his collar and unbuttoned his coat. Then he walked toward the stairs, buttoning his coat as he walked. Up he went, buttoning. When he made the first turn Spinks stealthily stalked him, and presently returned with the news that the Judge had flunked—walked right past the door of number seventeen and on down the hall. Then he winked for silence as the Judge was spied at the head of the stairs, unbuttoning his coat.

"Well?" inquired Wheelock, with



painful anxiety, as the Judge approached us.

"Seems to me you fellows are devilish inquisitive all at once," remarked the Judge, with a faint suspicion of a smile.

"Thought you'd notice how interested we were," said Spinks.

"Well, boys, she's a great girl. Yes, same one all right—she remembers the whole affair. Said I bled horribly—tied her shirtwaist around my arm, she said—it wouldn't work, and she made a tourniquet out of my suspen—"

"What?" yelled Spinks.

"Er—excuse me, I mean her apron—made a tourniquet out of her apron and saved my life—great girl, I tell you." The Judge mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"What is she doing here?" asked Wheelock.

"Eh? Oh, ah—er—hunting, of course," said the Judge, weakly.

Wheelock reached out and grasped the Judge's right hand, warmly. Then with the left, he abstracted a cigar from the Judge's pocket and lit it. The rest of us followed suit and the Judge's face turned a livid hue, but he stood it manfully. Finally Spinks reluctantly dug up the little red badge we had given him and pinned it on the Judge's lapel, thereby signifying the wearer's magnitudinous proficiency in the art of fabrication. The Judge crumbled.

"Boys," he said, "I lied some. I did for a fact."

"Bully for you, Judge!" remarked Spinks, heartily.

"But I'll face her before she gets away from here, mark that!"

The next day was one calculated to soothe the nerves of a man who has slept poorly all night. The Judge, who arose early, went out after ducks shortly after breakfast, according to the porter's report.

Dinner time came, but no Judge.

"Going it hard to-day, eh?" said Wheelock.

"Yes, the old man is nervous," replied Spinks.

At two o'clock the porter brought the news that the young lady had left the

hotel all toggled out for an afternoon's sport in the woods. Wheelock pricked up his ears, and shortly afterward was missing. Then Spinks went upstairs complaining of a lame back, and five minutes later I saw him vault a six-foot board fence down the lane.

Jones said he was studying up a new system of shorthand and left us. He probably meant rapid transit, judging from the way he went into the woods a little later. By and by it grew so lonely around the hotel that the rest of us strapped on our gear and sallied forth. We were gone a long time. In fact the shades of night were falling fast when we straggled in. Jones had a teal about the size of a nickel and cramps in the knees. Wheelock had a terrible gaunt feeling beneath the belt and two boots full of water. Spinks was barefooted, having tried to wade a slough. I had my share.

We were comparing bruises when the clerk came in with the startling announcement that the doctor was upstairs picking shot out of the Judge's carcass.

"Dead?" we asked.

"No, still breathing," was the answer.

"How'd it happen?"

"The lady did it."

We wanted to smile—to grin—to giggle—to roar, but visions of the genial old Judge upstairs filled with number six shot forbade mirth. Silently we stole up the stairs, knocked timidly at the door, and waited. We could distinctly hear the Judge's labored breathing through the open transom.

The doctor opened the door and we filed in. Spinks caught a glimpse of the Judge's face and yelled. Then we joined in the general howl, and even the Judge laughed. The expression on the Judge's face was better than vaudeville.

The doctor was industriously picking bird-shot out of the Judge's shoulder-blades and dropping them with a musical ring in a large tin basin. We waited till the agony was over and arnica had been rubbed in to make it sting him, and demanded the story.

"Well, I went hunting this morning," said the Judge, "and I didn't have much

luck. Monkeyed around in the woods till three o'clock. Then I sat down on a log and went to whittling sticks. I'd been sitting there about ten minutes when I heard a big 'swoosh' and a flock of mallards sailed passed me. I jumped up on the log to watch their flight when 'bang' went a gun behind me, and I got a fist full of hot ones in the cervical region, as Doc calls it."

"Well, I looked around and there was—there was—"

"Yes, yes!" urged Spinks.

"Well, this girl was there and looking

about ready to faint. But—er—I caught her before she did actually faint and—er—and she—we—"

"Go on—go on!" said Jones, imperatively.

"Oh, go to thunder—here's some cigars. Say Doc, save that handful of shot—I want them worked into a sofa cushion or something," and there was a twinkle in the Judge's eye.

"Some people are born lucky," said Wheelock, as he lit the Judge's cigar.

"Jes' so," said Spinks.

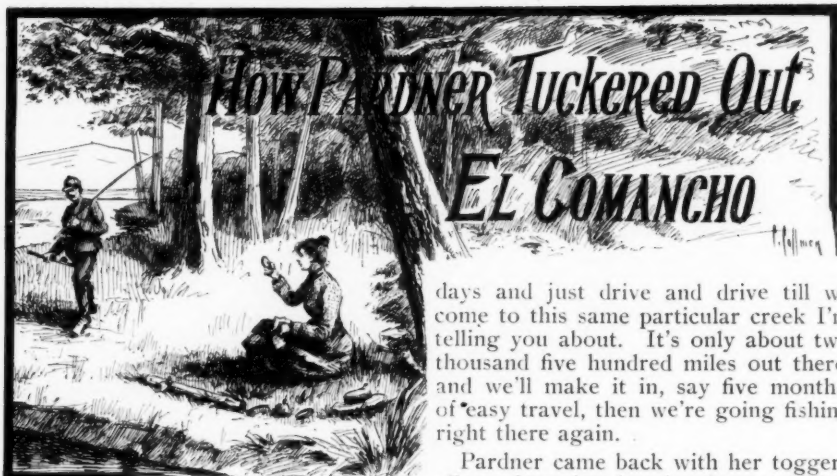
### HUNTIN' BUFFALO

I've hunted 'round the world almost,  
I've been in every land,  
I've seen the world's most famous sights,  
And looked on scenery grand;  
I've hunted nearly everything,  
And lived in various ways,  
And I can say that I have spent  
Some mighty happy days;  
But all the pleasures of those times  
Can not compare, I know,  
With those old days out on the plains,  
A huntin' buffalo.

I've scaled the dizzy Matterhorn,  
I've stopped a lion's roar,  
I've shot a Bengal tiger down,  
I've speared an Indian boar;  
I've hunted chamois in the Alps,  
I've shot full many a deer,  
I've fished the famous trout streams o'er  
Where lofty mountains rear;  
But memory still holds dearer yet  
Those days of long ago  
When I was out upon the plains,  
A huntin' buffalo.

I've rode an English hunter fast  
O'er upland, heath and moor,  
I've played the bass at Jefferson  
With many a tempting lure;  
I've pulled the leaping tuna in  
Along the western shore,  
I've even harpooned an old whale,  
Way up 'bove Labrador;  
I've hunted grizzly bear and moose,  
Shot geese on Pamlico,  
But sweeter seem those old-time days,  
A huntin' buffalo.

—CLAUDE HILLEL.



"**W**HY, girlie, you'd get swamped sure, and you would never be able to get out in the world. I tell you there are places along that creek where the mud is deeper than you are tall, and there are other places where you've got to get right down on your hands and knees and crawl under the vine maples and the salmon berries—you never could get through that kind of a mess alone, say nothing of trying to take your rod and basket with you. Besides, it's a long tramp, and if you try it with rubber boots on you won't get half way there, and you couldn't get back home if you did. You'd be tired to death, honey. Better cut this trip out and go tomorrow on the lake."

"No, I'm going on this trip, and I'm going today—right now, with you; that settles that."

And Pardner hustled off after her outfit in spite of my warning. She has a habit of doing things her own way, you understand, and of course I can't refuse her anything, so she went, of course.

All this happened out near Seattle.

I'm not going to tell you just which particular creek it is because Pardner and I are going to hook up a pair of Bronchos in Chicago some of these

days and just drive and drive till we come to this same particular creek I'm telling you about. It's only about two thousand five hundred miles out there, and we'll make it in, say five months' of easy travel, then we're going fishing right there again.

Pardner came back with her toggery all on, from her hunting bonnet to her long rubber boots, ready for business; so I got my pipe going and we hit the trail. It's up hill for the first half mile, then it's up hill, down hill, over logs, across bogs, through blackberry tangle and salal brush, and then down into the gulch where the big cedars and feathery hemlocks shut out the sun and make the earth and trees all cool and damp, so a great, thick carpet of moss grows shoe-top deep over everything but the water of the little creek that sings along over its pebble bed, clear as cut glass, or green and white and foamy, or dark and deep.

There's lots of trout up to about two pounds—mostly half that size, though—that live in the shadows and dark nooks of this little creek; and nobody ever bothers them much, because it means short rod and short line work that is much like fishing in a Louisiana cane patch.

In an hour after we left the house Pardner sat down—or she more nearly wilted down—on the moss beside the stream, took her hat off, dug up a handkerchief about four inches square, and said "Whew!" as she wiped the perspiration off of about three freckles on the starboard side of her small nose.

"What's the matter, Toots?"

"Hot!"

I glanced at her from the tail of my eye while I put my rod together, and I'm a Spaniard if she hadn't dug up a mirror about the size of a dollar, from some of her pockets, and was trying to see three-quarters of her "phiz" in it, fix her hair, polish her freckles with that bit of a kerchief, and hold the glass, all at one time!

There are some things that Pardner does in her own way, and I never can figure them out.

I've cashed up for a different kind of a mirror for her since then—one of those convex affairs that you can hold in your hand and see the whole country in, like a little picture. I did this, understand, after Pardner had explained to me that it was impossible for her to go to the woods without one in her coat pocket, on account of her hair and—well a dozen or so of reasons, I believe, though I've forgotten now just what they were—the girls that read this will know all about it, I reckon.

I believe since then Pardner has acquired a larger 'kerchief—or perhaps two of 'em—and a powder rag, and carries this whole outfit stowed away in some particular pocket in her hunting coat. Oh, yes, she's got a comb, too, and some extra hairpins in the same pocket! I nearly forgot them. I have to wait for her always just before we strike civilization on the way back, while she goes through a lot of funny business with the comb, powder rag, glass and things for properties, and she's at it long enough for me to get to leeward and get a good smoke before she announces that she's "looking decent" again. Ever wait on your Pardner that way while she fixes up? If you haven't you ought to, and you'll learn that a woman can make more useless moves and cut more funny antics than a chipmunk in a shorter space of time, and be unconscious of the whole deal.

But I was going to tell you about the trip: I had fished one hole where we struck the creek and was ready to go on when Pardner said:—

"Wait, I'm all tangled up. Come and help me put this rod together."

Back I went and found her with her line wrapped around the rod several times and looped in festoons, like the guys to a spider web, over the hemlock twigs, cedar branches, fern leaves and things for about three feet on all sides of her, while she held the tip of her rod in one hand, the middle joint in the other, the butt, with reel attached, between her knees, and a couple of loops of line in her teeth. And she was getting things worse every move she made. It took some time to get her separated from her troubles and everything in working order, but I did, and started down the creek.

"Here! Wait for me! I—want to fish some of those good places first. You don't need to think I'm going to tag along behind and catch nothing—no, sir!"

"All right, Pardner, trot along. Look out for bogs, though, for there are some bad ones along here where springs come in to the creek, and if you get in to one I'll have a time getting you out."

"Oh, I guess I won't mire down very bad."

And away she went toward a big, quiet pool that looked still and deep and fishy, leaving me to "tag along," which, by the way, I didn't mind a bit, because, in those days, she was a "chee-chaco" on trout, and what she didn't know about trout fishing would fill several volumes as large as Mr. Webster's pronouncer. She's grown wiser since—considerably wiser.

"I've got one! I've got one!" Sure enough she had gotten one too, just yanked him out and landed him ten feet from the stream, and her rod was still whole—fish weighed about a pound.

She told me that it scared her when it struck the fly, there in the quiet pool, and she "just jerked" before she thought, and the fish went clear over her head and back in the brush! Tell me, ye old timers, how did she do it and not break the tip? But she did.

She forgot that she was tired and hot, and her eyes sparkled as she tackled that pool again, expecting to do the same thing over; and right there she

learned that the biggest trout in the pool strike first when they bite at all. She was disappointed when the next one was only a "half-pounder," but she stayed right there and acquired wisdom and six trout before she quit.

I had gone on a little distance and was whipping away at a pool, contented with my lot and with the world, when I heard Pardner scream. I didn't wait for more. I dropped everything and went back through the tangle of brush and logs like a bear, for I had caught the tone that danger puts in a woman's voice, and I knew Pardner needed me sure enough.

When I got to where I could see her I had to laugh, for the poor girl was down in a spring-bog hole nearly to the top of her high rubber boots, and there was an expression of fear and agony on her dear little face.

She was in no danger whatever—had simply walked out on a spring-bog and gone through the moss crust to the solid gravel bottom and stopped. She was safe and sound, but in a very muddy place. I knew that, because I had gone down in the same hole myself, and I knew she stood on bedrock. But Pardner didn't know it, so she was "scared up" plenty.

"Oh, I'm going down all the time! Hurry! Hurry up and help me out! Come on, quick!"

Poor little Pardner!

"Never mind, honey, you've gone as deep as you can right now. Stand still, you won't sink any more; but you can't get out alone, I guess. I will put some logs out on the bog so I can help you. You're all right, only keep still. Told you to look out for those places, and here you go, right bang into one the first thing.

"Now, up you come, honey!"

"Oh, my boot is coming off—so is the other one!"

"All right, let 'em come off. Here, put your foot on this log—now the other one here—now walk back on the log and get to the solid ground. I'll get your boots.

She was a forlorn looking little girl as she sat there on the log. Her hat

was on the side of her head, her back hair had started down, she was in her stocking feet, and her skirt was muddy in patches. She was nervous and perspiring, and red in the face, but she had learned another lesson of woodcraft, and today she prods every wet, boggy-looking place with a stick, and then tries it with her weight if she has to cross it, but she'll climb a hill to go around any thing like that if it looks suspicious. Same old story of the burnt child not playing with fire, you know!

I think we lost about thirty-five minutes of valuable fishing time washing those boots and gathering Pardner into a working unit again, but she was game and didn't quit.

Half or three-quarters of a mile down the creek we stopped to eat our lunch and admire our half-filled creel.

I noticed that Pardner's cheeks were flushed, but her eyes looked heavy and tired—and she's got big, brown eyes that tell tales that way. So after we had lunched I said:—

"Tired, girlie?"

"A little—not so very much, but I could sit down a while."

You know when a woman admits that much she's usually just about too tired to rest, so I fixed a thick bed of moss in a smooth, shady spot and rolled my coat for a pillow and had Pardner stretch her weary little self out there and repose while I fished up and down the creek nearby.

I went up the stream a hundred yards and returned, and as I passed I asked her if she was all right. She said "Yes," and I went on, fishing down about the same distance. In half an hour I was back, and Pardner, poor little soul, was sound asleep on her moss couch, and a chipmunk was scolding from a big fir log three feet from her long rubber boots! She was tired out, the day was warm, and the song of the brook had cast its spell in the air, so full of the balsam of the firs, the odor of cedar and the fragrance of the mossy woods; and poor little Pardner had gone fast asleep like any "babe in the woods." Indeed, she was no bigger than a child there among the giant trees,



I quit fishing and sat down on a log to smoke and see that nothing bothered her, and I fell to dreaming a bit, too—dreaming of the days that had gone before—days when Pardner was even tinier than she was while she slept there on the moss, and I had no regrets. I was glad I was there, and glad little Pardner was there, for she was a whole

have—it's three o'clock, and it was about twelve when I fixed that moss bed for you, honey."

"So long as that? Well, I was 'just plum tuckered out,' as old Aunt Hannah says," she answered with a smile. Then she got up, put that little mirror on a log, and got her hair all loose and her mouth full of hairpins and tried



"It took some time to get her separated from her troubles"

lot of company even when she was asleep.

When the sun got down to the three o'clock notch in the sky I began to whistle, and she opened her eyes and sat up with a smile.

"Guess I've had a nap," she said.

"Yes, little Pardner, I guess you sure

to say something that sounded like:—

"Ig you et angy ngnore ile I uz agsleep?"

I said "Yep," and smoked on till she said: "Now, how's that? Is my hat on straight?"

When I "came to" we were home again.

## FLY FISHING ON A SMALL TROUT STREAM

Wm. C. Harris



FEW weeks' experience last year on a large trout stream impressed me with the inferiority of such fishing as compared with that of smaller waters. The most striking fact, in comparison, being the loss of finer methods in casting the fly, which inevitably follows when the larger streams are fished for a lengthy period.

Take the Beaverkill in New York State for, say eight miles above its junction with the Willowemoc; the latter stream, for five or more miles above its mouth, or the Neversink at William's, six miles from Liberty, and you will not find a pool or lair for trout, to approach or fish which in any condition of water, will require expertness in placing the flies. A long cast or a delicate one will, of course, prove desirable when these streams are low, but we have found but few spots where the underhand or side cast was necessary. "Hitting a bubble of half-dollar size" is a lost art on these broad but fruitful trout waters, and an angler who fishes them year after year will soon lose sight of the subtle dangers of the back cast, if they ever existed in his experience.

I have fished a brook near New York City for several seasons until the present one; in truth, it has been the only trout water visited by me for three years past. It is a meadow stream for some distance and ten feet in width, then a thickly-bushed alder stretch of a mile, opening into a heavily wooded brook of irregular banks, with here and there an overhanging limb or a water-kissing brush; holes under the banks at all the sudden turns of the current; big rocks jutting out from either side, with rifts dancing over little boulders and then sleepily drifting into dark pools, to be again transformed into tiny cascades and alternating rapids and quiet stretches. On the meadow my midges roam at will in the back cast, that line of fence in the ten-acre field beyond being its possible boundary,

and my capacity for "distance casting" the ultimate limit. An hour's fishing on the meadowed lawn is full of enjoyment, but at the western edge of the alders I leave my "wum" stream companion, and trudge along a densely overgrown briar path to the wooded section of the brook, now twenty feet in breadth, and just here the great delight of the outing is born.

Those overhanging boughs, that low projecting limb and water-level brush; those tufts of water weeds with bearded tops which overlap my favorite trout hole; those bunches of drift lying across rocks in the channel ways or barring the upper end of a likely pool; that old boulder with its water-worn and rounded sides beyond which a half-pounder is sure to lie—all these are silent reminders of the skilled art to be called into use to lure the brook beauties protected by these physical phases of the stream.

My favorite pool on this brooklet lies at the lower end of a series of rapids dashing over a terraced bed-rock of red sandstone, then subsiding into smooth water, rock bounded, from which a pebbly outlet of three feet in length, ends in a broad, quiet swim, with a big rock outcropping near the lower end; stalwart oaks, health-breathing hemlocks and thickly-bunched saplings throwing at all hours of the day a dense shade upon the pool and its environment. As I approach from above, all of the art that wise mentors instilled and forty years' practice has cultivated, is called into use, and, alas, often fails.

Fifty feet above my favorite pool, and almost hidden under the freshet-worn bank, lies a smaller one, with bushes lapping over within eighteen inches of the water. At its upper end a big log outcropping a foot, bars the entrance and turns a portion of the gurgling stream outward and downward, with a strong current sweeping under the log and bubbling up at its inner edge. This well-protected nook is on the right side

of the stream and can only be fished by a side cast of twenty feet, the trees on the left preventing a longer one. It cannot be reached by the overhand method, as ten feet in the rear the branches almost interlap, nor can the under-hand or switch cast be used as in the recovery the end fly would surely catch in the protecting log that guards the upper end of the pool. A long side cast parallel with the water, and a gentle flirt of the tip to the right just as the midges reach the lower end of the pool, will place the flies under the brush, well into the shadow and amid the bubbles of the current as it sweeps up from under the log, just where the half-pounder is almost sure to lurk, eager for floating bugs or more substantial drift food. My first cast perhaps is a little too muscular, and the end fly strikes a rootlet in the bank and my chance for the half-pounder is gone, for I must perforce wade through his home water to unloose the hook; or mayhap my bearings have been wrongly taken, and the back cast lands the leader, bunching the flies, into the low bushes that line the left side of the stream. Or, again, I have miscalculated distance, and my cast falls short, with the stretcher fly imbedded in the lower end of the log, which lies at an acute angle three feet down stream. But then and again, an accurate cast and a favoring eddy of wind perhaps, land my midges right to the spot, and my trout is hooked—hooked but not captured. I cannot kill him in his danger-environed poollet and I force him into the open but swift water of the rapids below, which, on my four-ounce rod, with that big log and those wicked looking snags cropping out here and there as danger signals, is not an easy thing to do. But it can be done and is done and I move down stream rounded up with self-satisfaction and renewed enjoyment of my outing.

Below this last-named pool, for fifty yards, the stream is shallow, dashing over a plain of bed-rock barren of shelter or nourishment for the trout, and only at the lower end is found another likely spot for creel-filling. Just here

the environment takes on a new phase of embarrassment for the fly caster. The current trends and boils toward the left side of the stream and through and under the roots of a large tree, and has worked a deep hole in the bank and gorged out a hollow among the loose rocks, and here is almost always a fruitful spot for a good-sized trout, but if there, he is apt to lie *perdu* in a certain dark spot three or four inches outside the projecting bank. To reach this lair of the trout a nearly perpendicular overhead cast is required as the switch method would fail, owing to the danger, when retrieving, of the end fly catching among the jagged edges of the flat stones of the terraced and shallow rapids. The branches of the trees on both sides of the brook extend almost over it, leaving a lane of sky outlook of, say, ten feet in length and three feet in width, but the space for casting is narrowed at the lower end to two feet by the brush growing upon a spit of land extending outward from the right side of the pool, which you cannot approach nearer than twenty feet without alarming the over-skittish fish. I stand in the center of the brook and with a flirt of the tip throw my flies upward, and in a moment spring the rod to the front, the line curling almost perpendicularly in the air, and, if well directed, the animated cord will answer instantaneously to the wrist movement and incline down stream with a sort of crescendo movement, leader straightening and flies fluttering and falling on the dark patch twenty feet below. Sometimes I raise my trout, oftimes I do not, but I can reach his home pool by no other method, for brush and bank and branch on either side, above behind and in front, handicap any experiments I may be inclined to make.

The stream now widens to thirty feet and is a still stretch of about that distance in length and two feet in depth. It forms a tempting looking pool, but I have never found a trout in it. At the lower end is an irregular cluster of stones of the size and shape

of those known as "cobble" extending cross-stream through which the water gurgles, making sweet brook music, into a dark, deep pool. This is the objective point of every outing I take on this typical and fruitful trout stream, and just here is found requirement for the utmost skill and delicacy in casting possessed by the veteran Waltons of the craft. To fish it with any assurance of success you must stand forty feet away at left center of the upper pool and cast that distance sideways and parallel with the surface, not daring to elevate your rod or allow your line to go more than three feet above the water. If it swerves a few inches to the right or left the bushes have your flies; a slight

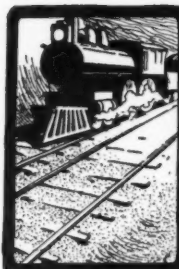
misdirection upward and the low branches of the old hemlock embrace them; if they fall below the three feet plane, ten chances to one the feathered hooks will insert themselves in the low brush at the upper end, or if too much force is put in the forward cast and the rod thrown too far to the front, the end fly is sure to catch in that bunch of treacherous snags that lie a few inches above the rock under the shelter of which the trout always lie. And there you are. You perforce wade through the pool, and the timid fish run to cover or dash in frantic leaps up stream and do not gather in the pool until the normal conditions are again assured.

#### SPRING MINSTRELSY

Oh, sing me a song of the angler bold;  
Of the willowy rod and the musical reel;  
Of the line, hook and float—not forgetting  
the reel,  
And how it was filled just as full as 'twould  
hold;  
And sling in a verse—perhaps two would be  
best—  
Of the fish which, in weight, far surpassed  
all the rest.  
How it struck and was hooked; how it ran,  
sulked and fought;  
How the reel sang a tune and the line was  
held taut.

But from singing refrain at that point in your  
lay  
Where the silken line fouled and the fish got  
away;  
For the forceful remarks of an angler bold  
When his tackle plays false in the moments  
of need—  
Though straight from an overcharged heart  
they proceed—  
May well be remembered, but never retold.





## The SPORTSMAN TOURIST When, Where and How to Go

Our readers are invited to send us their  
experiences



### WITH ROD AND PADDLE ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE OTTAWA

J. E. Meiers

(Photos by the author)

AT the Sportsmen's Show held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, two years ago, I heard of a vast new territory in the Temiscamingue country, away to the north, around the headwaters of the Ottawa River, which had just been opened up to the sportsman.

Prior to the building of the branch road from Temiscamingue to Mattawa, where it joins the Canadian Pacific trunk line, little was heard of Lake Temiscamingue outside of Mattawa.

The lake, forming a link seventy miles long in the chain of waters reaching clear to Hudson Bay, was formerly a convenient highway for trappers and Indians in bringing down the winter's catch of fur to the trading post at Mattawa. Its beauties were entirely lost upon these traders, who looked upon it only from the standpoint of utility.

Soon after the completion of the branch road to the lake the journey, which formerly took days, being reduced to as many hours, its accessibility attracted tourists. These early visitors, returning, brought with them glowing accounts of the beauty of the country and of fine sport obtained with rod and gun. Moose and deer were reported especially plentiful, and were secured with comparative ease. The experience of a hunter of international renown, who visited the country, is worth repeating. He relates that while in camp in the Kippewa district he spied a moose swimming across the lake, which he and his guide intercepted by canoe, and by keeping the canoe between it and its objective point actually drove the moose right to the camp, where it was dispatched; the whole affair being done so quickly that biscuits which had been left baking before the camp fire did not have time to burn before their return.

Needless to say these accounts filled me with a resolution to visit the country at the earliest opportunity. True, it is not necessary to travel all the way to Temiscamingue to get good sport, for within a short distance of almost any Canadian Pacific station one can find fine hunting and fishing; but then there is a peculiar fascination in visiting re-



The Landing at Haileybury

gions hitherto unknown and paddling about on unfrequented waters.

During the summer, last year, I wrote to several places in the district, and in due time received replies. All promised excellent diversion. It was hard to make a choice, as I wanted to crowd the best sport obtainable into the fortnight at my disposal. As all travel through the district is by canoe, I thought inspection of the map of the country, showing canoe routes, published by the



Crown Land Office, would aid me in making a selection. Instead, it only added to my confusion, for within a radius of fifty miles of Lake Temiscamingue, and including Lakes Kippewa and Temogamy, it shows an area cut up with an intricate network of lakes and rivers, on which one may journey by canoe for months without once doubling on one's course. With such a bewildering abundance of routes I concluded it would be best to be on the ground before making a choice.

Early in September my wife and I boarded the 6.25 p. m. train at the Grand Central station, New York, bound for Montreal, where close connection was made with the Canadian Pacific Imperial Limited the following morning. Mattawa is reached at 7.15 the same evening after an interesting ride, most of the time in sight of the Ottawa, with whose headwaters we were soon to form a closer acquaintanceship.

We remained in Mattawa over night, and to Mr. J. M. Deacon, a thrifty merchant, we are indebted for much of the information which enabled us to choose our route. For the benefit of those to whom it may be of use I append the following:

"For moose, the Kippewa district is best.

"For deer, go to either Kippewa or Temogamy.

"For fishing, go most anywhere. But for a canoeing and fishing trip, with excellent chances of getting a shot at large game en route, the trip to picturesque Lake Temogamy will prove the most satisfactory."

And so it was decided that we should go to the Temogamy district. Our map showed two excellent canoe routes from Lake Temiscamingue to Lake Temogamy. The first starts at the mouth of the Montreal River, thence by the Metabitchouan River, Rabbit and White Bear lakes to Lake Temogamy. The return is made over the same route, covering a distance of about fifty miles, with eight portages each way. This trip could easily be made in one week's time.

The other route starts at Haileybury, near the head of Lake Temiscamingue, thence via Sharp and Mud lakes to the Montreal River, thence to the Mattawapika River through Lakes Mattawapika, Lady Evelyn and Non-walkaming to Lake Temogamy. The return is over the Montreal River route. This trip, making a circuit of about 130 miles, with twenty portages, all but one easy, is made in from ten to fourteen days. We chose the latter route.

Next morning we boarded the branch train for the run to Temiscamingue. Still following the turbulent Ottawa, the journey

is made over a wildly picturesque route. At many points precipitous cliffs crowd the train close to the raging river.

We arrived at Temiscamingue in due season, and dined at the Bellevue House, a comfortable, up-to-date hotel, managed by Mr. J. McCombie. Excellent fishing and hunting is found in the vicinity of the hotel. Thinking that the remainder of the trip might prove too hard for Mrs. M—, I suggested that she remain at the hotel until my return. The proposition was promptly vetoed.

After dinner we boarded the Lumsden line steamer "Meteor" for the journey up Lake Temiscamingue. In the beauty of the scenery alone, Lake Temiscamingue is unsurpassed, but, coupled with the variety and abundance of fishes, wooded shores stocked with game, the lake becomes unparalleled.

As the steamer, heading due north, proceeded up the lake, every revolution of her screw carrying us further from civilization, canoes bearing bronzed half-breeds or Indians shoot out from shore to meet the boat to receive mail or supplies. We reached Baie des Peres at dusk, where the "Meteor" remained for the night. A comfortable stateroom was secured on board. At sunrise the following morning the trip was resumed, a short run bringing us to Haileybury, where we disembarked, the steamer running as close to the rocky shore as safety allowed, the transfer being effected by means of dories.

From Mr. Paul Cobbold, who runs the general store at Haileybury, we procured everything needed for the trip, including guides, tents, blankets, cooking utensils and provisions. If the visiting sportsman from Uncle Sam's domain prefers to bring his supplies with him, he can do so free of duty, but as the prices at Haileybury for similar articles are quite reasonable, it will hardly pay him to do so. Tents and other camp equipment can be rented for 15 per cent of their value.

Mr. Cobbold knew two good guides who had made the trip before and could be hired for \$1.50 per day. They were Billy Fiddler and George Friday, both expert canoeists, good workers and willing. They would paddle all day and never complain of feeling tired. Fiddler is a Canadian, a recent settler in the district, where he has set up housekeeping with his Indian bride. Friday is a full-blooded Indian, just arriving at manhood, with a frank, boyish countenance. He has an insatiable fondness for running rapids. Like the rest of his tribe, Friday has adopted the civilized garb of the white man with the



Departing from Camp Comfort, Lady Evelyn Lake

exception of his footgear. Experience has taught the Indian that the moose-hide shoe pack is the most serviceable in the Temiscamingue country.

As it would take the best part of the day to get our outfit together, we postponed the start until the following morning. Mr. Cobbold agreed to have everything ready for an early start. We spent a pleasant evening with Postmaster Farr and wife. Mr. Farr is a pioneer on Lake Temiscamingue. He was the representative of the district at a former Sportsmen's Show.

Bright and early the next morning we started for Sharp Lake over the seven-mile portage. Mr. Farr's springless wagon carried the baggage. The road was bad and walking was preferable to riding.

It was a tired and hungry company that finally reached Sharp Lake, and a halt for dinner was decided upon. On an elevation commanding a view of the lake we found the log cabin of Joe Houston, a veteran of the forest, employed by the government as fire ranger and game warden. His latchstring was out, and we received a hearty welcome.

The dinner call was responded to with alacrity. How good that first meal in the forest tasted! Joe Houston joined with us and enlivened the repast with some interesting experiences, told in an inimitable way, that brightened his otherwise lonely station. The principal dishes of that dinner were fried bacon and baked potatoes, but never was a meal eaten with greater relish. Friday's fondness for pork caused great merriment. Not a morsel of the succulent porker was wasted. Even the drippings from the frying-pan found a place in Friday's anatomy. The amount of kokush (bacon) that a healthy Indian can stow away, even when not seeking a record, is simply appalling. Before the trip was ended I could almost match it.

Dinner over, the canoe was launched on the lake and the baggage put aboard. I forgot to mention that our canoe was of birch bark, eighteen feet long, sufficiently large to carry four persons and all our accoutrements.

Before leaving Sharp Lake the fire warden presented me with a printed copy of the Dominion laws with reference to the care of camp fires. Needless to say, during the entire trip the guides never failed to quench the last spark before breaking camp. The natives, red and white alike, realize that the destructive forest fires would work terrible havoc in their country, where lumbering, trapping and hunting are the principal sources of income.

The trip through Sharp Lake was made without incident, and a short portage

brought us to Mud Lake. Billy's observation, "You'll get no fishing until you reach the Montreal River," proved correct.

Approaching the carry at the outlet of Mud Lake, our guides gave us a clever exhibition of canoe handling. The outlet of the lake was badly jammed with logs, which blocked the approach to the portage for about an eighth of a mile. By skilful maneuvering the guides made the portage without so much as starting a seam.

We pitched camp for the night on a bluff overlooking the Montreal River, which flowed swiftly and silently below us. The rapidly diminishing pork supply was again called upon for supper, after which we sought repose on a refreshing, fragrant couch of balsam.

Early the next morning the canoe was launched on the Montreal River. Billy's remark that there were fine bass in the river brought the rods out quickly, but our most tempting flies brought no rise.

"Have you got a spoon with you?" asked Billy. "I have brought out several."

"That looks like a good one," he remarked, pointing to one among the lot.

The spoon had been trolling only a short time when a sharp pull and a splash behind announced that I had hooked one. He proved a fighter of the small-mouth variety and would weigh between two and three pounds. In the swift current the pull was so strong he seemed double that weight. Friday's exultant chuckle as he lifted the bass into the canoe made me suspect that even he had grown tired of kokush and would welcome a change in the camp bill of fare. Mrs. M—— and Billy thought they would each be equal to a bass for dinner.

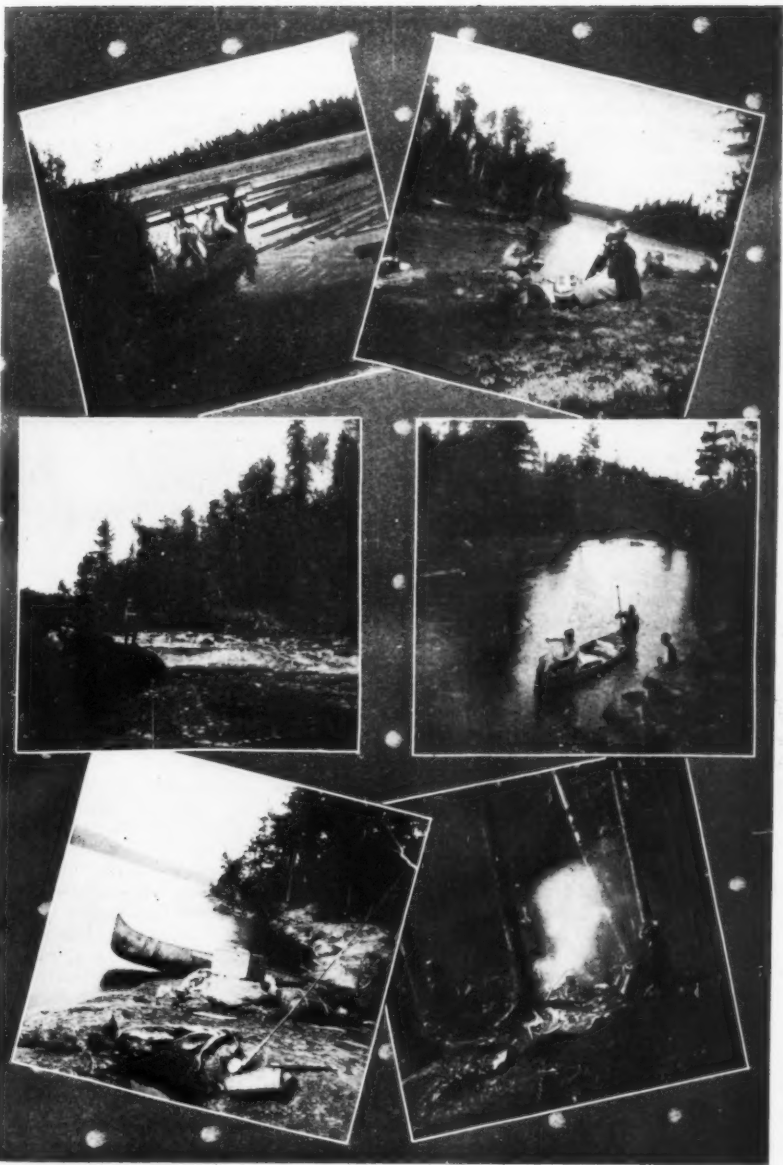
"How many can you eat, George?" brought the prompt response, "Two."

We secured enough bass for dinner in altogether too short a time, the size of the catch being limited solely by the requirements of the camp larder.

The second night out we lodged at Red Pine Point, a picturesque spot on the Montreal River and an excellent place for fishing. Billy left us here after supper to spend the night with his family, promising to return at sunrise next morning.

At Mattawapika Falls, a beautiful spot, where the waters tumble full thirty feet, we left the Montreal River. A short portage around the falls brought us to Mattawapika Lake. Good fly-fishing is found below the falls and in the Waswaning Narrows on the lake.

Lake Lady Evelyn was reached without incident. Good fishing continued all the



Log Jam, Mud Lake  
Pork Rapids, Montreal River  
On Lake Temogamy's Shore

A Halt for Dinner, Metabitchouan River  
Leaving Mattawapika Falls Portage  
Around the Camp Fire

way. Here and there ducks, usually in pairs, startled by our appearance, would go off at great speed.

The trip on Lady Evelyn Lake is one never to be forgotten. Words cannot do it justice. To be appreciated, it must be seen as we saw it, under the brightest of September skies. The guides kept us informed with its history, inhabitants, etc., by a running fire of comment.

In the middle of a small clearing on the lake shore is the home of the late Chief Windahbin. The widow of the departed brave is now its only occupant. Contentedly she awaits the summons of the Great Father that bids her join her lord in the happy hunting ground.

We found an excellent camp site all ready for occupancy. Benches and tables erected

All along the lake shore were evidences that larger game had been feeding on the grass and lily-pads.

In the inlet approaching the Sharp Rock portage the guides called our attention to some fine bass swimming about in ten feet of water, every movement clearly visible from the canoe. Noiselessly we backed away. From my rods and flies, brought in anticipation of the portage, I took out a spinner, and, trailing it a few yards behind, we beheld the bass in the act of striking. This sport proved too exciting for Mrs. M—, and the next time we paddled into the inlet two spoons were trolling behind, and in less than ten minutes we had taken out four splendid bass, whose aggregate weight must have been about fifteen pounds. As this gave us sufficient food for two meals, we abandoned the sport.

Dripping skies greeted our entrance on Lake Temogamy. The Kokomis, said to rule over the lake's destiny, seemingly was offended by our spending so much time in places of minor importance compared with the glories of Temogamy, and took this means of showing her displeasure at our tardiness. We paddled fifteen miles to Bear Island in the downpour, the pattering raindrops keeping time with the rhythmic swing of the paddle.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather, Mr. Woods, the Hudson's Bay Company agent, and several Indian inhabitants were on hand to meet us when we disembarked at Bear Island. The indications pointing to a violent storm, which might continue for some time, made an invitation to Mrs. M— and myself to stop with Mr. Woods and his charming bride very acceptable. To Mr. Woods I turned over the letters which Postmaster Farr had entrusted in my care for delivery at the island.

Mr. Woods keeps a register at Bear Island, in which are recorded the names of visitors to Lake Temogamy. Among others who were there last summer I noticed the following: Messrs. Frank Sibley, A. A. Berrick and E. D. Robbins, of Buffalo; A. D. Stewart, W. G. Blackstock and A. Lyman Massey, Toronto; Wm. S. Elder, Auburn, N. Y.; Ezra H. Fitch, Dr. Geo. W. McDonald, T. S. Adams, C. F. Arens, Louis de C. Berg, New York City; Harry D. Wright, Detroit; Bennett Rosamond, Almonte, Ont.; J. P. H. Cunningham, New Castle, Pa.; Dr. E. S. Conlyn, Baltimore; F. K. Barrow, Brattleboro, Vt.; John C. Temple, Germantown, Pa.; R. H. Labatt, Hamilton, Ont.; Elwood Tyson, Chester, Pa., and Henry Blake, of Boston. All of these gentlemen



Mending our Birch Bark

by the guides conducting Messrs. Sibley and Berrick, two sportsmen from Buffalo, N. Y., several weeks before our visit, were found undisturbed.

The next point worthy of mention was Nonwalkaming Lake. If one day's sojourn on the lake is sufficient for forming an opinion, it was one of the best spots on the whole trip for variety of game. The fishing on the lake was especially good. Bass, pike and pickerel were plentiful. Rounding a point of land jutting out into the lake, we surprised a flock of ducks quietly feeding. Away they went with splutter and splash, the young ducks with wings not yet developed, not being able to raise themselves out of the water, went splashing across the surface and were soon out of sight.



had a splendid time, and many will doubtless revisit the lake this season.

The storm over, and having purchased from Mr. Woods the supplies needed to replenish our store, the time was at hand for saying farewell.

After leaving Deer Island we paddled down the northeast arm of Lake Temogamy, stopping for a few minutes at Friday's home on the way. The entire Friday family, seven strong, each member accompanied by a dog, turned out and gave him a noisy welcome.

At White Bear Lake we stopped at the home of Frank White Bear, a thrifty Indian. Our supply of potatoes having run out, we exchanged a portion of our flour for that vegetable from the Indian's garden.

The trip across Rabbit Lake was most exciting. A strong wind lashed the water into choppy waves. To attempt to cross looked dangerous, and we hesitated, but on the guides' assurances that there was no danger in a canoe as large as ours we agreed to try it, and the trip across was safely made.

We found splendid camp sites and good fishing all the way out from Lake Temogamy. After leaving Rabbit Lake the balance of the trip lay by way of the Metabitchouan River. The river runs with the speed of a mill-race, with a few rapids to make it interesting. Friday's excessive fondness for running rapids brought him to grief in a rapid which he should have portaged. Fortunately he escaped with nothing more serious than a punctured canoe, which was soon mended.

We reached Lake Temiscamingue on scheduled time, having consumed just ten days' time in making the trip. Our last camp was pitched on the lake shore. At sunrise next morning we spied the "Meteor" steaming down the lake. The captain, who had been notified in advance, was on the lookout for us and sent the dory ashore to take us off. Hurried good-bys were exchanged with our guides, and the homeward journey begun.

Would you enjoy rare sport in a country where there is plenty of elbow room, and cast your flies on waters unacquainted with the artificial lure, then go where we went last fall, to the headwaters of the Ottawa, where your nearest neighbor at times is twenty miles distant. The trip is easily and quickly made. Less than twenty-four hours from either New York or Boston suffices to land the visitor at Mattawa, from whence the journey to Temiscamingue is of brief duration. If you go during the open season, do not fail to take a gun along. Partridge as tame as garden fowl are numerous on the portages, and will prove a welcome addition to the camp larder.

And a word of caution in conclusion. Do not load yourself at the beginning with supplies to last for your entire outing. Human nature is frail, and the storekeepers are not averse to selling all they can. Purchase just enough to carry you from post to post, and save time otherwise lost on the portages. This will give you more leisure for side trips.

### FISHING TIME

Ahoy, my sporty fisher lads,  
Bring forth your reel and rod!  
The smiling suns of dawning May  
Have touched the soft, wet sod;

And all along the wandering streams  
The greening grasses grow,  
Bright with warmth from overhead,  
And spray-wet from below.

Alert beneath o'erhanging tufts  
Where eddies swiftly swirl,  
The trout awaits; creep cautious up  
And there your line unfurl.

A tug, a spring of slim bamboo,  
And then a flick so deft,  
And on the turf right at your feet  
The speckled beauty's left.

—FRANK FARRINGTON

## NIMRODS FOUR

Mary E. Chamberlain

**A** GAIN Pegasus, of ancient fame, and the canvas-topped wagon of venerable memory are under way, and Tom, Dick and Harry—likewise Bob—are mildly hilarious as befitting the day and the occasion. As to the day, it is yet young and fair; and as to the occasion, that, of course, is the thirtieth of April, forerunner of the glorious first of May.

They are bound for a trout brook; oh, the jolliest trout brook in the big, round world! And it runs through a green wood, where now there are wild fruit trees budding into perfumed snow, and young leaves dancing in the jocund sunlight. Spring has come gaily upon her way, and birds sing their joyous carols through the pleasant days, and bees are commencing to hum amid the delicate early blossoms. It is well to be alive on such a day as this.

Even Pegasus, the sage, is seemingly aware of these things and steps out in a truly creditable manner. Pepper, the dog, races back and forth, seeking unknown but darkly suspected quarry among the bushes that fringe the road.

It is a pretty road, too, winding in and out, sometimes under mighty trees that stand royally straight and tall, undismayed as yet by the leveling axe of the woodman; then, again, with sudden turn, coming out upon the blue lake's margin, where yet a gray mist sways and hovers over its far distance, mingling water and sky in one uniform, impenetrable haze that now, however, is sometimes shot with opalescent gleams as the dawn advances.

There are the sails of a boat out there gleaming with ghostly whiteness against the far shadows, but no one guesses its mission, whether of pleasure or of toil, or to what outward shore its white wings are set. The scene is perfect with it—it would be perfect without it. Why care?

These four mighty Nimrods before the mightiest recounted with zest their past exploits. They related in jubilant fashion their deeds of prowess; they told of the tent pitched amid myriad rattlesnakes, of the irate Swedish "voman," the tuyfel of a Dutchman, the bear that was a pig, the pig that would not be a bear.

They had not a care to be divided among them; not a desire for the riches, either of gold or lands, of the world's millionaires; they envied no crowned head; they coveted no honors of fame or fortune. For, forsooth, were they not going a-fishing?

The bright hours passed, the glowing sun came up from his cloud-bed in the east; the birds sung, the blue lakes sparkled. There were stores of things packed away in the wagon, but with wise forethought they halted at a snug farmhouse, where they fed and rested the venerable Pegasus, and where they themselves partook of a generous country dinner, for all of which they returned coin of the realm and the staple gossip of town, with a few of their own choice narratives thrown in free gratis, and thus parted from "mine host" with the utmost good will on both sides.

Nightfall found them at one of their old camping grounds, familiar through other scenes of activity. In this case it was a great barn belonging to a friendly farmer, who, for a valuable consideration, turned it over to these Nimrods—now turned fishermen—to have and to hold so long as they saw fit to tarry. There was plenty of room under the broad roof for themselves and their belongings. They installed the gentle and long-suffering Pegasus in comfort, near neighbor to the likewise gentle and long-suffering plough horses of the farmer; removed the supplies and seats from the wagon, and set to to prepare their supper.

They carried a portable stove, and soon the mingled, appetizing odor of coffee, ham and eggs, browned potatoes and fried corn mush rose upon the air. The four sat upon the wagon seats, with a box covered with a newspaper between them, and this was laden with such dainties as pickles, jellies, brown bread, doughnuts, cheese and, of course, pie, that they had brought from home; while, as to their appetites, be sure these were robust. Their mode of sleeping was nothing if not unique. The wagon box was filled with hay, covered with blankets, upon which they reclined, with two heads—those of Tom's and Dick's—to the north end, and two more—those of Harry's and Bob's—to the south end. This was something of a dove-tailed arrangement, and, no doubt, had its advantages, while the only disadvantages one might mention were those of a total inability on the part of any of them to sleep, except by fits and starts, and the necessity of all turning over when one turned. But then there were only a few hours of it at most, and who would mind a little thing like that at such a time? Surely not one of these Nimrods Four.

While the moon was not yet gone from the soft, tranquil skies, without waiting for

any catables, the gallant fishermen strode out, bent upon conquest.

Pepper was ignominiously confined in the barn, where he proceeded to make all Rome, and several adjacent counties, howl. It was an idyllic trout brook, flowing softly, with rich, brown tints in the shadows, and flashing rainbow hues in the sunlight, and for these Nimrods, wading cautiously into the water, there was now nothing to be desired on earth save good luck.

The stillness was unbroken by even the earliest of the song-birds, and the only sound, except the soft ripple of the brook, was the swish of lithe rods as they deftly whipped the tiny waterfalls and silent pools, the whirr of the reels, and now and then a smothered ejaculation over some rare beauty as it slid into the creel, for the fish were taking the flies eagerly, and it was rich sport. Sometimes a wary and gamey old fellow had to be fought for, inch by inch, as he darted hither and thither, lurking, hiding, now rushing to the song of the reel straight down stream. Usually the battle was to the strong, although not always, and then, singularly enough, it was invariably the biggest ones that got away.

The fishers had become separated in their pursuit of the speckled beauties, and Bob, well content with his spoils, and hungry as a hunter or a fisherman, started on the backward trail for the barn. He had fished upstream for a considerable distance, and now found, upon emerging from the belt of woodlands, that he must of necessity cross some intervening fields to reach his base of supplies. He was trudging along with all the assurance of a free-born American citizen, and whistling what he fondly imagined to be an air from one of the late operas, but that was just any old tune, or none at all, when he became suddenly and apprehensively aware of an ominous sound somewhere in the distance and something in the nature of a deep bass accompaniment to his erstwhile merry piping. Bob looked around in bewilderment. Immediately his vision took in the direful spectacle of an enraged bovine tearing up the earth, tossing his wicked horns and bellowing forth appalling threats; in short, disporting himself in a manner and style most obnoxious to the observer.

One instant given over to staring with all his might, and then the bold Nimrod was off and away as fast as his somewhat ponderous anatomy and a pair of heavy rubber boots permitted. He felt that it was a race for life, and he tore over the ground in gallant style, the fish in his creel

dancing a merrier jig than they had at the end of his line only a brief time ago. Of course, the bull gave chase, and also, of course, he gained at every bound upon the now panting Bob. The "Flying Dutchman" was not a circumstance, but plainly he was getting the worst of it, and he was sensible of the fact in the fleeting glimpse that he took over his shoulder. Then he changed his course, swerving to the left, where there was a fence, or hedge, constructed of stumps, with a thick tangle of blackberry bushes close set beside it. Probably some forlorn hope of finding an opening sufficiently large to admit of his crawling through, and also sufficiently small as to admit of keeping out his belligerent pursuer, animated him. And now shouts for help at the top of his most excellent lungs rent the air that would have awakened the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus had they been near. But somewhat more to the purpose, a *vrouwe* of the broad and solid and stolid Holland type, peacefully picking greens in the neighboring meadow, heard his lusty shouting, and, after a few moments spent in thinking that something a little out of the ordinary was going on, she arose slowly from her kneeling posture and bore down upon the enemy through a gap in the stump fence.

Seeing this new aspirant for his disfavor, his majesty paused in his mad career, and Bob, with a last frantic effort, screened himself behind the more than ample form of the Dutch woman.

"So? Vat you vos dryin' to do alretty?" she said, pacifically to his majesty, who stood stock still in sheer wonderment. "Vat I dell you *quit!* Dot no goot you vos make row. It vos petter you mind your pizness alretty; I told yous dot!"

Very mildly, yet very firmly, she reasoned with the big brute, and whether her arguments carried weight, or whether the surprise of beholding this impassive female in place of the flying man overcame his anger, this deponeth sayeth not, but certain it is that he turned and slowly made off to the further side of the field and complacently went to cropping grass.

"*Holy smoke!* That was a close one," remarked Bob, emerging from behind the burly form of his preserver, but keeping a weather eye open while he wiped his steaming brow.

"Yaw, dat ist so," assented the woman, placidly.

Bob looked into his creel. "All here—and the big feller, too. Say, I'll give you half a dozen of 'em."

"Yaw, dot ist goot."

"If you should see any of the others—there're three more—maybe you won't say anything—er—er—about *him*," jerking his thumb in the direction of the now peaceable bovine.

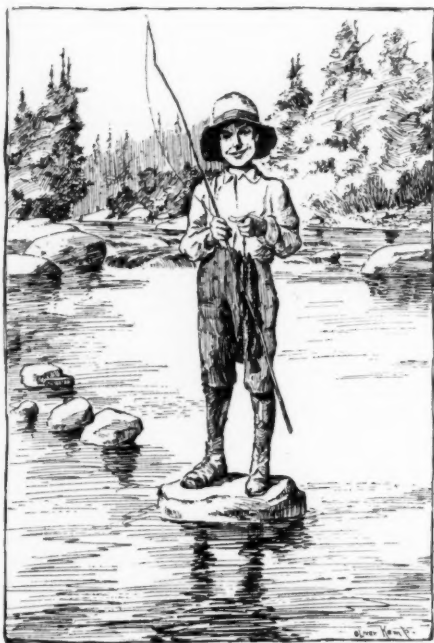
"Yaw, dot ist goot," she answered, and, calmly taking the fish, she returned to gathering greens as if nothing had happened.

When Bob reached the barn there were all of the Nimrods assembled, savory odors announcing their occupation. He remained wisely silent as to his adventure, and in looking at and comparing the size of their goodly catch no one remembered to ask of his whereabouts.

### THE OLD HOME HAUNTS

I would not live over th' days gone by.  
But somehow I think with a leaky eye  
Of the great green fields an' th' deep blue sky  
Where I was born, an' was brought up an'  
where

My face was freckled an' tow was my hair  
An' my knees was out an' my feet was bare.



Happy Days

I think of the streams with their swirl an' swish,  
An' th' swimmin' holes with their countless fish,  
An' my long birch rod; an' somehow I wish  
I could jest turn back fer a single day  
Ter my boyhood time an' hev a good play  
In th' great gray barn in th' same ole way.

Yes, back ter th' ole home haunts I would go,  
Jest ter creep up ter th' pond, don't yer know,  
With th' muzzle-loader an' let 'er go  
At th' ducks that don't know where they are at,  
An' th' tip-up snipe an' th' shy mushrat—  
Small game, but I like it fer all of that.

I yearn ter steal out of th' ole back door  
An' dig fer earthworms a long time afore  
Th' folks is astir, an' only once more  
Ter catch big, fat chubs, an' suckers, an' then  
Hev' 'em scaled an' gutted an' ready when  
Th' fam'ly gits up an' asks where I've been.

This 'ere life in town is all well enough  
Fer barter an' 'change an' that sort o' stuff—  
For doin' things that is only a bluff,  
An' once in a while a-feelin' too gay.  
An' this is th' reason I'd go away  
Ter th' ole home haunts fer a little stay.

—WILL S. REYNOLDS.

## HUNTING IN NORTHERN MEXICO

Salomé Cecil

NOWHERE in Mexico are deer so plentiful as in the western part of Sonora, along the banks of the Rio Yaqui. For a distance of about 150 miles, after leaving the little mud-built pueblo of San Marcial to Sahuripa, hundreds of splendid deer may be seen every day asleep in the tall grass, side by side with the numerous cattle that are everywhere; or quietly feeding or drinking, pausing a moment, perhaps, to look at the passing stranger, in no wise alarmed at his presence. They are as tame as the calves themselves, and a shot among them will cause a drove of deer to run a little way, then they return and resume feeding or drinking. The hunter takes his dead deer and departs in peace, satisfied with killing only such of the pretty creatures as he needs for food.

There were eight in our party, a Scotchman and his wife, myself and five native servants. We traveled entirely on mule back, leaving the railroad at Guaymas, where our outfit was procured. The native mules were small, but extremely hardy, and we often rode twenty-eight or thirty miles a day, until the Rio Yaqui was reached at a point a little above the little pueblo of Cocori. Here game was found only at intervals, but the farther westward we traveled the more plentiful was game. Deer, quail and duck were encountered in such numbers that the sport of shooting them lost its zest, and we began to long for more wary game. We were told that Mexican lions, or pumas, jaguars and ocelots, as well as a species of red wolf, black bear, boars and bison, were to be found west of La Baranca, and were especially numerous along the Rio de Aros, which is only Rio Yaqui under another name.

We pushed on rapidly through the Rio Yaqui country, killing only such game as we required for food, leaving behind us thousands of gentle deer, calmly sleeping among the tall grass or feeding side by side with the great bands of cattle that are owned by the wealthy dons who generally live in the large Mexican cities, visiting their cattle ranges but once or twice a year. Sometimes a band of cowboys would dash past us, their fleet little ponies in a mad gallop. The dress of these *vaqueros* is extremely picturesque. The short jacket and trousers are of leather, often fancifully embroidered and trimmed with silver braid and buttons, and the wide sombreros are heavy with band and facing of the mottled skin of the ocelot. And the *hacendado* (cattle owner) is often so strangely and richly attired that no camera owner can

pass him without begging the privilege of taking a snap-shot. The courteous Don is only too willing to pose, and begs that he may be favored with a few copies of the picture.

At a point near Bacum we were stopped by a party of *rurales* (mounted police) and



Where we killed a Black Bear

ordered to retreat, as the Yaqui Indians were still in rebellion in that section, and a desultory warfare was being carried on between the Mexican forces under Gen. Torres and the famous chief, Tetabiate, and a few hundred warriors. Fortunately we had a letter to the general, and we were allowed to proceed to Bacum, where the famous man was found. He seemed a perfect type of the old-time Don, with manners that would have adorned a French salon under the First Empire. He had been slightly wounded in a skirmish the day previous, but the pain he was suffering did not prevent his extending many courtesies to our party during the ten hours we tarried at Bacum. By his advice we departed early the next morning, accompanied by a mounted escort of ten soldiers, who left us twenty miles from the general's headquarters. At no time were we alarmed, and all the Indians we met were unarmed and inoffensive. The Yaquis are a splendid, hardy race, and have, from the time Coro-



nado marched through their country to the present day, fought for their freedom, almost continually; whereas other Indian races in adjacent territory have been so entirely exterminated that not one is left to speak the ancient language. They rarely molest foreigners, but kill without mercy all Mexicans who fall into their power when on the war-path.

Arriving at Guadalupe, a small pueblo at the confluence of Rio Bonito and Rio de Aros, we rested four days, making our camp near the swiftly flowing Aros at a point just above the great bend that gives the name to the river. Here a number of Mexicans, small *rancheros* from above, came to the camp every day to beg us to sell them ammunition, offering us from five to ten times the original cost. This we refused to do, for the reasons that we had promised Gen. Torres not to sell any ammunition. And then, too, we had no more than we needed for our own use. The day after we left Guadalupe a Mexican, at whose hut we stopped to buy some tomatoes and green chile, begged us to remain and try to kill some of the lions that had devoured several of his young calves. We made camp a half-mile above his hut, and, with him as guide, went to a spot where a clump of small guerigo trees grew, in front of which ran a narrow trail along the river bank. The Mexican, whose name was Juan Rio, had an old repeater, but no cartridges, and we allowed him to use one of our new rifles, much to his delight. He told us that the animals, which, from his description, we believed to be ocelots, came every night between 11 and 4 o'clock. We crouched behind the trees until two in the morning, when, tired with the day's heat and dust, I fell asleep on the warm ground. I was awakened suddenly by the report of a rifle, quickly followed by a second shot. Juan sent up a great shout as he rushed out of the thicket, and in the dim moonlight I saw him bend over a huge prostrate animal. It was a splendid specimen of the Mexican ocelot, but we were all too tired to do more than seek our cots in camp and sleep until long after daybreak. We carried light, folding cots, and never had I been more reluctant to leave my bed than that morning, for I was terribly stiff and tired. We had now been traveling for thirty-one days, through a terribly rough country, sometimes walking three or four hours a day over the steepest of the mountain trails. But my aches and pains were soon forgotten after a plunge in the swift-flowing river, a sumptuous breakfast of hot coffee, quail, flaky corn tortillas, which Juan brought as a gift from his fat

wife, and the inevitable orange marmalade which my Scotch friends were never without, be it in their own Highland home or the wilds of India or Mexico.

Juan had already skinned the animal, and the pelt was universally voted to Mrs. McLean, whose rifle-ball pierced the brain of the splendid creature. I had been wrapped in ignominious slumber, and was in deep disgrace, according to the first and most important clause of our rules and regulations. Not until I should kill an animal of equal size could the stigma be removed.

The pelt measured exactly six feet and four inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. It was of a tawny yellow color, superbly marked with rose-like clusters of black spots. It was, Juan said, just the average size. The largest one he had ever killed measured six inches more in length. It was turned over to him to treat with salt and alum, to preserve it until our departure.

The season was early in February, and while snow crowned the distant mountain peaks to the east the weather was extremely warm at the river. The elevation above sea level at that point was but 3,200 feet, while the mountains on either side towered above us from 2,500 to 3,200 feet higher. The river was about seven feet deep, but I was told that during the rainy season, which lasts from June to September, it rises rapidly, and sometimes attains a height above its normal level of twenty to thirty feet, a statement borne out by the water marks on the banks. All the native huts are built high above the river on the overhanging cliffs, such spots being selected as afford space for a small garden patch.

One might write indefinitely of the beauty of the grand Sierra Madre range in Mexico, of the peaceful banks of Rio Yaqui, with its tens of thousands of cattle; the graceful deer, so tame and mild-eyed; the deep barrancas and gorges, the tall mountain peaks, clothed with stately trees, and everywhere a profusion of wild flowers, marvelously brilliant and beautiful. Some spots were so perfect, with trees, grass, running brooks, flowers and an abundance of game, that it seemed as if the perfect corner of all earth had been reached, and that to leave it would be impossible. But our itinerary was planned for weeks ahead, and we could not tarry long in one place, be it ever so enchanting.

Our longest stay was at Rio de Aros, an ideal hunting ground for a true sportsman who never ruthlessly slaughters deer or small game beyond his immediate needs. But to kill such game as wolves, coyotes,

mountain lions and ocelots—that was true charity to the poor *rancheros*. So Juan argued in his endeavors to induce us to stay for some weeks.

We nightly watched from the dense brush through which the path bordering the river had been cut, but for four successive occasions we saw no more ocelots, though several coyotes and a red wolf were killed. The fifth night Mr. McLean killed a small ocelot and a panther. On the next I was made supremely happy by bringing down, with one shot, a splendid ocelot, whose pelt measured three inches longer than that killed by Mrs. McLean—that is, six feet and seven inches. Two other ocelots were killed by Mr. McLean subsequently, and during various trips into the adjacent mountain ranges we killed five wild boars, two wildcats, three coyotes, two beavers and several rabbits. The panther skin was very handsome, and much like the ocelot. One of the most curious trophies of our trip was the pelt of a little animal, half cat, half minx, that had been given to Juan Rios' wife by a prospector who had worked all the previous year at a claim on the Rio Bonito. He had brought with him from Hermosillo a pet cat, and having caught and tamed a little lynx the natural—or unnatural—issue was a cross between the two animals. The color was a beautiful brown, soft and fine, the tail having alternate rings of brown and yellow, and it looked more like a lynx than a cat. The prospector, on his way out to El Paso, had the little animal in a box, intending to take



Mexican Flat Tailed Deer

it home as a curiosity, but it died, and he gave it to Juan's wife, who gave it to me.

At the close of the fourth week at Rio de Aros we broke camp, and, returning to Guadalupe, crossed the Aros again and took the mountain trail for Guerrero. Ten miles further we reached Minaca, the present terminus of the Chihuahua and Pacific Railroad, which is destined to reach the coast at some future time, and eight hours later we were in Chihuahua. The next day the packages of pelts were forwarded to New York to be mounted. And as I write my eyes fall, from time to time, upon my most prized trophies from far-off Rio de Aros—a mounted animal that is neither cat nor minx, and an ocelot rug of unrivaled size and beauty.

## THE BIG TROUT

Theodore Roberts

A FRINGE of green spruce grew along the bank and behind lay miles of barrens, ponds, and deadwoods. At the foot of "Big Rattle" the brown water fell into a browner pool, with drifts of white foam about its edges. Overhead the sky was clear blue, for the sea-fogs never reach the interior of Newfoundland.

The Fisher stood at the edge of the pool fastening a small brown fly to his cast. Behind him you might see his tent among the trees and the thin smoke of his fire. There was that in the air which proclaimed the time to be late afternoon. The Fisher wore a wide-brimmed hat, from the edge of which hung a fly-net to protect his face. His hands were covered with blood from the bites of the black fly. His language was wonderful; his brow clouded. At last the new fly hung to his fancy. He drew out a long line and with an artful swing of short-

ened arm and turn of wrist, cast into the middle of the pool.

The flies lit like thistle-down. Real flies desiring to be swallowed could not have done it better. They drew down in a little family group to the head of the shallow rapid that leads out of the pool. The Fisher blinked his eyes behind the netting, and brought them lightly back. Again he cast to the center of the pool. He had forgotten his smarting hands; he had forgotten that his pipe was out. Something swirled lazily up beneath the drifting flies, and then sank. The Fisher hit. Next instant a flashing brown body leapt into the air and went down and the five flies went with it. The reel sang like mad. Behind the fly netting the Fisher's face was happy and intent. If a pre-historic mammoth had attacked him then he would only have said, "Can't you wait till I land

this fish?" Now he pressed the butt of the rod to his left side, and his left hand felt for the reel. The tip and the upper joint bent like a whip. Again the trout leapt, falling with a silvery plash. Then the line slackened and the man reeled it in.

The Mic-mac guide came down to the edge of the river and looked at his master, who now stood up to his knees in the water. Then he bolted back to the tent and returned with the landing-bag. He, too, waded into the pool. Now the fish fought for liberty at the head of the shallow rapid. If he could only get into the snarl of white water—then he would win free!—then he would get away from the devil-fly clinging to his lip. He jumped madly, flinging himself out of the water and tumbling like a circus clown. But ever the little fly drew him back, away from the vantage of the swift water. He saw the almost invisible cast and sprang at it. With every muscle of his flashing body he battled for freedom.

"Big trout," grunted the guide.

The Fisher nodded and reeled in.

Now the captive came sullenly through the brown water, a dead, hopeless weight on the straining rod. Inch by inch he was drawn towards the waiting guide and the hungry landing-bag. But quiet as he seemed he was thinking—for he was as wise as he was large. He knew that something would have

to be done before very long. He considered the little brown fly that clung painlessly to his upper lip. What feet for holding on that fly must have! He was very glad that he had not swallowed it.

Now the Fisher held the rod almost upright. It bent like a young poplar in a nor'easter. He reeled in the line turn by turn. The swarthy Mic-mac made a long arm with the bag.

The big trout saw it all. Now for the last effort. Now for the toss between Death and Life. All in that little time he thought of the cool waters of the river—of the quiet pools and the laughing "rattles" and the shouting rapids, and of his comrades lazily wagging their tails and fins in the amber shadows.

He sprang blindly, smote the edge of the landing-bag, and wrenched himself free. Free! Free again to lie in the pools, free again to leap in the rapids. But still the little brown fly clung harmlessly to the tough skin of his upper lip.

The Fisher and Mic-mac waded back to shore. There the Fisher turned and doffed his hat, fly-netting and all, to the quiet pool.

"You fought like a hero," he said. "I am glad you got away—and you are welcome to the brown-hackle."

But the guide only grunted. He did not believe in such talk. He wanted fresh trout for supper.

## A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

Allen Eric

POSSIBLY comparatively few lovers of the finny tribe are accustomed to look to the Green Mountain region of Vermont as an ideal fishing ground. Yet such it is, and, for certain kinds of game fish, the lakes and ponds that nestle among the verdant hills and mountains of Vermont cannot be surpassed anywhere in this great country of ours.

We are apt to think of this State as a farming country, famous for its dairy products. Such, indeed, it is; but, in the northern half of the State there is plenty of wild, practically unsettled territory, mountains covered with thick forests wherein game, such as deer, partridges and gray squirrels, abound; crystal lakes of varying sizes, whose cool waters, shaded by the surrounding verdure, teem with fish anxious to be caught; and, through the valleys and along the rich intervals, sparkling streams afford the very best of sport with brook trout.

Nowhere will the sportsman find more to

please him in the way of scenery than in the northern half of the Green Mountain State. There is, to be sure, not much of what might be called grandeur of scenery, although some superb views from the mountain sides that overlook the rich valleys far below certainly combine beauty and grandeur. But the scenery is, it seems to me, about the most beautiful and restful that eye ever looked upon, from Rutland north to the Canadian border, and from the majestic Connecticut River on the east, to the noble waters of Lake Champlain on the west. And there is pure air and pure water in abundance; and a kind and hospitable people.

Anywhere around the shores of the lakes and ponds there are ideal camping sites without number. But the sportsman will find it to his advantage and general enjoyment and satisfaction to secure lodgings in a hospitable farm house, handy to some lake or pond. There he will have a comfortable bed and good food; for Vermont has some

famous cooks among her homely people. The fisherman from the city or town, if he is a good fellow himself, as he generally is, of course, will easily get into the good graces of the farmer; and, let me say, the time so occupied will prove to be well spent. One may, with profit, even go to such extremes as to help the farmer get in his hay, or bring an armful of wood to the kitchen; for he will be repaid many fold. The farmer will let him down very easy in the matter of expense, and there is no more skilled person in the art of fishing in the world than this same northern Vermont farmer.

Owing to the different locations of Vermont lakes with respect to their natural surroundings, and being a good judge of the matter, the rural Vermonter knows when to go fishing and when not to go. Consequently, when he angles he catches fish. He is a born fisherman and a skilled naturalist, and he knows well the habits and haunts of the finny tribe. There is nothing that the Vermonter enjoys better than to go for a day's fishing, and, being uniformly good-natured and obliging, he is a fine companion and does not hesitate to impart his knowledge to the visitor, and to take him to the choicest haunts that no one but himself knows.

He is indulgent concerning jointed rods, patent reels, hooks, etc., but nothing will cause him to forsake his plain, home-made pole, his own hooks and his stout linen line. If fishing from a boat he does not use a pole, holding the line in his hand. He religiously spits on the bait before he throws it over, and he seems to always have good luck.

I have found the region in the town of Shoreham a very attractive fishing ground, but the lakes throughout the northern part of the State have about the same kinds of fish: bass, perch, both of enormous size, and all the other fish common to the fresh waters of the North. Some of the largest bass ever taken have been caught in the little Vermont lakes; and in all my experience I have never seen any finer perch than are taken from such waters as Crystal Lake, Lake Bomozeen and Perch Pond.

People go all around Vermont looking for good sport fishing; but, take my word for it, there is rare fun to be had there. And, in the fall, partridges and gray squirrels are abundant. Camp out if you prefer to do so; but, in shooting as in fishing, the sportsman will find the native Vermonter a model guide, for he is also skilled in wood-craft.



A Vermont Trout Stream



THAT the readers of *FIELD AND STREAM* may know more about Maine, which, without doubt, offers a greater variety of attractions for the angler, hunter and tourist than any other State in Uncle Sam's dominion, this department will endeavor at all times to give reliable and accurate information.

We may reel off many a big fish story, but the truth about the size of our salmon trout, togue and bass will be told, even if doubted. Long ago I learned that a *true* fish story is not always believed.

If this department can be the means of even one of the fair sex coming into the wilderness where nature offers so many attractions, then our reward is ample.

\* \* \*

Someone once said of love, "For people who have not known it any description seems overdrawn; and for people who have, it is quite beyond description." Surely this is true of life out of doors—in the forest, by the sea, on the mountain top, in the valley, on the lake, or by the laughing brook.

How I pity the one who has never helped prepare a dinner by the shore of some charming lake, where each one can be useful, and the keen relish with which the fish, fresh from the water, are eaten; served, it is true, right from the frying pan!

Never did the sparkle of champagne give more delight than the clear sparkle of "Adam's ale" brought from a nearby spring.

How much one has missed who has never spent a night out of doors!

How sound you sleep while the mountain air, laden with the healing perfume of the spruce, quiets every nerve, and life's perplexing puzzle is forgotten as the trembling pines sing their lullaby!

True, not all love to fish and hunt, therefore they think the wilderness has no attractions for them. To some the paddle is as fascinating as the rod and rifle are for me; while others love to become acquainted with the wild birds that people our wilderness, or sketch or botanize; while the camera is for

many an ever-attractive and entertaining pursuit, the results of which in winter months bring back the pleasure of summer days.

\* \* \*

Little is generally known of the State of Maine except that it is "somewhere way down East." We do not wish our readers to have a wrong impression of the "Pine Tree State," whose area is thirty-five thousand square miles. We have beautiful cities, villages and hundreds of miles of sea coast, yet twenty-three thousand square miles are still in the wilderness condition, while some three thousand square miles are lake, pond and river, in which fishing is not excelled. There are but three places on the Atlantic coast where sea salmon are caught, and these are on the coast of Maine.

\* \* \*

Not until about the middle of May does the trout and landlocked salmon fishing commence in the Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes, where thousands of fishermen from all over the world have "gone-a-fishing."

Nowhere on earth has such large square-tailed speckled trout been caught as from the Rangeley waters.

It was only a few years ago that the first landlocked salmon were put into these lakes. What now? Take the season of 1900 only. Records kept show that hundreds of these gamey fish were taken that weighed from three to thirteen and one-half pounds each.

True, not all who go there are as successful, yet it is "not all of fishing to fish," and if we always knew what we were going to catch half the sport of angling would be lost. But we can always catch health and happiness if not fish.

\* \* \*

The habit of going a-nshing is as old as the hills, and a favorite hobby with all classes, from the highest to the lowest.

How many times we hear of Nature as the "great physician," and I think the best prescription Nature writes is allopathic doses of rod and rifle, paddle and camera.



Whenever you meet a woman who likes fishing and shooting you meet a good companion and an ardent, enthusiastic "sportsman," who loves the life out-of-doors, who cares not for the so-called "society life," which no one denies is falseness and deception, in which people do not say what they mean nor mean what they say. And this class is increasing year by year.

Not thus is life under the shadow of the grand old mountains or by the shore of our lakes, for Nature uses no deception.

world is a cheerful spirit of more importance and nowhere is it more quickly recognized or more highly appreciated.

I thank kind Providence that the time is long past when it was thought unladylike for a woman to be a skilful angler or a good shot. No matter how many party gowns one may have, her wardrobe is not complete unless it includes the short skirt and sensible boot.

There is no more fascinating, healthy or graceful accomplishment for a woman than



Dinner at Big Lake, Machias Waters (Maine)

For those who once have had the fishing fever it is sure to attack them again when springtime comes. When apple blossoms cover the old orchard with their pink and white flowers, the fishermen are looking their outfit over, making frequent trips to the tackle store to replenish the needed articles, and the women folk are deciding where to go for the summer vacation.

Come to Maine. Here you can find what pleases your fancy: A fashionable hotel by the sea shore or lake, a quiet camp by mountain stream or beside some picturesque sheet of water. You can go into the wilderness, or with the crowd. True, not everyone knows how to be comfortable, contented and happy in camp, and nowhere in the wide

fly-fishing, and there is no reason why she should not rival "the lords of creation" in the gentle art.

I have received many letters asking "where shall we go for our first fishing trip down in Maine this season?" That question should be answered according to the time the party are coming and what they wish to fish for.

About the first of May Grand Lake salmon fishing begins, and by the middle of the month the trout and salmon are caught by hundreds of fishermen from the Rangeley Lakes and Moosehead, while at Belgrade Lake the bass seem eager to give the angler good sport. There are hundreds of smaller lakes where the fish abound, and June is a delightful fishing month.



#### FIELD AND STREAM BELIEVES—

**THAT** our game creatures, embracing birds, animals and fishes, constitute a precious heritage which should be jealously guarded. They are the magnet that draws the overworked business man to Nature—the safety-valve to our high pressure civilization.

**THAT** hunting and fishing is not a cruel pastime if humanely employed. Flesh-eating is a natural part of the great plan of survival. Even sentimentalists cannot gainsay this long-established and evidential truth. Wanton and extravagant killing does not belong to the question.

**THAT** the protection of game, comprising birds, animals and fishes, can be more efficiently accomplished by the co-operative establishment throughout North America of a uniform system of laws, irrespective of Governmental boundary lines, based, instead, on, perhaps, three sectional divisions by climatic zones.

**THAT** by intelligent application in matters of propagation, limit of bag, law enforcement, etc., game would multiply to justify more extended open seasons.

**THAT** without the incentive of longer open seasons and more ideal conditions it will be hard to enlist the co-operation of a sufficient number of those naturally interested to attain the ends desired.

**THAT** all traffic in such birds, animals and fishes, in which depletion or extermination is threatening or imminent, should be prohibited for a term regulated in duration by the exigencies existing and the necessary time for normal restoration.

**THAT** Spring shooting or the shooting or killing of game animals, birds and fishes during their respective breeding seasons is most reprehensible and should be abolished forever.

**THAT** non-resident license laws are entirely and radically wrong and unnecessary, even under existing conditions.

**THAT** a universal gun tax or license is desirable, with restrictions as to the destructive characteristics of firearms.

**THAT** each State should vie with other States in setting apart public domain for the propagation of alien species and the maintenance and increase of native game birds, animals and fishes.

#### Tax the Gun

A more stringent control of the use of fire-arms would be a matter of great value to game interests. We take up this subject in the interest of protection to human life and property. The mortality from the careless use of fire-arms is not great as compared with other cases of accidental killing or wounding of human beings, yet it is far greater than it would be with proper education in and restrictions to the handling of guns.

To visit any of the larger shooting events in this country and see the systematic handling and the perfect mechanism of the guns, one would think accidental shooting well-nigh impossible. But go into the country outside of police control, where a like event is going on, and mark the difference. Note the non-

descript and dangerously dilapidated guns in use, and note the utterly reckless handling of the same. Loaded guns are being carried through the crowd in all directions. Promiscuous firing is going on on all sides. Few take any notice of the line of their fire. Note that boy with the rim of his hat turned under and rolled to a point front and back. His Zulu is loaded, and the wide-sweeping hammer is drawn to full cock. Repeated warnings have only caused him to turn his gun in some equally dangerous quarter, or drop the breech on the ground and hook his own chin over the muzzle. Is that lad really competent to handle fire-arms; and if not why not? Simply because he has never been brought to understand his responsibilities, and the possibilities connected with the handling of guns. Again, go into any community

where the cheap twenty-two caliber rifle, small boy and ignorant man are in evidence, and listen to the whistle of the bullets through the air—coming from all directions and going no one knows where. Then you begin to wonder how, comparatively, so few accidents occur. Yet every morning's paper brings accounts of accidental shooting from some part of the world, and we can't help but feel for the awful anguish of the one whose carelessness caused the death of some friend or relative. Neither can we help thinking how by proper restrictions such cases might be reduced to almost nothing.

The question of restricting the use of firearms is a delicate one, especially in the backwoods. Our right to bear arms is guaranteed in the Constitution of our country; but the individual should also remember that his rights only extend to where they begin to infringe on the rights of others.

Our proposed remedy, which, by the way, is nothing new, except in the application, is: License the shooter or tax the gun, or both. Let the stamp of authority be placed on no guns that have passed the age of usefulness and are dangerous to their handlers. In this manner one source of danger would be eradicated. Let each shooter who carries a gun outside of his own premises, either in pursuit of game or sport, be required to take out a license; let the applicant for license pass as rigid an examination as does the gun; let no license be issued to anyone who cannot prove himself fully informed in regard to fire-arms; let him give the extreme range of all calibre of rifles, and also the limit at which a shot-gun could possibly put out the eye of man or beast, and require him to be familiar with different ways in which a gun might be accidentally discharged, and how such discharge might be avoided. Then let him show full knowledge of the game laws of the section covered by the license. This would do away with the fellow who "didn't know it was loaded," and the fellow who didn't know what the game laws were and did not care.

That such a license law would be far reaching in effect requires no argument to prove. The careless shooters would, at least, have to inform themselves in regard to the guns they use. Boys would be debarred from using guns until the age of discretion, be that later or sooner. Nor do we wish to be understood as working against the interest of the boys. We are the friend of every barefoot sportsman in the land. We want the boys instructed in the manly art of field sports, conducted on correct lines, so that they can get more pleasure out of a single day a-field, than they could out of a month in shooting song-birds and unlawful game. And we want to protect them from the awful anguish which follows the accidental shooting of a companion.

We do not advocate gun tax or license simply because it is a revenue-getter, though revenue is essential to the enforcement of law; but because, within itself, it would assist

immeasurably the enforcement of the law after it is correctly made. The tax, or license fee, should be nominal.

We are not in favor of game laws for revenue only. Too many statutes of that kind have been passed already, and the evils have become manifest. But we do believe in field sports, as above all others, and shall advocate whatever we think will take them out of the hands of speculation and place them on correct grounds; and we want the earnest support of all persons who believe in the betterment of the conditions which surround them.

#### Politics and Game Wardens

POLITICS figure too flagrantly in the operation of game laws: first, in the appointment of wardens who are not only incompetent but unscrupulous as well; and next because the statutes, of whatever efficaciousness, whether good or bad, weak or stringent, are not enforced, or, if an effort is made to execute them, it is so lukewarm and indolent that the poacher, whose late appellation is "pot-hunter," regards all legal measures as of "innocuous desuetude," to use the immortal fustian of the sage of Gray Gables.

This condition has obtained in Minnesota conspicuously and as an instance, for the past two years. The only qualification essential in the appointment of deputy wardens was, evidently, the capacity for influencing votes, and the suffrage of the illicit hunters was a desideratum which a mere bagatelle like the disregard and violation of the law could not be permitted to jeopardize. Consequently, illegal killing reached such scandalous proportions that extermination of many species seemed inevitable.

But, as Lincoln once said: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all of the people all the time." And so the good people of the great commonwealth of Minnesota have at last seen that their legislative measures have been entirely frustrated and defeated, and the false and incompetent minions of the politicians have been summarily driven out. A brand-new commission and executive agent have been appointed, and the incumbents are men of such sterling character that an honest and efficacious regime goes without saying. The commission consists of Messrs. Uri L. Lamprey, W. P. Hill, D. W. Meeker and H. G. Smith, with Samuel F. Fullerton as Executive Agent.

Mr. Fullerton held the same office previous to the period of misrule and his record in enjoining, enforcing and constraining the game laws is a certificate of his unimpeachable character, which insures to the State and to the fraternity of sportsmen the protection of which game creatures are so sorely in need. One of his first acts following his re-appointment was the raiding of a tannery in the wilds of Itasca County, which his predecessor had heard of, but had not, in consequence of

political staggers—a disease which both blinds and paralyzes—seen or sought. Fullerton found the tannery and seized a hundred and thirty-seven deer skins, fourteen moose hides and nineteen sacks of hair. After the arrest of the tanner, who was heavily fined, it was discovered that he had in his employ a gang of hunters to supply him with moose and deer, the meat of which was sold to lumber camps. Then the lumbermen, too, succumbed to Agent Fullerton's persuasive ways looking to the welfare of Minnesota's exchequer. A taxidermy enterprise, in the vicinity of Thief River Falls, was also seized, whose proprietor had in his service three hunters to supply heads of moose and deer. The meat in this case was also sold to lumbermen. Both of these malefactors acknowledged that they had been running uninterruptedly for two years without hindrance.

Apropos of these facts, and taking the present salutary conditions of Minnesota's game laws and their execution, the proposition occurs that they could be enlarged into a national function, with a Federal Commission representing the divers States, and a chief executive agent with subordinates in each State. And this active, honest Samuel F. Fullerton, with whom the editor of *FIELD AND STREAM* is well acquainted, is the man for the head of such a department. We believe that all who are in a position to know will agree with us that his record for ability, capacity and results has never been equalled, and that if he were to be placed in absolute charge of such a national association of game wardens, more good results would follow within two years, than otherwise will in the next ten, if the present lukewarm methods are continued. Mr. Fullerton is altogether too valuable a man to be restricted to his home State. The entire country needs his services.

#### New Jersey a Model State

THE Governor of New Jersey recently signed what is known as the "Lake and Park Bill," which provides for obtaining rights of fishing, common to all, in fresh-water lakes having an area exceeding one hundred acres. The bill also provides for the purchase of lands adjoining such lakes for public parks and pleasure grounds, limited to ten acres for each body of water, and for roadways between the lakes and public highways.

The law becomes operative only by the suffrage of the people, and is a matter of local option. At the general election next fall, each county will decide for itself the status of the question.

The numerous lakes of the State are at present owned by individuals who have the legal right to close them against the public. Private property cannot be taken for public use without compensation to its owners, and to acquire the title to such lakes, as numerous as they exist in such counties as Sussex, for instance, would necessitate a burdensome expense; whereas the right to fish would be but a nominal outlay. The cost and expense of acquiring these privileges is to be met by the issuance of county bonds bearing a maximum interest of four per cent, and payable within twenty years.

New Jersey seems to be abreast, if not in the lead, of the other commonwealths of the Union in wise laws and just administration. In his next message Governor Vorhees will recommend State ownership of forests for the purpose of preserving them and dealing in lumber. It is estimated that the system would produce a revenue of half a million dollars a year, a snug sum that, if applied to the school tax, would materially reduce it.

This worthy project originated with the State Geological Survey, and the commission is composed of the Governor, Col. Washington A. Roebling, ex-Senator Henry S. Little, who has given a half million dollars to Princeton University; ex-Senator Edward C. Stokes and L. B. Ward. The commission, in its work of collecting information about the forests of New Jersey and making a study of ways and means has had the assistance of such experts as Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the United States Division of Forestry; Prof. Arthur Hollick, of Columbia University, and Dr. John Gifford, of Cornell. The last named made this report on the State forests: "In the hands of private owners, under the circumstances which at present exist, the future of a large part of the forest land is not bright. A change of some kind is necessary, and this must come either in the form of a change of ownership or of the circumstances which fetter ownership. The only way in which the ownership may be quickly and materially changed would be by State purchase."

If this very attractive enterprise should run the gauntlet successfully of opposition lobbyists, who will work in the interest of speculators; if it should become a living fact that New Jersey has gone into forestry on a large scale, then other forest ideas will follow as naturally as the tide the moon. The forests will be stocked with game, the lakes will abound with fishes, and all America will rejoice that this ideal State of New Jersey is no longer "a foreign country."

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**IMMUNITY** is granted to quail, grouse and other upland game birds at this time of the year, and it is illegal to kill or have them in possession. Venison is also in this category. Restaurateurs serving these dishes are answerable to the law, which is stringent in its measures. Patrons of the table can give moral aid to the protection and propagation of game by ignoring such men, and in particular of all wild fowl, the spring shooting of which, unfortunately, has not yet been prohibited in some States.



THE tendency of the times in the matter of fire-arms seems to be to increase their destructive power, while exactly the opposite

principle obtains with fishing tackle. There is an obvious inconsistency here. Every sportsman knows that it gives zest to the diversion of the field to have an element of uncertainty in it, whereby success is achieved through extraordinary skill. Then if it is an approved proposition to use the daintiest of tackle in angling, why should it not be an equally good and pleasurable thing to employ such fire-arms as are *not* so certainly and indiscriminately destructive to the creatures of fur and feathers? Give every living thing a chance for its life, for there is no glory where there is no skill. The tyro in sportsmanship generally uses a weapon of vast effectiveness, both in range and rapidity of fire—the greater the slaughter the better he is pleased. But progressive experience evolves him into a true sportsman who wields the smallest gun that, with skill, kills cleanly the single object of his aim.

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It is urged that fire-arms should be kept out of the woods in close season. The reasons vouchsafed are that such measures

**Fire-Arms** would simplify the enforcement of the laws, for a warden **in Close** would not necessarily have to determine the actual killing of game, the finding of fire-arms in the possession of a person being sufficient evidence of malfeasance; that it would secure to the game the restful conditions essential to breeding, and that it would give immunity to the farmer from wanton shooters who trespass his premises to the destruction of his crops.

When the Maine bill, forbidding the gun in close season, was before the Legislature, the opposition argued that for signaling purposes in the event of getting lost the gun report was a necessity, whether in or out of the hunting season. It was also advanced that practicing with the rifle or pistol was a common diversion of camp life, which, to forbid, would be a violation of the cardinal principle of "liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

For those traversing deep fastnesses where animals dangerous to life exist, it would seem not unreasonable that they should carry a

weapon of self-defence; and as a revolver is not a fire-arm of any marked efficacy as a hunting piece, and as it answers the purposes of signaling, target-shooting and self-preservation, why not let the fire-arms clause of close season laws "go at that"?—to use colloquial parlance.

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FOR those who are interested in such matters, a paper appearing elsewhere in this issue of *FIELD AND STREAM*, will be found

**The** of paramount interest. Its title is, "Two Famous Sportsmen's Clubs," one the pioneer of such organizations, but now

**Heaven** defunct; the other an almost ideal association now extant. It necessarily follows that to enjoy such rare privileges a sportsman must needs be in "easy circumstances," for the expense is something more than a bagatelle; but neither is it essential to be a millionaire. The existing club has a very limited membership, and the list is full. Therefore, to belong to just such an organization, with even further idealization, it would seem to be necessary to establish and incorporate a new club, or, for that matter, several clubs, to meet the aspirations and longings of men who love to fish and shoot on their own domain. And such independence certainly adds zest to the sport. Much has been said in recent numbers of *FIELD AND STREAM* respecting the favorable opportunities the South affords for sportsmen's homes of this kind, and the coast islands of South Carolina have been especially extolled. A large island in a salubrious climate in every season, abounding in game animals and fish, owned by a brotherhood of congenial gentlemen, with buildings, rules, etc., similar to those spoken of in the paper before referred to, would be a desideratum that must needs appeal to those who can afford a heaven on this side of Doom. Its isolation would prove an advantage over any continental site, because its inaccessibility would be against poachers and pot-hunters. And then, too, the latitude insures comfort in winter, and the aqueous surroundings and proximity to the sea render such a spot a pleasant retreat in the summer. *FIELD AND STREAM* will gladly take a hand in promoting such a unique enterprise. Call on or address us, gentlemen of the craft.





### Coming Events

May 8-11.—Kansas City Kennel Club, at Kansas City, Mo.; James H. Manning, secretary.

May 8-11.—San Francisco Kennel Club, San Francisco, Cal.; J. P. Norman, secretary.

May 28-31.—Montreal Canine Association. Alf. L. Bennett, secretary.

August 13.—Iowa Field Trial Association, fourth annual trials, Emmetsburg, Ia.; Louis Cerveer, secretary, Des Moines, Ia.

August 20.—South Dakota Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Olav Haugtro, secretary, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Manitoba Field Trial Club's fifteenth annual trials, Carman, Man., September 10. Eric Hamber, secretary-treasurer, Winnipeg, Man.

October 8-11.—Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn.; G. M. Rundle, secretary.

October 29.—Monongahela Game Association's seventh annual field trials, Senecaville, Ohio; A. C. Peterson, secretary, Homestead, Pa.

November 12.—International (Canada) Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials; W. B. Wells, secretary, Chatham, Ont.

November 14-16.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's trials, Glasgow, Ky.; Dr. F. W. Samuels, secretary, Louisville, Ky.

November 18.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Glasgow, Ky.; Dr. F. W. Samuel, secretary, Louisville, Ky.

North American Field Trial Club's trials, Ruthven, Ont., November 19. Richard Bangham, secretary, Windsor, Ont.

Independent Field Trial Club's third annual trials, Bicknell, Ind., November 11. H. S. Humphrey, secretary-treasurer, Indianapolis, Ind.

### Wonderful Fidelity

Ed. F. Haberlein.

Sportsmen who have enjoyed shooting afield over a serviceable and faithful dog could not have failed in making observations regarding the peculiarities, traits, fidelity and sagacity of their dogs, and many incidents are related that are, if well told, usually considered a "good story," but absolutely incredible. The writer, after forty years' experience in handling bird dogs afield, could fill a large volume with dog stories of interest to lovers of a good and faithful dog without exaggeration in the least, or the necessity of drawing upon his imagination. It is not my intention to relate here any of the hundreds of noteworthy incidents, the wonderful sagacity of some, the cunning, the peculiar traits and fidelity of other dogs fresh in memory; but a letter just received from my friend, Dr. Ives, Jr., contains a statement of rare fidel-

ity which may prove of special interest to sportsmen, hence I hope it may find space in this department:

"Rush's Pilot, my dog, was shot on the 4th inst. by a fool dog-killer. He escaped from his kennel and followed me to an adjoining town, and, becoming lost, was shot. I deeply miss him, as he was as good a dog as any man ever shot over. Was whelped February 20, 1900; shot eighty-seven chickens over him during our short season—September 1st to 30th—and many good bags of quail—November 1st to December 20th. This pup is the one I broke according to rules laid down in the "Amateur Trainer" (force system). I began training him soon after receiving the book and force collar, gave him his lessons regularly, and was astonished at results. My patience and labor were amply rewarded by the work he did afield. He was simply perfection. A rapid and wide ranger, possessing a very keen nose, stanch to point, shot and wing, and a most tender retriever; in fact, an ideal dog, and I attribute his good qualities afield to your system of training. I have never known him to make a false point. He is dead. I have no dog to boom publicly. Therefore I can consistently relate an incident which occurred showing what the force system will do with a dog born of the right material. December 20th, in company with Mr. Graham Ducker, I started out to enjoy our last day's quail shooting, taking with me Rush's Pilot and his dam, Trinket Girdle. The day was all that could be desired, and birds plenty. Bagged seventeen during the morning; took lunch and continued our sport. Had been hunting in cornstalks, but came to a slough where cover was excellent, grass being very high. My bitch made a point on a bevy. The pup could not be seen at the time owing to high grass. I asked Mr. D. where the pup was. He said it was in the edge of the cornfield. So I made the bitch advance to a flush with two birds down. Imagine my feelings when I heard my pup yelp after firing. I paid no attention to the fallen birds, but ran to him. There I found him on a stanch point with blood running down his side and head. He was standing another covey and whining low from pain, but would not break his point. I advanced him to a flush and bagged two more, which he retrieved. Upon examination I found twenty-six shot had penetrated his hide. Our sport ended right there. Had this happened to an older dog it would not seem so incredulous, but for a pup ten months old to stand such an ordeal looks like a fable. Yet such are the facts. Any true sportsman who has the time and patience can obtain just



such results as I have if they will carefully follow the instructions found in that system of training. You can depend on my hearty endorsement at any and all times.

Yours truly,

A. IVES, JR."

### Breaking and Handling Dogs

Mr. H. B. Tallman, of Providence, R. I., whose knowledge and experience are unquestioned, gives some hints as to the handling and breaking of dogs, in a series of articles written for "Turf, Field and Farm," from which we make the following extracts:

A dog may be broken to follow at heel at any time after he has been broken to come when called. If he is of sulky disposition it may be

instrument, and in handling a very obstinate dog the temptation is strong at times to use it with unnecessary severity, and until experience in breaking dogs has fitted a man to use it with judgment, it would better be dispensed with. As the whip is used for the correction of faults committed during the dog's work in the field, it will be better to use it instead of the spike collar during his yard breaking, to familiarize him with its use as an instrument of punishment and compliance. The spike collar, being allowed to remain upon him in readiness for use, keeps him thinking about and dreading it when it is desirable to encourage his cheerfulness.

In teaching him to follow at heel, use a lead of sufficient length to allow the dog to get a few steps away from you before he is checked. It should remain slack so long as he keeps in



Thunder, an imported Laverack and field trial winner in the seventies

found easier if delayed until he has learned to be more cheerful under restraint. Although it is a simple process to teach him to follow, it is sometimes more difficult at first to teach him to go on again. He should have become accustomed during his lessons to the same words and gestures of praise and encouragement, and to the same manner of making him understand after he has done well that his lessons are over for the time, and he will then be more apt to forget his sulkiness whenever they are used. I am not in favor of the general use of the spike collar, and cannot see that it has any advantages over the whip. It is all right in its place, if used with moderation, but it is a harsh

his proper place, and tightened only when the order "Heel" is given, or to hold him within reach of the whip. When he gets in advance of you or too far behind, order him to "Heel" and pull him into place while you continue to advance, at first without using the whip. If he persists in advancing too far, or in lagging behind, use the whip on his shoulders in the former case and on his hind parts in the latter. When he has learned to obey the order while on the lead, release him, and with a wave of the hand tell him to go on. After a short time call him to you and make him follow without using the lead, which will be easily done if he has been well broken to come when called. If

he refuses to go on when so ordered, step lightly upon his hind feet while encouraging him with your voice and a forward motion of the hand. Do not be impatient or use the whip to force him away from you, as the whip should be used only when the dog cannot avoid it. Simply show him that he is at liberty to go if he wishes and that he need not take his place behind you unless ordered to do so. If this lesson can be given in company with a broken dog, the latter part will be more readily understood, as he will naturally follow the other dog when he is ordered on.

If it were desired to teach a boy a certain accomplishment, and if he were made to perform certain parts without understanding the application to the object of the lessons, he would naturally lack interest in his lessons, and only learn them because he felt obliged to. If the lessons were made as interesting as possible in the beginning by his understanding the object he would learn more quickly and be prouder of his knowledge when gained, and more cheerfully willing to exhibit what he had learned. The intelligent dog, by learning first to hold, carry and deliver an article, and being praised and petted for doing it, through being made to understand the object, begins these lessons in retrieving by feeling proud to perform a simple action which procures him so much approval from his master. He will then in later lessons be more inclined to do what is required of him, quickly and cheerfully.

As the next step toward retrieving, teach him to take the roll from your hand. Hold it close to his lips and tell him to fetch it. If he turns his head away follow the movement so as to keep the roll in front of his lips and show him that he cannot avoid it by repeating the command "Fetch it." If he seems inclined, however, reluctantly, to take it into his mouth press the roll into his mouth as soon as he opens it a little, and speak encouragingly to him as though he had done it all himself. If he still refuses after being told a few times to fetch it, press the roll against his front teeth, and forcing his mouth open quickly place the roll in it and stepping back, make him deliver it as in former lessons. Continue this line of action until the dog will himself take the roll from your hand and hold it until it is taken from him. Next teach him to step forward and take it by holding it farther away from him and motioning toward you with a snap of the finger, while at the same time telling him to fetch. He should have learned the meaning of this gesture in former lessons, and although he may not obey it promptly under these circumstances, it will help to teach him your meaning. Use the check cord if necessary to make him come forward, and if he does not respond readily to the cord, use the whip on his rump to make him do so, while holding him by the collar to prevent his jumping away from you, and when necessary, guide his head toward the roll by grasping his muzzle. As the lesson advances, lower the roll toward the ground until he will lower his head to take it from your hand when held so as to just clear the ground. As he starts to take it, rather help him to adjust it in his mouth than to move it away from him.

Making him carry the roll three or four steps every time before taking it from him will serve to keep in his mind the object of his lessons and make a little variety in them. It will make no difference whether he sits, stands or crouches while you are trying to make him take the roll

from your hand so long as his attention is kept upon it, and he can be made to come forward when necessary. Allow him plenty of time to do things himself in obedience to orders before you resort to punishment to compel him to do so. Make the dog understand that he cannot avoid doing as he is ordered and that the sooner he does it the sooner the lesson will be over. This part of the lessons will require considerable patience, but is one kind of force, and used at this time will pay in the end, and is good discipline for the breaker as well as for the dog.

### Smallpox in Dogs

The hot season is now advancing when this disease is most common, and some of you will be treating dogs for distemper, or mange, or some other ailment when in reality smallpox is the disease that is affecting your puppies. I don't want to frighten you out of several years' growth with a name, for which I am not responsible; the disease is not contagious to man or the human family in any way so far as my experience and observation have shown, but it is infectious among dogs. For some time I did not recognize it, and supposed that I was dealing with some peculiar form of distemper, and the result was quite a mortality among my patients.

Puppies between the ages of three and six months are chiefly affected, and more particularly at the first named age.

After six months of age they rarely contract it, except through infection from an animal affected with the disease. It is rare in adult dogs, and when they contract it the case is more serious than with puppies. Dogs that are kept too hot in puppyhood and those reared in hot, humid climates are most susceptible to it, and, like many other diseases, any further causes than those named are probably pure surmise.

The disease is very similar in appearance to the smallpox of the human family, not only in regard to the eruption, but also in the progress of its development and in the conditions of aggravation or modifications to which it is subject.

Symptoms.—The first of these is fever, which gradually becomes more severe until the disease is fully developed, when the fever subsides. The under part of the body becomes covered, especially on the parts where there is the least hair, with a lot of minute pimples, which have the appearance of flea bites; they may be grouped in clusters, or generally spread over the entire surface. These gradually develop, forming pustules or pimples with white heads containing matter at about the fifth to sixth day. These pimples contain a serous lymph which gradually thickens and becomes yellow. At this period the top of the pimple gradually sinks in or becomes hollowed out, and at the end of from seven to ten days scaling off of the tops or rubbing off of the scabs will happen. Now, as soon as the first of these begin to scale off those that are on the way to formation of pustules will gradually disperse, leaving only small brown spots, which in turn in course of time disappear. Where the heads have been rubbed out, especially if this has happened among the hair, it is apt to leave a small bare patch on which the hair will not again grow. There is a peculiarly offensive odor from the dog thus affected, which when you have once

recognized the disease will enable you to detect it as soon as you go in where dogs affected with it are housed. The thing to be most dreaded is a termination of the disease in pneumonia of a croupous form, in which case the breath and all secretions become excessively offensive.

Treatment.—First of all secure for the animal a nice, quiet, cool place, where he can be allowed plenty of ventilation without draughts. Change his bed often, and until the eruption has sealed off and disappeared I prefer a soft bundle of cloth for him to lie on in place of straw. Keep him on a milk and malted milk diet, alternated with good broths, but the more you can confine him to milk the better. Take of tartar emetic one gr., sugar of milk nine grs., and thoroughly triturate in a mortar, make into five powders, and give one of these early in the morning, at noon and the last thing at night.

When the fever has subsided, which you can tell by the nose becoming cool and moist again, this may be discontinued, and two to five grains of quinine, according to the size of the dog, may be given three times a day for any secondary fever, but usually the powder recommended above is all that is necessary, except that the patient should be nursed and have a small quantity of food every three hours, and if very weak a few drops of whisky or preferably brandy may be added to the feed. Occasionally fits occur in this disease, in which case give the following as a dose after the fit: Chloral, two grains; mucilage of acacia, one teaspoonful; water, one teaspoonful, to be repeated every three hours if necessary. Above quantity of chloral is for puppies; if a grown dog, increase to eight grains. Keep bedding clean, the animal cool, but free from draughts, and he will usual-



Two Favorites of a Montana Sportsman

You should continue these powders in this proportion throughout the disease; as the pustules rub off, you can decrease the powders to one, night and morning. Do not give any medicines nearer together than two hours; that is, you give this powder first in the morning; in two hours give his fever medicine, which you give every two hours. If the next powder should come in, say, to be on time, less than two hours after the second dose of fever medicine, wait the full two hours, and do not give the fever medicine again till two hours after the powder, and so on. For the fever have this put up, and give a dessertspoonful every two hours to a grown dog and a teaspoonful to a puppy:

Tincture aconite root .....	10 drops
Sweet spirits nitre .....	10 drams
Liquor ammonii acetat .....	5 ounces
Water .....	3½ ounces

Of which you give as per directions above.

ly pull through all right. If you don't feel that you are able to watch symptoms and recognize the varying conditions, a good and simple form of treatment, which can be got at nearly every drug store in the country, is to administer Humphrey's Homeopathic Specifics as directed. The treatment is very simple with them, and the percentage of cures is about as great as with any treatment that I know of.

I am not advertising Mr. Humphrey, or any other proprietary remedy house, but I realize how hard it is to treat a dog and to recognize conditions, as they can't talk, and as I have tried all manner of treatments, to simplify matters as much as possible when the animals have to be intrusted to your help, as in my own kennel, I give you what I find has proven good in my hands irrespective of who the manufacturer is.

C. L. THUDICHUM, V. S.

Wayne, Pa.

### Care of the Teeth

Dogs more, perhaps, than other animals, suffer from various dental derangements, but in the case of pet dogs they are rather more fortunately situated than other animals, because any peculiarity of habit is almost sure to attract attention. Nevertheless, it is remarkable that the most devoted of mistresses will sometimes watch her pet while it is evidently suffering, without having the slightest idea what is the matter with it, observing only that it does not masticate its food and is more or less out of order.

Further, dogs suffer from a disease which is commonly called canker in the mouth. It consists in the accumulation of tartar round the necks of the teeth, a gradual extension of the deposit, until the teeth become loosened, and ultimately a number of them are carious or dead and remain in the jaw, exciting constant irritation. Canker is really in fact marked very plainly, not only by the difficulty which the dog has in mastication, but by the extremely unpleasant odor of the breath, which, of course, can be recognized by the owner of the animal without difficulty. It is, nevertheless, often the case that these instances of disorder of a pronounced type are allowed to go on for a considerable period, and when a skilled veterinarian is consulted he finds that the disorder has gone too far for him to offer any reasonable hope of saving the teeth which are affected. In fact, in some cases the extraction of the whole of the diseased organs, which is very easily effected, is found necessary.

Enough has been said to support the proposition that neglect to examine the teeth as an ordinary means of aid in forming correct diagnoses in disease is certainly a monstrous piece of neglect.

### English Setter Club

Editor Field and Stream:

Dear Sir—The English Setter Club of America has been duly organized, and the following officers elected: President, Dr. James E. Hair, Bridgeport, Ct.; First Vice-President, Mr. S. W. Carey, Jr., Orange, N. J.; Second Vice-President, Mr. W. S. Hawley, Long Hill, Ct.; Third Vice-President, Mr. W. L. McConnell, Newcastle, Pa.; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. S. M. Sterling, Bridgeport, Ct.

Executive Committee—Messrs. J. B. Vandergrift, Pittsburg, Pa.; H. A. Waldron, Providence, R. I.; Frank Windholz, New York City; George W. Neal, Westville, Ct.; M. C. Byers, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The following standard was unanimously adopted:

Standard of the English Setter—Head, 20; neck, 5; body, 30; legs and feet, 20; tail, 5; symmetry, coat and feathering, 15; color and markings, 5; total, 100.

**Head.**—Should be long and lean, with a well-defined stop. The skull oval from ear to ear, showing plenty of brain room, and with a well-defined occipital protuberance. The muzzle moderately deep and fairly square; from the stop to the point of the nose should be long, the nostrils wide and the jaws of nearly equal length; flews not to be pendulous; the color of the nose should be black, or dark or light liver, according to the color of the coat. The eyes should be bright, mild and intelligent, and of a

dark hazel color—the darker the better. The ears of moderate length, set on low and hanging in neat folds close to the cheek; the tip should be velvety, the upper part clothed with fine, silky hair.

**Neck.**—Should be rather long, muscular and lean, slightly arched at the crest, and clean cut where it joins the head; toward the shoulder it should be larger and very muscular, not throaty, though the skin is loose below the throat, elegant and bloodlike in appearance.

**Body.**—Should be of moderate length with shoulders well set back, or oblique; back short and level; loins wide, slightly arched, strong and muscular. Chest deep in the brisket, with good, round, widely sprung ribs, deep in the back ribs; that is, well ribbed up.

**Legs and Feet.**—Stifles well bent and strong thighs long from hip to hock. The forearm big and very muscular, the elbow well set down. Pastern short, muscular and straight. The feet very close and compact, and well protected by hair between the toes.

**Tail.**—The tail should be set on almost in a line with the back; medium length, not curly or ropy; to be slightly curved or scimitar-shaped, but with no tendency to turn upward; the flag or feather hanging in land, pendant flakes. The feather should not commence at root, but slightly below, and increase in length to the middle, then gradually taper off toward the end; and the hair long, bright, soft and silky, wavy, but not curly.

**Symmetry, Coat and Feathering.**—The coat, from the back of the head in a line with the ears, ought to be straight, long and silky (a slight wave in it not objectionable), which should be the case with the coat generally; the breeches and forelegs, nearly down to the feet, should be well feathered.

**Color and Markings.**—The color may be either black and white, orange and white, lemon and white, liver and white, or tri-color, that is, black, white and tan; those without heavy patches of color on the body, but flecked all over, preferred.

The judges recommended by the club are Mr. John Davidson, Dr. James E. Hair, Mr. Charles H. Mason, Mr. H. W. Lacy, Mr. John Brett.

Very truly yours,

S. M. STERLING,  
Secretary and Treasurer.

### Iowa Field Trials

The fourth annual trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association will take place at Emmetsburg, Iowa, commencing Tuesday, Aug. 13, 1901, instead of Aug. 27, as previously announced.

Here is what the secretary says:

While the date claimed may appear early at a casual glance, still, it is only two days previous to that which was the former opening of our season on prairie chickens, and is only a week earlier than our trials of last year, at which time we raised over twenty large coveys of birds over points, convincing us that the earlier trials are held the more game we will have to work on. Furthermore, by holding our meeting earlier, we have the gratitude of a number of handlers of large strings, who, in the past, have found our Northern prairies unsurpassed for the necessary experience in developing and training, and who will thereby save quite an item of unnecessary expense in

going from our trials to those further North and West, instead of passing through our territory, then back, and on north, as the former schedule called for. From the great number of inquiries received at so early a date, indications point toward the coming meeting being one of the largest ever held in the country as regards both entries and purses, and in speaking of this latter subject I desire to call attention to the new and more satisfactory manner of division.

### Northwestern Beagle Club

A meeting of beagle fanciers of the Northwest was held in Milwaukee, Wis., on April 9, and resulted in the organization of the Northwestern Beagle Club of America. Those present at the meeting were Messrs. Carl Spellerberg, Dr. Arthur Cohn, Rudolf Engelman, Richard Graf, Carl Bjurman, Julia Busch, Louis Steffen. The constitution of the old N. W. B. C. was adopted as amended. The initiation fee was placed at \$1, with annual dues of \$2, payable November 1. The following were elected officers until the annual meeting in November: President, P. A. Mitchell, West Duluth, Minn.; First Vice-President, Philip A. Heller, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Second Vice-President, R. B. Cole, Wheaton, Ill.; Secretary-Treasurer, Louis Steffen. Executive Committee—S. L. Adams, Minneapolis, Minn., and Carl Spellerberg, Dr. Arthur Cohn, Rud. Engelman and Carl Bjurman, all of Milwaukee. The trials will be held in November, and classes, prize money, judges, location of trials, etc., will be announced later on.

We have twenty-five members on our list today, and hope to have fifty soon.

LOUIS STEFFEN, Secretary.

A meeting of the New England Beagle Club was held at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, April 2, at 4 P. M., President Caswell in the chair. Members present, Messrs. Jamelson, Saxby, Purinton, Reed, Tallman, Kernochan and Fiske. The following new members were elected: Charles W. Rodman, Jr., W. W. Caswell, Tyler Morse, George E. Turner, K. R. Dunton and C. F. Haven. The following were elected a committee to have full charge of and make all arrangements for the field trial: John Caswell, H. S. Joslin, A. J. Purinton, B. S. Turpin, A. D. Fiske, J. M. Pulley, George F. Reed and Howard Almy. The committee already has offered about \$200 for special prizes, which will be announced later, and we expect to have a great field trial.

A. D. FISKE.

The Collie Club has arranged the following specials to be competed for at the Pan-American Bench Show, Buffalo, N. Y., open to members only, applications for membership remitting \$5 for one year's dues, to be made to William C. Hunter, secretary, Harrisburg, Pa. The Collie Club Trophy for the best American bred collie, value of trophy, \$300. Club medal to best of opposite sex to the winner of trophy. The Van Schaick Cup for the best collie. Club medal to best of opposite sex to winner of the cup. Club medal to the best dog or bitch in novice class; the same in puppy class. Club medal to best collie exhibited by a lady. Club medal for best collie exhibited by a resident in Buffalo. Club medal for the best collie exhibited by a Canadian. Fifty dollars in gold, as follows: \$10 each to best American bred dog and bitch in

open classes; \$10 each to best American bred dog and bitch in novice classes; \$10 each to best American bred dog and bitch in puppy classes.



This is an excellent likeness of Gillie, a valuable specimen of the old English sheep dog, which was imported from England by Mr. J. W. Morgan, of Montclair, N. J.

At the annual dog show in Madison Square Garden Gillie won in 1898 the second prize, and in 1899, 1900 and 1901 carried off the highest honors.

The dog fancier will perceive in the above portrait unusual evidences of superiority.

Very quietly, and before even the news of any sale was received, Mr. Clement B. Newbold, of Philadelphia, had the English crack Airedale Clonmel Monarch delivered at his Crosswicks Kennels. He has now had him for over two weeks, and, while this is good news, there is a dash of disappointment to be added in the information that he is absolutely withdrawn from exhibition, and, for the present, is to be restricted to the use of the home kennels.

It will be interesting information, in view of the fact that Clonmel Monarch was sold for a record price, though not, we are assured, for the figures given in the English papers, 650 pounds, that Mr. A. E. Mills picked this dog up for \$15 out of a selling class at a show held at Reading, England. Clonmel Marvel, for which Mr. J. L. Arden gave a very long price, the record prior to the present one, was another good buy by the same gentleman, his price having been a modest \$50. These two cracks, picked up for 13 pounds, English money, were sold by this astute buyer for sums that netted him not less than 1,000 pounds clear profit. In addition to being a champion and earning such press criticisms as "the best Airedale benched for many years. \* \* \* The best Airedale living. \* \* \* Without doubt the best Airedale living. \* \* \* As near perfection as we shall ever see," all from different papers, we have evidence of his capability as a sire, through his first puppy, Clonmel Coronation, winning three cups and eleven specials, in addition to all her class prizes at Cruft's show. At that show the sum of 500 pounds was refused for Clonmel Monarch, so that we may assume that not much, if anything, under \$3,000 was his cost to Mr. Newbold.



We trust Mr. Newbold will reconsider his determination regarding the restrictions placed upon his dog.—Field and Fancy.

### Rascal

There's a neat little farm by the river's broad bend,  
And there every autumn I pass with a friend,  
With a friend and my dog, for the shooting is good,  
And the people there live as a gentleman should,  
With great open fires of great blazing logs  
And plenty to eat and horses and dogs—  
But their registered dogs I reckon as nil,  
I am true to my lovely old Rascal still!

He hasn't a pedigree long as your arm,  
And yet he can find every bird on the farm,  
While the way he can "wind 'em" you'd scarcely believe,  
But here's the great trouble, he'll never retrieve;  
You may train, you may coax, you may beat as you will,  
He's the same old hard-headed Rascal still.

When we hunt in the bush and I've made a neat hit  
And the bird has pitched down in a briery pit,  
It is then of all times that I heartily grieve  
And wish that old Rascal could learn to retrieve,  
And angry and dusty and thirsty and hot  
I threaten to teach him a lesson with shot—  
When at hand he breaks through to my mighty surprise  
And gazes up at me with questioning eyes,  
And a look in their corners as though he would say,  
"Best keep to the stubble, these briers don't pay."

But when we return to the farm with our game  
Poor Rascal is thoroughly tired and lame,  
For a dog from the city has very soft feet,  
Unfit for a hunt o'er the stubble of wheat;  
So a rug by the fire on which he can doze  
Is thrown, he outstretches his paws and his nose—  
Oh, any good sportsman can picture the sight  
As we sit with our friends and spin yarns through the night,  
And of all whose love for the gun is true  
Each has his own lovely old Rascal, too.  
—P. F. du Pont.

Our readers are requested to favor "Field and Stream" with brief sketches and items of interest which will help to make these Kennel pages both attractive and instructive to the general reader. Illustrations are especially desirable.

If your dog has a case of mange or you feel the need of a thoroughly reliable disinfectant send one dollar to the Standard Disinfectant Co., 46 and 48 Long street, Cleveland, O., and you will receive, charges prepaid, a gallon of their Standard Oil of Tar. In any event, send for particulars of this article and you will decide never to be without it.

A free pamphlet telling how to wash, groom and feed a dog will be sent on application to the manufacturers of the world's standard dog, poultry, cat, pigeon, fish, bird and rabbit foods, Spratt's Patent Co., 450 to 456 Market street, Newark, N. J.

A meeting of those interested in the holding of a dog show at St. Paul this Spring was held in that city on March 31, and it was decided to hold a show in May, providing two hundred shares out of a total of one thousand at five dollars were subscribed for. Here is a case which appeals to all interested in fostering dog shows, and we commend to them the advisability of assisting the St. Paul fanciers by subscribing for one or more shares of stock, which they can do by communicating with Mr. H. W. Parker, Merchants' National Bank, St. Paul.

Mr. Simon C. Bradley, Greenfield Hills, Conn., secretary of the Eastern Field Trials Club, has again been selected by the Manitoba Field Trials Club's trials to act as Judge at Carman, Manitoba, beginning Sept. 10. A member of the club will be associated with Mr. Bradley. This is a wise provision, as no single person can at all times watch the action of two wide-ranging dogs on the prairie when working in different directions.

Mr. F. M. Chapin, secretary-treasurer of the Connecticut Field Trial Club, announces that the club will hold its next trial at Hampton, Conn. A large addition has been made to the preserves and the club expects to hold all future trials at this place, as they have an unbroken tract of good land. The secretary states that satisfactory replies have been made to the appeal for an increase in membership, as many new names have been added. As this club is the only one holding field trials in the East it should be liberally supported.

Mr. W. P. Austin, of Mansfield, Pa., purchased during the past month of William Werner, Knox, Ind., the pointer Jingo's Buff (49,930), by Ch. Jingo, out of imported Ightfield Dove (1,374). In writing of her Mr. Werner says: "I have shot over many dogs, but there is only one Buff." Mr. Austin adds that he has an especially promising young bitch in Hazel's Dot, by Plain Sam, out of Dot's Hazel, Rip-Rap—Pearl's Dot. His young bitch Rip's Mollie, by Ripstone, out of Jubilee Blithe, has been with Mr. A. Albaugh since January 1, and from all reports is doing exceedingly well. Mr. Albaugh will handle her in all the Derbies that can be reached by him. He will also campaign Lad of Jingo, who has never been in better form than now.

A Dachshund owned by a lady in San Francisco is of more than ordinary intelligence. She is generally fed in the kitchen, while her companion, a mastiff, is fed on the porch. One evening she was supplied with a small bone, and the mastiff with a large one. Taking her bone in her mouth, she went to the door and scratched to be let out. Then she ran to the mastiff, dropped her bone in front of him and waited. The big fellow dropped his own bone and seized the small one, and then came the fun; for the dachshund picked up the large bone and vanished through the pailings in the fence to the garden beyond, leaving the mastiff to loudly lament his lost supper.



Mr. Hobart Ames, of North Easton, Mass., who has for years used the old field trials ground of the once-noted Southern Field Trials Club, New Albany, Miss., when he went South for shooting, and later the Continental Club grounds, with his headquarters at the home of Mr. Byas, has purchased a large tract of land lying about six miles from Lagrange, Tenn., and north of a line to Grand Junction. This is the best section of land in that part of the State, and is freer from gullies than any place in that section. It will probably be the future training ground of Mr. Buckle, who handles Mr. Ames' dogs. In addition to this bought land quite a large area will be leased adjoining that now controlled by Messrs. Avent and Duryea. Mr. J. M. Avent made the purchase for Mr. Ames, who will now have a fine preserve under his absolute control.

One of the youngest collie breeders in the country is Granville Risser, Kankakee, Ill. He is only fourteen years old. Being not over-strong, when younger, his father, acting on the advice of his physician, gave the boy poultry and dogs as pets, to keep him out of doors. The scheme has worked to perfection. Plenty of fresh air is a health-giver, and the love of animals is to outdoor sport as the savor to salt.

Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, Pa., has met a serious loss by the death of nearly all the litter out of Sue H., by Cincinnatus Pride. Sue H. was poisoned when the litter was quite young, and the puppies were reared by hand. They were a beautiful lot, and were sent South some weeks ago. The loss is the more serious on account of the death of Sue H., as Mr. Bell cannot now duplicate them in the way of breeding.

Mr. Charles Odonald, Howard City, Mich., has sold the English setter bitch Cincinnatus Beatrice, bred by Charles O. Drummond, Belding, Mich., to Mr. J. H. Prout, of Howard City, Mich.

Mr. O. W. Blanke, St. Louis, Mo., has bought of Mr. A. L. Revely the pointer bitch Dee Kent, by Keswick's Tip, out of King Don's Trinket, bred by Mr. George M. Tiffany, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Fred J. Lenoir, Greenwood, Mass., has sold the promising young pointer dog Urada's Malt, to Mr. Charles H. Mathewson, Providence, R. I.

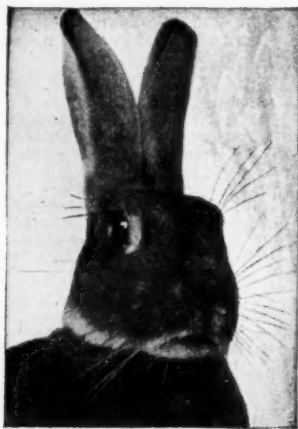
A note from a well-known handler states that he has purchased for Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr., from Mr. John Armstrong, England, a pair of puppies, "Laverack and Duke blood," and that their arrival is looked for daily.

The Vancroft Kennels, Pittsburg, have sent the imported pointer bitch Heather Jessamine, by Heather James, sire of champion Heather Malt, to be bred to Ripstone. This Mr. Austin considers a compliment, though well deserved, to his dog.

Mr. W. P. Austin's pointer Jubilee Blithe, litter sister to the Field Trials winner Bang III., whelped ten puppies, six dogs, by Lad of Jingo, on March 15. Mr. Austin has also a nice litter by Hal Pointer, out of Dot's Hazel, full sister to Ripstone, and has Lady Rip Rap, litter sister to Ripstone, to Woolton Druid.



Friends



## Belgian Hare Department

*Edited by*

**P. E. CRABTREE**

Originator of the Score-Card System of Judging Belgian Hares.  
Secretary National Belgian Hare Club of America, 1897.  
Director National Belgian Hare Club of America, 1898.  
Secretary National Belgian Hare Club of America, 1898.  
President National Belgian Hare Club of America, 1900.  
Director National Association of Belgian Hare Judges, 1900.  
Instructor at the American Breeders' Belgian Hare Institute, at  
Los Angeles, California, 1900.  
Official Instructor for the National Association of Belgian Hare  
Judges, (Inc.)  
Official Judge of the First National Show, and the large shows at  
Los Angeles, California, Kansas City, Mo., San Diego, Cal.,  
Colorado Springs, Colo., etc., etc.

### DAYLIGHT ON THE BELGIAN HARE INDUSTRY

#### IV. Supply and Demand

P. E. Crabtree

I am asked so many questions on which this article touches that it will be timely and helpful to a large majority of our readers.

A certain class of people, seeing the value of the meat of the Belgian hare as food, decide at once to raise it for that purpose, and very naturally I am about their first victim. They ask where they can secure several hundred pounds per week, for they argue, if they handle it on a large scale they can sell it at a smaller margin and consequently do a better business.

Apparently such people have no cause-and-effect reasoning in their make-up, or the question would at once suggest itself to them, "If there is a supply of hundreds of pounds for me this week what became of the output from such source last week?"

My first duty is to call their attention to this fact, and to advise them not to be too impatient, but to set about endeavoring, through their demand, to build up a source of supply in their immediate vicinity, or within convenient shipping distance.

Another class of people, equally numerous, write me: "Where can I sell a dozen or two of Belgian hares?" More often still they will say that they are getting along nicely with their hares, but that they are about half bucks, and they wish to sell the bucks, but do not want to spare any does to go with them.

If they be in the large cities where clubs have done good work along logical lines, I simply direct them to the open market, and all is well. If not in a place so favored, I proceed to ascertain how many persons there are in this locality who are in a similar predicament and perhaps find that there are enough to justify an organized effort on their part to introduce the meat as a staple article of food and with their supply build up a demand.

Not infrequently I may have the two propo-

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sitions placed before me by persons in the same locality, each eager to find the other; but going about it in such an impractical manner as to make both unsuccessful. Too often the persons with the culls or extra bucks for sale have never given the matter a thought until said bucks stood facing them in their hutches, fully developed, fat and ready for the butcher. Likewise the butcher had never given the matter a thought until a few hours previous and had quickly decided that nothing less than half a ton per week would do him.

It is an impossibility to help those who will not help themselves, but a very few suggestions will straighten the matter all out if the persons in question will only heed them and provided they are not too impatient to permit of success crowning their efforts.

Supply and demand must be built up together. One had just as well try to fly a kite without a tail, or fly a tail without a kite as to try to produce, develop or establish a supply without the demand, or a demand without the supply.

Further on I shall outline the work of building up a supply and demand side by side, which consists of creating an open market.

So far in this chapter we have dealt entirely with the practical or meat producing phase of the industry. We will now apply our subject to the fancy of the industry.

It may surprise some of my readers to learn that the first duty of the fancier, as well as the marketman, is to assist in establishing the open market, but it is nevertheless true, and of as much, yes, even more, importance to him than it is to the other party, just in proportion to the amount he has invested.

Why? Simply because the only way to make a lasting success of either line of work is by means of the open market. Then if the meat man has a hundred and the fancier a thousand

dollars invested it is just ten times as important that the open market be established, viewed from the standpoint of the latter as from the former.

Enthusiasm is all right in its place and we all admire it, but it is a well known fact that few of the fanciers and none of the marketers are in the business simply "for their health," but that the financial features of the industry are their actuating motives, and that is as it should be.

Now I have you up to the point where you can understand fully what I mean when I say that the fancy is the crowning feature of the practical and that, contrary to the supposition of many, the practical is not a product of the fancy.

Plainly stated, the practical of the Belgian hare industry is the foundation of the Belgian hare fancy. The most important feature of the practical part of the industry is the open market.

Now we will give some attention to the real fancier.

He is a person occasionally met; a person who

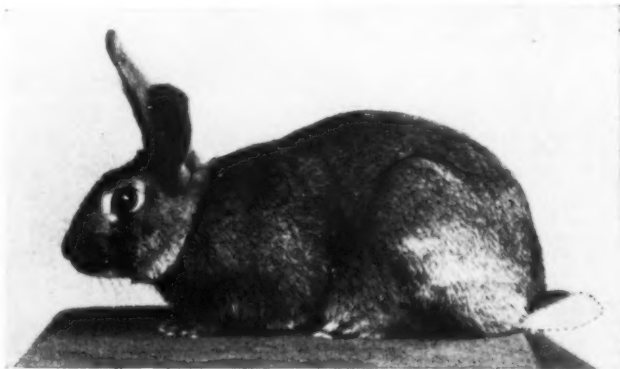
Club work has asserted itself as a necessity, and he has exerted himself to interest all those in the community who expect to cater to the industry and has succeeded in bringing about an organized effort to produce just what is wanted.

He is very careful about the class of people whom he enlists as club members. One unscrupulous, bigoted or selfish person will often do more harm and tear down faster than two-thirds of the club can build up.

By-laws should be adopted by which such a class of people can quickly be placed where they will not harm the club. Where it be possible to interest a class of people who stand high in their community in the propensities of integrity, truthfulness, determination, justice, kindness and strong in self-reliance and self-respect, do not fail to include them as club members.

It gives the enterprise a dignity that it could not possibly attain if handled by a low class of intellect.

Meetings should be held monthly, and at these assemblies much of interest will come up. It would be folly for me to here enumerate more



This specimen shows a good head, perfect eye a bit short in back, very alert in disposition

has not entered the industry entirely for profit and not entirely for pleasure. Were he looking entirely for pleasure he would perhaps do something else.

He is the well balanced person who strives to combine business and pleasure on legitimate and profitable lines; otherwise he is not the true fancier. He buys a few head of good stock and studies carefully the requirements wished, and the individual requirements possessed by each of his specimens.

He mates them to the best possible advantage and, with proper care, he soon produces a goodly number of young stock.

Constant improvement is his watchword, and he not only studies carefully his own stock, but that of others, as well. He is not too cautious to spend a dollar when he thinks he can see that it will come back tenfold and possibly a hundredfold, and he has the gratification of seeing his stock constantly improving.

In the meantime he has not been blind to the future prospects of his undertaking and additional activity has been demanded of him.

than one thing in twenty that will present itself before you at those meetings, even after years of experience.

One member of the club on thinking over the month's work finds that for some purpose connected with the industry he has made a discovery of some new appliance or procedure that should be beneficial. He mentions it in its crude form, and the president appoints a committee of three. Investigation is their mission. Of course he has appointed the originator as chairman of the committee and the two others added are the most thoughtful and conservative members.

They devote a month to their work and report back at the next meeting.

Adoption is next in order if the committee find that the idea is a practical and useful one, and on their report to the meeting favorable action is usually taken by a unanimous vote, this affording much encouragement to the originator and benefiting every one of the members.

Application is often one of the most interesting features of new inventions. Often it is a

thing which requires practice and skill, and in a proper application much food for thought is furnished.

Among the things that will early present themselves for organized effort are judicious advertising and proper disposition of stock.

Publications are numerous and the majority of them lay claim to the "largest circulation," when in fact many of them that profess to have thousands of regular subscribers do not get out more than three or four hundred copies per issue.

An important consideration to the advertiser is: "What class of people reads the publication in question?" If they be a class of individuals who have been "drummed" into subscribing by an agent, you cannot expect one order from them to where you will get a half dozen if the same number of readers be persons who have, unsolicited, sent their subscription to a paper because said paper is authoritative and they wish to read it for the sake of valuable information gleaned therefrom.

It will easily be observed that many papers publish articles entirely impractical and based on theory alone, said articles usually being written by people who have not even a moderate comprehension of the subject which they undertake to handle.

All these things will come up at your meetings and will be solved with credit to your members. What is in doubt will have been tried by some one or other of the membership and thus much time and money will be saved.

In selecting your advertising mediums it is well to notice who the contributors are, as this feature has about all to do with the success or failure of the publication. Also if the same advertisers are staying in all right, it will pay you well to use that medium.

Never ask the publisher how large a circulation he has, for if you do you are sure to select the wrong one from what they tell you. You would be disappointed when the publisher of integrity told you how small it was simply because you had been used to reading fabulous stories about "Circulation." This would at once throw you on the mercy of the other class and almost surely you would find the one with the smallest circulation the most skilled in prevarication.

Now as to the various kinds of demand there is a broad distinction to be met in the fancy as is also between the cheapest fancy stock and the meat animal; yes, even more so.

Go where you please you can find the cheap, "shoddy" class of people, and the fancy furnishes no exception to this well established rule.

Without a lot of experience you are at a loss to know just how to take that kind of a dealer. You never know by what price he gives you on his stock just what price it would cost you to buy it. You plainly know that he does not mean what he says, and although you may want the animal you feel a little bit doubtful about offering him half what he asked for fear that it would have been possible to buy it at one-quarter had you just known it.

That class of people cheapen the fancy very seriously. There is, however, one equalizing feature in their make-up, and it is this: Whenever they do really get hold of something good the first man who offers them a price gets it, and often at half its real value. For that reason they seldom keep a good one, consequently are but very little in the way of the better class

of trade.

The enterprising fancier knows that extremely good specimens are very hard to produce. When he gets a real good one he gets a real good price for it. When he gets an extra good one he gets an extra good price, and so on. When a customer approaches him on business he does not study him over the top of his eyeglasses to see whether he has an easy victim or not; he simply talks business. Whether it be the President of the United States or whether it be Dr. So-and-so's coachman, Lord Chesterfield, or whatever hare was in question would cost him just so much, no more, no less.

He prices his stock according to its value, based on its ability to approximate standard requirements and on its pedigree, which shows its ability to reproduce itself in its progeny.

If the customer should be a cheap man (as often is the case), and offers the fancier ten cents less for the specimen, he would just lack ten cents of buying said specimen.

What I mean to get at is simply this (demand being now in consideration), "Place your mark and shoot at it." While the cheap fancier is producing a cheap animal to sell to a cheap customer, the real fancier is producing a real Belgian hare to sell to the man who really knows what he wants.

By a straightforward and worthy course of procedure he attracts the best class of customers, gets the best class of trade and creates a demand for the best.

Now the question comes, "Will he have a demand for all his best?"

I say emphatically, yes. Then you may ask, "Will he have a demand for all the rest?" Yes.

A man of his make-up has been instrumental in building up that open market, which is his rudder, as it were, without which he would soon run ashore. He goes right on producing the best he possibly can. He is fully stocked. He has raised a litter of ten very choice young, five of which are does and five bucks. The does are engaged before they are weaned and by the time that the bucks are six months old three of them are well sold and two remain. A couple more very promising litters are now ready to wean and he wants his hutches for them. What is he to do? Do we see him rush down to the office of the daily newspaper and place therein an advertisement offering said bucks for five per cent. of their value and in this manner scatter broadcast among cheap people the blood that it has cost him so much time and money to produce? Would we even find him guilty of selling those bucks at fifty per cent. of their value in order to empty the hutches? Never! Not even ninety per cent. of their value buys them.

They sell for their value or they go to the open market, butchered.

You may ask why one should be so stringent. I will simply tell you that it is strictly a matter of business.

Our fancier expects to sell hares in six months from now. The man who would only have given him fifty per cent. of the value of his buck has not that grade of stock and consequently is not the least in the way of his customers, but handles a cheaper class of trade.

Now suppose that he did it otherwise. Being short of room he sold him a trio or litter very cheap. Some months afterward a customer strikes that locality and wants some good ani-

mals. He also knows good ones when he sees them.

Now our fancier is "in a boat." There are two places where they can be had; at his place (which for example we will style A.'s) and also at "Cheap John's."

At "Cheap John's" they will only cost half at the most, and if he be a close buyer he will get them at one-quarter. "John" assures the customer that they are the very same article, for he bought some of A.'s best and the reason why he can offer them to him so cheaply is that he is a cheap man, and can always undersell his neighbor.

Does the fancier (A.) deserve any sympathy? Not a bit of it! There are just two places to sell a good animal, and that is, preferably, to a good customer for what it is worth, and the next choice, failing to do that, at the open market for what the carcass is worth.

One of the features of the club meeting should be the assignment of members of the club to various subjects for publication in their official

practical and the fancy of the Belgian hare industry.

"Establishing the Open Market" will be our subject for the next number.

### A New Score Card on the Decimal Basis the Foundation for a Logical System of Judging

(Copyright applied for)

The dissatisfaction existing among a large proportion of breeders over the method in vogue for judging Belgians has prompted me to work out a more rational system, one that will be satisfactory to the progressive breeder and also to the most ardent admirer of true sportsman-like methods.

The prevailing practices have done fairly well and have served to educate the painstaking breeder and exhibitor in many directions, notably that the logical way to determine the value of a specimen, as defined by the standard of excellence, is by the score card system of judg-



This specimen shows a grand, long body, good arch of back, splendid limbs, medium eye, rather thick in head

organ or any other good papers, and the assignment should be made with a view to getting the best possible results from them.

Investigation should be made into their work and about half of the active members should build on the supply, the other half working on the demand question.

Supply and demand must be built up together, and it is utterly impossible for either one to surpass the other to any considerable extent.

"Circumstances alter cases," and the more readily we understand this, the less friction occurs in the operation of our business affairs.

What would happen to the enterprising person who should drive a nice fat bunch of horses to the slaughter yard expecting to sell them for food purposes in America? There would be no demand for them. Were he in France he would find a brisk demand.

In conclusion I will rehearse briefly as follows: Supply and demand must be built up simultaneously.

The open market is the foundation to both the

ing. Even with the crudeness of the method in vogue better results in judging by the score card have been obtained than by the comparison method, but those who have adopted the Belgian hare as a permanent business proposition are desirous for every feature tending to advance the best interests of the industry. There is nothing in the annals of live stock culture in America that at all compares with the profits that have been made from the Belgian hare and the growth of the industry. Yet there is room for improvement in several particulars. With these improvements effected, still greater benefits than have been realized will come to the fraternity.

The genuine good business side of the industry is just coming to the front. To-day the industry is largely in the hands of a more practical and substantial class of people than it has ever been, up to within a short time. Now is the time for the adoption of everything that will elevate the industry and force upon the attention of enterprising people its merits.

The custom of making one-fourth point the



minimum penalty necessitates a great deal of guessing on the part of the judge, the spectator, the purchaser and everybody interested in the Belgian hare, and the result is very indefinite.

Another and very important objection to this method of judging is the possibility and probability of many ties in prize contests.

In the high type class of Belgians the expert judge often meets with a specimen with certain sections all but perfect, but he cannot pass the section perfect, yet a one-fourth point penalty is unjust, but it is the minimum penalty he may impose according to the prevailing custom.

The practice of imposing a penalty of one-fourth point where one-half of this one-fourth point only is due the section and the judge attempting to carry in his mind the other half of the one-fourth point to some other section where he may find a like condition existing is confusing, at least tends to complicate the proposition and often leads to failure to do a specimen full justice. The judge may forget or not find another section where he may right the wrong on the section previously too severely penalized, or if he chooses to pass a section on a one-fourth point penalty when it is entitled to almost a half point, thinking that he may right it, the result is the same.

The application of the standard of excellence by the decimal system admits of finer discrimination in the whole proposition and forms the basis for an exact science.

To the eye and mind of one trained to minute distinction, the decimal basis of judging will prove most satisfactory and will enable him to judge to a degree of nicety impossible to equal by the one-quarter point fractional system.

One of the most valuable features of the score card system of judging lies in the fact that the authority passing upon the merits of a specimen makes a record of his opinion, which serves to confirm the ability or inability of the judge and this record is valuable as a study. Now, with the work well done by the decimal system, the score of any given section of the specimen will correspond with the notation on the card; that is, the defects of sections noted on the score card will be found in the specimen when specimen and score card are brought together at any time within a reasonable length of time after the judge has completed his work. Not so with the work done by the rule employed to-day.

We will take, for instance, the section of quality of front legs that are nearly perfect. The skillful judge with a one-fourth point card as a minimum cut, and which in this case is too much of a penalty, must nevertheless impose it under the existing custom. Now, when the card and the specimen are brought together and another specimen which is entitled to just one-fourth point penalty for the same element in the same section, and each specimen receiving the same penalty, the injustice or the weakness of the present system stands out boldly to all critical observers. Though the judge may say he attempted to and did even up this excessive punishment on specimen number one, it does not appear on the card as a matter of record. With a minimum cut of one-tenth of a point, as admitted in the decimal system, there remains no room for a give-and-take deal over the sections. The exact value of a section may be noted and passed once for all, and the card and sections will correspond.

Regarding ties: With the point divided into fourths only, many ties are bound to occur in

every class in every exhibition where there are a large number of entries. With the point divided into tenths, where three or four ties now occur only one is possible, and even less are probable, and this percentage may be reduced for the reason that many ties now occur through the oversight of the judge to even up excessive penalties imposed on one or more sections of the specimen because of the complication of the system and the confusion resulting.

I anticipate opposition to this advanced move for the reason that some people interested in any given proposition involving close application, study and thought, invariably adopt the easiest and often a makeshift or pretense of a way in the matter. But to those who are deeply in love with the industry, have its future welfare at heart and who are really enterprising and progressive, I feel confident that a new score card, based on the decimal system, will meet with hearty approval and immediate acceptance.

I am prepared to demonstrate in actual practice the superiority of the decimal system over any other method of judging Belgians.

DR. B. C. PLATT.

### The Coming United States History of the Belgian Hare

Mrs. Kate Vandenhoff Saint Maur

My debut in these columns will have to be more or less prefatorial. That is to say, a great big, and, it is to be hoped, very important piece of work is going along that I am trying to engineer. There have been innumerable articles of more or less value written on Belgian hare happenings in various localities, but what the raisers seem to want everywhere is a comprehensive and succinct history of the business everywhere in the United States. It may not be considered presumptuous if I venture to announce that months ago a start was made to go over this wide ground and so much is covered that arrangements for the publication of this rather vast attempt are now being made.

A little history of what is accomplished may not be wearying.

In this article most of the editors of live stock journals, breeders, importers and experts have expressed their opinions of what the business needs and this information is furnished by authority with names and photographs. All available experts have been interviewed. Innumerable blooded hares of high repute have been seen personally (or vicariously), handled, pointed and judged.

The time occupied in compiling the article has been nearly twelve weeks, and it was necessary to engage the services of four specially qualified reporters.

There will be a large number of original illustrations, mostly photographs. The derivation, present condition and future of the hare business is dealt with; every scrap of information is set forth, and all the tricks, dishonesty and "scallawagisms" ruthlessly exposed.

Most of the editors of live stock journals, breeders, importers and experts have expressed their opinions of what the business needs, and this information is furnished by permission with names and individual photographs.

It is a compact history of the Belgian hare industry throughout the United States and Canada, and the only effort at a complete history, so far as I know, ever attempted. A solution of the vexed questions of judging, the



value or vice of the score card is carefully handled, a remedy for all existing ills is offered and a means of putting the business on a permanent, solid business basis is, it would seem, more or less definitely arrived at from a consensus of opinions.

Without exception all the dealers, breeders and papers interviewed have expressed themselves as desiring such an article as this and profess to be eagerly awaiting its appearance.

It will be tolerably evident that I have aimed high and been, perhaps, a little reckless of expense, but I love the beautiful little Belgian beastie and am going to try and prove it.

### An Improved Method for Marking Belgians— A Little Invention of Great Importance

Dr. B. C. Platt, with his unbounded energy in all matters relating to the interests of the Belgian bunny, has recently perfected an invention that promises to be of the greatest utility to all lovers of that most attractive and popular little animal. This is a new and improved device enabling each fancier to mark his hares in a manner painless to the animal and yet in a way that cannot be erased or altered.

Among former devices for this purpose are a system of clipping the edges of the ear, an aluminum tag pressed through the ear with a forceps and clinched in much the same style that lawyers employ to bind together legal documents, or a tag retained in the ear by an aluminum wire. These methods are open to many objections, such as causing the animal considerable pain and being easily removed by dishonest persons either in the rabbitries of breeders or when hares are en route between breeders and purchasers, with the intent and result of defrauding buyers and great injury to the reputation of breeders.

Dr. Platt's device avoids these and other objections. Like many other little inventions of great utility, it is beautifully simple, and the wonder is that no one ever thought of it before. It consists essentially in tattooing with India ink a device upon the ear of the animal by means of an ingenious little instrument. The plan is capable of infinite variety, so that every breeder may have his own brand, which he may use to the exclusion of all others. And, instead of a deformity, as with the aluminum tag, or clipping the edges, the marking in the ear may be made really ornamental.

Stars, circles, squares, diamonds, triangles and other designs form the framework of the device and numbers supply the necessary individual characterization. For instance, a breeder may adopt a star and in the center he places the figure 1 for the first hare and may continue the series up to a hundred thousand, if the breeding capacity of his rabbitry supplies the material.

Some of the advantages of this method are the following:

First.—It is absolutely permanent as a means of identification. The young hare may be marked when taken from his dam and then has a means of identification attached to his person that cannot be removed without cutting off his ear.

Second.—There is no mutilation, no pain. The beauty of the ear lacing is not marred. There is no disfiguring wire or tag. No one likes to torture a pet animal, especially so docile and innocent a creature as the hare. In

most localities public sentiment is against cutting off the ears of dogs and the tails of horses, shooting pigeons for sport or running hares with dogs. Although there has been a necessity for marking hares which has undoubtedly justified the somewhat cruel methods heretofore in vogue, yet every sensible and thoughtful person will welcome a method of far greater utility and infinitely more humane.

Third.—One may use either numbers, letters or monograms and the mark employed will constitute a trade-mark for the owner. With a perfected system of national registration such as is probable in the near future this method will be the best that can be employed. It will enable every progressive breeder to maintain his individuality by advertising and selling the product of his rabbitry under a uniform brand of his own. In California it is a criminal offence to counterfeit or alter the brand of live stock and laws similar to that of California could be passed in every State.

Fourth.—The cost of this method is only a trifle. Each breeder may illustrate his style of marking on his circulars, stationery and advertising material, and also in his ads. in newspapers. It will be a guarantee against frauds in the show room or between buyers and sellers and will stimulate fanciers in their efforts to breed the best specimens, knowing that the credit cannot be taken from them.

Dr. Platt has filed an application for patents upon this device in order to protect both himself and all who may adopt it in practical use. Its simplicity and effectiveness will undoubtedly commend it to every breeder and bring it deserved popularity.

We take special pleasure in being able to include Mrs. Saint Maur in our list of contributors for this month. It has been suggested to us that the useful teachings of Mr. Crabtree, Dr. Platt and others on Belgian hare breeding could advantageously be augmented by some demonstrated practical instruction. Those who have read Mrs. Saint Maur's articles must admit that she can be nothing if not practical. We suggest to the lady, as she has a large farm and rabbitry, that if she would accept some resident or other pupils who would actually work in her rabbitry day by day under her guidance they would gain an experience which would save beginners the very expensive mistakes which are inevitable with ignorance. They would learn what rabbits are and how to raise them before purchasing their stock. Mrs. Saint Maur has told us personally that any woman or man who cannot acquire what may be called the *mechanique* of hare breeding in a month will have demonstrated their disqualification for the undertaking. Affinity in all breeding businesses is two-thirds of the way to success. Hares plainly indicate their likes and dislikes. A pupil who found he, or she, was liked by certain hares might acquire some of these particular hares and commence their undertaking with a valuable link of affection between beast and owner. Mrs. Saint Maur's address will be found in our advertisement columns, and we cordially advise those interested to correspond with our contributor.

The graduating class from Belgian hare institute at Philadelphia, Pa., March 26, 1901, under the auspices of the National Association of Belgian Hare Judges, Dr. B. C. Platt, instructor, three weeks' course, day and evening ses-

sions, consisted of the following: Arthur T. Wadsworth, John T. Stauffer, E. T. Buckman, Henry Wolf and Chester McGear, of Philadelphia, Pa.; John T. Black, Roxborough, Pa.; L. E. Colomy and Mrs. L. E. Colomy, Sharon Hill, Pa.; C. H. Howard, Detroit, Mich.; J. Frank Dechant, Cynwyd, Pa.; Henry Tatnall Brown, Germantown, Pa.; E. A. Tranah and Mrs. C. M. Tranah, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. T. Moore, St. Louis, Mo., and George Carroll, Bradford, Yorkshire, England.

Mr. Carroll is the first English fancier to qualify as a score card judge.

These graduates are all substantial business people, holding important positions; some manufacturers and others public officers, city councilmen, etc.

Councilman Arthur T. Wadsworth won the class medal.

This is the first institute in the eastern part of this country where all the details of the utilitarian features of the industry were taught. The graduates are thoroughly trained in scoring, judging, scientific mating and the posing of specimens, training and fitting for exhibition purposes and also tanning the pelt for fur and leather and cutting and stitching the same, and are thoroughly qualified to work up, independent of dealers, the productions of their rabbitries, if they desire to do so; also in canning the flesh of the Belgian.

The next session of this institute work will begin in the early part of May. Already twenty members have applied for membership, several coming from distant States to take the course.

In his attempts to develop the fur and leather and canned flesh phases of the industry, Dr. Platt met with strong opposition from dealers

and manufacturers, and was unsuccessful in his efforts to bring out any of these phases. It was this opposition that stimulated him to take up the study of these features, and, in the course of three or four years' experimenting, he worked them out and has completely overcome the opposition and demonstrated the practical and valuable features, and from these various lines immense profit may be realized. Dr. Platt is prepared to maintain the ground that the Belgian hare is the most profitable animal, capital and labor considered, that has ever been domesticated.

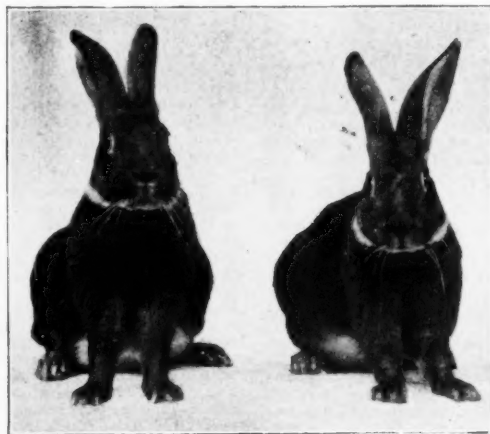
Gentlemen: P. E. Crabtree's work on Belgian hares received, and I will frankly say that in everything that goes to make up a valuable work it far exceeds my expectations. It has practicability and honesty of purpose stamped therein from start to finish.

F. E. RUSSELL,  
Baldwinsville, Mass.

Gentlemen: I have received, by express, Crabtree's Course of Instruction, which I ordered of you.

I expected a good deal of this book, and my expectations are more than realized. It is worth \$4 to any man who is going to invest even \$10 in Belgian hares, because it will enable him to buy intelligently, and save more than the price of the book. How much it is worth to any one who is starting a small or large rabbitry is hard to compute—it might run up into several hundred dollars.

Yours respectfully,  
H. A. WHIPPLE,  
Saginaw, Mich.



Myrtle and Mayflower, twin sisters, seven months old  
Bred by Dr. Platt, Bonanza Rabbitry



## Our Mixed Bag

The following extract from an article, entitled "Half a Century's Progress," by John Reade, F. R. S., Can., in the April Canadian Magazine, will be interesting data to those who are endeavoring to earn the \$5,000 cash prize offered in our advertising pages, by estimating the population of Canada, as it will be revealed by the census now being taken. Mr. Reade is a Canadian writer of wide information and authority: "The population of Upper Canada in 1851 was 952,004; that of Lower Canada 890,261; that of New Brunswick, 193,800; that of Nova Scotia, 276,854; that of Prince Edward Island (probably) about 65,000. As to the rest of actual Canada it may be stated in 1849 Assiniboia had a population of 5,390; in 1856, 6,691; Manitoba's population in 1870 (exclusive of Indians) was 12,228. In 1861 Vancouver's Island had a population of 3,024, of which 2,550 belonged to the town of Victoria or its vicinity. In 1878 British Columbia had a white population of 10,596. In 1874 the population was estimated to be 15,000, thus distributed: whites, 11,500; Chinese, 3,000; blacks, 300; Kanakas (Hawaiians), 200. For years the population of British Columbia was like Sambo's chicken, it moved about so much that it could not be counted. The figures above given enable us, however, to estimate the population of all the provinces and territories in 1851, Indians included, as something less than 2,500,000. In 1871 the population was 3,689,257; in 1881, 4,324,810; in 1891, 4,833,238. At the coming census it will probably range from 6,125,000 to 6,250,000. It is not likely to exceed the latter figure." Our readers are urged to be prompt if they wish to take advantage of this contest, which closes on June 1.

Mr. J. E. Thursby, 467 Broadway, New York, is establishing a sportsmen's club and ranch in one of the most fertile and beautiful valleys in the State of Idaho.

His plan is to form a company of desirable sportsmen who are in the habit of going West every summer or fall to hunt and fish. The chief aim will be to overcome the many disadvantages of securing incompetent guides, and the putting up at places where filth and undesirable companions are found the predominant features.

There will be erected commodious buildings where the members may have comfortable quarters while on their visit without being subjected to the abuses that are so often incurred. They also intend to run a fair size herd of cattle, the profits from which will pay the whole running expenses of the ranch and interest on

the money invested besides, which ought to enable members to live on the premises without further expense to them. The cowboys employed can be used as guides, and none but temperate help will be engaged.

The range is a valley between thirty-five and forty miles long, covered with rich bunch or buffalo grass on the hills and knolls, and fine hay grass in the wettest part. It has no barren tracts. There is plenty of fine pole timber and heavy pine, and all buildings and fences can be put up cheaply. There is excellent water everywhere, and fine locations for ranch buildings and corrals near large level meadows which can be seeded into fine hay land. Not a foot of land to be bought, and therefore almost all the capital can be invested in stock. Trout and salmon, and all kinds of game, including bear, is in abundance. The mountains, streams, lakes and woods are all one can ask for a summer resort, and only a few miles away are the soda hot springs with their medicinal properties. A good wagon road extends from the railroad to the property, none of which is located except a small tract at the store.

This is a general outline of the proposition, but a personal interview would avail more.

Doctor Bass—"Why, Mr. Weakfish, what are you making such a mouth about?"

Mr. Weakfish—"O, Doc., I swallowed the hook and bit off the line!"

Daniel Sharp was a trapper, but he was not as mentally sagacious as his name nor as snappy as his traps. He had caught a panther, and so told the village wag, "May it not have been a hallucination, Dan?" Sharp had never before seen a "painter," and was therefore open to conviction, for the creature "hallucination" was also a stranger to him.

The moose practically left the Adirondacks in one season, a well-authenticated fact but little known. They were numerous there until the period between 1850 and 1855—probably near the latter year—when they suddenly disappeared. Scattered ones were shot later, but 1855 marked their exit from the annals of New York game. Years later four or five were brought back to Saranac, but would not stay.

Many prehistoric animals, notably the Irish elk, have been mired in bogs, and their remains thus preserved to future ages.

Some of our good friends have done us great service by asking for "Field and Stream" of newsdealers who do not display it. Thank you, gentlemen. In this particular instance we believe that the apothegm, "Spread the light," is a just and good one.

It is really appalling to compare the enormous amount of game on this continent at the beginning of the last century with the wretched remnant of to-day. At that time the American buffalo roamed the prairies in countless thousands, and was probably the most numerous large animal in the world, and now—but all Americans know the shameful story of its extermination. The same sad tale of fast-approaching extinction is true of the other game animals, the antelope, bighorn, mountain goat, and the various kinds of deer; in fact, it is true of all our mammals.

"Everything is lovely when the goose hangs high" is an aphorism derived from the fact that wild geese, in their migratory flights, keep in the upper regions of the air in clear weather, and close to the earth when a storm is imminent. But the goose does not "hang" in the aerial elements, as the eagle, hawk, etc., hence the original saying, "Everything is lovely when the goose honks high."

The Lafin & Rand Powder Company, of 99 Cedar street, New York City, is erecting a large plant in western Pennsylvania, at a place called Punxsutawney, a little hamlet in Jefferson County suburban to the city of Reynoldsville.

Every hunter realizes that there is nothing quite equal to a long day's tramp afield, through melting snows and over the rough grounds of the open season for most game to demonstrate that the thing of paramount importance in his outfit is a pair of light, flexible, thoroughly waterproof leather boots. His feet must be dry and comfortable, first, last and all the time. Though difficult to assemble these qualities in foot wear, it has been accomplished in the superlative degree in the Elkskin boot made by Mitchell & Sons' Company, of Detroit, Mich. An old hunter whose experience afield in every part of America would seem to entitle him to speak authoritatively has said recently that this Elkskin boot, in his opinion, is far and away the best hunting boot in the world to-day. One quality which he praised especially is that they do not get hard or stiff after having been wet. They are tough and exceedingly durable and made upon most approved lasts to ensure absolute comfort. They are made in all sizes and length of leg. It is a handsome and, above all, thoroughly comfortable boot and costs no more than many inferior articles. See full page advertisement elsewhere.

The great outfitting house of the East, Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., who sell everything imaginable in sporting goods at the lowest wholesale prices, offer a complete baseball suit at \$2.50. Send for their catalogue and learn how to save money on baseball goods, cameras, bicycles and all sporting goods. Address them at 67 Cortlandt street, New York, and specify Dept. 2.

For your summer cottage or camp you will find the "Nullite" a wonderful invention. See their advertisement or address Chicago Solar Light Co., Dept. 1, for particulars.

No smoke, no smell, no hunting for dry firewood and nothing but hot meals, quick meals and solid comfort, if you use a Khotal kerosene-burning camp stove. No description can do justice to this wonderful invention. Send for catalogue No. 6 to Hydrocarbon Burner Co., 197 Fulton street, New York. P. S.—If you want a quick meal at home this stove is equally indispensable.

Winifred Thompson, all-around journalist, war correspondent and mighty hunter and fisherman, is responsible for the richly embellished "get-up" of the latest book issued by the Bangor and Aroostook Railway. It is called "In the Maine Woods: A Guide Book for Sportsmen," and with its profuse illustrations, admirably written text and maps, well indexed special information and perfect arrangement, a veritable triumph of the printer's art. Send 10 cents in stamps for a copy to Geo. M. Houghton, G. P. and T. A., Bangor, Me. In our last issue we gave Mr. Houghton's address as Portland, Me., which was an error.

For many years trout fishermen have been endeavoring to procure a strong enameled silk line, mist color, that will not show in the water. Clark, Horrocks & Co., of Utica, N. Y., are now putting on the market such a line, made of silk throughout, dark mist in color and coated with a special preparation making it thoroughly waterproof and very durable. It is put up in twenty-five yard lengths, four connected. In order to introduce this to "Field and Stream" readers Clark, Horrocks & Co. have put the price at fifty cents per twenty-five yards.

The rapidly growing popularity of Hazard's Blue Ribbon smokeless powder is shown by an increase of two hundred and fifty per cent. in the sales the past year over those of the year before. This is the powder used by Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, exclusively, and with which he won the following trophies now held by him:

The Du Pont Live Bird Trophy.  
The St. Louis Republic Cup.  
The American E. C. & Schultze Inanimate Target Cup.  
The American Field Cup.  
The Kansas City Star Cup.  
The Sportsman's Review Cup.

Send for interesting matter pertaining to this powder to the Hazard Powder Co., 44-48 Cedar street, New York.

Those who have read the article in this number, "Two Famous Sportsmen's Clubs," will be better prepared to appreciate the following opportunity, which in many respects promises to be a most desirable club, and in the matter of location and other essential features should make as splendid a shooting ground as was enjoyed in former days by the Golo Club. Here it is: "Mr. H. W. Campbell, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich., offers shares for sale in the Rifle River Fishing and Hunting Club at five hundred dollars each, payable in one, two and three years, the first payment to be made when the stock is issued, and the balance at five per cent. per annum. The membership of the club is to be strictly limited to twenty, and the shares are not offered for speculative purposes, but for the object of maintaining for years to come a game preserve where the members can

hunt and fish in one of the finest sections of the country, a full description of which can be had by sending for the January number of "Field and Stream."

The Putman boots embody everything that is practical in sportsmen's footwear. For nearly a quarter of a century Putman boots have been the standard among western hunters, trappers, prospectors, ranchmen and engineers, who demand the very best. Putman boots are waterproof. Send for catalogue of over twenty different styles to H. J. Putman & Co., 25 Hennepin avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

The well known firm of A. F. Meisselbach & Bro., of Newark, N. J., are now making a substantial gaff hook to fit their Harrimac net handle. It is sold with or without a four-foot jointed handle and was invented at the request of a number of their customers. Like every article made by this firm, it is of the best material and workmanship, and will doubtless enjoy a large sale.

The writer, looking back over his early cycling days, recalls the Victor wheel, which won for him many a race, and carried him over thousands of miles of territory. It is therefore with pleasure we note that the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have purchased the plant and good will of the Overman Wheel Company and are now manufacturing the Victor in up-to-date models. There is one feature concerning Victor wheels which always presents itself above the other advantages of this well-known and well-tried make—they will stand up through the hardest usage. That was the foundation for the big sale which they have had in this country and in Europe, and the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, with its thirty-eight years' reputation as manufacturers of firearms and tools, are not going to cheapen Victor wheels. If anything, they are making them better than ever, and at the price, \$35, it would not seem possible to get better value. By all means send for their catalogue, which includes a number of new styles of firearms of particular interest to the cyclist, canoeist, rifleman and all who desire a compact and reliable arm which they can take with them on their outing trips.

Mr. E. C. Griffith, who in winning the Grand American Handicap for 1901 took the handsome silver trophy, emblematic of his victory, also took \$600 out of the purse. Mr. Griffith is an amateur who has never shot over three hundred pigeons; in fact, he states that the total number of birds he had shot from the trap prior to this event would not exceed that amount.

He possessed three necessary requisites—a quick eye, steady nerve and unerring judgment; these qualities, supported by Lafin & Rand Smokeless and a Parker Gun, cannot help but make one a trophy winner.

Ballistite is a good example of what judicious advertising of a first-class article will accomplish. The sales last year showed a very large increase over 1899, and up to the present time, this year, the sales more than double those for the same period in 1900. Messrs. J. H. Lau & Co., of New York, who are the United States agents, have used exceptionally good judgment in introducing it. The powder itself is unquestionably a superior article. Its perfect chemical

composition insures absolute accuracy and freedom from climatic changes, while the records it has made speak volumes for its velocity and uniformity.

The fame of the "P. & S." ball-bearing troll and casting baits is world-wide. They are declared to be the peer of all for their killing qualities for all kinds of game fish. The fly-casting sets produce the effect of a large insect in lighting on the water, the spinner revolving as it passes through the air. The trolling styles have the advantage of easy action—hence they always play when in use, no matter how slow or deep you are fishing. The slower and deeper you go the larger will be your catch, both in size and numbers. If you have not tested the merits of the "P. & S." baits, get their catalogue E by addressing the P. & S. Ball Bearing Bait Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

W. H. Mullins, a well known sportsman of Salem, Ohio, who among other large business interests manufactures also the famous metal "Get There" ducking boats, writes us as follows: "I am sending you under separate cover a copy of my new catalogue of metal boats. As you will notice we have gone to quite an expense in getting up an elaborate and attractive catalogue and one that cannot but interest sportsmen. We will have within a few days half-tones and description of a new line of boats which we are putting on the market, these boats being modeled after the lines of an Indian canoe, making a boat that we believe will meet with general favor among canoeers and sportsmen who are accustomed to using a boat of this shape instead of the duck boat shape, as we have been making them for several years."

Every one interested in camping, or if only for a day's outing, should write for booklet of the Primus Blue Flame Outing Stove, to the Primus Co., 292 Johnston avenue, Jersey City, N. J. This is the stove used by Nansen, the explorer.

Campers and travelers will also find a number of useful articles described in the catalogue "S" issued by David T. Abercrombie & Co., 1½ South street, New York.

It gives "Field and Stream" pleasure to recommend a really good article like Old Barton Pure Rye. It is the old-fashioned kind, from the heart of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, made like it was one hundred years ago, when quality was the thing, resulting in a fully matured, rich flavored distillation, in its original purity, and forming an ideal stimulant at all times. It is never bottled under ten years old. While Old Barton Pure Rye has never been sold for less than \$15 per case, yet to introduce quickly where unknown, and to save expense of middleman, the makers will ship from distillery to purchaser, in plain case, one dozen full quart bottles, by express, prepaid, on receipt of \$10, or case of six full quarts on receipt of \$5. Each case equipped with corkscrew and neat glass. Address R. S. Strader & Son, distillers, Lexington, Ky.

A trifle may save your soul. The profanity that occasionally comes to the man who is forced to use a pen without ink, is entirely avoided by possessing one of Laughlin's Foun-



tain pens. We use them and—we don't swear—well, hardly ever!

We draw our readers' attention to the "Boston Garter" which is exploited in our advertising columns. When you write about them, or send for a pair, please mention "Field and Stream."

Anglers should write for one of Pardee & Co.'s Double Spinner Artificial Minnow. Their address is Kent, O.

Chas. J. Godfrey, of 4 Warren street, New York, carries a large stock of everything pertaining to the sportsman. Send for their catalogue, which will be sent free if you mention this magazine.

For a new spoon bait possessing great killing qualities and everything pertaining to angling, write to William Mills & Sons, 23 Park place, New York.

A typewriter that does work as good as the best and costs but ten dollars is the attractive story told by the American Typewriter Co., whose excellent goods we present to our patrons' view through our advertising columns.

It is not necessary for the sportsman who needs a trunk to go gunning for an elephant. It will be more convenient and less dangerous to write to the New Departure Trunk Co., Summer street, Boston.

Are you an angler? then write to Clark, Horrocks & Co., Utica, N. Y. On the side: It won't do you any harm to mention "Field and Stream."

A reel that is a real reel—that is what Yawman & Erbe make. Write them and tell them you saw it in "Field and Stream."

If you are interested in gas engines, see the ad. of the Western Gas Engine Co. An inquiry will repay you.

It has been well said of Williams' shaving soap that it is a joy and a blessing to sportsmen.

What does Kremenz mean anyway? It is the name of a collar stud, and to judge of the big business done by the company which bears the title, it is a winner. See particulars in their ad.



A Corner in a Taxidermist's Shop





The Improved

# BOSTON GARTER

The Standard  
for Gentlemen

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON  
GARTER" is stamped  
on every loop.

The

*Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never  
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.GEO. FROST CO., Makers,  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

The  
*Ingersoll*

## Base Ball Uniforms

Our uniforms are all made of good durable material,  
excellent workmanship and very handsome.  
Send for sample card showing qualities and  
colors.Following prices include shirt with 8 letters,  
padded pants, cap, hose and belt to match.Per Suit **\$2.50** \$3.75, \$5.50 and  
\$7.50. Special prices  
in clubs of 9 or over.Sample, measure-  
ment blanks and our catalogue showing  
cameras, Base Ball Supplies, Bicycles,  
Bicycle Suits, supplies and all Sporting  
Goods.

Robt. H. Ingersoll &amp; Bro., Dept. 2, 67 Cortlandt St., New York.

Prices reduced for  
Spring & Summer

**Jaeger**  
PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR  
Send for  
Illustrated  
Catalogue.

New York: 16 West 23d St.  
Brooklyn: 157 Broadway  
Boston: 504 Fulton St.  
Philadelphia: 109 Tremont St.  
Chicago: 924 Chestnut St.  
82 State St.

# Williams' Shaving Stick

THE ONLY KIND  
THAT WON'T DRY ON THE FACE

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.  
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.  
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.  
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.  
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes,  
1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.  
The only firm in the world making a  
specialty of SHAVING Soaps

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.  
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

Enlarged Section through a

# KREMENTZ

## ONE COLLAR

## PIECE BUTTON

Cannot break:  
If damaged  
from any cause  
you get another  
without charge.

Strongest where strain is greatest.

Easy to button  
and unbutton.  
When buttoned  
it stays  
buttoned.

Made of One  
Piece of Metal  
without Seam or Joint.

Ask the Dealer for the "KREMENTZ."

The genuine have the name stamped on the  
back. The quality is guaranteed.Our Booklet, THE STORY OF A COLLAR BUT-  
TON, free for the asking, tells all about Krementz  
Buttons, and illustrates the different styles.

KREMENTZ &amp; CO.,

71 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.



**LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN** THE BEST AT ANY PRICE. Guaranteed superior to \$3.00 styles of other makes. Finest quality Diamond Point 14-k. Gold Pen. Hard Rubber Holder. Perfect Ink Feed. Postpaid for One Dollar. (Registered for 8c extra). **Money refunded** if not satisfactory. **Sent on approval** to responsible people. **Remember** there is no "just as good" as the Laughlin—insist on it, take no chances. Safety Pocket free with order. **AGENTS WANTED.** Write for catalogue and terms. Address: **LAUGHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,** 12 1/2 Griswold St., DETROIT, MICH.

## "SUMMER LIGHT"

Light your Hotels, Cottages, and Camps with the

### "NULITE"

Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamps. Superior to electricity or carbon gas. Cheaper than coal oil lamps. No smoke, no odor, no wicks, no trouble. Absolutely safe. A 20th Century revolution in the art of lighting.

**ARC LAMPS,** 750 candle power, for indoor or outdoor use. **TABLE LAMPS,** 100 candle power. **CHANDELIERS, PENDANTS, STREET LAMPS,** etc. Average cost 1 cent for 7 hours. Nothing like them. They sell at **GOOD AGENTS WANTED** Send for catalogue and prices. **CHICAGO SOLAR LIGHT CO., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.**

## RHEUMATISM

We have a remedy that will cure Rheumatism, nine cases out of ten, to stay cured. The last product of science, prepared after prescription of a celebrated and successful physician. It would cost you \$25 to consult him. **FREE!**—For a short time only we will send entirely free a trial treatment to any one enclosing 4 cents for postage. This offer will not be good long. Or we will send one month's treatment postpaid for one dollar. Write now. Give a description of your case.

**FLOWER MED. CO., 151 W. 34th St., New York**



## A Steel Pleasure Boat

FOR ONLY \$40.00

For further particulars correspond with

**W. H. MULLINS, 222 Depot St., Salem, Ohio**

Sportsmen of wealth! **FIELD AND STREAM** invites correspondence from a limited number of gentlemen sportsmen, who are able to invest five thousand dollars each, in securing an equal ownership in what it believes should prove the most desirable shooting, fishing and forest preserve on the American Continent.

With proper development, the financial returns will be very great. No other property obtainable combines so many natural advantages. Easily accessible to the Eastern seaboard by rail or water, yet as secluded as if in mid-ocean. No more perfect winter and summer climate in America. Address immediately, **FIELD AND STREAM, Park Row Building, New York.**

GUARANTEED



**20c a Month**

Is all it costs FOR 100 Candle Power

## Gas Light

anywhere if you will get the **Brilliant Self-Making Gas Lamp**

Call or write at once for particulars

**Brilliant Gas Lamp Co.**  
42 State St., Chicago, Ill.

## Kaiser Mustache Trainer



BEFORE



IN USE



AFTER

Worn for five minutes while dressing, after washing the face, trains the Mustache for all day. Or, used a few moments at any convenient time, will keep it in shape for hours.

The flexible combs attached to the silk gauze adjust or train any Mustache to the form desired. Price, 50c. each, postpaid.

**BOHNER MFG. CO., 42 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

**OPIMUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1, 9, Lebanon, Ohio.**

## HOFFLIN'S HEADACHE POWDERS.

CERTAIN CURE FOR

Sick and Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Etc., Etc.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS. NO OPIATES.

MAIL PRICE: Four Doses 10 Cents, Box of Twelve Powders 25 Cents.

**JOS. R. HOFFLIN, Druggist,**  
101 Washington Ave. S., MINNEAPOLIS.

# Warning! DON'T BUY A BELGIAN HARE

until you have read our **LARGE FREE BOOK** that tells how ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, are **NOW making** and **WILL CONTINUE** to make, from \$1,000 to \$5,000 every year raising prize winning stock. You can not afford to take a common Belgian Hare as a gift—you can do better. **We will loan you a high grade Belgian doe** one year for share of increase, and supply the finest buck service **FREE** \$10 to \$15 is all the capital required. You simply join our corporation

## You Raise Them, We'll Sell Them

We can't sell such animals as "jack-leg" dealers are selling in New England. We will supply you stock that will sell. Do you see the point? We have \$100,000 capital, are duly incorporated, you take no risk dealing with us. Our Manager is President of the Maine State Belgian-Hare Club and Official Judge.

**SEND FOR THE BOOK**, it may bring thousands of dollars to you. **IT IS FREE** for 2c postage.

### Eastern Importing and Breeding Co., Belfast, Maine

**P. S. Breeders of FINE STOCK will find us in the market for ANY QUANTITY, AT ANY TIME, AT A RIGHT PRICE.**



Patd. The A. H. Co., 1311 Broadway Toledo, O

This Fountain is safe, durable and practical. It never freezes. It warms the hen house without over heating. It gives the fowls pure fresh water at all times. It increases egg production. Saves time and labor. Inexpensive to operate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circulars, price list and testimonials free. Address, The Automatic Hatching Co., 1311 Broadway, TOLEDO, O.



### The Suspension Brooder SWINGS IN THE AIR.

Said by experienced poultry men to be superior to all others. Good to raise chickens or ducks. Made with kerosene or gasoline burners. Descriptive circular, price list & testimonials free. Address, The Automatic Hatching Co., 1311 Broadway, TOLEDO, O.

### A SNUFFLE CURE THAT CURES. **SNUFFLENE,**

The Guaranteed Cure for Snuffles, and all catarrhal diseases of the Belgian Hare. SNUFFLENE kills the germ of the disease, fortifies the system and saves the hare. You see an improvement after the first dose, as it acts immediately. Give it a trial and you will never be without it. **Put up in 30c. and 60c. size. Kennel size box, \$1.00.** The best Pedigree Blank for Belgian Hares on the market. 25c. per dozen.

**WOODLAWN REMEDY CO., Box 1621, New York.**

### ILLUSTRATE YOUR ADVERTISING

Get cuts for your Stationery, Circulars, Catalogues, and everything used for advertising your business. You can make a favorable impression, and do it **cheaply**, by using our .

For 10 cents we will mail you our Latest Handsomely Illustrated **Poultry and Live Stock Cuts**

**CATALOGUE OF POULTRY and Live Stock Cuts**

**A. W. KOENIG, Engraving** for poultrymen and stock raisers a specialty. Write for estimates on special work.

**Dept. C, 19 Park Place, N. Y.**

## WHAT DO YOU HATCH FOR?

If you are hatching chickens merely for fun, then the selection of an incubator is of little consequence. But, if you want to hatch for business, and make your poultry pay big profits you should buy and use



Made in 4 Sizes.  
50 to 300 Eggs.

## **RACINE** Incubators and Brooders.

They embody all the correct principles for hatching and growing chicks, ducks, turkeys, etc., to maturity and profit. Valuable eggs are safe when you put them in our incubators. Valuable chicks are safe when entrusted to our brooders. Self-ventilating and regulating. Easy to handle and operate. Prices are low. Machines guaranteed to be satisfactory. Send 2c stamp to pay postage on catalog "Poultry Pointers." It's full of poultry information.

**RACINE HATCHER CO., BOX 16, RACINE, WIS.**



Poultry House No. 1.

## Peep-o-Day Portable Poultry House

Well made and painted, handsome in appearance. Two parts—Scratching Shed and Roosting and Laying Room. Easily moved.

A dozen hens will do well in this house the year round. Shipped in sections, and easily put together. Weight, 250 pounds. Price, \$14.00. Write for price delivered to your station.

Catalogue of Peep-o-Day Brooders and many Poultry Specialties sent free.

**Box 100,**

**E. F. HODGSON, Dover, Mass.**

## Field and Stream's Bureau of Resort-Travel



will furnish **trustworthy information** relating to **American Health and Pleasure Resorts**, their hotels, rates, etc., and the **best resorts** by which such resorts are reached. There is no charge for this service, but each inquiry should be accompanied by ten cents in postage, and addressed to **Field and Stream's Bureau of Resort-Travel**.



### FOR SALE, WANTS, ETC.

Advertisements of this kind three cents a word.  
Send money with order.

**FOR SALE.**—Mounted moose heads, fine specimens. For price and description address O. K., Box 372, Ely, Minn.

**FOR SALE.**—Pedigreed Rufus Red Belgian hare, with red fore feet. JOHN BECK, Warrensburg, Mo.

**FOR SALE.**—One fine bull moose head, killed last Fall. Address W. A. REEVE, D.D.S., Patchogue, N. Y.

**WANTED.**—A Parker or other high grade 12-gauge Hammer Gun, in exchange for dog, camera, mimeograph, fishing tackle, or what do you want? Address M. J. B., care Field and Stream.

**WANTED.**—A violin—an old one—of excellent timbre, model and color. In trade for gun or other sportsman's goods. Address "W. S. R.," care of FIELD AND STREAM.

**PARTNER WANTED** to take half interest—A true sportsman wishes to open a sportsmen's supply store in one of the Middle Atlantic states. Partner wanted who is interested, to take half interest. Address "BUSINESS," care of FIELD AND STREAM.

#### Preserves, Live Game, Etc.

**IF YOU HAVE** any live game birds or animals to sell, send particulars to "Preserves," care FIELD AND STREAM office.

**CHINESE PHEASANTS** are the game bird that is giving perfect satisfaction to the sportsmen who have liberated them. I have bred them for 5 years, and have pure stock as introduced into Mass. by Fish and Game Commission. Now is the time to liberate. I have a fine lot on hand for that purpose. Price, \$6 per pair. H. R. Foster, Ashby, Mass. All grades Belgian hares.

**LIVE OUAILE, Pheasants, Grouse, Rabbits, etc.;** established, 1838. E. B. Woodward, 174 Chambers street, New York.

**SPECKLED TROUT PRESERVE**—For sale. One of the best trout preserves in Canada. Leasehold. Long lease. Property situate about fifty miles east of Toronto, ten miles by omnibus from railway. Good hatchery and first-class new club house. Several ponds and about two miles of stream. Full particulars not addressing Alexander Dixon, Toronto.

Mr. H. W. Campbell, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich., offers shares for sale in the Rifle River Fishing and Hunting Club at five hundred dollars each. The membership of the club is to be strictly limited to twenty. This is a preserve where the members can hunt and fish in one of the finest sections of the country, a full description of which can be found in the January number of Field and Stream.

## New Sportsman's Club

A few sportsmen wanted to join a party in establishing a Sportsman's Club and Ranch in Idaho. Pleasure and profit combined. Write at once for particulars to "J. E. T.," care of Field and Stream, Park Row Bldg., New York.

### WHERE TO GO.

Proprietors of shooting and fishing resorts, guides, etc., will find it very profitable to keep their card in this column. The cost is three cents per word for each issue. Send money with order.

**ARE YOU** interested in trout fishing from a stocked pond? All over 9 inches. Full particulars upon application to AMERICAN HOUSE, Hackettstown, New Jersey.

**TROUT FISHING.**—For the best places to go in Michigan send for booklet of information to C. L. LOCKWOOD, G. P. and T. A., Grand Rapids, Mich.

#### PLEASANT ISLAND CAMPS, RANGELEY, MAINE.

Excellent trout and salmon fishing. Deer, partridge, and an abundance of small game. Write for particulars to BILLY SOULE, Prop.

#### RIPPOWAM HOUSE, LAKE WACCABUC, N. Y.

Good fishing, bass, pickerel, white and yellow perch. All kinds of bait required always on hand. Rate \$1.25 per day. Two hours from New York city. Write F. P. FERRY, So. Salem, Westchester Co., New York.

#### WHERE TO CATCH TROUT.

**SPRUCE CABIN INN, CANADENSIS, PA.**  
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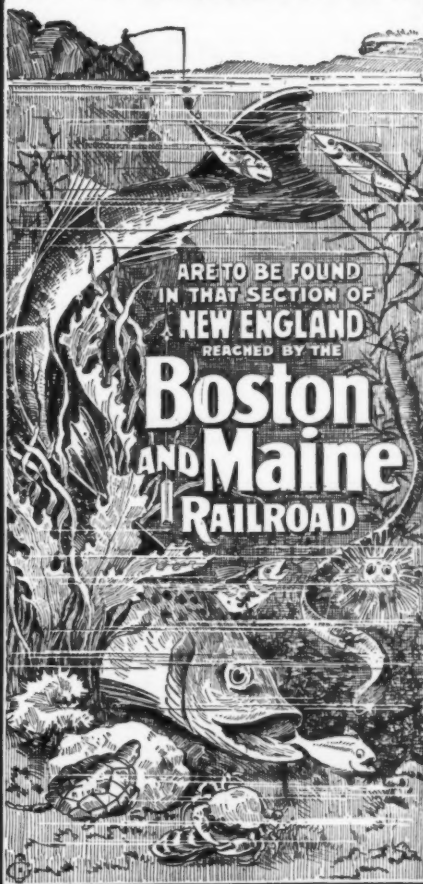
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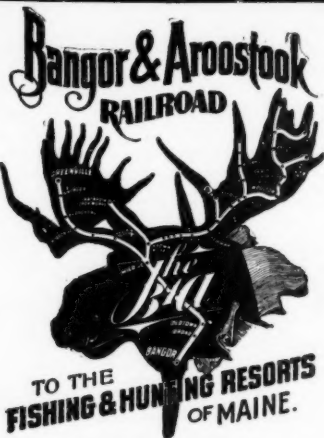
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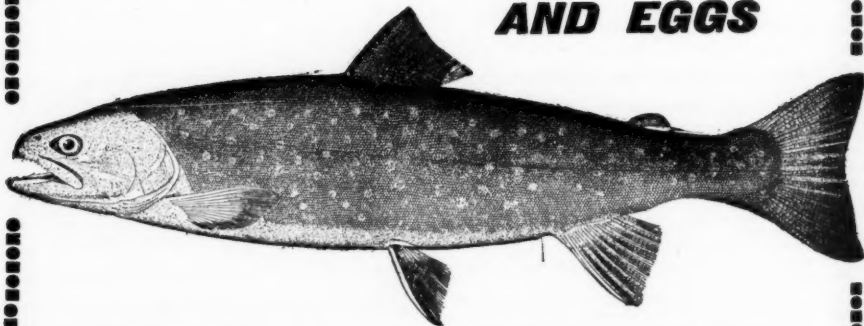
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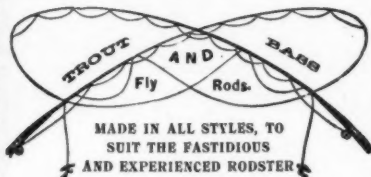
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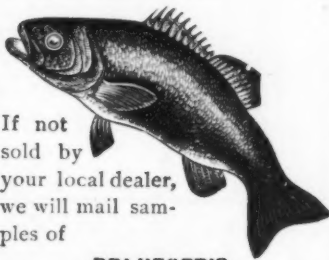
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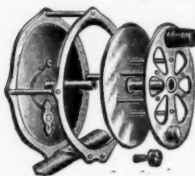
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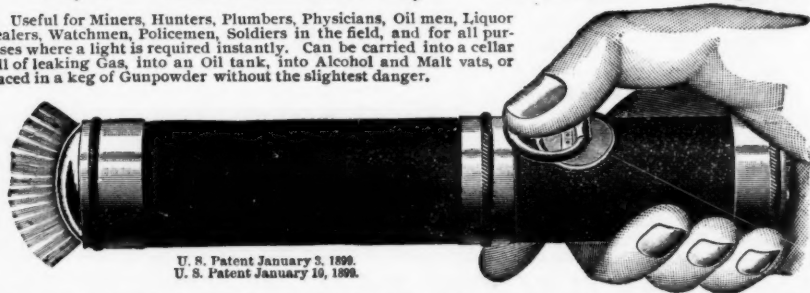
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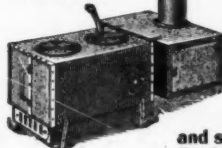
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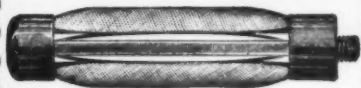


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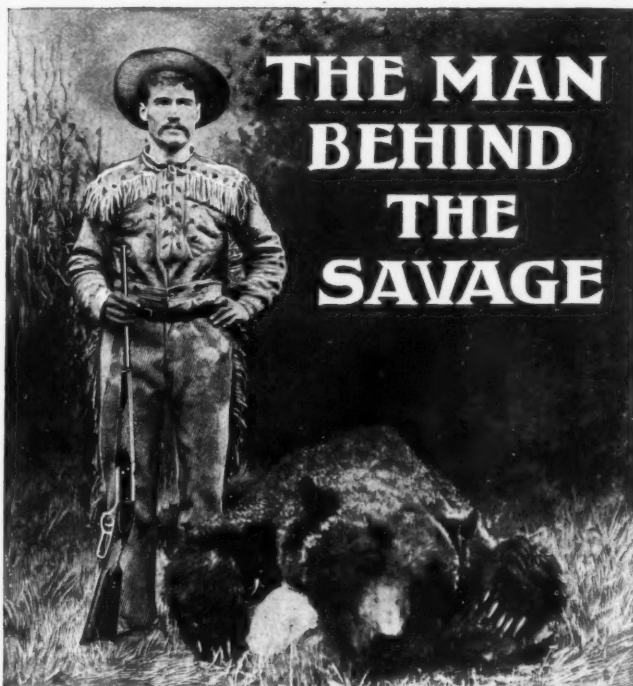
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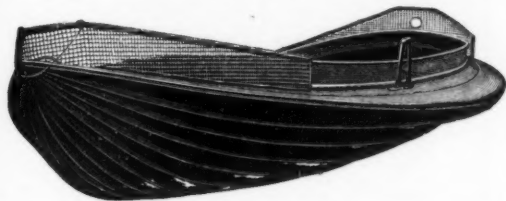
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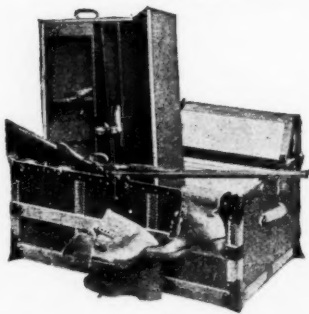
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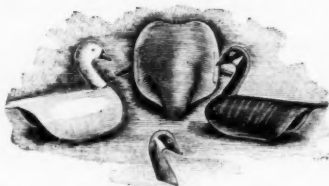
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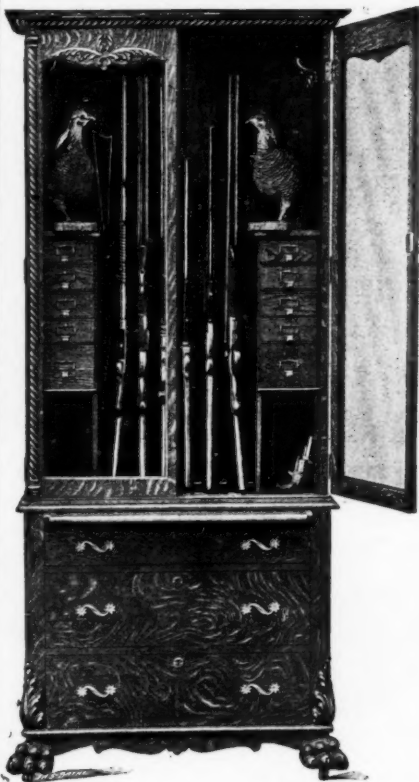
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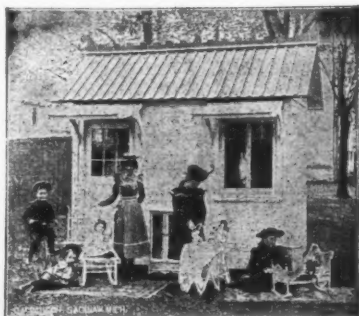
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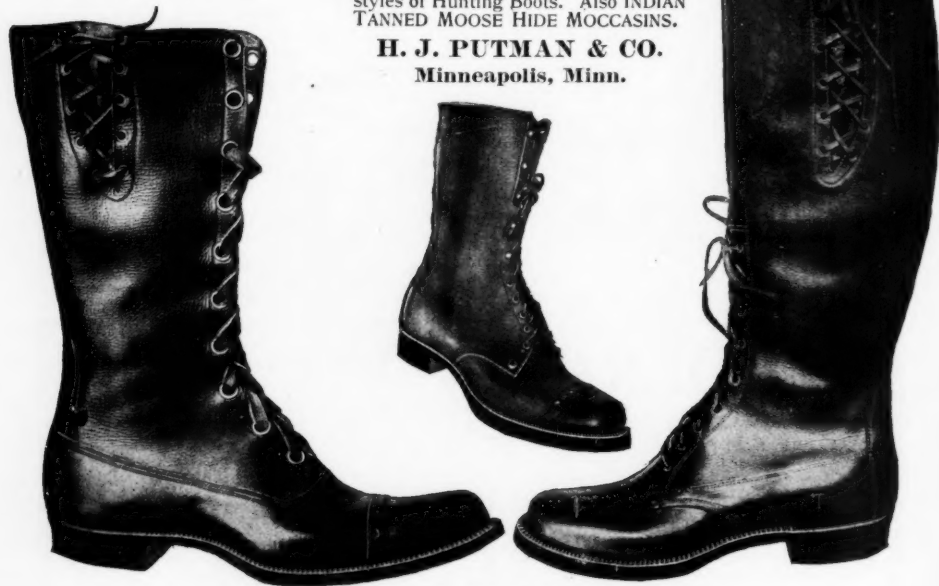
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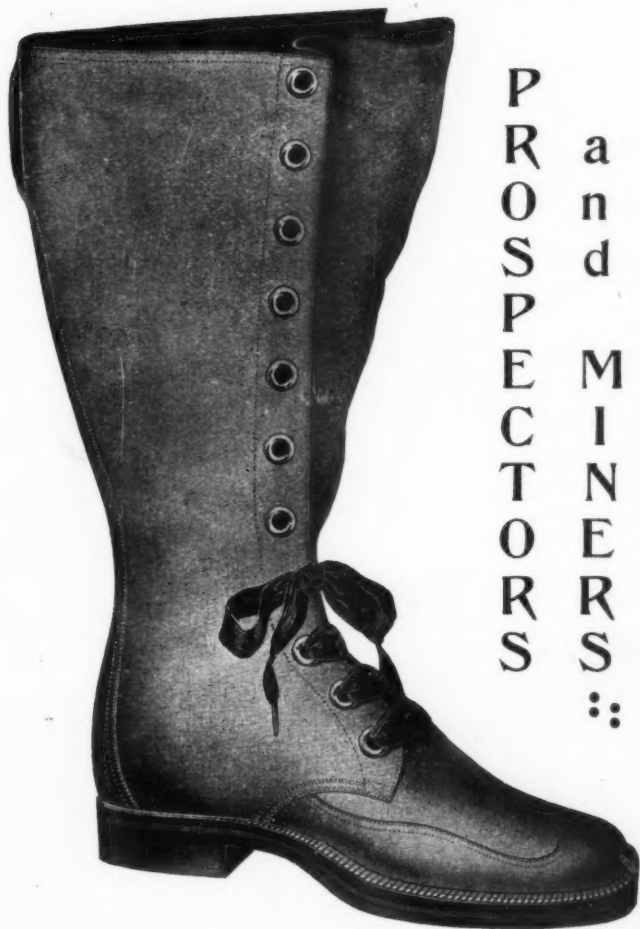
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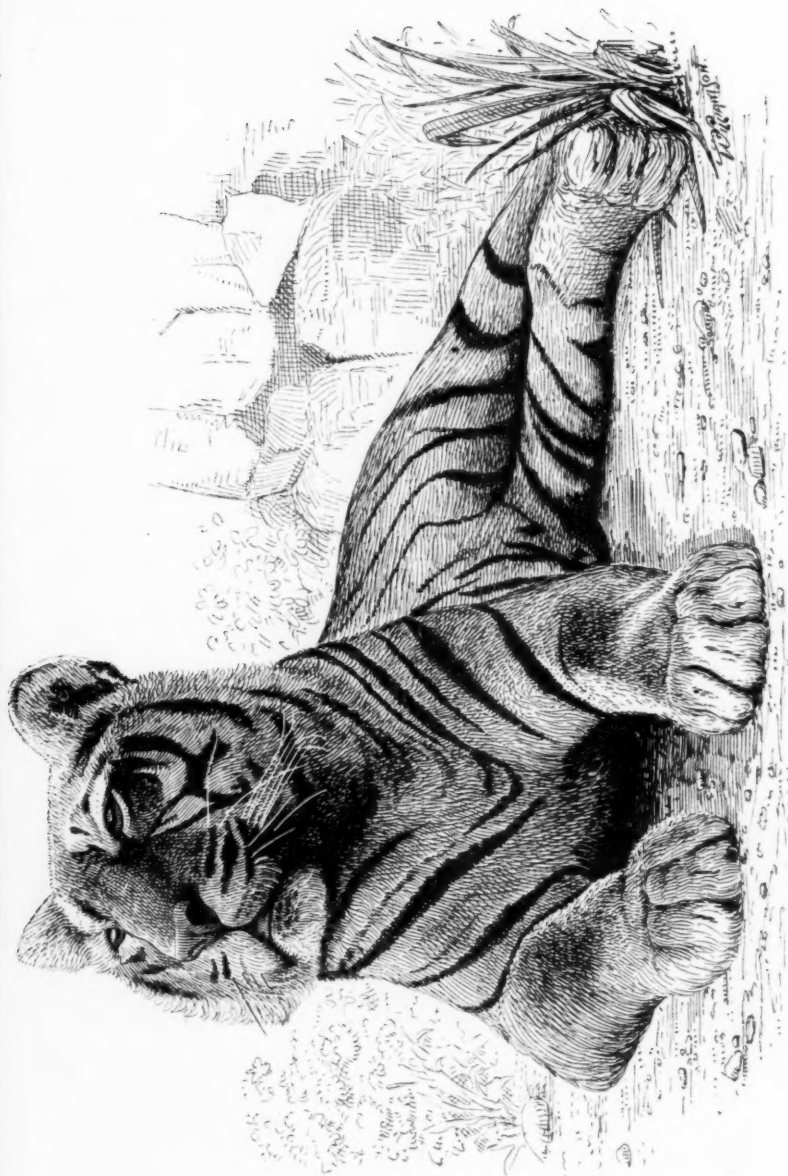
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(See Opposite Page.)

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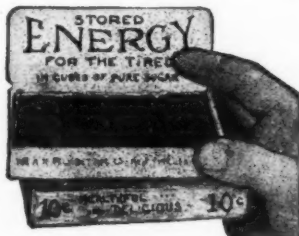
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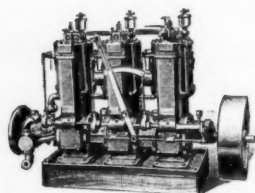


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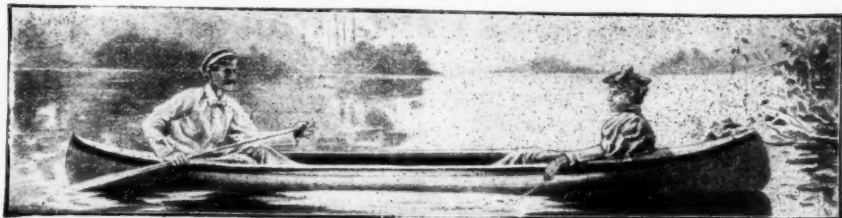
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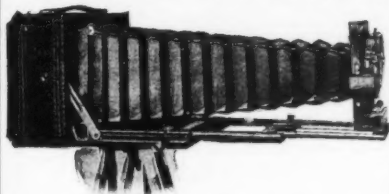
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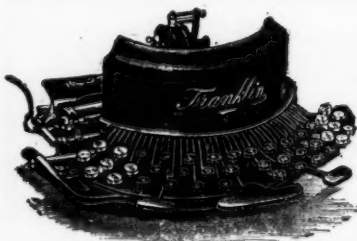
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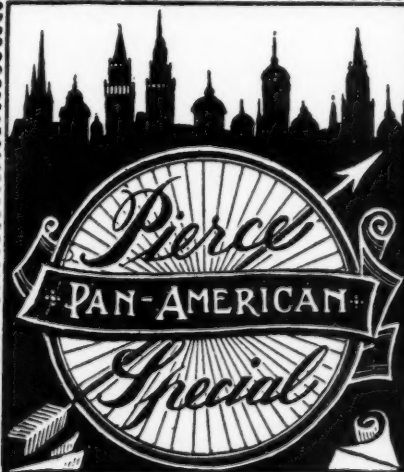
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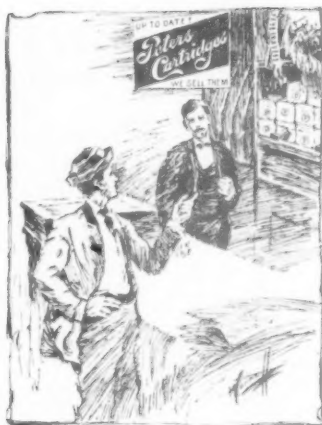
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