

Hunting Big Game To-day With Bow and Arrow Killing Grizzlies With Robin Hood's Weapons

Amazing Revival of Ancient Skill, Special Heritage From "Vanishing Race"—On The Trail of Deer, Panthers and Fiercest Bears, With Only an Archer's Skill.

Little does the public as a whole realize that the Bow and Arrow has returned, not merely as a buxant sport, but for serious and even dangerous hunting. Dr. Saxton Pope, an eminent surgeon of San Francisco, the author of the following article and two others, to succeed it, has with his companions in archery, performed some amazing feats in California and the Rocky Mountains against deer, black bear, panthers and even grizzlies.

By SAXTON POPE

THE first buck I ever landed with the bow thrilled me to such an extent that every detail is memorable.

After a long, hard morning hunt I was returning to camp alone. It was nearly noon; the sun beat down on the pungent dust of the trail, and all nature seemed sleepy. The air, heavy with the fragrance of the pines, hardly stirred.

I was walking wearily along thinking of food, when suddenly my outer visual fields picked up the image of a deer. I stopped. There, eighty yards away, stood a three-year-old buck, grazing under an oak. His back was toward me.

I crouched and sneaked nearer. My arrow was nocked on the string. The distance I measured carefully with my eye; it was now sixty-five yards. Just then the deer raised his head. I let fly an arrow at its neck. It flew between its horns. The deer gave a startled toss to his head, listened a second, then dipped its crest again to feed. I nocked another shaft. As it raised its head again I shot.

This arrow flew wide of the neck, but at the right elevation. The buck now was more startled and jumped so that it stood profile to me, looking and listening. I dropped upon one knee. A little rising ground and intervening brush partially concealed me. As I drew a third arrow from my quiver its barb caught in the rawhide, and I swore a soft vicious oath to steady my nerves. Then drawing my bow carefully, lowering my aim and holding like grim death, I shot a beautifully released arrow.

It sped over the tips of the dried grass, seeming to skim the ground like a bird, and struck the deer full and hard in the chest. The beast leaped, bounded off some thirty yards, staggered, drew back his head and willed in the hind legs. I had stayed immovable as wood. Seeing him falling, I ran swiftly forward, and almost on the run at forty yards I drove a second arrow through his heart. The deer died instantly.

Conflicting emotions of compassion and exultation surged through me, and I felt weak, but I ran to my quarry, lifted his head on my knee and claimed him in the name of Robin Hood.

Yet, while the object of deer hunting is to get your deer, it does seem that some of our keenest delight has been when we have missed it. Out of the quiet purple shadow of the forest one evening there stepped the most stately buck I ever saw. His



The archer's horn—which with the feather has also come back with the bow and arrow.

noble crest and carriage were superb. On a grassy hillside, some hundred and fifty yards away, he stood broadside on. With a rifle the merest tyro might have bowled him over. In fact, he looked just like the royal stag in the picture.

Beauty of the Arrow

TWO of us were together—a little underbrush shielded us. We drew our bows, loosed the arrows and off they flew. The flight of an arrow is a beautiful thing; it is grace, harmony, and perfect geometry all in one.

They flew and fell short. The deer only looked at them. We nocked again and shot. This time we dropped them just beneath his belly. He jumped forward a few paces and stopped to look at us. Slowly we reached for a third arrow, slowly nocked and drew it, and away it went, whispering in the air. One grazed his withers, the other pierced him through the loose skin of the brisket and flew past.

With an upward leap he soared away in the woods and we sent our blessings with him. His wound would heal readily, a mere scratch. We picked up our arrows and returned to camp to have bacon for supper, perfectly happy.

Upon another occasion, I came abruptly upon a doe and a buck in a deep ravine. It was open season and we needed camp meat. Gauging my distance carefully, I shot at the buck, striking him in the flank. For the first time in my life, I heard an adult deer bleat. He gave an involuntary exclamation, whirled, but since he knew not the location or the nature of his danger, he did not run.

My hound was working higher up in the canyon, but he heard the bleat, when like a wild beast he came charging through the undergrowth and hurled himself with terrific force upon the startled deer bearing him to the ground. There was a fierce struggle for a brief moment in which the buck wrenched himself free from the dog's hold upon his throat and with an effort lunged down the slope and eluded us. Because of the many deer trails and because the hound was unused to following deer, night fell before we could locate him.

Next day we found the dead buck, but the lions had left their meat on his bones—in fact, it seemed that a veritable den of these animals had feasted on him.

The striking picture in my mind to-day is the fierceness and the savage onslaught of my dog. Never did I suspect that the amiable, gentle pet of our fireside could turn into such an overpowering, indomitable killer. His assault was absolutely blood-thirsty. I've often thought how grateful I should be that such an animal was my friend and companion in the hunt and not my pursuer.

How quickly the dog adjusts himself to the bow! At first he is afraid of the long stick. But he soon gets the idea and not waiting for the detonation of the gun, he accepts the hum of the bow string and the whirr of the arrow as signals for action.

Some dogs have even shown a tendency to retrieve our arrows for us, and nothing suits them better than that we go on foot, and by their side can run with them, and with our silent shafts can lay low what they bring to bay. In fact, it is a perfect balance of power—the hound with his wondrous nose, lean flanks and tireless legs; the man with his human reason, the horn, and his bow and arrow.

In all we have shot about thirty deer with the bow. The majority of these fell before the shafts of Will Compton, while Arthur Young and I have contributed in a smaller measure to the count. Despite the vague regrets we always feel at slaying so beautiful an animal, there is an exultation about bringing into camp a haunch of venison, or hanging the deer on the limb of a sheltering tree, there to cool near the icy spring.

By the glow of the camp fire we broil savory loin steaks and when done eating, we sit in the gloaming and watch the stars come out. Great Orion shines in all his glory, and the Hunters' Moon rises golden and full through the skies.

Drowsy with happiness, we nestle down in our sleeping bags, resting on a bed of fragrant boughs, and dream of the eternal chase.

Killing bears with the bow and arrow is a very old pastime; in fact, it ranks next in antiquity to killing them with a club. However, it has faded so far into the dim realm of the past that it seems almost mythical.

The bear has stood for all that is dangerous and horrible for ages. No doubt, our ancestral experiences with the cave bears of Europe stamped the

having laid low the noble deer, we who shoot the bow became presumptuous and wanted to kill bear with our weapons. So, learning of a certain admirable hunter in Humboldt county by the name of Tom Murphy, we wrote to him our proposal. He was taken with the idea of the bow and arrow and invited us to join him in some of his winter excursions. One November day, we arrived in the little village of Blocksburg, on the outskirts of which was Murphy's ranch.

By sunrise of the first morning of our hunt, in the company of Murphy, a quiet-spoken, intelligent man, we reached the ridge back of the desired spot where we tied our horses preparatory to climbing up the gulch. The dogs were made ready; there were three of them. Murphy unclasped the chains that linked them together and they scampered up the precipitous ravine before us. As they passed, Tom pointed out bear tracks, the first we had seen.

In less than ten minutes the full-throated bay of the hounds told us that they had struck a hot track and routed the bear from his temporary den.

That was the signal for speed, and we began a desperate race up the side of the mountain. Nothing but perfect physical health can stand such a strain. One who is not in athletic training will either fall completely in the test or do his heart irreparable damage.

But we were fit; we had trained for the part. Stripped for action, we were dressed in hunting breeches, light high-topped shoes spiked on the soles, in light cotton shirts, and carried only our bows, quivers of arrows, and hunting knives. Tom was a seasoned mountain climber, born on the crags, and had knees like a goat. So we ran.

Up the side and over the crest we sped. The bay of the hounds pealed out with every bound ahead of us. As we crossed the ridge, we heard them down the canyon below us, the crashing of the bear, and the cry of the dogs thrilled us with a very old and a very strong flood of emotions. Panting and flushed with effort, we rushed onward; legs, legs and more air, 'twas all we wanted. Tom is tough and used to altitudes. Young is stronger and more youthful than I am, and besides a flapping quiver, and unwieldy bow, my camera bagged me unmercifully on the back. Still I kept up very well, and my early sprinting on the cinder track came to my aid. We stuck together, but just as I had about decided that running was a physical impossibility, Tom shouted, "He is treed."

That was a welcome word. We slackened our pace, knowing that the dogs would hold him till we arrived, and we needed our breath for the next act. So on a trot we came over a rise of ground and saw, away up on the limb of a tall straight fir tree, a bear that looked very formidable and large. The golden rays of the rising sun were shining through his fur.

That was the first bear I had ever seen in the open, first wild bear, first bear with no iron bars between him and me. I felt peculiar. The dogs were gathered beneath the tree keeping up a chorus of yelps and assaulting its base as if to tear it to pieces. The bear apparently had no intention of coming down. We helped Tom catch his dogs and tie them with a rope which he held. He did this because he knew that if we wounded the bear and he descended

he would finally come out of fashion after some fourteen centuries of popularity to four gentlemen in Paris, an Italian nobleman and Jacques Richepin, a theatre manager, started poking at each other with rapier. About the same time Norwood Hucksaby and Charles A. Williams of Texas laid hold of a handkerchief with their hands and blazed away across it with revolvers.

A little antiseptic and some court-plaster healed the harm wrought in

appeared forever. He whirled, turned backward, and began sliding down the tree.

Ripping and tearing the trunk, he descended almost as if falling, a shower of bark preceding him like a cartload of shingles. Tom shouted, "You missed him, run up close and shoot him again." From his side of the tree he couldn't see that our arrows had hit and gone through, also he was used to seeing bear drop when he hit them with a bullet.

The Magical Shaft

There were a little diffident running up close to a spot where Tom had told us to wait when it got down. Tom nocked an arrow again, and just as he reached the ground we were close by to receive him. We delivered two glancing blows on his rapidly falling body. When he landed, however, he selected the lower side of the tree, away from us, and bounded off down the canyon. We protested that we had hit him and begged Tom to turn his dogs loose. After a moment's deliberation Tom let old Buck go and off he tore in hot pursuit. The shepherd was a wily old cattle dog and would keep out of harm.

Soon we heard him barking and Murphy exclaimed incredulously, "He's treed again!" Button and Baldy, the two other dogs, were unleashed and once more we started our cross-country running. Through maple thickets, over rocky slides, down the wooded canyon we galloped. Much sooner than we expected, we came to our bear. Hard pressed, he had climbed a small oak and crouched out on a swaying limb.

We could see that he was heaving badly, and was a very sick animal. His gaze was fixed on the howling dogs. Young and I ran in close and shot boldly at his swaying body. Our arrows slipped through him, like magic. One was arrested in its course as it buried itself in his shoulder.

Savagely he snapped it in two with his teeth, when another driven by Young with terrific force struck him above the eye. He weakened his hold, slipped backward, dropped from the bending limb and rolled over and over down the ravine. The dogs were on him in a rush and wooled him with a vengeance. But he was dead by the time he reached the creek bottom. We clambered down, looking him over with awe. Then Young and I snook hands across the body of our first bear.

Since this, our maiden bear, we have had various other encounters with ruin. Once while hunting mountain lions we came upon the body of an angora goat recently killed by a bear. The ground was covered with his ungainly footprints. We set the dogs on the scent and off they went booming in hot pursuit. Running like wild Indians, Young and I followed by ear, bows ready strung and quivers held tightly to our sides. In less than ten minutes we burst into a little open glade in the forest and saw up in a large madrone tree a good-sized cinnamon bear, fearfully eyeing the dogs below.

We drew our broadheads to the barb and drove two wicked shafts deep into his front. As if knocked backwards, the bear reared and threw himself down the slanting tree trunk. As he reached the ground one of our dogs seized him by a hind leg and the two went flying past us within a couple of yards, the dog hanging on like grim death. Furiously the other dogs followed and we leaped to the chase.



"With a leap he soared away in the woods."

Emotions of the Hunt

THIS time the course of the bear was marked by a swath of broken brush. It dashed headlong through the forest regardless of obstruction. Small trees in his way meant nothing to him; he ran over them, for if old and brittle, smashed them down. Into the densest portion of the woods he made his way. Not more than three hundred yards from the spot he started, he treed again. In an almost impenetrable thicket of small cedars the dogs sent up their chorus of barks. I dashed in, fighting my way free from restraining limbs, the bow and quiver holding me again and again. Young got stuck and fell behind, so that I came home alone upon our bear at bay.

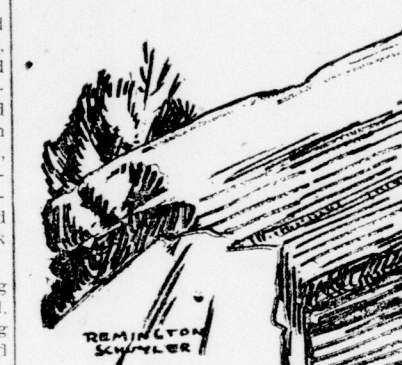
He had mounted but a short distance up a mighty oak and hung by his claws to the bark. I had run beneath him before seeing his position. Instantly I recognized the danger of the situation and backed off, away from the tree, at the same time nocking an arrow on the string. I sport, and as such it stirs up in the

glanced about for Young, but he was detained, so I drew to the head and discharged my arrow right into the heart region of our bear, where it buried itself. Loosening his hold, the bear fell backward from the tree and landed on the nape of his neck. He was weak with mortal wounds, and even had he wanted to charge me the combat could not have progressed far. But instantly the dogs were on him.

Seizing him by the front and back legs, they dragged him around a small tree, holding him firmly in spite of his struggles, while he bawled like a lost calf. The din was terrific: snarling, snapping dogs, the crashing underbrush, and the howling of bear made the world hideous. It seemed that the pain of our arrows was nothing to him compared to his fear of the dogs, and when he felt himself helpless in their power, his morale was completely shattered.

It was soon over; hardly a minute elapsed before his restless form lay still, and even the dogs knew he was dead.

Altogether, bringing bears to bay is among the most thrilling experiences of life. It is a primitive



"We began a desperate race on the side of the mountain."

human breast the primordial emotions of men. The sense of danger, the bodily exhaustion, the ancestral blood lust, the harkening bay of the hounds, the awe of deep shadowed forests, and the return to an almost hand-to-claw contest with the beast, call upon a latent manhood that is fast disappearing in the process of civilization.

World Laughs at Duels "Field of Honor" a Joke

Brief Revival of Dueling Following the War Has Fizzled Out—Time Was When the Custom Ranked With the Worst Diseases in the Mortality Table.

JUST when it seemed that dueling had finally gone out of fashion after some fourteen centuries of popularity to four gentlemen in Paris, an Italian nobleman and Jacques Richepin, a theatre manager, started poking at each other with rapier. About the same time Norwood Hucksaby and Charles A. Williams of Texas laid hold of a handkerchief with their hands and blazed away across it with revolvers.

A little antiseptic and some court-plaster healed the harm wrought in

cutting for assault, have contributed to the general hesitation in exchanging carrels. It is also quite possible that the independent young woman of to-day resents rather than relishes being the first prize in a brawl at arms. She doesn't like the publicity, and she wants to do some or all of the selecting herself.

The close of the war witnessed a brief revival in the settlement of personal and political differences on the so-called field of honor. The dueling of nations appeared to have a natural sequel in the mortal combats of individuals. The theory has been frequently advanced that life was held so cheaply as a result of the bloodshed in the war, the most trivial excuses were sufficient to send a group of men out early in the morning on a mission of mutual manslaughter.

Italian noblemen, politicians and journalists trampled down many acres of the good grass around Rome as they endeavored to bring home their argument on the point of a sword. Benito Mussolini, when a Nationalist deputy, engaged in four duels within a few months, winning them all, but suffering several superficial wounds. It was said that a little inn just outside of Rome was supported almost entirely by duelists and their seconds.

Hungary seethed with duels. Almost every debate in the National Assembly was a challenge or two. While fatalities were few, scars and bandages were common. Strong efforts were made finally to curb the cutting.

Some Amazing Duels

RUSSIA has banned the duel as being a sport of aristocrats. Two high Russian officers of the Red army engaged in a fatal passage at arms about a year ago, following the discovery that both were paying court to the same girl. One of the officers was killed. The victor was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. The girl was arrested, charged with complicity, and found guilty. The sentence passed upon her was unique. She was termed a siren, an "angel of trouble," and was ordered to remain away from all cities for twenty years.

The duel has even lost caste in South America, where once fiery tempers flared easily to a fighting frenzy and the order of "pistols for two and coffee for one" was frequently issued. At present Uruguay is the only country that countenances this ancient form of debate.

William Pitt, the great commoner, was challenged by George Tierney, a political opponent, to mortal combat. Neither of them had the slightest knowledge of handling a pistol. Two shots which tried wild, then the encounter was stopped by the seconds, who must have been concerned about their own safety and that of anybody else in nearby England.

The Duke of Wellington, Napoleon's conqueror, was challenged by the Earl of Winchester, following the duke's sharp rebuke to the earl in a religious controversy. Winchester wrote: "I now call upon your lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman never refuses to give." Wellington's

quit. HIS father was an author. He was reading his son's school report. "I'm reading your report," he said with grave meaning in his voice. "And I'm reading the newspaper review of your last book," said his son. "We'll both say nothing more about it."

(NEXT WEEK: "SLAYING THE PANTHER WITH AN ARROW.")

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Aeroplane Hearse to Bring New York Funerals to Date

Funeral King of East Side Has Another Inspiration—His Musical Hearse Does Away With Expense of Brass Band

JOHN PETRUZZI, the funeral king of New York's East Side, is a man to whom ideas come in what is practically a never-ending flow.

It was Mr. Petruzzi, morticians will recall, who originated the musical hearse, which saves the families of Thompson street, anyway, \$800 every time it goes out, because the presence of this hearse at a funeral does away with the necessity for a brass band, which is costly, and neither as novel nor as original as the Petruzzi musical hearse. There are plenty of brass bands on the lower East Side, but only one musical hearse, and that is Mr. Petruzzi's.

The other day Mr. Petruzzi had another moment of inspiration, out of which he evolved the idea of an airplane hearse. Mr. Petruzzi is the youngest undertaker in New York, he says, and it is only natural that he should have bright, up-to-date ideas such as the idea of an airplane hearse. It would be painted black, he says, and caparisoned strictly in accordance with the rigid conventions attendant upon the funerals of Thompson street's best residents. Mr. Petruzzi believes this idea will make him pretty nearly a millionaire.

"If I had had this idea at the time of the influenza epidemic," he said yesterday, "to-day I would be retired from business, and a rich man, believe me. With an airplane hearse I could make five or six trips to Calvary cemetery for every one I can make by auto; and in bad weather it would be most efficient. Take in January or February, with snow on

the ground and bad roads and everything—you never can tell when you send away a funeral but what in an hour or so comes a telephone message which says: 'Hey, come and get me out of here, because the machine is stuck.' With an airplane there would be none of these troubles and everybody would want to ride in it. It could be used as well for weddings, which I enter to. Believe me, I got young couples in this neighborhood that are crazy to be married in an airplane."

Mr. Petruzzi said that John Petro, his carefully trained chauffeur, can drive an airplane just as well as he can a car; and if John Petro should have an accident he has William Johnson in reserve, who is almost as good as John Petro; so there would be no trouble there.

Mr. Petruzzi said he was quite in earnest about his idea, which he thought was fully as good as the musical hearse, which has been such a famous success. He admitted he might have some trouble finding a place in Thompson street where the airplane hearse could take off, but he thought the open space at Broome street, just below his establishment, would be the very thing for the purpose.

The airplane hearse would have space for the casket and six passengers, Mr. Petruzzi explained. One of the great arguments in favor of his new idea, he said, was that it would conquer all traffic difficulties, which now annoy Mr. Petruzzi greatly by interfering with the orderly progress of his funerals.

dead of these mighty beasts indelibly in our hearts. The American Indians in times gone past killed them with their primitive weapons, but even they have not done it lately, so it can be considered a lost art.

Bear stories often tend to give one the idea that these beasts can be petted and made trustworthy companions. In fact, certain sentimental devotees of nature foster the sentiment that wild animals need naught but kindness and loving thoughts to become the bosom friend of man. Such sophists would find that they had made a fatal mistake if they could carry out their theories. The old feud between man and beast still exists and will exist until all wild life is exterminated or is semi-domesticated in game preserves and refuges.

Even domestic cattle allowed to run wild are extremely dangerous. Their fear of man breeds their desperate assault when cornered.

The black bear has and will kill men when brought to bay or wounded or even feels itself cornered. Having graduated from ground squirrels, quail and rabbits and

ed there was going to be a fight, and he didn't want to lose his valuable dogs in an experiment. He had his gun to take care of himself and Young and I were supposed to stand our share of the adventure as best we could.

Keen with anticipation of unexpected surprises, wondering yet willing to take a chance we prepared to shoot our first bear. We stationed ourselves some thirty yards from the base of the tree. The bear was about seventy-five feet up in the air facing us, looking down and exposing his chest.

We drew our arrows together and a second later released as one man. Away flew two shafts, side by side, and struck the bear in the breast, not six inches apart. Like a flash, they melted into his body and dis-

Terrible News

AN Irish servant girl asked leave of absence for an hour to consult a fortune-teller. She returned wallowing in dismay.

"Did she predict some great trouble?" asked her mistress sympathetically.

"Och, ma'am, sich terrible news!" moaned the girl, wringing her hands. "Tell me what she said," asked the mistress, wishing to comfort the girl.

"She told me that me father works hard and 'tindin' coal an' 'tindin' foibles for a livin'."

"But that's no disgrace," said the mistress, a trifle vexed at such affectation.

"Och, ma'am, me poor father!" sobbed the girl. "What a hard time he must be havin'! He's been dead these nine years!"

Too Shy to Say "No"

HOW on earth did young Robin get married?" asked the fat woman. "Why, I always thought he was so terribly shy."

"He is," said the acid-faced woman. "He was probably too shy to say 'No.'"