

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

THE CALL OF THE OPEN

"Thy lonely glens and heath-clad mountains,
I love thy fields o' storied fame,
Thy leafy shaws and sparkling fountains!

Thou land with love and beauty crowned,
In ilk wee cot or lairdly dwelling
May manly-hearted youths be found,
And maids in every grace excelling."

So sings the white-haired partner of my exploring and fishing trips, easily reaching the F in C major, with a strong resilient voice, full of zeal and love for the land of the heather, e'en tho' not of the heather land born! So sings the brave Scot lovingly in his farewell to the land he loves to seek a home under broader skies. No wonder Port Arthur, Canada, counts so many sons of "auld Scotia" in these two pushing cities—enough of like to reconcile them to the land they loved so well!

To us denizens of the fair State of Minnesota, there is something strangely fascinating as we stand on the deck of the steamers America and Easton, of the Booth line! Duluth is rock-ribbed, lying under a shadowed rampart of hills towering 700 feet skyward, as we run further eastward the range climbs still higher until 1,800 feet is reached—as we near Grand Marais and from that point to the border line of Canada, a monster saw-tooth range with teeth turned up, stand out in bold silhouette. They who can gaze unmoved in expression of sentiment must need something of an earthquake to wake them up. To us settlers who each summer or fall stand on the steamer deck and tell of experiences of rich game or fish lore away back of the monster hills, the trip is always enjoyable. The captains of both steamers are "Smiths"—genial, pleasant, courteous to the ladies, for all know them, have faced rough, stormy Lake Superior for thirty years, and know every mile of these shore lines. The experiences are not yarns, but vivid pictures of fighting seas that made boats seemingly like corks. So, landward, they know the location of every river and stream; every moose or deer hunting track in Lake and Cook counties. These imbibe, just as readily as we do, "The Call of the Open." It comes to them, but they are on watch! while their steamers are full of tourists or hunters. These men silently watch even the faintest ripple or spume of foam, so terribly dangerous are the sunken reefs of Lake Superior. We dream in our staterooms of the coming days when the deer shall scurry at our red caps, or fight a way through the cedar brush after the trout we love so well. As we reach the deck after a refreshing night's sleep, the captain's salutation to the madame as he extends a strong, firm hand—with such a grip!

"Well, the 'Call of the Open' has come, and you are going into the woods again."

Partner's reputation for sending cans of brook trout fry for supplying these north shore streams is known, as well as her ability to handle the big brook trout Minnesota rivers produce, so is treated with considerable courtesy among the steamer's crew.

Years ago we almost condemned the idea of a "Call of the Open"—and one evening when discussing deer licks and such yarns, Charlie, an old-time friend, exploded: "Ha! you don't know anything. Say, you fall out at first peep of daylight when I call, and you will be convinced that deer licks are right here within sight of the shack."

The call came, and I was soon out and into my clothes. Charlie was waiting with the old farm gun, but we sneeringly alluded to possibilities of game wardens, and pulling a five-shooter from an inner pocket.

"Say! this will keep any of them from coming biting at you, won't it?"

The old gun was left at the shack, and we started toward a spring-fed lake. Charlie soon said: "Now, down on your knees and crawl, but nary a whisper or the deer will hear you."

I crawled until an extended arm stopped me, and there was a scene never equalled in all my wood's experience. A fine buck and four does and fawn, at the edge of the lake, apparently intent at watching the base of a big maple tree, waiting turns to get at something wanted. Each licked and drank, and then the buck took his turn, his dose of the stuff—then they began to scatter, grazing as they went. For almost an hour I was absorbed, scarce seeming to breathe, never speaking, my eyes fairly snapping at the actions of these animals. The low of the cows, the bark of the old "Kizer," the farm dog—he missed us and sent up a merry Ki-Hi-Hi as he struck our trail and came a running—the deer went a-jumping; and the fact that "deer licks" existed was established in my mind, though I could detect nothing saline in or around that tree, or in the spring that moistened the ground where the deer came and licked.

Visiting the water-works plants in a nearby state on some technical business, my attention was centred on a magnificent buck—tame, yet tolerated. Whom he would he took to and tolerated. He had on a splendid pair of antlers, and had used them on too familiar dogs of non-descript degree, and on one man who had in some way played tricks on him. When I entered the enclosure of about half an acre with the owner, the buck came at me, and began smelling all over me, even putting his nose to my mustache and licked my face, then my hands. His tongue was just a trifle too rough, so I gave the boy a nickel. "Say, Kiddie, run and get me a small lump of salt!"

"Say, mamma, look at the deer, Mr. W— says T— has 'hypennipertised it!—look at all of 'em laughing!" The buck was follow-

ing me around the enclosure with his nose on my shoulder once in each few steps—getting my moustache into his lips, until the salt came, then licked my hands all over again, following me clear to the gate, and then all along the wire fence as I walked outside. The owners declare that he had never so taken up with anyone before in such manner.

The July suns were fierce for Minnesota and the shades of the Northern woods were sought; even here it was too much for comfort to attempt fishing at midday, and much time was spent in the woods seeking berries and doing an abundance of resting. A young deer unafraid—so close that the dilations of his nostrils could be seen—it was without question the same deer we had seen the day previous on the shore of Lake Superior, within a mile of where we rested at the time. Quietly it moved away, manifesting the utmost curiosity and no fear. Partner said:

"That's the little deer we saw down at Hjalmar's—it knows us as city dudes and wants to cultivate closer acquaintance."

have made an artist's fortune could he but have caught the scene as we knew it.

The mystery was—how that Ursus got the crock out of the pickle barrel? He had it sure, and was enjoying the butter and sat there contented, happy; not a trace of fear in his cunning countenance. His beady eyes showed his intense satisfaction. His grunts would have made a demure school marm colicky; the industrious paw wiped that crock as clean as the boy's proverbial whistle. A Kodak of that scene would sell for \$10, but my Kodak was in Duluth. The complete satisfaction evinced by sundry grunts and squeals, while he dug his forepaw into the bottom of that crock, and wiping out every particle of butter in a way that would have done a dog's tongue credit. Then the cleaning off of any stray particles of butter around his head was a problem? How long that tongue was and its general usefulness.

Bruin's face was as clean as my hands when he got through, and the jar was as clean as if it had come from the kitchen of some homes. Then his forepaws received attention, and with

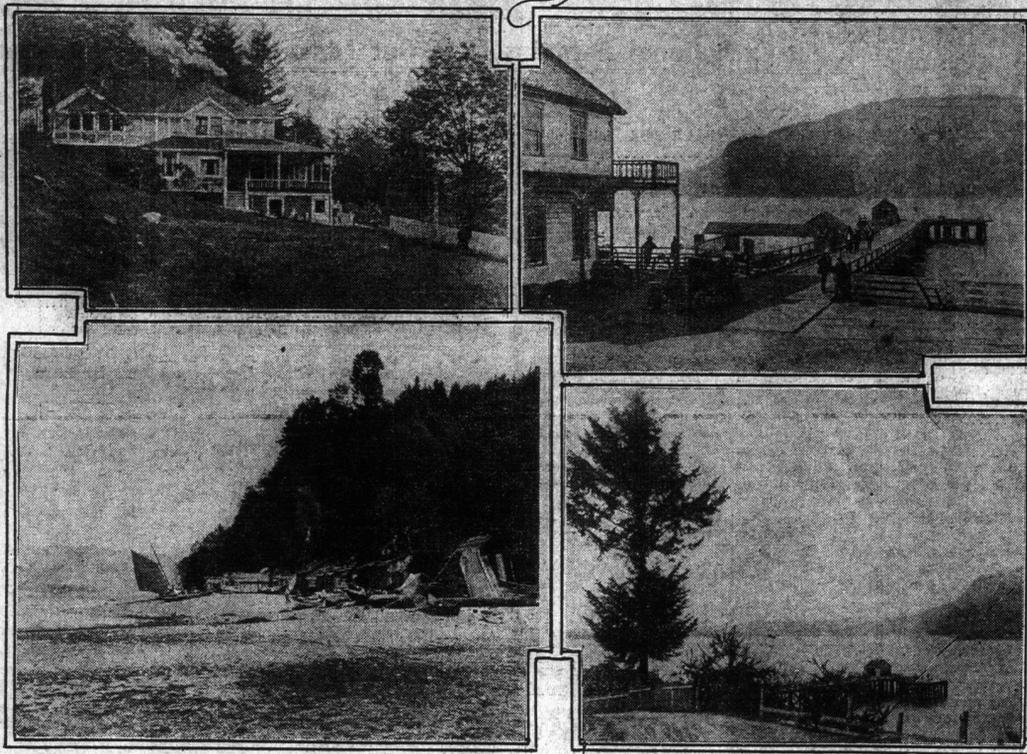
men shall bow themselves, the grinders shall cease because they are few and fears shall prevail!

But these glorious days in Northern Minnesota rejuvenate even the feeble, and bring new life to the once faltering steps; even the failing strength is restored because the elixir of life comes from these piney woods and hope is dominant.—Sportsman's Review.

THOUGHTS ON SPINNING

There is no branch is angling in which evolution is more marked than in spinning with artificial minnow, although progress in the evolution of fishing methods is usually unquestionably slow. Most fishers swear by that with which they have for years been moderately fortunate and hesitate to go off into other tracks, but there is nothing in the end like other people's successes for changing the optimism of one's own opinions. Today in some parts of the kingdom two-thirds of all

Haunts of Victoria Anglers COWICHAN BAY



Turning toward the Flutereed to get a mess of trout for supper and had a hot time getting out of a cedar brush windfall—but got out and was cooling off and resting with the trout on the same old log where the deer came to interview us. A flash of brown and grey darted through the brush—partner screamed—the automatic barked twice in less time than I am writing—partner jumped to her feet.

"Stung, you varmint, stung! Good enough for you. You're after the little deer, but you have got something hotter than deer meat."

The wolf yelped and dropped his flying tail and limped as he ran and skidded—he had other business than to interview city folks.

Up on the Flutereed some settlers had made the creek their ice-box. Securing pickle barrel, they put a big rock into the bottom, then piling other rocks around the outside to steady the barrel. This they use for a cooler and keep milk and butter in it during the hot summer days. It is a splendid trout stream, almost overrun with brush of the alder type. A diligent angler was working his way up stream, hunting trout pools.

At a bend in the creek and a deal fall, such as dominate in all such creeks, the angler realized that he was near to the "ice-box," but there sat a big bruin demure and contented—but oh! for a camera! That scene would have made an artist's fortune if it could have been put on canvas. Using a big rock for a seat, Bruin had the butter crock under his forepaw, and was industriously wiping butter out from the crock. He was a sight to behold. Imagination cannot grasp his appearance. The crock was too small to get his snout into, so he was industriously pawing out butter, and then licking his paws. Some of the butter got up to his eyes some way. He acted if the eyes smarted from salt, then rubbing his eyes with his butter-covered paws, he crowded more butter into his eyes—so it was a lick of butter, a rub of the eyes with the other paw, then another lick of butter, then rubbing both eyes—until it was a question if that bear was not butter-faced. He was a sight to behold and would

many a grunt of satisfaction, and with wide wipes did that red dishrag go round mouth and eyes until Bruin had finished the job, setting the crock down as carefully as any boy would, he shook himself and smelled around, suspecting something! The job was satisfactory and Bruin grunted and squealed like a contented boy—but there was a human somewhere. To Bruin the air was tainted—so he shuffled off to look after other crocks and such a delicious repast!

There was a rifle within 100 feet of where Bruin was enjoying his repast, but that rifle stayed in the old shanty, and it would stay there until it was rust-consumed ere it would draw a head upon such a comic scene—an artist's mind would have coined shekels if he could have seen what the fisher saw, and could have put it on canvas as we saw it.

The summer's story is told—we have lived again a summer's joy and the eve of life brings its own shadows.

Through the summer night the angler lies,
Breathing the matchless air
Of the pine wilderness beyond,
With its myriad lakelets fair.

He sees the sands where the wild deer drank,
The checked footprints of light;
Of the camper's child, and the gleaming tent,
Shines in the distance, bright!

And angler, and hunter, and woodsman true,
He sees but a step between;
And he holds them as welcome comrades here
In this sportsman's paradise!

From the weary mare to the rod and gun,
He sees but a step between;
But an hour from the desk to the lurking trout
And the waving hemlocks green!

And hearts grown weary with toil and care,
Find balm in the soothing pine;
Love blooms anew under birchen boughs;
Hope springs where the waters shine!

The long days, the glories of summer, the sweet hours passed besides the trout streams of Northern Minnesota are memories that will live when they that look out of the windows be darkened, and fears shall prevail, the strong

the salmon and sea trout taken by rod and line are got with an artificial minnow, and consequently increasing attention is being paid to the structure and make-up of this bait.

From the light quill minnow of our youth, with its attached single triple hook standing out some inch or more from the body, revolving at a speed which frightened rather than lured the fish, and which every now and then raked over the surface in the most unnatural way possible, down to the present-day construction of zinc, tin, or lead, silver plated or bronzed, the change has been effective and permanent. Modern opinion, too, differs even less about the shape than the fitting. Some fishers cannot have too many hooks; others go to the opposite extreme and declare their faith, which they are prepared to support by actual experience, in one tail hook only. Some, again, cast from the reel, some from slack line, and others, when the art is mastered, by coiling the line in the palm of the left hand.

A short time ago I was fishing some private water in a well known Scottish Border river, and was advised that nothing would take so well as a very light, slim brase minnow with two side and two tail hooks. The water was fine after a heavy flood, and was of that volume and color so much desired by minnow fishers. I gently hinted that I was prejudiced in favor of a shorter but heavier bait, silver plated and painted, and with two tail hooks only, on one of which the minnow would rest while the other did the execution—if there were any execution. The keeper himself, one of the best known fishers in the district, credited me with the sincerity of my conviction, but did not believe that success with my bait was likely. My minnow, which was only three-quarters of an inch long, was, he considered, too heavy pro rata. A light minnow was desired for overhead casting.

I ventured to tell him that I never cast a minnow overhead, but trusted to the weight of the bait to take the coils out of my hand, or

Sportsman's Calendar

MAY

Trout-fishing good this month EVERYWHERE.

Steelheads still running in certain rivers.

A run of small silver salmon or cohoes comes in May.

Geese and Brant may still be shot.

N.B.—At the request of the Game Warden, we remind readers that dogs running loose at this season do an immense amount of damage to nesting game birds.

the line from the reel. My gut line was part of a trout fly cast of about 4 ft., with one swivel a strand down from the line end. It then became necessary that we should put our individual methods into immediate practice, and the keeper sent my north-country friend, an experienced and clever fisher, to one stretch of water and me to another. I had never fished the water before, and consequently knew nothing of the deeps and shallows in it. There was a fair current and a strong wind up stream. Wading in until I stood in about 2 ft. of water, I began casting, covering a distance of from eight to 12 yards, as might be necessary. At the third cast I got a fine herring of nearly a pound, and being without a landing net, waded ashore to land him. A minute or two later I got a sea trout of nearly 3 lb., and had to play it right on to the gravel and lift it out with my hands. Sport was fast and furious, and in about an hour I had taken some dozen pounds or more of sea trout and herring. Then my friend and I foregathered and turned out our respective creels. He had among others a sea trout of nearly 4 lb., and the aggregate weight of his catch perhaps slightly exceeded my own.

Our separate ways of casting, too, were freely criticised, and if I had been unsuccessful my failure would have been attributed to my method. Here are the two styles: My friend, standing in a couple of feet of water, faced down the stream, and casting his very light brass minnow with four triple hooks overhead to a long distance, brought it straight across from left to right on to the shallow. Of course, the stream took the minnow down during its passage and gave it a more fish-like position, but a good deal of the line and all the gut cast were necessarily under the surface. The other style—my own—was probably less graceful and adaptable to the big waters. Wading into the same depth, I faced the opposite bank. With a few yards of slack line and the check taken off the reel, the minnow was sent away over the surface to my left, taking out with it the slack and a few yards from the reel, and dropping in without a splash. When the minnow entered the water the rod was pointed up stream, and the line gathered in by coiling in the left hand. Only the gut cast was in the water, and as the minnow came round with the current it was always pointing up stream. If a fish laid hold he was held delicately between the finger and thumb and the line coiled in the left hand. When the first fight was over the reel would gather the line from the coils in the hand until just enough line was left to put the fish out with. One's own method may not always be the best in every circumstance, and it may not be suitable alike in wide and narrow rivers, but it is probably that the second style of fishing gives the minnow a more natural appearance when spinning. In the salmon and sea-trout rivers of the southwest, which are anything from six to 20 yards wide, the casting is underhand and the minnows are heavier, but they are almost invariably fitted with two tail hooks only, one of which is infinitely more effective than the other.—Noss Mayo.