

MAINE WOODS

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PHILLIPS, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914

PRICE 4 CENTS

GOV'T. IS GOING OUT OF THE REINDEER BUSINESS.

Washington, March 21.—The federal government plans to go out of the reindeer business in Alaska as fast as it can train Alaskans for individual ownership, the policy being to encourage independence and initiative among the native population, according to a statement Saturday by

the bureau of education. It is expected that the government will dispose of all its reindeer within the next four years.

On June 30 last there were 47,266 reindeer in the 62 Alaskan herds, a net increase of 23 per cent, during the fiscal year. Of this number the government owns 3,853; the remainder, valued at \$763,300, belong to the natives.—Bangor News.



REMINGTON UMC

The Remington Cuba find a slide action handy for the big fellows

A NEW HIGH POWER RIFLE—

The Remington-UMC Slide Action Repeater

GETTING in touch with the shooting fraternity all over the country, as we do, we find a very considerable number of Remington-UMC users who want a Remington-UMC slide action repeater in a high power model—one heavy enough for practically any type of game that is found on this continent.

The answer to this demand is the new Remington-UMC High Power Slide Action Repeating Rifle. During the few months these rifles have been on the market, several hundred of them have been put into use. The testimony of the owners is that they are emphatically a success. Your Remington-UMC dealer has these repeating rifles in stock or will get you one. Don't buy a high power repeater until you have seen it. It is the gun you want.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co. 4 299 Broadway, New York

LAKEWOOD CAMPS, Middledam, Maine

One of the best all around fishing and hunting camps in the Rangeleys. Lake, Pond and Stream fishing all near the camps. The five mile river affords the best of fly-fishing. Camps with or without bath room. For particulars write for free circular to Capt. E. F. COBURN, Middledam, Maine.

SEASON OF 1914

Individual Camps, Rock Fire-places, Fly and Bait Fishing, Lake and Stream Fishing for Trout. Telephone. Daily Mail. Write for Booklet.

JULIAN K. VILES & SON, Tim, Franklin Co., Maine.

Mountain View House

Mountain View, Maine

For further particulars write or address

L. E. BOWLEY,

Mountain View, Maine.

GRANT'S CAMPS, KENNEBAGO, MAINE

Will open for Fishermen and Tourists when the ice leaves the lakes. We can offer you the best fishing to be had in Maine. Log cabins with bath. Write for information, train service etc.

ED GRANT & SON CO.

BLAKESLEE LAKE CAMPS

On head waters of famous Spencer Stream near Blakeslee Lake. Best Trout and Salmon Fishing, both lake and stream. Salmon up to 4 pounds in size. New Camps. Open Fireplaces. Write for booklet.

JOSEPH H. WHITE, Proprietor, Eustis, Maine

Where Are You Planning to Spend Your Vacation the Coming Season?

Do you know that the RANGELEY LAKES AND DEAD RIVER REGION situated on a high tableland in northern MAINE, is an ideal country in the SUMMER SEASON, being about 2,000 feet above the sea level with magnificent mountain scenery, spring water, pure air, and the best of accommodations, from a palatial, fashionable hotel to the modest but clean and comfortable log cabin.

The SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD publishes a booklet descriptive of this territory, which contains a neat little map of this whole region. It is yours for the asking.

Address

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

NOW IT IS A GIRL

Woman of the Woods Will Live in the Wilds—The Dead River Region, Her "Happy Hunting Ground."

Probably many of our readers who were in the Dead River Region last summer remember the girl who carried the mail to King & Bartlett from Eustis. This is the girl who is to duplicate the Joe Knowles stunt. This trick of getting a living in the woods without the aid of firearms, clothing, or any of man's inventions is one that nay man should be proud of and for a woman calls for wonder. No woman is probably better able to turn the trick than the girl mail carrier, Mrs. Bana Douglass Savage. Her father is A. B. Douglass of Deer Pond, better known in the



MRS. SAVAGE

sporting world as Gus. Her grandfather is Andrew Douglass one of the pioneers of the Dead River Region, the founder of many of the sporting camps in that region and the man who invented walking down a moose. From five to ten days was the time he required to do this difficult deed and usually his equipment consisted of only a knife and a little food. With these ancestors who have taught her from their great store of woods knowledge Bana is admirably fitted to attempt the feat. Under the instruction of her father she has learned about all there is to learn of the ways of the wild creatures. There is no bird or beast in the Dead River Region, which will be her hunting ground, that she is not well informed about. She is acquainted with the country from the Dead River Region to the Canadian border, having hunted and fished over most of the territory with her father. She is an expert with the rod and gun and it is a favorite pastime for her to supply the table with partridges by shooting their heads off with a rifle. Mrs. Savage is only 23 years old, not a very large woman but strong and agile. She outlines her plans and purpose in a letter which follows.

Big Flemond Station, Via La Tuque, P. Q., Mar. 7, 1914.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Your letter of Feb. 21 at hand and in reply will say none of the papers have received any word from me. I will give you an outline of what I intend to do. I intend to go in the woods, starting July 18, coming out Sept. 14. I shall wear a pair of bloomers, nothing else, and I shall make a suit or covering to come out of the woods in, and my plan is just get my own living, just to see whether a woman is not as able to get a living from the woods as man. As I always prided myself on being able to do all out door sports that man can and I hate to be beaten in this feat by man. The vicinity of Deer Pond camps, will be the domain of my two months in the woods. I enclose photo taken last summer while I carried mail from Eustis, Me., to Deer Pond.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. Bana Douglass Savage.

BUTTERFLIES

and moths wanted for colleges. Highest prices paid. Outdoor summer work. Get complete book of instructions and details. Send 2c stamp. JAMES BUCKLE, Entomologist, Dept. 9, Los Angeles Cal.

SALMON SENT TO THE PRESIDENT

Micheal Flanagan Lands 18 Pounder and Sells It at \$1.50 Per Pound.

They are going to have something fit to eat at the residence of Woodrow Wilson pretty soon—probably about Friday dinner this week, says the Bangor News. Not that good things to eat are any way scarce at the White House, but that this time the Presidential board is going to be a trifle ahead of anything that can be had at "Delmonico's, Rector's or Brown's." For bright and early on Wednesday morning Michel Flanagan of Pearl street, Bangor, Me., took his trusty pole in hand and, ignoring or forgetting the fact that it was a day when the best of men get fooled, ambled thoughtfully down to the roaring Penobscot and in the bit of open water just below the water works dam cast a glittering silver fly to attract the attention of any member of the salmon family that might be loafing around.

And, joyful to relate, Mr. Flanagan was not fooled. He got busy at 5 o'clock, selecting the so-called summer grounds near the mouth of Burr brook for his cast, and soon got a rise. But the fish ran away with the slack before Flanagan, who was alone, could stop him, and the tip of the pole was snapped off like a pipe-stem. Flanagan, not at all discouraged, went ashore, whittled a new tip for his rod out of a twig, changed his Wilkinson fly for a silver doctor, got Charles Bissell, a veteran angler, to man the oars, and tried again.

This time he had better luck. A big and energetic fish took the fly and was off like a flash. Flanagan was there, however, and the fight was more exciting than anything they have had in Mexico lately. At 8 o'clock it was all over, and with the help of Bissell the lucky fisherman had landed an 18-pound salmon of great beauty. It was the first time in several years for a salmon to be landed on the opening day of the season, and it also was Flanagan's first time to land the first fish, although he has caught tons of them, and on several occasions has made the second or third catch.

Very soon people began to gather on the shore to get the details of the great catch, to admire the fish and to congratulate the fisherman. Pretty soon there was formed a procession, headed by Flanagan with the salmon, and including numerous enthusiasts, young and old, male and female, and the line of march was taken up to Gallagher's market in State street, where Connell J. Gallagher cheerfully handed over twenty-seven dollars in exchange for the big fish. Think of that—\$1.50 a pound for a fish! And the river may be full of them.

For some hours it was standing room only at Gallagher's, the salmon attracting more attention than would have been bestowed upon Gen. Villa, or the Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, who is the busiest little man in the whole British empire just at present. And among those who came to pay the tribute of admiration to the silver-sided, pink-meated king of fishes were some loyal and generous Democrats, who decided at once that the great dainty should go to grace the table of President Woodrow Wilson. And so it went, and so there is going to be, as this story said in the beginning, something fit to eat at the White House some day this week.

Think of the fame of Flanagan! And of the joy of the Wilsons! Such joy it will be that it will permeate the entire official family. William J. Bryan should have a large slice. And, in the good feeling engendered by the feast it is not impossible that even Oscar Underwood and Champ Clark may get a bite! Bully for Bangor, Me.

A VERY GOOD BUNCH OF FUR

Gardiner Man Has Many Freaks in His Collection—A Peculiar Moose Hide.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Gardiner, Me., April 2, 1914.

Arthur G. Robinson of Gardiner is here shown with the result of a day's fur buying in the town of Jefferson. In all he purchased 69 skins, 16 of which he obtained of Mr. Moody, who later in the season captured the black fox which also was purchased by Mr. Robinson and the price paid was said to be about \$2,000. This animal was captured alive and was taken to Auburn by Mr. Robinson where it was to be placed, later, on a fox farm. The driver of the automobile was Walter M. Spear in his Overland car of which he is local agent in this city. Mr. Robinson conducts a sporting goods store and as a sideline buys furs of the local trappers and frequently makes trips into the country where he calls on a few of his friends and this picture was taken back of his store in Depot Square just after he had returned from one of his trips. He was away only four and one-half hours in buying what is seen on the machine. He sells his furs to Mr. Hunnewell of Auburn and usually goes to that city every Saturday during the busy



season. In buying furs he has several freaks in the sporting line among which was seen a pair of Southern white herons which are rarely seen north of the state of Maryland, but these birds were shot near Mahumkeag pond in the town of Pittston. He has an Arctic bird with a white breast and black wings, but these freaks were badly burned in a fire that was in his store in November. Among the fur freaks he purchased a white muskrat which was said by him to be the first one he had seen in 40 years. He obtained one at that time and it was considered a curiosity rather than for use in the fur line of godos. About two years ago Mr. Robinson purchased of Perley Lawrence of Augusta a moose skin which Mr. Lawrence was to sell to Mr. Treby Johnson but he being in the south at the time of his return he let Mr. Robinson have the skin. He did not see the skin at that time but told Mr. Lawrence to bring it to Hallowell and let Edward Horne tan it. This fall Mr. Horne delivered it to the store and it was in a bundle for some time. When it was opened it was a puzzle to the local fur makers to tell what kind of an animal it was. The hair on it was finer than that of a six weeks' old calf and it was as fine nearly as a mink skin to the touch of ones hand. Mr. Robinson is planning on having it made into a fur lined coat for his own personal use.

THE PEST OF THE PRAIRIE

The sum of \$85,000 is being appropriated by Congress to help exterminate the prairie dogs, which have become the plague of the western prairies, and it is declared that the country is losing annually something like \$25,000,000 on account of the destructive characteristics of the rodent. These little black decorations which tourists have found everywhere on the horizon of the western prairies are found from Texas to Montana and from Nebraska to California.

Marlin
22 Caliber Repeating Rifle
Model No 20

The safety, comfort and convenience of the Marlin solid top, closed-in breech and side ejection features are combined with the quick, easy manipulation of the popular sliding fore-end or "pump" action in the new Model 20 Marlin rifle.

In rapid firing—the real test of a repeater—the Marlin solid top is always a protection and prevents smoke and gases blowing back; the ejected shell is never thrown into your face or eyes, and never interferes with the aim; the fat forearm fits your hand and helps quick operation.

It handles the short, long and long-rifle cartridges without change in adjustment, and the deep Ballard rifling guarantees the accuracy, making it the finest little rifle in the world for target shooting and for all small game up to 150 or 200 yards.

The SIGN OF A SOLID TOP
For full description of all Marlin Repeaters, just get our 136-page catalog. Mailed free for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
93 Willow Street, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PLEASANT ISLAND CAMPS

A handsome booklet printed at this office recently for Weston U. Toothaker of Pleasant Island Camps is given here in full for information to those readers who have never had the pleasure of visiting his camps.

Since Pleasant Island Camp, then a single cabin, was modestly opened to the public as a sporting resort by

the lakes and rivers are popular pastimes. There are exceptional opportunities for boating; motor boats, rowboats and canoes, besides the steamers, are always at the command of the guests, and many trails through the woods for those who delight in walks. One may spend hours tramping without repeating his trips and find a continuous change of scene.

The excellence of the cuisine is

ing in Cupsuptic lake is unsurpassed; the late United States Senator William P. Frye several years ago had the pleasure of landing from these waters the largest square tailed brook trout ever caught on a fly, in the world, and there are undoubtedly others as large still in the lake. The trout vary from one-half to six pounds in weight, and the salmon from one to ten pounds. As the lakes are annually being stocked from

BALSAM FIR NOW IN DEMAND FOR PAPER PULP.

That balsam fir, a tree which a few years ago was considered of little value, is now in demand for pulp wood, is the statement made by the department of agriculture in a bulletin just issued on the subject. This demand has been brought about, says the department, by the enormous expansion of the pulp in-

cent of the domestic coniferous wood used by the country's pulp industry. The tree itself constitutes, numerically, about twenty per cent of the coniferous forest in northern New York and Maine, and is abundant in many parts of New Hampshire, Vermont, and in the swamps of northern Michigan, northern Wisconsin, and Minnesota. It readily reforests cut-over areas, and attains a size suitable for pulp wood in a short time.

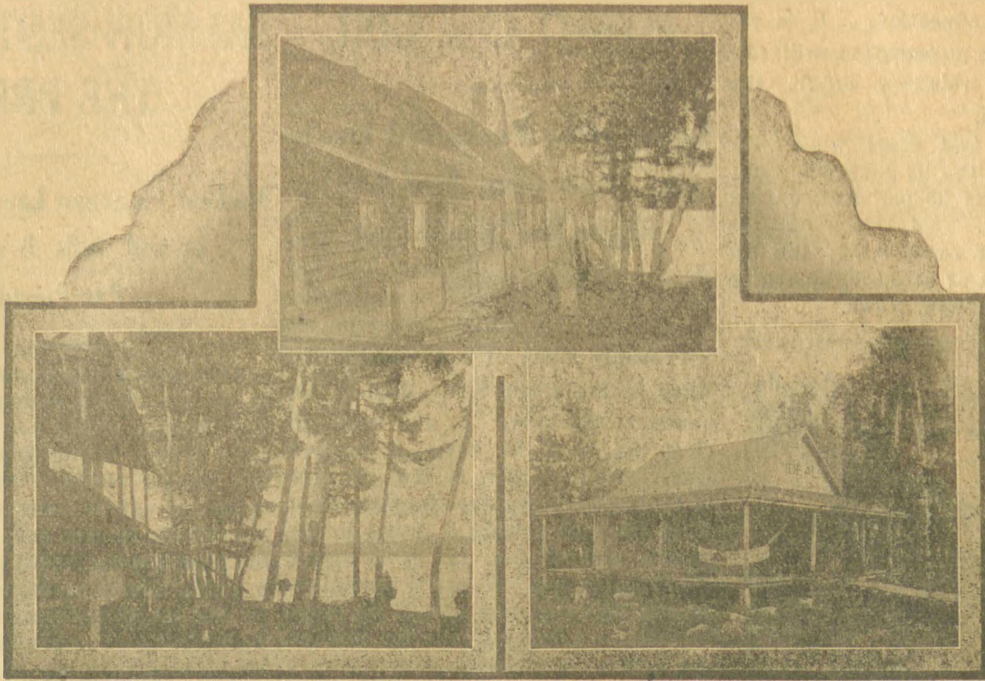
Under present methods of cutting, balsam fir is said to be increasing in our second-growth forests at the expense of red spruce, and with the gradual decline in the supply of the latter wood the fir will become more and more important commercially.

CONCERNING BASS

There is good reason for having the closed season on black bass in the spring. Bass do most of their spawning in April and early May, and at that time of year are lying close inshore, especially in lakes, where they seek beds or rushes in which to lay their eggs. As the female fish are ravenously hungry at this time of year, and are also so near inshore, it is a very simple matter for the caster, standing on the land, to catch numbers of bass if the water is at all well stocked. It is manifestly taking the fish at a tremendous disadvantage, and were there no law, conditions would mean the destruction of many millions of unladen spawn. Also, the fish are at spawning time of rather poor quality for food.

PACIFIC SALMON FOR MAINE

Bucksport—Twelve million Pacific coast salmon fry, which were brought to Maine from the Puget Sound region in the State of Washington are being distributed in the rivers of Maine by the United States Fish Commission. In case the experiment of introducing this variety of salmon, known as humpback salmon, is a success, it will mean much to the sea and shore fisheries of the state. The eggs were brought to Maine from Puget Sound last November and have wintered in Maine very satisfactorily. The fish are now about an inch and a half long, and are able to withstand the rigors of Maine's early spring. The fish are being distributed in the Penobscot, Georges, Dennys, St. Croix, Columbia Falls and other rivers, and it is hoped that the experiment will prove successful. Humpback salmon average five pounds in weight when maturing and are an excellent food fish.



DON'T THIS LOOK INVITING?

famous and the epicure will find here all he can desire. An abundance of Jersey milk and cream is supplied by cows kept on the premises and allowed to graze in the fields near by; the poultry and eggs, vegetables in their season, are raised on the place, assuring only fresh and wholesome food. Trout and salmon caught in the lake and streams the same day they are serv-

the state and United States fish hatcheries there is every reason to believe that this improvement will continue. Trolling is the most satisfactory method of fishing from the time the ice leaves the lakes until June 15 and fly fishing from then until October 1.

Deer are increasing in the territory easily reached from Pleasant Island. Partridge shooting is always of the best. Tumble-Inn is one of the camps in the forest at the service of the guests while hunting or for side trips with rod and canoe. A trail here leads to Lincoln Pond and Parmachenee.

Points of Interest Easily Reached

Among the places that prove interesting to visitors is the State Fish Hatchery No. 7 at Oquossoc, where thousands of trout and salmon fry are produced by most approved methods, the majority of which are planted in Rangeley waters. The entire process of propagation is explained by men always in attendance.

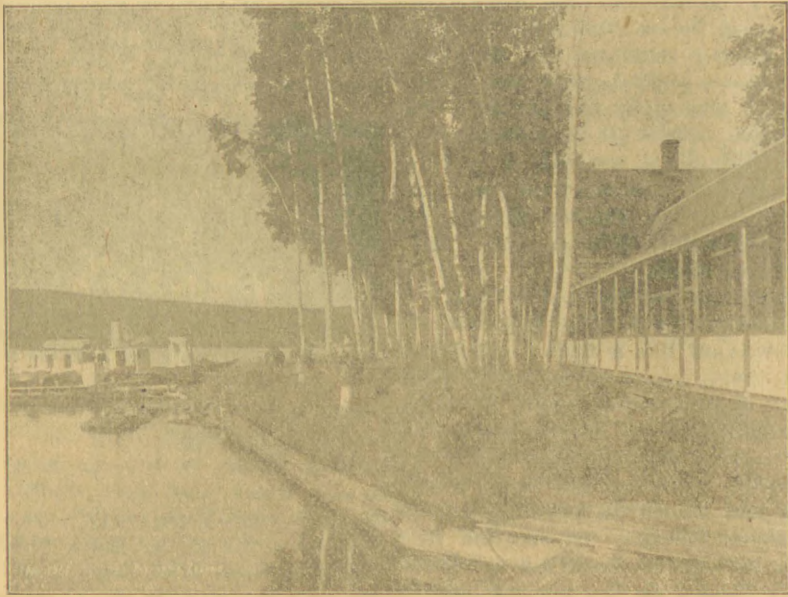
About one mile by canoe and lying north from the island is Cupsuptic Stream; the river embraced in two townships is leased by Weston U. Toothaker, Proprietor, that his people may enjoy the most perfect liberty in sport seeking along its banks.

Four miles up the stream is located Tumble-Inn camp, accommodating from six to eight, and from this place due east one mile are Big and Little Burnt Mountain Ponds, where small trout abound. One mile to the west of the stream from the camp is Fox Pond where trout are equally abundant. Deer are daily seen during July and August, feeding on the lily pads about the shores.

Three miles' carry around the Big Falls of Cupsuptic River and one enters Big Meadows, fairly alive with small trout, several frequently coming to a cast of the fly. Extending

dustry during the past two decades, with its present consumption of three and a quarter million cords of coniferous wood and the consequent rise in the price of spruce, the wood most in demand for paper making. In addition, the department goes on to say, balsam has begun to take the place of spruce for rough lumber, laths, and the like, as the price of the latter wood has risen.

The chief objection to the use of large amounts of balsam fir in the ground-pulp process of paper making is said to be due to the so-called pitch in the wood, which injures the felts and cylinder faces upon which the pulp is rolled out. Balsam fir does not have a resinous wood, and the material which gums up the cylinder probably comes from grinding balsam under conditions adapted to spruce wood. Yet from ten to twenty-five per cent and possibly more of balsam can be used in ground pulp without lowering the grade of the paper produced. It is known that with balsam logs left lying in water over a season this



Billy Soule, there has been a remarkable transition, and it is now not only visited by anglers and hunters, but it has become one of the most popular resorts in Maine for summer tourists, and is in reality one of the leading summer places in what is now known as the "Switzerland of America."

The first camp was open to the public in 1884. In those days only a few fishermen came to Rangeley, coming as far as Farmington over the Maine Central Railroad, then journeying 45 miles through Phillips to Rangeley village where steamers took parties to Rangeley Outlet, from which point baggage was toted across the carry to Haines Landing. Here rowboats were taken to Pleasant Island, where there was room for but few sportsmen.

Additions and improvements have been made until now there are 24 camps with comfortable accommodations for 75 people, forming quite an imposing settlement. These cabins are adapted to the various needs of parties, from two to twelve persons. Each camp has large open fireplaces and sanitary arrangements, running water for toilet purposes, and nearly all have baths; all are equipped with the best of hair mattresses and spring beds.

On the main land, 200 yards from the island, connected by a rustic bridge 600 feet long, are several large new camps.

One of the most pleasing features is that there are no black flies or mosquitoes, those pests that often are so annoying at many Maine resorts. The high altitude effectually banishes hay fever, and for this reason it is very popular for sufferers of this complaint.

Camping out and picnic parties on

ed on the menu.

The ice used is cut from Cupsuptic lake, which is fed by clear, healthful springs; the water used on the tables is from mountain springs across the lake; the camps are supplied with drinking water from the same source.

Ladies and children find this a delightful spot for a summer vacation.

There is a public parlor 25 by 30 feet, where are all the accessories



THIS LOOKS GOOD TO HUNTERS

necessary for an afternoon or evening enjoyment, including a piano and games, for entertainment. For those who wish, bathing is indulged in to a great extent.

A new tennis court was added in 1913.

Fishing and Hunting

Trout and landlocked salmon fish-



(THE BUNGALOW) AT PLEASANT ISLAND

drawback practically disappears.

In chemical pulp, produced through the action of acids, these acids are known to dissolve the pitch, and any amount of balsam can be used, though some claim that too much balsam in the pulp gives a paper that lacks strength, snap, and character.

At the present time, balsam fir furnishes about six or seven per

The Government has introduced Pacific salmon before, but the varieties brought over have not become adapted to Atlantic waters. It is said by experts that the conditions under which the humpback salmon flourish in Washington and those in Maine are much the same.

TAXIDERMISTS

G. W. PICKEL, TAXIDERMIST

Dealer in Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Indian Moccasins, Baskets and Souvenirs. RANGELEY, MAINE

"Monmouth Moccasins"

They are made for Sportsmen, Guides, Lumbermen Known the world over for excellence. Illustrated catalogue free.

M. L. GETCHELL CO., Monmouth, Maine

FREE INFORMATION ON HOW TO DO TANNING—Send for our illustrated circulars; on taxidermist work, custom tanning and manufacturing of ladies' furs, robes, coats, rugs, gloves and mittens, from the trapper to wear er. W. W. Weaver, Reading, Mich.

FAMOUS BACKWOODS FAIRY TALES

Ed Grant, Beaver Pond Camps New reading matter, interesting. The first edition was exhausted much sooner than we expected and the popular demand was so great for a second edition that we published an enlarged and improved edition to be sold by mail (postpaid) at the low price named. Twelve cents, postpaid. Stamps accepted.

J. W. BRACKETT CO., Phillips, Me.

(Continued on page 7.)



Tobacco, Like Food, Must Be Fresh To Be Good

And tobacco cannot *keep* fresh after it is cut up, any better than bread or meat can. To get *fresh* tobacco, you must cut it off the plug yourself, just before it goes into your pipe. That's the way you use Sickle tobacco—that's the reason it burns slowly, and always affords you a *cool, sweet, satisfying* smoke.

Tobacco that comes already cut-up, in packages, gets dry and stale—burns fast and hot, and bites your tongue. The *original flavor* and *moisture* cannot escape from the Sickle plug—they are *pressed in* and *kept in* by the natural leaf wrapper.

More tobacco—fresh tobacco—no package to pay for—no waste—that's Sickle tobacco. Get a plug at your dealer's today.



THE BEAVER.

By Robert Page Lincoln

A woodsman and a lad of some fifteen years were approaching a beaver dam one day last summer in the Algonquin National Park, Ontario, Canada, when a sudden splash in the water, as though of a stone thrown into the stream, startled the young fellow. Inquiring as to what it was, the woodsman told the boy that it was the danger signal of a sentinel beaver posted on top of the dam to warn the workers of the approach of intruders. The warning had been a sudden swift movement of the paddle-like tail as it slapped the water. Once the signal was given all sight and sound of beaver in the pool was lost, and only when the two had retired to a safe distance, in hiding, did the cunning workers appear from the depths of the stream and continue the work where it had been left off.

One of the most shrewd and industrious animals among the fur-bearers is the beaver, and anyone who has studied it intimately will vouch for the fact that it has a highly developed instinct, that on

occasion almost rivals human intelligence. While it is by no means as intellectually endowed as some of the other fur-bearers, the mink and the otter for instance it possesses working ability that these other animals are woefully lacking in. It is one of these animals that has not forgotten art and architectural ingenuity, and shows in his many schemes of foiling the natural courses of Nature, that his instinct is of a high order indeed.

Provided with a beautiful brown coat of fur, the hair close to the body is thick and short, while the heavier hairs, known as the guard hairs, form an outer covering that will protect the inner fur from wear. In shape it is very much like that of an over-grown muskrat, the tail being a prominent feature in its make-up; it is flat and oval shaped, and aids the animal wonderfully in swimming, when it is turned swiftly from side to side in a revolving motion—a marked feature of Nature's fore-sightedness in her endowment to her wild kindred.

A few plain statements in regard to the beaver will suffice to clear away the vast number of hallucinations surrounding this animal, for although the beaver works with craft and art, it is by no means possessed of human intelligence. One of the most notable features in our consideration of the beaver is his wonderful set of teeth, and it is the four incisor teeth in front that do the cutting, and instead of the jaws working from side to side, as witnessed in other animals, Nature has seen to it that they be given the best opportunity available—hence they work forward and back, or in and out. These teeth are very hard and firm, and there is a power behind the jaw on which all the strength of the body is concentrated. Thus when they dig these teeth into the side of a tree, they are able to remove a clean chip as neatly as though it were gouged out by a keen steel instrument. These teeth are protected from their necessary hard usage by a covering of a hard substance of a dark color that is constantly renewed as it is needed. By aid of these teeth, gigantic trees are felled, an example of the unswerving industry that dominates this little fellow, day in and day out, during his season of dam building.

The fore-feet of the beaver are short, and are used almost entirely for the purposes like the holding of food, which they do much after the manner of the squirrel, webs connecting the toes after the manner of the duck. They are very powerful and one sweep sends the animal three feet. On the second toe on the hind feet is a double claw, or one claw right over an other, which is very keen and is curved;

with this he picks his teeth which is often enough demanded because chips get between them.

The beaver brings forth its young in the early summer, and a month and a half later they are set to work cutting small bushes and tender shoots. A thorough system of training is followed during the remainder of the summer, and in the fall, with their parents, the young beavers are ready to help build dams and houses for the winter. The location of these dams is at the head of some rapids or shallows, and so chosen that rocks and wood are near at hand. Trees are so felled that they will fall directly across the rapids, and are so trimmed that they will lie flat in the water, unhindered by protruding branches. Other trees are then cut in suitable length and floated in and so placed as to make a barricade, immovable and firm at the bottom. Stones and mud, clay, grass and sticks are used as mortar, and the whole is amply plastered over so that when the work is finally brought to a finish and the frosts set in, the dam freezes solid, as impenetrable as iron. It has always been the marvel of man that these little creatures are able to undertake such stupendous task and carry it on to completion. But their seeming sense of judgment and their unceasing industry make it possible.

Simultaneously with the building of the dam the building of the house commences. It is not generally understood what the beaver's building of the dam is for. This dam creates what is known as a "dead water" above the rapids, and this dead water is generally from five to six feet in depth. In this water the beaver may keep his winter food in safety, where otherwise it would freeze in. The structure of the house is on much the same order as the dam, the same material being used. In a perfect state a beaver house is conical in shape, like a muskrat's abode, but very much stronger. One of these houses will hold some fifteen or twenty beavers. Inside, they have what is known as the dry chamber, safe from the water and cold. There are two entrances to the house, both under water, sloping down from the dry chamber. After the building of the dam and the house, the beavers begin to lay in their winter supply of food; this food is composed of the bark of tender shoots of willow, alder, poplar, and ash, though if these are not to be found other woods will suit their tastes.

These eatables are cut into suitable lengths and conveyed to the dead water where they are sunken. A great supply of these is laid in, for the beaver always looks forward to his solid winter's comfort, hence his food supply is never lacking. After everything is intact they are prepared for the ice and snow, and when the stream freezes over they are safe and sound in their retreats, knowing and caring little for the clash of the elements above them in the outer world. To be penned in after this manner would strike us as being vastly monotonous indeed, but the beaver is snug and comfortable.

Between trips from the dry chamber to the feed bed and sleeping he passes the winter, and does not see the light of the outside world until spring clears away the fettering ice above. The bark of the sticks are gnawed off and also the inner tender fiber of the wood, and then they are conveyed to a place near the dam for use in case of an emergency break. Showing how very thoughtful and considerate this animal is even with its animal lack of reasoning human intelligence.

ABOUT THE NEW FISHROD

Good Advice for the Man Who Wishes to Buy a Suitable Angling Outfit.

Most writers declare that only the best and therefore the highest priced rods should be bought—excellent general advice that should be followed if your pocketbook can stand a strain of from \$25 to \$35. But if you are a novice, do not begin your career with such a valuable article; it would be like putting a "Strad" violin in the hands of a beginner, sassy the New York Sun. In such a case buy a \$5 extra quality lancewood rod nine feet long, or a greenheart of about the same length, rather longer than shorter. If, however, you are to fish a stream the banks of which are so overgrown that the use of a landing net



GENUINE PALMER

Waterproof, Oil Tan Moccasins Tanned and manufactured by the original JOHN PALMER who for over thirty years has made the best moccasins in North America.

In complete assortment for immediate delivery.



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is generally impossible and the fish, when tired out, must be lifted out of the water, a somewhat stiffer rod is necessary.

This may be either a heavier fly rod, say of 7 or 7 1-2 ounces, or a cheap grade of split bamboo, costing \$3 or \$4. In fact, this is about the only kind of trout fishing where a cheap split bamboo can ever be used with advantage. A very good plan if you do not wish to buy two rods is to have a third tip, shorter and stiffer than the other two, made for your good rod. A word as to handles. Most cheap rods have either hard rubber or so-called cork handles. The hard rubber is very slippery when wet, and therefore difficult to hold. The cork handle is composed of wood, over which thin and flimsy cork sheets are pasted, which come off in due time, to the disgust of the owner.

If you have one that acts in this way get the cork off as soon as possible and wind the handle with fine twine and you will have a good handle. Genuine cork handles are invariably described in the dealers' catalogs as "solid cork handles," and are made of a series of solid cork disks. They are furnished with rods costing at least \$7.50, generally more, and are the best. The best cheap handles are cane or twine wound, preferably twine. The best thing a novice can do is to go to some reputable dealer, state his case and take what he gives you, remembering, however, the advice given here, for dealers have their own prejudiced ideas. For the average fly fisherman a 9 1-2 or 10-foot split bamboo rod weighing from 5 1-2 to 6 ounces may be recommended. The stronger the wrist the heavier may be the rod, but seven ounces is considered quite heavy in this country. Fifteen dollars will buy a very good split bamboo rod. Anything cheaper should be of wood.

Whether your rod is cheap or dear give it good treatment; if good it deserves it, if cheap it needs it badly. Never leave it standing out all night in the open, as too many lazy people do. If you do not take it down either stand it indoors in as nearly a vertical position as possible or hang it up by the tip or lay it on a series of pegs in such a manner that the parts will not be subjected to unequal strain.

If wet wipe the rod dry after use. If the ferrules stick carry a tube of graphite, and put a little on the ferrules before jointing. If you can't get them apart warm the joint with a match, being careful not to injure the wood. Don't wrench and twist and jerk the rod too much. If you are satisfied that the ferrules do not fit rub the male with emery powder, but very cautiously, testing the fit every few rubs. Never use a rod if a guide ring has come off until this is replaced or the rod will be strained.—Springfield Republican.

CHANGES IN THE GAME LAWS

Federal Law on Migratory Birds As it Relates to Maine, Modifying Our Statutes.

As spring approaches and the hunting fever attacks people in all parts of the state, it becomes necessary that any changes in the hunting laws be brought to the attention of the public. The Federal Migratory Bird Law, which went into effect Oct. 1, 1914, makes certain modifications in the laws of Maine, and a brief resume of these changes will be found interesting. Generally speaking the Federal law does not give a longer open season than Maine gives but in some cases it does give a longer closed season. Briefly, these modifications are as follows:

Open Seasons for Migratory Birds Under Federal Regulations, Zone No. 1, So far as relations to the state of Maine.

Waterfowl—Sept. 1-Dec. 16. Waterfowl as herein used includes Brant, Wild Ducks, Geese and Swans.

Rails—Sept. 1-Dec. 1. The above birds include Coots, Gallinules, Sora and other Rails.

Woodcock—Oct. 1-Dec. 1. Shore Birds as herein used include Black-breasted and Golden Plover, Jack-snipe, Yellowlegs.

Insectivorous Birds protected indefinitely, Band-tailed Pigeons, Cranes, Swans, Curlew, Smaller Shore Birds, and Wood Ducks protected until September 1, 1918.

Shooting prohibited between sunset and sunrise.

Migratory game birds are defined in the federal regulations as comprising:

(a) Anatidae of waterfowl, including brant, wild ducks, geese and swans.

(b) Gruidae or cranes, including little brown, sandhill, and whooping cranes.

(c) Rallidae or rails, including coots, gallinules, and sora and other rails.

(d) Limicolae or shore birds, including avocets, curlew, dowitchers, godwits, knots, oyster catchers, phalaropes, plover, sandpipers, snipe, stilts, surf birds, turnstones, willet, woodcock, and yellow legs.

(e) Columbidae or pigeons, including doves and wild pigeons.

(f) Migratory insectivorous birds comprise: Boblinks, catbirds, chickadees, cuckoos, flickers, flycatchers, grosbeaks, humming birds, kinglets, martins, meadowlarks, nighthawks or bull bats, nuthatches, orioles, robins, shrikes, swallows, swifts, tanager, titmice, whippoorwills, woodpeckers and wrens, and all other perching birds which feed entirely or chiefly on insects.

Maine is one of twenty-five states in Zone 1, which comprises states lying wholly or in part north of latitude 40 degrees and the Ohio river.

THE AMERICAN FIELD

THE SPORTSMAN'S NEWSPAPER OF AMERICA
(Published weekly, Established 1874)

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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 8.23 A. M.; and from Rangeley and Phillips at 1.37 P. M.; and Bigelow and Kingfield at 1.28 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 8.00 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 7.45 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 10.00 A. M.; and arrives from Kingfield at 9.15 A. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives from Farmington and Strong at 8.43 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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Entered as second class matter, January 21, 1909, at the postoffice at Phillips, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Maine Woods thoroughly covers the entire state of Maine as to Hunting, Trapping, Camping and Outing news, and the Franklin county locally.

Maine Woods solicits communications and fish and game photographs from its readers.

When ordering the address on your paper changed, please give the old as well as new address.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914
This Issue Is 5121 Copies.

NEW TOWERS FOR PROTECTION

"Save the forests of Maine! They comprise 14,291,918 acres, furnish employment to thousands of people, protect water powers valued at \$150,000,000, furnish a play ground for the nation, are the most valuable asset of the State. More timber has been wasted in the past than utilized. The community loses from forest fires many times the amount of the loss to the individual owner."

These are a few of the facts stated on the big signs which the department of State Lands and Forestry of Maine will shortly post all over the Pine Tree State in order to make a large decrease during the coming summer in the loss of timber by fires. The department solicits the help of the people in the strict observance of a few precautions, some of which are: "Don't throw away burning matches, tobacco, cigars and cigarettes; don't kindle camp fires in dry places, near logs, rotten wood, leaves, and so forth; don't kindle a camp fire at a distance from water; always totally extinguish a camp fire before leaving it."

A conference and dinner of those people residing along the Kennebec river, who are interested in forest protection, was held Friday morning at The Elmwood in Waterville. Wardens were appointed and a general discussion on matters relating to the preservation of the forests took place. The department is going to erect several new look-out stations throughout the country, and intends to replace some of the old ones. Steel towers will be used on which will be erected portable houses for the watchmen and instruments.

Fire Wardens Appointed

Chief Wardens—Louis Oakes, Greenville Junction; E. P. Viles, Skowhegan; L. P. Barney, Skinner; Albert Webster, Bingham; John B. Comber, The Forks; Frank Thompson, Skowhegan; George G. Nichols, Jackman; O. C. Dolbier, Kingfield; John Hutchins, Bangor; W. J. Langigan, Waterville; Forest Colby, Bingham; R. L. Marston, Skowhegan; William D. Snow, Skowhegan; Guy W. Lawrence, South Gardiner; Frank E. Haines, Deadwater; Frank E. Mace, Augusta; Everett Amey, Portland.

The fire wardens for the Kennebec district for the coming summer were appointed as follows:

Deputy wardens—LeRoy A. Parsons, Dead River; Ralph Wing Flagstaff; J. K. Viles, North New Portland; A. A. Berry, Stratton; H. E. Harlow, Dead River; W. H. Bean, Gardiner; A. L. Savage, Stratton; E. A. Piper, Jackman; Peter Larkin, Waterville; O. W. Chase, North New Portland; Walter Taylor, Bingham; E. G. Stevens, Lily Bay; A. H. Woods, Tarratine; William Lockyer, Eustis; Colin McRitchie, Holey; Ray Skinner, Lowelltown; William P.

The Kidneys and the Skin. If the kidneys are weak or torpid, the skin will be pimply or blotchy. Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens and stimulates the kidneys, and clears the complexion. By thoroughly purifying the blood it makes good health.

Forsythe, Lake Moxie; O. R. Fahey, Tarratine; Aaron Wilson, Jackman; Ira McDaniels, Jackman; M. J. Marr, Moosehead; James Kinsley of Kennebec forest district; Daniel Burns, Lake Moxie; H. W. Maxfield, Bingham; James O'Brien, Lake Moxie; S. E. Andrews, Bingham; O. A. Sawyer, Lake Austin; Daniel Patience, Bingham; Harry, Pierce, Eustis; Reuel Holden, Jackman; H. T. McKenney, Jackman; general deputy of Maine forest district; Oliver Adams, The Forks; John B. Carville, Flagstaff; T. B. Snow, N. E. Carry, J. H. White, Eustis; C. A. Spaulding, Caratunk; Fred Henderson, Jackman; Albert Edgerly, Greenville; Ray Viles, Flagstaff; William Adams, The Forks; Owen B. Edgerly, Greenville Junction; Henry Kennedy, The Forks; Charles Ham, Bingham; P. J. Walsh, The Forks; Mike O'Brien, Mosquito; Christopher Stewart, Bingham; Orrin Sawyer, Moose River; Omer Durrell, Stratton; A. J. Moore, Jackman; Donald McRitchie, Jackman; Ray Weston, Rockwood; general deputy Maine forest district; L. F. Comber, The Forks; William True, Phillips; Henry J. Lane, Bingham; Dennis O'Connell, Jackman, general deputy of Kennebec forest district.

Among those who attended the conference were: S. S. Lockliff, Berlin, N. H.; R. L. Marston, W. D. Snow, Skowhegan; E. P. Viles, Augusta; Forrest Colby, Bingham.—Waterville Sentinel.

THE POLAR BEAR OF BEARING SEA.

Observations made throughout a number of years by officers of the United States revenue marine prove that the polar bear's limit of range is St. Matthew Island in Bearing Sea. A few of these bears were at one time seen near the seal islands, being adrift upon a huge ice floe. On St. Matthew Island the bears have lairs and dens among the rocky glens that abound upon the island. There, it is generally supposed the young cubs are born, though the natives living in the vicinity of Point Belcher aver that in December, when the sun disappears entirely, the females make a snow house out upon the ice and there give birth to their young. There is some evidence of the truth of this statement, as it is a rare thing to obtain the skin of a female bear which has been killed during the winter. They feed almost entirely upon seals, walrus, and dead drift whales, and, though disdaining to devour the blubber, the flesh is greedily consumed. A carcass upon which a bear has passed his gastronomic judgment reveals the skin and its fatty lining torn asunder, the flesh being cut into strips and shreds by the powerful claws and teeth. A single blow of a bear's paw upon a seal's head suffices to kill it, and, dragged out upon the ice, a meal is soon dispatched.

"The largest white bear I ever saw," said an old whaler and hunter, "was shot in November, 1885, about 150 miles northeast of Point Barrow. It measured twelve feet two inches from tip of tail to nose, six feet three inches girth, fifteen inches across from ear to ear, and possessed a seven-inch skull, while the track made by the huge beast covered eleven inches in length. An idea of the size of this monster can be gained when it is known their average length is only about eight or nine feet."

In summer the hairy coat of the polar bear turns to a dingy yellow and its pelt then becomes of no value. They have not near the courage of the interior bears and will rarely attack a person unless there are two or three in company. As soon as they scent a man approaching they, as a rule, will shamble off as fast as they can, and there are but few records of a bear killing any of the natives along the northern coast. The Eskimos are very partial to the meat of the white bear, but the blubber they reject, and even the dogs, unless they are very hungry, turn up their noses at the oily mass. Ten years ago it was a hard matter to secure the entire skin of a polar bear. The Eskimos formerly cut off the head and claws, and either threw them into the sea or buried them in the ground. One of their superstitions is that should the head and claws not be disposed of the friends of the dead animals will see the remains and consequently leave that particular district and will never return.—Juneau (Alaska) News.

THE PURPOSES OF A HACKLE

The books on trout fly dressing are to blame for the prevalent opinions that the purpose of a hackle is to represent legs of a fly. It would be wrong to say that that is never a purpose of a hackle, but it is wrong—"the wrongest kind of wrong"—to represent it as the sole purpose or as invariably one purpose of a hackle, says a writer in the London Field.

In some of the old books one finds instructions for dressings of winged flies with no hackle, but anyone who tried any such pattern nowadays with moderately shy trout would find them apt to be scared by the violence of the fall of the fly on the water. The first function, therefore, of a hackle is to break the fly's fall, to let it down lightly on the water. And that is equally true whether it be a cock's hackle, or a hen's, or a soft hackle from any of the small birds.

When the fly reaches the water, another function, or other functions of the hackle comes or come into play. If the fly be a floater, winged and hackle at the shoulder only, then the functions are, first flotation, and secondly (and often in a very secondary degree) imitation of the legs of the fly. Many good fly dressers hold that the body is the really attractive part of a trout fly, and that in a floater a hackle which is sufficient to insure sufficient flotation and is otherwise colorless and inconspicuous, serves its purpose best. A good cock's hackle, such as is used for floating flies, is extremely sharp and bright when held up to the light, and even in the ruddy shades lets but little color through. There can, however, be no harm, and it is probably safer if the hackle, as held to the light, bears a fairly close resemblance in color to the legs of the fly which it represents.

A winged floater, hackled all down the body with cock's hackles to represent a sedge—or even a similar pattern without wings—is probably taken for a fluttering sedge, by reason of the "buzz" effect.

A floater hackled with a sharp cock's hackle at the shoulder only, and without wings, is probably the best method of suggesting a spinner spent or still living. The wings of the natural spinner have an iridescent glitter which is well suggested by the extended fibres of a first-rate rusty or honey blue dun cock's hackle. Such a hackle thus serves (beyond the purpose of breaking the fly's fall) the double purpose of flotation and of imitation of wings.

A floater may, especially in the minute sizes of fly, be dressed with a soft feather, and may be made to float long enough for practical purposes without oiling. Here the hackle serves the purpose of flotation and of imitation of wings and legs. I have often floated a oo dotted dun perfectly dry over a trout when there has been a rise of pale watery duns, and have found it very killing, particularly in eddies under the far bank. The soft tips of the hackle cause it to make a far less alarming drag than does a cock's hackle.

Semi-submerged, the fly tied with bright cock's hackle at the shoulder only, and a seal's fur or Tup's indispensable body of suitable color, represents a spent spinner often in the most fatal way. Here the hackle enables the fly, the body of which is waterlogged, to cling to the surface.

Now we reach the sunk flies, and we shall find these present still more complex propositions, according to the way in which the fly is presented to the fish.

Fished directly up stream, a wet fly (whether winged or not) which is hackled with a stiff cock's hackle, has thrown away one of its chief advantages, the mobility of the hackle. In fact, one is inclined to think that, if a hackle were not needed to break the fall, such a fly might best be dressed without a hackle. A hen's hackle, or a small bird's hackle, would respond to every movement of the current, and would thus suggest an appearance of life in action, which is very fascinating. The Yorkshire hackles and Stewart's famous trio of "spiders," so-called, are based on this theory. What these flies really represent cannot always be certainly predicated. Doubtless the hackles suggest the wings and legs of hatched-out insects, drowning or drowned, and tumbled by the current in some cases, and in others they suggest some nondescript, struggling subaqueous creature. In either case the mobility suggests life.

However, an up stream wet fly man, however keen on that method,

does not always cast directly up stream, but more often up and across and occasionally across. When he casts across or up and across and holds his rod top so as to bring his team of flies as nearly as possible perpendicularly across the current, a new set of considerations arises. The droppers, catching the stream more than does the gut cast, are drawn head up stream and tail down stream in advance of the gut cast. Here soft hackles are apt to be drawn back so as completely to enfold the body of the fly, with the points of the fibres flickering softly beyond the bend of the hook, thus suggesting a nymph vainly attempting to swim against the current. The top dropper may be dribbling on the surface, thus suggesting an ovipositing fly. Here the hackle represents the wings of the natural fly in active motion. In these conditions cock's hackles, whether dressed at shoulder only or palmerwise, are apt to impart motion to the wings and body, and to suggest life in this way rather than by their own motion, as do soft hackles. The resilience of a first-rate cock's hackle is great, and every exertion of it must react upon the fly body, which it surrounds, and impart a motion which, whether life-like in the sense of resembling the motions of some particular insect or not, at least is sufficient to attract the attention and excite the rapacity or tyranny of the trout if it does not appeal to his appetite. This was the Devonshire theory that produced that priceless, but alas! vanishing, strain of Old English Blue game fowls.

We now come to the down-stream methods. Here we find the considerations which apply to across-stream methods present in even greater force—because the resistance of the rod top, which holds the line as it swings the flies across the current, brings the current to bear upon the flies far more strongly than is the case when the angler is fishing across and up. For this reason, flies for this type of fishing should be dressed with a specially "good entry," so as not to skirt. Winged flies should have the wings low and fitting close over the back, and hackled flies should have good sharp cock's hackles, or, if hackled with hen's hackles or soft hackles, should have them supported by a wad of dubbing behind the hackle at the shoulder, so as to get the maximum of work out of them. By the across and down stream method the top dropper may be made to dib more readily than by any other, thus imitating either spinner or sedge ovipositing.

To sum up, the fly dresser must think how and where his fly is to be used when he dresses it, and hackle it accordingly.—Forest and Stream.

ANGLING FROM THE HUMORIST'S VIEWPOINT.

Fishing is the leading American sport next to the pianola. It is carried on almost entirely in the sporting papers, but can be done also in streams and lakes. The latter form of fishing is known as the empirical and experimental method.

Fishes are divided by science into two families, edible and nonedible. Edible fish are those that are landed.

Edible fishes weigh from one to three ounces. Larger fish than these live in literature and do not take the bait.

To go fishing successfully it is necessary to have an outfit consisting of a day off, a hook and a piece of string.

There are innumerable varieties of bait, such as worms, grasshoppers, beetles and toy torpedo boats known as casting baits.

Casting is done by hurling the torpedo boat violently into the water and hauling it back till the fisher faints.

There are also better baits, such as lobster pots and dynamite.

The noblest fishing is fly fishing. It is the art of throwing a miniature feather duster on the water in the hope that it will look like a fly. Countless fishes instantly dart from all points of the horizon to look at it. Fly fishermen count these countless fishes and report the number minutely to the sporting editor.

Even the smallest fishes reach enormous weight. This is because the scales carried by the fishes are not efficiently inspected.

The most disastrous mistake in fishing is patience. If a fish does not bite instantly the fisher should try another place at once. After trying three places without success

the fisher will do best by bailing the place out with a bucket.

The best bait for general fishing is the worm. This is a longitudinally elongated tubular insect. It is enormously plentiful over the entire habitable globe except when wanted for bait. Worms then cost one cent per worm.

He is made into bait by being impaled on the hook. This is not painful to the worm. He is prevented, only by lack of speech from expressing delight.

The worm should be lowered into the water kindly but firmly. A fish will snap it up immediately. This fish may be a salmon bullhead, Flan haddie, or tin can.

As soon as the fish bites he must be played. Playing a fish is the technical term for yanking him in before he can get away. If the fisher is using a pole he should lay it down and play the fish hand over hand.

Some fishes are known as game fishes. This is not because of their flavor, but because they jump into the air when hooked. Many fishers refuse haughtily to fish for any except game fishes. The best way to get a game fish is to play him till he jumps and then stun him with a club.

The leading game fish of the United States is the Speckled Beauty. Uncultivated persons call this fish a trout. The Speckled Beauty is speckled with vermillion, green, purple and blue spots over a brown moire with watered silk effect. It ranges in size from two inches to monsters of three and four, and lives exclusively in babbling brooks not less than one inch deep. It is fished for with artificial flies and caught with worms.

Bullheads are more easily caught than trout. This gives them much finer flavor. The bullhead can be identified by gripping him firmly. If it is a bullhead the fisher will find the fish nicely nailed to his hand by handsome spines.

The bullhead has the openest smile of any game fish except the sperm whale. The sperm whale, however, is not a true game fish. He is an independent oil refiner who was pushed into the sea when John D. Rockefeller was evolved.

One sperm whale is considered a fair catch for one day's fishing.

Fishers who would rather fish for numbers than quality usually devote themselves to the eel. The eel is exceedingly easy to catch, but not so easy to uncatch. A ten-inch eel swallows the hook and 50 feet of the line in the moment of impact. The fisher must jerk violently as soon as an eel bites. He will then discover the eel looped handsomely around his neck and tied with a sailor's half-hitch.

A somewhat more aristocratic sport is salmon fishing.

The salmon is caught with a pole that has been sawed into three or more pieces and put together again at an expense of not less than \$100. The salmon fisher begins at dawn to cast into the salmon pool with his pierced pole and continues casting till sunset. A guide then wades into the pool and gets the salmon with a gaff-hook.

There is also salt water fishing.

Salt water fishing is not fishing for salt mackerel, as many unsclerific thinkers believe. Salt water fishers catch bluefish, blackfish, whitefish, jewelfish, pollocks and other nationalities.

The equipment for a salt water fisher is a strong pole, one mile of twine, a meat-hook and a side-wheel steamer. The steamer is to get seasick on.

The very best way to fish is by trolling. It is the favorite method of fat men who fish for exercise. Trolling is done by sitting in an easy chair in a boat and being rowed around by a friend. The troller holds a pole and line. At the end of this line is a piece of machinery that revolves swiftly if the rower is kept up to his work by judicious remarks from the troller.

The machine has a bouquet of colored feathers attached to it, together with as many hooks as possible. Very often a rower will have rowed barely fifty miles before a fish is hooked. Enthusiastic trollers keep a supply of fresh friends on hand during the trolling season.—The Sportsmen's Review.

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TO LET—A tenement with bath and stable, furnished if required. Chas. Miner, Phillips, Maine.

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

WANTED—Washing and ironing. Will go out or take them home. Mrs. Azella Jensen.

WANTED—Family washings and ironings to do. Best of references given. Satisfaction guaranteed. Washings called for and delivered. Mrs. Bessie Dobun, Phillips, Maine. R. F. D. No. 2. Box 6.

WANTED—Potatoes at my storehouse. Notify by telephone night before bringing them. B. F. Beal.

LOGGING AT CARRY POND

To the Editor of Maine Woods:
Carry Pond, Me.,
March 31, 1914.

Things have been lively at Briggs' Landing the past winter. Over 6,000,000 of logs have been landed; the Boyde & Harvey Co. of Augusta about 5,000,000; Thales Spaulding and son for Governor Haines 1,400,000. Mr. Spaulding and son hauled their logs eight miles.

It looked bad for them when it rained March first, but after that time for four weeks they "hauled logs," landing 770,000 in four weeks, finishing their operation March 32.

The largest load hauled with four horses, was landed by Thales Spaulding, Jr., which scaled 6,250 feet. The number of logs were 43. The next largest load was landed by Mr. Livingstone which scaled 6,160 feet. Number of logs 22.

Mr. Spaulding's horses came out looking fine and it is reported that Spaulding & Son made a good winter's work.

Henry J. Lane.

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THE JOYS OF ANGLING

By Robert Page Lincoln

"When I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and providence, of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed by the goodness of God, of Nature, and therefore trust in him."

Isaac Walton.

The pleasures of angling are many and varied. These associations, realized in our intercourse with Nature in her never-ending resourcefulness, hold us to endearments without number. In our study of Nature, and her manifestations of light, of sound, of atmosphere, from pasture to meadow, from brook to highlands, from tree shade to tree shade, among the rapids, and upon the bosom of the still dark pools—to the angler, all these have tongues of interpretation by him alone penetrated and revealed as the greatest of all truths terrestrially imparted. As Fredrick Pond, the well-known Will Wildwood, has said, the angler is always a poet, if not by means of rhyming words, then by a gentlemanly nature, sincere and brother-loving; a poet in friendship, and honesty, whose sensibilities are never weak in the pursuit of ill-gains, but ever one who looks forward to the simple pleasures of life, for the good that they will bring, realizing that that short span we know as Life may be hell, or heaven, as we make it; and who shall say, that he who follows the winding brooklet, in meadow dale, or mountain fastness, can but absorb the almightiness of it—the free out-of-doors, the sunshine, the wind, the leaves, the grasses, the flowers—all those things that are pure gold for thought, deeper than any human philosophy, and broader in their appeal to that contentment we seek for, even as one, long ago, sought for the fabled Fountain of Youth. Let us realize always the impartings that come to us from love and devotion to Nature. Let us know by day shadows, on tranquil pools; the immortality of night upon the world, and the stars of the constellations gleaming eternally down upon us, that we may gain that same firmness, that same persistency, that same never-ending delight for good, by following the winding streams, in that pastime above them all—that of angling. What sinister, artificiality-ridden soul shall not go into the wilds, close to the heart of the mother earth, and listening there for a few moments, shall not be a better man for his experience. What man shall drop his flies upon waters, born of anticipation, without realizing that divinity that sets this pursuit foremost in the category of outdoor devotions. What wand of bamboo, what consistency of motion, what shapeliness of perfection shall not be as one from his morning to his night, with what recollections forever clinging to his awakened consciousness, by many gleaming fires—and he shall be with Nature, true poet, true living, and the earth shall have for him a fitter monument, than any erected for his memory, by stone of man, paid for by beads of sweat. In the lingering joys of the resurrected midsummer, blossoms for his eyes to feast on blue skies to roof him over—here he shall be a part of Nature, not an intruder; knowing the delight of taking little, and giving more; conservation and protection being, as always, stars of light to follow, that others coming after may be rewarded, even as we are rewarded for our constancy, our gains, their gains, as one, forever!

"Men nowhere, east or west, live yet a natural life, round which the vine clings, and which the elm willingly shadows. Man would desecrate it by his touch, and so the world and its beauty remains veiled to him. He needs not only to be spiritualized, but naturalized, on the soil of the earth. Who shall conceive what kind of roof the heavens might extend over him, what seasons minister to him, and what employment dignify his life! Only the convalescent raise the veil of Nature. An immortality in his life would confer immortality on his abode. The winds should be his breath, the seasons his moods, and he should impart of his serenity to Nature herself."

Henry David Thoreau.

We can conceive in angling that

pastime, which, so properly adjusted, helps us to see the revealed beauty of the earth and Nature, the divine mother of us all. No winding stream, silvered by sunlight, by day, or by mellow moonshine by night, or by starlight showered from steel blue heavens, but won from man that eternal sense of comradeship that adds further greatness to his character, and his benevolence. No music of limpid flowing water, over attuned stones, or among meadows grasses, but sends a thrill of rejoice through the listening mortal who has comprehended more than the outer conclusiveness of things. It awakens in him some esthetic wonderment; some perfectness of breadth, and view; some illimitableness of insight that holds for him lasting delight and pleasure. A dark and inviting pool to the trout fisher stimulates more anticipation, and attraction than any like presentation, on the same level, offered to him for his indulgence, in this world. He floats his flies, his being singularly keyed for the perfect divinity of it. He feels no sense of loneliness, though he may seem to the average conventionalism-stepped human, a forsaken figure indeed. Rather the fullness of Nature is at his finger-tips. From the sky he has his sense of constancy. He may ever look up and find the friendly blue smiling down upon him, with the sun in those pure heights ever at its round of warm fulfillment. Not a green branch but that he is subconsciously aware of. No bird, at rippling stream-side, but that he marks with a rare sense of worshipping attentiveness that mellows ever hour of his union, and communion, with Nature, in her innumerable forms. No unscrupulous destructiveness is his. He pursues no blood-thirsty inclinations. The foundation of his passion is the preservation of Beauty, the love for Nature, at the shrine of which he instinctively feels that his best days have been spent, discounting none. He feels throughout all those days, and weeks, and months, when he is away from his favorite stream, in wildernesses populated with insane human beings, that he must go back, go back, go back—to the mother of us all for a renewal and a restoration of his true self. To sever the shackles of commercialism; the grinding bitterness of Competition, and Monopoly, to the brotherhood of stream, of sky, or rod. Suddenly, then, among midsummer silences, broken alone by the notes of birds, and the limpid chatter of the stream, his burden of life falls from his shoulders; his sensibilities take on a deep and unbroken content—and the mellow friendship of all about him awakes once more in him that breathless admiration every trout fisher must feel. No stain, no blight, no curse, no sneer, no dust, no clangor—but in its stead Rejuvenation sits enthroned—dictator supreme. Fish then the long and winding streams, O trout fisher: In June days, or July dusks, from meadow floor, to mountain tranquilities; in whirling white waters, and somnolent pool, for where thou art, there God is also!

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To stand back of a shotgun and "point" with sufficient accuracy to break ninety per cent. plus of 175,000 clay targets, is a record worthy of note in the trapshooting world. These figures come from the official schedule of the nine years' shooting that constitute H. H. Stevens' career at the traps.

Mr. Stevens first became interested in this sport in 1888 and in 1950 he was shooting 83 per cent. The Interstate Association's list of averages for 1913 show this New Jersey gunner, who shoots a Remington-UMC gun and ammunition of the same make, jumping to 94.53 per cent. and he is also credited with the largest number of registered targets shot at during 1913 by any trap shooter in the United States—nine thousand eight hundred and eighty.

But this increase in percentage of targets broken was made gradually and by virtue of steady and persistent plugging at both registered and unregistered shoots. Mr. Stevens does not pick his shoots, but when possible goes wherever there is shooting to be done in his territory. During the first few years of his career, Mr. Stevens secured for himself many important titles and prizes offered at amateur contests. Notable among these was the New Jersey state championship which he won in 1901. Since that time Mr. Stevens appears to have made a specialty of state shoots, winning at least one each year. In 1912 he made the highest score in four state tournaments, and last year he won both the Pennsylvania state shoot at York, Pa., breaking 427 out of 450, and the New Jersey state shoot at Red Bank, N. J., breaking 454 out of 480.

A century run (breaking 100 targets consecutively) is a common occurrence to Mr. Stevens in these days of improved guns and ammunition. Over thirty have of late years been set down to his credit. Last year Mr. Stevens made five straight runs of over 125, the highest of which was 161. But at Hamilton, Ont., in January, 1908, he made even a higher straight run, breaking 170 targets in 170 shots from 18 yards.

In 1913 Mr. Stevens contested 28 meets, winning first place at 21 of them. Starting at the Sportsmen's Show in New York City on March 5th, Mr. Stevens began winning every meet he was entered in and concluded a string of eleven successive victories at Norwich, N. Y., on May 27, 1913. The first Hercules Long Run trophy ever offered was awarded to Mr. Stevens on May 1st last at Philadelphia for his straight run of 144. Mr. Stevens closed his season on October 7th, at Milton, Pa.

Mr. Stevens is recognized as a capable authority on game bird and wild fowl hunting. His clean, sportsmanlike methods are admired wherever he is known.

GREAT INTEREST IN FISH AND GAME.

Norwich, Conn., Mar. 26, 1914.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Have just received your March 19 issue and while you have sent out some mighty good numbers seems to me this is a particularly strong one. Especially as it has so many recommendations that I've always championed. Resident license, brutality of deadfalls, danger set guns and heavy traps, need of protection fish and game; fishing license but should be deducted from maximum of \$25. Close time on moose five years, and limiting to one deer, either buck or doe. Planting wild water foods and care of shore fisheries. Seems to me the greatest wonder how you can find writers and so many vital subjects.

All good luck to you,
W. G. Rose.

OPINIONS ABOUT MAINE MOOSE

Farmersville, Ohio, Mar. 21, 1914.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I notice my subscription to Maine Woods expires 26, as I do not care to miss any number will enclose you the necessary amount for renewal, have been to Maine several times hunting and enjoyed it very much. Have some nice trophies that I got in the forests of Maine, yet I did not get what I was looking for, as yet a nice moose last fall went to a territory where they were supposed to be but they seemed to have deserted the place. Were plenty of

signs that they have been there a year or two ago but I fear if there is not something done to protect them for awhile they will become almost extinct. I notice the lumbermen are watching them, kill them and sell the heads and some of the guides do the same, and they are getting so scarce that the heads bring quite a price. There are quite a few deer as yet. We had a very nice hunt last fall considering the weather, had good guides and a comfortable cabin so that we enjoyed it very much. Birds were real plentiful, but I could not recommend Maine for moose as I think they are very scarce and the citizens are taking advantage of it. Are killing the few that are left and selling them at a large price.

Yours truly,

L. Kurtz.

THAT QUESTION OF FISH DISEASES.

The question of whether diseases of fishes are communicable, which has been receiving much attention of late, should make of more than passing interest the work of the Bureau of Fisheries along this line. In the annual report of Commissioner H. M. Smith, just issued, the following information is given:

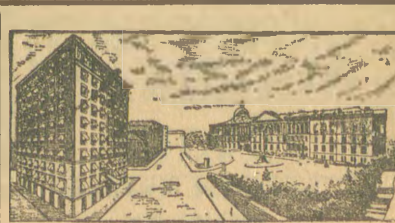
"During the year the Bureau has received growing and insistent demands for the study of the relations of industrial and other contaminations to the fish life in streams. These demands, which have come from Government, State, and private fish-cultural establishments, and from State, municipal, and private interests, are of a character that makes them entirely appropriate for attention at the hands of the Federal fishery service; but, owing to the lack of facilities, the Bureau has been able to do very little to help either itself or the general public in this respect.

"The co-operative investigation of cancerous tumors in trout, in which the Bureau has been associated with the New York Laboratory for the Study of Malignant Disease, has been brought to a close by the completion of a report dealing with the cause and nature of the disease and its relation to human health. This but clears the ground for that part of the work which vitally concerns the Bureau, namely, the investigation of the means of preventing and curing the disease in streams and hatcheries. The co-operating institution is not concerned in this phase of the subject and any constructive work in the interests of the fisheries must be conducted by the Bureau.

"From every consideration of economy adequate means should be provided for such investigations. At one hatchery alone—Holden, Vt.—over 350,000 trout died from an epidemic in May and June. This was practically the entire stock on hand and the cost to produce these fish, to say nothing of their ultimate value, was greater than would suffice to pay for an assistant qualified to find means of prevention of the losses."—Forest and Stream.

Worship of the Serpent.

The Apaches profess to be descended from a snake, and venerate it accordingly, and the most extraordinary prehistoric earthwork on the continent testifies to the power of the serpent on the imagination of primitive man. The tribes of central Australia, the most primitive people in contact with modern civilization, have in a mythical serpent of gigantic size and magical attributes their nearest approach to a deity.



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WHAT IS A SPORTSMAN?

By Robert Page Lincoln

Undoubtedly we have arrived at that time when it would be a little enlightening, and soul-inspiring to know just what is meant by the term, sportsman. Many and various opinions may be advanced as a definition of this word, the wide number of them centering around what is universally accepted: A man who goes out, in a set season, and kills a certain number of game birds or animals, realizing rational boundaries, keeping well within the limits of the law, holding at the same time broad-minded views relative to the conservation, protection and perpetuation of the game, not only to their benefit but to those generations of sportsmen and nature lovers of the future. This I believe is a good definition of the word sportsman, placed in the honorable school, of the discriminate and intelligent.

The present writer wonders not a little if the sensations that are supposed to go along with the term, are to be those of the brute man, to kill for the so-called joy of killing or of circumstances arising from need of food, wherein animals are laid low. I wonder not a little if he is not the true sportsman who kills only when he stands in actual need of meat to supply him with means of sustenance. We are fast progressing beyond that stage where wanton and needless slaughter is accepted as a thing too trifling for the concentration of our attention.

With the gradual withdrawal and diminishing of our universal game supply, our thoughts are necessarily riveted upon the subject. Ruthless killing of game is something that calls forth bursts of protest. No hunting season now goes by but that we hear innumerable voices of protest, all clamoring that if such unthoughtful waylaying goes on, the near future will see every woodland and every forest of the country freed of its wild life. With the army of sportsmen yearly increasing, sometimes, in certain sections, twofold, it is becoming harder and harder for the game to survive the unscrupulous inroads so thoroughly extended to cover every likely spot. We have seen now that the cry for game reservations is increasing in volume. Wild game must have

refuges, wherein they might shelter themselves from the intelligent, yet devastating hand of Man. As the country is becoming more and more taken up; as civilization, undeterred, thrusts itself into the most uncomfortable places, the game as a consequence suffers, and suffers usually death, despite laws, despite wardens, despite everything.

The question is now open to our attention: Must not the game, as game, be sacrificed entirely; must it not become a thing of curiosity, much as such animals are a curiosity to the greater number of the average people in the parks—behind iron bars? Are we not soon arrived at that time when complete protection must be offered the game; if not for all time, then within a space, under complete guardianship, that their numbers might recuperate, to provide an overflow, when hunters might be allowed to shoot same in a restricted season. Present-day conditions point to the fact that our game is making its last stand. The millions of buffalo that roamed the western plains need not be pointed out as being such a singular crime. The buffalo had to depart to make room for an elbowing civilization, and the demanded agricultural enterprises that are the mainstay and backbone of this nation.

But the question is: Are these deer and these moose, these game birds also to vanish; or what can be done for them, since relatively few of the average people who roam abroad with guns are of a protective nature; the majority of which never fail, when out with a gun, in the closed season to harass birds or in the big woods do not let their conscience hurt them when they fell a deer or a moose. The fact of the matter is that even where there is land, that can never be used for agricultural purposes; where there are woods and forests, as the natural home of these animals, and birds: These places you will find systematically over-run by unscrupulous humans,—and the game toll is heavy as a consequence.

It is foolish to believe that all of these near-gunning sportsmen who go out every year, and bring home their deer, actually do their own killing. That is the trouble. Were they cast upon their own ingenious resources, to match cunning and caution, with the deer they might not succeed as well. But there are thorough woodsmen who supply the demand. For a bright and respectable consideration, the goods are forwarded, and the hunter returns to the haunts of man to enlarge upon his false prowess. At the same time this same woods hunter may have supplied upwards of 25 or 30 deer to various sportsmen, and he is not alone either, for the woods are full of them. In such well laid plunderings and barterings our deer and moose are gradually being exterminated; where if these near-hunters did their own hunting they would have the time of their lives and no mistake! As it is, some of these woodsmen even before the season is open have their deer killed and cached. The hunters enter; sometimes unreasonably lavish with their money, and their deer are purchased, and in the days that follow the exultant nimrods hug the camp-stove, wooing the ardent embrace of John Barleycorn and play poker. Now this would all be well, if the woods were not literally overcrowded with men. At one stroke, with the opening of the season, out begin to come the slain deer, and one wonders in amazement how these practically unskilled hunters could be so fortunate, when you know that these same deer are as wise and as cunning in guarding their comings and goings, as anyone could expect.

When you know that it takes men of skill, with powers of woodcraft to hunt them out in their haunts and spend often days at a stretch doing so, even with a superior outlay of cunning; and yet, witness at the opening of the season, out come the deer presumably shot by those fellows, some of which have never learned to shoot straight, let alone, know how to shoot deer in their intricate haunts. The point is that innumerable men, skilled in hunting, shoot deer and sell them; thus carrying on a systematic destruction, that must have a distinct effect upon those wild ranks. The present writer would like to believe that our game warden business is carried on in a thorough, enlightened manner, and that each and every man appointed for this duty is honest to the core, that he will be party to no degree of crookedness and corruption, that he would at all times exercise the duty of the law and arrest hunters in the woods for shooting deer out of season. And yet for all that there are those who do no more earn their money than had they remained out of the ranks altogether. As long as a despicable commercialism political machines are working, just so long will there be incompetency in the ranks of the game wardens and thorough protection cannot be expected.

The writer understands that it is the right of all those who live in the woods to kill deer when they need it for their own use; when they need it as food. I think the law would not necessarily bring them up for it. Where a man needs the flesh of a deer for food he is therefore doing nothing apparently wrong to kill that meat and bring it home. If this holds good then it can be seen that innumerable deer go down in this manner alone. Where there are wardens in secluded district you will find that they are not as active as they should be. Often for a reason. In such districts there are men known to be deer butchers, and yet they can never be taken, being too wily, too slippery, and they get away with the goods, right under the nose of the warden.

It is foolish to suppose that every warden will go into the very jaws of death to catch someone, of a black reputation, and bring him before justice. While there are such wardens the present writer believes that they list among the minority; the majority think twice, know that they get their salary anyway, and they know that they can just as well hang around the small towns and let things that come into one ear comfortably slip out of the other. The present writer believes that an immense number of wardens are gotten into their situations through the machinations of political intrigue. He believes that these men, not suited for the work, are yet gotten in, for no other good use than to hold down the job, be a figurehead, and draw salary; through political reasons, as I say. Such things have constantly been pointed out. Therefore, game suffers the consequences.

In wild districts where deer killing men are known to be, there wardens are often slack. Is it not fear of death in their tracks while in the woods that also haunts them. It takes a brave man indeed to track down and catch some of the characters the present writer has known of; and it would be very unhealthy indeed to catch any of these men with the evidence upon them. Numbers of these wardens have never returned; gone as though swallowed up in the thin air. Where did they go to. As evidence of this, while out in California the writer heard of three wardens killed successively in the district north of San Francisco. They were daring men but murdering individuals got them every time. The game protection problem is a hard one to solve even as hard as that of protecting our game birds from inevitable destruction. With the army of hunters annually increasing, every wild district is over-run, and the consequence is that the game is driven to the wall and in despair makes its last stand. Where there are no game reservations, where this game can find shelter, they are at their last move. Man, hot for blood, knows no limits. Even the most sane and intelligent have been known to fail when opportunity permits of a kill. We have seen the despicable run of conditions in the past deer season in Massachusetts, and neighboring states, where the most unthinkable things are said to have been enacted. The writer wonders where humans have a right

to the name of patriotic citizens, gifted with intelligence and foresight, kindness and consideration for brute things, liberality of spirit, because, different than the mere brutes they are able to use what is known as their distinguishing, or reasoning, powers: When view what they will do, in this, a day of civilization, in your intellectual Massachusetts! Indeed, if I am to go by the reports that have come to me, I would say that no greater evidence of barbarism has been shown toward the wild animals, than this lamentable wrong-doing.

The great need in the country today is game reservations. A close season is the demand. The promiscuous use of firearms, and especially shotguns, should be banned. Were intelligent hunters, of the honored old school to do all the shooting, perhaps there would not be so much of this nameless slaughtering, and worse yet, wounding of animals, who drag themselves away to die in misery, in the woods. However, it conclusively proves that our game must go. It proves that law can do nothing to quell the fever of a Rooseveltian brotherhood; who want blood when they want it, or will know the reason why. By wiping out the game once and for all time, these same wretches, who stalk the woods with their shotguns and bird-shot, would be able to stay at home and think over their past glorious hunts, when they, as mighty hunters brought down their venison.

The old-time hunter, alone on the game trail, shooting only when he needed the meat; having always a singular love for all wild creatures, and Nature, is a character that can be rarely equalled in the present day. The cry for blood is too strong. In these days of competition and monopoly; of stress against one another, a hardened mind and heart is mostly the consequence. Such men, going out, butcher the game with as little thought as they butcher another man's reputation. Under their hands the game is withdrawing. They think only, in their own narrow cells; beyond that nothing appeals. In their monumental selfishness they have ravaged this land, and the nine hundred and ninety nine, stale and dusty, game laws, are forgotten and rarely if ever, used. Where money will buy one out of a pinch, there you will not find the foundation of protection; and money will buy out so many of the wardens and game officials in the present day holding office that it is needless to dwell upon it, only stopping to call mention to the wonderful system we have at our command. But at the same time I will say that there are wardens who are righteous, honorable and of a nature for protection that amounts to their religion. Were we able to insert such men as this, the movement would be of singular importance; but as long as money dictates, and as long as men, totally unfitted for the task, are worked in, through political intrigue, just so long can you expect little or no protection for the deer. An investigation into the movements of our various wardens, and the extent of their activity, at arresting, and so forth, might prove prolific of much amazing fact. In the present day the term sportsmanship undoubtedly has been severely misconstrued. As a result, honorable men, of a conservation, and protecting, nature, who kill but little and try to perpetuate more receive the identical treatment as the rowdies. These same overrun the country shooting tame fowl, ducks and chickens; tearing down fences, and often injuring, with bullets, the live-stock. It is little wonder then that the farmers, as one, are against the inroads of these people; and that they watch for their coming to drive them away. Therefore, true sportsmen, misunderstood, are included as objects of their exasperation, and are often given severe beatings for doing nothing else than entering a farm. Gradually all of the open, huntable land has been taken up, or is held, and the owners of same are within such a distance that shots will bring them forth. The result is that more and more true hunters are annually leaving the ranks, and content themselves with other pastimes. It is lamentable that something cannot be done to restrict the indiscriminate use of firearms, among the younger people; but it seems we must stand it, and that the game must go. It is impossible to stop out of season shooting, with an insufficient number of wardens to watch over the game. It is far too much to expect. Where

there is so much hunting done; so many more entering the hunting ranks every year; where little or nothing is done to replenish the ranks of the vanishing, only a blind person, both mentally and physically, could escape seeing the consequences. What we need is a lot more attention directed toward the preservation of our game, and the beneficial establishment of game preserves, or reservations, where propagation of the diminishing species could be put forth; and then when there would be an overflow in such preserves, it would spread into other country, increasing constantly its limits, thus populating again the silent, gameless covers.

In a coming article I am going to write up the well known Huntington proposition of game propagation on game preserves, and it will give in detail much of what we need, or what we are going to need in the near future. For it has amply been shown that no matter if you enact, and lay down game laws till the day of doom, they cannot fulfill, where they are not enforced, and only scientific replenishing of the wasted supplies can work the problem out rightly. Only the utter foolish can expect that we can save our wild game, and make it grow again to anywhere near one third of the past numbers, what with innumerable detrimental sources at work constantly undermining it; with no chance for rest and recuperation. There must be established in this country innumerable bird reservations, game preserves, propagating stations, and all manner of artificial means extended if we are to expect success in saving the remnant of our fast vanishing birds. Only the utter fool can fail to see that our ruffed grouse are almost of the verge of oblivion; that our quail are fast following in their footsteps, with the prairie chicken now almost extinct, gone with the turkey and the passenger pigeon. It is time that scoffing and game-optimistic people awoke to the fact that it is not all a howl, from the mental manufacturing plant of alarmists. It is a cold truth and a revelation!

INDIAN HISTORY

Through the kindness of Judge S. H. Whitney we have been informed of some bits of early Indian history, especially of interest because of its connection with our own community.

The tribe of Indians which dwelt upon the shores of the Kennebec were known to the western neighbors as "The Children of the Rising Sun." The Indian name of our beautiful river was "Kin-ni-bi-bee," which when spoken by the white man sounded like "Kennebec" hence the name of our river. The region between Solon and the Canadian border, was called by the Indians "Caratunk" a word meaning something rough or broken. The southern line of the territory owned by the Norridgewock tribe was Wesserrun-sett Stream, near Skowhegan, while the northern boundary was "Caratunk Falls" in Solon.

When Arnold marched up the Kennebec, Norridgewock was the most northern settlement of the whites. He stopped over night at William Howard's in Bloomfield, now Skowhegan. The Kennebec Tribe is now extinct. This tribe when first visited by Capt. George Weymouth in 1605 numbered 1700 warriors, whose homes were from Skowhegan to Merrymeeting Bay.—The Independent Reporter.

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PLEASANT ISLAND CAMPS

(Continued from Page 2.)
peer. Nearly two thousand feet above sea level, girt about by magnificent mountains, its dark green surroundings are strikingly suggestive of a "diamond in an emerald setting." On every side silver brook-like threads run from the high lands, pour out through a magic gateway

ing variety from Portland is via Maine Central Railroad to Farmington, Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes Railroad to Rangeley, steamer across Rangeley Lake to Outlet, carriage to Haines Landing, and steamer to the Camps. Through parlor car to end of narrow gauge line.
Terms, \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day; \$16.00 to \$25.00 per week. Special

TRAPPING THE BEAVER

By Collin McDougall, M. D.

The beaver is the most difficult to trap of all our fur-bearing animals. Its extraordinary intelligence, natural shyness and wonderful sense of smell combine to protect it against the ingenuity of man, who, holding its fur in high esteem, has followed it to its farthest and least accessible retreats.

Although in nearly all departments of woodcraft the trained white man excels the Indian, there may be said to be two accomplishments in which the Indian is his superior. These are finding his way through the woods, and trapping the beaver. At the end of the trapping season the white man may have three times the number of mink, martin or fisher, and even more otter skins to his credit than has his Indian rival, but the latter will have many more beaver skins. This superiority has been held by some persons to be due to a certain method of trapping the beaver much followed by the Indian, called "breaking the dam." But this is also practiced by the white trapper although not to such an extent as by the Indian. It depends for its success upon the very instincts which make the beaver so difficult to capture in any other way; that is to say, its delicate sense of hearing, its skill in perceiving any disturbance about its works and its detection of anything unusual about its haunts.

These animals, sometimes including a large number of families from colonies where they live communistically, working jointly in gathering and

sheet. The houses are dotted over the pond not far above the dam and vary in number, according to the size of the community. All the construction work of dam and houses, as also the cutting down of trees necessary to secure the bark which constitutes their food, is done altogether at night.

For the Indian who has found a colony of beavers with dam intact, the rest is easy. Late in the

less deeply marked channel or groove. This is called a "slide" and here the trap is placed, but always below the water. If the creek is navigable it is better to set the trap from canoe, as the danger of leaving scent is avoided. Otherwise the water must be waded along its margin and the trap set without putting a foot on dry land. Any cutting or chips that may be lying around must not be touched with



into the welcoming embrace of glorious Mooselookmeguntic, swell the grand body of Mollychunkamunk and Welokennebacook, from which they rush into Umbagog, and forsake their wild life of ease and sports-making, to assume the work-a-day harness of the burden taking Androscoggin.

"The glorious life of the woods! Joys limited only by the capacity of the individual to appreciate, and the length of the days and nights!"

Routes to Pleasant Island Camps

The time was when Rangeley Lakes were not easy of access, but now all is changed; with modern railroads, and excellent time arrangements, it is not only easy to reach the lakes at almost any time desired, but travel is rapid and enjoyable, without the discomforts of the old methods of transportation.

To travel by rail leave Grand Central Station, New York, for Boston, South Station, transfer across the city to North Station and take Boston and Maine Railroad to Union Station, Portland, Maine; or leave New York via New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad in through sleeper to Portland; from Portland

rates from the time the lake opens to June 15th, and from September 15th to December 1st. Guides and boats are always available. Post-office, two daily mails. Telegraph and telephone connections at the Camps.

For further information, address, Weston U. Toothaker, proprietor, Via Oquossoc. Pleasant Island, Me.



BRIDGE FR M ISLAND TO MAINLAND



THIS INDICATES SOLID COMFORT

via Maine Central Railroad in through parlor car from Boston to Oquossoc. Take carriage one mile to Haines Landing, and steamer to Pleasant Island, a beautiful sail of four miles, or by auto via Rangeley village to Haines Landing where there is a garage.
Another rail rout offering interest-

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RESORTS AND ROADS

Maine Woods has frequent inquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state, etc. We can furnish the following maps:

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Somerset County	.50
Oxford County	.50
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Aroostook County	.50
Washington County	.50
Outing map of Maine, 20x35 in	1.00
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Hancock County	.50
Kennebec County	.35
Knox County	.35
Lincoln and Sagadahoc Counties	.35
Penobscot County	.50
Waldo County	.35
York County	.35

J. W BRACKETT CO.,
Phillips, Maine.

STATE NOTES

Curator James of the state museum at Augusta is preparing for purposes of exhibition a splendid specimen of egg-bearing lobster which was secured last fall off the coast near Rockland. The lobster measures two feet in length and weighs 12 pounds, being one of the largest of its kind ever seen. It is estimated that it contains 18,000 to 20,000 eggs. Curator James states that the specimen, aside from being of unusual size, is almost perfect in every respect.

Walter I. Neal of the state commission of inland fisheries and game, states that reports from game wardens throughout Maine indicate that very effective work is being carried out in all sections. Prosecutions are very frequent and violators of the law are finding their paths extremely unpleasant. Undoubtedly, an extra force will be necessary during the next month or more in order to protect the deer in the period in which the snow is covered with crust and the animals are practically at the mercy of unscrupulous and unsportsmanlike hunters who would have little difficulty in bringing down the creatures.

storing their winter's food, building their houses, and bringing up their young. As a protection against beasts of prey they build their houses in the water, having the entrance and exit thereto below the surface. The living apartment or nest is above, in the form of dome-shaped eminences raised above the water to a height of three or four feet, as may be seen by the favored few who find their way to such places. These huts are composed of branches, sticks, leaves and grasses, woven together and securely and smoothly plastered with mud.

In order to get a suitable body of water for their purpose the beavers select a small stream, and with the most extraordinary engineering skill choose a point where a dam can be constructed with the least outlay of labor and material, and where at the same time the water, backed by the dam, will be confined laterally in such a way as to form a pond or

afternoon, provided with a steel trap and a small hand axe, he enters the creek a hundred yards or so below the dam—taking care not to set foot on land for fear of leaving a scent—wades up to the dam, and cuts a notch in it, over which the water will spout in increased volume and with an altered sound. Into this notch he places his trap, taking care that all parts of it as well as the chain with which it is fastened are entirely submerged. He then goes away as he came, having touched or trodden on nothing that has not been washed by the running water. He does not return until the following day.

In the meantime night falls and with it come the sounds peculiar to night in the far North Woods—the howl of the wolf, the cry of the lynx, the hooting of the owl and the pouring of the water over the dam. But the keen ear of the beaver detects an alteration. Some kind of a break in the dam is suspected, and an engineering force makes an inspection. The break is discovered. Sticks, leaves and mud are collected, but the moment that a paw is placed in the notch the pan of the trap is touched and its jaws are closed. When thus caught, the beaver's first impulse is to dive into his pond and make for his house, and this is his speedy undoing. For, weighed by the trap and chain, he is soon drowned.

The Indian returns the next morning, pulls on the chain and drawing the trap from the pond finds its jaws closed on the fore-paw of a dead beaver. The trap is again set in the notch, and this is repeated day after day until every beaver in the pond has sacrificed itself to its anxiety for the integrity of the dam, or until a remnant of the colony, sensing a disaster that lies beyond their comprehension and with which they are unable to cope, takes fright and deserts the pond, never to return.

Another method of setting a trap, for the beaver—one that is more generally adopted by the white man—

the hands, or the beaver would abandon the slide.

When a beaver is caught in this manner it is useless to set the trap again on the same slide. Another must be found, and the superiority of the skilled trapper lies in his ability to distinguish a recent slide from one that has been abandoned and is out of use. This cannot be done by an inspection of the slide itself. The trapper looks for what he calls the beaver's work. If a tree is cut into but the felling not completed, or if felled and the cutting up into portable lengths is not finished and the pieces not removed to the water, the work is said to be unfinished, and a slide leading from the water to the tree is reasonably sure to be used by the beaver each night until the work on that tree is finished. Here is the place to set the trap. If a beaver is not found in the trap on the following day something is wrong, and the trap may be taken away.

There is no known bait which will coax a beaver into a trap. The only way is to place the trap where it is known that the beaver will put his foot.—Forest and Stream.

BOY SCOUTS AS PROTECTORS

The game interests of Tacoma, Pierce county, Wash., recently received the official aid of the Boy Scouts of America, when the county commissioners decided to issue special commissions and badges to such Scouts as pass the examinations. Each Scout qualifying as a game protector will take an oath to serve the state of Washington truly and conscientiously as a member of the Fish and Game Patrol and to aid in the protection of the fish, animal and bird life in accordance with the game laws of the state.

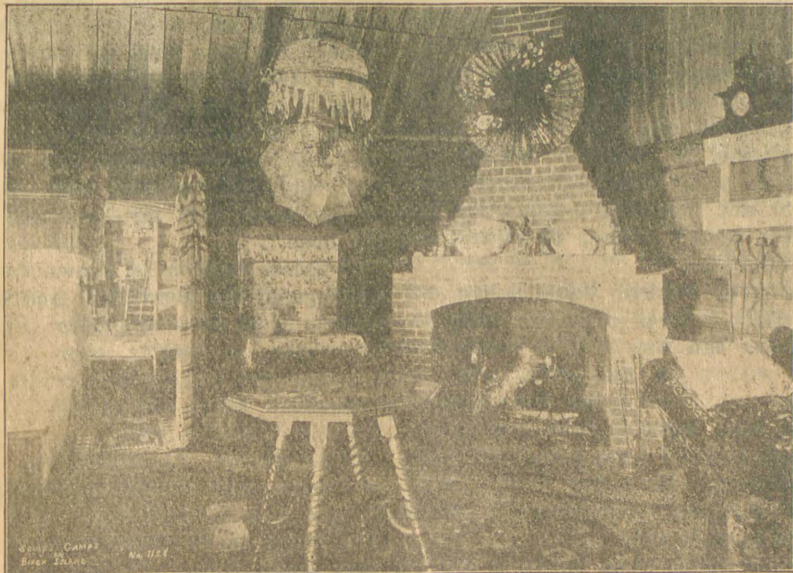
When game law violators are apprehended by the Scouts, half of the fine will be turned into the troop treasury. The scouts individually gain nothing for their labors but regard it as good turns for the community.

A HANDY KINK

I have a Stevens Crack Shot No. 26 Rifle of 22 caliber. I found it would shoot a considerable distance but with the plain open sights it was difficult to get the elevation right until I hit onto a little scheme. When the gun was loaded I snapped a McMillan shell extractor on the breach block and found I had a rear sight that was O. K. and easily lined up with the regular sights. Sighting across the top of the "x" in the extractor and drawing a reasonably fine bead the little gun puts the bullets in the proper place at 150 yards with surprising regularity. At 200 yards use a little more of the front sight in view over the "x." I used 22 long rifle cartridges and am sure a regular peep sight could scarcely do better than this improvised rig. It is easy to replace it in the right position and it is great for long shots with this style of rifle.

Burt Stone.

SUBSCRIBE FOR MAINE WOODS.



COMFORT WHEN YOU GET THERE

small lake. The dam, like the houses, is composed of sticks, brush, grass and clay, and when finished its top is so even that the water flowing over it is of a uniform depth, making a beautiful, thin crystal

is placing the trap on a slide. The beaver always leaves and returns to the water at the same place, and his frequent passage over the mud at the water's edge in time wears away the silt, and leaves a more or

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Salmon, square tailed and lake trout. My camps are most charmingly situated on the shores of Spring Lake, well furnished, excellent beds, purest of spring water and the table is first-class, elevation 1,800 feet above sea level, grandest scenery and pure mountain air. Hay fever and malaria unknown. Spring Lake furnishes excellent lake trout and salmon fishing and in the neighboring streams and ponds are abundance of brook trout. Buckboard roads only 2-12 miles. An ideal family summer resort. Telephone communications with village and doctor. References furnished. Terms reasonable. Address for full particulars, JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Me.

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Good fishing. Three miles buckboard road. Telephone. Daily Mail. Write for booklet.
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American plan. Send for circular.

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Heart of the Rangeleys. Best fishing region. Special June and September rates. Booklet. MRS. F. B. HURNES.

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The Sargent. Up-to-date in every particular. Maine's ideal family vacation resort. Good fishing and hunting section Cuisine unsurpassed. E. F. Look, Prop'r, Eustis, Maine.

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Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Me. World wide known for its famous fishing, vacation and hunting country.
Norway Pines House and Camps, Dobs Lake. Most attractive situation in Maine. Good auto road to lodge. Plenty storage capacity for machines. From there one can take steamer to any part of the lake territory. The best hunting, fishing and vacation section of beautiful Washington Co. Address for particulars W. G. ROSE, Manager, Princeton, Me., Dec. 1st to April 1st.

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Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.
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Best Salmon and Trout Fishing in Maine. Fly fishing begins about June 1. Send for circular. House always open. JOHN CHADWICK & CO., Upper Dam, Maine.

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The Belgrade. Best Sportsmen's Hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world, best trout fishing in Maine.
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Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good fishing section. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone connections at camps. Two mails daily. Write for free circulars to
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CHASE POND CAMPS. Now is the time to plan your 1914 outing. Why not take a trip to the real Pine Woods? Camps reached same day from Boston. Good trout fishing, mountain climbing, boating, canoeing. Good log cabins. Rates reasonable. Write for booklet.
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On Rangeley Lake.
Thoroughly modern. On direct automobile route. Tavern all year. Lake View House July 1 to Oct.
Best fishing and hunting. Booklets.
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The best FLY FISHING for trout to be had in Maine at
GAMP PHOENIX
Write for circular.
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Are delightfully situated on shore of Lake Parlin on direct line from Quebec to Rangeley Lakes, popular thorough-fare for automobiles being a distance of 122 miles each way. Lake Parlin and the 12 out ponds in the radius of four miles furnish the best of fly fishing the whole season. The house and camps are new and have all modern conveniences, such as baths, gas lights, open rock fireplaces, etc. The cuisine is unexcelled. Canoeing, boating, bathing, tennis, mountain climbing, automobilism, etc.

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The Garry Pond Camps
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JONES' CAMPS
Fine trout and salmon fishing. Good accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. Address
GEO. C. JONES, Mosquito, Mains.

"ARE TROUT COLOR BLIND?"

By "Brook Trout."

Some time ago O. Warren Smith had this inquiry put to him: What is the reason that sometimes trout will not rise to bait or flies? Mr. Smith regarded the particular fish as being "off their feed," summing it up in this way:

"As to why trout do so, I can only say, because they are trout. You can no more explain the ways of a trout than the whims of a woman. Again and again I have seen just what you describe. And I know of nothing more vexatious than to behold a pool the bottom of which is fairly covered with great lusty trout 'off their feed.' Probably the answer to the puzzle is, the fish are not hungry.

"As a rule, when speckled trout are found in schools they will not rise to a fly, and turn up their noses when garden hackles are offered. On such occasions I have always found a wee bit of comfort from two lines of an old poem. The farmer was bound to sell his place and in many verses told his spouse why, but she, more wise than he, refused. Then he shouted: 'I vum, I'll have my way as well as you; if you are bound to stay here, I'll stay here, too.'

"More than once I have said, 'If you do not want to bite, you just don't have to.' On such occasions one can sometimes circumvent the lazy fellows with earth worms, seldom, almost never with flies. Perhaps what is to follow will not be considered good sportsmanship, but getting the best of the fish is.

"When you have located a school of sleeping (?) trout in a deep pool, forget them for a time. Fish on down stream until the fish have forgotten that the shadow of a man ever fell upon the surface of their home, then circle, keeping away back from the stream until a hundred feet or more above the pool. Now bait up with worms, use two or three so that the bait can be easily seen.

"Carefully and slowly pay out line until the bait has reached the pool. Take plenty of time and do not become impatient if the worms are not promptly taken, neither bother about motion. If you hook a fish the chances are that it will be a large one, so coax him slowly up stream, away from the other fish. Fight and land well beyond the ken of the school. Then do down and get another.

"I have worked this scheme successfully in open meadows when the mid-day sun was beating down upon the surface of the pools and all other tricks and wiles were useless. As I said, perhaps it is poor sportsmanship, but I have gone home more than once with a few trout when otherwise my long journey would have been in vain.

"Sometimes when the trout are 'off their feed,' 'sleeping,' or whatever it is, you will find that they will rise to a fly when a vagrant breeze roughens the surface of the water or a cloud passes over the face of the sun. Again they will look at no bait or lure. They are 'off their feed.'"

Some time ago there was a story of a man who caught a trout that

had swallowed a mouse, causing the angler to meditate on the reason why the trout struck the hook so ferociously when the fish was already gorged with food. S. E. Stanton, of Utica, being familiar with the queer antics of the brook trout, gave several plausible reasons when the subject was discussed as to why the trout should strike the hook so ferociously. Mr. Stanton said:

"I have seen instances exactly similar to the trout and the mouse, also have caught speckled trout that were gorged with minnows and with plenty of evidence that trout strike the hook by reason of hunger only a very small percentage of the time. The other reasons are several. One is the desire of the larger fish to show his ability and excel in getting the moving bait of any kind from smaller fish. Another reason, trout will take the colored fly hooks possibly as a matter of envy, and again to possess the colors of the fly, thereby adding to their own beauty, because a trout is very proud, and a speckled beauty of the pool is as proud of a dress of colors as the belle of Fifth avenue is of her colored gowns. No doubt the first reason given in this particular case is why the trout took the mouse."

Edward A. Samuels, who is an all round authority on fish, was once beaten by a twelve-year old country lad, greatly to his chagrin. It came to pass in this way, according to Mr. Samuels:

"I was fishing the Great Falls pool, in the Maitland (N. S.) river, with very good success, rising and killing my fair share of good fish daily. One morning I saw, out in the middle of the pool, a large fish come to the surface, and as it turned with a big swirl it displayed a tail certainly five inches in width. It was a noble fish for those waters and of course I was anxious to capture it.

"Well, for two days I worked hard, but although he condescended to display his tail occasionally, he treated my flies with absolute indifference. I suppose, first and last, I tried fifty varieties and of all sizes, but in vain. The most expensive and beautiful salmon flies I had no more attractiveness for him than the most plebian appearing in my book; he absolutely declined to notice my efforts to please. On the morning of the third day he met his fate at the hands of the lad I have named, and by means of a fly that any half-way decent pickerel would regard with derision. It was simply a bunch of scraggly feathers picked up in the barnyard and tied on a hook that was, I am ready to make affidavit, big enough for a cod.

"Well, this is only one of many experiences which go to show that trout are mighty notional."

J. M. English, of Vilas, Penna., says: "Every old angler can recollect of trout biting time and again, and even after being jerked out of the water or turned over several times, quitting only when led or thrown out. For example, a trout about seven inches in length lay under an old log at the side of a narrow, quiet pool. The bait, an angleworm, was dropped close to the log as though it had fallen into the water. The fish saw it, and coming from under the log, picked it up. A quick stroke of the rod snapped the line close to the hook, leaving the hook in the mouth of the trout sunk through the nose until the barb came out at the top of his head as far back as the width of the hook would allow. A companion who saw the fish and the subsequent loss of my hook imitated my cast and pulled on the trout with my hook still in his nose."

Theodore Gordon is known for his writings of the Beaverkill and other upstate trout streams. He had an experience of casting over rising fish and not getting one, while his companion killed forty-three trout. He tells it in this way:

"The stream at Bellefonte, Pa., was large, with numerous dams upon it, and held a large stock of trout. The finest tackle was necessary and very small flies. It was most important to ascertain the color of the fly the fish were rising at, as, if this could be matched, a fair basket of trout would follow. To give an instance of this, I will relate a single experience.

"I went up stream one afternoon with a resident of the town to a dam which had been constructed only two or three years before the

time of which I am writing. We found that the trout were rising all over the shop at a small ephemera with pale yellow body. This we tried to imitate in vain, and also use all of the flies that were usually most successful. At last my companion found a small yellow dun in one of the leaves of his fly-book, and upon attaching this to his cast, found that he had done to trick. Casting over rising fish only, in a very short time he killed forty-three trout, while I could do nothing. He had no other fly at all like this one."

It was a salt-water angler who had the peculiar success of catching trout on sea worms and shrimps. This incident took place many years ago in some of the streams between Beverly and Gloucester, Mass., which empty into Massachusetts Bay. He writes: "I had no success with angleworms, I could not get a rise on a fly, and I tried about every known cast, but I met with success on seaworms and shrimp at half tide in brackish water, and landed three beauties averaging over one pound. Salt water seems to bleach the colors a little, making them more of a light golden hue, but does not effect the spots, which remain the same deep orange tint."—Forest and Stream.

BERMUDA, THE LAND OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

Hamilton, Bda., March 27, 1914.
To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I suspect, by certain occult signs and symbols on the wrapper, that you have put my name on your mailing list. If yes, I thank you most heartily for the valued favor. It has seemed to me, heretofore, that a few lines from a country doubly endowed by the Creator with everything which goes to make a place comfortable and pleasant to live in, especially in the winter season, would be not only interesting but edifying, as well, to most if not all of your readers who live, perforce, amid the vigors of the temperate zone.

Bermuda is also in that zone, far above the line of frost and snow, but those freaks of Nature are never seen here. Instead we have what may truthfully be called "perpetual spring." Something springs from the soil every day in the year. The farmer, and his name is Legion, has no rest day nor night. In winter fruit and flowers and vegetables; in summer, more fruits and flowering trees and shrubs and melons. Just now, thousands of crates of green stuff, with hundreds of bushels of potatoes go forward to New York in the chill rooms of the several steamships. Thousands of tourists come here to vegetate, grow fat and healthy in Bermuda's genial sunshine and moist climate. Man wants but little here below? but here he gets much that he can get nowhere else in such large measure. The past season has been unusually wet and stormy, leading not a few visitors to go to other and more southern resorts. But now, Bermuda has come into its own, and everybody wears a smile as broad as their face will allow. All Nature is putting on its best and most beautiful dress. The deciduous trees are flinging out their verdant, vernal streamers, and soon will be decked with vivid colors of various hues. The succulent, slightly odoriferous onion grows apace, and soon will be ready for the harvest. The man who don't love Bermuda onions don't love the best vegetable that grows.

Mark Twain is credited with having once said: "There are no snakes in Bermuda and the people all wear clothes." I heartily second the motion, and would modestly add that there are no other troublesome things here which are worthy especial mention. We have no railroads, no trolley lines; no factories; no conflagrations; (once in about 25 years is the average,) no endemic diseases; and not much else to annoy or make afraid. It is the most peaceful and restful country, I believe, on the face of the globe. If any of your army of readers don't think so, let them come on and prove for themselves that what I have written is true. I'll stake my 37 years of observations on the issue.

I was greatly pleased with several items in your paper of March 19, inst., especially with what Mr. Chairman Wilson had to say. Let the good work go on. I'm sure that the good sense and acumen of the

conservators of fish and game in Maine will fix things aright for all concerned. I have no doubt about it. I hope to find out for myself by being once more in your midst, "as soon as the ice goes out," if not before. I have been in several parts of northern Maine for fish but not for game. My eldest son is the "Mighty Hunter" of the family; and he gets his quota of deer each season, or did, until your solons hitched the fee at \$25.00.

Yours cordially,
J. C. Hartshorne.

RANGELEY NOTES

Rangeley, March 31.—Mrs. Addie Richardson entertained five tables at whilst last Thursday afternoon. The prizes were won as follows: First prizes, Mrs. F. C. Porter, leather card case; Mrs. G. L. Kempton, paper cutter; consolation prizes, Mrs. E. C. Huntoon, toy garden set; Mrs. James Mathieson, a box of beads. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served by the hostess. The following ladies were present: Mdms. Ira D. Hoar, C. W. Cushman, F. B. Burns, James Mathieson, F. B. Colby, G. L. Kempton, F. C. Porter, W. F. Oakes, Eugene Soul, Tryphena Neal, E. L. Herrick, Alvah Sprague, C. W. Barrett, F. B. Stewart, T. F. Tibbets, A. M. Hoar, E. C. Huntoon, W. E. Tibbets.

Mrs. F. B. Burns left Wednesday morning for Haines Landing for the season.

Miss Dora Reich of New York is a guest at Lake View farm.

FISH MOVE ACCORDING TO SOUNDS THEY HEAR.

The reason that experiments have not before shown that "fish have ears," according to Professor G. H. Parker, head of the Department of Zoology at Harvard University is because most of the tests have been done by ringing bells, shooting guns, and making noises in the air instead of beneath the water in which the piscine creatures are swimming.

Not only do atmospheric sounds become dampened and disappear before penetrating below the surface of a pond or an aquarium, but the auditory mechanism of fish, is made to hear through liquid not through gases such as the air.

Men hear, according to Professor Parker, differently from fish. He has only two ears to receive sounds, but the watery fin-tails, have at least three sets of organs that can hear; these are, to wit, the fish ears, the fish scales or skin, and a series of organs that run along the sides of the fish called, therefore, "lateral line organs."

Dr. Parker set himself the task, after his discovery (by making bells ring, horns to be blown, and other noises to be made beneath the water in an aquarium) to find out just exactly what effects were produced in fish by certain sounds. It was soon plain that sounds influence and direct the movements of fish just as noise or music affects the behavior of men.

He first performed experiments in a large floating cage anchored in the open sea-water, but the breakers and the wind and sunlight soon put a stop to these. Then a large tank indoors with running sea-water in it at Woods Hole, Mass., was used for the test. Five fish were used to represent each species examined, and these were allowed to become accustomed to the tank for half a day before the tests were carried out. A huge ball was then allowed to fall once every ten seconds against various parts of the tank, fifty times. Then between each blow and after they were all made, the position of the fish inside the tank was observed and noted.

The fish could be made to avoid, to hesitate, and to recede or approach the sounds according to the degree of noise made. Of course, different kinds of fish behaved differently and many of them were inclined to investigate the sounds. The butterfly fish had a tendency to keep away from the sound, but the young king fish scampered away quickly.

On the other hand a lot of inquisitive fish well represented by the sea robins always gathered towards the point of greatest sound, and kept nosing about to find out what was doing. But another group of fish of which killifish and cunners, as example would become as still as mice as if glued to the spot, the instant any noises were shot through the tank.—Rod & Gun in Canada.