



WRITTEN OPINIONS OF MEMBERS

Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association Endeavoring to Settle Important Questions.

In an endeavor to settle some of the important questions which are agitating the sportsmen who hunt in the big woods of Maine, the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association has recently obtained the written opinions of its members on these subjects.

A list of questions was sent out, appended to a circular letter by President R. J. Hodgson of Lewiston. The replies to these, together with numerous letters received by the association, should be instrumental in influencing game protective legislation at the next session of the legislature.

It was not expected that all would answer the questions, and not all of them did; but the one hundred replies received are from men whose opinions have weight. Most of them might be called experts, and all are thoroughly acquainted with game conditions. The number of carefully written letters received, supplementing the brief answers, showed that considerable thought had been given the matter.

These have been classified by Secretary Whitehouse, and the following are the general conclusions. These may or may not be modified later, but at present they seem to represent what the association stands for.

There should be a close time on all moose for a period of four or five years.

There should be required a hunting license for residents, but at a small cost, preferably \$1.00, and possibly cost of issuing in addition.

There should not be a restriction to one buck deer a season, as has been suggested. The present limit is small enough. Natural conditions, such as feed and climate, and possibly illegal shooting from lumber camps, and by others, have as much to do with any scarcity of game

which may exist, as does the legal hunting.

The non-resident license fee of \$25 is too high,—certainly so if there is to be close time on moose. If moose hunting is to be allowed, a great many favor a graded license, charging a higher price to hunt moose and deer, than to hunt deer alone.

In reply to the question: "Do you favor a close time on moose for a period of years?" 80 per cent were in favor, and fully 90 per cent of these favored four or five years. A few wanted ten.

In reply to the question: "Do you favor a hunting license for residents?" Fully 80 per cent were in favor. One wanted it to apply to wild lands only, and one wished to exclude farmers. Attention was called to the fact that only eight states in the Union do not require a resident license.

As to the cost, over one half favored \$1.00, or \$1.00 with cost of issuing. A much smaller number favored \$2.00, and a few \$5.00.

"Would you restrict hunters to killing one buck deer in a season?" In reply to this 75 per cent said no and 25 per cent yes. Several would restrict to two bucks, no does. Some would make it one deer, not restricted to bucks. Several gave for a reason that the deer are starving now. Some would shorten the season to Nov. 15, and several would stop killing does.

"Do you favor maintaining the non-resident license fee at \$25.00?" Replies to this were considerably qualified, but 60 per cent said no, unreservedly. A great many stated that the \$25 fee certainly has kept many hunters away, who usually come to Maine in the fall. In the opinion of some we haven't the game to offer for \$25. Some thought the man of average income should have a chance to take his annual hunting trip at reasonable cost. Some suggestions were:

A small fee to be increased if game is secured.

A small fishing license.

A graded license: \$5 for birds, \$15 for birds and deer and \$25 for birds, deer and moose, if moose are to be hunted at all. This had a number of supporters.

Many were bitter against the lumber camps, saying that they are making a wholesale slaughter of deer to the great detriment of legitimate hunting.

WHAT HAS THE SKUNK FOR CALL?

East Sumner, March 1914.
To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Some of your readers asked this question in the August 29, 1913 issue of Maine Woods, and in the September issue the question was answered by a party who signed his name as "Qui Vive." He says that party No. 1 was evidently seeking knowledge under difficulties, and asks what is the call of the skunk.

Now said Qui Vive wrote an interesting article indeed, and by his writing one can see that he is a well read man and an able manuscript writer also and thousands enjoy, myself included, these educational letters as they appear from time to time in the columns of our one and only Maine Woods.

Now may I be permitted space in which to express my opinion as regard to this ever dreaded little animal the skunk; yet unmolested, he is as harmless as the house cat. Though I do not claim to read and write the skunk language I honestly do believe I am quite well versed on many of the little didos peculiar to our friend the skunk, as I have caught these little animals in traps and hunted them with dogs nearly every season for 35 years and when I was 14 years of age I caught 41 skunk that winter and all within one mile of Dixfield village.

Yes, I consider the skunk perfectly harmless if you do not trouble him, and you may pass within four feet of him in perfect safety.

But now just one word of advice to one who has not studied skunkology personally, and intends to pitch battle with the very next one, he is lucky or unlucky enough to meet in some daily walk. Follow David Harum's rule, "do as you think the other fellow would like to do to you, but do it to him first."

It is amusing to read some of the methods of killing skunks after being caught in steel traps. One is to tie a hook onto one end of a long pole and with it pull up the stake the trap is hitched to and drag the poor skunk a quarter of a mile to the river and drown him. I read where one fellow kills them using a small rifle in breaking their back bone. I shot them between the eyes with a very small 22 revolver, and they die instantly and do not scent. The common saying is, kill him any old way, that is good enough for a skunk. He no business to have been a skunk anyway.

Skunk's oil is in demand wherever its worth is known at \$1.00 per quart, and in a severe case of croup a tablespoonful of it is easily worth the dollar. Skunk skins are sought for in any of our fur markets, and grades as black, short stripe, narrow stripe and broad stripe, ranging in prices, beginning with the black at \$6.00 and down, as cheap as 75 cents, according to size and quality of the fur.

They are a great benefit to the farmer as they eat many kinds of grubs and worms and on the other side they are not close friends to farmers for on some dark, rainy night it is hard telling whose chicken coop they will visit, and when Mr. Farmer appears on the scene the next morning, pardon me for insinuating that very naturally he would feel disposed to use profane talk in a number of languages.

They eat all kinds of berries, sweet apples, and they just delight in breaking down sweet corn when at its roasting stage, eating their fill and returning to their burrow before daylight in the morn, yet it may be four or five miles from the cornfields.

There are many hunters, even, who will not skin out a skunk, a number of which I could refer to. While on night hunting trips for coon and our dogs would kill a skunk, the boys would sit down and smoke while

SHIPS EIGHT WHITE HARES

March 11, 1914.
To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I have shipped to-day one lot of eight white hares for the State Farm, North Wilbraham, Mass. I will have another lot of eight go forward to-morrow, and the balance of the twenty five asked for probably sometime this week.

This is in accordance with instructions from our Fish and Game Commissioners at Augusta.

Very truly yours,
Howard Wood.

ON THE TRAPS

Ralph Spotts, 14 Years Old, Won Larchmont Y. C. Cup.

New York, March 9.—The accumulation cup, a season trap, shooting prize of the Larchmont Yacht Club, is now the property of Ralph Spotts, 14 years old, son of the champion trap shooter, Ralph L. Spotts. Young Spotts yesterday won the cup outright, defeating six men. In a "miss and out" contest to decide a tie, the boy beat them all by breaking fifty targets straight. This young shooter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Spotts, who have a summer home on Mooselookmeguntic lake.

LIST OF PROSECUTIONS

The long list of prosecutions which have been coming into the office of the state commission of inland fisheries and game of late, give evidence that the wardens of the state are strictly on duty. The report of two prosecutions came into the office, Monday. The first was from A. W. Austin, game warden of Fort Kent Mills, who reported the prosecution of Gibbet and Willie Ouliet, brothers, of St. Agatha, for netting fish. The brothers were tried before Trial Justice Stanley M. Burrill of Fort Kent, were convicted, and ordered to pay a fine of \$15 and costs. Each paid \$25.

Wardens Forrest Newton and Colin McRitchie of Somerset county reported the prosecution of Oliver Maillet for illegal fishing through the ice. At a hearing held March 7, he was convicted and was fined \$15.

Game Warden E. H. Jones of Stratton reported two prosecutions. The first was that of Harvey Smith of Farmington, who at a hearing before Trial Justice E. H. Grose of Stratton, paid a fine of \$14 for taking short trout.

The prosecution of Charles Guild was also reported. Mr. Guild paid costs amounting to \$20 for having deer meat in his possession in close season.

I would hang my light on a limb of a small tree and it would be only a matter of a few minutes and Mr. Skunk's pelt would be hanging on my belt and I would join the boys, and we would all hit the trail, all the while listening for the dogs.

Now the skunk's call, which I understand party No. 1 was seeking knowledge for, sounds to me a great deal like the signal of a suckling calf about ten days old. I never heard skunks call in daylight but have listened to them for an hour at a time many a night.

Now to prove to the readers of this article that I have personally seen and handled a few skunks while in my rambles in the wilds of Maine, I am ready at a moment's notice to pick up one in its perfect health, one that has never been touched by a human hand, or hurt in any way, walk into my house, sit down 15 minutes and return to the open, and a very sensitive person, if they did not see their colors, would not mistrust any such crime had been committed. Yes, skunk are noted for protecting their ideas.

I beg to remain,
Yours respectfully,
Emerson P. Bartlett.

NATIONAL BODY TO VISIT WHITE MTS.

Maine Automobile Association Buys Machine for Solicitor Knowles.

The Maine Automobile Association is feeling proud over the fact that it now has as members about 33 per cent. of the auto owners in the state. The owners number about 12,000 and the association has about 4000 members. The annual meeting was held Thursday at Portland. Owing to the great growth of the organization it was decided to buy an automobile for the solicitor, C. H. Knowles, so that he may personally canvass the whole state for members. About 7500 copies of the 1914 Road Book will be issued. Maine will not get the A. A. A. meet this year, as the national body has decided to visit the White Mountains.

BOBCATS KILLING DEER

It is reported at the Fish and Game Commissioner's office that many deer have been killed recently by bobcats in the Maine woods. Warden E. S. Hodgkins reports that during the week ending Feb. 21 he saw evidences of one bobcat killing two large deer within 24 hours. He states in his report that he saw further signs of many deer having been killed by bobcats. Warden D. W. McDonald of Grindstone states that during the week ending Feb. 14 he found a deer which had been killed and half eaten by bobcats. Feb. 24, found one deer killed and partly devoured by wildcats. Warden W. B. Eddy of Kenduskeag on Feb. 25 at Little Pushaw found the carcass of a deer killed by bobcats and partly eaten up.

PACIFIC SALMON ARRIVE

A carload of humpback salmon were planted below the leather board mill at Damariscotta Mills the other day. There were 350,000 in all. Other cars are to follow. This is a Pacific coast fish, but the conditions here are practically the same as in their native habitat. These fry are about one and a half inches long at present. They stay in the river two years till they attain a length of about a foot. Then they strike out for the sea and after two years come back weighing 10 or 12 pounds, to spawn. Of course this is an experiment, but it looks all right. Large plantings are to be made at Waldoboro and Warren and other rivers along the coast of Maine. George A. Tomlinson was busy as a bumble bee with two horses hauling the cans away and dumping the fish.

FISHING INDUSTRY AT NANTUCKET HAS EXPERIENCED BOOM

Not since the decline of whaling half a century ago have Nantucketers obtained so much wealth from the sea as during the past four months, principally from the unusually extensive and prolific bed of quahogs discovered off the north shore by "Sam" Jackson.

Great stores of codfish have been caught off Siasconset and scalloping has been very successful in the harbor off Wauwinet.

As the bed is just outside the three-mile limit fishing smacks from New Bedford, Newport, Noank, Conn., and even New London, have flocked to Nantucket for the harvest, bringing with them modern dredging appliances that have revolutionized the industry. The docking facilities of the harbor have proved too small for the unloading and shipment of the shell fish.

Many of the islanders left for Boston to-day to attend an automobile hearing to-morrow at the State House when a bill giving local option on governing motor vehicles will be before the committee on roads and bridges.

Mountain View House

Mountain View, Maine.

For further particulars write or address

L. E. BOWLEY,

Mountain View, . . . Maine.

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THE PASSING OF THE OLD WEST

By Robert Page Lincoln

Just as the buffalo passed into the great unknown just in the same way is the old west fading into forgetfulness and memory and the tourist entering this land in the present day must needs search far to find figures for his dreams. He will no longer find the little cow town, and old time mining village, the miraculous riders and the chap who could shoot from his hip with unerring certainty; no longer of an evening do they carry out the dead one to the sandhills and bury him, nor do they put up a small cross to mark his three by six domain, of one who died with his boots on, with his face to the west. No longer is lawlessness and disorder of the older type to be witnessed; nor will one need to climb under the tables as the heroic cowboys ride down the famed western street shooting out the windows and making the place a target for their "six guns." All of this belongs to the dead and forgotten past. A new leaf has been turned; the old leaf is no more; it has faded into oblivion nevermore to return. The spirit of a newer and more modern day has replaced it and the range country has been divided up into farms where energetic farmers are sedately following the plow and where agriculture and horticulture thrive. There is no need to carry the trusty Colts at the hip to use in butchering innocent cattle-rustler and outlaws and gamblers. There is asphalt on the streets now. Policemen carrying enormous burdens under their belts parade in open view and woe to the man who dares to disturb the sleepy peace of the day. Why even the drunken sop cannot stumble out of that cosy (?) saloon on the corner without being "pinched."

Think of it! Time was when a fellow, out and out with the world, having no friends save the humble and devoted wine-glass could lie himself to sleep in some alley or right out on the street for that matter and not a living soul would go near him. He could lie there wrapped up in the beauties of whiskey soaked contentment and philosophize and reverie upon the world and its lack of human appreciation and be perfectly let alone. Perhaps the dogs would come along and smell of him, if he were a sheep herder, and scratch dirt upon him but they would not care in the least to pull him to police headquarters. No indeed they wouldn't; they had too much respect for that. But now. Ah, that is a different story. Now the Salvation Army beat their little old drums, and blow and toot their contributions in the name of Jesus Christ, making wild the night with their hilarity and good-will, and amens.

No longer does the drunken wretch lie idle in the streets. He is promptly taken in custody and converted either into a Christian or mud. It is now a question of the police or the Salvation Army for the man who has imbibed too freely of the earth's liquid. In the past the Salvation Army entered a wild town by the back door, took a look around and sized up the opportunities and generally went out the way they came. Should there have been a daring enough and earnest enough disciple he might have stayed but woe be to him who spoke with hard word regarding the liquor traffic or sins and all the other things connected with the rough men of a rough country. As long as he kept within the regions above and touched not thought upon the mortal domain and its immediate vicinity and his neighbors he was listened to in the same way as we now listen to the side show barker, in curiosity and a generous goodwill, and he would perhaps let himself drift into the fairy regions, of golden tints and morning glory effects, the distance of his travelling being according to the amount of liquor he had placed in his system that night or day. But should he become offensive in their way of thinking; should he tell them that the devil reclined languorously in the bottom of each wineglass, or beer glass they put to their lips and should he tell them that there awaited them after they were put to rest out on the little, lonesome, monotonous graveyard on the hill a death fearful to conceive of, where they would have to be stokers all through eternity and a day—then the jig was up. Yes, then it was up, and there remained but one path to follow and it generally happened some dark night by creeping through the bed-

room window leaving trunk and hymn books behind.

But now! Well now it's different. There are great big churches along these same streets now and every Sunday the town people go there and become convinced that they have a soul somewhere in the region of their thorax, and that the more money placed on the contribution plate the better seat will they have after demise and a better grade harp will be theirs. And somehow the westerner has fallen in step with the tide of human progress; he has forgotten to buckle on his "cat-ridge" belt and he leaves his "six guns" home, or stored away in some odd nook or recess of his brain and meekly goes to church and brings many children into this world. And he farms and he goes to the moving picture shows and sees impossible things done by the Bison Film Company and knows that the place must have been somewhere in the east where the real west to-day can be found.

Yes indeed, it has changed quite a bit. It has faded and gone, vanished forever; all we have to know them by is the fact that we are told about it and we read of it in history, tales and stories and biographies and know further of it from the mouths of living westerners who will tell you that the mountain lions scream and will and did jump down upon him as he went through the impassable mountains and how he fought the deadly, monstrous, overwhelming grizzly bear with a knife and how in the ninty sixth round he finally drove his keen bladed stiletto through and found the eventual widepipe resulting in death. And then he lifted the bear, even though it might weigh a thousand pounds upon his noble back and conveyed it to civilization. Yes it was a romantic age and we love to have our imagination fed from the springs of impossibility. We love to have somebody tell us that on a certain place we may still find the old west, we may still see the cowboys as of yore, and they may still carry their Colts at the hip; if you have seen a Bison Film you remember how they carried their guns sort of sagging down midway between the hipbones.

You remember how that fellow went into a saloon and forced them to hold up their hands and you also noted that there were men behind him with two or three cannons handy in their belts also holding up their hands. If you were wise you figured out that while he was standing there you would have had time to go out and get a drink and an ax, coming back with a fixed determination in your mind. Well, that's the way it was way back when the west was in its adolescence, whatever that is. Yes, indeed, those were glorious and glittering days and somehow or another we shake hands with ourselves that we might walk the streets in peace unhindered in open progress by humming chunks of lead, of course starting now and then as the sharpshooters over in the gallery miss the clay pipes. And then we go home and read the hair raising stories in the latest Street and Smith publication holding onto the bedstead as the heroine hangs onto the hero's mustache and swings to safety over the yawning abyss—mine feet below. Even in the wildest town in the present day, not of course including Mexico and territory, it is a rule that the gun be left in the saddle. I have seen it done many a time, the last place being in Montana. The only use we have for the forty-five caliber Colts now is to shoot grain in the ground with, of course now and then carrying it in our belts when we are in some secluded place where human beings cannot see us, just the experience, the thrill that sweeps through us to think that just so we might have been had we lived in the day of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. No longer do the tenderfeet from New York, they all are said to come from New York, have to dance to the tune of bullets, nor are there such a great number of bucking bronchos, in connection with which the tenderfoot might be tossed sky high, much to the elation of the angora chapped gentlemen.

Now the broncho has just about vanished and there is a human of the masculine gender that whizzes by in his little old motor-cycle at the rate of a mile a minute, his cap turned back to the front, visor in back, and goggles protecting his eyes, the windows of his soul. Yes,

it is vastly different. Automobile and motor-cycle have done their duty. With their coming the past and its methods melt into insignificance and the cowboy cringes in his saddle. The cowboys of the present day are the gaudy good for nothing louts that hang around the depots and show themselves off to the incoming tourists. And the tourists stare to their heart's content and the tourist heroines sit down to weave dreams of being snatched away from single blessedness and held close to a manly bosom, just like it was done in the Virginian. But the trick has been turned and it has been turned neatly, thank you! There is nothing that can stop the ten and twenty acre farmer from Iowa who can extract vegetables and trees out of the rocks by a magic wave of his hand. And still again there is nothing that can stop the speculators and the real estate men. O the dear old real estate men; how I love them. Step by step we can note the forward progress, the incoming of the easterners, and the gradual taking in of all available ground, utilizing it for one thing or another. Go where you will you are always met with the truth of the newer day. A land of old time romance changed all in all, commercialism reaching out on all sides; new standards, new thoughts, a livelier energy, one outlook.

The cattle land is just about gone in this great west. What few ranches there are amount to very little indeed in comparison with the good grazing land that has been converted into farm land and is being steadily, rapidly settled. It will not be many years more before we will face a meat famine as I think has been predicted. This says for itself for the scarcity is becoming more noticeable each passing year. There is no encouragement toward the raising of livestock; all the interest is turned toward agriculture and horticulture and the result is as before stated. We may even look forward to the time when there will be no meat for the common people; we will become nut eaters and vegetarians as a matter of course. This will not necessarily kill out the coming generations for it is held that people will be stronger from the liberal use of the natural foods. And the day is coming swiftly; the growth in sentiment toward vegetarianism is very manifest and it is only a matter of time before the new method of existing will be widespread. It is in the face of such conditions as these that the gentlemen and their cowboys are retiring. The cowboy of to-day is but a cheap imitation of the man who held that distinguished position in the past. And the people know it and are aware of it to a great extent. They are not completely taken in when they witness an angora chapped gentleman parading the street with the haughty dignity of a prince, the silken hair on his chaps, or, perhaps, a flow in the wind, his wide trimmed hat a picture of westernity, is broad belt studded with knobs of nickel or silver as the case might be. I say the people are skeptical about it for they have come to know the full truth. They know that there is little or no need of cowboys; and after all there has been too much romance concocted about this figure. The true cowboy of the past as well as in the present day is and was a more or less humble figure and perhaps he did not even wear those magnificent chaps. Is not that a horrible thought? After all what is the use of wearing the shaps. I will admit that in a hush country they might be used to protect the walking members but as a rule there is no more use for them than there is use for the forty-five caliber. The only excuse they can offer for wearing a gun in the belt is that it will be handy and was handy for use when the cattle took to stampeding when they could empty it right and left and so check the flight by frightening the wild ones. Also it is a handy thing, so it is said by the blinded, to kill coyotes with. But as for killing men with it well that is another thing. Perhaps in the glorious and glittering days of 49 it was a handy thing. At least we are told so. Indians and bad men had to be met with and of course you remember the wonderful, almost inconceivable Wild Bill. And have we not with us Buffalo Bill, that prince of the circus ring who so unerringly hits the little glass bulbs? Well anyhow it does not hurt to take some things for granted. We know that they shot from the hip

and could kill at the distance of two miles; we know that they rode into the little towns and shot out the windows and we have all heard of the exploits of a certain western gamin who rode into a saloon shot out the two hundred dollar plate glass or rather looking glass and after having planked down two hundred dollars forthwith rode out as though nothing had happened. Such are the ways of romance and we still love to think that somewhere, anywhere we may still find the true, old time west. But it is gone. Yes verily it is gone. No longer do they kill a man or three men a week for every day of the year. I was told some time ago by a young fellow that in Caliente, Nevada they still do that. Go there and find out for yourself how true this is if you are looking for the wild and wooley west. The woolliness is gone. And the wildness has been soothed away by the loving hand of commercialism. Romance is prostrate and the everyday world goes busily on, reading the Boston Transcript and Munsey's Magazine and getting the latest news even in the most wild part of the west. Verily this is a newer day. We may weep at the graves of Alkali Ike and Calamity Jane but that is all. No longer need we fear to have our honorable scalps lifted and tacked up on the teepee pole. Poor Lo is now engaged in making Navajo blankets with yarn that is shipped here from New York; and they are out hunting for arrow-heads that come from a factory in Vermont. Yes verily this is a newer day. Poor Lo! No longer fights the white man physically, by prowess and strength. He is now fighting the "snakes," the white plague, and many and various other ailments brought in by the intelligent easterners.

And so it is wherever you bid to go. The aeroplane mocks eagle on his cloud wrapped pinnacle. The bobble skirt and Karo Syrup are now found in the most secluded parts. I think it was at Smithville, Arizona, that I had a tooth separated from my lower jaw-bone by a Painless Dentist of unknown gender. So you can see what civilization is doing for the people; also, just plain doing them. And as for the wild and hoary beasts, those monstrous callimphs that rove the mountain fastnesses and wage war and death with all life, where then are they. O they are still in their secluded fastnesses and are there hunted by the brave and undaunted woodsmen and mountaineers who with their little Winchesters and their bowie knives follow them to their lairs, some even never coming back to civilization, and if they come they tell breathless tales of misery and suffering. Why, did not Swan Peterson the last week fight a grizzly bear. For two hours they, in that great wilderness, moved to and fro giving blow for blow and finally did Swan bite the wonderful griz-z-lee bear right behind the ear drums resulting in a tomahawk poisoning on the part of the bear. So he cut up the honorable bear and took him with much labor to Stockholm, California, and will live in renown ever after, that is from now on. Before he killed the bear he was not renowned by the way. I think the grizzly bear is just about extinct in the golden state of California. Now and then perhaps one may hear of one but it is mostly through the truthful newspapers. Mountain lions are quite plentiful and the bounty is recorded at twenty dollars each.

There are men I am told who hunt lions for a living, with the aid of dogs; there is no doubt but that they succeed in their profession for there is certainly any number of the mountain specie in this state. Nor will I say but that there is a great deal of wild territory here as well as in the Rocky Mountain region in general. In the fog regions

of California where the redwoods grow, in Mendicino, Humboldt, Trinity and Del Norte Counties there is a veritable treasure ground for the outdoor man and lover of nature and her works; the same is true of the Sierra Nevada region wherein is found the inimitable Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite National Park but the old west and its methods have flown even in these secluded places which is natural of course. In the northern counties one will still find the old time stage carrying passengers from place to place; here there are no railroads, it is practically as the Creator left it on the seventh day, and in the southern portion of Oregon there are places having the reputation of never having been entered. How true this assertion is I do not know but it is easy to believe as true considering the density of the timber in those sections. So we are met with a little something of the truth when we will spend the time to study it out and it will surely make a most interesting and educational study. The west has lost nothing by the great change. In fact year for year it is becoming richer; more and more land that has been lying as waste is being taken in by the industrious farmers and where once was nothing but bare prairies and valleys now there are trees growing and gardens in evidence; great orchards tell of the newer day and houses have risen as though by magic.

Little towns we may find everywhere and always we are met with the truth; that civilization, as we conceive of it, is here and is fast making its inroads into silent wilds. Even the withering deserts have been forced to yield to the influx of the people and the improved methods. The water question is fast being solved. The few rivers there are turned from their course, so to speak and are yielding that precious outpouring to the land; wealth is taking the place of desolation if there is any way of mastering the problem it is certain that it is carried out. Perhaps there are many that deplore the fact that the old, romantic west is passing. Some think it most lamentable that the buffalo should have vanished but it was a necessity. The buffalo could never have remained in the numbers they are said to have had in the past and it was impossible to leave the entire prairie country as a reserve for them. They had no value. They were a part of the great past; they belonged to the day of freedom, of nature when she was in her fullest of beauty and perfection. But now it is different. It is necessary now to look forward to the people first and the game afterward. The game is not considered an asset by the majority of the people. Perhaps one in ten will give nature and her minions the least of thought. We find it the greatest of labor to put through any bills in the protection of our game. It is looked upon as insignificant and so many measures are voted down that we sometimes wonder if there is any use at all in working for the goal we have set. But the wild west has flown. The unknown spots have been entered and the methods of the east have been introduced. Despite the fact that the westerners desire to have a distinct difference characterize them from the neighbors over the mountains there is no stopping the tide of eastern thought and action. The same ideas and modes of living have been brought in and are being adopted; the population is being made up of incomers from every state in the Union, therefore it can be seen that a great variety make up the list of those who answer to the roll call when the census taker comes around.

TAXIDERMISTS

G. W. PICKEL,
TAXIDERMIST

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THE VALUE OF BIRD LIFE

By Robert Page Lincoln

There is an unfailing source of interest in bird study and bird protection. If we are to look at it purely from the sentimental viewpoint, that in itself would be sufficient to inspire us to efforts for the perpetuation and protection of it, for how could spring be spring, a merry season of sunshine and rejuvenation without the notes of the birds gradually returning, to take up their home with us. How could the June days and the maturing summer be itself, in all its freedom, all its graciousness without the additional joy of this wild life, near at hand, making every woodland a thing of double life and purpose. We sadly miss the birds in the winter. In the woodlands we stand listening and in all that hollow immensity of soundless sound, reaching on and on, there will be no break, save where a brave chickadee or nuthatch appears to add cheer to a frosty landscape. But spring and summer—indeed, to think of these wonderful northern seasons, better truly than any in the world, without the inclusion of our birds would be to leave out the greatest natural manifestation of

all. Were the prime value of the birds alone to yield to us a source of constant warmth, of friendship, and happiness, of cheer unending, certainly they would fulfill their proper niche. Therefore we should do all in our power to welcome them; to give them our best thought and assuredly our kindest motives. That home surrounded by shade trees, where I see houses included here and there, with nests in them, and birds near at hand, unafraid and protected, more for their lovely and undimmed companionship than anything else,—I consider that home one of perfection. But where I go and find birds absent from around various homes, there I find barrenness, and sometimes a total absence of all things save material sordidness. I believe in a systematic study of the birds and of nature, if only it reaches no further than one tree, a bush and a bird. I wonder not a little that bird study is not a permanent feature among the educational values offered in the schools. Certainly there is nothing quite so interesting; no study so exhilarating and absorbing. The child mind, in its stage of developing and forming is like a sensitive photographic plate. It readily catches a reproduction of objects, but it is easily obscured by sordid things. Habit in child life is a matter of the untaught being allowed to do as they like. If a boy's view of birds reaches only as far as when he sees them dead, it may not be the boy's fault as much as that of the parent. Careful study of birds on the part of the boy, an explanation of their beauty, and value, will soon work a change in any youngster, for the day of the gun, used thus promiscuously, is soon a thing of the past.

Teach boys to study the birds. Teach them the use of a camera. To photograph a bird on a nest, or her three or four eggs is something that demands skill and ingenuity on the part of the searcher. It is a broadening and influential game. It teaches the religion of Nature, of wild, unharnessed perfection, better than the common dearth and deeper than the mere destroying of life. Instead of seeing boys out in the woods from now on devastating innocent wild life with guns, let us hope that the woods will find them with cameras, instead, all joined in a band of protection for the betterment of all. Witness the coming of the birds, set down in your diary the dates of their coming, and going, notice their methods of nest building, their various systems of feeding, and especially what varieties of insects they destroy. Become proficient in the use of the camera. Obtain artistic reproductions of birds, in various postures. Study, walk far afield, and your days will never be better rewarded, nor more religious in enhanced occupation. Such parents as will lend their

countenance to such things as these, must surely be looking forward to the welfare and thorough bringing up of their children.

I have spoken of putting into the schools the study of birds. This is a proposition for odd half hours that cannot be but of the best in its results. No matter how little it is it will always find an interesting audience. Out of such seemingly small things,—apparently inconspicuous—great things grow, as a natural consequence. The present writer remembers, as a member of one of the Minneapolis public schools, in his youth, that the finding of the first flowers in the spring was encouraged. On the blackboard a list of all the children in the room was kept, and these finding various flowers were marked down so. It was a most interesting competition, a singular one, arousing always redoubled interest in wild things, for wild scenes must needs be searched out to uncover them. Such a system could be worked well with the matter of the birds, or weather observations, another feature I remember was employed. I like to see thoroughly human, and broadminded teachers in public schools; teachers who will step out of the conventional but to do homage to the wonderful beneficence of Nature. Encourage a love for Nature. It humanizes mankind. In the young mind it arouses retrospect and investigation into the sources of this mighty universe, and thus molds the character along a philosophical plane—certainly to the betterment of the race.

With the coming of the spring everything should be done to encourage the birds to nest with us. To the boys and girls of this state, and of the country, much is of course expected, for they are the men and women of to-morrow, the future game conservationists and the wild life lovers. The coming of the birds at the close of the rather dismal winter is an occasion lasting to the remembrance. Whatever may be our impressions, and opinions, in regard to the other seasons, surely spring, with its spirit of restoration, and resurrection is held very high in our esteem; and the coming of the birds is an occasion that calls up from our hearts our warmest thoughts. The bluebird, the wren, the robin, and many more, come early, and to show our regard for them truly one can do no better than to construct small bird houses, and set them up around the home where these birds might build and bring forth their brood, in peace and security. As I have said in the beginning of this article there is no study so absorbing and so prolific of interest as that of bird study. To the boy, who has a deep love for nature, here surely he can test himself, and do something for the wild life especially of note. It should be the duty of all parents to properly educate their children into the immense value of our bird life, that they yearly save the agriculturists of this country millions of dollars by their insect destructiveness and seed-eliminating tendencies. But, as I have already said, were we to look at the proposition entirely from the sentimental side this alone would be sufficient to arouse in us a desire to guard and treasure this song-bird clan, for what indeed would our woodlands, our valleys, and dells, be, without this intermingling of wild music. In the spring, therefore, is the time to make your houses for the birds, and install them at likely intervals around your place. You cannot put up too many of them, and the more you install, the more birds you will have near at hand to give proof of your thoughtfulness, and consideration; for where you witness a man giving his attention, impartially to the well-caring for of the wild life around him, and an appreciation of it, there you will find a man with a brotherly regard, also, for mankind. Children should be interested in this nest-house construction. Elaborate care need not be taken in the making of these. As a matter of fact, one of the best things the present writer knows of for material, for houses, for the wren, and the bluebird, is just a common large quart-size tomato-can, with a small round hole cut in it for entrance, something about the size of a fifty cent piece. The bluebirds invariably can be wooed to select these for their future homes, and are alike appreciated by the tiny house wrens. Another point about this is that the English sparrows do not like them, and therefore will not usually bother the true worthy birds in their operations. The sparrows should always be killed off with a small twenty-two caliber rifle, as

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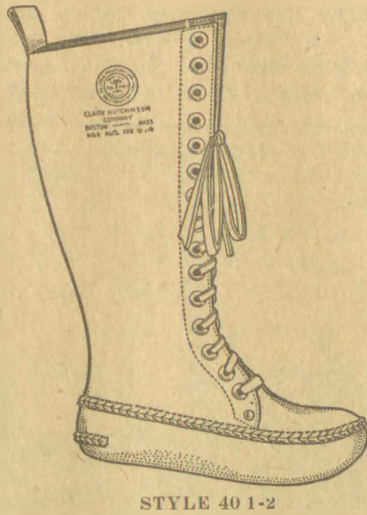
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soon as they appear, to pester the other birds. The sparrow (the English sparrow,) has hardly any redeeming qualities; he is pestiferous, and time and again he will plunder the nests of respectable, and thoroughly worthy birds, destroy their eggs, throw out their nest material and take possession himself. Then is the time that the rifle should be inserted with deadly intent. The sparrow has never been known as an insect destroyer. Where he nests, there he disgraces the sight with his uncouth filthiness and is a crime to any metropolis.

Present day conditions in the United States gives evidence of the fact that our game, and game birds, are rapidly withdrawing before the devastating hand of civilization, which knows no check, and is often unreasonable to a severe degree. Game is killed out promiscuously, and nothing is left for seed. Now it is that we have seen that if our game and game birds can thus be wiped out, it is also possible that our songbirds will follow in the footsteps, so to speak, of the vanishing and obliterated ones. The antidote for this is a rigid and comprehensive protection on the part of nature loving individuals, all joined together to save the birds. Hitherto, in their migrations, robins, more than any other songbirds, were killed by the hundreds of thousands in the southern states to supply the restaurants and hotels in the big cities, where these birds went to make quail on toast, on the bill of fare. They were killed by the so-called poor white thrash, and negroes, who received for them ten cents a dozen. However, now, with the timely insertion of the McLean Migratory Bird Law, protecting all migrating birds, and songbirds for all time, in

all seasons of the year, great forward steps have been taken in the protection of this national bird; one of the most welcome of them all. Orchardists and fruit growers sometimes complain that robins ravage their bushes, and trees, and spoil, or destroy, much fruit. They therefore are known to kill them, thus giving an ample evidence of the close selfishness of the American people. It is true, and there is no gainsaying it, that robins and other birds do eat fruit and berries, but at the same time they kill three or four times as much in blighting insects, thus balancing the score. There is one berry grower of my acquaintance who yearly killed numbers of songbirds because they now and then come into his patch for a change in their bill of daily fare. The result was that birds finally got wind of the state of conditions and did not venture near the patch, for some warning seemed communicated around among them. As a direct result the insects began to gather in his bushes and Nature's great plan of balance was disturbed. The insects increased; if birds happened anywhere around to keep down the insect overflow my friend promptly killed them. I pointed it out to him again, for about the tenth time, and finally he realized the truth of the assertion, and laid aside the gun, quelling his restricted sense of observation, replacing his stubbornness with a more liberal spirit. The result was, that, while the birds came, now and then, the insects never again got the upper hand. This is just an example of things in general. Where birds seem actually at work destroying berries in a patch, closer observation may prove to you that they are engaged in picking off insects or worms.

(Continued on page 6.)

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SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, December 15th, 1913.

STRONG

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington, at 6.23 A. M. and 1.37 P. M.; for Phillips at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M. and for Rangeley at 6.47 P. M. and for Kingfield and Bigelow at 5.50 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Strong from Farmington at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M.; from Phillips at 6.23 A. M.; and from Rangeley and Phillips at 1.37 P. M.; and Bigelow and Kingfield at 1.25 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.; and for Kingfield at 5.50 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS arrive at Strong from Phillips at 8.45 A. M.; from Kingfield at 2.10 P. M. and from Farmington at 11.45 A. M.

PHILLIPS

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Phillips for Farmington, at 6.00 A. M. and 1.15 P. M.; for Rangeley at 6.15 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives at Phillips from Farmington at 12.53 P. M. and 6.10 P. M.; from Rangeley at 12.20 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Phillips for Farmington at 7.30 A. M. and for Rangeley at 7.40 A. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Phillips from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. and from Rangeley at 3.00 P. M.

RANGELEY

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Rangeley for Farmington at 10.40 A. M.; and arrives from Farmington at 8.00 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives from Phillips at 10.15 A. M.; and leaves for Phillips at 10.55 A. M.

SALEM

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves for Strong and Farmington at 12.50 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 2.28 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Salem for Strong and Farmington at 1.15 P. M.; and arrives from Strong at 6.25 P. M.

KINGFIELD

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Farmington at 12.40 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 2.50 P. M.; and from Bigelow at 4.50 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Bigelow at 7.15 A. M. and for Strong at 12.35 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives from Bigelow at 11.30 A. M. and from Strong at 6.50 P. M.

BIGELOW

MIXED TRAIN leaves Bigelow for Strong and Farmington at 10.07 A. M.; and arrives from Kingfield at 9.15 A. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives from Farmington and Strong at 3.43 P. M.; and leaves for Kingfield at 4.00 P. M.

F. N. BEAL, G. P. A.

MAINE WOODS

ISSUED WEEKLY

J. W. Brackett Co.
Phillips, Maine

L. B. BRACKETT,
Business Manager

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THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1914

This Issue Is 5163 Copies.

Some WEATHER FOR MARCH

Sam Morrill of Lewiston says there
is going to be some weather during
March, reports the Lewiston Jour-
nal. It isn't going to be quite like
that of February, but it will be
weather, never fear. Here Sam's
prognostication of what is going to
be:

From the fourth to the eighth,
rising temperature, with snow or
rain, followed by a cold wave.

From the ninth to the thirteenth,
changeable weather may be expect-
ed.

From the 14th to the 17th, fair,
cool and windy.

From the 18th to the 21st, fair and
mild.

From the 22d to the 26th, a rise
in temperature and rain storm fol-
lowed by cold weather.

From the 27th to the 31st, con-
tinued warm, with snow or rain fol-
lowed by a cold wave.

The average temperature for the
month will be below the average and
the precipitation will be below nor-
mal.

CANADIAN GAME CONDITIONS

It is a well known fact that people
of the states give little or no atten-
tion to what goes on in Canada,
other than the usual passing notice.
The same is manifest among the
ranks of the outdoor brotherhood.
That all keen and alert sportsmen
should pay attention to what is go-
ing on in the north goes without
saying. Therefore all should study
the game conditions of these north-
ern sections in that it reflects great-
ly upon conditions in our midst.
That co-operation between Canadians
and Americans should be adopted, is
a desirable thing; if any exception-
ally good measures for fish and
game protection and preservation be
put forth in the territory to the north
of us it should meet with hearty ac-
ceptance and recognition by all
sane-minded, outdoor Americans.
That there exists a wall between the
two countries is only too evident.
What are sportsmen doing toward
keeping up these past enmities and
prejudices? We know that some of
the best fish and game territory on
this continent, also some of the
most scenic beauty, is found in
Canada, eastern Canada being fam-
ous for its claim to eminence. Year-
ly it draws thousands of Americans
into its region, and yet there still
exists that thin wall of prejudice.
Is the Canadian sportsman a hater
of the American sportsman; or vice
versa? If such is the case, why is
it so? We should like to know the
extent of this friendship and this
enmity; for we at all times desire
to foster a spirit of true sportsman-
ship and courteousness, for only in
that way are we able to hold to past
sane and reasonable standards. In
the Sixth Annual Report of the Fish
and Game Department of Ontario we
find some very interesting informa-
tion that should be read with care.
We find that in waters contiguous
to cities the ducks and waterfowl in
general have been very scarce; and
it is interesting to note that an in-

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ING RATES.

crease in motor boats is suggested as
one of the detriments to continued
good numbers. We can fully un-
derstand this considering the use of
these motor boats by hunters along
the lakes. Also it is claimed that
wholesale pollution of waters is the
cause of much destroying of duck
food. That the same exists in the
states we have only too ample evi-
dence. We might look with great
admiration to a certain Salt Lake
City example, and others, were
they only hunted out. The report
also lays stress upon the very evi-
dent scarcity of ruffed grouse. Hard
winters are the bane of this splen-
did game bird. Although it is
noted that the report has it that
the cold weather during the nesting
season was the cause. In northern
sections, however, thousands of par-
tridge are frozen in the snow,
caused by the partridge finding
shelter by diving into the snow,
after which a sleet will cover the
whole and freeze, thus shutting the
birds in, and thus killing them. Close
season on quail has been found ut-
terly necessary in the Province. Im-
proved farming is of course the
reason; the old shelters are with-
drawn and the wire fences substi-
tuted. Thus the quail have been
forced to nest in the open fields and
especially the meadows where the
mower has proven a destroying fac-
tor. It is also noted by the report
that pheasants have become semi-

Mr. Fletcher states that after an
exciting tussle and incidentally some
scratches and much torn clothing, he
and Mr. King were successful in se-
curing the four bears, although the
old one had to be shot. One cub,
more lively than the others, led his
would-be captors a merry chase of
nearly a mile through the deep snow,
but finally Mr. King overtook the
fleeing youngster and threw himself
upon it, crushing the cub down into
the snow. The cub was then tied
and the party returned to the den,
where the other cubs had been se-
cured in a similar manner. Two of
the cubs were slung on a pole and
taken out to the road, while the
third was carried in a bag.

Under the direction of Mr. Fletch-
er the carcass of the old bear was
hauled to the highway, and eventual-
ly the party of men and bears
reached Mr. King's home, where the
captive were secured in the cellar.
The old bear weighed 150 pounds
and with the hide brought a good
price. The cubs weigh 50 pounds
each. One of the cubs which is sup-
posed to have been wounded at the
time that the mother was killed, has
since died, but the other two are
reported to be as lively as crickets.

ALL AROUND THE STATE

Report says that there are 40
inches of snow at Moosehead lake.
It is understood that the ice on the

Last week, says the Mars Hill
View, a snowshoe party disturbed a
yard of deer at the base of Mars
Hill and two deer came down back
of Fred Wortman's barn, browsed
around a while and then made their
way through three feet of snow into
the swamp. Two others crossed the
road and also went into the swamp.
Deer yard every winter back of Mr.
Wortman's and they are guarded by
him and his wife as carefully as
their own stock.

It is probable that if Augusta
sucker fishermen were so disposed
they might fat up their bank ac-
counts to quite an extent by catch-
ing these fish and shipping them to
the New York markets, where the
fish are known as mullets and are
very popular with the foreign popu-
lation of that city. Down on the
Cathance river at Bowdoinham suck-
er fishing is carried on as a busi-
ness and a ready market in New
York is found for all the fish sent
to that city, where they retail dur-
ing the winter months at from 25
to 28 cents per pound. It is said
that the fishery at Bowdoinham and
vicinity is playing out, but from all
indications there are plenty of the
fish in the Kennebec river in the
vicinity of Augusta.

The latest addition to the State
museum is a large collection of

adult fish attained a weight of fif-
teen to eighteen pounds, affording
splendid sport to the angler.

The year 1910 was the banner year
so far as maximum weight is con-
cerned. Since that time thousands
of salmon have been caught yearly
but scarcely any of great size. The
average during the past season was
about three pounds.

Various theories have been pre-
sented to account for this apparent
stunting of the fish, but none of
them are satisfactory. Scarcity of
food supply has been argued as the
cause, but the plump condition of
all fish caught weighs heavily against
this and in spite of all contradiction
the writer, who has fished the lake
for many years, found the smelt up-
on which the salmon feed to be as
numerous this past year as any
year.

Aside from this problem as to the
cause of "dwarfing the salmon" an-
other problem has presented itself:
namely, what has become of the
hordes of brook trout fingerlings
that have been introduced into the
lake in recent years by state and
national commissioners and by the
Sunapee Fishermen's Association.

Several other phenomena have re-
quired explanation. For instance,
why have the yellow perch become
almost extinct in the lake? Why
have the pickerel disappeared? Why
have very few large bass been
caught during the last five years, and
why are the bass growing scarce?
Furthermore the golden saibling
which is of a rare and beautiful
species indigenous to Sunapee Lake
has suffered heavily during the last
decade, either through being fished
out or for some other reason.

At the suggestion of Mr. Georgett,
Graham and other interested sports-
men the national bureau of fisheries
employed during the last three years
the services of one of their scientific
assistants to unravel the mysteries
arising in connection with artificial
fish propagation in the lake. This
specialist was Mr. William Converse
Kendall, a careful and painstaking
investigator, whose final report is
now published as Fisheries Document
No. 783.

Mr. Kendall began his work by
making a careful study of the en-
tire region represented by the lake
and its tributary water supply. This
study convinced him that Lake Sun-
apee because of its total lack of
suitable spawning rivers should not
be the habitat of salmon. Their in-
troduction into such a lake and their
propagation thereafter must be ac-
complished wholly by artificial
means. On the contrary it
was evident to Mr. Kendall
that very good conditions ob-
tain for the self-propagation
of trout and he believes that these
only should have been objects of
fish cultural operations.

To further strengthen this conten-
tion he proceeds to give,
in his illuminating report, a
thorough review of all native
and artificially introduced var-
ieties of fish now to be found in
the lake. He enumerates the fol-
lowing native species which are to
be found at Lake Sunapee and are
also common in nearly all similar
lakes:—Sucker, chub, sunfish, black
nose or barbel, pickerel, eel, yellow
perch, hornput. Brook trout and
golden trout are also mentioned as
native species. Black bass of the
small-mouthed variety were intro-
duced into the lake in 1868, having been
brought thither from Lake Cham-
plain. As early as 1875 black bass
were reported to be so abundant that
three boxes were caught by anglers
in a single year, and Sunapee was
mentioned in the report of the New
Hampshire commissioners as the
leading black bass lake in the state.

Smelts were first introduced into
the lake in 1870, the initial plant
numbering 700 specimens obtained
from Lake Winnepesaukee. One
thousand more of these fish were
planted in 1872. From these small
plantings the smelt have multiplied
until they are now very abundant.
They form the chief food of the sal-
mon, and yet are so prolific as to
survive the ordeal of perpetual in-
security.

Regarding the salmon two periods
are to be distinguished in their
"reign of terror" in the lake. The
first period is that of the landlock-
ed or "Grand Lake" salmon which
were first introduced in 1867 and
were for a long time very abundant,
reaching their maximum propagation
in 1890. Since that time they have
steadily decreased, and they are now
nearly extinct. Considering the re-
ported facts of the introduction of
successive plants of these salmon ag-

(Continued on page eight.)



A GOOD BAG OF GAME

domesticated, staying close to the
farms, thus allowing indifferent men
and boys to reap a harvest. It is
fully expected that the pheasant will
never be a prominent feature of the
country's game supply. It has been
found necessary to absolutely pro-
hibit shooting of them.

The annual report of the Chief
Game Guardian of the Province of
Alberta is vastly more encouraging,
it being noted that the sharp tailed
grouse, or the prairie chicken, is re-
ported plentiful over the whole ter-
ritory. Ruffed grouse are also
plentiful. The imported Hungarian
partridges are doing nicely and are
spreading over a wide territory,
which is very interesting to note.
The report, however, says, regarding
ducks:

"Ducks unfortunately are decreas-
ing in numbers, although to the
casual observer they may seem to
be yet very plentiful. Those who
have been in the Province for many
years and who have kept in touch
with such matters, however, realize
that their numbers have become re-
duced and it is feared that unless
some means of propagating them, is
discovered, they will, within a short
time, become exceedingly scarce.
The suggestion is made that en-
couragement be given farmers who
are in a position to establish a duck
farm, to raise these birds in captiv-
ity."

This is very interesting indeed. The
Huntington plan will evidently bear
its fruits, north of us, before it does
in this country, meaning a benefit to
ourselves, if we would recognize it.

MAN GETS BEAR AND CUBS

Charles F. Fletcher, who lives on
the West River road, Augusta, has
received a letter from his son, Fred
Fletcher, formerly of that city
but who is now engaged in the lum-
bering business at Winn with Bert
King of that place, giving the in-
teresting details of the capture by
two men Monday, Feb. 16, of an old
bear and three cubs, which they
found in a den.

lake has been considered unsafe for
heavy teams during the present win-
ter. The cold weather seems to
have cracked the ice and on Brassau
lake there is a good deal of water.
The frost seems to have affected
conditions quite seriously.

Hunting a wild cat on Sunday
whose tracks had been discovered
earlier in the day, cost Roscoe D.
Long, aged 31, a merchant at East
Blue Hill, his life. A bullet, fired
by Oscar Black, as the wild cat was
crossing a ledge, bounced from the
ledge and severed a large artery in
Long's leg above the knee. He was
taken to his home but died during
the night.

The Belfast Board of Trade has
started a movement looking to the
erection of a new hotel in that city.
There is a growing tendency among
summer visitors to this state to make
their headquarters in the cities.
Belfast with its beautiful surroundings
and its site upon the shores of Pe-
nectscot bay is admirably adapted to
be a place of summer residence for
large numbers of people.

Everett R. Joscelyn of Portland,
son-in-law of Col. and Mrs. Geo. D.
Bisbee, has purchased a summer
home at Mountain View Park, South
Portland.

The usual way of passing the win-
ter vacation, by those who can af-
ford one, is to go south, but that
will now be changed around for
those who like the idea, as The
Rockledge at Popham Beach is to be
kept open the year around. The
house is now being changed and ad-
ded to in order to afford every com-
fort and convenience to the winter
guests.

Crows have been seen flying north-
ward for a week, duck and shel-
drake are in the lower Kennebec
and the first robin is reported
there; yet it was away below freez-
ing Tuesday morning.

birds' eggs, presented by F. J. Pa-
lange, a taxidermist residing in
Lewiston. The collection contains
many beautiful specimens and is
gladly welcomed by the commission-
ers.

Warden E. P. King of Skowhegan,
last week reported to the State
Commission of Inland Fisheries and
Game, an interesting experience
which he recently had while going a-
cross country from Mosquito to
Kingsbury. Passing by a camp on
his route, he noticed deer hair on
the freshly fallen snow and immedi-
ately became aware that game had
recently been killed in that vicinity.
While preparing to investigate fur-
ther he heard voices and stepping a-
side, he saw a man and a boy, who
had in their possession 30 pounds of
deer meat. They had unconscien-
tially walked into the arms of the war-
den. A hearing was held before
Judge Lancaster of Skowhegan and
the man was ordered to pay a fine
of \$40 and costs and being unable
to pay was committed to jail. The
other party paid costs amounting to
\$24 and sentence was suspended.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT

Study of Fish Species and Fishing
Conditions in Sunapee Lake,
N. H., Just Issued by U.
S. Bureau of Fisheries.

Somerville, Mass., Mar. 9, 1914.
To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Lake Sunapee, N. H., has been a
favorite fishing resort for many
years, but its prestige has greatly
increased during the last ten years
owing to the introduction of young
Pacific salmon. These fish were
first introduced into Lake Sunapee in
1904, by a plant of 3000 fingerlings.
Since that time over 150,000 small
salmon have been planted in the
lake, reaching the lake from small
tributary streams where they were
first deposited.

The immediate results of the early
plantings were very gratifying and

CLASSIFIED

One cent a word in advance. No headline on other display. Subjects in a, b, c, order.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Village stand in Phillips Upper Village. Inquire of J. Blaine Morrison.

FOR SALE—The unusually staunch and able steam yacht, "Wa-Wa" of about 22 H. P. The U. S. Government inspection of 1911 showed her to be in first class condition. May be inspected at Camp Bellevue, Upper Dam, Maine. Price will be reasonable to a quick purchaser. Apply to Dr. Norton Downs, Fordhook Farm, Three Tuns, Pa. Or Archer A. Poor at camp.

FOR SALE—Edison Dictating machine. In first class condition. Inquire at Maine Woods office.

FOR SALE—One of the best situated camps on the Richardson Lake. Fully furnished, electric lights, 13 bedrooms, pool room, dining room, sitting room, guides' camps, etc. Suitable for Club House. Address Mr. William J. Downing, Mason Building, Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE—Six bedroom sets with white iron beds and mattresses, a refrigerator, chairs, telephone instrument and small household articles. Mrs. Chas. Miner, Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE—Sixteen room house, convenient for two families or boarding house. Bathroom. Stable 28 by 50. Two minutes' walk to station. Five minutes' walk to postoffice. C. H. Miner, Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE—At auction, dry goods, boots and shoes at my store, March 23, at 9 a. m. Joe St. Ober, Madrid.

FOR SALE—Several pairs of work horses after sledding breaks up. C. V. Starbird, Strong, Maine.

TO LET.

TO RENT—House on Dodge road. B. Frank Deal.

WANTED.

WANTED—A few new milk cows and calves. A. S. Beedy, Phillips.

WANTED—Live coons. E. S. Gifford, Auburn, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GINSENG JOURNAL, Arrowsmith, Ill.—48 pages monthly. Vital interest to ginseng and seal growers. Plants to set. 100 seeds premium to new subscribers. 50c year.

SURE



Jinks—Did you see Tom huggin' and squeezing that ancient maiden on the porch?
Blinks—Yes, she's an heiress.
Jinks—Another case of being hard pressed for money.

Centering to "Up State" Folks
THE CHASE HOUSE
434 Congress St.,
PORTLAND, MAINE

Erected in 1911, and positively the only fireproof hotel in the city. Elevator Service, Private and Public Baths and every convenience for the comfort of guests including
HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER AND LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM
SPLENDID RESTAURANT CONNECTED FEATURING POULTRY AND MEATS
American Plan \$2.50 per day, upward
European Plan \$1.00 per day, upward
Letters of inquiry regarding rates etc., promptly answered.
H. E. THURSTON, R. F. HILMELEIN,
Proprietors

ENTERTAINS

AT WHIST

Death of Former Rangeley Lady, Mrs. Clark.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Rangeley, March 10.—Mrs. W. E. Tibbetts entertained at whist Thursday afternoon in a very pleasant manner. Refreshments of cocoa, sandwiches, and assorted cookies were served. The prizes were won as follows: First prizes, Mrs. G. W. Pickel, Mrs. Frank Porter, old ivory cake plates; Mrs. Anson Oakes, Mrs. Herbert Spiller, consolation, miniature picture frames. The following guests were present: Mdms. James Mathieson, Josephine Marshall, W. F. Oakes, E. L. Haley, Fred Hinkley, F. Freeman Tibbetts, Alvah Sprague, C. W. Cushman, Herbert Spiller, H. A. Furbish, Eugene Soule, Guy Brooks, F. B. Burns, F. C. Porter, E. I. Herrick, David Quimby, A. M. Hoar, C. W. Barrett, Phil Tibbetts, G. A. Proctor, Anson Oakes, Addie Richardson, S. Leach, Clara Rector, C. H. Neal, G. L. Kempton, H. W. Badger, Ira Hoar, F. B. Stewart, E. C. Huntoon, G. W. Pickel, F. B. Colby, W. D. Quimby, Miss Muriel Hoar, Mrs. Arthur Arnburg.

Summit Rebekah Lodge No. 120 observed children's night Tuesday evening, March 3. An interesting program was enjoyed after which a lunch consisting of assorted cake and "arlequin ice cream was served by the following committee: Mertie Collins, Minnie Cushman, Josie Hoar, Lucy Herrick, Ida Carlton, Inza Hinkley. This event is to become permanent. The following program was enjoyed: Music, Elizabeth Gifford; reading, Hannah Pease; recitation, Isabelle Russell vocal duet, Velma Tomlinson, Elizabeth Gifford, accompanied by Miss Bertha Russell; recitation, Kathleen Hinkley; recitation, Beatrice Nile; music, Amberola selections, Declamation, Aletha Nile; reading, Mable Pease; solo, Lucy Twombly; recitation, Pauline Rector; reading, Helen Raymond; singing, Leora Tomlinson, Aletha Childs; reading, Minnie Haley.

Chester and Russell Robbins who have been working for Austin Hinkley the past winter have returned to their home.

Frank Badger who has been working for Haley & Russell came Monday to work for Oakes & Badger. He is boarding with Henry W. Badger.

Mrs. M. D. Tibbetts was called to North Jay by the death of her sister's husband, Harry Reynolds. M. D. Tibbetts and Miss Susie, who have been spending the week in Boston stopped off at North Jay on the return home.

Mr. and Mrs. Eben Rowe left Tuesday morning to attend Quarterly meeting at Chesterville.

The choral assn. are planning to give a cantata at Easter time entitled "The Conquering King." The association hope to make enough money to pay for the year's supply of music. Sunday the men's quartette composed of A. M. Ross, H. O. Huntoon, O. R. Rowe and J. S. Hoar furnished music at the morning service.

Dr. Graves was at Mrs. McCard's the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Leon Hoar and children who have been at Macy Junction the past winter have returned home.

Mrs. Aaron Soule is visiting her parents at Freeport.

Hal Tibbetts, who is employed at Shaw's grocery store, Portland, was the guest of his parents the past week.

At the Ladies' Aid meeting Wednesday afternoon Mrs. James Mathieson and Mrs. F. B. Burns were the hostesses. Refreshments of cocoa, assorted cake, olives and saltines were served.

Last Saturday evening The Men's League enjoyed another of their fine banquets at Russell's hall. At the close of the supper hour, Prof. J. E. Peakes gave a fine paper on the Political History of the United States. The subject was very ably handled and was much enjoyed by all present. The Men's League is a very progressive organization and are planning many good things for the future. The next supper which will be March 21, will be held at the Rangeley Tavern and arrangements are being made for interesting speakers at this session.

Master Wilfred Hoar, who has been threatened with pneumonia is slight-

ly better.

Word has been received of the death of Mrs. Samuel E. Clark at Andover, the immediate cause of her death being bronchitis. Mrs. Clark who was formerly Rose Hewey was at one time engaged in the millinery business in Rangeley, selling her business to Mrs. E. P. McCard. For many years she has been an invalid confined to her wheel chair. She is survived by her husband and one sister, Miss Evie Hewey, who is post mistress at East Hartford, Connecticut.

Geo. Hoar spent the past week at Brockton and Boston, combining business and pleasure.

Carroll Hewey and family have returned home after spending the winter in the woods.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pillsbury were called to Lewiston by the serious illness of their son Phil who is at Central Maine General hospital. They returned home Friday night.

Geo. Wing, who has been spending the winter at Madrid has returned home and reopened his store.

Miss Amanda Bourque is visiting Miss Ida Pepper.

The Boy Scouts entertained their parents and friends at the Grange hall Friday evening. The following program was given: Recitation, Constantine Harnden; piano solo, Miss Beatrice Jones; recitation, Nathan Handy; recitation, Agis Oakes; song, Miss Gifford; recitation, Leo Collins; dialogue, Loves Labor not Lost, Maxwell Neal, Clinton Hoar, Merle Brooks; Scout song, Hike Along, Aletha Childs, Leora Tomlinson; exemplification of scout work by the boys. During the evening Don Hoar, Merle Brooks and Coleen Nile showed what the boys had learned. The Fireman's Lift by Vernon Collins and Kenneth Lamb. Scout signs were given by Conrad Lamb. Nathan Handy gave the 2 points in the Scout Law. A social hour followed during which candy and popcorn were on sale. About \$10 was realized from the entertainment which will be added to the treasury. The boys did finely and deserve much credit. H. A. Childs had charge of the work.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Furbish left Saturday morning for a vacation trip to Boston and New York. "Muggins" is boarding with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCard.

Mrs. O. R. Rowe, who has been at Portland receiving treatment for her eyes for the past three weeks, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tibbetts and children went to Boston to spend the week.

Arthur Aldrich is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Mitchell.

Geo. Bourque who has been very ill with pneumonia at the home of his aunt Mrs. Amanda Morrison has so far recovered as to be up about the house.

The Pythian Sisters remembered Mrs. Rolla Toothaker, who is at Dr. Abbott's private hospital recovering from an operation on her knee, with flowers and a post card shower the past week.

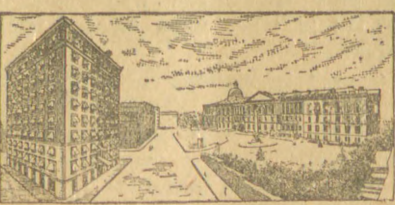
Mrs. Eugene Morrill of Concord is spending a few weeks with her mother Mrs. Margaret Pratt.

Miss Eugenia Easeley is tutoring Rena Tibbetts.

Linton Thibodeau, who is assistant baggage master at Rumford Falls spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Susan Thibodeau.

Master Hayden and Payson Tibbetts are the proud possessors of a fine new pony sleigh and enjoy many rides with their pony.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart left Friday for a week's visit in Boston.



Commonwealth Hotel Inc.

Opposite State House, Boston, Mass.

Offers room with hot and cold water for \$1.00 per day and up, which includes free use of public flower baths.

Nothing to Equal This in New England

Rooms with private baths for \$1.50 per day and up; suites of two rooms and bath for \$4.00 per day and up.

ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF
Strictly a Temperance Hotel
Send for Booklet
STORER E. CRAFTS, Gen. Manager

Mrs. Sarah Durant who has been spending the winter with her daughter Mrs. Stewart has gone to Waterville to visit her daughter Mrs. Fortier.

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Paul Pillsbury were held Thursday afternoon at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Haley, Rev. H. A. Childs officiating. She is survived by her husband, her parents and an infant daughter. Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones.

The Knights of Pythias worked the rank of Esquire on H. W. Brown Monday night. About 50 were in attendance. At the close of work a banquet of ham sandwiches, doughnuts, cheese, coffee, apple and pumpkin pie was served by David Quimby, Leon Wright and Will Huntoon.

Miss Elsie Badger is spending a few weeks with her brother, H. W. Badger.

Miss Shirley Hoar celebrated her birthday Thursday evening by entertaining the following at whist: Marjorie Oakes, Marion Quimby, Stella and Norman Huntoon, Howard Herrick, Lester Magune and Vance Oakes. Candy was served during the evening and refreshments of hot chocolate, sandwiches, birthday cake and fancy crackers were served. Miss Shirley received several nice gifts in memory of the occasion.

The staging is being built for the putting in of the new town clock recently given by Mrs. Lucy Bowdoin in memory of her late son, Abel H. Proctor. The work is being done by Leon Wright.

LARGER AUTO TIRES

MANUFACTURERS GENERALLY REGARD THEM WITH FAVOR.

Are Almost Everywhere Advocating Their Use as a Protection to the Customer.

"The standardizing of everything pertaining to an automobile proceeds steadily," announced a manufacturer, discussing the outlook for 1914. "Not only is the trend toward fewer standard tire sizes, but it will be found, when the standard has arrived, that the sizes generally used will be uniformly larger tires than have been considered large enough hitherto. The Society of Automobile Engineers is now trying to reduce tire size to about 12. Probably the popular sizes will number even less than that, finally. It will be remembered that a few years ago there was a rush toward very large wheels and tires by certain car makers. Since then practice has returned to sizes between the largest and the old bicycle sizes that were the original foundation.

"In cross-section there is a steadily greater demand for larger tires. There's a reason for this. This company recently concluded a detailed investigation of the tire troubles. Of tires returned to manufacturers it was found, for instance, that five times as many 34x4 tires were damaged in the fabric as in the 35x4½ size, six times as many 32x3½ tires had fabric break as 33x4, and the same comparison applies to 36x4 and 37x4½, and 34x3½ and 35x4.

"In other words, where large alternative tires are used, fabric damage is largely eliminated. What little does occur in the larger sizes results directly from undue-inflation or accident.

"Tire companies are naturally advocating the use of larger tires wherever possible, as a protection not only to themselves but to car owners as well. The result is already seen in lower mileage costs."

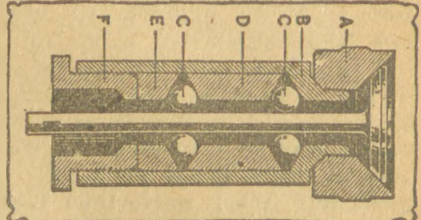
Make Good Examination.

In searching for trouble of any kind, the motorist generally examines the face of his valves, either inlet or exhaust, and if they are found to fit tight and to be apparently in good order his examination seldom goes further. But it is very possible that the cause of the trouble may be the valve spindles and guides. Of course, every motorist realizes that the mixture is the all important matter as regards the carburetor. The proportions of vapor and air may easily be upset, if from wear the valve stems are reduced or the space between the guides become enlarged, as a small amount of air at this point is enough to destroy the proper proportions of the mixture. When this occurs the action of the throttle is rendered uneven. One minute the engine speeds up and the next it drags heavily. It is advisable, therefore to give more than a cursory glance at the valves, when one is having trouble with the accelerator.

MAKING VALVE FACES TRUE

New Appliance That Seems Satisfactory Has Recently Been Placed on the British Market.

A newly patented appliance for truing the faces of poppet valves has appeared in the British market and is shown here. To the casing B is screwed the cutter A. Inside the casing are a double-coned ring D and a single-coned ring E, which form ball races for two sets of steel balls. The



function of parts D and E and balls C is to hold the valve stem concentrically within the appliance whatever the diameter of the stem may be, so that the valve face will bed evenly on the cutting surface when it is being trued up. The cones are adjustable by means of the threaded nut F. To turn up the valve face the valve is rotated on the cutter by means of a screwdriver or a brace bit, and the appliance itself may be held in the hand or gripped in a vise. When the cutting surface has become worn out, it can be recut or renewed.—From The Engineer.

Thief-Proof Auto Lock.

A thief-proof lock is the latest invention in the automobile world, due to the efforts of J. E. Gibbons, J. G. F. Smith and C. A. Smith of this city. The lock, which is unique in design and ornamental, is located on the steering column under the steering wheel, and gives the general appearance of being a part of the steering post.

In bringing a car to a stop the wheels are slightly offset, the right hand turning the wheel and the left hand forcing the collar upward into the locking slots, and the spring lock automatically locking the car. A different type key is used for each machine. While a culprit endeavoring to steal a motor car may start the engine before getting into the car, he would be unable to remove it from the curb when the wheel is locked or even tow the car away.

Belt Drives Popular.

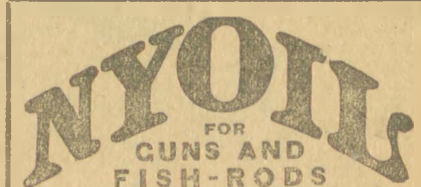
Belt drives are still popular in England. A late innovation is a pneumatically shifting variable belt pulley, which departs from the orthodox mechanically operated devices. One of the advantages claimed is a "softer" drive due to the compressibility of air. Compared with American practice, the arrangement seems complicated.

Despite the fitting of a coil or helix in the gasoline feed line, it is not altogether uncommon for it to crack or break, due to vibration and consequent fatiguing of the metal. Annealing the pipe well generally proves efficacious. However, where any considerable amount of trouble is experienced, a piece of flexible metal hose will serve admirably.

For Correct Mixture.

A sooty valve means an overrich mixture. Cut down the gasoline until there is a "popping back" in the carburetor, then increase it slowly until the engine runs properly.

Germ of disease should be promptly expelled from the blood. This is a time when the system is especially susceptible to them. Get rid of all impurities in the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and thus fortify your whole body and prevent illness.



William F. Nye is the greatest authority on refined oils in the world. He was the first bottler; has the largest business and NYOIL is the best oil he has ever made.

NYOIL HAS NO EQUAL.

Beware of scented mixtures called oil. Use NYOIL on everything where a light oil is needed. It prevents rust and gives perfect lubrication.

Sportsmen, use it liberally on your firearms and your rod. You will find it by far the best. Hardware and sporting goods dealers sell it in large bottles (cheaper to buy) at 25 c. and in trial sizes at 10 c. Made by

WM. F. NYE,
New Bedford, Mass.

Fly Rod's Note Book

BY FLY ROD

March 10, 1914.

"How do you do, everybody who has been writing to ask me, 'Are you snowed in way down there in the State of Maine, or have you lost your Note Book, etc?'"

It is true we have had plenty of snow and morning after morning these winter days I would open my cottage door to learn from the thermometer "what is the weather?" I would find it any where from 20 to 30 or more degrees below zero.

But now it is about time for the letters to come from city friends asking "can you give us some idea of the time the ice will leave the Rangeley Lakes?" It is early ye fishermen to bet on that event, but not too early in the season to spend an hour with your fishing tackle. Be sure you give your rods a new Easter coat of varnish. Order all those flies you intended last fall to have tied for your own special use, with a bit more scarlet, an extra touch of silver and gold here and there. Just try your lines, perhaps you reeled in last autumn as a few snow flakes in the late September reminded you "close time tomorrow" and on your return to camp, while packing to go home forgot to dry your line that cost a V.

Take the advice of an old angler like myself, it is free, and give your lines a good test, for by doing so you may save a gamy salmon next spring while trolling in Smith's cove, or near Frye's camp.

Letters from many kind friends have done much to cheer, and also have brought news of many pleasing events. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hawkins of Providence, R. I., wrote that they are already planning to return to Mountain View for another season; that recently the engagement of two charming young people both great favorites has been announced, that of Roger Holloway of New York and Miss Ethel Bolles of Hartford, Conn. The wedding is to be in June and their many friends at the Rangeleys hope they will pass their honeymoon days there.

Miss Alice Wirz of Philadelphia,

another of the happy family at Mountain View in the good old summer time is a pupil at Dana Hall near Boston.

Frank G. Plummer for nearly 20 years the popular clerk at Mountain View is now at the Townsend Hotel in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

A pleasant note from Kenneth Wood of Buffalo, N. Y., who is at the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn., tells me how much he enjoys the Maine Woods that is welcome each week. Kenneth is one of the most popular boys that ever joined in sports at the Rangeley Lake House, and he writes that several of the summer guests there are winning golf and tennis cups in the sunny south these days when the stuff some folks call "beautiful snow" covers this part of the world.

The days are growing longer and there are signs of spring even way down here in Maine and we all have "the spring feeling" and I think Dr. Harper of Hartford, Conn., in his charming little volume of poems "The Old Fly Book and Other Stuff" that was published at Christmas time is also thinking of his annual trip to the Rangeleys for he so well expresses it thus: When old March ca'ms down a leetle An' the days go, one by one, An' the snow's a-disappearin' Neath the warmin' o' the sun, Then I take my little bamboo From its peg upon the wall, Kinder jes' look through my fly book Gnat and Midget, Montreal, An' I see the dancin' ripples Flashin' back the sun an' shine, An' I git a kinder twitchin' In that right elbow o' mine."

A delightful note from my old friend Mr. Chas. Z. Southard of Groton, Mass., received this week tells me the book he has for years been working on will in May be published by E. P. Dutton and Co. of New York. It is "Trout Fly-fishing in America." There are to be 20 colored plates and many illustrations by H. E. Leonard. Last September at Camp 4 on the shore of Kennebec lake I had the pleasure of seeing some of the paintings from which the plates were made and more fascinating than any novel were the type written chapters I read while sitting on the camp piazza and the trout in the lake close by were jumping out of the water for amusement and it seemed into this wonderful book itself. The size of this book which will be all that the bookmaker's art can accomplish to make it beautiful will be 8½ by 10½ inches with 350 pages. There are to be 100 copies of DeLuxe Edition that will sell for \$20 per volume and the regular edition \$7.50. Anglers all over this and in foreign lands who cast the fly for the "speckled beauty" will welcome this the most accurate work ever published about trout, their home, habits, etc., and I fancy not only the guests but the fish themselves will welcome Mr. Southard on his annual trip when the season opens. This great fly fisherman, who catches hundreds of trout each year does not often kill one.

I hope in a few days to be able to accept an invitation to spend Easter in Boston, and if any of my good friends want to find me, a letter addressed care of P. Besse, 140 Boylston street, will be forwarded. I expect to return and be one of the first at the Rangeleys when the ice goes out, and hope to greet many readers of the Maine Woods and

in answer to "what luck?" hear them reel off the fish stories that will appear in my Note Book.

Fly Rod

MUCH SPECULATION IN FOX FUR FARMS.

Since a score or more of silver-back fox companies in Prince Edward Island are canvassing vigorously for American capital United States Consul Wesley Frost, a Charlottetown, has made a second report on the new industry.

Since 1911, he finds, the value of first quality Prince Edward Island silver-back foxes for breeding purposes has risen from \$10,000 a pair to \$18,000, but a very strong speculative element has appeared in the business. The result of his investigation is that he advises prospective investors to exercise great caution before putting their money into a business which is admittedly very attractive, and if properly conducted likely to be very remunerative.

"The consensus of intelligent opinion, both on the part of local business men and those who come from abroad to look into the situation," observes Mr. Frost, "is to the effect that the fox industry presents a highly attractive and promising speculation (1) if the quality of the foxes handled be positively known, and (2) if the management of the ranch or company be capable and wholly honest. As in any strikingly remunerative business, the character of the promoters varies infinitely, so that in every case the fullest possible information as to the personality of the men in charge of the proposition should be sought out."

"Capitalizing even the finest foxes at high figures should also be considered with great caution. As a prominent Island newspaper has stated editorially, 'There will probably be a weeding out of weak companies when the market reaches the pelt basis.' The fox expert of the Canadian commission of conservation, J. Walter Jones, in his excellent official bulletin on fur farming, gives the following warning: 'Although there is ample basis for a sound industry in fox farming, it is necessary that the general public should realize that the industry is becoming a highly speculative one and that the individual who puts his money into companies loaded with a heavy burden of capitalization assumes a great risk.'

"Some new details as to the manner of caring for the island foxes may be worthy of notice. There is a tendency toward making the pens larger, some of the most up-to-date ranches having paddock areas 50 by 50 feet instead of 25 by 50 feet, as formerly. The idea is that the fox has more opportunity to run and get exercise. It is said that one Ontario ranch has a running pen of several hundred feet, in which the foxes may be seen running steadily for hours at a time.

"Another new suggestion relates to the use of sheet iron in place of part of the wire netting to prevent foxes from climbing. It has been found that this iron refracts the heat injuriously in summer. The use of boards for this purpose and clipping the foxes' claws have been advocated.

"In April, 1913, the Provincial Assembly of Prince Edward Island passed a law levying a tax of 1 per cent of value upon all young foxes reared in captivity each year, and providing in detail for sworn statements from every fox ranch as to the number, character, and legal ownership of its animals. Under its provisions there was collected \$37,112 in taxes upon 1,394 young foxes.

"The total number of ranches upon the island was found to be 277, of which 115 were incorporated under Island statutes, and the total number of foxes, including 1,736 born prior to 1913, was found to be 3,130. As this enumeration was conducted primarily to locate young foxes it may have overlooked a considerable number of foxes which were imported during 1913, so that the aggregate number on the island may be 3,500."

THE LAST PANTHER IN NEW-MAN'S "TRACT."

By F. L. Butler

The sun was just dipping below the far western horizon—in a broad expanse of red and gold, and gilded sidewise upon the fast turning autumn leaves of mid October. Deep shadows were already beginning to form 'neath the wide spreading

beech and lofty maples, and on to the verge of a bush fringed stream, the greater French creek of the old French and Indian war. Stillness prevailed over the whole forest which reached as far as the eye could see; with a farewell dip the sun glided below the wood fringed horizon, and the day of mankind was over, and with the gathering of evening shadows animal life began.

This mighty forest which bordered the creek extended in every direction mile upon mile, with scarce a break, save at one or two points where trappers and hunters had erected a small log cabin. Old John Newman, the owner of one of these cabins, was said to own over or about a two thousand acre tract of this unbroken wilderness.

It was on the evening of the day which marks the opening of our story that Old John Newman or "Timber John" as he was called, was making his way homeward following a well beaten path that bordered the creek bank; a path that was used alike by man and beast. The sudden snapping of a twig caused Old John to stop and peer into the gathering shadows of the woods. A certain sharp click, was evidence that Old John's rifle was on duty. "Wander what 'twas," he muttered, as he again resumed his walk; but now he trod carefully, his keen eyes scanning the woods on either hand. Again a twig snapped, this time directly behind him. Turning quickly Old John fired at the sound.

With the report of the rifle a mighty scream awoke the echoes of the forest and went booming down the creek. "A panther sure's a-munder," said Old John as he tumbled in the darkness at reloading, "tis the first panther I have heard in fifteen year, I low'd as how that other trapper on up creek had killed the last panther in these here woods." Having finished reloading his rifle he again proceeded on his way.

Just as he turned a bend in the creek a huge body shot through the air directly in front of him and went crashing away into the alders and cane brakes. Old John heard or saw nothing further of the panther until just as he was entering the small clearing around his cabin. The panther with a mighty bound from the low limb of a scrub beech came hustling through the air. A quick spring to one side was all that saved Old John from a bad slaying up if nothing worse. Again his rifle awoke the echoes and again arose on the night air a piercing blood curdling scream. The rifle was dropped and out came the long hunting knife; another leap, and then, man and beast disappeared with a loud splash into the swift running waters of French creek, which had won man or beast, a mile further down stream where a series of rapids begin.

The story ended here. When the waters washed up man and beast together among the sand strewn rocks, the last panther of Newman's tract was dead. A breath of life still lingered in Old John. He stirred, he moved, he arose, and, boys, he lived to take off that one last panther's skin.

A new moon rose upon the scene and shed his light upon the last acts.

THE VALUE OF BIRD LIFE

(Continued from page three).

We are yet far from being of a conserving and protective nature, in this country. It seems that not until our wild life has almost been wiped out of existence, will we think over the conditions, and take a hand for the common welfare of this wonderful natural resource. As compared with the consideration, and respect, given to the birds in northern European countries, we do not hardly lift ourselves to a common standard. In these days of stress and money madness; of abject commercialism, everything seems lost track of save the glitter and flash of the artificial. Our great natural domain is allowed to be pilfered with ruthless and indiscriminate hands, and nothing is done to prevent these wholesale depredations. It falls then to us to educate the people into an insight into these natural beauties, and their munificence. We should do all in our power to protect and preserve our songbirds, (this summer—all the time!

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN MAINE WOODS. LOW ADVERTISING RATES.

SINS OF THE SALOON

Evanston, Ill., Feb. 26, 1914.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

The Chicago Tribune—one of the leading newspapers of the world, in its issue of February 26, heads its editorial columns with the following stinging indictment of the infamous liquor business. Nothing more indicative of the swelling tide to public indignation against this horrible traffic has appeared in many a month. Bear in mind that The Tribune is not an organ of the temperance forces; nor does it speak without a clear understanding of the force and venom of the rum interest; but this is the terrific blow with which it strikes the saloon, it is as follows; and I wish you might see your way clear to publish it.

Very truly yours,
Frederick A. Noble.

"The sins of the saloon are many. It is but too often a cloak for gambling. It sends armies of men to prison by plying them with liquor long after they have lost all power of discretion, and then letting them loose to commit acts of violence. It has made murderers of thousands of men who would never have raised a hand to kill had not a bartender stupefied them with whiskey. It has destroyed thousands of homes by turning the heads of families into inveterate drunkards.

Another ghastly accusation is now made against the saloon. It is charged with being directly responsible for the downfall of thousands of girls. The back rooms of 445 saloons on only three of Chicago's streets contribute to the delinquency of more than 14,000 girls every twenty-four hours, it is asserted by the Chicago South Side club.

Every policeman, every investigator for the various anti-vice bodies of this city knows that in the case of at least half the saloons of Chicago the "family entrance" is a misnomer. It is not catering to "families," but to young girls. The rear of the saloon screened off from the main barroom and fitted up with stalls and booths intended to give greater privacy is generally a den of vice. There is no excuse for such a screened back room in the saloon, the report of the South Side club says. Every decent citizen will heartily endorse this sentiment."

FORTY THREE CONSECUTIVE YEARLY VACATIONS IN MAINE.

Stoneham, Mass., Feb. 25, 1914.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Enclosed please find one dollar for my year's subscription for your paper.

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Maine Woods is a welcome visitor in my Monday's mail. It's name alone with the memories it brings me is worth far more than the price it costs.

Yours truly,
W. D. Brackett.

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"ALLIGATOR" GAME TRAP

THE MAJESTY OF BOYHOOD

By Robert Page Lincoln

I come to you with a tale of a lowly individual whose life is spent under the surface of the good old Mother Earth; a miniature snake, so to speak, flesh colored as a rule, sometimes red and mottled, sometimes black or dusky. It is the center of many a youth's tender dream; the delight of the still fisher, the key to luck untold. It is the angletworm. Dear old angletworm, how my heart goes out to you. Would that I could fashion around your obscure life the delightful passage of a sonnet. Would that on this machine some words in praise of you would be unfolded, words that would tell, clear and simple what I feel and know about you. The lord of the loam, the little inhabitant of the earth. Ye silver haired anglers, let your minds travel backward—backward, yea backward to your days of youth and happiness. Let your thoughts rest long and lovingly upon this key to the past and there will come to your vision many days of crystal sunshine.

You will remember how with the spade or the pitchfork you delved deep in the barn-yard; you upturned sunken boards and planks, your companions hovering over it as it was unearthed from its resting place. Ah, how rich that loam was; mingled with the manure of seeming ages, it had become prosperous, and with that plank overhead, cooling and sheltering during the hottest of the summer weather, the elite of the angletworm colony were there ensconced, epicures feeding upon the select, their husky bodies reclined languorously in the realms of paradise, their noses brushing the ceiling of heaven. Like gloating misers you poised over that plank. Ah, yes, you hung bright-eyed and excited, with bated breath and fingers nervously waiting for the expected to happen. Often over that plank or lowly board you would pause, looking down upon it, letting your thoughts run the gamut of conjecture. Then it was that the angletworm was greater than everything else in this bright old world of ours. Yes, by far it was greater. Greater than the gold of the Montezumas; the treasures of the Incas which you would some day help to find; the buried hoard of Captain Kidd, a sainted place even saintlier than the helliness that spread its glamour around the heart easing swimmin' hole. Ah, yes, I repeat—it was greater.

Then you would bend down, insert your fingers under that cool end, strain your canary bird muscles, put a kink in your spine, close your teeth as they were never closed before and give one Herculean lift. And it would come up with much parting of the adjacent dirt; one lift, two—and it was flung away. Then a veritable mob would pounce down. There they were revealed. Instinctively those denizens of the earth drew back in awe and wonderment; perhaps they felt as people would feel when a volcano erupts or an earthquake visits upon the globe. But they were doomed. Sadly, they were doomed. The motto of our youth was: "When they creep down, pinch them by the head and they will come out as slick as grease. Sadly, I say, they were doomed. Brown fingers were busy, nabbing with unerring dexterity those innocent heads—heads that were tweaked unmercilessly—tweaked till those long, splendid, iridescent, cool, hard and especially wonderful bodies became resistless, nerveless and gave

way to the fates that be. One by one, two by two they were dumped unceremoniously into that jagged edged tomato can amid comments par excellence regarding their catching capacity. This long one, which, drawn out by the head held onto his home and possessions with a tenacity that was marvellous, would be sure to catch a pickerel; this one would not fail to bring home the meat for father in the shape of a big and slimy bull-head; this one would catch a shiner and this one a chub, and this one a hornpout. Hornpout were always recognized, when other means failed, by the fact that they were provided by Nature with a series of stubs on their heads, the catching of one arousing envy and jealousy among the Walton fraternity who would go home that night and plot to catch a hornpout in the near future easily distinguished among all other hornpout from the fact that it was of superior length and breadth.

The digging of a can of angletworms was but a step toward the eventual goal. The goal was the bank of the creek. The pole was a willow sapling, the line was either a cheap cotton line or a grocery cord; the hook was the usual "two for a cent." The worm was threaded on this hook with great deliberation. It was allowed to wiggle as wiggle it may. The fish in those murky holes often enjoyed meals of undue proportion; I never see such fish as them to clean off a hook. They were scrupulously certain in doing this. You could pull up a hook after you had been dreamin' for a long time and listenin' to the birds in the trees, an' the tree toads, an' all you would have was the suspicion of what might have been.

Yes sir, those wizards down there in that dirty lookin' water laid awake nights to figger out how to lean hooks bare. Course sometimes they were foiled in the midst of this task but the failures overshadowed the success. In later life I have used the angletworm, never failing to get my crop of fish. I always cling to my youth and I never forget the teachings of that youth; never will. Remember those skinny looking worms. You couldn't hardly thread them on the hook. What to do? Simply put them in your cupped hand, give that cupped and an over-roofing slam with the other cupped hand so as to conserve and preserve the sound within, and straightway, lo and behold, the worm had swelled. I don't know why it swelled but it swelled; it kept on swelling the more you slammed it on it. Then with a cruel, malicious smile—that imposed upon being of uncertain gender, went the way of the unfortunate.

You often pitied them and that they should be handled so, but gracious how pity will wilt when fish are to be had. You used to feed the angletworms with the yellow of an egg. They would feed upon it; they would become of a nice pink color and the fish would come four abreast to do it homage. You always threaded the worm, leaving one end wiggling as a tempter. You sometimes spit on the worm, when the other fellows weren't looking, like you had seen your father do when you had the inarticulate pleasure of going with him some Sunday out on the lake, a-fishin'. He would invariably spit on the worm and would then drop it overboard content in the hope that the next moment would be the red letter moment of his life. It puzzled you why spitting on a worm would make the fish bite better, seein' as how the saliva and snuff was all washed off before it had travelled ten feet in the water at the furthest. Also you wondered why, O why he did not get fish equal to his hopes. You also saw your father throw pennies overboard for luck one time and the only thing he got that morning was a two inch apparition of the deep that you could easily balance on one of the hairs of your eyebrows.

However, be that as it may, as I read in a story by a writer who said that a novelist used that expression, the angletworm was angletworm not one time only, but all of the time. There were also red angletworms. That is they were red as a general rule and their bellies were of a yellow color. They were found in the manure piles as I presume they still are. They had the delicate odor of concentrated garlic arising from their palpitating forms. I have seen

some of them there red angletworms when they have been unearthed take to wiggling in a manner that would arouse a stone to wonderment. They would wiggle in every way known to wiggling science, turning on end and tying and untying Gordian knots with startling rapidity. They were approached with due caution by all embryo disciples of the immortal Isaac but they would catch the fish. Yes they were attractive even if they gave off an odor that assaulted the nasal organ, unto destruction. But they did not compare with the really truly angletworm. Not by a long shot they didn't! You could pick them there things up an' smell till doomsday of them an' you wouldn't find one thing suspicious about them. Of course you could forgive the little red angletworm because look where he made his home and then look where the real angletworm made his home. Quite a difference all right.

The history of the angletworm begins at youth and ends when you hang your hat upon the hall-tree of the immortals. I don't care whether you are an expert angler; I don't care whether you are a high-brow or just a common, all around fisherman, who goes out with his long cane pole and truly enjoys himself in the fashion of youth, there is some time or another that you are going to use this lowly creature as a means, or stepping stones to success. If you are a fly-caster you must either suffer inattention from the speckle-sides if you are using flies in the spring, when flies are not yet falling to the water, or you are going to conform with the natural and use your small No. 2 hooks and the live bait. It is all very well to talk of the higher culture; it is all very well to use flies only, but O those days with the light tackle and the can of angletworms—be it in the spring, the summer or in the pleasant days of fall. The trout are there and you will get them with the bait. You will carefully thread on your worm, being sure to allow enough free from the hook to wiggle a-plenty; then you will sneak along just as you sneaked along in your youth to where the brook is musically tumbling over the stones. You can hear it talking a long way off; your breath will be coming fast just as it did once of yore and visions of success will take all trouble from your vision. The bait hook will be cast in such a manner that the gentle flow of the water will wash it into the little pools where the inimitable ones lie fanning the liquid coolness. Even the oldest and wisest of the trout will be fooled by the mist-colored leader will tell of no connection with that luscious appearing prey. It will be snapped up in a rush and the fight is on. O ye who speak unfeelingly of the dear old bait system in fishing for the trout. Will you admit of days of pleasure you have spent in the use of them, the bait of our youth. Or must we listen but to the chanting of the highly improved methods?

Yes and while we are telling of that lowly individual the angletworm it might not be out of place to bring before you on the printed page another little fellow we have known and appreciated from childhood. And that is the frog. We have eaten of the frog and we have fished with the frog; we have listened night after night to the serenade from the marshes, and we have spent many an hour in studying them. Dear to the heart of the boy is the frog. In the halcyon days of my youth I deemed it one of the greatest honors that could be accorded me in my inconspicuous position in the human world to be allowed to accompany a certain man who made his living from killing these harmless denizens of the pads and the grasses. He killed them and served their saddles and strung them together, twelve in a bunch, and sold them at a price that almost took my breath away. Yes sir that's what he did. Of course I didn't get so very much from my labors in this direction but then of course I had to count in the pleasure; that of course had to cost something. I knew where the finest places were for them and I led my businesslike partner into them and we generally came out loaded down with a gunney sack half full of crawling, croaking, protesting creatures of every shape, size and variety, not to mention color, and then when we got together a whole lot of them we went to a place he used to butcher his catch and there put the cap to the eventual climax. I was an out and out barbarian in those days, much as I hate to admit. I took a singular pride in doing away with wild life

but the time did come when I was taught my lesson. Sometime very soon I shall tell you all about that. But before the turning point came I was a pirate. I could kill frogs and cut their saddles in no time; why I become so deft at it in time that I was almost on the level with my pardner; since he considered it a business there was no reason why I, as a youngster, should not follow in his remunerative footsteps. That man cleared at the lowest about three dollars a day and that was in the dry seasons too mind you. I have known times when he made twelve dollars a day and that's no lie either. I could go any day in little old Minnesota, if I had the nerve to do it, and if my temperament would allow me, and make a fine living killing frogs for their saddles, but I would rather use the pick and shovel at two dollars per day. It might be harder work but it would be more civilized.

It is said that that which seems the least suggestive of being a money-maker is the most remunerative. This is applicable to the frog hunting business; there is always a demand for the saddles for eating purposes and fishing frogs are so much in demand during the bass season in Minnesota that every single teeny weeny frog you can lay hands on you can get rid of. One summer I camped at Minnetonka (and it was a dry season) you could hardly get frogs for twenty five cents a dozen. And I saw with my own naked eyes the frogs they were selling at that price as bass bait. They were overgrown lobsters, some of them bullfrogs, some too small and the majority of them were mediums. The young fellows brought down a couple thousand right size fishing frogs that summer from Montana and they reaped a harvest. They sold every frog they had and they could not fill the demand. So you see what them fellows made out of seemingly nothing. Squirming, croaking, slimy, protesting things and yet they were like diamonds. There were three ways of catching the frogs. My partner had a net with a long handle to it. I used my hands. Then came the time when we shot them with a small twenty two caliber rifle and floberts; also we used the lamentable frog spear with its trinity of tines, sure death and destruction once a frog was impaled on those suggestive barbs. There were cruel methods of annihilating our little friend but it was a matter of business and business alone.

There were certain swamps where the frog was at home and they were perfectly wise to our reason for being around those shores. One moment they would be croaking as never they had croaked before. The next a deathlike solemnity would reign over all; even a tomb could not equal the noiselessness around those shores in our immediate vicinity. Cunning creatures indeed. How the coming of man will teach them the great, great lessons of self preservation. How seemingly intelligent all wild life must become and how instinctively they will protect themselves. But how wise we were. Keen eyes were busy searching every ripple and pad and there was not a movement, the slightest indentation and elevation that looked suspicious that we did not locate and promptly investigate into with our accurate spears. And two times out of three there came out with it when it was removed a squirming fellow who had looked his last upon all things mortal. Cruel it was but minds are not all tuned to the chords of Nature. It is only in a greater education that we learn and when we learn the truth there is no greater passion in this wide world than the love for the wild and its inhabitants. The frogs would mercilessly be taken from the tines, and not too tenderly at that but it was soon put out of its misery by a tap or two of the head on the spear handle. Let me here call your attention to something regarding the frog that is about as human as anything I have ever seen in the outdoor world.

For instance when you have captured a frog how those little hands those miniature human like hands will be thrust protectively in front of the eyes to shut out the fate portending. As I think of it now it is well that I be called a murderer for many is the time I have disobeyed that supplicating expression of pity on the part of a captured frog and have visited doom upon it despite the entreaty. How vastly human; note the little hands, the fingers, the thumbs; attempt to take those hands away and they will be

put the closer to the eyes. What horror it must be, as when we perhaps would stand in a burning building the timbers crashing down around us; then we would perhaps put our hands over our eyes to shut out the dreaded end to come. It is notable of the frog family that they are colored to stay in keeping with the general color of the surroundings wherein is their habitat. Green they will be for the grass is green; it is Nature's little aid to save them from the hands of such as prey upon them. In the swamps you will hardly notice them among the pads and the scum; you may pass hundreds of them, their backs even thrust out of the water and still they would pass detection. You have all heard of the red flannel system of catching the bullfrogs. It was a system we used when we were kids and it was an excellent one. You took a tiny little hook and baited it with the tiny square of red material, dangled this unceasingly around the nose of a bull-frog and after a while he become so exasperated within himself to think that anything like that should come to be, that he all of a sudden up and clamps his jaws down upon that little square of flannel; yes and also the hook, sorry to say, as we often discovered. And then he would come to land dangling, kicking, turning on end and making an awful commotion.

Such are the ways of demon man; it may all look ludicrous, often to the extreme but this is all felt and realized by the party of the first part, which is not strange to believe. We have watched the frog in his evolution. From the slippery little pollywog we have noticed how the little legs come out and we have marvelled at it all; how in our youth we searched for them in the streams along with those long, green, slimy leeches tradition had it were in constant demand by doctors who would pay the unthinkable sum of twenty five cents for them, each and individually, separately and single. But there was no demand for the pollywogs. They went their own sweet way and in a few weeks hopped out of the water in the shape of fragile little frogs. The meadows grass was just loaded with them then and a while after I would go out with the professional frogger and we would bring in great big gunney sacks full of them to feed the bass fishermen with. Ten cents a dozen was what they would pay you for them; it seemed a treasure and no doubt about it. It is the small green little frogs that get the bass. You take the weedless hook, with its two wires protecting the barb, hook the frog through from under the chin up and there you are. It is a cruel method and it is so universally in use that we cannot help but wonder if sometime it will not be tabooed. The humanitarians will never cease telling us it is the cruelty of cruelty and if they go fishing for the bass they will use the most sportsmanlike method in the matter of bait—the artificials. This is all very well but they fail to catch the fish the real live bait assures but then it is not in the number of fish but the pleasure that arises from—just fishin'. I can cast either with the bait rod or the fly rod hour for hour and just revel in the smoothness and beauty of it all. But this I have to say: To outwit a fish by the use of the artificial bait will give one more satisfaction than by the use of the live bait method. But so it is—life for life and only too often we err in our path. It is the law, the invincible law and in the name of pleasure we sacrifice many things not only internal but also external, and we use every means possible to gain our end.

I note with amazement that they are getting out laws to protect this little brother of the wild, the frog. Some states have closed seasons on them when they are not allowed to be marketed. Also I note, as in our own state of Minnesota that frog business has proved so profitable that frog farms have been established. This is a venture not in the least to be scorned. Just as they are making farms now where they might raise fur-bearing animals for the market, so are they taking to other branches of preserving the wild life and even the lowly frog.

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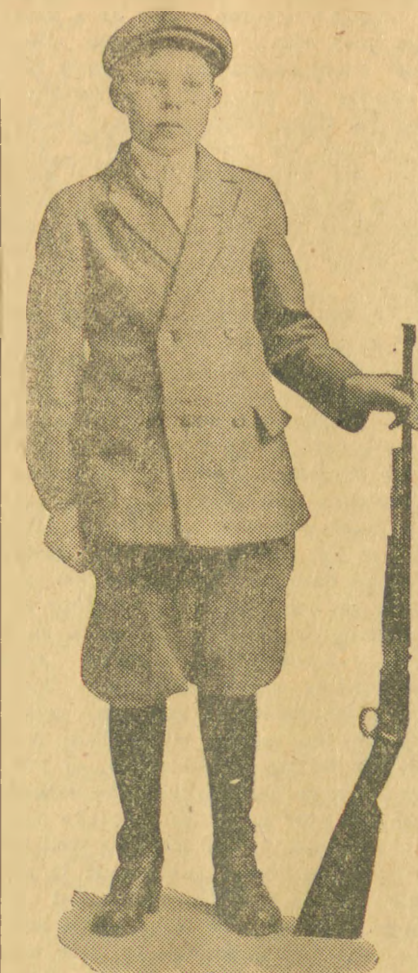
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MONTANA BOY'S SHOOTING RANKS WITH BEST WORK OF GROWN-UPS.

One of the many gifted shooters to come out of the West is Master Bob McGivern, a native of the State of Montana, now resident at Great Falls, whose work with firearms of all styles has charmed thousands of spectators from coast to coast.



MASTER BOB MCGIVERN.

Bob has not yet rounded out his first dozen years, but he has had one great advantage in his development as a shooter. Both his father and mother, as well as his brother, are experts on all forms of targets. For instance, Bob's mother often plays target for her husband who, after the style of William Tell, shoots the smallest objects from the top of her head.

Master Bob is especially capable in his shooting with a Remington .22 calibre rifle, with which his hitting of both stationary and moving targets is nothing short of marvelous. In a recent competition Master Bob scored 48 out of a possible 50 at twenty yards with a pistol, using Remington-UMC ammunition as in all of his shooting.

Although but an eleven-year-old boy, Bob has probably received more attention from the newspapers and magazines than many of the country's best-known adult shooters. His unusual aptitude in making the most difficult shots amounts to intuition, so some people claim, although his father maintains that consistent practice has developed all of the shooting talent that exists in his family. The elder McGivern is not a believer in the "born marksman," but maintains that practically any one can be a good shot provided he or she will give such attention to study and practice as would be given to any other business or sport.

Keep Crank Case Clean.

Because all of the oil contained in the crank case of an engine is not used up before a new supply must be put in, the novice is apt to fail to appreciate the need of purging the case and renewing the entire oil supply from time to time. This is absolutely necessary, however, because the residue left after much oil has been used is largely devoid of its former lubricating properties, and contains a large proportion of carbon and some water. Adding fresh oil to this merely dilutes it, as it were, and furnishes a deceptive result in the matter of quality. The effect is much the same as though poor grade of lubricant were employed. Hence it is absolutely essential that the oil be drawn off entirely at regular intervals, thrown away and a new supply of fresh oil being put in in its stead.

To Secure Burrs.

Sometimes it is not easy to keep burrs from shaking loose. By the use of extra washers, or by shortening the projecting end of the bolt, the end may be slightly riveted on one side, and this will remedy the fault.

Teaspoon Not to Be Trusted.

The teaspoon is unreliable as a means of measuring a dose. It varies from sixty to ninety minims.

Splendors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Revealed by Its Present Progress.

SUPERB WORKS OF SCULPTURE AND ART IN COLOSSAL EXHIBIT PALACES FOR AMERICA'S PANAMA CANAL CELEBRATION.

Glints of gold from vast oriental domes, Venetian blue on minarets, prodigious works of sculpture and the arrival of notables from all parts of the globe give glimpses of the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition as it will appear when its gates swing open to the world on Feb. 20, 1915.

Not for many years will the world be enabled to enjoy so marvelous a collection of the works of contemporary sculptors. The World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago first proved that the greatest talent might be engaged to produce work of even temporary value. Since then more and more attention has been given at each succeeding exposition to sculpture as a form of decoration, and the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco promises to surpass even Chicago's exquisite display.

Every phase of the exposition is far advanced. Thirty-three of the world's nations will participate with government displays, Argentina leading with a government appropriation of \$1,300,000 gold.

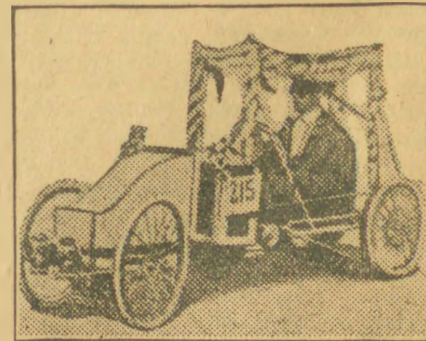


AIRSHIPS WILL RACE AROUND THE GLOBE FROM SAN FRANCISCO IN 1915.

AERONAUTS from all the civilized nations of the globe with every standard type of air craft driven by motors will participate in an aerial race around the world, which will be a feature of the sporting events to be held during the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915.

The race will start from the grounds of the Exposition in May, 1915, and will end there. Three hundred thousand dollars has been hung up in prizes for this stupendous world girdling contest. A number of the world's greatest aviators have signified their intention of entering the races. The recent flight of Stoeffler, ending at Mulhausen, Germany, in which he covered 1,375 miles, convinces aviators that long flights are a matter of adequate supply stations. The above photograph shows the route around the world and the various supply stations.

MOTOR CAR IN MINIATURE



This small automobile is the result of several years' experimenting on the part of two Brooklyn youths, and it is a practical pleasure car, weighing only 100 pounds, but developing a speed of 35 miles an hour, and can make that distance on one gallon of gasoline. It is shown in the illustration decorated for parade in the Coney Island Mardi Gras, where it won first prize on its first public appearance.—Popular Mechanics.

Nearly Two Million Motor Vehicles.

There are at present registered in the various countries of the world nearly 2,000,000 motor vehicles, according to statistics just compiled by the office of the secretary of state of New York. In this total the United States heads the list, having more than twice as many automobiles as Great Britain, the country which comes next. The figures, issued by Secretary Mitchell May after a careful compilation, are as follows: United States, 1,127,940; Great Britain, 425,838; ascertained total from various European countries, 273,511; estimated total from other countries, 92,500; total, 1,919,789 registered cars.

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Pins and Bolts Important.

Pins and bolts form important elements in motor car construction, being present in association with the gear-box, cylinder heads, chassis frame and flanged joints. If a bolt has stripped its thread, place a pair of dies in the stock—the sizes are all clearly marked—and by means of the adjustable screw set them tightly. Running them down the bolt once may be sufficient; if not, tighten up a little and repeat the process. If an entirely new pin is required, three or four such trips are necessary. With new nuts, place the same in a vise or in a fixed position and insert a taper tap, screwing it in by means of the wrench; remove this one and select another the same size, but of plug type, passing through two or three times, and so cutting a clean thread. For clearing out a thread slightly damaged and crossed, the plug tap only will generally effect all that is desired. A plentiful supply of oil should accompany all screwing operations. The taps and dies should always be given a half turn forward and a quarter back, so that a slight advance only is made each time.

Cars Registered in Britain.

The total number of motor cars registered in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales until November, 1913, was 245,912, as compared with over 1,000,000 motor cars registered in the United States. As the population of Great Britain is 45,000,000 and that of the United States 90,000,000, it will be seen that the British are using less than half as many motor cars per unit of population as Americans.

Expert Examination Necessary.

You will sidestep lots of trouble by having an expert who understands your make of car examine your car at least once each month for beginning faults. There are many little wrongs that may quickly become big ones if not discovered and checked.