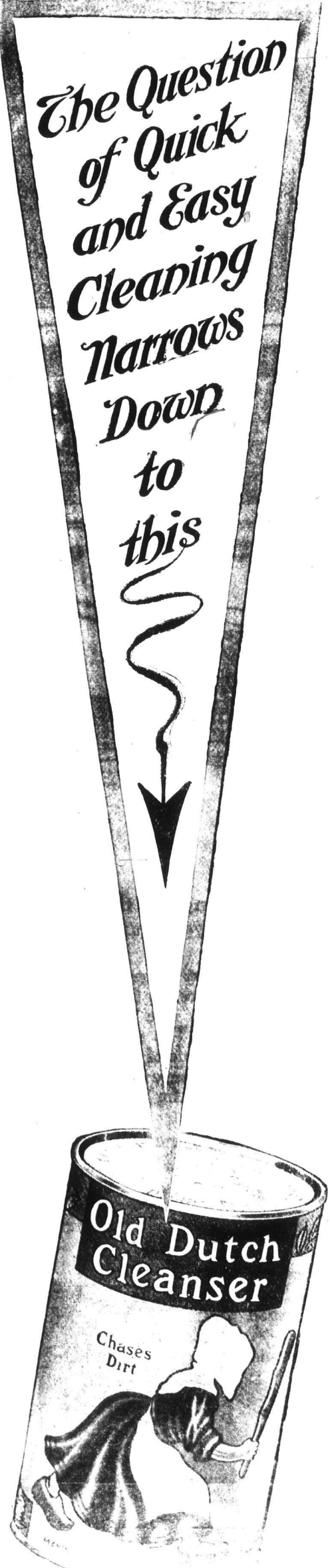
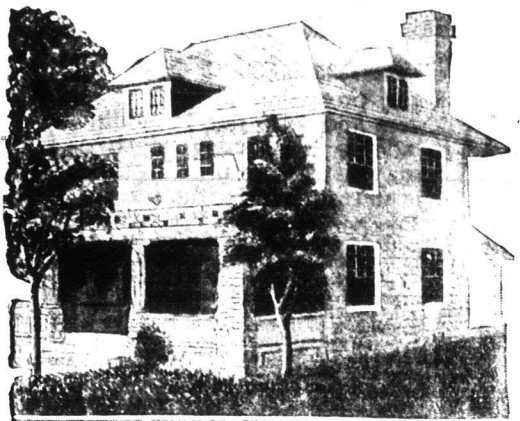




At last "The Sun" cries Fritz, and cameras are made ready and hopes run high, for a truly wonderful "run" is on. At this moment our Gordon setter Daisy appears on the opposite side of

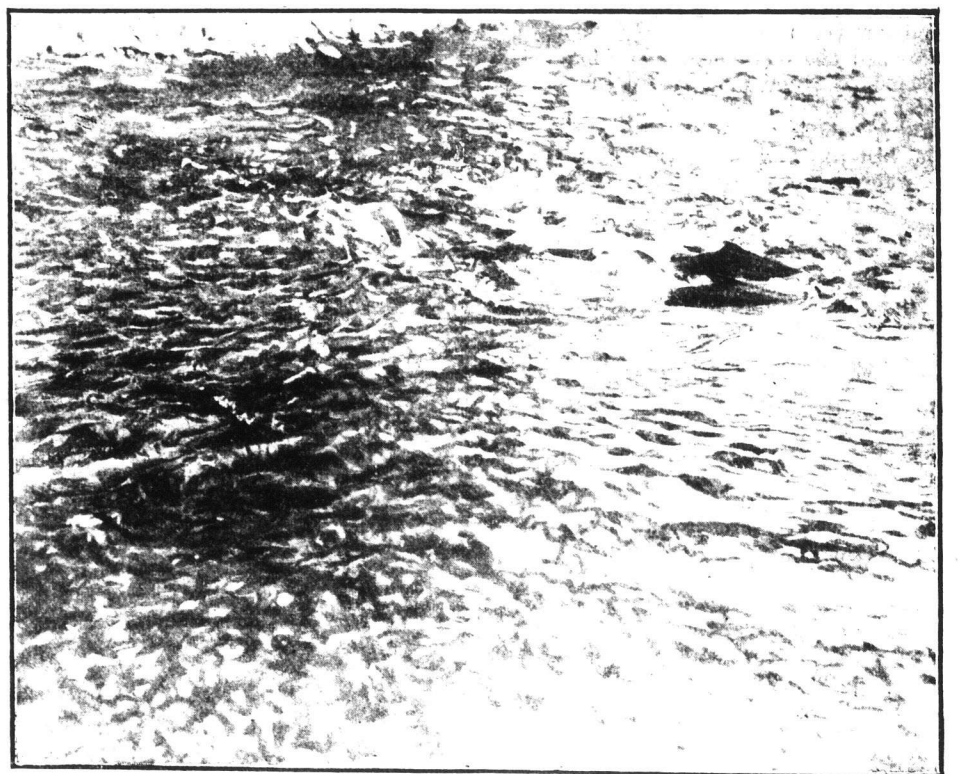
There was one special spot, at the head of a little rapid, where a perfect vortex of fish struggled. So thick was this churning mass, so awful the mutilation of their fins, that Fritz was act-



the river. Into the stream she plunges, swims bravely enough as long as the salmon avoid her, but the moment the crowded fish must perforce return to her side of the pools she turns tail amid the splashing leaping host and seeks refuge on the far bank. It took a lot of calling and coaxing to get her to brave the crowded channel, and as she did so she kept looking appealingly at us as if to say whatever is there squirming, nasty things anyway? She was a thoroughly frightened setter when she crept up to us out of the agitated water.

Now, donning waders, we entered the river to picture the "run." Three times Fritz essayed to cross without wetting the camera, and three times the splashing, frightened hosts of salmon made him funk it. At last, by holding the camera well above his head, and by keeping his legs well apart, so that the downward rush of the alarmed fish would not throw him off his balance, he managed to do the few yards of swift water. Now ensued hours of intense delight to those that love the camera. We were literally surrounded, encompassed, by salmon. In some of the lower pools, where the weaker fish had drifted, a thousand gills fed and squealed and flapped. It was laughable to hear the alarm cry of the glaucous winged hosts as we entered new pools, as nearly as birds may call they cried for help, "look here" "look here." The greedy things were gorged already, so much so that in many cases we simply shoveled them off a shallow water stone with our paddles, and like the mighty ones of ancient Rome, they disgorged and returned to the feast again.

usually afraid to enter, afraid not only that they might throw him off his balance and give him a jolly good wetting, but afraid that any of the spines might wound him, and the dreadful odor that



prevailed above the spawning ground told too well the condition of the water. We were much interested in two wee bit fishermen. They were the regular native lads—a combination of lack of

fear and sullen curiosity. These same two laddies, fishing in a summer dried stream, had disturbed a panther-fella concolor from his noonday lair by jerking a stone at a rustling spot in the dense cover. Out into the blinding sunshine walked a seven foot ten inch beast (I well know his dimensions, as his life serves for an ignoble rug). Did these little native boys flee before the mighty dreaded beast of the fakirs that write penny liners for the magazines? No, they simply dropped down, and seized big creek smoothed stones, and pelted the big cowardly cat into the woods again, and my friend Johnny White came along and killed it for them. Now, out of pure deviltry, they were killing and maiming all the salmon they possibly could. They had a long pole with a gaff hook attached by a loop, so that the moment the fish was gaffed the loop, attached to the pole, swung the fish about currentwise and it was thus more readily dragged ashore. For a hundred yards along this brawling stream lay dead salmon, with their heads smashed in by many a blow from stone or killing stick. The stones were all blood splashed, the lads ditto, and it was only when I bought them for the munificent sum of a dime a piece, to be tripod and camera case carriers extraordinary, that they desisted from this horrid sport.

Time after time we were either thrown off our feet by the rush of alarmed fish—one pool will empty into another in startlingly fast time—or by the treacherous footing afforded by the mossy, debris laden stones. Every place where the salmon had or were



spawning the footing was good, as they simply splashed and "tail-whacked" every bit of weed or deposit off the bottom, until they had all the bigger pebbles removed and the smaller ones nicely cleaned for the so-called "nest." Here the female constantly fell over on her side, exuding, with a convulsive motion a single egg, or a few at a time. Above her hovered the male, he in turn exuding a few drops of milt to vivify the freshly deposited eggs. Some billion and a half are yearly deposited in this stream. The spring floods throw the pebbles over them, the warm sun vivifies them, the young fish, with egg sacs attached, live for a few days, living on the spot. Then they enter the now shallow stream and by the fall, when they are two inch or two long, they seek the rapids. Thence to unknown lands, to the Pacific, to reappear, the spawn of the four allotted years, to live to or near the spawning place, and there spawn and die. The work was over. The doom of the spawning over upwards, the spawning was over. Before us a stream of dead and impoverished fish, now, alas! nothing of the old, blind, hook-mouthed, old of old time. As she was too followed—mystery of it all—the mystery of a salmon.