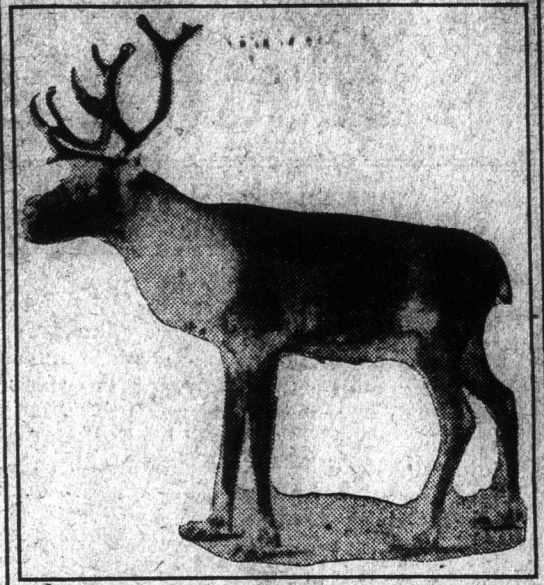


# Field Sports at Home and Abroad



## Sportsman's Calendar

NOVEMBER

In Season—Cock Pheasants, Quail, Grouse, Deer, Ducks, Geese, Snipe. Trout Fishing Closes November 15th.

### MISS HIGHAM'S "FLIES."

(By Ernest M'Gaffey)

John Higham was a New Hampshire Yankee. He was an enthusiastic trout fisherman, and also a devotee of apple culture. At 28 he was anchored out on the banks of a little Michigan stream, "hull down" on a small fruit farm, and still putting in his spare time at his favorite sport. He "tied his own flies," and when Mary came, his first baby, she passed through the successive stages of creeping, crawling, balancing, falling and walking, finally bloomed out into a long legged girl. And, as a true "chip of the old block," she developed a passion for fly fishing. And, as "dad's" own daughter, "she tied her own flies." And so deft her fingers became, and so much feminine intuition and angling experience entered into her art of tying flies that she became famous before she was 15 as a manufacturer of "killing lures" for brook trout.

But pretty soon after that she disappeared from the farm and reappeared in the high school at Mapleville, and shortly thereafter she entered the young ladies' academy at Detroit, and when Mary finally came back for good to the fruit farm she was up to date a young lady as ever you met in a day's journey. And the first thing she did was to tie some flies and drag "daddy" out to one of the not far distant trout brooks and "wet a line" with him.

Now, the old Higham homestead in New Hampshire was rapidly going to seed during all these years. The children had scattered; the windows and doors had been first neglected and then boarded up by the trustees of the estate, and a general air of "wither and decay" brooded over the entire place. But John Higham had a yearning for the eastern hills, and finally, as he could not spare time to go back himself, he sent Mary on to represent him. She was duly ticketed to Boston, and thence across Lake Winnisseege (pronounced Lake Winnipyssocky), and by stage over Mount Ossinec and Red Hill to the valley where the father had been born.

#### Trout Brought to Lower Level

She took her fly book and rod with her, and all her fishing paraphernalia, for her father had great tales to tell of the wonderful fishing in those same brooks which she was about to see. And indeed in days gone by the brooks which come down from White Face mountain, from Pausgus, Passaconaway, and Chadwich dome, Black mountain, and Chocorua were famous waters for the true brook trout. When when Mary Higham landed at her aunt's boarding house in the mountains there were good fishing waters for salmo fontinalis in the fast known brooks, and especially after a smart rain had emptied the pools higher up the mountains and brought the trout tumbling down on to the lower ledges.

There was quite a sprinkling of girls at Weatherbee's boarding house that summer, and three of them were fair devotees of the fly rod, the same as Mary Higham. But when it became known that she "tied her own flies" they looked at her jealously askance. These three chummed off together and a sneaked faced boy named Lysander French begged their footsteps as squire extraordinary. Sometimes he drove a crazy old "carryall" with a rat tailed bay mare to take them on their excursions, but afoot or afloat, Lysander went with them.

Miss Priscilla Tabb, prim, gray curled, and fastidious, had taken quite a shine to Mary, because she "tied her own flies," confiding in the Michigan girl that her brother, Prof. Tabb of Boston, also shared such a distinguished honor with her. The professor was expected that week, and the boarding house was excited over the prospect.

#### Mary's Luck Is Poor

Several times Mary Higham tramped to or was driven to the nearest brook, but her luck was remarkably poor. She hardly understood it. Meanwhile the angling trio of girls who did not "tie their own flies" were having quite rare sport. It was annoying. She had tried her various hackles, millers, gnats, orange and dun flies, and had even opened a book of regulation flies such as her rivals possessed, but to no purpose.

The afternoon of the day before Prof. Tabb was to arrive she was sitting disgustedly by a pond in the hills some miles from the house when "that bull eyed boy," as the inhabitants called Alonzo Bean, suddenly hove in sight. He limped slightly.

"How's your foot, Alonzo," said Miss Higham?

"It's better," 'was the answer. 'Ketchin' anything?" went on "the bull eyed boy."

"Very little," replied the girl. "The other young ladies seem to be better at it than I am."

"They're wormin' on ye," said "the bull eyed boy."

"Why, what do you mean, Alonzo?" said Higham.

"Ketchin' of 'em with worms," said Alonzo.

"The idea!" said Miss Higham. "I ketched Lysander French diggin' bait back of our barn," went on Alonzo. "He told me them girls jist soaked them feather flies in the spring and ketched ever one o' their fish with worms. He gimme a dime to let him have the worms, and another dime not to tell."

"And why are you telling?" said Miss Higham.

"And why are you telling?" said Miss Higham. "Cuz ye salivated my stone bruise for me," said "the bull eyed boy." "Taint fair on ye, anyhow."

#### Plans for Angling Outing

Miss Higham rose with a toss of her shapely head. "The professor comes tomorrow," she reflected. "Alonzo," she continued, "do you know of any good brook around here that hasn't been fished much this summer?" "I was jist goin' to tell ye of one," remarked the boy.

"Can we drive to it tomorrow morning early?" said Miss Higham.

"Early as ye like," said Alonzo. "Alonzo," went on Miss Higham, a desperate resolve apparent on her classic features "I want you to bring a can of worms along."

"I got 'em in the barn this minute," replied her admirer.

"Come to Aunt Clara's at half past 6. Alonzo. We'll see if I can't get a mess for the professor."

A fiendish grin illuminated the sunburned face of "the bull eyed boy." "I'll come," was all he said.

The next morning a rickety cart with a spavined and flea bitten old horse was in front of the Weatherbee boarding house at sharp 6.30. In climbed Miss Higham and beside her sat "the bull eyed boy" as impassive as a Yankee sphinx.

After a drive of seven miles they got out hitched the equine crate, and commenced to climb the mountain side. A gruelling walk of four miles put them away up where a crystal clear brook came dashing down over circling around deep pools, and hissing under trout stream.

Alonzo fastened a common hook to the tackle, unbosomed an ordinary tomato can, and extracted a wriggling worm of the angle variety. He threaded the fair angler.

"Give me a worm, Alonzo," she remarked. The boy handed her one. She tied the squirming creature into a knot, stuck the barb through it, and said:

"I christen you the red Waltonia."

"What's that?" said "the bull eyed boy."

#### Mary Lands the Trout

The worm had scarcely struck the water before it was seized. That unspellable thrill which only a brook trout sends to the tip of the rod came sharply, and a few moments' skillful work on Mary's part and a plump half pound trout found its way into her creel.

"The red Waltonia," being damaged, was replaced by another of like character, skillfully "tied" by the hands of Miss Higham. It was gobbled by a second trout, and the process of "tying" on "red Waltonians" and yanking out lusty brook trout became a mere matter of form. Every time a worm hit the water it was snatched by a hungry trout, and only twice did a fish escape Miss Higham's practiced wrist.

The flea-bitten Bucephalus carried back a brace of entirely successful anglers. As they shaded by venerable maples, Miss Priscilla Tabb appeared.

"I want you to meet my brother, Prof. Tabb," she gurgled. "This is the young lady who 'ties her own flies.'"

"Delighted, delighted," murmured the professor, who near-sightedly attempted to shake Miss Higham's elbow instead of her hand. The sight of the contents of the creel roused him to a fury of enthusiasm. The trio of lady anglers on the porch were green with envy.

"How I should prize a trip to the brooks with you, Miss Higham," cried the gallant educator.

"Why don't you go, Waldo" said his sister.

"Pleased to have you accompany me," replied the girl from Michigan.

"What fly do you find the most efficacious?" said Prof. Tabb. "I mean, of course, of your own tying."

The bull-eyed boy had disappeared.

"The red Waltonia," said Miss Higham.

"The red Waltonia," echoed the professor, delightedly. "Walton, Izaak Walton, my dear," he went on, turning to Miss Priscilla. "Positively, my dear Miss Higham, you must teach me to tie one tomorrow."

Miss Higham blushed.

#### ROUGH-RIDING EXTRAORDINARY

"During the day I shot several cartridges, and when I faced about for home I had only two left. In returning, my route led me by a deep ravine, or gulch, winding away a mile or more to the west. The slope to the north was steep and the brush and rocks were scattered over the surface, making it rough going to the bottom."

"As I came on the flat at the head of the gulch, I saw a four-pointer raise his head at me and look, exposing his head and most of his neck above the brush. I was riding a young horse that was not broken to stand fire at close range. I hurriedly dismounted and led him several yards before I could find a secure place to tie. The old buck stood there all this time, no doubt satisfying his curiosity. I advanced a few paces, and fired, probably at a range of 80 yards. When the smoke cleared I was dumfounded, for there was my buck still looking at me, nearer the edge of the gulch. I inserted my last shell, aimed quickly and fired. I saw him plunge and go down. I set my gun up

against a rock and walked to my deer. I came suddenly on a buck dead as a mackerel. It dawned upon me that there had been two instead of one. I went a little further and, sure enough, Buck No. 2 was lying on the ground, but I saw by the batting of his eye that he was still alive. My bullet had ploughed its way through the side of his neck. I knew from the nature of the wound he had lots of life in him yet. I approached cautiously, knife in hand, calculating to grab his horn with one hand and with the other quickly thrust the knife through and cut his throat. My hand scarcely touched his horn before he was up on his feet, the sudden movement knocking my knife from my hand. Instinctively I grasped his other horn, when like a flash over the edge of the gulch he went, plunging and bucking all the while, trying to break my hold. I hung to him with the grit of a bulldog. Part of the time I was in the air, then under his feet; over brush, rocks, and logs we went, and finally reached the bottom and smashed into a log and went down. We were both nearly exhausted with the trip from the top to the bottom, coming nearly an eighth of a mile in the descent.

"After resting a moment I carefully drew his right front leg and placed it across his back and viewed him in his helpless condition with no little satisfaction. I was bleeding from a dozen cuts and scratches, and the following day developed all kinds of black and blue spots, but I won out and was happy. It took me several minutes to find my knife. When I did I returned to complete the job that was so rudely interrupted."

"I have ridden bucking bronchos, and once rode a steer, but I got all that was coming to me during those few moments I was hanging to that fellow when we took that plunge together to the bottom of the gulch. Say! if you want to experience a real thrill that you won't forget—just try it once."

J. E. Morrell, in Outdoor Life.

#### A RAINY DAY IN CAMP

What is more dejecting than a rainy day in the woods—the day when the fish won't rise, the fire won't burn, when you're hungry, wet to the skin, chilled to the marrow and the tent leaks? What is more dejecting than such a day? Why, two of them in succession! And as for three wet days straight, there's nothing known to the wilderness short of a forest fire, that will make the average camper so quickly forswear his allegiance to the "Red Gods," break camp in disgust and "beat it" to the nearest hotel.

But rainy days in camp are like the mumps and measles; necessary evils which must be endured as well as possible. And really, halt the discomfort of wet weather is due to a lack of knowledge on the part of the camper of what to do and when and how to do it.

The best way to meet rainy weather is to be prepared for it in advance and to forbid oneself absolutely the privilege of becoming peevish or grouchy, whatever may happen. It goes without saying that no one should venture into the woods with a leaky tent. No more should one neglect to take along a little square of waterproof silk with which to patch up a leak in case one develops. The style of tent known as the "baker shelter," is especially adapted to rainy weather, for the entire front of the tent is a flap which can be stretched at an angle of 45 degrees and used to shelter any amount of supplies and wood. While speaking of tents, it is perhaps worth while to add that a tent set up in a slovenly way is much more liable to leak than one that is drawn tight on all sides.

For carrying food, nothing can compare with the waterproof food bag. These bags may be obtained in 5 and 10 lb. sizes, and when carried in canvas duffle bags, they afford as satisfactory a protection for provisions against the rain as could be desired! Matches, of course, cannot be carried in them, but should be kept in waterproof match-cases. Such supplies as saccharine, pepper, etc., used only in small quantities, are best kept in friction-top cans.

For personal comfort it pays well to take along an extra set of woolen underwear, a second flannel shirt, a pair of heavy stockings. You can stand to be soaked all day if you have dry clothes to wear at night. The rub comes, when, the next morning, if it is still raining, you have to crawl out of your warm dry flannels into the cold wet ones of the day before. You don't like the idea? Then jump into the lake and take a swim before donning the wet clothes. After a cold plunge, anything will feel warm.

A little precaution well worth taking is to carry some birch bark and dry wood jammed into the bow and stern of your canoe. When it is hard to find dry brush or bark these will be most useful in starting your fire. It is a good plan also to pile up a few armfuls of dry wood under your baker tent flap before turning in for the night. It gives you a most comfortable feeling to know that you have dry wood on hand if you are awakened in the middle of the night by the rain pattering on the tent over your head.

When you have to pitch camp in a down-pour after a rainy day, the situation calls for considerable knowledge of practical camping. If it is a possible thing, reach your camping place by three o'clock in the afternoon.

Get your tent up at once and pile your

provisions under shelter. Next cut your balsam boughs and spread them for your beds. By night some of the water will have drained off. With the night's shelter assured you can turn to your fire, and it is now that you prove yourself a good camper or a duffer; for there is nothing in the art of woodmanship so essential as the ability to make a fire under adverse conditions.

If no spot partly sheltered from the rain can be found, cut several good thick logs and set them up so that they will form a protection against the wind and rain. Strip some birch bark from the sheltered side of a tree, or, if none can be found readily, draw upon the supply you keep in the end of your canoe and be thankful that you have it. The inside of a log of driftwood or an old stump, not ground, over them build a pile of splinters, and light-wood, with more driftwood or cut-logs. Keep your bark and wood under shelter as much as possible. If your logs don't afford sufficient protection against the rain, you can make a temporary umbrella of your pack cloth, by fastening the corners to stakes driven into the ground. When all is ready to make the fire, tear your bark into strips, place them in a loose heap on the ground, over the mbuild a pile of splinters as children do with blocks, and over all, place some larger sticks resting on logs or stones. The crucial moments now arrives. The match is lighted and applied to the bark. The birch into flame. Will the damp wood catch? Two or three splinters bent to burn half-heartedly—blow on them, gently—another catches, another, till the whole pile, infected with the warmth, bursts into a cheery glow. Now add more wood cautiously, till your fire, no longer frail and anaemic crackles its defiance to the rain and your supper is assured.

And supposing that when you wake up the next morning it is still burning, with no sign of any let up! Of course, you can sit around all day and "cuss" because the streams are high and fishing spoiled, but will you be any happier or the fishing any better, or will your fellow campers love you any the more for it? Here is just the chance to show the genuine camping spirit of making the best of things. When the chores are done, if you have no pack of cards on hand, you can use your ingenuity in whittling out a set of dominoes, or in making a checker-board out of birch bark, with black and white pebbles for checkers. Or, if you don't care for games, there are always knives and axes to be sharpened, rifles to be cleaned, new dishes to be concocted, stories to be told, which will fill up the hours between mealtimes.

So you see, rainy days in camp, if properly provided for and if taken in the right spirit, are not by any means intolerable, but, like many other unwelcome things that have to be met, may serve to bring out the best stuff that is in one—and what else is life for anyway?—Recreation.

#### FISHING AND LYING

Paraphrasing Horace Greeley's famous remark about horse thieves and Democrats, the popular estimation of the truthfulness of fishermen would run something like this: "All liars may not be fishermen, but it is at least significant that all fishermen are liars. These be harsh words, my brethren, and do great injustice to a large and worthy body."

Perhaps fishermen do not always stick closely to the narrow paths of truth. What of that? Those who walk always in rectilinear ways may be sure of reaching their destination at the appointed time, but once in a while it is pleasant to stray idly along woodland paths, without regard to considerations of whether or whence. It is then that the imagination waxes strong and the world takes on new and brighter colors.

Since the day when the first man went fishing the rod and line have stimulated the plays of the imagination. Men whose minds at other times never rise to higher flights of fancy than are comprehended in the mechanism of a cash register or the semi-annual inventory find themselves waxing poetical—and therefore extravagant—beside the stream or on the still waters of a lake.

It is the imagination that responds most readily to the lure of the singing reed and it is the imagination that dominates when memory turns back to the fish of other days. "This is not lying, my masters; it is but the flowering of the fancy."

It was a staid, successful business man who strove to describe the numbers of trout that haunted a certain stream in British Columbia. Every other standard of comparison falling him, he threw the reins on the neck of his imagination and this was the result:

"Why, there were so many fish in that stream," he said, "that I had to hide behind a tree to tie on a fresh fly."

There are truths enough in the world already to satisfy the most accurate, but one could ill spare such a flower of the fancy as this.—Outing.

#### FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

Soon the shooting season will be open and the annual roll of slaughter will begin—not of game, but of men. The fool who goes into the woods with a gun—but leaves his brains behind—is always with us, and it is doubtless a waste of time to offer him any advice. But it will at least ease our conscience, if it does nothing more.

It is unnecessary to warn anyone with brains enough to read never to point a gun, loaded or unloaded, at another person. If anyone does it to you, hit him quickly and hard with the first thing you can lay your hands on—a hatchet preferred.

Be careful how you carry your gun. If there is a man behind you, carry it under the right arm, muzzle pointing at the ground. Otherwise, over your right shoulder with the muzzle pointing up to the left in an easy and safe position. When you climb a fence or crawl through or over a deadfall, be sure the safety catch is on. If it's a shotgun, better draw the shells and be doubly sure.

Above all, beware of shooting at anything that you cannot see clearly and identify positively. Most of the tragedies in woods happen because someone saw something move in the underbrush and "took a chance." Remember that in such a case it's the other fellow, and not you, who is taking the chance.

Don't try shots at hopelessly long range, even if there is no danger involved to any of your hunting companions. A wounded bird or animal that crawls away to die by slow torture is a reproach to the sportsman who inflicted the wound. Of course, we all make poor shots at times, but there is no necessity of increasing the natural odds that lie against a clean kill for most of us at normal range and under ordinary conditions.

Above all, be a good sport. Give the game a fair chance; and quit a little on the side of the legal bag limit rather than two birds beyond.—Outing.

#### A NEW WAY OF LOOKING AT IT

There are a great many persons who shoot ducks, as I do. I make no pretense of understanding all their motives; I aspire only to interpret some of them and to point out that we are not such a graceless, murderous lot as we are supposed to be. I am aware of the fact that I cannot do this thing in the ordinary fashion; all arguments which I may adduce from the man's point of view are worthless. I argue from the other side; I have studied the duck.

Now there are ways and ways of meeting death. From what I have read, I do not believe I could bring myself to shoot a deer; I dislike to think of the few bunnies that I have bowled over. I have no liking for suffering or the sight of blood.

But I do not feel these things when I bring down a duck. He comes to my decoys flatteringly, darily, yet with a touch of wariness which always makes me feel that he knows what may be in store for him. If I hold straight, he dies decently, sanely, without muss, outcry or flutter. And I swear there is no unhappier expression on his face. If I miss, he gets him gone with a hoot of scorn—which I do not begrudge him.

With me it is a game. I believe it is the same with the duck. At least I like to think so. I consider him the third link in a triple alliance which includes my gun and myself. He appears to covet excitement; I furnish him with it. If he escapes, he is probably a better duck for having raced with death. If he does not, I believe that I am the better and not the worse for having wrought his undoing.

When I go a-hunting him, I have much chance to practice the virtues; I try not to complain when the conditions of road and weather are enough to discourage me; I am endangering the pre-eminence of Job in the matter of patience; I cannot see that I am being brutalized.

A big Something brought me the gun, and the duck into being. It must have known the consequences of such creation: the three of us could never be brought together without certain results. Well, I am satisfied with them; I have watched the duck, and I do not believe that he fails to understand his part.

Ah! I have heard someone mutter something about the duck not being able to hit back—about my running no part of his chance. Why not go to shoot the roaring lion? he asks. I am not unseated by the objection. I have my work to do tomorrow; the duck has finished his today.—Donal Hamilton Haines in Outing.

Laddie Woods, one of the most noted life-boat coxswains in England, died suddenly at Great Yarmouth, where for 37 years he helped in the saving of upwards of one thousand lives.