

REVOLVER  
and  
PISTOL

REMINGTON  
UMC

United States Championship Target  
467 x 500 made with Remington-  
UMC Cartridges by A. P.  
Lane. 8-inch bullseye  
at 50 yds.

CARTRIDGES

Used by leading experts for more than 40 years  
WHATEVER make of pistol or revolver your  
expert uses, you are pretty sure to find him shooting  
Remington-UMC ammunition. Noted for over 40  
years for sure fire, accuracy, precision.  
Rim or center fire—every calibre—revolver, single shot  
or automatic pistol.  
The alert dealer in this community sells them—the Rem-  
ington-UMC dealer. You will know him by the unfailing  
sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters—the Red Ball Mark of  
Remington-UMC.  
To keep your gun cleaned and lubricated right, use  
Rem Oil, the new powder solvent, rust preventative, and  
gun lubricant.  
Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.  
299 Broadway, New York

Tho' Jack Frost is around  
And his presence we feel,  
Soon Spring will be here  
And the song of the reel.

To find out about it, write to  
**ED. GRANT & SONS CO.,**  
KENNEBAGO, MAINE  
GRANTS' CAMPS

BALD MOUNTAIN CAMPS Bald Mountain Maine

Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain on Mooselookme-  
guntic Lake. Near the best fishing grounds. First class steamboat connections—Auto  
road to camps—Telephone connections—Two mails daily—Write for free circular.  
AMOS ELLIS, Prop'r., Bald Mountain, Maine

Mountain View House  
Mountain View, Maine  
For further particulars write or address  
**L. E. BOWLEY,**  
Mountain View, Maine.

RANGELEY LAKES AND  
DEAD RIVER REGION  
AS A  
HUNTING RESORT

This territory is unsurpassed in Maine. It is easy of  
access and nearly all the camps are open through the  
Hunting Season. Deer, Bear, Partridge, Duck and  
small game are very abundant.

The SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD

Issues a descriptive booklet of this territory, containing map of entire region, which will be fur-  
nished upon application to  
F. N. BEAL, General Manager, Phillips, Maine.

A Time-Saver.  
Farmer Oatcake—"Mandy, every  
feller's bound to be worked up over  
the political situation this year," Mrs.  
Oatcake—"Mebbe, Silas; but as it  
only takes you a few minutes to vote,  
I don't jest see the sense of talking  
about it for three months ahead."

Plenty of Experience.  
"Have you had any experience in  
the lunch business?" asked the chef  
of the man who applied for work.  
"Why, I should say so," replied the  
energetic youth. "I've been lunching  
for almost twenty years."—Lippin-  
cott's Magazine.

### HERRICK ASKS SOME QUESTIONS

Wishes to Find Out What The  
People Want

Rangeley, January, 18, 1915.

As there will, no doubt be many  
changes asked for in the Fish and  
Game laws of this State the coming  
winter, and as I am particularly in-  
terested to find out what the people  
want, I am going to ask through the  
columns of the Maine Woods the fol-  
lowing questions, and would appre-  
ciate an answer to one or all of them  
by any person, either a resident of  
the State or any visitor who is in-  
terested in our Fish and Game laws,  
either through the columns of this  
paper or to my address, 13 Green  
Street, Augusta, Maine.

In reference:

1st.—To making the hunting sea-  
son end on December 1st instead of  
the 15th.

2nd.—A close time on moose for a  
term of years.

3rd.—Non-resident hunting license  
of \$5.00 to October 1st and \$5.00 ad-  
ditional, or \$10.00, for license for  
balance of season and with an ad-  
ditional fee of \$5.00 for each deer  
killed.

4th.—A resident hunters' license,  
and how much the same should be.

5th.—A non-resident fishing license  
and how much the same should be.

An early reply to any or all of  
the above questions will be appre-  
ciated, and any resident of Maine  
particularly interested to circulate pe-  
titions asking for the same.

Your obedient servant,  
Eugene I. Herrick.

### WATCH OUT FOR DECLINE IN FUR

Delaware, N. J., Jan. 11, 1915.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Enclosed please find check for \$3  
which send the old Maine Woods  
right along for I expect it every Mon-  
day night. I find many interest-  
ing fur stories which I am interest-  
ed in. I have been in the raw fur  
business for 15 years.

In spite of the war I buy just the  
same, but trappers, look out for a  
decline at any time.

Wishing all Maine Woods readers  
a happy New Year, I remain,  
Yours very truly,  
C. E. Lutz.

### FINE SPECIMEN OF SNOW GOOSE

A fine specimen of a snow goose  
is the latest addition to the state  
museum, having been presented by  
C. Day of Richmond. The goose  
was killed several years ago at  
Merrymeeting Bay and has since  
then been in the possession of Mr.  
Day. A few weeks ago a specimen  
of this variety of bird was loaned  
to the museum by A. E. Lord of  
Pittston, so that now the museum  
is fortunate enough to have a pair  
in its collection. These two birds  
and one other, which is at Bowdoin  
College are the only known speci-  
mens that have been killed in the  
State and preserved.

### ATTENTION HOTEL AND CAMP MEN

One of the Best of Opportunities to  
Advertise Your Business

We are receiving orders every day  
for advertising in our Sportsman's  
Show number to be distributed in  
New York February 20-27 at the  
"old fashioned" Sportsman's Show to  
be held there.

Most of our orders have been re-  
ceived from those who have patroni-  
zed this number in past years in  
like editions, which show that they  
consider it a good medium for pub-  
licity.

Every hotel and camp man in  
Maine should be represented in this  
number; you cannot afford not to be.  
It is predicted that the season of  
1915 will be the banner year for  
business in Maine and you want to  
let the public know that you are  
doing business and something about  
it.

The following are the orders re-  
ceived to date and we have many  
more assurances:  
Maine Central Railroad,  
Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes Rail-  
road,  
J. J. Pooler, Falmouth Hotel,  
Capt. F. C. Barker,  
Powell & Clement,  
William N. Gokey Shoe Co.,  
H. E. Pickford, Pickford's Camps,  
Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,  
Robert Walker, Trout Brook Camps,  
W. A. Davis, Katahdin View Camps.

### VILES TO OCCUPY NEW OFFICES

Blaine S. Viles, forestry commis-  
sioner of Maine will open a forestry  
office on the third floor of the Au-  
gusta Trust Co. building in the suite  
just vacated by Dr. M. E. Hawk. Mr.  
Viles will have his main office in  
the room adjoining Mayor Newbert's  
office and the room just west of  
Mr. Viles' main office will be jointly  
occupied by him and the Boyd &  
Harvey Co. This arrangement will  
afford the latter company an increase  
in office room of which it has been  
very much in need for some time  
past. Mr. Viles has moved in.

### PROSECUTION REPORTED

Chief Game Warden E. W. Har-  
wood of Androscoggin and Kennebec  
counties has reported to the State  
Commissioners of Inland Fisheries  
and Game the prosecution of E. D.  
Grondin of Waterville for buying  
the skins of fur bearing animals  
without a license. This case was  
prosecuted on Jan. 13 before the  
Waterville municipal court. Grondin  
was fined \$10 and \$2.87 costs and in  
default of payment was sentenced to  
15 days in jail at hard labor, the  
fine to be remitted on payment of  
costs and upon payment of \$6 the  
same being the license fee for buy-  
ing fur bearing animals for the  
years 1913, 1914 and 1915. The de-  
fendant paid the costs and \$6 for  
the license fee aforesaid.

### "SLOCUM" ON THE RANGELEYS

East Sumner, Me., Jan. 18, 1915.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Persons contemplating a visit to  
Maine another season in quest of  
health or pleasure or to behold the  
grand scenery that abounds in lav-  
ish profusion in the old Pine Tree  
State, will do well to include the  
famous Rangeley Lake region in  
making their list of places desirable  
for a vacation, as it comprises all  
that can be desired for the invalid,  
artist or pleasure seeker.

And the fond dreams of beautiful  
trout, gamey salmon and pleasant  
healthful recreation can here be fully  
realized. We have visited every  
county in Maine except Aroostook in  
search of the beauties of Nature and  
have found no place that excels the  
Rangeley region for rich and diver-  
sified scenery and home comforts  
without alloy.

There are many attractive locali-  
ties in the state made so by a single  
feature and are all that is claimed  
for them. But at the Rangeleys  
one can find something to suit his  
fancies whether it be sailing, canoe-  
ing, fishing or resting in luxurious  
hotels or private, quiet comfortable  
camps or roaming in the forests or  
climbing mountains. Auto rides,  
agreeable walks, golf, tennis, ball  
games and other healthful diversions  
abound. In fact, there is all that  
the pleasure seeker, the weary bus-  
iness man, the sportsman, or invalid  
can desire.

To one who has ever been there,  
nothing need be said, but to one who  
knows not of the excellencies of this  
world famed locality, we would urge  
him to try the "Rangeleys." We  
have no axe to grind, nor do we ask  
nor receive any compensation for  
calling attention to this lovely re-  
sort, but are actuated only by the  
delightful impressions gained by  
former visits there and knowing  
whereof we speak.

To any who desire particulars we  
say, address "Maine Information  
Bureau," Phillips Maine.

Slocum.

### OFFICERS MASS. FISH AND GAME

At the annual dinner and election  
of officers of the Mass. Fish and  
Game Protective Association Wed-  
nesday night of last week, at the  
Copley Square Hotel, Boston, George  
B. Clark of Adelaide street, was  
elected president. Mr. Clark suc-  
ceeds Street Commissioner Salem D.  
Charles, another Jamaica Plain man,  
who has held the office for several  
years but who declined to again be  
a candidate.

### MAINE SUMMER HOTEL DE- STROYED BY FIRE.

Fighting their way through dense  
smoke, L. E. Emmons, his wife and  
two guests escaped from a fire which  
destroyed Hotel Rox last week Thurs-  
day. The building contained thirty  
rooms and was well known to sum-  
mer visitors. By the time the ap-  
paratus arrived from Biddeford the  
hotel was in ruins. The blaze is  
believed to have started from a de-  
fective flue. P. S. and L. E. Em-  
mons owned the building. Their loss  
is estimated at \$15,000.

An Opportunity Extraordinary  
GET ABOARD

Is offered to Hotel  
and Camp Proprie-  
tors with the pub-  
lication of our big  
Sportsman's Show  
Number.



## SHOOTING CLAY BIRDS LOTS OF FUN

Warm spring days when the air is clear and the wind is low bring to the trap shooter vision of long afternoons at the traps, where the clay birds rise smoothly, making a perfect score within the reach of a persevering shooter. A few years ago trap shooting was a popular sport in Springfield and vicinity, attracting its devotees by the scores and supporting three or four prosperous shooting clubs. There has been a decided waning in interest during the past two or three years. Some hope for the future of the sport is promised, however, as two of the local clubs will make an effort this season to revive interest in trap shooting.

As a sport, trap shooting has many points in its favor. It takes its followers outdoors, gives them steady hands and nerves, and has enough of the element of competition when tournaments are held to make it extremely interesting. In spite of these qualities, however, it has somehow failed to hold its former position. Some of its still faithful adherents blame this decline upon the automobile, that has lured many former trap shooters from the field to the road. For people of moderate means the cost has perhaps discouraged it, for shells cost about two cents each and the clay birds 1 1/4 cents, so that it doesn't take long to shoot away a good many dollars worth of shells and birds. But even at the rate of 100 or more shells and birds an afternoon the cost is less than the gasoline bills for a century run, especially when one takes into consideration the fact that the initial investment in a gun and equipment is much less than the cost of an automobile or even a motorcycle.

The advantages of the sport appeal to many people, and every year the ranks of the trap shooters are replenished by younger men, who take up the sport after a boyhood novitiate with air guns and small caliber rifles. So in spite of the apparent apathy to the sport in

Springfield at this time, there is good hope that it will not die entirely, and that in a few years its former traditions will be maintained suitably. And trap shooting has local traditions of no mean order. The Rod and Gun Club, the parent of the organization now known as the Springfield shooting club, was founded way back in 1875. Its grounds were on the plot then known as Gunn's lot, on Boston road. The Winthrop club, now one of the leading social organizations of the city, was the outgrowth of the Rod and Gun club. This was before the day of the clay target. Glass balls were used for this purpose and while they made a fairly satisfactory substitute for live birds did not furnish the target possibilities of the clay birds.

After several years' shooting at the Boston road ground the club was compelled by the growth of the city to seek quarters in a less populous section, and found a home on land owned by Rev. David Allen Reed, near the almshouse. In 1899 there was another move, when 10 acres of land near the Red House crossing on Berkshire street were leased. The club was reorganized, and the present name assumed. In 1907 the clubhouse and the traps were moved to a new site a little to the east of the old location. In order to make the home a permanent one five acres of land were bought. The site is an admirable one for a shooting ground, as the land is level, there is nothing to obstruct the view and the targets rise to the skyline. There are five traps and an adequate clubhouse.

Until three years ago the club held shooting tournaments on Patriots' day and on Labor day, and there were weekly shoots on Saturday afternoon all through the season. The holiday shoots, which were all-day affairs, attracted expert trap shooters from all parts of the country. Valuable prizes were offered, and the tournaments were highly successful. The officers of the club are: President, E. H. Lathrop; secretary, C. L. Kites; treasurer, H. L. Hawes.

Several years ago a trap shooting club flourished at Longmeadow. Later its support dwindled, and it was united with the Smith & Wesson gun

club. This organization, which is now the Springfield revolver club, has one of the best-equipped shooting grounds in this part of the country, adjoining the revolver range on Wilbraham road. It is planned to hold a series of shooting tournaments this season.

The most active of the local trap shooting clubs is the Stevens shooting club of Chiscopee Falls. It was organized about 12 years ago, and has an active membership of about 100. Its grounds are on Liberty street, and are equipped with two sets of traps of modern design and a clubhouse. The officers of the club are energetic in pushing the sport in this vicinity, and mean to do their best to bring it back to its former popularity.

## A FEW POINTS IN TRAPPING

The following timely suggestions are taken from the Trappers' guide:

### CAUTION

In setting traps always use gloves to handle them even when setting for such animals as the skunk, civet, opossum, etc. Of course, when sets are made in water it is not necessary to observe this caution; at all other times it is imperative to do so. Gloves used for trapping should be used for nothing else. It is well to have the palms coated with bees wax. If not, a few drops of Animal Bait, for the animal for which the set is to be made should be rubbed into them. Trail Scent may also be used for this purpose. Remember a trap which is well set will often catch a more valuable pelt than was intended.

On the pedal of a Sure Death Trap place a few leaves or some grass, so as to hide the metal. Animal Bait may be placed on the grass or leaves on the pedal of the Sure Death Trap, and will bring the best of results.

An exceptionally good feature of the Sure Death Trap is the fact that it may be set as sensitive as desired. In fact, the workmanship of the trap permits the trigger to be held by 1-64 of an inch.

### Take Pains in Setting—It Pays

Never set a trap in the open. You only invite theft. Animals will find it quicker in thickets, under logs, driftwood or shelving banks and rocks. In visiting traps never take a dog, as a keen-scented animal can smell the odor for several days. Most fur-bearing animals will avoid a trap line over which a dog has passed.

### ANIMAL BAIT

The successful trapper today knows that a good bait and Trail Scent is indispensable. He recognizes the fact that most fur-bearers get enough to eat from farm yards, poultry houses, etc. Therefore, a bait that appeals to the appetite alone will not give the best success and another kind must be used.

Animal bait scientifically prepared from the glands and secretions of the animals themselves make a decoy, which arouses the passions of both male and female and is an ideal bait for which trappers have only words of praise. The most convenient manner of using animal bait is to procure the pitch of elder or weeds and pour a few drops on it and place it where it will entice the animal into the trap. The pitch absorbs the liquid and will give off a continuous odor that will attract animals from a great distance. It also completely kills the scent of the trapper left about the set. Once an animal is attracted to this set it will never leave it alive. The impelling influence of the bait makes it an easy victim for the trapper.

### TRAIL SCENT

Is a preparation by which a trail may be made which animals will follow. Traps set along a scented path of this kind will always bring the best results, having a powerful odor. The scent, like the bait, is very economical to use.

## A CRUISE IN CANADA

### Registered Maine Guide Through The Muskoka Region

Damariscotta, Jan. 11, 1915.

To the Readers of Maine Woods:

It happened that I dropped off from a train at Union Station in the city of Toronto, Canada, in the early spring of 1914. This city of Toronto is located on the north shore of Lake Ontario which in itself is a beautiful sheet of water where one can enjoy bathing and canoeing or a steamer ride to many of the island or shore resorts located in the many directions over the lake.

After spending a few days in that vicinity with friends I decided to take a trip up into the region of the Muskoka Lakes where the air is said to be pure and where one could feel free to roam about in the woods and on the waters, and so purchased a ticket at Union Station which would take me to Muskoka Wharf via Grand Trunk Railway which is located at the lower end of the lakes and which is one of the many starting points for many pleasant trips over the calm surface of these lakes namely, Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau. Here one can leave behind the disquieting road of the railway and the invading glare of a multitude of lights and listen to the many tones of the surrounding night, and where this strange chorus has echoed from its many bays, islands and channels year after year through the long ages of the unknown past. In the strangely mingled sounds there is the harmony of age and all seem to blend in their turn, or in chorus, with the rustle of the quivering leaves, the whisper of the tasseled pines or the stillness of the resting air.

The shrill treble of the whip-poor-will, repeated with tireless persistence from the impenetrable shade of the crowding cedars, is taken up and repeated in a weirdly bright reply from a point across the lake. Another voice fainter in the distance, takes up the call and still another, more faint and elusive, tells that the more distant woods and lakes are linked together by this chain of melody.

The long mirthless laugh of the loon sounds close under the clouds that are lazily hiding the stars. It is repeated again and again but the straining eyes following the course indicated by the sound cannot penetrate the close curtains of the night and for a brief moment the steady stroke of a night heron is seen in the high and silent dome. The laugh from the upper darkness is answered by another from an invisible recess of the lake, and another loon voice answers with a long weird mournful call. This long call of the loon seems to exhaust for the moment its vigorous strength and the hull is filled by less dominant voices, which are heard from the not far distant lagoons where the resonant bass of the bullfrog mingles with the shriller tones of the whip-poor-will.

Among all of these contrasts are to be found fertile plains, peaceful villages, rugged rock ribbed ridges, a wilderness of forest with its laughing streams, clear skies, rarified atmosphere and healthy climate; where the sunny days may be dreamed away in a dainty canoe on placid waters; where may be seen glistening stretches of sandy beach and the beginning of the trodden paths leading through the fragrant woods; mountainous rocks to be climbed, or where among cosy island cottages the fashionable and wealthy congregate and spend their days of recreation in exploring by boat or by the more easily propelled canoe the mysterious river of Shadows, Moon River or the fascinating falls of Bala. Perhaps taking

in a trip where by reaching a desired locality a twenty-five pound maskinonge may be brought to the surface of the water and finally landed in the bottom of the canoe; or by taking in the scenery on Skelton River or Skelton Bay, and all of this and more, is situated a thousand feet above the sea level, on the eastern shore of the Georgian Bay, between the middle tier of the counties of Simcoe, York, and Victoria on the south, and the District of Parry Sound on the north. This covers many hundred square miles in extent. Such a place is Muskoka.

But who can say we do not have all of such gifts of Nature here in this good old State of Maine?

Reg. Maine Guide No. 5943.

## GERMAN CARP WEIGHS 9 1-2 LBS.

### Taken by Ten Year Old Youngster

The largest fish taken in the vicinity of Augusta thus far during the winter was on exhibition last week in the window of the Capital Fish Market, it being a German carp weighing 9 1/2 pounds, says the Kennebec Journal. The fish was taken Thursday morning by a 10-year-old youngster whose name was not learned, from the waters of the Kennebec river near the Edwards mills. The little fellow, who was not many times larger than his prize, was out on the ice hooking tomcods, and seeing the big fish in the water made a jab at it with his hook and landed it.

## FAMOUS BACKWOODS FAIRY TALES



Ed Grant, Beaver Pond Camps  
New reading matter, interesting.  
The first edition was exhausted much sooner than was expected and the regular 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.

## MAPS OF MAINE RESORTS AND ROADS

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

Franklin County	\$ .50
Somerset County	.50
Oxford County	.50
Piscataquis County	.50
Aroostook County	.50
Washington County	.50
Outing map of Maine, 20x35 in	1.00
Geological map of Maine	.45
R. R. map of Maine	.35
Androscoggin County	.35
Cumberland County	.35
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.

## 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

## RAW FURS WANTED

Direct from the trapper Highest market prices with good liberal sort. Goods held separate and all charges paid.

A. J. Hopkins, Hornerstown, N. J.

# Are You Coming To Maine This Summer

Many more are coming this year than ever before.

Our Information Bureau tells you where to go and how to get there absolutely free of charge.

Write today and make sure of accommodations.

Maine Information Bureau  
Phillips - Maine



## COLORADO BOY SHOOTS FOR FUND

Gives Brilliant Exhibitions Both  
Outdoors and In Theatre

The Belgian benefit was a grand success—in so far as Master Bloice Bowen's fancy shooting exhibition was concerned, says the Democrat of La Junta, Colorado. Master Bowen covered himself with glory at the free outside exhibition in front of the theater at the conclusion of the matinee. In all shots attempted he did not make a miss. He opened by shooting a tin can thrown in the air and gradually reducing the size of the objects, and by hitting an empty .22 caliber shell thrown into the air—a feat that many of the older crack shots of the country will not attempt. In all about sixty-five shots fired at flying objects were made without a miss. Many times two objects were thrown into the air at the same time. The crowd continually applauded as the shots became more difficult and the size of the object shot at became smaller.

At night he performed on the stage with the same success, without a miss. Shooting with a Remington .22 caliber rifle, in all styles and manners—lying down, standing on his head, with a mirror, at swinging objects, shooting poker chips, sticks of crayon, empty shells held in his father's fingers; shooting an Indian head, on a cardboard, the same as an artist would draw it with crayon is a wonderful feat when one considers that there are no lines on the cardboard to aim at.

Master Bloice Bowen is conceded to be the best boy shot in America, and we doubt if his equal can be found in the entire world. La Junta should be proud of Bloice Bowen.

This active and alert Colorado schoolboy, who has not yet had a birthday with a "teen" in it, is able to perform many of the most difficult stunts in the repertory of the professionals. One of his astonishing feats of marksmanship was on his program at the La Junta performance—outlining an Indian head on a sheet of cardboard at a distance of twenty feet. In doing this he shoots more than 150 holes in the cardboard, and if one of the shots were misplaced it would spoil the effect. There are no lines or marks of any kind to guide the artist in making this picture. Another of his difficult accomplishments is to hit targets behind him, sighting with a mirror.

Buffalo Bill was in La Junta two years ago with his circus and heard of the lad's great ability. When he returned recently he had Bloice with him as his guest during the day, and the two crack riflemen—one old and the other young—rode together in the parade.

## SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, December 14th, 1914.

**FARMINGTON** Passenger Trains leave Farmington for Phillips, Rangeley, and Kingfield, at 5.15 P. M., and for Phillips at 12.07 P. M. Passenger trains arrive from Phillips at 6.55 A. M. and from Rangeley, Phillips and Bigelow at 2.10 P. M.

**MIXED TRAIN** arrives at 9.35 A. M. and leaves at 11.00 A. M.

**STRONG PASSENGER TRAINS** leave for Farmington, at 6.25 A. M. and 1.37 P. M. For Phillips at 12.37 P. M., and for Phillips and Rangeley at 5.47 P. M. and for Kingfield at 5.50 P. M.

Passenger trains arrive from Farmington at 12.37 P. M. and 5.47 P. M. From Bigelow at 1.25 P. M.

**MIXED TRAIN** arrives from Phillips at 8.45 A. M. and from Bigelow at 2.10 P. M., and from Farmington at 11.45 A. M. Leaves for Phillips at 1.40 P. M. and for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.

**PHILLIPS PASSENGER TRAINS** leave for Farmington at 6.00 A. M. and 1.15 P. M. For Rangeley at 6.15 P. M.

Passenger trains arrive from Farmington at 12.55 P. M. and 6.10 P. M. From Rangeley at 12.20 P. M.

**MIXED TRAIN** leaves for Farmington at 7.30 A. M. Rangeley 2.20 P. M. and arrives from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. Rangeley 10.15 A. M.

**RANGELEY PASSENGER TRAINS** leave for Farmington at 10.40 A. M. and arrives at 8.00 P. M.

**MIXED TRAIN** arrives from Phillips at 8.45 P. M. and leaves at 7.30 A. M.

**SALEM PASSENGER TRAIN** leaves at 1.00 P. M. for Farmington and arrives at 6.15 P. M.

**KINGFIELD PASSENGER TRAIN** leaves for Bigelow at 9.00 A. M. and 6.38 P. M. For Farmington at 12.40 P. M.

**BIGELOW PASSENGER TRAIN** leaves for Farmington at 10.50 A. M. Arrives from Kingfield at 10.00 A. M.

**F. N. BEAL, Gen'l Manager,**  
Phillips, Maine.

## WILLIAM GEORGE HILL

The Crack Shot and All Around  
Sportsman

"Bill" Hill, crack shot and all around sportsman, is a native of Maine, having been born at Chebeague Island, in Casco Bay, November 26th, 1881. After graduating he came to Portland and went into the employ of Walter Hinds, then conducting a sporting goods store under the Lafayette Hotel. In the summer time William managed Mr. Hinds' branch store at Rangeley, being also connected with the Haines' Landing and Belgrade stores.

In September, 1904, Mr. Hill became associated with the Union Metallic Cartridge Company of Bridgeport, Ct., demonstrating their fire arms and ammunition and incidentally doing trick and fancy shooting, at which he is a recognized expert. In 1911, the Union Company consolidated with that other great company—the Remington Arms Co., under the title Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Bill is still serving the combination, being at the present time district manager in Maine and New Hampshire, with headquarters in the Fidelity Building, Portland. Through Mr. Hill's office is sold all the ammunition handled in this territory. Hill calls on his customers monthly and is building up a large and lucrative business.

The Union Metallic Co. is the pioneer manufacturer of ammunition in the world and has the largest plant in the world located at Bridgeport. The Remington works are located at Ilion, N. Y.

There is probably no other class of goods made where perfection is so absolutely necessary as in firearms and ammunition, and the Remington-UMC products are recommended as the best because of their uniformity and absolute reliability. There is only one standard of quality in Remington-UMC firearms and ammunition; they are made in the finest equipped arms and cartridge plants in the world. Perfect machinery, highest grade of materials, skilled workmen of long experience, coupled with careful and exhaustive inspection, make their excellence possible.

Bill Hill's father calls him William, his mother calls him Will, his sisters call him Willie, but the gang all call him Bill. He is known all over the country as a crack shot and has built up his reputation with his wonderful feats with fire arms of every description and as Pawnee Bill once said of him: In the swift handling called for in many of his stunts, Bill is unequaled by any expert in the country."

Mr. Hill is always a feature in all U. C. T. Minstrel shows conducted by Portland Council and always proves a strong card. He has had lots of write ups and publicity and he took an old scrap book out of his desk that was filled with notices, handbills, and write-ups for the past 15 years. Billy says: "I am preserving them for my children to read and they will be very interesting some of these days to see what a star the old man was."

Besides being affiliated with the several traveling men's associations, Mr. Hill is high up in the Masonic Fraternity and Odd Fellows, and identified with several local social clubs. With his wife, two sons and a daughter, Mr. Hill makes his home at 466 Woodfords street in the Deering District of Portland.—Board of Trade Journal, Portland.

## SOME LIVELY ONES PLANTED

A lot of yearling salmon, 5000 in all, has been received by the Cobbosseecontee Yacht Club and taken to the lake where they were planted in its waters. The little fellows came from the Lake Auburn fish hatchery and were a lively lot.

## OF INTEREST TO THE BOYS

The State Y. M. C. A. to Establish  
a Great Camp at Lake  
Cobbosseecontee

Jefferson C. Smith, State secretary of the Y. M. C. A., announces that the State association has purchased on the west shore of Lake Cobbosseecontee in Kennebec county a site of 200 acres, including Eastman's island, to establish a State summer camp for boys.

The land, which has been bought of Boston parties, consists of the Longwood Inn and its attendant buildings, a nearby farmhouse and barn, and eight-room cottage. The site is an ideal one with a large pine grove, 3000 feet of frontage on the lake and large, level fields for sports. Two hundred and fifty acres of the grounds are on the main land, while Hodgdon's island, which is a part of the purchase, contains 50 acres.

The association will not have the camp in full working order next season as there are many extensive improvements to be made such as the erection of cook houses, an auditorium, small cottages, tent plantations, the purchase of a small steamer and boats. The amount yet to be expended before the camp is completed will probably total \$50,000. This summer, however, the camp will serve as a State headquarters for all those boys who wish to go there and camp.

When the camp is in full operation it will draw from over 400 groups of boys with whom the association is now affiliated. There will be boating, fishing, bathing, outdoor sports and everything for the boy. A physical director will be in charge, and while it will be chiefly a recreation spot there will be exercises in the morning of a semi-religious nature, to promote and develop the best there is in boys. Boy workers from all over the country will speak.

The charges at the camp will be nominal, so much so that almost every boy will be able to pass at least a week there. Caretakers will be kept all the year round, and the farm products will be used to supply the tables during the camping season.

### NIGHT NOISES

Can't you fairly feel the woods in this characteristic bit by C. L. Gilman in the Minneapolis News? "The little noises of the night—Begin when dies the campfire light—Who doubts their perfect friendliness, He is a tenderfoot, I guess.

Then Wambose comes and stamps his feet,  
The deer mouse hunts for things to eat,  
And Kaag, the quill-pig, starts to gnaw  
The handle off your cross-cut saw.

From where the lake lies, sheen and still,  
The loon sends up his laughter shrill.  
The Musquash splashes near the shore,  
A dead tree falls with hollow roar.

Next, branches crackle near the brink,  
Washkish, the deer, has come to drink.  
An owl sounds his hunting call  
Then freezing into silence all  
The timid folk of stream and glade,

The wolf, Moingam's serenade  
Gives notice of the rising moon.  
You, lulled by his familiar tune,  
Just closer wrap your blanket round,  
Roll to a softer bit of ground,  
And sleep—until the morning's light  
Still all these noises of the night."

**ADVERTISING FORMS OF THE  
SPORTSMAN'S SHOW NUMBER  
CLOSE FEB. 14. DON'T DELAY  
SENDING IN YOUR ADVERTISE-  
MENT.**

### THE MYTHICAL BEARS OF THE WOODS OF WARWICK.

Many years ago, in one of his inimitable sketches, Frank Forester graphically described the fate of "The Last Bear in the Hills of Warwick." Since that time, however, the clever writer of that fair region—aided and abetted by Editor Ketchum, of the Dispatch—revived the vanished glories of bear hunting, and many a stirring "paper chase" has been run through the entertaining columns of the local paper. The Dispatch bear has become famous far beyond the boundaries of Warwick, and, having more than the proverbial nine lives attributed to the cat, bobs up serenely in unexpected places and affords amusement to many readers.

"On the Raynor Road, by Edge of the woods.

"My Dear Dispatch—One day Si Conklin went by here in somewhat of a hurry. I thought there must be something up, so I tried to say something funny in order to attract his attention, but he went right on holding: 'Boys, you better make yourself scarce; there is a bear over there by Tom Wellings' woods!'"

" 'Why don't you go and kill it?' I asked.

" 'No,' he said, 'you boys can do that; but you'd better be careful.'"

" 'No, he is your bear, you saw him first,' and away went Si.

"I said to my younger brother, Charley: 'Get the dogs and we will go and have a look at that bear.' After traveling a half-mile we peered over the rock, and behold! there was a critter with a big woolly coat on him. Charley was the first to break the silence. He whispered into my ear: 'Do you remember what Pete Conklin told us last year?' This it was:

"When the Dispatch bear came from the Belvale road going into Cascade Park, he unfastened the

hasp, slid the gate open and shut it behind him with a bang, and when the dogs got too fresh he (the bear) picked up one of them by the ears, flung him a quarter of a mile, and the dog landed in a snow bank, went clear through and twenty feet down a woodchuck hole. It took three days for that dog to dig himself out, and Pete said the dog never amounted to anything after that.

"The Dispatch bear travels like a man, carrying a fence post as a walking cane, except when he goes fishing, when he takes a telegraph pole along so as to have something to break the ice with; that is the kind of a bear the Dispatch bear is. This critter here is no bear. When the dogs begin to close in on him he walks backward and then jumps ahead just like Dr. Murdock's automobile when he gets stuck on Elbow Hill.

" 'Well,' Charley went on, 'this bear is nothing but Mike O'Brien's ram, the one that mopped the ground with Bill Mott, and chased Mike Coony up a tree, and made Birch Handy walk three blocks out of the way going down town. After that old Pap O'Brien took the ram to the Red Swan Inn. He put him in the barn where Pap had his wagon, and after a couple of days he got tired of corn beef and cabbage and cleared out an made for the hills here, looking for mountain dew, and at the same time almost scared Si Conklin to death.'"

"We do not know whatever or not there is any reward out for that ram, but we heard he got back to the inn again.

"If, however, the Dispatch bear comes around, Mr. Ketchum, we will let you know immediately.

"Thanking you for past favors, I beg to remain, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,  
Geo. W. H."

Sportsmens' Review.



# SHOOT AT THE NEW YORK Sportsman's Show ON FEBRUARY 20, 1915

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Show Edition of

## MAINE WOODS

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## MAINE WOODS

ISSUED WEEKLY

J. W. Brackett Co.  
Phillips, Maine

L. B. BRACKETT,

Business Manager

## OUTING EDITION

12 and 16 pages . . . . . \$1.00 per year

## LOCAL EDITION

Canadian, Mexican, Cuban and Panama subscription 50 cents extra. Foreign subscription 6 cents extra.

Entered as second class matter, January 21, 1919, at the postoffice at Phillips, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

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, JANUARY 21, 1915.

The Maine Press Association is to hold its fifty-second annual meeting at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, January 28 and 29, with an essay by Roland T. Patten of Skowhegan and a poem by George S. Rowell of Portland as the literary features. There will be other matters of interest that ought to attract the members and the hope is indulged that there may be a large attendance on their part.

OFFICERS ELECTED  
FOR YEAR 1915Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game  
Association Hold Interesting  
Meeting

Eminently predominant in the 24th annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association stands the re-election of the entire slate of officers who have served the organization during the past year. Robert J. Hodgson of Lewiston, president, and Roland C. Whitehouse of Auburn, secretary and treasurer, who have so efficiently served the association in their respective positions are indeed wisely chosen to continue their endeavors, in behalf of the association and for what it stands.

Three o'clock Thursday afternoon found the House chamber at the State House well filled with the nearly 200 persons from all parts of Maine, who came to attend the meeting of the association. Not only members but many others interested men and women, in the fish and game of Maine were in the audience.

The same officers were chosen for 1915 as served last year.

Dr. Heber Bishop gave a very interesting talk with a series of finely colored slides.

The secretary's report showed that 91 new members have joined the association.

A more extended report will be given next week.

## UP AGAINST IT BOTH WAYS

Discharged Hospital Patient Surely a Victim of Hard Luck, as He Explained It.

A middle-aged Polish man appeared one morning recently at one of Detroit's social settlement houses. To the young woman on duty in the office he told a story of illness and of failure to find satisfactory work since his dismissal from the hospital a few weeks before—ending the recital by saying that he wished to be sent to the poor house.

"But won't you let me help you find work?" asked the girl. "What did you do before you were ill?"

"Why, lady, I worked for a tailor an' I ran de goose. But such a job is too hard for me now."

"Well, wouldn't it be better to earn even part of your living and let some one help you a little than to give up entirely? Why, I'd rather pull bast-ling threads than to do nothing!"

"But, ye see, lady, youse don't understand. It's just like this, ye see. I'm too weak for de strong work an' I'm too strong for de weak work—an' there ye are."

Now what would your answer be to such a conclusive argument as that?

WITH BARKER  
AT "THE BIRCHES"Captain Tells Romantic Story of  
Indian Chief Metalluk

After enjoying the hospitality of the Upper Dam House for the night, the last good-byes were said just as the little steamer Florence Barker swung alongside the wharf the next morning and Capt. Fred C. Barker stepped off and called out "All aboard for The Birches and Haines Landing!"

And who hasn't heard of Capt. Barker? No one, we will venture to say, who has ever hunted in the Rangeley region, as for 45 years he has been the most conspicuous figure on these lakes and in the surrounding forests. During that time he has been woodchopper, hunter, trapper, river driver, guide, steamboat captain, landlord and all around good fellow, philosopher and friend. A romantic career and history have been his and these adventures and experiences have already filled a good sized book that has been issued from Norwood Press Company of Massachusetts. This book is in the form of an autobiography and is one of the most fascinating of the many tales of our great northern woods. It is a story of a country boy whose persistent energy and love of adventure led him from the comforts of home into the wilds of Maine where he has since carved out a career as romantic and successful as may be found in the annals of the country.

Great, not like Caesar, stained with blood,

But only great as he is good!

Capt. Barker is now known by sportsmen from one end of the country to the other, and for his bluff and hearty manner he is universally popular among the annual guests to the lake regions of Maine.

Born in the old town of Saccarrappa, he was sent to live with an uncle in Andover when but six years of age, and it was in that town where he first learned to love the forest and streams which became familiar to him in after years. As a young lad he began to show a genius for woodcraft and rarely did he return from a hunting trip without being loaded with game. In speaking of his boyhood days in Andover, he loves to quote the lines from Burns: "Still o'er the scenes my memory waits,

And loves to brood with miser care;  
And time the impress deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear."

It was a beautiful morning in September when the writer stepped on board the Florence Barker and received a cordial welcome from its owner and captain. And then the boat swung from the wharf and we were steaming away on Mooselookmeuntic towards the famous camps of the captain known as "The Birches." The guest was at once invited into the wheel house where he was entertained by Capt. Barker in a running conversation descriptive of the lake and its surroundings. Among other things the captain said:

"Thirty years ago the spot where this steamer is sailing was all woods, but the building of Upper Dam flooded this whole section. One of the famous characters in that work was John Straw of Lewiston and in one of the law suits that grew out of that enterprise he was called as a witness. When told to kiss the Bible before giving his testimony, John flatly refused, saying that he could tell the truth without going through such a performance as that. And he carried his point. That was a famous story all over this section at the time. You will notice Mt. Bigelow and Saddleback are in full view from here, so we have the best scenery in Maine. Then there is Bald Head Mountain and Students' Island on the left, while Brandy Point with the camp of Major Charles Wylie, is just opposite. O, yes, this is a beauty spot and I think that no finer scenery can be found."

And then we swung up to the wharf and a moment later were looking over the thirty log camps and hotel that comprise The Birches.

A beauty spot it surely is and one

cannot but admire the genius of the man who has developed such a resort. At the time of our visit the season was at its height and nearly 100 guests were in and around the camps. Here, remote from all the bustle of the busy world and at an elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea, with a dry and invigorating atmosphere where the healing odors of the pine and balsam are wafted to and fro, the weary worker from the city can find rest and health. The log cabins are especially designed for comfort, and the big open fireplaces send out their cheery light and warmth. Students Island, as the place was formerly known, contains 100 acres and gives ample room for walking and other amusements over a heavily wooded section. The cabins are rustic in finish and accommodate from two to ten persons. In these every home comfort is provided even to hair mattresses and baths with hot and cold water.

And these cabins at The Birches are but a portion of the hotel accommodations owned by Capt. Barker. He has a large colony of the same style buildings at Bemis and is also the proprietor of "The Barker," one of the best appointed resorts in the lake region. This big hotel is at Sandy Point, six miles above The Birches, and has a dining room with seating capacity for 150 guests. From the windows of this room is a magnificent view of the lake and mountains beyond. From this house a fine automobile road leads to Rangeley some nine miles away. The steamer connections are also excellent and mails come and go twice each day. One would naturally suppose that with all this property and two steamers on his hands, Capt. Barker would be contented, but as a matter of fact, he is continually planning new enterprises and new methods of entertaining the public. But this is the nature of Capt. Fred Barker.

A half hour passed pleasantly at "The Birches," and then the steamer was boarded and the prow turned towards Haines Landing, some five or more miles away. The time was passed in the pilot house listening to the stories of Capt. Barker and his description of the surrounding scenery. His tale of the old Indian chief Metalluk was one of the most fascinating, and pathetic, as well. This old Indian was the last of a long line of sagamores connected with St. Francis tribe, of Canada, but whose home for many years was on the shore of this lake. Metalluk Point is near the mouth of the brook bearing the same name, and here the old chief had his lodge a century or more ago. Let Capt. Barker tell the story:

"Metalluk was a Canadian chief originally, but lived here for many years and my grandfather, Moses Merrill, of Andover, was with him much of the time. He has told me the story many times. So perhaps I know as much about the Indian as any man now living. I know the exact spot where his lodge stood and the little cellar can still be seen.

"Metalluk was a good friend of the whites, and with his squaw, Oozalluk, came through the forest from Canada here after he had some trouble with his tribe. They settled here and had two sons and a daughter who were left to grow up with the St. Francis tribe. It was here that his squaw died on a cold winter day, and not wanting to bury her in the snow, Metalluk hung her body up in the roof of his cabin, where it remained until spring, when he buried it in the forest. Later a doctor came and dug the body up and took it away. Quite likely this was done for the skeleton, but all the same it was an outrage which the old chief never forgave.

"After the death of Oozalluk, the Indian moved away and settled on an island in Umbagog Lake and here he was frequently visited by his two sons, Olumbo and Parmaginnie. One day Olumbo started back for Canada and took all of his father's valuable furs with him. It was an ungracious act and the old chief followed him in his canoe and when he came up to his rascally son he gave him a sound beating and told him never to come back again.

"The other son was a better man and I am inclined to think that Lake Parmachenee received its name from him as the two names are very similar. That lake is on the direct

trail into Canada and they must have traversed it to get back to the St. Francis tribe.

"Metalluk was blind in one eye, and when an old man he met with an accident which destroyed his other eye and left him totally blind. It was a pathetic case as he was alone in his camp, where he remained several days in a helpless condition. One day two of the Magalloway settlers who had been on frequent hunting trips with him, came to the camp and found the old chief lying in his bunk. When they called his name he replied: "Me know the voice, but me no see him." Tenderly they cared for him and would gladly have taken him away, but this he refused and asked them to notify and send his daughter who lived near the Canadian line. This they did and in a few days she came with one of her sons and took him away. I well remember an old man on the Magalloway who told me he remembered the incident and saw the three when they were moving away. The young boy was ahead with a stick in his hand which the old man grasped at the other end, while the woman was behind with the pack. They were on their way to the daughter's home.

"While the old chief lived at Metalluk Point on this lake, he frequently visited Andover where he sold his furs to my great-grandfather. There he became a fast friend to my grandfather, Moses Merrill, and the two men often hunted and trapped together. He had a weakness for firewater, but never carried any liquor back to his home on Richardson Lake, as he feared he might burn up his camp and dog. He had a fine sense of humor and on one occasion when buying some liquor in Andover he protested against the high price.

The dealer told him that it cost as much to winter a barrel of whiskey as to winter a cow, to which the old chief replied:

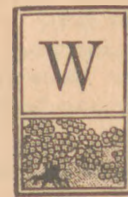
"He no eat um so much hay, s'pose maybe he drink um much more water!" A good hint as to how the dealer made his profits.

"Metalluk always called grandfather, Moselem, as that was the nearest he could get to the pronunciation. On one occasion a settler was catching beaver near his camp, so Metalluk walked to Andover to consult his friend, Moselem. Grandfather had a good sense of humor and his advice was this: 'If they are your beaver, then go and catch 'em!'

"Metalluk always refused to sleep in a bed when visiting grandfather, but would lie on the floor with his head towards the open fireplace. On one occasion, his hair took fire and a neighbor coming in at the time took him by the feet and pulled him away. The Indian was quite understanding the proceeding, resented it and started for the man, but fell down cellar which sobered him off very nicely.

"I never knew exactly what became of Metalluk after leaving this region, but have heard that he was not contented in his daughter's home and was continually talking about this lake and his friend, Moselem. Finally, a boy was engaged to take him to Andover through the woods, and when they reached Stewartstown the boy left him in the road and returned to Canada. They tell me that he became a town charge where he died some eight years later. The old chief has been made famous by having so many places around these lakes named for him"—L. C. Bateman in Lewiston Journal.

(To be continued next week).

Sportsman's Show  
Edition

WITH THE PUBLICATION of our big Sportsman's Show Number in February, we are offering to Hotel and Camp Proprietors, the best chance they have had for years of getting their hotels and camps before the sportsmen of America. This is not a theory, but a proven fact.

Those who advertised in our former editions, the last of which was published in 1910, know this and we want the opportunity of proving it to the rest.

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**First Picture of Bow.**  
The bow is first depicted on Egyptian monuments about 2000 B. C. Its form then did not differ greatly from that in use among bows at the present day. It was used in European warfare as late as 1640, and was deemed quite as effective as the arquebus then employed.

**Not All at One Time.**  
The gods never give all things at the same time to men.—Homer.

**Our Wife.**  
Our wife, comments a western newspaper man, is one of those women who aren't content to be taken for their daughter's sister. They want to be taken for their daughter's daughter—to be taken for their own granddaughter, so to speak.

## FOXES WANTED

Alive, unhurt, all kinds, old or young. Also mink, marten and fisher. Will handle above named animals at all times of year. Write or wire what you have to offer, stating lowest price. Fur farmers wanting stock should write me for prices and information before buying.  
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For making trails to and from sets. Very powerful odor. Economical to use. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

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

**WM. F. NYE,**  
New Bedford, Mass.

## NEWT GIVES

### SOME POINTS

#### The Perversity of the Rabbit as Noticed by Bill Sykes

The following inquiry is taken from the All Sorts column in the Boston Post, edited by Newton Newkirk. As the readers of that paper well know many grave and important questions are asked and given in that department:

"Dear Newt—Here where I live there are plenty of rabbits. Now, I like rabbit pot-pie as well as anybody, and during the past two years I've spent a lot of valuable time hunting rabbits, but have only shot three.

"Although rabbits are thicker than hops all about, I can't see 'em so long as they sit still. Of course when I accidentally stumble over one and it starts to run, then I can see it, but when it's running like sixty I can't hit it.

"You see" in the fall before snow comes our rabbits are brown, just like the autumn leaves and frosted grasses, and a hunter might be looking one right in the face without seeing it. Then when snow comes and a hunter could easily see a brown rabbit against the white snow, I'll be jiggered if the rabbits don't all turn white as cotton!

"Can you do anything about this, Newt?" **BILL SYKES.**

The fact, "Bill" that a rabbit is brown in the fall when it sits on a brown background and turns white after the snow comes, merely goes to show that old Mother Nature is in cahoots with the little long-eared rascal and is trying to protect it from harm.

Mother Nature has a shrewd and sly way of taking care of many of her little furred and feathered children who haven't wit enough to take care of themselves.

I have observed, "Bill," that Mother Nature is very set and stubborn in her ways. When she gets an idea into her head, no amount of argument or persuasion or even abuse will dislodge it. Mother Nature, when she makes up her mind to do a thing, won't listen to reason. This being the case, it has generally been my custom to permit Mother Nature to take her course. Here, however, is a suggestion:

In the late spring, just after young rabbits are born and are still in the nest, collect all the baby rabbits you can find and dye them black, then put them carefully back into their nests. When they reach maturity they will be as black as your hat and will show up against the autumn leaves or against the snow like spilled ink on a bedspread.

If you do this there should be quite a colony of black rabbits up your way within a year or two and rabbit hunting ought to be great. Not only that, but you will be putting one over on old Mother Nature—unless she gets back at you by sending down a foot or two of black snow!

A contributor to All Sorts department in the Boston Post asks to have a five and three-quarters pound pickerel which he says he caught put in the "column." Newt explains that while he would be glad to accommodate, such a pickerel would be about three feet long, while the columns of the Post are only 21 inches, consequently it would be impossible to get the whole fish in. Nevertheless, striving to please, he's willing to do the best he can, and prints a picture of part of the fish. Unless our piscatorial knowledge is at fault, judging by the result, the fish was a cunner, or a fresh-water perch. At least, it wasn't a pickerel, for no pickerel ever had a spiny fin running the whole length of its back. We are not disposed to charge Newt with an attempt at nature faking, but if he assumes responsibility for his column a word of explanation is in order.—Biddford (Me.) Journal.

The point you make, Brother Scribe, in the above criticism, is well taken. I am glad you have called my attention thus publicly to the alleged section of what purported to be a pickerel which recently appeared in this column, because it

gives me an opportunity to vindicate myself before the masses.

I want the world to know that I had no hand in the making of that picture. Now if I were to dash off with a pen and ink a speaking likeness of a pickerel, believe me, it wouldn't look like the dorsal fin of a hedgehog or like a hairbrush in repose—what it would look like would be a pickerel.

The distinguished artist who made that picture for "All Sorts," and labeled it the first instalment of a pickerel serial, wouldn't know a pickerel from a smoked herring.

I will take this opportunity to make a statement which I have been fidgeting to make for quite a spell, namely: The portraits of myself which appear in "All Sorts" from time to time never do me justice. They not only do not do me justice, but they are base libels, gross caricatures, and if they continue to appear and goad me too far, then my lawyer will call on this artist's(?) (don't fail to get that question mark!) lawyer and a suit for damages will be instituted.

I consider because of the alleged portraits of myself which have already appeared in "All Sorts" that my face and figure have been damaged to the extent of about \$10,000. Oh, I might possibly settle for \$5,000 cash in hand, but it would take some coaxing these hard times. Frankly I have never seen an artist(?) (Private Note to Printer—Kindly set that question mark in caps—N. N.) who, with no other tools than a little ink and one small pen, could do as much damage to my face as the one who illustrates "All Sorts."

Of course, I don't claim to be any Adonis, you understand—I never won any blue ribbons at a beauty show and I hate to talk about myself because it gives me a rush of blood to the face; but I want to say that I am a much handsomen man than you have ever suspected from the pictures of me, which have appeared in this column.

What makes me so sore and peevish is that every time this artist (?—and repeat) produces me in print he scalps the luxuriant locks from the top of my dome, divides them equally and uses them for eyebrows.

If he didn't have such a mean disposition he could give me a fairly good amount of thatching on my mansard roof and still have enough brunette curls left for a couple of sizable eyebrows. I'll admit that I have a high and intellectual forehead, but it isn't so dog-goned high and intellectual that it extends from the bridge of my nose to my collar button behind.

Moreover, my nose doesn't resemble an Early Rose potato, nor an Italian sunset; and what's more, it is located on the front elevation of my face and not southwest of my left ear, as has been shown. If I had a nose that roamed around over my face like that, I'd put hoppers on it. I would positively have no patience with a nose which I couldn't find in an emergency when I wanted it. Neither does my mouth resemble the entrance to the East Boston tunnel. My mouth, in repose, is a beautiful thing to look at, and it irritates me to be portrayed with an open-face movement. In short, my face bears no resemblance to a present mutilated war map of Europe.

Therefore, Gentle Reader, if you ever happen to lamp anything in this column you don't like—anything of a personal nature which reflects on you in any way—don't call at my office for the purpose of knocking my block off or wiping up the floor with me, but go after the artist (?) (just one more question mark that's not working, George), and after the guilty party has departed for the hospital drop in to see me and I will take you out to lunch.—Newt Newkirk, in Boston Post.

#### JOHN J. DOOLEY SERIOUSLY ILL

John J. Dooley, formerly Colonel in the Ordnance Department, N. G. S. M., is seriously ill at Chicago, where he recently underwent an operation.

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## LOG CABIN FROM MAINE AT SHOW

### Prospect That The Maine Automobile Association Will Come Into Maine Exhibit

The log cabin at the Sportsman's Show is an assured fact, as Mr. John B. Craville and Ed Grose of Spring Lake Camps and Stratton are to take down a nice log cabin. Mr. Craville has had considerable experience in this line, having taken guides to the Boston and New York shows on several occasions, so the management is assured of a good one.

Captain Dressel is hustling everything at that end, and it is becoming generally accepted in New York that this Sportsman's Show will be one of the old fashioned kind, and the best in years.

Captain Dressel's name is a guarantee that that promise will be fulfilled.

At the present writing, there is a prospect that the Maine Automobile Association will come into the Maine Exhibit to demonstrate the beautiful roads of Maine which will be backed up by 1000 slides and operated by the Maine Tourist Bureau. There is no question but that Maine has suffered the loss of a great many people by the black eye she has got on account of the reported poor roads. There is no question, if people want to go through the state at break-neck speed and don't care about seeing things along the road, that we haven't got the hard roads that some states have got at tremendous expense, but what we have got, better than any other state for the party who wants to go through the state and enjoy the scenery, there is absolutely no country in the world that has such beautiful scenery with good fair comfortable roads, and it is a well known fact that our roads compare very favorably with the roads of a large portion of the country. A point in illustration is a gentleman prominent in New York who came to Maine two years ago with his car, and did the usual kicking, returning by way of Massachusetts and Connecticut. He sent a letter back to one of his friends in Maine, saying that he wished to apologize to Maine for what he had said, because he found that the roads in Maine were much better than a lot of the country he traveled through on his return. It is not so much that we have bad roads, as it is that people have got in the habit of knocking, and our own people have helped this along. We

believe that this movement by the Maine Automobile Association, if carried out along the lines of the above, will result in a tremendous amount of good to the state, and should be most heartily backed by the citizens.

Advertisers are coming into the Maine exhibit very fast, and those who have not already signified their intention of taking space, should do so at once, addressing all communications to J. Waldo Nash, Norway, Maine.

There will possibly be a change made in the space, giving Maine more latitude than originally planned to accommodate the log cabin, and possibly a hunting tent set up to represent a wood scene to be headquarters for Maine guides, quite a number of whom have signified their intention of going to the show. Guides attending this show will not be charged any space rent, or admission, and the management will be very glad to welcome any number of them.

It is up to everybody interested to get their shoulders under and boost.

## COMMITTEES OF 1920 IN SESSION

### Executive Council Plans for A Mid-Winter Meeting

The 1920 Committee of the Maine State Board of Trade met Thursday afternoon of last week at the Augusta House, those present being President F. E. Boothby of Waterville, Secretary E. M. Blanding of Bangor, Carl Rust Parker of Yarmouth, Roy L. Marston of Skowhegan, and E. C. Carll of Augusta. The committee voted to have a resolution presented to the Legislature asking that a legislative committee be appointed to consider the matter in connection with the 1920 Committee of the State Board of Trade and to make recommendations to the Legislature of 1917 for the proper observance of the 100th anniversary of the State of Maine in 1920, and of the ter-centenary anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims. The state of Massachusetts has already started an organization for the proper observance of the latter event.

The executive council of the Maine State Board of Trade also held a meeting at the Augusta House Thursday afternoon and arranged for the mid-winter meeting of the board to be held Thursday, March 11, at Lewiston, on invitation of the Lewiston Board of Trade. An interesting program is promised and a pleasant meeting expected.



## A SOCIABLE QUARTETTE

### A Moose Hunt In the Quebec Woods

After being in the bush all summer, and seeing so many moose at close quarters, (on account of the flies being bad they were driven to the rivers for protection) my partner and I decided that we would try our luck in the fall when the big game season opened.

Watching closely all summer for what we considered would be the best place, all our arrangements were made, we decided that Island Lake (a pear shaped lake about sixteen miles long with numerous grassy bays and small rivers entering it) would be an ideal place.

Having met two chaps earlier in the season who had been talking about moose hunting we decided to see if they would not join us in the hunt, which they were very willing to do. We were particularly glad to have them as one of the boys had the reputation of being a crack moose caller.

We had arranged to meet at the Height of Land Portage (which is well known to anyone who has taken the trip to Abitibi over the old Hudson Bay trail before the steel was laid to Cochrane) on Monday morning, which happened to turn out a poor day, it being rainy with an occasional snow flurry. However, I was in good spirits and after we had had dinner we started over the mile portage.

We paddled up Tootinini Lake into a small creek leading into Island Lake, called Snake creek, which was very well named, we thought, as it meets itself coming back several times. The distance from lake to lake, as the crow flies is only about a quarter of a mile, but by the creek it is a good mile.

We camped on an island right at the mouth of the Mishiguish Bay as we intended to try our luck there first.

I doubt if there is a more harmonious sight than to see four men, all versed in bush life, pitching a tent. Each man seems to start right at once to do something, though no two do the same thing. One will start to get a fire ready, if it is anywhere near mealtime. One will cut wood while another is getting poles for the tent, and still another will be cutting brush for the bed. In less than half an hour a camp is made which looks as if it always had been there.

It being a bright moonlight night we decided to take the two canoes, with two in each, and go in different directions.

Arthur and Norman went to a small bay on the west side of the lake, while Lou and I went to Mishiguish Lake. We all returned to camp with the satisfaction merely of

hearing several cows calling, but without getting any answer at all from the bulls.

Next night we split again and at about 10 o'clock it turned to rain so we came back to camp somewhat wet, but still full of hope.

Wednesday we did not go out as it was still unsettled and there was no moon. We stayed in camp and talked about the head we were going to take out. Norman, in the meantime was busy making birch bark horns for the next night.

Thursday was fine and clear but Lou was a little pessimistic as he claimed that Thursday was his Jonah day. We finally assured him however that we were going to break that hoodoo. Taking the two canoes, and with the wind in our favor, and a full moon, we went to the south end of Mishiguish Lake where we met a trapper just at dark.

We asked him how tricks were and he, being a Frenchman and not very well versed in English exclaimed he was having "Bad Lucky" having shot four shots at a moose and three at a bear, none of which had tallied any score. Nevertheless he very kindly raised our hopes by saying that the moose were very plentiful.

We paddled in around the bay and Norman gave the call of a cow, which so far as I could judge was a perfect imitation of the real thing, but we got no answer. Lou and I then paddled on to another bay and Lou gave the call but again there was no answer. Norman and Arthur came up and we paddled to the north end of the lake where Norman gave the call and shortly after it got an answer from a bull fully three miles away.

We waited breathlessly and in a few minutes heard him coming, evidently on a hill this time as he sounded much closer. We waited fully fifteen minutes before he grunted again, this time pretty close, and we could hear his horns rattling in the bush. We paddled close in the reeds about fifty feet from the shore and got low down in the canoes. We could hear him very plainly now and kept very quiet as we did not wish to attract the attention of the ducks which were quacking in the reeds beside us.

We figured him to come out a little to the left of us by a small creek so we headed our canoes that way. On he came getting closer at every grunt and with no hesitation at all he came out from among the tag alders and stood on the beach about eighty yards away.

It was clear moonlight. We could see him perfectly as he stood there, a giant monarch, grunting and sniffing to wind any danger if near, but the wind was from him to us so he could not wind us.

Norman changed his horn to a short one and gave a low call and the moose started to walk around the shore, it being in the shape of a crescent. He stopped and grunted Norman answering him very cleverly, and continued until he was square in front of us, about fifty feet when Lou whispered:

"Now's your chance."

We both missed and I let fire on him, evidently hitting high. I fired again and he stopped short and seemed as though he would have fallen. I fired again and he ran into the bush with Lou and Norman giving it to him also. He went in about twenty feet into the bush and then dropped. We pushed back the canoe into deep water to wait until we were sure there was no charge left in him, for we could hear him groaning.

"What's the time Frank, asked Lou?"

"Eleven-forty, Lou. I guess that breaks Thursday for you, eh?"

We waited ten minutes and then went ashore to inspect our prize. Taking our birch bark horn we set fire to it for light and found our trophy about twenty feet away in the bush lying almost curled around a tree but quite dead.

Then was when the real work began and Norman, who was very skilled at the game, set to work to dress him, it being too late to skin him then. We took the heart with us for breakfast and started back to camp fully convinced that Thursday was no longer a Jonah.

We went back the next morning to complete the job, taking with us a tape measure to settle some bets about the width of his spread. Arthur's was the closest with a guess of sixty inches while the spread was

sixty-two.

You may talk of clever work, but did you ever see a boy brought up in the bush skin and quarter a moose? The way in which Norman skinned and carved that moose, and the short time he took to do it, was nothing less than wonderful. We packed our meat in the canoe and took it down to where Lou and Norman lived, having two portages a mile and a quarter to make, but we were still enjoying the sport we had had, not thinking of the work that came after it.

We stayed a day in camp, then all four took the big freighting canoe, which they use for carrying supplies, and struck out with a fair wind for Haileybury to celebrate, each vowing that we would try and repeat the performance the next season.—G. F. M. In Rod and Gun in Canada.

### WHY SAVE THE BIRDS

"Bird protection is not only an economic question," says Withner Stone, Sc. D., Editor of The Auk, a Journal of Ornithology, although he admits that arguments based on the value of birds to mankind are enough to warrant the protection of our feathered friends. "There are thousands of people," he maintains, "who are not directly or personally interested in raising successful crops, but who have supported bird protection on broad economic ground that find a growing personal interest in the subject after they have undertaken the study of birds. The man, woman or child who learns to recognize and know a few birds will not be content until all the species of their neighborhood are known; while from the start of bird study they will find themselves one of the strongest kind of bird protectionists, influenced not by the economic side of the question, but by a personal interest in birds themselves. Therefore, everything that stirs up interest in bird study makes for bird protection and is bound to result in more friends of the birds, and because of these friends, we will eventually have more birds."

"Why not conserve our bird life as well as the more sordid things of nature?" asks J. Berg Esenwein, the well-known author and teacher of short-story writing. "In a full life, beauty is a necessity. Even laying aside the tremendous economic value of the little feathered fellows, I can see the great need of a movement to protect birds as well as delightful results. I have always pitied a people whose sunrises never touch a near or distant hill-crest, but come to them always over the flats. So we should be pitied if bird-songs were hushed in our fields, forests, hedgerows and parks. Let us preserve the songs and cheerful cheepings of the birds, so that these fluffy optimists may rebuke our gray moods and help us to make life richer. I must leave to others the question of the value of bird life as a protection against tiny pests, but I am concerned lest our children grow up unacquainted with the saucy neighborly robin."

Mr. Chas. P. Shoffner, editor of The Liberty Bell Bird Club Department of The Farm Journal, although an artist and lover of the beautiful, is carrying on a campaign of education to teach the value of birds in saving the harvests of fields, forests and orchards. When people learn the real value of birds, proper public laws for their protection will be passed," he insists. "When the public demands stringent laws for bird protection, we will get them. Millions of valuable insectivorous birds have been destroyed that their skins and feathers might decorate women's hats and gowns. Countless birds are killed yearly for food by ignorant Americans and unnaturalized foreigners. Ninety per cent of the normal bird life of this country has been destroyed. The natural enemies of the insects that cause a loss of one million dollars a year to our farmers, are the birds. Save the birds, and they will save our crops. Yet you ask ninety-nine people out of a hundred in city or country to

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Hotel and Camp Proprietors,  
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tell you something about a bird's life, food and habits, and, if honest, they will confess they do not know." Mr. Shoffner asks every one to become better acquainted with the little friends of man by joining The Liberty Bell Bird Club. There is no cost in belonging to this Club and its badge-button is sent free to any one signing and sending in the following pledge to its headquarters in Philadelphia, Pa.:

"I desire to become a member of The Liberty Bell Bird Club of The Farm Journal, and I promise to study and protect all song and insectivorous birds and do what I can for the Club."

### MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED BOYS IN A RIFLE SHOOT.

The 71st Regiment Armory in New York City was recently the scene of the biggest schoolboy rifle shoot ever held. Over three hundred marksmen, representatives of more than twenty schools in and around New York, took part in the open tournament of the Morris High School. This entry, it is said, was the largest of the kind on record. There were eight separate events and the shooting was of a high order, unusually so, considering the age and experience of the contestants.

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SPLENDID RESTAURANT CONNECTED FEATURING POPULAR PRICED MENUS  
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### HAS ORGANIZED RIFLE CLUB FOR THE GIRLS.

Coach Sees Chance for Same Kind  
of Tournament as Boys Have  
Taken Part in.

Iowa City, Ia.—Final organization of an Iowa City Girls' Rifle Club, the second of its kind in the United States, has now been concluded here under the direction of Coach C. Ellis Williams.

Williams, who coached three boys team to national rifle championships during the last three years, has now conceived the idea of putting a similar team of girls in the field, in competition with the girls' teams of other schools. At present there is only one other girls' rifle team in the United States. This is established at Washington, D. C. A match with this team will be arranged for the winter, and an effort will be made to get several other schools to enter the competition.

## COLDS HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS

should be remedied at once. They debilitate the system—pave the way for dangerous ills.

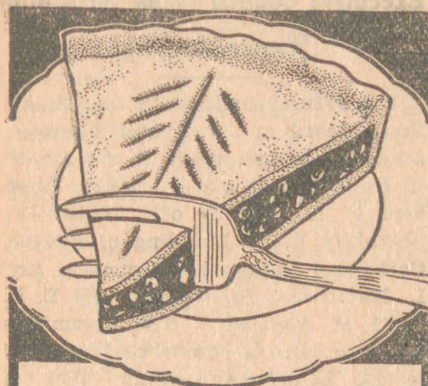
For 60 years, "L. F." Atwood's Medicine has effectively arrested these ailments. It never fails to afford complete relief, as Miss Knowles here testifies:

Hampden Highlands, Me.:

"Have used the 'L. F.' Atwood's Medicine for many years, I can say we have never known them to fail of producing satisfactory results in colds, headaches, biliousness, etc., when used according to directions."  
(Signed) Ivy M. Knowles.

It's easier to prevent illness than to restore health. Get YOUR bottle NOW, from any dealer.

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### People Like Pie

Especially when the crust is the crisp, flaky, tender kind that William Tell makes—the digestible, wholesome crust that brings everyone back for a second piece.

They like William Tell cake just as well, and William Tell bread, biscuits and muffins.

The reason? Ohio Red Winter Wheat and a special process of milling obtainable only in

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## William Tell Flour

C. H. McKenzie Trading Co.,  
Phillips, Maine.



# Target Tips and Hunting Helps

by Alfred P. Lane

Send questions to Mr. Lane care of this paper



## A New Questions and Answers Department of Interest to Shooters

Readers are reminded that this column is open to questions which should be sent to me in care of the Sporting Editor, and to discussions by the readers on anything connected with hunting or target shooting.—A. P. L.

W. F. C., Fresno, Cal.:

In your shooting article, please advise me as to the proper handling of firearms on different occasions, such as carrying one while alone, in company, or while loading.

This subject is one of general interest. It is also one of great importance to prevent accidents of various sorts. The most important rule is never point a loaded or unloaded firearm in any direction where damage could possibly be done if through any chance the arm were discharged. Theoretically, of course, it makes no difference where an unloaded firearm is pointed, but mistakes are bound to occur and the safest plan is as stated above—never point a firearm in any direction where it could do any damage. The nature of the country through which one is walking governs considerably the best position in which to carry a firearm. If you do not expect a chance for a shot, the military position is one of the best. If you are expecting a shot where the underbrush is heavy, hold the shotgun or rifle with the right hand gripping the stock in the shooting position and the barrel leaning against the shoulder in as nearly a vertical position as possible so that the arm may be dropped forward quickly. If there is little underbrush so that there is no danger of catching the muzzle of the arm, carry with the butt stock under the right arm and the hands in shooting position. The arm can then be quickly swung into shooting position. This is probably the best position from which a shot can be made.

When you are in company, do not use this latter position if there is any one ahead of you. While loading magazines have the barrel pointed straight at the ground or straight up into the air.

Please give me some advice in regard to preparing a gun before putting it away for a long time.

If you expect to put the firearm away for a long time, it is well to clean the barrel thoroughly on three successive days and then coat with vaseline or a good quality of gun grease. Always keep firearms in as dry a place as possible.

G. H. R., Milwaukee, Wis.:

Please let me know if there is an appreciable difference between the range and penetration of a 28 inch and 32 inch 12-gauge full choke shotgun barrel.

There is no appreciable difference in the velocity (and consequently the penetration) or the pattern, of a 28 inch and a 32 inch full choke shotgun barrel of 12-gauge. There is, of course, a slight difference. This difference is so extremely small, however, that a very careful test for a long series of shots by means of an electric chronograph would be necessary to show how much the difference is. It would be quite impossible to tell the difference by any ordinary practical test. The pattern also is the same. The 28 inch barrel will shoot as close as any longer barrel.

A. B. C., Rock Stream, N. Y.:

What is the best 12-gauge shotgun shell made for trap shooting and what is the best load?

The most popular trap load for a 12-gauge shotgun shell is 3½ drams of bulk smokeless powder or 25 grains of dense powder, and 1¼ oz. No. 7½ chilled shot.

How far should a clay pigeon trap throw the pigeons straight ahead?

The best way to answer this question, I think, is to quote you part of Section 4, Rule 13, as given by the Interstate Association. This Section reads: "Targets, whether singles or doubles, shall be thrown not less than forty-five yards nor more than 55 yards with a flight between 6 and 12 feet high at a point ten yards from the trap."

In answer to one question asked you, you told the different calibres of the rifles in use in the present European war. Is there any place one could get a collection of the different cartridges for these rifles?

I do not know of anyone who would be able to supply you with such a collection, as a number of the cartridges are not made in this country. You might try Francis Bannerman, 501 Broadway, N. Y.

I have heard it stated that when a shotgun shell, 12-gauge, is loaded with more than 3 drams of smokeless powder, all over the 3 drams is wasted. Is it so?

No; increasing the load increases the velocity and powder in excess of three drams is burnt completely and does useful work. It is dangerous, however, to exceed the largest loads supplied by the big manufacturers, which I think is 3¼ drams. Increasing the load always has the effect of opening up the pattern to a certain degree.

C. L. B., Hartford, Conn.:

Can you tell me if a 20-gauge shotgun, 25-inch barrel, full choke, has as great a killing power at 40 yards as a 12-gauge 28-inch barrel full choke same model using smokeless powder?

No; it is foolish to expect a 20-gauge gun of any make to have as great power as a 12-gauge. Powder is determined by pattern, and since the 12-gauge throws a larger quantity of shot, there will be more shot in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards than there would be with the 20-gauge, and therefore its killing power would be greater. In like manner a 10-gauge is more powerful than a 12, and a 16-gauge is in between a 12 and a 20. All shotguns of whatever gauge, when bored full choke, throw the same per cent of their charges in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards.

Mr. Charles Askins in his book, "The American Shotgun," says, "Reduce the choke of a 12 to 60% and you have in range and power only a 16-gauge. Reduce it to a quarter choke and the range drops to that of a 20. Still further open the 12 to an improved cylinder and you have a weapon of like power and range with the 28-inch. This means that if the bird is properly centered in the pattern, a 20-gauge full choke will kill at the same range as a 60% choke 12-gauge. The 12-gauge, however, would have a larger killing circle and a greater error in aiming could be made and still score a kill."

Alfred P. Lane

THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW EDITION OFFERS THE BEST CHANCE EVER TO THE HOTEL AND CAMP PROPRIETORS OF THE STATE TO ADVERTISE FOR THEIR SUMMER GUESTS.

## BOOSTING MADE A CLUB CENTRE

### Live Sporting Page Helped Mightily To Make It So

Five years ago the Mahoning Gun Club stood alone in its glory in Youngstown. It was the only trapshooting, or any other variety of shooting, club in the vicinity, and a few of the more enthusiastic members shot spasmodically over the traps.



W. O. BROWN

About this time the writer became inoculated with the shoot germ and with a few others organized the Youngstown Revolver Club, which did fairly well its first season. It became apparent the second year that interest in the game was waning, and we cast about for some means to put more ginger in the members. Now what a shooting club needs most is newspaper publicity and lots of it. Its members enjoy seeing their scores in the papers and listening to the comments, favorable and other wise, of their friends.

The writer had the good fortune to be connected with a live newspaper whose sporting editor believed in running as diversified a sport page as possible, and he boosted the club and its members at every opportunity. If a man shot an unusually good score, his name was played up in a double column scare head which brought joy to his heart. Soon the club affiliated with the U. S. R. A. and entered the Indoor League shoots. This excited great local interest, the scores of the team and its opponents being eagerly watched. The club then affiliated with the National Rifle Association, and its rifle team competed in the gallery contests.

When the Vindicator found how much interest was aroused by its accounts of the local shoots, it determined to branch out a little and the trapshooting game was taken up. Trapshooting notes were published each Sunday and the Mahoning Gun Club was invited to submit its scores for publication each week. Interest in the trap game was instantly aroused and weekly shoots were held, the scores of which were promptly published. Soon inquiries began to come in from small towns in the vicinity where clubs wished to organize. They were referred to the proper persons for assistance and printed score pads were furnished the secretaries. Clubs were requested to send in their scores after each shoot and as these shoots were generally held on Saturday afternoon, the scores were received by the sporting editor in time for Sunday's paper. This

proved a good circulation builder in these towns.

Three years ago twenty-five thousand targets were thrown in Youngstown, not including the surrounding territory, while in 1913 one hundred thousand were used. Early in the spring of 1914 the writer visited a firm of well known target manufacturers and solicited some display advertising. The manager refused to be persuaded, alleging that newspaper publicity did them no good whatever. He admitted, however, that if his business in the Youngstown district should be largely increased, he might feel convinced. We expect to call on him again next spring, as during the past season over two hundred thousand targets were thrown and all were purchased from this firm.

Where one club was in existence five years ago, we now have seven, the membership varying from ten to sixty. Youngstown also has two country clubs and each supports a flourishing trapshooting club. There is not a doubt that next season close to half a million targets will be broken by the clubs within a radius of ten miles.

Considered from a financial standpoint we find that space devoted to shooting news brings better returns than that devoted to any other branch of sport. Last season two of the largest powder companies favored us with advertising contracts, as did the largest arms and ammunition company in the country. We might state regarding the last named business that as 98 per cent. of the metallic ammunition used by the local rifle club bore the brand of this same company, its confidence in the paper was not misplaced.—(By W. O. Brown, Assistant Business Manager, Youngstown [Ohio] Vindicator.)

## THE NOBLE ART OF FISHING

### Described by a Humorist and One of Unquestioned Experience

Fishing is the leading American sport, next to the pianola. It is carried on almost entirely in sporting papers, but can be done in streams and lakes, says London Tit Bits.

The latter form of fishing is known as the empirical or experimental method.

Fishes are divided by science into two families, edible and non-edible. Edible fishes are those that are landed.

Edible fishes weigh from one to three ounces. Larger fish than this 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 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 weights. This is because the scales carried by the fishes are not sufficiently 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 hauling the place out with a bucket.

WATCH FOR THE BIG SPORTSMAN'S SHOW EDITION OF MAINE WOODS.

The 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 it is 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 his delight.

The worm should be lowered into the water kindly and firmly. A fish will snap it up immediately. This fish may be a salmon, bullhead, Finnan 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 vermilion, green, purple and blue spots over a brown moire and 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 once inch deep. It is fished for with artificial flies and caught with worms.

Bullheads are more easily caught than trout. This gives them a 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 easy to uncatch. A 10-inch eel swallows the hook and 60 feet of line in the moment of impact. The fisher must jerk violently as soon as the 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 pieced pole and continues casting until 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 unscientific thinkers believe. Salt water fishers catch bluefish, blackfish, whitefish, jewfish, pollocks and other nationalities.

The equipment for a salt water fisher is a strong pole, one mile of twine, a meat hook and a sidewheel 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.



## Commonwealth Hotel Inc.

Opposite State House, Boston, Mass. Offers room with hot and cold water for \$1.00 per day and up, which includes free use of public shower baths.

Nothing to Equal This in New England

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

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF Strictly a Temperance Hotel Send for Booklet STORER F. CRAFTS' Gen. Manager



# Where To Go In Maine

## Lake Parlin House and Camps



Write for booklet.

H. P. MCKENNEY, Proprietor,

Jackman, Maine

Are delightfully situated on shore of Lake Parlin on direct line from Quebec to Rangeley Lakes, popular thoroughfare 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, automobilizing, etc.



## Are You Going Hunting?

If so, write me the number of persons in your party, how long you wish to stay in camp, and let me tell you

### THE EXACT COST

of your trip at Chase Pond Camps as I shall make out rates to all during October and November. I will also send you names of parties who have hunted here that you may refer to in regard to hunting, camps, etc.

Guy Chadbourne, Prop., Bingham, Maine

## YORK CAMPS,

RANGELEY, MAINE

J. LEWIS YORK, Prop.

## FISHING

AT

### John Carville's Camps at Spring Lake

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 Millage and doctor. References furnished. Terms reasonable. Address for full particulars, JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Me.

## Blakeslee Lake Camps

JOSEPH H. WHITE, Proprietor

A famous resort for anglers and hunters. Write for illustrated booklet and map. Address, Oct. 15 till May 1st, Skinner, Me. Summer address, Eustis, Maine.

## WEST END

### HOTEL

H. M. CASTNER, Prop'r.

Portland, Maine

Thoroughly first class. The hotel for Maine vacationists, tourists and sportsmen. All farm, dairy products, pork and poultry from our own farm, enabling us to serve only fresh vegetables, meats, butter, cream, eggs, etc. American plan. Send for circular.

### BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE.

The Belgrade. Best Sportsmen's Hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world, best trout fishing in Maine. CHAS. N. HILL & SON, Managers.

### OUANANICHE LODGE.

Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Me. World wide known for its famous fishing, vacation and hunting country. Norway Pines House and Camps, Dobsis 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.

# BIG RESULTS

## FROM SMALL ADS.

## What have you for Sale or Exchange?

Look around and see if you haven't some Fire Arms, Boats, A Dog, An Automobile, A Camera, Tent, Hammock or something else you don't want.

Someone else is sure to want it

We have sold things for others, and we can do the same for you. Rates one cent a word in advance.

Address, Classified Department,

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, Maine

## FRAMING FISH AND GAME LAWS

### Pythian Sisters Give Public Ceremony---Game Enjoyed Between the Black Sox and the Red Sox

(Special Correspondence.)

Rangeley, Jan. 21.—Rolla Toothaker of Wilton was in town recently on business.

Mrs. Everard Wentworth is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Adams.

Miss Prudence Richardson had her tonsils removed Saturday by Dr. Bell.

Mrs. G. Lafayette Kempton entertained a party of friends recently at a grafonola recital. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Oakes, Miss Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Proctor and Master Corydon, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCard, Mrs. S. B. McCard. A fine time was enjoyed by all.

Ira D. Hoar, Albert Carlton and Anson Oakes are totting for the Megantic Club.

Mrs. Cynthia Trask left Monday for Wilton after spending a few weeks with relatives in town.

Miss Lucy Twombly arrived home from Westerly, R. I., where she has been for the past few months.

Master Richard Herrick and Miss Velma Tomlinson were operated on by Drs. Colby and Bell Saturday morning. Both patients are very comfortable at this time.

P. Alton Quimby was drawn to serve as traverse juror at the February term of court.

Amos Ellis has a large number of logs cut and with his crew of men have started to rebuild his camps recently destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Margaret Pratt left Thursday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Eugene Morrill, Concord, N. H. Ed Grant and grandson, Alden are the guests of Mrs. C. M. Cushman.

Mrs. Albert Carlton and son Donald are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Carlton at Phillips for the week.

Vaughn Browning of Westerly, R. I., who has been visiting at W. E. Twombly's returned to his home Monday.

Mrs. Fred Hinkley was called to Meredith, N. H., the past week by the death of her mother, who has been in ill health for some time.

H. A. Furbish has recently purchased a fine victrola XIV from the local agent.

The past week has been a great week for birthdays in Rangeley and one of the celebrations worthy of mention was the double surprise party tendered Miss Katherine Nice and Miss Vera Adams at the Tavern Wednesday evening in honor of their 16th (?) birthdays. Each supposed they were to attend a party in honor of the other and much fun was enjoyed after the tangle was really straightened out. After spending the evening in dancing, games and music, the party which numbered 20 marched to the dining room where the long table was attractively decorated with the two illuminated birthday cakes. Ice cream, cake and coffee were served and the hour was rather late when the last guest bade the "twins" good night. All present enjoyed a fine time and are anxiously waiting for the next member of the party to have a birthday celebration.

Jesse Voter was operated on for appendicitis by Drs. Ross and Brown Monday. Miss Clara Pearce is caring for him.

Sam Clark is the guest of W. E. Tibbetts for a few days and is also looking up old-time friends.

Dr. E. J. Brown of Stratton was in town Monday.

Miss Clair Pearce was a recent guest of Mrs. Berne Ellis.

One of the most interesting events of the season was the basket ball game played Friday night between the Black Sox and White Sox. The lineup was as follows:

Black Sox	White Sox
B Russell	r. f. L. Weeks
L. Pratt	i. f. V. Wilbur
B. Jones	c. H. Raymond
S. Stewart	r. g. O. Corey
P. Robertson	i. g. M. Harnden

Score, 8 to 6 in favor Black Sox. Miss Pratt lacked nothing to be desired as a guard for the Black Sox, while Miss Wilbur of the White Sox saved the day as a goal thrower. The game was decidedly interesting if not exactly scientific and the spectators were willing to overlook minor details owing to the small amount of practice the teams have had. L. Ellis acted as referee; R. Pillsbury, scorer, and J. Vaughan, time keeper.

The boys however, who played against the West Rangeleys lost to the latter team, the score being 31 to 30 in favor of West Rangeley. Following is the lineup:

W. R.	R. H. S.
A. Quimby	r. f. V. Oakes
C. Pillsbury	i. f. H. Lamb
G. Pillsbury	c. D. Pillsbury
H. Quimby	r. g. W. Raymond
P. Pillsbury	i. g. D. Hoar

Referee, H. Amber, L. Ellis; scorer, R. Pillsbury; time keeper J. Vaughan. It is to be regretted that a more complete account of the score could not be obtained. A large number of spectators were present.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCard entertained the following at a dinner party Monday evening to celebrate the birthdays of S. B. McCard and F. H. Kempton. Those present were Mrs. S. B. McCard, Mrs. F. H. Kempton, Miss Irene, Miss Winfield Hinkley, Miss Susie Wilbur and the gentlemen above referred to. The time was pleasantly passed with games and music.

Eben Rowe is quite ill with pneumonia. Miss Colby, a trained nurse is in attendance.

Lake View Temple No. 14 Pythian Sisters entertained a large party of guests at a public installation ceremony Thursday evening. The officers were installed by D. D., Daisy McLain of Stratton, assisted by G. S. and G. M., Edna Hinkley and Alice Arnburg. The officers are as follows: M. E. C., Minnie Pillsbury; E. S., Mabel Hoar; E. J., Clara Rector; M. Guida Nile; M. of R. & C., Bernice Wright; M. of F., Lena Hoar; P. of T., Isa Huntoon; G. O. T., Violette Harnden; P. C., Emma McCard. The Flower Girls were Pauline Rector, Eva Arnburg, Mabelle and Myrtelle Harnden; bugler, Harold Fuller. The degree team captained by Josie Hoar gave a fine exhibition of floor work. Mrs. H. A. Childs served as pianist and Miss Geneva Ricker sang the musical accompaniments for the letters and tableaux. A short program was enjoyed. Refreshments were served by Nora Pillsbury, Blanche Pickel, Clara Rector, Clara Ross, Bessie Riddle. It was estimated that nearly 200 were present.

A large number were present at the Men's League supper to discuss the fish and game situation in this region. Several hotel men were present, among them were Sam. Clark, W. E. Tibbetts, H. E. Pickford, R. H. Ellis, Prop. Blackwell, J. Lewis York. Also a goodly number of well known guides and representative citizens who are interested directly or indirectly in the issue of the discussion. It is hoped to frame up a law through these discussions that shall meet with the approval of both citizens and summer guests.

## REP. HERRICK PRESENTS BILL

The following bill was presented by E. I. Herrick of Rangeley, representative from Franklin county: Resolve in favor of preserving the life of the fish in the several fish hatcheries, and for the temporary operation of the hatcheries and feeding stations for fish in this State, and for the protection of fish, game and birds.

## BEAR HUNT BUT NO BEAR SEEN

Another search for Portland's bear was made by James Lyons, leading a party of three in an expedition that covered the premises of Chas. C. Tuttle, 376 Westbrook street, near whose home the animal was first seen. The same success attended this hunt as previous ones—nothing doing. Not a trace of the big black bear could be found by the hunters, and they returned home vowing that they would get him yet.

## MOTOR CARS AID IN DEVELOPMENT

### Trip Through Aroostook More to Be Desired Than Etropen Trip

During the last five years nothing has done more for Maine than the automobile, says the Aroostook Times and it may not be saying too much to say that the automobile has done more than any other agency to awaken the people of Maine to the possibilities of the State.

In an afternoon now one may see as much of a county as one's grandfather saw in a lifetime, and in the course of a summer's automobilizing one may see more of the surrounding country than it was possible for anyone to see in less than a lifetime of almost constant travel until within the last decade.

And seeing to Maine is to admire. It is difficult to imagine a man's going for a ride in any county in Maine without returning better pleased with the State. Of course, road conditions are not always what they should be, but automobilizing has impressed this fact upon the people of the State so strongly that they have passed legislation beginning an excellent highway system. The automobile is to be thanked not only for bearing the expense of the two million dollar bond issue, but also for the legislation which caused it to be made. Automobilists inspired the legislation and automobilizing awakened the people of Maine to the need of good highways, not only for the use of automobiles but for commercial purposes as well and for the use of all manner of vehicles.

The automobile is a powerful influence in bringing about development in the State. One can hardly ride half a day in any direction without seeing an opportunity for development of some sort and though action does not always follow, an afternoon's ride for pleasure often results in some new industry, large or small.

In short, the automobile is acquainting Maine with her people and that is all the great State needs; to know Maine is to love her. Wherever you ride you will see things to admire, things to think about, things to surprise. Until you have ridden through the heart of the Belgrade country, through the region of the Rangeleys, in and about Jackman, under the shadow of Maine mountains and through the deep of Maine forests, you do not know the full possibility of scenic wonders. You owe it to yourself and to Maine to see the State in the intimate way you can from the seat of an automobile.

Until you have ridden along Maine rivers and seen the great water powers, you do not realize what a vast development is imminent here. An occasional fleeting glimpse of a concrete dam as seen from a car window is not nearly so convincing as a ride along the course of a great river dammed every ten or fifteen miles to produce great power.

You have heard your friend tell of Maine timber, you think it must be wonderful; but when you ride through the great forests of the northern section of Maine you begin to feel an awe of the forest greatness and tax your mind in an effort to comprehend the full meaning of 20,000 square miles of forest lands. You know there are splendid farms in Maine, but your knowledge is as nothing compared with what you do not know if you have not ridden in an automobile through the famous farming districts of Maine. For a Maine man who has an interest in the State a ride through the fertile Aroostook section is more to be desired than a trip to Europe in times of peace.

It cannot be gainsaid, the automobile is a powerful factor in the development of Maine and a wise use of this modern means of getting about the country will do even more for Maine than it is doing now, in the next two years. If you cannot see Maine in an automobile of your own, see it from the back seat of a friend's. See it sanely and soberly, respecting the rights and lives and limbs of residents and their live stock; omit the joy rides and joy water, and it will be worth while to you and, eventually, to others.