

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

PASSING COMMENTS

(Richard L. Pocock).

The salmon trollers' carnival is on once more. The fish are running well and good catches are being made of springs and cohoes. Up at Campbell River the waters are living up to their reputation of providing in quantities the largest salmon in the world—fifty-pounders being the rule rather than the exception. Nearer home, Cowichan Bay has been full of "springs" for a week or so past, and now the cohoes are starting to run, which will be welcome news to those who find a difficulty in early rising, for up there the spring salmon seem to refuse to feed at any time but the early morning, while the cohoes appear to have insatiable appetites and to be ready for a tit-bit at any time of day. The long continued dry weather has brought the rivers very low and kept them very clear, and in consequence little has been done by the stream fishermen with the trout. Still it is reported that some good catches have been made up at Cowichan Lake and some other places rather more remote.

The Provincial Game Warden did a good stroke of business the other day when he arrested B. C. Clarke, of Seattle, for having elk in his possession. The defendant was running a timber-cruising camp at Kyuquot Sound, up the West Coast, and men in his employ had been killing elk for use as meat in the camp, in open defiance of the law. The information reached the game warden as long ago as last May, and he spared no effort to get together sufficient evidence to secure a conviction. When brought before Magistrate Hayward, Clarke pleaded guilty, and in consequence was awarded a much lighter penalty than would have otherwise been the case, being fined \$75 and costs, with the promise of a jail sentence on a repetition of the offence. Warrants are out for the arrest of the men who did the actual killing, but they are out of the country at present.

The game warden has been giving the Is and a great deal more attention than it used to get, lately, and let us hope that the good work will continue. Because a game warden does not advertise his presence everywhere he goes, he frequently gets blamed for not being there, but in the game warden's business it does not always pay to advertise. When you think the warden is at the other end of the peninsula he may very possibly be cached under a bush within a few yards of you waiting to hear some of that continuous banging of guns which are every day reported to him from some district or another. As a case in point, rather an amusing thing happened a few days ago on Florence Lake.

There were two boats on the lake, and in each two men were engaged in fishing for bass. Sport was not quite as fast and furious as they might have liked, and as the two boats drew close together, the occupants engaged in conversation. While they were discussing the success of the uncaptured bass which refused to be beguiled, a bunch of mallards happened to fly over the boats within easy reach of a shotgun in that provoking manner in which this kind of thing will happen in the close season.

"That would have been a fine shot, wouldn't it," remarked one of the party.

"You bet," came the answer from the other boat. "I wish I'd had a gun."

"Why, would you have taken a shot at them, then?"

"But it's close season. Wouldn't you have been afraid of a game warden seeing you?"

"Game warden nothing. We never see a game warden up here."

Here ended the conversation.

In case the last speaker should see this, it may interest him to know that at the time he was actually talking to the Provincial Game Warden and a deputy game warden, so that perhaps it was just as well that he did not have that shot gun with him at the time, or the conversation might not have ended quite so pleasantly for all concerned. Verb. Sap.

Break All Fishing Records

All known fishing records held by Tacomas were broken by George Chilberg, a mail wagon driver for Uncle Sam, and J. C. Lilienthal, a plumber, in one day's angling in the Skoopenchuck River, twelve miles southeast of Mount Tacoma. The anglers brought back 703 cutthroat trout running from nine to six-teen inches, 37 of which were taken from one small hole.

Four twenty-pound baskets were filled, besides many others carried in their hunting clothes.

"It was the greatest fishing I ever saw," said Mr. Chilberg this morning. "The river is swarming with trout and they are taking bait at a great rate. I want the boys to go up there. There is trout enough for all."

The news-editor who passed the above item, recently published in a Tacoma paper, made a mistake in the headline he put to it. Instead of "Break All Fishing Records," he no doubt intended to put "Fish-hogs at Work," or words to that effect.

And these are the people who sneer at the Englishman and his large bag of driven birds, forgetting that driven birds are the hardest of all to hit, and that conditions are such in the tight little island, which has for centuries been cock of the world, that it is either a case of

reared and preserved pheasants or none at all, there being no large areas of wild land where pheasants can be walked up and potted over dogs; and that the man who makes these large bags, whether we admire his taste in the line of sport or not, pays for the rearing and preserving of them out of his own pocket and is not making a hog and spoil-sport of himself at the expense of the general public.

We have them this side of the line also. I remember a party I saw at the mouth of Powell River, who spent their whole vacation sitting by the side of the river from early morn till dewy eve, with short intervals for refreshment and grasshopper-catching, filling a miscellaneous collection of receptacles with trout and salt; their catch ran well up into three figures per day, and they called it sport.

The same thing happens at Somenos Lake and Sooke Lake with slight variations, and there is nothing, seemingly, to prevent it.

CAROLINA QUAIL SHOOTING

When I first saw the long-leaf pine country of North Carolina I wondered what Bob White could find to live upon in that waste of sand and scrub oak and pine.

Cultivated farms were tens of miles apart, and these raised no considerable quantity of cowpeas or other forage-making crops. Fruit, tomatoes and cotton were the main ground products, and, of course, when gathered there was no involuntary tithe for Bob.

In the scrub I saw nothing like our Northern weeded plants, so Bob's livelihood was for a time a mystery. Following a common custom, however, I cut open the crop of the first quail killed and sent the contents to our Agricultural Bureau at Washington.

Reply came promptly back identifying the bulk of the seeds as those of the bush clover, with here and there a seed of wild Solomon's seal.

Upon this meagre diet the quail were not only existing, but growing fat and strong—at any rate I found them fat and strong of wing in the month of February.

Accustomed to Northern quail hunting, it was my good fortune to learn through Lieutenant C. the charms of quail shooting on horseback—not shooting in Bison William style from the horse, but using the horses for the tiresome leg work.

Felice introduced me to the Lieutenant, else I might never have known the apotheosis of bird hunting.

Felice is extremely attractive. She has lovely brown eyes and hair, and her teeth are white and regular.

She has perfect shoulders, and her feet are so small it is a matter for wonder she can use them as she does.

She is too pretty to need to be an entertaining talker, and the fact is I did not once hear her speak during the whole time I spent in her company.

There are lots of other feminine accomplishments which Felice lacks, but I will say for her that in all the four delightful weeks we hunted together I never saw her make a single false point or break into her birds once she had made a stand.

Felice, you beauty, you are well named, for never was there a merrier, truer little lady than thou. May the years deal kindly with thee!

Lieutenant C. was a Rough Rider under Colonel Roosevelt and is a Virginian gentleman who loves a horse, a dog and a gun, and who knows how to use all three. Felice, I am glad and sorry to say, belongs to him.

She accomplished our introduction by coming up to me on the hotel piazza and smelling at the back of a game coat I have worn in the field for years. No doubt she sensed the aura of the hundreds of grouse and woodcock it has carried in years gone by.

I turned and patted her pretty brown head, and then Lieutenant C., who was sitting nearby, passed me the sign of brotherhood in the Order of All-Out-Doors.

You all know what we talked about—there on the sunny steps with Lad of Lingo's daughter between us—and the upshot of the talk was that the next morning at 8 o'clock I was to be ready on horseback for a day's quail shooting.

The matter of a mount was easily settled. In the North we saddle driving horses; in the South they (occasionally) drive saddle horses. It was only a question of selecting one of a dozen or more horses from the excellent livery attached to the hotel. After a number of trials I settled upon Garvey, a good-looking, four-gaited Tennessee gelding which could travel for hours at a running walk, almost as fast as an ordinary horse could canter.

I hunted him for a month and found him a perfect mount, and upon one occasion I rode him in a fox chase, during which he showed enough speed and log-jumping ability to bring me among the first three to the foot of the tall pine where the hounds had stretched a big grey fox.

The next morning, then, Lieutenant C. on Beauty, a very handsome Virginia mare, and I on Garvey started out with Felice, her two puppies, Honey Boy and Big Brother, 9 and 18 months old respectively, and Belle, an English setter gyp, undersized, but a gallant worker.

It is not all of hunting to pull the trigger, and the two-mile ride down the sandy pines, with the softly whispering long-leaved pines with the dogs capering in front of us, was a real pleasure.

Coming soon to an abandoned vineyard, we left the road and started through the weed-grown field, while the dogs began to work in

earnest. Down the field like a race horse went Felice with the puppies vainly following, while Belle worked nearer but not less earnestly.

Across the field and back again came Felice—a canine comet with her dog stars trailing after. Another windward gallop or two up and down the acre vineyard, and then "No birds here," said the Lieutenant as he waved the dogs into the scrub oak and tall pines which grew to the field edge.

Cantering into the woods we anxiously watched the dogs as they flickered among the trees, and we had not been there five minutes before Felice whirled into a point, which was promptly backed by the puppies in fine high-headed style, while Belle, the cautious, crouched almost to the ground. With a warning to the puppies we got off our horses and walked toward the dogs. Twenty feet away from them we stopped and ruffled the dry leaves at our feet. No whirring wings as yet.

"False point?" said I, for I did not then know Felice.

Knowing her, I can appreciate how deeply I had wronged her, but the Virginia gentleman merely replied, "I think not," and threw a twig beyond the dogs.

Instantly the scrub was full of winged little cannon-balls.

No time then for frazzled nerves or faltering fingers, for Bob White with his short wings and tremendous chest muscles is a lightning starter and if there will be anything to stuff in those capacious game pockets eye and hand must work precisely and co-ordinately.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Four light reports, four puffs of smokeless powder, and four of the little cannon-balls have left the whirling covey and come tumbling back to Mother Earth.

"Steady, pups!" No use to chase those darting shadows.

Thanks, Belle, and Felice, you beauty—you need not sit up when you give your birds to me, my lady—just a feather ruffled.

Go fetch! Dead bird! Back again so soon?

Good! It's dog.

Now for that last bird which fell near the mistletoe yonder.

Ah! Naughty pup! Bring it here, sir—here, you rascal! So—there it is, and not badly torn after all.

We must fix-up a pinecone bird for you, sir, one of these days. "He on now after the singles, my lady and lassies!"

A tall dead pine with a stag horn top standing about 150 yards away gave us the general line of flight, and we mounted and rode toward it.

At a word from my companion Felice threw out her high gear, and on her second search searched the crab grass and bush clover for the scattered singles.

Arriving at the pine, we dismounted and followed the dogs on foot.

Just beyond the pine a bird flushed wild behind my companion. He sent two useful, long shots after it, and I also paid my respects as the little feathered meteor glanced through the stunted oaks, but he treated our messengers with the contempt they merited.

Attracted by the shooting, the dogs came toward us, and just beyond the place at which the last bird flushed Belle came to a staunch point, handsomely backed by Felice.

We walked up, and the Lieutenant killed with the first barrel.

Leaving the rest of the covey for "seed," we remounted and rode down a wood's lane until we came to an old field, beyond which stood, an old negro's cabin, with the usual swallow's nest chimney constructed of sticks and clay.

Back of the cabin on a hillside the proprietor was turning over the soil with the aid of a very scrawny steer tied to a plow by an ingenious tangle of ropes, chains and leather. Riding up to the old negro, we inquired if there were any birds in the neighborhood.

He replied that there was a "gang" of 18 or 20 birds which "used" near the swamp "right over yonder," indicating a knoll about half a mile distant.

A piece of small silver brought a sand shark's smile to the leathery face, and, leaving him, we crossed the ditch at the edge of the field and rode toward the knoll.

Reaching its crown, we looked down its scrub covered slope to a swamp of holly, mistletoe and stunted pines—a natural refuge for frightened and scattered birds, as we were soon to find out.

With the dogs diligently scouring the sunny slope we rode slowly along behind them. Felice has lots of bird sense, and it is idle to tell here where to look for birds, so we simply followed in her train.

We crossed a cotton field stubbly with last year's stalks, bearing here and there on their heads some of the staple, and coming to the edge of the swamp, the larger puppy, Big Brother, stopped in a beautiful point. The other puppy was away, but Felice and Belle coming up honored the declaration that birds were present.

Dismounting, we approached the dogs, and when 30 or more feet away a big covey burst into the air.

Two birds fell, and the rest of the covey flew down along the edge of the swamp and pitched into it.

The swamp was perhaps a mile long and some 18 or 20 rods wide for its whole length, making the "prognosis," as the doctors say, "a distinctly unfavorable one."

This was, however, Belle's opportunity, for she is a close and persistent searcher, with an excellent nose and steady as a rock—just the sort of a dog one would choose for woodcock or grouse shooting in heavy thickets.

Walking to the point where we had seen

the birds pitch in, we sent the dogs on and followed through the black ooze into the tangle of low brush and creeper.

The puppies we had tied outside the swamp, leaving this more difficult work to the experienced dogs.

Hardly had we entered the swamp when a bird flushed and went twisting through the tangle in a manner to make a jacksnipe brown with envy. Taken by surprise, neither of us pulled a trigger.

The dogs were sloshing through the wire up to their bellies while we did little better by walking when opportunity offered on the marsh tufts or "nigger heads" which were sprinkled through the swamp.

Another bird sprang up before us and went shot free, as we were laboriously pulling one leg after another out of the sucking mud, and then Belle nailed one on a "nigger head" and gave us a chance to make ready.

At his rise the not unusual thing happened.

We fired simultaneously; the bird fell, and it was not until we opened our guns to take out the empty shells that either knew the other had fired.

A little farther on Felice pointed. My companion courteously gave me the shot, and Felice handed me the drugged bird.

Hunting through the swamp was hard work, but here and there, with frequent misses in the dense underbrush, we picked up seven birds and finally emerged into the sunlight, mud-covered and weary, but satisfied with the results of our labor.

After some co-operative mudscrapping we called the dogs to heel and, mounting our nags, turned their willing heads homeward.

The tiresome work in the swamp had rather taken the tick out of Belle, and the puppies were also quite willing to canter in the road behind the horses, but Felice was morning bright. Like a bit of radium, she was forever giving off her energy in enormous quantities, and still the loss was not apparent.

She scoured the fields and combed the roadside scrub, and just as we turned from the wood's lane into the main highway she stopped in a road of the lane.

What need to describe this or any other point to you, my brothers, who love Felice and all her dog kin?

We walked up behind the grand little lady and passed her where she stood.

Twenty yards beyond six birds sprang into the air—only to leave three of their number behind.

These birds were the private and exclusive property of Mistress Felice, and she retrieved them separately, presenting each one, with charming loyalty, to her god in khaki.

Mounting again, we shook the horses into a gentle canter and in half an hour had reached the hotel, deliciously tired and ravenously hungry.

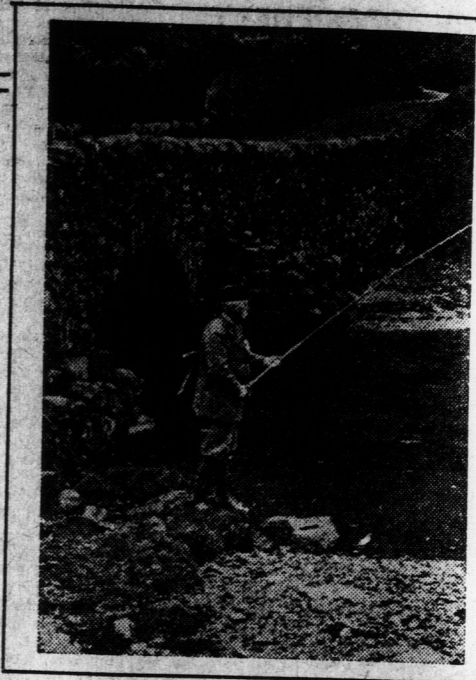
Not many birds, you say? Not, not too many.—Edward S. Rawson in Amateur Sportsman.

PARTIDGES IN THE UNITED STATES

It is stated by Mr. Henry Oldys in a paper contributed by him to the Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture, and since published separately, that during the years 1908 and 1909 nearly 40,000 partidges were transferred from the game covers of Europe to those of America. Previous to 1903 less than 8000 had been imported. The reasons for the introduction of these birds were the failure to establish quail, sandgrouse, chukar, and red-legged partidges; the general lack of success in the attempts to acclimatize pheasants of various species; and the recent adoption of stringent non-export regulations by the South American States, which prevent the Northern States from obtaining a supply of Virginian quail (the "bobwhite" or southern "partridge"), which, like the ruffed grouse (the northern "partridge"), had experienced two bad seasons.

The earliest attempt to introduce the Hungarian partidge into America covers seems to have been in 1899, when twenty-four were turned out on a private preserve at Lynnhaven, Princess Anne County, Virginia. From that time other small consignments were received by sportsmen and preserve owners in other states and the earliest official importations were those of 1,000 birds by the game commissioner of Illinois, and of 200 by the game warden of Kansas in 1903 for restocking the covers of their respective states. The total importation from July 1, 1900, to December 31, 1909, is returned at 48,970 birds. These figures, however, are only approximate, because in many cases it was found impossible to ascertain the mortality on the voyage. Mr. Oldys places it at from 20 to 25 per cent, but admits that sometimes it was much greater. He quotes one consignment of 400 birds shipped from England to the Essex Park game preserve in Virginia in 1905, and of these only fifty reached their destination alive, giving a mortality of 87.5 per cent. On the other hand, some came through very well, and he gives an instance in which the mortality was less than 1.7 per cent.

The States of California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, New Jersey, and Washington have undertaken these acclimatization experiments, and most of the reports received by the Department of Agriculture have been favorable. It is, however, pointed out that persons interested should not be too sanguine of ultimate success, since similar favorable accounts were received after the attempts with the quail and pheasant. Mr. Oldys considers that the possible effect of the sue-



Sportsman's Calendar

AUGUST

The Salmon-Trollers' Month—Spring Salmon and Cohoes all over the Coast. One of the best months for stream-fishing for Trout.

Successful introduction of the partridge on native game birds should receive careful consideration. The partridge is pugnacious at breeding time, and though there is small probability of its killing native game birds, its presence may create a struggle for nesting places that will prove serious to the Virginian quail. The experiment of acclimatizing the partridge has been expensive, and the most of the birds is put in round numbers at \$150,000. Considering the high estimation in which the native game birds are held by sportsmen and farmers, Mr. Oldys suggests that more attention should be given to restoring and maintaining them in place of devoting so much time and money to the introduction of an exotic species which may never adapt itself to the new conditions, or, if it does, may develop objectionable traits.

FLY AND BAIT CASTING RECORDS

Salmon Fly Distance.—The tournament record of the late John Enright still stands, 148ft. 6in. His longest exhibition cast was 152ft., and was made in America in 1906 with a 20ft. rod. In 1909 Mr. W. M. Plevins beat this by an exhibition cast of 152ft. 6in. at the Paris tournament with a 19 7/12ft. rod. Of United States casters Mr. R. C. Leonard has a cast of 151ft. to his credit, and Mr. E. J. Mills one of 140ft.

Salmon Fly Switch Cast.—There are comparatively few records in this event, which has been little if at all practiced in America. Mr. D. E. Campbell Muir holds the record with a cast of 125ft., made this year in Paris.

Trout Fly Distance.—In this event America holds a big lead, her biggest tournament cast being that of Mr. H. C. Golcher, 140ft., made with an 18ft. rod. Mr. W. D. Mansfield holds the world's record with an exhibition cast of 144ft. The British record was established by Mr. H. J. Hardy, the recent tournament, 108ft. In Australia Mr. H. L. Maitland has cast 112ft.

Trout Fly Switch Cast.—The British record is held by Mr. Campbell Muir, 98ft., the American by Mr. W. H. Hawes, 102ft.

Trout Fly Light Rod.—Mr. W. D. Mansfield holds the American record with 129ft. 6in. Mr. H. J. Hardy the English with 105ft., which he cast at Hendon. M. Perruche at the same time cast 103ft.

Bait Casting, 2 1/2oz.—The American record is 233ft., made by Mr. E. B. Rise this year, the English 288ft. 6in., made by Mr. W. T. Attwood at Farnham, also this year. At Hendon Mr. Decantelle came very close to this with 287ft. 7in. Till this year Mr. J. T. Emery held the British record with 23ft.

Bait Casting, 13 1/2oz.—In this event there are no American records. Mr. W. T. Attwood holds the British record with 252ft., made at Farnham.

Bait Casting, 1 1/2oz.—In this event there are few records. Mr. Decantelle holds the lead with 252ft. 6in.

Bait Casting, 1/2oz.—American record, 230ft., Mr. O. E. Becker. British record, Mr. A. Piercy, 167ft., made at Hendon.

Bait Casting, 1/4oz.—American record, 161ft., Mr. R. J. Held. British record, 110ft., Mr. H. J. Hardy, made at Hendon.

Float Casting.—British record, Mr. R. G. Woodruffe, 99ft. 6in., mad eat Farnham in 1908.

"Yes" is a simple word spelled with three letters.

It has caused more happiness and more unhappiness than any other word in the language.

It has lost more money for easy lenders than all the holes in all the pockets in the world.

It has started more dipsomaniacs on their career than all the strong liquor on earth.

It has caused more fights than all the "You're a liar" that ever were spoken.

It has procured kisses and provoked blows. It has defeated candidates and elected scoundrels.

It has been used in more lies than any other expression.

It is not meant half the time it is said. Will it continue to make such a record? Yes.

The

It is a remarkable thing, that the North American Indian seemed, not only from romance, but Not so many years ago the F type of tale still held its real and Buffalo Bill thrilled the Earl's Court with scenes in which he acted in grim earnest a rider, stage coach driver, or mu-

Today Sir Gilbert Parker's a "Savage" must take the place of the old Indian war story, some Sioux who come to Atlanta season, hawking the barbarians make in exchange for Yankee dentally afford the Indians' l Canada, too, it is only on some as that of a local sports day show that the Indians issue a dress from the nearest Reserve of something wild and pristine traditions. Otherwise they are sight, but out of mind of all sa of Indian Affairs, and of those der him for the compilation of a Book on the subject.

All that the immigrant, for ly to see of the red man nowad breed representative hanging knot of white settlers on the p little stations dotting the tra transcontinental railways. T dians, i.e., those remnants of dering tribes who have enter ship with the Canadian Govern generally sit on the Reserves, t apart under the supervision of for their exclusive use and occ they experiment in agricultu selves more or less of such come to them in the shape of m and hospitals, sigh for the str "fire-water" of the pale faces, tensive lives as much in keep primitive traditions as the tota Indians of things will ally unde Indian Reservations also obtain States, but in Canada, in the Northwest Territories, there ar of Indians who have not come i and who maintain their old m and subsist entirely by hunting fishing.

The line of the great Canadia way strikes the northern shore perior (the "Gowanus" the "Sea-Water" of the Gunnee" at Heron Bay, and runs along the elevators. Fort William, nearly miles further west. Thus it "pleasant land of the Ojibways" who has not known what it is to day after day through the sun- ness of rocks and pine trees, lak rivers that stretches all the wa real to Winnipeg, can fully unde quietly apt are the metre and of Longfellow's immortal poem spirit of Canadian landscape, a Canadian nature. For one who l chantment of its immensity, its titanic virginity, Longfellow's adjectives, of quaint repetition poetic Indian names, "Mahng, wild-good Wawa," has an a power to recall "the Muskoday, the prairie full of blossoms," w great it would be homesickness other land. Hiawatha himself, little in common with the "ne Nor have the legends of that So which the poet has woven many of classic mythology and even o cramel, much resemblance to the modern remnants of India Hiawatha belongs to American not to the Red Indian.

It is said that three dates mark Indian history, from the land which originally united N to Asia fell through, and oes tween those fragments of it L Land, Greenland, Iceland and Those tribes of prehistoric men ready migrated thus far west, off from the parent stocks of the lated. The two great American South, formed an island, and the were left—till the coming of t late in historic time—to their ment. From Hudson Bay to T the native Americans are on Those in the South have remain the present day; civilizations h died away in the central parts ent) and for the North it is app to say that two dates only, a marked Indian time. They ar dates, too. The first is that of the of the horse about the eighteenth second is that of the exterminati during the winter of 1886-87; surely, is that of the first trea the invading white man. We s specific day or year for it, as States made their own, and Ca own, and even at the present t is continually being made afi non-treaty Indians desire to ente

The day has long gone by in in Canada when the white man to fear from the red. With the of 1870 and 1885 an end came series of wars by which the pale ed his right to inhabit and deve of North America. Pitiless and Indian showed himself to be, wrote in his book of ravings, tation in saying that five-sixths