

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

ON SMALL-BORE SHOTGUNS

Omnipotent fashion will dictate the kind of gun we should shoot if we don't look sharp. Small-bore, light-weight game guns are coming into style, and shortly the youth of the land will feel old, antiquated, and disgraced if caught afield with any gun larger than a 16 gage. He wouldn't wear his sister's "beegum" hat unless the other fellows did, but he is going to shoot a small-bore gun exclusively and stare at the man who doesn't.

The little guns have been ready and waiting for their inning this half dozen years, but they have been kept out by the manufacturers and jobbers who were heavily stocked with larger weapons and not yet ready for the change. Now they have yielded to the demand and the small-bore is to become a fad. Very soon as can expect to hear that a 16 or 20 will do all the work of a 12 and do it cleaner and better.

However, there is a good deal of warrant in reason and common sense for the appearance of lighter and narrower gage guns for upland shooting. Game laws are steadily restricting the number of birds that are allowed to be gun in a day or a season, and it is not to be disputed that there is more pleasure in cutting down a dozen quail with a close-shooting 20 gage than with a 12 or a 10. It is a more sportsmanlike weapon, too, and sportsmanship is rightly receiving its chance these days.

The danger to the small-bore is in making a fad of it, for, as a rule, fads do not live very long, while for certain work the clever little weapon deserves to remain with us always. There is something unreasonable in driving an ounce and a quarter of shot at a little bird like Bob White which gets up fearlessly at your feet and is riddled before he has gone twenty yards.

Long ago the narrower gages should have appealed to people for shooting such game as quail, grouse, woodcock, and snipe, in fact, any bird of the uplands. The only danger to guard against is that of crediting the little piece with qualities which it does not possess. It should always be remembered that the larger the gage of a shotgun, the greater its range and power. This not only because the big gages will drive a heavier load of shot, but they will handle large shot to better advantage.

A 12-gage gun will put as many number six shot into a bird as a 16 will seven, and that the sixes will kill farther is something that hardly needs to be stated. In spite of this, when a bird is dead, you cannot make him any deader, and this is the point we are trying to make for the little guns—for certain work they have all the power necessary.

In quail, woodcock, snipe, dove and ruffed grouse shooting ninety per cent of the game is killed under thirty yards, and this amount will be accounted for with the same certainty whether the gunner is armed with a 20 bore or a 10. Even the remaining ten per cent will not be all misses through the fault of the gun, for a well-choked 20-gage is deadly up to thirty-five yards, and a 16 only falls two or three yards behind a 12 in maximum range; hence the conclusion that in upland shooting there would be very little difference in the size of the bag whether the arm used was a 20 or a 12, while in the pleasure derived the balance would be all in favor of the little weapon.

One popular error in regard to small-bore guns needs correction. They do not shoot closer than the large bores. Comparing the diameter of a 20-gage barrel with an 8 it is natural to assume that the narrow tubes will hold their shot charge the closer. However, there is another factor in shotgun ballistics that is not generally considered. Any of the gages depend for their pattern on the amount of choke placed in the barrel.

A 10-gage will bear contracting or choking at the muzzle up to forty thousandths of an inch, a 20-bore but half of that; the result is that both weapons will pattern into precisely the same size of circle at any distance. An 8-gage will pattern into a thirty-inch circle at forty yards, and a 28 cannot be made to do better than that. A letter to any prominent gunbuilder will confirm this statement.

So far as practicable, ammunition firms regulate all their cartridges of the different gages to shoot with like velocities, as it has been proven by many experiments that a certain velocity gives the best results with nitro powder. It follows that unless shells are hand-loaded, the power of a shotgun is in direct proportion to the amount of shot it throws.—Chas. Askins, in *Outing*.

FLY CASTING VERSUS BAIT FISHING

(By Will D. Moyer)

A genuine fly-caster makes no idle boast when he swears by his tackle that he would "rather catch five trout or black bass on a fly than to drag out fifteen on bait." In bait-fishing the fish is so tightly hooked, so far down his throat, that in the case of a small trout it is almost impossible to remove the hook without killing the fish. There is fun in bait-fishing, of course, lots of it, too, but the usual tackle used by the bait-fisher generally precludes the possibility of the fish escaping. It also eliminates certain heart thrills—the heritage of the man with the fly.

To be sure, in certain streams and under certain conditions the fly cannot be successfully used; the little mountain streams where there is no room to cast, or in the larger streams when the water is not clear. But being once broken in to the fly-casting art, you will not frequent those streams so much from

choice, but as the opening of the season draws near you will find yourself looking over the grounds for the "fly streams."

Only those who have used the fly have discovered and can appreciate the true fighting qualities of the trout. The same applies to the black bass also, as far as fighting abilities are concerned, and there has never yet come under my observation a bass stream that could not be successfully "fished," that is, when the water is clear. The readiness with which you can get away for a fly-fishing trip is remarkable, for all that is usually necessary, if one is careful in replenishing the fly-book, is to grab rod, reel, fly-book and reel; there is no hustling around half a day trying to find bait.

The reasons why this sport is so fascinating are many. Your tackle must be light or it cannot be handled with success and the lighter the rod within reason, the better quality it must of necessity be and the best is always cheapest in the end. And you are bound to take a keener delight in the ownership of fine outfit of rod, line, reel, leaders and flies than you would in "any old thing." Having a light rod, say five ounces, you must use correspondingly light lines, leaders and flies; leaders always single ranging from the size of a hair for the "midge" flies, to heavier grades for heavier flies, none of which are tied on hooks as large as those for bait-fishing for trout and bass. Now, then, get fast to a twelve-inch trout on a fly with a No. 14 hook with a four or five ounce rod to handle him with. Perhaps you'll land him, perhaps you won't; there's nothing very certain as to the results, but you will have something to remember at any rate and your opinion of the little fellow will have grown considerably in his favor. If he does get away, the knowledge that he is still in the stream unharmed and may rise to your flies just the same way some other day, will be your consolation. A real fisherman's heart is not broken if he does lose the big fellow—that is to be expected—or even if the reel be empty at the close of day; the enjoyment of a day spent in the mountains or meadows is ample payment both in health and knowledge. It

naturally follows that one is prouder of an achievement made possible through his or her skill, and while it does not necessarily follow that to be successful with a fly one must be an expert, it does require care and practice.—*Recreation*.

GAME HAWKING ON THE PLAIN

Partridge hawking, like grouse hawking, has become of late years a more severe test than ever of the trained peregrine, and of her owner and all who are concerned in preparing her for that trying ordeal. For, even granting that a suitable country can be obtained—which is increasingly difficult in the face of the erroneous notion that hawking "drives the game off the land"—the task of finding competent markers and of approaching the coveys within reasonable distance in open country grows steadily greater. Moreover, strange as it may seem, the weather is not what it was in old-fashioned September. High winds are now the rule rather than the exception. Bright skies—which tempt the high-fed falcon to soar—alternate with drizzly rains or tempestuous showers, forcing the wretched falconer to provide somehow an artificial or improvised shelter for his hawks unless he chooses to risk the chance of letting them catch a dangerous and possibly fatal attack of croaks. Out of half a dozen of the covies where peregrines are still allowed by the horde of plunderers to breed, not more than one or two can be expected to produce eyesses which have the least aptitude for mounting. There are, it is true, still just a few of the famous breeding places, which half a century ago sent historic peregrines to be hawked and trained by such masters of the art as Major Fisher, Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Newcome. And from one at least of these came most of the splendid tiercels, which in this year of grace 1909 have been doing yeoman service on the same grand tableland of Wiltshire, where rook hawks are annually flown by the old Hawking Club. In spite of many new obstacles and drawbacks, which tend to spoil the western

part of the Plain, it is still capable of affording the best opportunity in England for a really good flight at partridges. For no partridge in the world can fly stronger than these denizens of the open down, while none are so well aware of the formidable character of the winged enemies which, in the shape of wild peregrines, make their daily visit through the upper air to these wild-swept solitudes. A day here with a first-rate team of peregrines in early September will, therefore, afford to the appreciative spectator a programme of sport differing little, if at all, in merit from the best which could be seen on the moors of Sutherland or Caithness. Here is a specimen of what is at this very time occurring.

A long line of men in skirmishing order—thirty yards between each, while walking through roots or clover, and forty or more while walking through the stubbles or the thin, tall grass—proceeds at a rapid pace across the gently sloping ground. A covey is walked up, and goes, as usual, out of sight over the ridge. But there is a marker in that direction, and the whole party make straight for his post of observation. The birds have gone to the near corner of a huge patch of swedes. But how far they will have run before we can get to the spot no one can tell. However, the old staunch setter—well accustomed to play the part on such occasions—is sent on to quarter the ground, while we form in line again, and go slowly forwards. In five minutes there is a point. Off with the hood of the oldest tiercel—a thrice moulted eyess nearly through the moult. The hawk makes three very big rings, and towers over us, facing the dog, nearly a quarter of a mile high. Now for getting the birds up. We rush in at the double. But before we get level with the dog the tiercel's winding course has taken him down wind a bit. And he is still farther off, with head turned rather away, when the covey gets up forty yards ahead, and makes like mad for the plantation in front of us up wind. We ought to have walked the birds up down wind, of course. But that would have involved a delay of some twenty minutes, and time is valuable. Will the hawk be able to come up

with the birds before they reach the covert? It seems impossible. But the long, slanting stoop up wind brings him down with a speed incredible to the uninitiated. Increasing in velocity as he nears the earth, the tiercel runs up to the hindmost bird, almost as if he was standing still, though he is travelling at some thing like a mile a minute. We can see a partridge fall as he rushes by the covey—fifty yards from the covert-side. Then he throws up to above the sky line of the fir plantation. But he does not come down on the victim, as most of us expected. Never mind, we shall pick it up when we get there. But that bird is never found. He must have run from where he fell into the covert.

The falconer has produced his lure; the tiercel must be taken down. But he is in high condition—a shade too high for him to care much about the dead lure. He waits on in hopes that we will put up another bird for him. And his waiting on partakes of the nature of soaring. Let us hurry back on our traces. There may be a bird behind us in the roots. But suddenly the tiercel begins to "fly." There is something at the far end of the plantation to the right. And now he stoops—another long, slanting descent, with a sharp bend at the end. Just before he takes the quarry we see that it is a woodpigeon, whose evil destiny has prompted him to come across towards the open at the very wrong moment. Upon that woodpigeon milord is accordingly taken up, and we return from whence we came, ready to find another covey for another old tiercel. In half an hour we have walked up a very big family—more than fifteen birds. And—providentially—they stop in a patch of clover, a quarter of a mile from any plantation. No need now of the dog. We walk at our best pace towards the clover. When half-way there we throw off our hawk. He mounts splendidly, and is soon "mountains high." Bad look-out for the covey if it rises now! But, as we seem almost to have passed the spot where it was marked down, a single bird gets up. His shrill is short. Before he has gone fifty yards the old tiercel scoops him up with the appearance of great ease, coming with the smooth gliding motion of the practised performer, and without any sign of effort. Last season that tiercel took about thirty brace of partridges, young and old.

Well, there are plenty more of the big covey left, though immediately the hawk had stooped several got up in all directions, one at a time. We were, of course, standing stock still, while the falconer went and picked up the tiercel. Now for a younger hawk—an eyess of this year. He also mounts well, though it is his first chance at a real flight in the field. He seems to know, to a certain extent, what the line of beaters means, and keeps pretty well overhead. But it is difficult to rout another bird out. And, again, the hawk's head is turned the wrong way when one is induced to quiet his shelter in the thick clover. Never mind; the little hawk is so high that distance along the ground matters little. Coming round in the air, and flying for a few strokes of the wing, as if to steady himself, he "turns over," and with a masterly stoop, clutches the fast-flying partridge in a firm grasp. He will be "fed up" now. First blood, and no mistake made. Better leave well alone.

Then we fly a haggard falcon, captured in Holland last November. She waits on with the unstudied ease of the finished expert. Her stoop looks almost careless in its seeming insouciance and "abandon." But she picks up the old cock partridge almost as a swallow takes a fly. And, carrying him on to a nice open fallow field, clear of the mess of clover and roots, she stands there, conspicuous by the contrast of her cream white gorge against the background of dark brown earth. As soon as the falconer can walk across to her, she is taken up and regaled with the head and neck of the pelt. Then we have another hour's walk. And we have adventures. One of the old tiercels, kept waiting on for a very long time, is tempted by a lark, which we put up. He stoops at it, perhaps more in play than in earnest. And, having, by bad luck, struck it, he goes up to the soar, with the small bird in his foot. And a precious dance he leads us. The danger is that a wild peregrine will come up, and that our friend will go off playing with it. Many a good hawk has been lost that way. Fortunately, no such contretemps occurs; and at length, after we have followed him for a mile or so down wind, he tires of the soar, and comes to the live lure, dropping the dead lark as he comes.

So the day wears on. Each partridge killed means several miles of walking. Our success is chiefly due, no doubt, to the excellent waiting on of the well-trained hawks. But also partly to the accident that, while one of them was waiting on, we were able to walk right into the middle of a big covey, and thus effectually scattered it to the four winds. Towards the close of the day an old tiercel, kept waiting on too long, rakes away, possibly after a rook or woodpigeon, and has to be left out. He is, however, recovered the next morning, and will, we trust, fly many another good flight before the end of January. For, though the partridges will be getting stronger and wilder, the hawks will also be improving in condition and in skill, and likewise, in the case of the elder ones, finishing the moult. We shall know better where to find the coveys, and where to post the markers. And, though the work will every day be harder, each flight may be expected to be better worth seeing, whether successful or not.—*Emerrillon, in The Field*.

Umbrella Handles

Models for the coming season are larger and heavier than usual. No doubt the influence of Gallic taste has been accentuated by American selection, for the French woman likes a large, solid umbrella. Handles are thicker, and permit of a different style of ornamentation from the smaller and thinner stick. Brown black and invisible green have ceased to be the only colors considered suitable to ward off rain. Doubtless improvement in the process of dyeing has something to do with this. Green silk, of a rather bright tint, is very much used, as well as blue, chestnut brown, Indian red and shades of purple. The Parisian is carrying an expensive umbrella with a cover of shot silk, through which a pattern is wrought. As silk must be of good quality to make tinting at all feasible for exposure to climate, its price naturally mounts pretty high. The handle is one of the stones found in some parts of Italy and in Switzerland, usually in the form of a ball, repeating the leading color of the silken ground. Set in claws of gold or silver, these stones are most beautiful.

At the fashionable resorts on the Continent all sorts of articles made of these stones are on sale. They decorate the daintiest of little shops, and the vendors gather up their goods when the season closes in one district and follow the gay world on to the next resting place. A favorite finish to an umbrella is a gaily-tinted butterfly on a leaf made of the same stone as the ball that composes the handle. It is frequently perched just where the frame opens. The carved birds that were in favor in summer for parasols have assumed a duller plumage, and are perched on some of the new season's umbrellas. Such a pretty thing as a carved apple or an orange is very fanciful. Curious are the heads of negroes carved grotesquely out of ivory, brown and cream. The heads of dogs are done in similar style, and, indeed, many ladies specially order a carved design in ivory or in wood.

The plain crook handle, usually has most attraction for the woman who walks a great deal. On shopping expeditions it may be hung over the arm and forgotten until it is wanted again. Most popular, too, are the umbrella bracelets made of knotted silk, or sometimes consisting of a silver ring wide enough to slip over the arm. The crook, when preferred, is tipped with silver, or even gold. Such a finish as a crook or ring of the Chinese jade, which is so popular just now with a touch of gold on it, is one of the most elegant ideas of the moment. The woman who plays golf fancies a miniature set of clubs in silver, and the horsey one likes a leather loop to slip over her arm, or a stirrup neatly imitated in silver or platinum. As to the ardent bridge player, she probably selects one of the many devices that conceal a silver or a gold-mounted pencil case. At a touch the case springs out of the handle, and is useful for many purposes. A watch is sometimes liked, and such a contrivance as a neatly-adjusted purse has been shown.

Name-plates are very popular, probably because so many umbrellas are lost or removed from stands by mistake. In increasing numbers shops are making special arrangements by means of which umbrellas are left in proper

care while their owners are engaged in shopping. Women's clubs are peculiarly liable to a form of error that has become proverbial. The number of members and of much-prized property through carelessness on the part of their fellows is extraordinary. Even possibilities of loss or of theft, however, cannot persuade the Englishwoman to relinquish the satisfaction she feels in a really tasteful and serviceable umbrella.

OUTRAGES OF THE TELEPHONE

What shall be done with the Telephone Fiend? This distressing problem is agitating more than one long-distressing soul. The Fiend is petticoated, rarely trousered, who holds you up until you are ready to hurl anathemas upon the very inventor. Where is the specialist who will conquer this disease of the wire—disease that is working such wholesale havoc, lifting husbandly purses, stealing time bodily, breaking the needed rest of invalids without a quail, and robbing the "party" at the other end of all surety of peace? For all else seem to have found a quietus, but for the "caller up" at any odd time or place no remedy seems forthcoming.

That the telephone has blessed many a man, saved many lives, and helped pile up fortunes is true, but has it not cursed some women, ruined more lives, and hastened domestic misfortune? It has. Has it not become the favorite pastime of the woman with nothing to do? It has. Does it not accelerate gossip? Aid the flirt and the wayward constantly? It does. Self-indulgent women waste their husbands' money by ordering food over the too handy telephone, rather than bother to dress for the street, thereby losing both their wholesome morning exercise and their chance thriftily to secure the best there is for the price at market or at stores from which the family larder is supplied. The time wasted by women in foolish phoning can never be offset by time gained by forehanded men in business, for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, if his "world" is lost through folly?

Telephoning, from a habit, finally becomes a vice and a menace to the courtesies. It has destroyed the fine art of social correspondence. It has crowned Haaste with Courtesy's laurel. Minna Thomas, Antrim, in "Lippincott's."

SCOTTISH ECONOMY

Martin W. Littleton described at a recent dinner the music of the bagpipes that he had heard at Skibo.

"But all this word painting," Mr. Littleton ended, "won't give you as good an idea of this strenuous music as you may get from a story."

"At a Highland gathering one Donald McLean had entered for a number of events. The first of these was the quarter mile. Donald certainly didn't distinguish himself in the quarter mile. Of eight runners he was last. 'Donald, Donald,' cried a partizan, 'why did you no run faster?'"

"Run faster," he said, contemptuously. "And me reservin' myself for the bagpipe competition!"—*Washington Star*.

The Word "Home"

Home is a word that should mean something to all men, and even more to all women; for the hearth instinct is, or should be, strong in every woman's breast.

Home is the human nest, and the woman who fails as a home-maker fails as a woman. What a stale old truth I seem to have written there! Yet just now so many seem to be forgetting the old truths that one sometimes finds one's self asserting them almost as if they were things the world stood in need of hearing.

Home is the social unit. A nation is built up of its homes, and will be strong or weak according to the strength or weakness of the home-force, home being to the individual the rallying point of nearly all the social virtues.

Home is the child's birthright. The world should unfold to a child from the home-centre; all experience and education should there begin, that centre meaning love, protection, trust, honor, discipline.

Home is the woman's kingdom. Her power radiates from the hearth, which is the natural focus of her highest strength, gifts and ambitions. The farther from the hearth she goes, the weaker is her grasp of happiness, whether as giver or receiver.

Home is the man's anchorage, his point of security, the harbor to which he returns after toil and weariness, after wandering; home, whether the man be in it or out of it, is his remedy against the roughness and incertitude of life; it shields him, repairs him, softens him, steadies him, holds him to his best.

Home, in its highest aspects, is all this, and even when it falls short of the highest, it retains a portion of its inevitable virtue and power. Beside the hearth we grow up; beside the hearth we must die. Maturity teaches us all to need our own fireside, with our own mate beside it, with our own children around it; and each of these, in turn, when the time comes, must go forth as the birds do, and build its own nest.

The people who do the world's talking, or most forcibly attract its attention, often convey an impression that these simple truths are not true, which does not alter the fact that for the normal and inarticulate bulk of humanity they are true, and true will remain. All who have the hearth-instinct strong in them distrust the modern tendency to hold the home in light regard, and the home-maker in contempt. The backbone of a people is made of its homes, and the nation that would be a strong nation is bound to foster the home-instinct within itself.—*Laurence Alma-Tadema, in The Englishwoman*.

The new maid was being instructed by her mistress in her various duties. Among other things she was to be very careful of a statuette copy of the famous "Venus de Milo" which stood in the drawing-room. The maid was evidently much impressed. After regarding the statuette for some time she said to her mistress in a very subdued voice: "Was it a friend of yours, mum?"

May—"There were several army officers there, but not one of them asked me to dance." Belle—"And they are accustomed to the smell of powder, too!"

Carrots

At first sight it must be there does not appear to be is decorative about the home ever, with a little care it is very number of roots into objects, which will be especially those who make a pastime of den. All that is necessary, plan indicated below, is to developed carrots, stumps old answering the purpose.

The carrots should be set with a small brush in the take a sharp knife, and with the root in such a way that made about two inches from upper part of the carrots. There will be of no further service thrown away. The next step the interior of the portions. This is perhaps most easily with the end of a rather blunt stump firmly in one half of the implement is turned. It is well to leave a good top of the interior of the carrot and also to avoid boring too deep crown. A great deal of the amount of root at that top of the carrot. As well taken to avoid making a hole in any part of the stump, as portion will be quite useless.

When all the stumps have out as indicated, steps may pare the carrots in such a way be suspended. In the first bradawl, or any sharply pointed pierce four holes in each should go right through from the inside, and be about a quarter from the cut end as shown in The holes should be exactly "ners"—if one may use the word with an article which is no good deal depends upon arrangement is as nearly open as possible. Now obtain some rather thin, but such as will it is kept continuously wet. pieces of this about fifteen, allowing two portions for every of these lengths is to be three of the holes in every root, not be very easy to do this twice through the holes, and far is to get a large needle—through the openings being in this manner. When each of the pieces of string should that they all meet quite evenly may be tied together firmly this has not already been done the foliage which may be at roots should be removed.

It is now necessary to find tion where the stumps may crowns being of course down the best place is in front of there will be plenty of illumination ingenuity will be needed in some arrangement whereby be suspended in a good situation actually on the framework of probably be too near the glass undratable to damage the w driving in of pins or nails. shelf may be improvised supplies of books or boxes, and pots may be suspended, a tact will keep them in place answers admirably. The next thing to fill each portion of carrot. The following day it is likely have absorbed nearly all the carrot must be filled up again supplied all along. The w be sweet and pure, and in it is a good plan to place in lump of charcoal.

Of course, a good deal of temperature of the apartment is reasonably warm it will before a number of shoots coming from the crown of t will naturally tend to grow light, and if this were allowed the result would be a ones will be very far from attractive in which to get over the change the position of the first turning it one side to the other, so that an even discouraged on every part of the a fortnight the portion of the been converted into an object. From the crowns in each ca the well-known fern-like for upwards, and any person w secret would be puzzled to s really attractive growths h careful attention is given watering, there is no reason carrots should not last for q and when once the leaves a the stump may be removed and suspended in any part of they will look most decorat sprinkling of water on the fol to keep things in a nice fre

Do not, however, make mistake of too plentifully sup with growing carrots. Intu tiful as these roots are when I have described, it would take to start too many of the let us suppose, depending fr