

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

Jolly New Year's Party at Parsonage—Social Life Starting in.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Rangeley, Jan. 6.—Miss Alitha Childs entertained a jolly party of her little friends at the parsonage New Year's day in honor of her 12th birthday. The time was pleasantly passed in playing games. At a given signal all joined in line and while Mrs. Childs played a march the little guests passed to the dining room where refreshments of birthday cake and ice cream were served. The birthday cake was very attractive with its decorations of pink and the proper number of candles and was made by Mrs. Phineas Tracy, who assisted Mrs. Childs in entertaining the party. Miss Alitha received many nice gifts and all departed wishing her

many more Happy New Years. Those present were: Elizabeth Oakes, Nadine Hoar, Everdene Robbins, Elinor and Olive Moore, Pauline Rector, Kathleen Stewart, Bessie Huntoon, Laverna Murphy, Leora Tomlinson, Alice Barrett, Cassie Nile, Isabell Russell, Ethel Thibodeau, Marion Blanchard and Marian Bean.

Mrs. Lero Toothaker has returned from Lewiston where she has been spending the past month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett.

Capt. F. C. Barker has gone to Florida for a short stay.

Leon Robbins and E. I. Herrick have been in Boston this week. It is rumored they are much interested in automobiles.

Mrs. F. B. Burns accompanied by Miss Nadene Hoar drove to Haines Landing the latter part of the week.

Miss Susie and Kathleen Stewart were guests the past week of their aunt, Mrs. Leeman Wilcox.

Ira Hoar and Charles Huntoon met with a narrow escape last Friday which they do not care to repeat immediately.

(Continued on page 5.)

SESSION AROUSES GREAT INTEREST

**Annual Meeting and Banquet of
Maine Sportsmen's Fish and
Game Association.**

The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game association held its 23rd annual meeting Tuesday afternoon in the Senate chamber at the State House, members of the association being present from all parts of the State to the number of 60 or more.

The meeting was a good one and was characterized by a healthy amount of enthusiasm on the part of all present. The business of the session included the reports of the officers of the past year and the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Meeting of Game Wardens' Ass'n.

Previous to the meeting of the Sportsman's Association the many wardens present assembled in the finance room and held their annual meeting, those present being: F. E. Jorgensen of Hayward, chief warden for northern Aroostook county; D. L. Cummings of Houlton, chief warden of southern Aroostook county; B. F. Spencer of St. John's river, E. E. Sweet of Mars Hill, J. H. Ruth of Linneus, M. C. Morrill of Gray, chief warden of Cumberland county; Frank M. Perkins of Bradley, chief warden of Fenobscot and Hancock counties; George U. Dyer of Franklin, F. W. Thompson of Eden, J. H. Macomber of Ellsworth, A. O. Dennison of Milltown, chief warden of Washington county; E. B. Sprague of Pembroke, Howard Wood of Greenville, chief warden of Piscataquis county; David F. Brown of Greenville Junction, W. T. Pollard of Foxcroft, John Flint of Monson, Frank J. Durgin of The Forks, chief warden of Somerset county; E. R. Twombly of West Enfield, E. D. Harwood of Augusta, chief warden of Kennebec and Androscoggin counties; F. Ray Neal, chief warden of Waldo, Lincoln, Knox and Sagadahoc counties; H. S. Stone of Patten and Charles P. Gray, chief warden of Oxford county.

The game situation throughout the State was informally talked over and problems confronting the wardens at the present day discussed.

Wardens representing some sections of the State reported a scarcity of deer during the season. This was the case in Aroostook county, for instance. The general report, however, was that game had been as plentiful during the past season as at any other time for years.

Twenty-four new members were voted into the association.

The following officers were elected: President, Howard Wood of Greenville; vice presidents, E. E. Sweet of Mars Hill (re-elected) and W. T. Pollard of Foxcroft; secretary-treasurer, F. M. Perkins of Bradley, (re-elected); legislative committee, M. C. Morrill of Gray and C. W. Jones of China. They have the power to elect a third member. The retiring president was Ralph P. Gray of Fryeburg.

Sportsmen's Association Meeting.
The meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association was opened sharply at 5 p. m. with President J. Putnam Stevens in the chair. The first business to come before the meeting was the report of the president. Mr. Stevens spoke as follows:

President Stevens' Address.
"To the members of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association 'Gentlemen:

"I certainly appreciate the honor of having held the office of president of this association for the past year. I regret, however, that I have not been able to give more time to the interests of the association, which today stands for so much, as it is known from one end of the United States to the other. Its efforts in the past in the legislation of the State as relates to fish and game has meant very much to these interests, and there is still a future for this association in looking well towards the

enactment of laws that would best conserve the fish and game interests of the State of Maine.

"The year has been a prosperous one, many new members joining the association, largely through the efforts of 'Fly Rod,' who is known to all sportsmen and who has since the organization of the association had a warm spot in her heart for its welfare.

"The mid-summer meeting held in July at Mountain View, Rangeley Lake, was one of the most interesting and largest ever attended. The sports went off with a snap, especially the shooting events, and I trust that the officers for the present year will see fit to hold their mid-summer meeting at the same place, as in my judgment there is none better in the state of Maine, as it is easy of access and with every facility for shooting, boating and all other sports that are made factors of the meeting.

"I do not need to say to you that our fish and game in the state of Maine are one of our most valuable assets, and right here, I wish to express my opinion that one of the most valued of these assets is the moose, and I honestly believe that unless protection is given to the moose for a term of years—and that protection to begin at a very early date—we will be locking the stable after the horse is gone. As many of you know, I have at each of the two last sessions of the legislature with the help of those who believe as I do, made an effort and a fight for a four-years' close time on moose, and while the movement has been defeated, yet it has brought about some results, namely, that of shortening the open season. Knowing as I and many of you do the results of the moose killing this fall—the shortening of the season, reducing the number killed somewhat, yet from these results I am still more firmly convinced that the day of the big bull moose has past, never to return, unless there can be close time of at least four or five years beginning in the very near future, and I trust that this association will go on record before our next legislature as having made an effort to obtain a close time on moose.

"I will not here discuss the license fee for non-resident hunters, but will say that I thoroughly believe it is high time that the residents of the state of Maine paid a hunting license, not large but something to help out the finances of our fish and game commission, to make it possible for them to give better warden service in the state; and I am not so sure but the non-resident fishermen should also pay a fishing license as I am informed on good authority that several states require such license and cannot furnish such sport in fresh water fishing as can be found in our 1500 lakes in the state of Maine.

"Another thing comes to me which I think is of vital importance to this state. I refer to the appalling number of deaths that have occurred in our Maine woods this last year, and it seems to me that there must be something done to reduce this blotting out of so many human lives. I am heartily in accord with Commissioner Neal's idea to allow nothing but buck deer to be killed, as with such a law it would seem as though there could be no occasion for a man to shoot without knowing what he was shooting at, and I certainly would like to see this law tried out for a couple of years, when, if the accidents were not lessened, let us repeal it and try something else; but let us devise some means and let this association be behind it to prevent this slaughter and loss of human life that is occurring more and more every fall.

"I have many ideas which I would like to express, but as there are many important matters to be brought before this meeting, I am only going to say this one thing in closing to all members of the association: Give the association your heartiest support, do everything that you can to help the State of Maine, and, in fact, become a State of Maine boomer."

Following the report of the president came that of the secretary, Fred R. Smith, of Pittsfield, the text of which was as follows:

Sec. F. R. Smith's Report.
"To the officers and members of (Continued on page eight.)

GAME SHIPMENTS IN FRANKLIN CO.

**This Season Fall off from Year
1912, There Being 119
Deer Less.**

The following combination of figures on the game shipments by the Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes railroad, is for the past year and shows a falling off of 119 deer from the year 1913.

Bigelow is the banner station this year as was last year, with Carrabassett second.

Carrabassett duplicated the record of one bob cat.

Stations	Deer	Moose	Bear
Rangeley	26		
Phillips	54		
Strong	2		
Salem	2		
Kingfield	28		
Carrabassett	111		3
Bigelow	213		4
Total	436		7

Of partridges, 82 were shipped from Bigelow and 9 from Phillips. One bag of rabbits from Phillips and one bobcat from Carrabassett.

Last year's shipments were: Deer 555; bears 6; partridges 96; ducks 3; bobcats 1. No moose were recorded. A larger proportion of the game was shipped by state hunters than ever before. The increase of the license for out of the state hunters is no doubt the reason for the decrease of hunters from out of the state, and it is greatly to be deplored. Maine Woods is not in favor of the increase no more than are a majority of the people of the state. As we understand it the error crept in when the revision in the by laws was made, and we shall have to suffer from that error until the next session of the legislature when it will no doubt be radically changed. In the meantime the game will be increasing and we shall expect to see a larger number of the out of the state sportsmen when they can visit us at a reasonable price.

ASSISTANT BANK EXAMINER ILL

Friends in this section as well as elsewhere will be sorry to learn of the serious illness of W. G. Ellis of Gardiner.

Last week Friday he was stricken at one of the hotels in Bangor, being found in his room unconscious. He was taken to the hospital in that city and reports state that his illness is caused from acute Bright's disease.

Mr. Ellis as assistant bank examiner, is well-known throughout the state and has always been a very popular man among his many friends who hope to hear more favorable reports of his condition.


!BLACK FOX LOCATED

Hunters in Somerset county are beginning to become seriously interested in black fox hunting because of a report that has come to Skowhegan from Skinner in the plantation of Holeb, that many have been seen there lately. Several citizens have become interested and plan to finance a crusade for the hunting of the animal if someone that understands the method can be engaged to enter into the business.

SHOOTING AFFRAY IN THE MAINE WOODS

Deputy Sheriff Arthur Landry of Rumford is at the head of a posse searching for Harry Brandt, who it is alleged to have shot John Murray, boss at the Berlin Lumber Co.'s camp on Big Brook in Northern Oxford county. The shooting affray is alleged to have followed a dispute. The bullet took effect in Murray's left arm inflicting a painful but not what is considered a serious wound.

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GRANT'S CAMPS, KENNEBAGO, MAINE

We do not approve of the hunters' license this fall, but we do not believe that it will keep everyone out of Maine. Our camps will be open all the season. Trains every day.

The most wonderful hunting in Maine is on the

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ORIGINAL "ROVER" IS LOST BY SONG WRITER

"What d'ye mean yer lost yer dog? Thus wrote Tommy Allen, the Malden song writer, taking for his inspiration his dog Rover.

But yesterday fiction changed to fact. Rover was lost and all Allen's friends were solicited to get busy and search for the much wanted animal.

FRIENDS SUSPECT JOKE.

Allen's friends thought that he was putting over another joke on them. And so when he importuned the men and boys he knew to get on the trail of the lost bulldog, they told Allen to go hunt himself.

It was no joke and for two days "Tommy" kept to the trail. Late yesterday afternoon his efforts were rewarded. On pleasant street, Malden, he saw the puppy being led by a strange man, and immediately started in hot pursuit. The stranger claimed the dog was his. Allen thought otherwise, but after an arbitration meeting, Allen gave up \$1 as a compromise, and returned home to his wife with the pet animal.

"Little Rover," as he is known about the section of Fellsway, East Malden, where the Allens live, has had a checked career. He has been a source of inspiration for song writers of Boston since his advent into the Allen home. He managed to stray away from home a few months ago, and the next day appeared Allen's song, "What D'ye Mean Yer Lost Yor Dog?" It did not take long for Allen's friends to get to know the peculiar traits of Rover, and soon "Has Anyone Here Seen Rover?" took the music-lovers by storm.

Allen is well known in New England and New York state for his popular songs, among them being the late hit, "In the Heart of the City That Has No Heart." He is employed as a violinist at a Malden theatre, formerly being employed at a Boston playhouse.—Boston Post.

The above appeared in a recent issue of the Boston Post, and refers to the little pup that Mr. and Mrs. Allen brought with them when they came to Phillips this summer for their vacation. The Post is a little late in publishing the story (as well as Maine Woods is sometimes) as this occurred several weeks ago, at the time of the Harvard Yale game. Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Field of Phillips were in Boston for that event and were calling on Mrs. Allen when Mr. Allen returned home with their pet, much to the delight of his wife who was pretty well broken up over her loss. The cut accompanying the article was a very good likeness of the dog.

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GAME SHIPMENT OVER B. & A.

Total game shipments over the Bangor & Aroostook for the season of 1913 amounted to 2633 deer, 58 moose and 10 bear. The table showing the receipts for each of the three months of the season has just been compiled by the passenger department of the Bangor & Aroostook. The game receipts at the various stations along the B. & A. this year showed a falling off over last season. The total for 1912 was 3093 deer, 97 moose and 66 bear. According to Mr. Houghton, the passenger traffic manager of the railroad, one of the chief causes of the falling off in the receipts has been the fact that there have been fewer out-of-the-state hunters this season on account of the increased license fee. The table as prepared in the passenger department gives the receipts for each station for each month of the season and the totals.

It is interesting to note the comparison of total receipts for each month of the two seasons, this year and last which are as follows: 1913—October, 376 deer, five bear; November, 1452 deer, 26 moose, four bear; December 805 deer, 32 moose and one bear. For 1912—October, 543 deer, 14 moose, 18 bear; November, 1689 deer, 25 moose, 13 bear; December, 861 deer, 57 moose, 35 bear.

The following are the game receipts for the season at the various stations along the line of the Bagor & Aroostook railroad.

	Deer.	Moose	Bear
Frankfort	1		
Hudson	2		
South Lagrange	2		
Old Town	15		
Alton	17		
Rand Cove	34		
Lagrange	4		
Milo	11		
Brownville	1		
Schoodic	22	3	
West Seboeis	22		
Norcross	30	2	
Millinocket	53	3	
Grindstone	30	2	
Davidson	139	1	2
Stacyville	12		
Sherman	48	1	
Crystal	41		1
Island Falls	1		
Oakfield	41		
Ludlow	44		
New Limerick	7		
Houlton	2		
Littleton	15		
Monticello	2	1	
Bridgewater	21		
Mars Hills	9	1	
Presque Isle	11		
Caribou	10		
New Sweden	2		
Stockholm	1		
South Sebec	11		
Foxcroft	3		
Sangerville	2		
Guilford	5		
Monson Jct.	2		
Monson	8		
Blanchard	11	1	
Shirley	73		
Greenville	115		
Brownville Jct.	547	2	
Iron Works	5		
East Millinocket	39	2	1
Patten	430	24	1
Smyrna Mills	13		
Millman	38		
Howe Brook	59	1	
Griswold	59	1	
Masardis	227	1	
Squa Pan	8		
Ashland	162	17	
Portage	93		
Winterville	93		
Fort Kent	53		
Easton	2		
Mapleton	3		
Grand Isle	1		
St. John	8		
St. Francis	2		
Total for 1913	3093	97	66
Total for 1912	2633	58	10

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

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

When Col. Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, were on their African hunt and the first instalment of the colonel's hunting articles were appearing in magazine form with numerous illustrations, an English sportsman, A Radcliffe Dugmore, had the great impertinence to publish a variety of photographs of African game which put those of the Roosevelt party distinctly in the shade. The subsequent cinematograph pictures taken by the Rainey party may, in turn, have surpassed those of Mr. Dugmore, yet as individual pictures his still stand unrivaled. In due time Mr. Dugmore wrote a book, "Camera Adventures in the African Wild," though he is keener with his pen. Now he has brought out another book, "The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou" (\$3.75: Lippincott,) and in it he gives the results of nine successive seasons spent in studying these strange animals on their native barrens.

To-day the number of persons who take astounding pictures of wild animals has grown large, so that Mr. Dugmore, perhaps, cannot be declared in a class altogether by himself. But certainly he is one of those few who have been at the game longest and who have gotten the most conspicuous results. There may be equally good pictures of some other animals, but without much doubt there have never before been reproduced—or taken for that matter—such pictures of the caribou as appear in this book.

Mr. Dugmore is one of that growing class of hunters who carry no firearms and "get" all their trophies with the camera. Although he cannot justly be called an unusually facile writer, his accounts of his "hunts" and of the habits of the caribou cannot fail to appeal to any sportsman at all interested in big game. Undoubtedly the most remarkable of the pictures in the present book is that of two caribou stags engaged in such a combat as sometimes causes the death of both through the hopeless interlocking of their horns. If there are any other living men who have witnessed such a combat in the open they must be few indeed, and the account of the manner in which Mr. Dugmore finally got the picture is almost as interesting as the picture itself. And then there is one more fascination to the book—that of reopening the never-to-be-settled question of the perfect camping kit. The perfect camping kit will never be achieved until the circle is squared and perpetual motion solved, but every sportsman has his own pet theories and there is an unflagging interest in reading—and possibly proudly condemning—the theories of others.

GOOD HUNTING IN DAKOTA.

The biggest prairie chicken and duck crop ever reported is the story told by game wardens and sportsmen from all North Dakota this year. The early season was dry and the birds hatched well. They are well matured and strong on the wing.

The sportsmen of the state, with the assistance of the game wardens, have been doing considerable educational work this year in regard to law observance, and there is a better sentiment in this respect than usual.

Under the new game laws, in addition to the chief wardens of each district, there are district wardens in each judicial district. This makes the more compact territory and places the wardens in closer and more intimate touch with conditions. Many shooters from other states are making inquiries and applications for non-resident licenses.

PROPRIETOR LANE MAKING READY

Carry Pond, Dec. 27, 1913.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Henry J. Lane has his ice all cut and packed and has about 65 cords of wood hauled for his camps. He is now moving to Brigg's Landing, where he will occupy his house there for the winter.

Herman Harlow is expected to be care-taker at the Carry Pond camps this winter.

On the evening of December 24, a party of ladies and gentlemen from the logging camps nearby met at Henry Lane's house to have a dance. Mr. Henderson of Bingham was the violinist, with Miss Stella Hill of Moscow and "Billie" Bowers at the piano. A very enjoyable time was reported.

SUBSCRIBE FOR MAINE WOODS.

ON HER VACATION

Observant Eyes of a Rockland Woman
Note Interesting Things—Portland's
Lights, for Instance

Many times have I heard persons say, after reading of floods, cyclones and earthquakes, "Oh, well, I guess little old Maine is a pretty good place to live in after all."

I always echo this sentiment after taking one of my rare vacation trips, for though I enjoy to the utmost every moment of both travel and visit, yet home and home faces look good to me after being hustled, jostled, jammed and elbowed by hordes of strangers, all intent on business of their own, and caring not one whit whether the lone stranger comes out of the melee dead or alive, whole or in fragments.

I had thought for some time that Rockland was afflicted with more than her fair share of brown tail moths, but I changed my mind between Damaris cotta and Bath, for I found trees loaded with nests of enormous size, and not only choke cherry and thorn bushes principally, as in our own town, but other trees, even including oaks, were loaded also. If each nest produces even 25 caterpillars—and some are said to produce more than 100—there will not be a green leaf left in their path. And just here occurs a query over which I have pondered for more than a year. The city orders us all to destroy the nests on our respective farms and plots, and it sends a gang of men each year to destroy those along the highway, but makes no mention of the land belonging to the railroad, which adjoins the property of many citizens. Of what use is it for you or me, or any one in fact, to go carefully over our trees, and later find the bushes on the railroad back of the place, literally swarming with browntail caterpillars?

Isn't it rather discouraging? This was my experience last year, and I found quarts of crawling creatures within two rods of my own bushes and trees. The results are to be plainly seen, as even my raspberry and blackberry bushes are bearing a plentiful crop of the nests this winter. Hence my interrogative frame of mind.

Can't we induce the railroad people to make an effort in our behalf—and incidentally in their own as well—and co-operate with us to the extent of at least destroying the nests along the track nearest to our orchards, gardens, etc.? If they would do this we could go about the work of extermination on our own premises with a more cheerful face, feeling that this rather disagreeable work is not being done in vain.

Now I will leave my essay on entomology and skip back to what I was going to say in the first place.

When I have returned from a jaunt and begin to relate my adventures, I always find many friends—persons whose own travels can be estimated by hundreds of miles, while my own might be summed up in rods by comparison—who have never seen some of the things which interested me most, and in many cases they did not even know of their existence.

One of the most interesting sights near Boston is to be found in the University Museum over in Cambridge. Great branches apparently torn from the bushes; little sprays, carefully plucked—case after case of these are displayed, all looking as if freshly gathered, and all made entirely of glass and colored to imitate nature.

The sight would be sufficiently interesting were only familiar plants represented, but there are also branches of clove, cinnamon, cotton, etc., besides dozens of other southern plants.

I find Bostonians who know nothing of all these things which lie at their very doors, neither were they aware that in an adjoining wing of the building, which is devoted principally to geological specimens, are displayed many of our Maine gems, both cut and uncut, among which are some of the most beautiful tourmalines I have ever seen.

In a great many points I find Maine not such a long distance behind her sister states, and when I beheld Portland by night and looked from Munjoy Hill down the long rows of lights on Congress street, my first thought was, "Maine is ahead of Massachusetts for once. There are no such lights as this in all Boston."

Really it is worth the trip to Portland just to see those two miles or more of illuminated street. "Truly," I thought, "Little Old Maine is a pretty good place to live in after all."—Adella F. Veszie, in Courier and Gazette.

ROADS WILL DEVELOP NORTHERN MAINE.

Construction of the one-hundred-mile electric railroad through Aroostook county forest wilderness from Washburn westward, for which permission to build has just been granted by the railroad commissioners of Maine, is of great importance to Maine, not only because it is part of a great transcontinental system, and will create new business in that way, but also because, via the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, it will furnish an all-rail outlet for the richest lumber track in New England, will transport supplies and products to and from a region that is fabulously rich in water-power and fertile farm lands. The road will pass almost wholly through a wilderness. After leaving Washburn, it passes through Wade and Portage Lake, and does not strike another settlement until it reaches the Province of Quebec. In the 78th mile, the road will cross the Allagash at the foot of Long Lake on a bridge 25 feet in height. From the Allagash to the St. John, it runs northwest, and at Township 12 Range 15, crosses on a 40 foot trestle.

That portion of the new road in Maine will require about 1600 acres of land for right of way, and will cost \$3,300,000 to build. The two bridges across the St. John and Allagash will cost \$40,000 and \$80,000 respectively. All preliminaries will have been attended to this winter and next spring will see the beginning of the construction of the longest electric railroad ever built in Maine, and, since the construction of the Bangor & Aroostook, the biggest piece of railroad work of any kind in the state.

The country to be opened is expected to rival the rapid and extensive developments of Millinocket. Land values have already gone up, lists of owners of land along the right of way have been secured, water powers have been inspected and sites of proposed towns roughly fixed upon.

Those who are conversant with the plans of the company and the country through which the road is to pass are confident that the population of this tract and its business interest will be so important that the partition of Aroostook county, which is about as large as the state of Massachusetts, will become an administrative necessity. The whole country is within 500 miles of the most congested population area on the continent. The market for everything that can be raised or manufactured is almost at the door.

WHERE THE PICKEREL WENT.

The mystery of why he never got a "catch" from a pond that he had stocked heavily with pickerel has been solved by W. F. Symes, a prominent resident of East Billerica. And the solving of the mystery has direct bearing on two fine otter pelts, of which Mr. Symes is now the possessor.

Some months ago Mr. Symes placed a large quantity of pickerel in the pond on his estate. Then he fished many, many times, without landing a single pickerel. Recently a friend from Maine who was visiting Mr. Symes advised him to set traps around the pond.

Mr. Symes acted on the tip and on a recent morning was rewarded with two otters. One measured three feet and four inches from tip to tip, while the other was over four feet from tip to tip. Both had grown plump from the eating of Mr. Symes' pickerel.

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Another Bear Story When Oquos-soc Man Kills Two.

Oquosoc, Dec. 26.—George W. Fanjoy, better known as "Fan," killed two bears Wednesday, near Camp No. 6, Cupsuptic, says the Sun. These were the three bears which Jim Stewart and Jim Mathieson chased last week; only as it transpired afterwards there were only two bears instead of three. One was a young female and the other, which Jim Stewart wounded in the leg, her last spring cub. Both were small and thin, but the former had her full share of female crankiness, and made up in spirit what she lacked in size. Having put three full grown men to rout she seemed to think herself a match for almost anything the woods might hold, and after hiding her wounded offspring under a root, started out for the next worlds to conquer, not waiting for trouble, but boldly and bearishly going to meet it. Fanjoy, who although hot on their trail, still considered himself the pursuer, was all at once confronted by Mother Bruin, glancing at him over a fallen tree, with front paws on the trunk, and a very unbecoming smile upon her face. "Fan" hastily pulled off a mitten with his teeth, and before madam, who doubtless expected to see him rush down the mountain in the track of his predeces-

sors, could farther make known her rather obvious intentions dropped her with a well aimed bullet. He then killed the cub and is thinking of having a couple of rugs made from the skins.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Kipp were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Templeton on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Thomas entertained Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hayford at dinner on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Weld, who are spending the winter in camp at Greenville were the guests of the former's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tibbetts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Blodgett spent the day with the latter's son, Ara Ross and family at the village.

The families of Clarence Whittier, C. S. Hill, and D. A. Bickford all had Christmas trees for the children; and Mrs. J. J. Cote and Mrs. H. C. Morton were each the recipient of a fine gold watch and chain which were presented by their husbands.

At Rangeley village two teams were required to handle the mail from the station to the postoffice on Christmas evening, and it was 11 o'clock before it was all distributed.

A foot of snow fell during Tuesday night and Wednesday morning.

Mrs. L. E. Bowley of Mountain View House has returned from a visit of two months' duration in Washington, D. C., New York and New Jersey.

W. A. Tibbetts shot two foxes Christmas day which he got with the aid of a fox hound. The hound then started on the trail of a third and at this writing has not returned and it is feared he may be lost as he was last seen pursuing his quarry across the big lake.

A WOMAN'S OPINION.

One has to have Collie breed in dogs to make good sled dogs. Now a few may laugh at a woman giving her ideas but I want to impress upon you all that I am a woman of the out doors and from a child up I have owned guns and dogs. When I was a child I used to own a Cocker Spaniel. He was a fine little fellow and I taught him to travel up and down between the rows of corn in the summer. I drove him like my brother did his horses and by fall he got to know what gee and haw meant like a horse. That winter I hitched him to a sled. I used a breast plate like one on a single driving harness for a buggy horse and I find they can pull a great deal if it doesn't get too high or too low with the tugs about on the shoulder, where the flat part is. You can soon learn if you watch a dog lie down and measure with the eye the side of the shoulder. It is about three to four inches where the tug must go. Well as I said, I used him on a sled and would go any place. Of course I was young and so didn't leave the road. He was a dandy and not much larger than an Airedale dog. Well some mean cur of a man threw him over Willow River Dam in Wisconsin, as that is where I lived then.

My father watched the place. It was owned by St. Paul business men and

sports, who liked to hunt and fish. A Mr. Drake was one and the others I have forgotten as I was only ten years old. Well after I grew up and was married, I still liked guns and dogs and somehow or other I have a man who is a real lover of the same dear things, only he is a trapper, too. I picked up a part starved collie and a what for a father as Mr. Slocum says, and he was the finest rabbit dog we ever owned and we have owned many. He would weigh about 65 or 75 pounds. Well, talk of a sled dog, he was fine.

The first time I hitched him up, he balked and lagged behind. I said to my husband, "I am going to have a fine dog out of him." He laughed and said, "He won't pull the empty sled." "Well you wait," I said. You see most men want everything to work the first time or beat it almost to death. Now I don't believe in that and there was never anything but my word to teach my dog, I used no whip or stick.

I scolded and he wiggled his ears. A dog will feel lots worse by scolding than to beat them. I have seen some beaten up so that their legs were sore. I never whip except in extreme cases, never while I drive them.

Well this pup soon learned who was kind. He could haul me and keep up a steady trotting but let anyone shoot I had to hold him tight as he would go like the wind and he never minded my weight at all, which was 98 pounds. The next spring we moved to Delano, Wright County and I contracted to plant pickles for gardening. I got my neighbor to make me a pair of shafts and I then hitched my dog up to a wagon. Well I had a little horse of my own right there. He had hauled a load that summer of 150 pounds and he was small only 65 or 75 pounds himself and he averaged from 75 to 100 every day except Sundays for three months steady.

Well here comes a strong dog, a collie, running the neighbor's pigs at night so I collar him, advertise him but no one calls, so doggie is mine. He is a big fellow, sable and white and a beauty, but oh, that grub basket of his. He almost ate me out of house and home in the time that I had him but he earned some of it. I harnessed him up alone at first and then ahead of mine but the little fellow would jump on him and fight when I put doggie ahead, so I used Tiger for my leader and I had a fine tandem team of dogs. Many was the laugh I got because I was a woman but shucks, I loved my dogs and I loved my work so it was no one's business if I drove dogs, mules or what. I always rode home but you must remember these hauls were over good roads with sidewalk part way.

I could write lots more but I only wanted to impress on some minds, don't whip unless you have to and kindness will do, and don't load too heavy at first and be sure you get a dog with collie breeding and treat them good for when they are broke, they make a true team or teams.—Mrs. Aug. Andresen, (Minn.) in Hunter, Trader, Trapper.

FISHING.

I've wandered about after salmon and trout, And I've landed me many a beauty; But I've ruined my life for I've lost my friend wife, 'Cause I didn't attend to my duty.

And many a hike have I taken for pike, And got home loaded well in the gloaming; And many a row has there been, I trow.

All because of my penchant for roaming.

And many a glass have I tipped to the bass

Who has kept me out late by his gameness,

And many the word have I dreamily heard

That annoyed me because of its sameness.

And many a head have I carried to bed All because I was bound to go fishing. Why can't it be done without getting a "bun?"

But it cannot, so what's the use wishing.—By Fisher in Forest and Stream.

FISHERMEN ELECTED OFFICERS.

The Lake Auburn Fish Protective Association unanimously re-elected its officers at a recent meeting, held in the Auburn Board of Trade rooms.

In spite of the coldness of the weather there was a fair attendance and the meeting proved interesting. Supt. J. F. Stanley of the Fish Hatchery read his report. According to the report there were 264,000 eggs taken in 1913

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give real and complete satisfaction, but their cost is within the reach of all. Barton Lewis won the U. S. Amateur Championship at Dayton, O., June 17, 1913, scoring 195 out of 200 with Peters "Target"—medium priced shell for Bulk Smokeless. Chas. A. Young won the Professional Championship of the United States, scoring 197 out of 200 with Peters "High Gun"—medium priced Shell for Dense Smokeless.

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as compared with 120,000 in 1912. New sheds were constructed over the pools, a new ice house was built, and the residence was improved by the installation of water and a cement cellar.

The troughs at the hatchery were changed over so that there are now 24 instead of 16 as before. The improvements and additions make the hatchery one of the best if not the very best in the state, according to Supt. Stanley.

After the election of officers and the reports, Chairman J. S. P. H. Wilson of the Fish and Game Commission spoke on the work of the hatcheries and on kindred topics.

The result of the election follows: President, Jerry Murphy; secretary, Ora Towle; treasurer, D. E. Parlin.

THE PRESERVATION OF FISHES.

Kill the fish in the preserving fluid—a solution of one part of Formaldehyde (Formalin) and from 20 to 30 parts of water. A small amount of Formalin should then be injected into the body cavity of fishes over six inches in length, or a slit should be made on the ventral surface. The Formalin injected should be diluted with from four to ten times its volume. If kept cool, the Formalin penetrates rapidly, and quite large specimens can be preserved without injection on the ventral slit. Formalin can be had in almost every drug store. For temporary work it is better than alcohol, is cheaper and is much more easy to handle.

If fishes die in water, and remain in it some time afterwards, they do not make good specimens. To ship specimens of fishes, they should each be wrapped with muslin or cheese-cloth, to prevent their rubbing each other or being rubbed by the container. If the fish is once cured, it can be shipped

without any preservative, but it must be so packed that it will not become dry in transit.

A NATURE STORY.

Samuel Simpson of near Hopewell, while walking to Nineveh scared a flock of quail, which flew up from almost under his feet. He glanced at the ground and saw an unusually large copperhead snake in his path. He noticed that about midway along the snake's body was a large swelling.

Simpson picked up a piece of fence rail and killed the snake. As he struck the death blow he was startled by a whirling rush and another quail flew from near his feet. He now saw a long slit where the bulge had been in the snake. Evidently the snake had swallowed the bird just before. In the fight the quail had burst the snake and flown away.—Washington, (Pa.) Story in the Pittsburg Gazette.

MAKE RULES FOR CHAUFFEURS MORE RIGID.

We recommend that the Maine Automobile association, at its annual meeting, take up the question of chauffeurs' licenses. Something more than \$2.00 should be required before a license is issued. There should be some suitable examination to determine moral, mental, physical and mechanical fitness before a license is issued, and every person driving a motor vehicle should have and wear a badge to show that he has a license.—Maine Farmer.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1914

BACK TO THE FIG LEAF--AN EVELESS GARDEN-OF-EDEN STORY.

NEWTON NEWKIRK.

After witnessing the marvelous
progress Buck had made as a primi-
tive man in the course of only a few
hours after I had left him in the
woods naked as a new baby and with
no other tools in the world to work
with except his knowledge of wood-
craft and a stern resolution, I pegged
along back toward my comfortable
log camp with a hunch that, unless
Fate stepped in to give him a set-
back of some kind, Billy and I would
each lose the \$100 we had wagered
that he couldn't do the stunt.

After I had cooked and eaten my
supper I sat down and wrote Billy a
letter reporting Billy's progress. I
told him frankly that the way Buck
had started in it looked to me as if our
old pal was going to win the wager
and that if he had any suggestions
to offer to let me have 'em by return
mail.

Next morning after breakfast I
started off to the settlement to mail
the letter. It was a long, hard hike
—the going and coming took me
most of the day, and when I got back
to camp in the late afternoon I was
too tired to meander over to Buck's
headquarters to see how he was com-
ing on. I got on the outside of a
good square meal and decided to bunk
up early.

Just as I was about to blow out
the lamp and steer in the darkness
for the bunk, I noticed for the first
time on the camp table a square of
bark on which were written with a
charcoal pencil these words:

"My dear Newt—Why don't you
stay at home to welcome callers. My
goodness, but this camp seems stuffy
after living in the open. The primi-
tive life for mine. Drop over to see
me to-morrow and I'll show you some
new primitive ideas. So long

BUCK."

The first thing I did after reading
this message which the primitive
man had left was to take an invoice
of my grub stock. But it was all
there—not a bit was missing. I had
hoped that Buck would be tempted to
swipe a few eats, which would have
lost him the wager, but he hadn't nib-
bled the bait.

Next morning about 8 o'clock I set
off to pay him a visit. As I approach-
ed his primitive camp I slowed down
and trod as softly as a bobcat. There
was nobody at home—Buck had evi-
dently gone off on an excursion to
earn his living in the sweat of his
primitive resources.

Everything about the camp was in
apple-pie order. His fire was banked
with ashes to cover and preserve a bed
of live embers. Hanging from the
limbs of trees nearby, beyond the
reach of four-footed thieves, were
smoked trout, frogs' legs, and birch-
bark cones filled with blueberries for
dessert.

What caught my eye, particularly,
were Buck's new cooking tools which
he had made since my last visit.
These consisted of an earthen bowl
with the capacity of say two quarts.
It was provided with a green wood
hanger whereby it could be suspended
over the camp fire. (See illustration.)
There was also a crude earthen spider
with a clumsy, green stick handle.

On the brook nearby I soon came
upon Buck's pottery plant. He had
found, somewhere in the vicinity, a
deposit of bluish clay which, when
mixed with water, could be moulded
into any shape desired. From this
clay Buck had fashioned the bowl and
spider, which he had made stonehard
by baking them in his fire.

Near the pottery works were dry-
ing in the sun several rectangular
slabs of clay, say 18 x 10 x 3 inches.
These slabs might be put to many
uses. From them Buck could con-
struct a very good range, or one of
them (heated in the camp fire) would
make a fine foot warmer in his nest
at night. I reflected that if Buck had
made enough of these slabs he might
build a palatial tile winter residence.

As I stood there wondering where
the primitive man had gone, I heard
a noise approaching the camp through

the brush and looked swiftly around.
There was nothing yet in sight.
Thinking it might be a careless moose
or bear approaching, I stepped behind
a big rock and peering out, waited.

Presently Buck's husky form hove
into sight. He was bent beneath the
weight of a heavy burden on his
shoulders. It didn't dawn on me what
this could be until he staggered into
camp and dumped on the ground a
buck deer that would weigh at least
150 pounds on the hoof. Then I
stepped into sight.

"Hello, Newt," says Buck cheerfully,
slapping me on the back with such
violence that he nearly broke a shoul-
der blade.

"How did you get that deer?" says
I, with my mouth and eyes both open
to their fullest capacity.

"How do you s'pose," says Buck.
"Do you s'pose I ran him out of
breath and then choked him to
death?"

Meanwhile I was looking the deer
over and I found a wound in its left
side back and fore-leg.

"Ah-ha!" says I, pointing an ac-
cusing finger at Buck. "So you man-
aged somehow to smuggle in a revolver,
did you! Fine primitive man you
are!"

"I don't quite grab your mysterious
meaning," says Buck, surprised. "Come
across with the blue-print."

"That," says I, pointing to the
hole behind the deer's fore-leg, "is
a bullet hole! It's all off, Buckie,
you've lost the bet."

"You are just as much mistaken,"
says Buck, "as if you had a night-
mare that you was a millionaire and
believed it. Here is the answer to how
I killed the buck," and Billy drew
from the folds of his decollete fig-
leaf costume of bark fiber matting
half of a broken arrow tipped with a
sharp, flint-like stone which was cov-
ered with dried blood.

"Oh, you speared the deer, did
you!" I sneers very sarcastic.

"Nix exactly," says Buck in deep
disgust; "say Newt, it would be a
great comfort to me as a primitive
man if you only had half as many
found on the camp table a large, juicy,
brains as God ordinarily gives a goose—
then you might possibly at times show
faint flashes of human intelligence
sufficient to understand the A B C of
woodcraft."

Buck walked to his lean-to and
brought out a bow which he held
out for my inspection. It was made
from a green hickory sapling and
was as tough and withy as a steel
spring. He had scraped it into shape
with sharp stones, and had bent it
into the bow shape desired and dried
it over the fire. The bowstring was
woven from some bark fiber.

"Yesterday," says Buck, "I found a
salt-lick where fresh signs showed me
that deer were coming. Last night
about dusk I took my little bow and
arrow and got under cover near the
lick. When Mister Buck tip-toed up
to the salt-lick just after sundown, I
sent this arrow into his heart region,
at not more than 50 feet distant. He
went off like the wind, taking the ar-
row with him. I tracked him until I
found blood, then I sneaked back to
camp, believing I would find him cold
and stiff this morning—and I did. I'll
have to make a new arrow—he broke
this one in his flight. Incidentally,
that salt-lick will supply me with
salt. Now are there any other ques-
tions you would like to ask?"

"Yes," says I, very inquisitive "how,
pray, are you going to skin the deer?"
I think you said if you got a deer
you would peel it with the sharp edge
of a clam shell," and I began to snick-
er.

"Oh," says Buck, "I have something
a lot better than that," and he
brought from the lean-to a crude knife
he had made. The blade was ground
against stones from a piece of hard,
slaty shale; inserted in a short section
of a split limb which was wound and
withed with bark fiber cord until it
held firm. I examined the knife, but
I didn't say anything—in fact, I didn't
have very much to say.

Buck went to work skinning the
deer while I sat off watching him and
smoking. Occasionally, I would offer
a sarcastic suggestion, whereupon
Buck would tell me where to go and
the quickest way to get there. But
with all my jibes he made wonderful
progress with the crude knife he had
to work with, and after two hours' hard
work he had the animal dressed and
hung up, and the hide stretched to
dry in the sun. But by this time he
had blood on his hands up as far as
his shoulders and looked as if he had
just got back from the Battle of Bull
Run. After he had washed up in the
brook he set about preparing his
hoonday meal.

"Too bad you haven't got sugar and
cream for your blueberries," says I in
a pathetic voice.

"I'll have all the sweetening I need
by to-morrow," says Buck with con-
siderable confidence.

"Yes, you will," says I, "provid-
ing you tramp to the settlement and
buy a few pounds of sugar."

"No, not sugar," says Buck, "but
honey, which beats sugar a block—I
located a bee tree this morning."

"Huh!" I snorts aloud, but to my-
self I thought, "No use talking this
Buck party is makin' the primitive
man of bygone ages look like a piker
by comparison."

"As for cream, I prefer my blue-
berries without cream. Of course, if
I wanted cream, I could easily get it."

"How?" says I, sitting up pretty
straight and cocking my ear for his
reply.

"Oh," says Buck carelessly, "all
I'd have to do would be to corner a
cow moose and milk her," then he
grinned.

Buck pressed me to stay for dinner
but I stubbornly refused. As I left he

was broiling two slabs of deer steak
on his earthen spider and the rich
aroma of it made my mouth water.

For the next several days I avoided
meeting Buck openly. During this
period he called at the camp twice,
but I managed to be away on both
occasions. Buck likes the compani-
ship of his friends, and I figured that
if I kept away from him for a spell
he'd get so confounded lonely and
hungry for company that he'd give
up his primitive man stunt, and Bill
and I would win the wager.

Now I don't know how much Buck
yearned to see me, but believe me,
I was crazy to see him. When I'm
in camp I like company pretty well
myself, and if Buck was any lone-
somer than I was then, if he had met
a bobcat in the woods he would have
thrown his arms around it and kissed
it on the cheek.

After I stood this isolation as long
as I could, I took a quiet sneak over to
Buck's "Eveless Garden of Eden," one
evening after dark. Long before I
reached his headquarters in the valley
I saw the reflection of his cheerful
camp fire on the tree foliage above it
and sneaked up softly.

There was the primitive man, in
his primitive attire, sitting on a
primitive seat before a primitive
camp-fire and smoking primitive cig-
arettes with long-leaf wrapper and
sweet-fern filler. I crouched in the
shadowy background and watched
him. After Buck had smoked until
he had nearly asphyxiated himself,
he suddenly threw away his cigarette
stub and began to sing, "Home,
Sweet Home." Now Buck can't sing
half as well as a crow with the asth-
ma—he has a voice like filing a saw,
but on this particular occasion there
was a weird, quaver in it. It was very
pathetic, and it was all I could do to
keep from breaking out into loud vi-
olent sobs. I knew poor Buck was as
lonely as the only oyster in a stew, and
I had to pull myself together to keep
from rushing out and joining him in
a talk-fest; but I mastered this im-
pulse, and after he had banked his
fire, crawled under his lean-to and
begun to snore, I sneaked away. Not
that I didn't want to listen to Buck
snore—as a matter of fact I think
his snoring is more musical than his
singing, but I was pretty sleepy and
miserable myself, so I hiked back to
camp and turned in.

Next day upon returning home after
a meander through the woods, I
succulent deer-steak nicely done up in
birch bark, and written on it in char-
coal was the following: "From your
old pal, Buck." I broiled the steak for
supper and it was great. Next day I
carried a donation to Buck in the way
of a can of beans, a can of sardines,
a jar of jelly, and a half dozen good
cigars. He was not "at home" when
I arrived so I left these delicacies in
plain sight and wrote on a bit of
birch bark these words: "From a well
wishing friend."

I did not go directly back to the
log camp and it was about three hours
later I arrived there. When I walk-
ed into camp I was a good deal sur-
prised to find on the table the very
same things I had lugged over to Buck
and along with them this birch bark
message.

"Dear Newt—There are certain
reasons why I cannot accept the beans,
sardines, jelly, and cigars, so I am re-
turning them to you. One reason is,
that after living on primitive food they
do not agree with me. But the chief
reason is that if I were to partake of
them you and Billy would each win
\$100. Shame on you to try to put any-
thing like that over on

Your faithful old pal,

"BUCK."

The sly old primitive fox was too
shrewd for me and I realized I would
have to change my bait. That night
I did some heavy thinking, and before
I went to sleep I hit on a scheme
which I thought would influence Buck
to chuck his "Back to the Fig-leaf"
job.

On some former winter trip or other,
Billy (or some of his friends) had
brought to the camp an old bearskin
coat and cap. For some reason or
other they had been left behind and
now hung on a nail in the kitchen.

In the morning I took them down
and examined them carefully. The
mice or moths or something had
gnawed off tufts of the hair here and
there, but outside of that I figured
they would answer my purpose admir-
ably. I pulled on the coat and found
it a pretty snug fit—in fact, it was
such a tight fit that it was almost a
hysteria. I will now take the reader
into my confidence as to what I pro-
posed to do.

That very night I would disguise
myself as a big black bear by means
of this coat and cap. Then I would
prowl around Buck's camp and give
him the scare of his life. By keeping
back in the shadows out of plain sight
and moving on my hands and knees,
growing threateningly now and then,
Buck would get only occasional glimps-
es of me, and in the uncertain light
he wouldn't doubt in the least but
that I was exactly what I pretended to
be—a monster black bear looking for
trouble.

With nothing but his primitive
weapons to defend himself with Buck
would lose his nerve and desert his
camp. My elastic imagination pic-
tured my finding Buck when I return-
ed to my camp. He would be pale and
breathless and, with quick, short pants,
he would tell me how a man-eating
black bear, which stood fourteen hands
high and weighed seven hundred
pounds, had chased him out of camp.
Then Buck would add that Billy and I
had won the wager—that he wouldn't
carry it out with a bear like that
at large in the woods for \$10,000.

As I framed up my scheme, I decid-
ed that some day in the misty henge

Billy and I would confess to Buck the
true inwardness of the bear-scare and
then give him the laugh. But I de-
cided we would not do this until after
we had spent the money we had won
from him.

Well, all day long I puttered around
camp, chuckling to myself over my
cleverness in thinking up this bear
stunt. I wished that Billy might be
with me to share in the fun, and I
could hardly wait till darkness fell
so anxious was I to put the plan in-
to practice.

By the time I had eaten supper and
stacked the dishes (it is exceedingly
bad form to wash dishes in camp
more than once per day) the sun was
just winking good night to me as he
disappeared behind Moose Mountain
across the lake. Loading my pipe to
the brim I lighted it, picked up the
bearskin overcoat and cap, and hit
the trail up the lake shore. By the
time I left the trail and began to
climb the ridge in the valley beyond
which Buck's primitive camp lay, it
was quite dark, and I picked my way
cautiously by degrees until my eyes
became accustomed to the gloom.

When I had gained the top of the
ridge, I sat down on a log to rest and
finish my smoke. I was now within
perhaps half a mile of Buck's lean-
to beside the brook. No sound came
from that direction and the thick
growth shut out any shimmer from
his camp fire. The woods were plung-
ed in silence absolute on all sides of
me—not a breath of air whispered in
the foliage. Once there floated up
from somewhere on the bosom of
Panther Lake the faint, weird cry of
a lonesome loon, then the silence set-
tled down thicker than ever.

It was a clear, crisp night and
since the sun had ceased to smile the
temperature had begun to fall. Over-
head the stars twinkled down on me
and, although there were trees on all
sides, there remained in the forest
aisles that curious sort of half-light
that enabled me, now that my eyes
had accustomed themselves to it, to
see near-by objects fairly distinct.

I loaded my pipe again and sat
there on the log simply killing time—I
didn't want to begin my imitation
of a bear too early. As I understand
it, a bear does not usually start out
calling until about 8 p. m. I knew
that Buck usually turned in about
that hour, and figured that if I could
show up and let out a couple of fierce
growls just as he was dozing off I
could capture his goat—horns, hair,
hide, and all.

As I sat there smoking it occurred
to me that it wouldn't be a bad idea
for me to have a little rehearsal of the
bear part I was to play. Besides, I
was getting chilly sitting there doing
nothing. Accordingly, I pulled on the
bearskin coat and concealed my head
in the cap. Then I dropped on my
hands and knees to practice walking
like a bear.

Climbing to the log on which I had
been sitting, I walked on all fours the
full length of it, about 50 feet, and I
flattered myself I was the very speak-
ing likeness of a bear as I turned
around at the end of the log and
started back, growling softly like a
real bruin hunting for trouble.

Just as I reached the end of my
beat along the log and was going to
make another turn, my ear suddenly
caught, just ahead of me, what sound-
ed like an echo of a low growl I had
just given! I stopped short and peered
ahead.

Standing there only a few feet from
me, his little eyes blazing through
the gloom, stood a sure enough honest-
to-goodness black bear!

I have been given a good many sur-
prise parties in my time, but I don't
think I ever got a jolt like that. I
was so shocked and surprised that I
just squatted there on the log paral-
yzed and helpless. My first impulse
was to holler for help, but help was
very scarce in that neck of the woods
at that hour of the evening. Buck was
probably too far away to hear me—
and he was the last person I wanted
to help me under the circumstances.
Besides I didn't have enough breath
left to holler for help.

Meanwhile, the real bear gave an-
other growl and advanced a step or
two to scrape up an acquaintance. (A
bear usually "scrapes" up an acquaint-
ance with its claws!) As I have al-
ready said, it was a cool night, but in
spite of this I was perspiring very
freely.

The thought came to me that if I
were to make a rush at the bear with
mouth open as if I were going to eat
him alive, he might turn tail and run
—then the thought came to me that
instead of running, he might take a
notion to eat me alive! I was never
in such an embarrassing position in
my life.

Suddenly the bear stood up on his
hind legs and, with a snarl, started
to walk toward me with outstretched
arms! He probably wanted to hug
me! This was more than I could
stand. If there's anything makes me
sore it's to have a black bear get fa-
miliar and spoony with me on short
acquaintance. I got mad right then
and there.

I stood up, jerked off my cap, threw
it right in his face, and hissed, "Gh
out, you durn fool!—I'm no bear!"

Then I tried to step jauntily down
off the log, but I think I tried to step
too far—I tried to step eleven feet,
my foot slipped and I fell all snarled
up in that bearskin coat.

With a loud "Woosh!" the bear
turned and fled panic-stricken into
the darkness, leaving in his wake a
crashing of brush, then a deep, brood-
ing silence. I found my cap and sat
weakly down on the log to rest and
regroup.

"Well," mused I to myself as I
brushed the cold sweat of anguish
from my brow, "I am certainly some
bear when I can fool a real bruin, and
if I can only scare Buck as badly as

that bear scared me—I mean as badly

as I scared that bear, I'll be satisfied."

Then I pulled on my cap again and

started to walk quietly toward the

primitive man's camp—but I didn't

walk on my hands and knees, and

every little while I'd stop and look

behind me to see how far I'd gone.

As I sneaked up to Buck's camp and

peered through the foliage I saw that

he had built up a good fire that would

throw heat into his lean-to. The light

from this showed me that Buck had

curled up in his primitive nest for the

night, and his large, healthy snore

told me that the primitive man was

sleeping deeply.

Suddenly I gave a fierce growl!

Buck stopped snoring, but made no

move. Then I growled fiercely again,

and Buck suddenly sat up under his

lean-to. The firelight tell on his face,

and when I saw his eyes bugged out

like a beetle's and his hair standing

stiffly on end, it was all I could do

to keep from bustin' out laughin'.

I didn't growl again right off. I

thought I'd let Buck make the next

move, then I proposed to let him catch

a glimpse of me through the brush

and sneak away. As I watched him,

Buck rose softly to his feet and in

three stealthy steps had passed from

under his lean-to and behind a big

boulder out of my sight. I crouched

in the shadows and waited for him to

come into view again, but he didn't

show up. Then I waited some more,

but Buck seemed to have disappeared

as completely as if the earth had en-
gulfed him. I laig low for fully 10
minutes and then I began to get im-
patient. What in blazes had become
of that four-flushing primitive git-
anyhow? After waiting a little longer
I decided that Buck must have kept
the boulder between us and sneaked
away, frightened out of his wits—
perhaps by this time he had arrived
out of breath at my camp and was
suffering from nervous prostration. I
quietly stood up to get a better view.

Suddenly, as I stood there rubber-
ing, something, with a screech, land-
ed on my back like a thousand of
brick and squashed me to the ground,
just about squeezing the breath out
of my body.

I thought it was a wild cat until
two human hands grabbed me by the
throat and Buck's voice hissed to no-
body in particular, "By thunder, it's
a bear!"

"You bet your life I'm a bear!" I
snarled before I thought how ridicu-
lous it must have sounded to hear a
bear talk. "And if you don't leggo
I'll tear you limb from limb!" I was
so rattled and fussed up I hardly
knew what I was saying.

"If I can only capture this bear
alive," says Buck, just as if he were
talking to himself, "I'll call that go-

(Continued on page eight).

UNIMPEACHABLE—If you were to
see the unequalled volume of unim-
peachable testimony in favor of Hood's
Sarsaparilla, you would upbraid your-
self for so long delaying to take this
effective medicine for that blood dis-
ease from which you are suffering.

Adv't

AUCTION SALE

Notice is hereby given that on the 30th day of
January A. D. 1914 at 9.30 A. M., at the banking
rooms of the Rangeley Trust Company, in Range-
ley, Franklin County, Maine, there will be sold at
public auction to the highest bidder, all the right,
title and interest which Elmer E. Richards of
Farmington, Maine, has, as trustee under the
terms of a certain trust deed from the Rangeley
Tavern Corporation to the Rangeley Trust Com-
pany, Trustee, bearing date of January 1, A. D.,
1908, and recorded in Franklin Registry of Deeds,
book 176, page 292, and also by virtue of a certain
mortgage from the Rangeley Trust Company to Elmer
E. Richards, Trustee, one recorded in said Registry
county to fill a vacancy of a former trustee under
said deed, in accordance with the provisions of the
Statute in such case made and provided, at the
September term, A. D. 1913, of said Court,
and also by virtue of certain other conveyances
in accordance with the orders of the Court
and the provisions of said trust deed, from the
Rangeley Tavern Corporation to said Elmer
E. Richards, trustee, one recorded in Franklin
County Registry of Deeds, book 187, page 287,
and another recorded in said Registry book 187, page
274, and also by virtue of two certain deeds from
the Rangeley Tavern Corporation to said Elmer
E. Richards, Trustee, one recorded in said Registry
book 187, page 273 and another recorded in said
Registry book 187, page 286; in and to the follow-
ing described real and personal estate situated in
said Rangeley and more particularly described as
follows: all the real estate, rights, franchises, priv-
ileges, immunities and contracts of the said
Rangeley Tavern Corporation and all its other
property, real, personal and mixed of whatever
name or nature owned by it and which has be-
come a part thereof before or since January 1,
1908, excepting any such property heretofore sold
or otherwise disposed of, or become worn, dam-
aged, or otherwise unsuitable for use, and busi-
ness; provided that an equivalent in

CLASSIFIED

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

FOR SALE.

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

FOR SALE—Bay horse, nine years old. Weight 1200. Work or drive. B. F. Beal.

FOR SALE—Beef by a side or quarter. B. F. Beal.

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

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

WANTED.

WANTED—500 cords of white birch delivered at our mill Salem, Maine. Apply to R. V. Plalsted at the mill or Malden Parcel Handle Company, Malden, Mass.

EUSTIS

We have had some very cold weather for the past week.

Blanche and Eddie Tague have returned to their school at Farmington. They have been at Jim pond where their father is logging.

John Carville is scaling for Thomas Tague at Jim pond.

Miss Inza Welch has returned to her school at Sherbrook after visiting her mother, Mrs. Effie Welch, at The Sargent for a short time.

George Fountain is working at Jim pond for the Green brothers hauling ice and wood.

Mrs. Eva Arnold is very much better at this writing.

Mrs. E. J. Brown of Stratton is giving music lessons in town. She comes every Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Douglass have finished cooking for Thomas Tague at Jim pond and returned home.

Two men from Monmouth are here getting the hatchery ready for use. Frank Wood in superintendent and Arthur Briggs is assisting.

Mark Daggett has gone into the woods with Sylvester brothers' horses to work for Rufus Dyer.

Florence Fletcher has returned to her home at Rangeley after visiting her father, Wayne Fletcher, for a few days.

New Style in Names.

Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke urges patriotic Americans to name their children after the states and the nation. He commends, in this respect, the South Americans, who use Columbia, America and many attractive Latin derivatives of famous names connected with the history of the western world. The president of Ecuador has three daughters, and they are called America; Quita, the feminine of the capital city of Ecuador, and Castilla, after the ancient race from which the Latins are proud to derive their origin. Years ago Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Indiana and other exuberant names were popular for girls. Now such a name seldom is heard. A decline of patriotism and state pride, thinks Doctor van Dyke.

When in Portland

Maine Stop at
"The Homelike House For
Everybody"

THE NEW CHASE HOUSE

Midway between New City Hall and Monument Square

Only Fireproof Hotel in the State
Conveniently Located for people Attending
Conventions
Every courtesy and attention shown ladies
traveling alone

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES
TRANSCIENT RATES

European Plan \$1.00 per day and up
American Plan \$2.00 per day and up
H. E. THURSTON, R. F. HIMMELSTEIN,
Proprietors.
Munjoy Hill Cars pass the door.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

(Continued from page 1.)

Their destination was the lumber camps at Macy Junction, where they both have interests and as they had a small load of supplies to carry started to cross the lake with a pung and pair of horses. They followed the shore for some distance measuring the ice at intervals and when nearly opposite Ross Cove found it to be seven inches thick. They had gone about 15 rods and started to cross when one side of the pung broke through. Mr. Huntoon jumped out onto the ice but Mr. Hoar was plunged in way up to his arms his overcoat catching onto the pung in such a way as to hold him down and it was some few seconds before he could extricate himself. The horses were both drowned but their bodies were immediately recovered as was the pung, robes and supplies. It is rather a singular coincidence that the horses both of whose names were Harry, were owned by C. F. Huntoon and Dana Hinkley. The horses were half brothers and when young colts ran in the same box stall together, and met their death at the same time being 18 years of age. The lake is very treacherous this year freezing only a little when a heavy snow covered the ice forming a heavy blanket which prevents the ice from thickening.

Misses Miriam and Lucille Huntoon were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Ellis the past week.

The village schools opened Monday, the same teachers returning and occupying the same boarding places as last year.

Mrs. H. C. Riddle and Miss Marjorie Oakes returned Friday night from a trip to Boston.

Mrs. Harry Nelson still continues very sick. Miss Gladys Moore is caring for her.

Miss Charlotte Lamb of Dallas spent the past week with her cousin, Miss Leater Nile.

Ira Hoar purchased five new draft horses during his recent trip to Lewiston. One especially is attracting considerable attention, a five-year-old chestnut horse, with heavy light mane and tail and who tips the scales at 1660 pounds.

The crews are cutting ice at Haley pond and the ice houses about town are being rapidly filled with a good quality of clear ice.

Miss Alice Sweetser is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCord.

Jean Fields is out from the woods registered on the sick list.

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Ross and Master Monette returned home Saturday night. Mrs. Ross has been having quite a serious time with her ear, which required the service of a specialist. Mrs. Ross is very comfortable at the present writing and her many friends hope she will continue to improve rapidly. The doctor has made arrangements to remain at home for the remainder of the winter.

Roberta and Thornton Eastman returned Monday night to spend the winter with their aunt, Mrs. Earle Pillsbury, after spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Eastman of Exeter.

Bridgman and Tracy sold a fine pair of horses to E. N. Abbott recently.

Mrs. Carrie Guild left Tuesday morning for a visit in Portland.

The M. Y. O. B. club has resumed meeting for the winter. The following officers having been elected: President, Mrs. F. B. Colby; secretary, Mrs. F. B. Burns. Refreshment committee, Mrs. Jas. Mathieson; entertainment committee, Mrs. H. A. Furbish. The next meeting of the club will be with Mrs. Mathieson.

The following officers were chosen for the year Sunday, for the Rangeley Sunday school: Supt., O. R. Rowe; Asst., Supt., H. O. Auntoon; Sec., Mason Russell; Treas., H. B. McCord; Supt. of Prim. Dept., Ilda Rowe; Supt., Cradle Roll, Ella Rowe; Supt., Home Dept., Ed Hoar.

Willard Hewey, who recently graduated from a Portland Institution is now a full-fledged telegraph operator and is at home for a short vacation.

Miss Mertie Kinney, who has been spending the holidays with relatives in town left for her home Friday.

A very fine supper was enjoyed by the Blue's at the close of the regular meeting of the Pythian Sisters last



LADIES' FURS

We tan hides and make them into robes, coats, mittens and ladies' furs at reasonable prices. Send us your hides and furs which you want remodeled and made into latest styles.

Robes and Coats at WHOLESALE prices. FREE samples.

References: Miles & Wilson, Bankers, Milford, Ind.

Write to the
Milford Robe & Tanning Co.
4-8 Elm St. Milford, Ind.

Thursday night, served by members of the Red Side. Frank Porter acted as chef and H. C. Riddle officiated as head waiter. The captain, Mrs. S. B. McCord was also assisted by the following: Mrs. H. A. Furbish, Wm. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Pickle, Mrs. C. W. Barrett, Mrs. Frank Stewart, Mrs. F. B. Colby, Mrs. Leon Wright, Mrs. Geo. Hoar and Mrs. F. B. Burns and everybody else on the Red Side. All interested were appropriately decorated and the following menu was served: Corned beef, red flannel hash, beet pickles, cranberry sauce, tarts, cake with red frosting, coffee, strawberry ice cream with cherries. The hash deserves especial mention, being made by S. B. McCord which alone speaks for its excellence.

A jolly party made a trip to Spotted Mountain the latter part of the week visiting Huntoon and Hinkley's camps also Mr. and Mrs. Jean Field. The party were conveyed by George Bridgman's sturdy pair of horses on a big sled, and a jolly time was reported by all. Those enjoying the trip were Mr. and Mrs. George Bridgman, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Tibbetts, Mrs. G. M. Carlton, Persis Carlton, Clement Field, Olive and Alice Jonah and Joseph Dermody.

LIVE BLACK FOX.

Valuable Animal Purchased by Auburn Man to Be Displayed.

A genuine black fox, one of the rarest of fur bearing animals, is to be placed in a cage in the windows of Bumpus & Getchell's drug store Court street, Auburn, in a few days. The animal was captured at Jefferson Tuesday afternoon and since then Rich Hunnewell of Auburn has been negotiating for his purchase. It is said that the price paid was \$2,000. The animal was captured by Augustus Moody of Jefferson, who is well known as a hunter and trapper.

Mr. Moody has several traps which he visits regularly. Tuesday afternoon he discovered what he thought was a silver gray fox and after a desperate struggle he captured the animal and carried it home, a distance of nearly a mile. He got into communication with Mr. Hunnewell and after considerable deliberation the price was agreed on.

As soon as it was learned that the animal was not a silver gray, but a genuine black fox its value increased from \$800 to \$2,000, in Mr. Moody's eyes and it is said that that is the price paid.

The animal will be brought to Auburn Saturday and exhibited in a window at Bumpus & Getchell's. A black fox is very rare and Mr. Hunnewell proposes to keep this one for breeding purposes if he can obtain mates for it from Prince Edward Island.—Lewiston Sun.

DECLARE FUR MAN IS GUILTY.

Aaron Kasofsky, proprietor of the Hudson Bay Fur Company and the Hudson Bay Importing Company at 449 Washington street, was yesterday found guilty of making untrue and misleading statements in his advertisements.

Judge Joseph Sheehan placed Kasofsky on probation with the understanding that the fur dealer would change his style of advertising.

VIGILANCE ASSOCIATION.

Kasofsky is the first person to be prosecuted under the recently enacted law against fraudulent advertising. The Advertising Vigilance Association, an organization of retail business men of Boston and vicinity, prosecuted the Hudson Bay Fur Company as their first move against fake advertising.

The complaint against the fur company was first made to the advertising association shortly after Kasofsky's advertisements appeared in some of the Boston papers. The Post and Transcript refused the Hudson Bay Fur Company advertising.

The prosecution of the company was founded largely on the following statements which appeared in the company's advertisements in newspapers: "Everybody knows the history of the Hudson Bay Fur Company with its hundreds of trappers all over the fur bearing world. This establishment needs no introduction. The Hudson Bay Fur Company are now selling direct to the customers. There are no middleman's profits," etc.

The vigilance association and the government contended that it was the intention of Kasofsky and his firm to give the impression that he was identified with the historical and famous Hudson's Bay Company, which has

been engaged in buying and selling furs for nearly 250 years. Walter Fowles of the Hudson's Bay Company's Montreal office was in Boston to testify as to the history of his company and to say that Kasofsky has never been connected with the company.

Otto J. Peihler, a Boston furrier, also testified to the fame of the original company and to its high standing in the fur trade.

Kasofsky claimed he had used the words "Hudson Bay" in connection with his business in various cities for a number of years and that his fame in the United States was greater than that of the Hudson's Bay Company. He claimed that his reference to the Hudson's Bay Company in his advertisement applied to himself alone and did not give the appearance of trading upon the name of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In finding the defendant guilty Judge Sheehan said that the advertisement in question clearly seemed to indicate that it was intended to give the impression that the Hudson's Bay Company was the advertiser. It was claimed that the statement that there was no middleman's profits was also untrue. Judge Sheehan found Kasofsky guilty, but placed him on probation.

A WASHINGTON BEAR HUNT.

As I am a reader of the H-T-T, I will tell about a bear hunt in Washington. I have a brother, Floyd, who follows trapping and hunting. He has a partner by the name of Criggs and they are both dog and gun cranks. One spring they invited me to their camp for a bear hunt on the Chinakum Creek, more to show me their two bear dogs they had just received from the east. They were two hounds. I presume they would be called fox hounds in the Eastern States, but they called them bear dogs.

On about May 1st I gathered up my belongings which was a 303 Savage, jack knife, pack sack, my bear dog Rover and about 20 rounds of ammunition and started for their camp, arriving about 6 p. m. I found the boys in camp and told them to chain their dogs up so that my dog would not kill them before morning. We started out next morning bright and early, each taking a lunch. We went along up the creek, keeping on the south and exposed slopes where the bear would likely be feeding on young grass. We traveled up around the watershed for about 2½ miles. Not seeing any bear signs, we decided to eat our lunch. We had just gotten ready to start out again, when my dog showed signs of scenting game.

About that time my brother said, "There's a bear," pointing down the hill toward the creek. I saw the black object but couldn't make up my mind whether it was a bear standing up or a black snag. In about two seconds I saw it move and my brother and I shot at the same time. We afterwards found that one shot hit the bear in the fore arm but it was only a little flesh wound. At this moment my dog was down to the bear and the hounds started to bawl and circle. They made several circles before they caught the track. I could hear my dog down in the creek bottom tongueing and in about two minutes we could see my dog and the bear going up the mountain on the opposite side of the creek about 400 yards distant.

We couldn't shoot for fear of killing the dog. They were making straight up the mountain and about every third jump my dog would heel the bear and he would turn on the dog and take a new start, when the dog would get out of his way. The chase continued up the mountain until they struck a bench. There they turned sideways and ran along the bench. This gave us a chance to shoot and not hit the dog. Finally after several shots were fired, my brother succeeded in getting one shot in which knocked the bear down and he rolled down the hill until he struck a large fir tree which was lying down. They were on the opposite side of the tree from us, which was about four feet through.

At this time we decided to cross the canyon. On arriving at the scene, we discovered that the bear was not much hurt and in good fighting trim. At this moment the two hounds arrived. My dog was about played out but still game. The bear would try to climb up over the log and my dog would nail him. The hounds were getting braver all the time and finally my brother's dog mixed with the bear and he came out of the ring on three legs and sat up on the hillside bawling. At this moment my brother raised his gun and said, "I am going to kill the bear before he kills the dogs." I said

"Not by a jug full." He'll never kill my dog," so we let them fight.

Finally it got too warm for Mr. Bear and he edged along the old tree until he got to the roots and down the mountain he went, jumped into the creek and crawled up on to a boulder to defend himself. My dog tried to swim out and the water would carry him down stream. Here the fun ended. My brother shot him in the head. We fished him out and after removing the hide, found it was full of little holes where the dog had bit him. In fact he looked as if he had been shot with a shot gun.

Now perhaps you would like to know more about my dog. He was a cross between a full blood shepherd bitch and a cockerel spaniel dog, coal black and weighed 40 pounds. I hunted with this dog two years before he would take hold of a live bear. I let a very particular friend of mine take my dog to Alaska to hunt bear with and also to train some Airedale pups with. My friend had the misfortune to get drowned in the Stickene River and I never got my dog back again. I am raising an Airedale pup for bear. I would like to hear from some of my brother bear hunters and their experience with dogs, particularly the breed and kind.

I have my first bear to tree with dogs. They most generally have other business on the ground about the time they start up. I have had several backed up against rock bluffs, old logs, roots, etc. I am very much interested in fur farming and would like to hear more experience along this line through our good magazine. In renewing my subscription I got three books, namely, Fur Farm, Canadian Wilds and Deadfalls and Snares and I am very much pleased with them. If the publisher will let me, I will write about my experience in the interior of Alaska, in the region of Brood Pass, and Mt. McKinley, when I get more time.

over the old songs and anthems of E. O. Blankenship, in Hunter, Trader, Trapper.

STRATTON.

Jan. 5.

The village schools began January 5, after two weeks' vacation.

The Stratton Manufacturing Company began hauling birch January 1st to their mill.

E. H. Grose has a four horse team doing the toting from Bigelow station.

Miss Verna Danico is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. L. Savage at Greene's Farm for a few days.

Fred Drake from Beaver Pond camps underwent an operation for appendicitis at Dr. E. J. Brown's last week. The operation was performed by Drs. Brown of Stratton and Colby of Rangeley. He is doing as well as can be expected. Mrs. Ray Lisherness is the nurse.

Mrs. Anna Hutchins has returned home from Mrs. James Potter's where she has been working for several weeks.

Miss Stella Potter has gone to North Jay where she will teach a term of school.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Jones and little daughter Doris visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jones at Mt. Bigelow camps over Sunday.

Fred Smith of Madison is doing the filing at the Stratton Manufacturing Co. birch mill again this winter.

Philander Taylor of Flagstaff, who has been laid up for about four weeks with a bad cut on the hip has returned to his work at H. H. Landers' camp where he is taking charge.

NYOIL
FOR
GUNS AND
FISH-RODS

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

NYOIL has no equal.

Beware of scented mixtures called oil. Use NYOIL on everything where a light oil is required. It prevents rust and gives perfect lubrication. Sportsmen, use it liberally on your firearms and your rod. You will find it by far the best Hardware and sporting goods dealers sell it in large bottles (cheaper to buy) at 25 c. and in trial sizes at 10 c. Made by

WM. F. NYE,

New Bedford, Mass.

Fly Rod's Note Book

BY FLY ROD

St. Anthony's Cottage,
Phillips, Me., Jan. 1, 1914.

As I opened my cottage door this morning I noticed the thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero, and a friend called from across the snow that is piled deep and high way down in this part of Maine, "Happy New Year to you! Did you know it was 30 degrees below zero early this morning?"

I wanted to send a "wireless" to all my friends who have at this glad season of "peace to men of good will" from near and far so lovingly and kindly remembered me with many beautiful and useful gifts, letters and cards.

"Just a heartfelt thank you
For friends and friendships dear,
Just a wish God bless you,
Throughout the glad New Year."

After a happy Christmas with friends on the Kennebec I came home yesterday to find Santa Claus had left many packages and such a jolly good time as I have had opening them today!

I regretted that I took dinner alone, but the Maine Woods readers will smile when I tell you that I greatly enjoyed the dinner for it included these gifts, a roast of fresh pork, a plum pudding, and cheese that came by parcel post, and coffee, candy, nuts, raisins, etc., that came by express.

Recently I spent a morning most pleasantly at the State House in Augusta where I exchanged greetings with old friends.

The State museum that was started only a few years ago by Hon. L. T. Carleton, when chairman of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, is now one of the most interesting places in our state to pass an hour. It is wonderful what has already been accomplished and what an attractive place it has become.

If every graduating class from the High schools of Maine would take a trip to Augusta and spend a day at the State House, it would be time and money wisely used.

Curator T. A. James surely is an artist and during the past year has added a large group of moose, three magnifi-

cent specimens of bull moose, one cow and two calves, that are enclosed making a case nearly 20 x 5 feet. Three sides are of plate glass; the back of the case depicts a beautiful winter scene; this realistic painting the work of Mr. James.

The setting of the case represents a winter scene which blends into the background so well that in standing before the case you can almost see the moose walk out from the forest before you.

It is doubtful if there is a finer moose group in any museum in New England. The case is splendidly lighted by numerous concealed electric bulbs.

Another very notable addition to the museum is a large and very fine collection of butterflies and moths which was formerly on exhibition in the Department of Agriculture but kept in closed cases where they were not often seen. These specimens are mounted on trays and have been placed in a new glass case specially prepared for them by Curator James.

Another addition that attracts great attention is a large collection of smaller song birds being artistically arranged therein, and another large case has been added to the museum in which have been placed most of the birds in the well known "Spinney collection" purchased recently by the state of Capt. H. L. Spinney, who for many years was keeper of the lighthouse at Sequin island.

The many interesting and valuable specimens in this case are greatly admired by all who visit the museum.

Lovers of the sea linger long before the case containing a collection of shore birds which are arranged in a most lifelike attitude. The beautiful background representing the sea is also the work of Mr. James' brush.

Mr. W. P. Damon of Auburn, the well known gem collector and geologist, who had previously presented to the museum a large collection of geological specimens, Indian and miscellaneous relics, has recently added quite a number of interesting and valuable

specimens, among them being polished specimens of agate, turquoise, red chameleon agate, cinnamon garnet and beautiful specimens of pink, green and red tourmalines just as taken from the mine.

Mr. N. B. Tracey of Auburn, another noted geologist, has sent to the museum numerous specimens of value and interest.

Many specimens of birds, animals, etc., have been contributed during the year by citizens of Maine, and Curator James has made several successful trips to the coast, in search of specimens which the museum did not contain but needed.

It is surprising how during the last few months there has been a constant increasing in the hundreds of visitors, some of them coming from distant cities and towns to study and learn from the wonderful lifelike birds, animals and fish that will as long as the State house stands be found here.

"That family of skunks makes a good showing," I remarked to the friend who was with me. True some folks have ridiculed Maine for protecting skunks under the new revision of our laws, yet last month the Federal government added this "much despised animal" to the list of "Natural Resources" and said, "The skunk should be conserved or protected before exterminated, the Department of Agriculture classifying this animal as of 'great economic importance,' in a statement made public recently asks that it be given the same protection the federal agents now are compelled to exercise in the prevention of bird slaughter.

"Some of the most destructive insects in agriculture are such as do their work below ground and out of reach of any method that the farmer can apply and it is against many of these that the skunk is an inveterate enemy."

The statement asserts: "Notwithstanding all of this, there is probably not an animal that is as ruthlessly slaughtered as this one."

Why should our Maine laws be laughed at, even if some of them are a failure?

Among the popular summer guests at the Rangeleys are Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Spotts and family of New York City. Their beautiful summer home is the camps on the ledge above the Mooselookmeguntic House on the opposite shore from the camp formerly owned by Maine's much honored United States senator, the late William P. Frye, and that of Garrett A. Hobart of Paterson, N. J., son of Vice President Hobart.

From early in the season until the late autumn days the flag is seen flying from this camp and Mr. and Mrs. Spotts pass the season there and entertain many distinguished people.

Mr. Spotts is one of the best known shots at the "traps," having made wonderful records breaking clay pigeons both in this and foreign countries. His little son, Ralph K., who is a great favorite although but 13 years of age, promises to outdo his father. At their private shooting grounds near their camp on the lake shore Ralph was always a happy lad when breaking the clay pigeons.

One day recently at the Larchmont Yacht club in New York Master Ralph made a wonderful record, where as one of ten contestants, all who were men of long experiences except himself, the lad made almost a clean sweep, winning five of the eight matches and in these five shot off as required to decide the winner.

In the contest for the "accumulation cup," which was a match at 50 targets, Master Ralph tied three others with full scores of 60. He also won the 125-clay bird handicap contest, in which he tied with the same men, winning in the final shoot off. He also won the leg of the cup in shooting off at "miss and out."

Many readers of the Maine Woods congratulate the young man and hope to have the pleasure of watching him at the "traps" on the lake shore here at the Rangeleys next summer.

I have been waiting and looking forward with much pleasure for two books to be published this winter, both from the pen of friends.

"The American Trout," by Charles Z. Southard of Groton, Mass., who with his guides, John Philbrook, Deck and Frank Huntoon, each summer pass weeks at "Camp 4" on the shore of "beautiful Kennebeco."

I do not know a person who loves the woods and waters of Maine or to cast the fly for the trout better or is more of an expert angler than Mr. Southard.

True, out of 500 trout he catches, not often do ten of them reach the fry pan, but are returned to the lake to grow larger if not wiser fish.

For years Mr. Southard has made a study of trout in this country and has not only made a study of them in their native waters, but from all the works published by the government and different writers he has proved the false and the true theories.

Sitting on the piazza at Camp 4 after dinner one Sunday last September I had the pleasure of reading several chapters of this fascinating book and looking at the beautiful and perfect painting of trout from which the illustrations were to be made, and learn the book is now in the hands of the publisher.

"An Old Fly Book and Other Stuff" by my friend, Dr. John Warren Harper of Hartford, Conn., just published by R. S. Peck & Co., of the same city is among my much prized Christmas gifts.

The Doctor and his charming little mother, to whom this attractive book of delightful poems is dedicated, are annual comers to the Rangeleys where they have many friends and at Upper Dam where they spent vacation days last season, a number of the poems were written, and how the following verse, which is a gem, will bring back wonderful memories to "Van, Tim, Tom, De Wister, Messrs. Doane, Reese, Brown, Nicholas, Palmer, Barber, Calkins and others as they read their Maine Woods this week.

"Only a Quiet Pool."

Only a quiet pool way up in the wilds of Maine,
Only the world forgot with its worry and fret and pain,
And long lost youth comes back, only a boy again.

Only the edge of the rips, only your guide and you,
Only a "rise" out there from the bow of your old canoe.

Only a thrill at the heart, only a cast or two.

Only the strike and the plunge of a gamy square-tail trout,
Only the song of the reel as the line goes spinning out,
Only the strain of the rod, only the fear and doubt.

Only a gallant fight and a prize within your net,
Only a paddle home while the sunset lingers yet,
Only a rare "day off" it seems you will ne'er forget.

And when on long winter nights in the firelight's flickering glow,
"When the wind goes woo" up the chimney flue and piles high the drifting snow,
When on the wall the shadows tall like phantoms come and go.

Perchance to you this scene anew, while the storm beats 'gainst the pane,
In the fitful gleams of firelight dreams may all come back again,
Of shadows cool and a quiet pool way up in the wilds of Maine.

And here on my table like a friend that I shall always prize, the book waits to give me many a happy hour as the wind howls and piles high the drifting snow around my humble home, and "My Old Fly Book," "It lies there on the table, it is faded, old, and worn,
Its pages turn'd to yellow now are water stained and torn;
Some fray'd out flies are in it and a leader and a line,
And about a thousand memories in this old fly book of mine."

In their city home, or amid the rush of business life the happy summer guests at Upper Dam will speak of the fishing

"But—it's over now—and the reason Why we put away our flies,
And the only thing now in season Is to sit and—swap our lies."

I met a friend from Rangeley recently who said, "You have got so you write horse notes as well as fish stories I notice," and then they told me that just before this last snow they had great sport horse racing on Haley pond in Rangeley village.

Ira Hoar recently bought a new pacer that last fall in Farmington made a half mile in 1.08, which is going some, and was taking a spin on the pond.

Mrs. F. B. Burns, who is one of the finest drivers of any lady in this part of the country, was out with her horse, Arius, and they had an impromptu race and in four straight heats Arius won and I don't wonder the fair driver was a little proud, do you?

Almost any summer day Mrs. Burns

can be seen driving across the "carry" from the Mooselookmeguntic House and the city folks always stop and admire the fine stepper, who has won many a race.

Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to introduce into Maine the Hungarian partridge and as this climate is so nearly like their native home it is hoped some time they will be able to live here.

This fall Dr. George T. Phillips of Bar Harbor, who has a farm on Branch pond in North Ellsworth, liberated 16 pair of these birds, which as far as known are the only ones in the state, and it is to be hoped these birds from the Old World will thrive, thus adding a new variety of winged bird to the game birds already found in Maine.

Fly Rod.

Sportsman's Display At the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

In the Palace of Manufactures and Industries at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1915 will be found an exhibition of hunting and fishing, camping, and outing equipment of all kinds that will surpass anything of the sort ever before attempted. In addition to this and of equal, or greater interest to sportsmen who will come from all over the world, will be held in the live stock department, a kennel show that will be of international character and importance.

The exhibit in the main building will consist of 14 classes which will include down to the most minute detail all the apparatus employed in the field of sports. The list will include:

Portable equipment especially prepared for traveling and scientific expeditions, outfits for explorers, naturalists and geologists. Tents and accessories, military equipment, water proof clothing, boots and shoes.

Arms and ammunition of every variety, appliances for training dogs; dress and equipment for games and sports; track paraphernalia.

There will be also an extensive exhibit of furs in the rough, skins prepared for the furrier and of taxidermist's work. In the fishing department will be found every variety of anglers, equipment for both fresh and salt water fishing, including boats of different kinds designed for sportsmen.

In all parts of the exposition the sportsman will discover much that pertains to his favorite pastime. The many who are devoted to motor boating will be able to view in the Palace of Transportation an exhibit of water crafts such as has seldom been gotten together in one spot at any one time for display. Motor boat and yacht races will be held on the waters of San Francisco Bay; and on the aviation field and over the bay the aeroplanes and hydroaeroplanes will contest for international trophies. Racing and athletic sports will be given attention such as they have never had before at any world's exposition, and it is expected that out of the millions who will pass through the gates of the exposition there'll be hundreds and thousands who will enjoy the contests of speed and daring on and above the race track and infield within the exposition grounds. Already the Great International Pole Match, one of the scheduled events, is attracting interest and attention both in the United States and in foreign countries.

NECESSITIES OF LIFE

The right medicine at the right time, is as much a necessity as food, shelter or clothes. Perhaps more so.

In its 60 years of relieving stomach troubles, remedying constipation and biliousness, and restoring strength and appetite, "L. F." Atwood's Medicine has become practically a necessity of New England life.

Mrs. Whitcomb's letter simply confirms what thousands of other folks already know:

Hampden Highlands, Me.
"Have used your 'L. F.' Atwood's Medicine for more than 20 years. We consider it nearly as necessary as our food."

(Signed) Mrs. C. H. Whitcomb

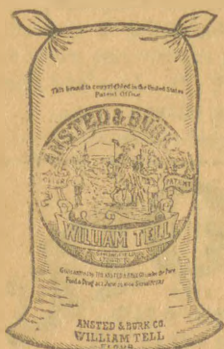
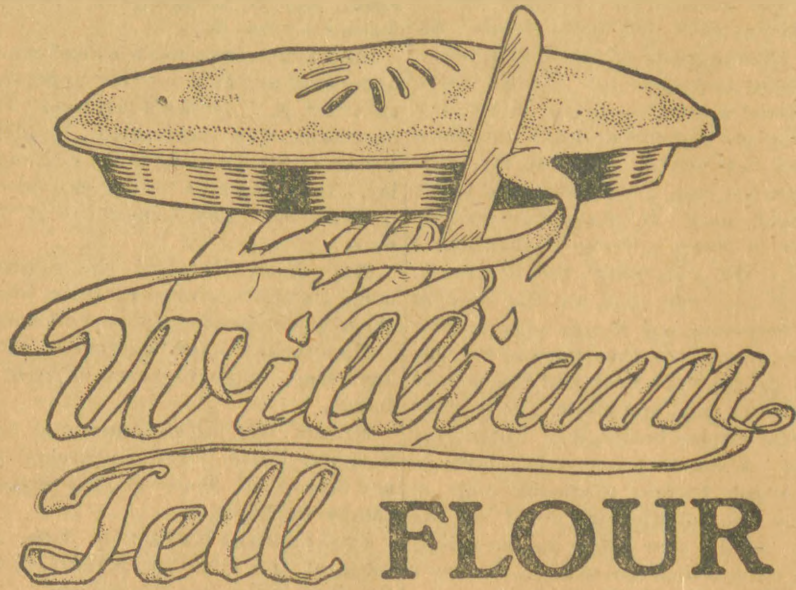
Get this necessity of Healthy Life.

Today.

Big Bottle—35 cents—Your Dealer.

FREE Sample by Mail.

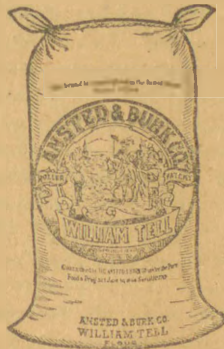
"L. F." MEDICINE CO., Portland Me.



Is famous pie-crust flour—makes it tender and light and flaky and perfectly digestible. Just as good for bread and cake and biscuits and whatever you are baking. And the most economical flour milled—gives you most loaves to the sack.

Your grocer keeps William Tell. Insist on it next time you order flour.

C. H. MCKENZIE TRADING CO., PHILLIPS, MAINE.



Catches by the neck or body instead of the feet, killing instantly without injuring the pelt. A humane feature that is very commendable. BESIDES IT SAVES EVERY FUR FOR THE TRAPPER. The only trap ever constructed with a DOUBLE TRIP ACTION, a bait trigger and a foot pedal trip. An ideal trap for saving furs of mink, skunk, "coon", etc. There is no escape, the trapper gets every pelt.

A DIME brings illustrated Guide giving the first time in print the treasured secrets of the wisest old trappers in this country. It's worth dollars to you.



TRAPPERS' SUPPLY CO., Box W, OAK PARK, ILL.

"ALLIGATOR" GAME TRAP


THE BENEFICENCE
OF WINTER AIR

The recently published accounts by Commander Peary and Captain Amundsen of their polar experiences make valuable reading in these days of early winter, and recall the face that the survivors of Arctic hardships and privations, great and perilous of life though they be, always come back to civilization in the finest health. The interesting records of daily experiences published by the various explorers who have spent months and years among the ice floes and blizzards of the polar regions include no mention of the gastric woes, colds, influenzas, pneumonias or rheumatisms. The universal experience has been continuous robust health, notwithstanding hardships of the most trying kind, exhausting exertions, and a most unnatural dietary. This extraordinary health, notwithstanding many disadvantages, must be due to the purity and density of the polar air, the absence of dust and dust germs, and the stimulating influence of cold, since these are the only salutary forces which are increased in the polar regions.

It thus appears that a winter near the North Pole is a most effective means of securing a great health uplift, a veritable physical regeneration. These experiences are verified, too, by the wonderful results obtained in the outdoor treatment of consumption, now recognized as the one and only means of curing this malady. The best results are obtained in the cold season and in the coldest climates. Physicians no longer feel it necessary to recommend their patients to remove to a warm climate, but simply to send them out of doors in all climates and in all weathers, finding the coldest climate and the coldest weather the best.

The newest medical science and the most recent human experience have opened our eyes to the surprising fact that winter's cold is not an enemy, but a friend. Jack Frost is not a thief and a robber, but a Good Samaritan. Winter is not a calamity, but an opportunity, a chance to rally our vital forces, to recover the stamina which summer germs have weakened and summer heat has attenuated. The alternation of seasons afforded by the temperate zones is the greatest possible blessing to civilized man. The cold season affords a means by which the disease producing influences of our perverted civilization may, to a very large degree, be counteracted. Civilized man is indeed much better prepared than is the Eskimo, to avail himself of cold weather privileges. The polar summer is too short to permit the Eskimo to raise a crop and so he is compelled to live upon a diet better suited for the Polar bear or the Arctic wolf than a natural vegetable feeder, whose proper home is some thousands of miles to the southward. The igloo in which he lives has no facilities for ventilation, and affords no convenience for baths.

FAMOUS
BACKWOODS
FAIRY TALES



Ed Grant, Beaver Pond Camps
New reading matter, interesting.
The first edition was exhausted much sooner than we expected and the popular demand was 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	.35
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	.50
Penobscot County	.35
Waldo County	.35
York County	.35

J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
Phillips, Maine.

His skin garments shut away both light and air from the cuticles and interfere with skin excretions and respiration. The Eskimo emerges from his long winter sleep.

Science and experience have taught us how to support an unnatural covering of the skin without seriously interfering with its functions, how to construct houses to dwell in without making them death traps, how to provide at all seasons wholesome food adapted to our natural needs. Thus the civilized man is prepared to reap all the physical advantages which pertain to crystal-clean, zero air, while he is able at the same time to avoid all the disadvantages of polar temperatures.

To be able to avail ourselves of winter's blessings we must first of all change our attitude of mind. We have been accustomed to look upon cold as a deadly foe. We must dismiss this idea and become fully possessed of the purpose to attain all the benefits and delights which winter can give. In order to do this it is important to know that to get all the possible advantages of cold air it is not necessary to suffer any discomfort or inconvenience whatever. There are to be no chills, no shivers, no longing for snug warmth and cozy comfort. These things must be provided for by means of extra wraps, hoods, mittens, if necessary supplemented by hot water bottles or other warming devices.

The only thing essential is the breathing of cold, dry, pure air, and perhaps the exposure of the face to the nerve stimulating influence of a zero-cold atmosphere. The hand and feet, the whole body, must be kept warm and comfortable at any expense, otherwise no benefit will be gained. The blood must be kept in the skin and peripheral organs. A cold skin and cold extremities mean congested liver, the stomach and other viscera overfilled with blood and consequently in a crippled condition, and an overworked heart. With an equable circulation and the exhilaration and feeling of reinforced energy and fitness which comes from the appropriation of winter opportunities, there is an enormous increase in the joy living.

THIS BEAR NOT MUCH LIKE JOE
KNOWLES

Red Bank, N. J., Dec. 26—A bear cub standing on its hind legs greeted ex-Police Chief Henry Lewis this morning when he opened the door of the Red Bank garage. Lewis was so frightened that he locked himself in the office, and the bear had to be subdued with a revolver and an iron club by Fred Waters, its owner, before Lewis could get out of the office.

Waters, an ice boat skipper, captured the bear at Newburne, N. C., a short time ago and locked it in an improvised cage in the boiler room of the garage preparatory to training it. The cub forced apart the bars of the pen last night and waited for some one to show up. Lewis was the first. He tried to be nice, but the cub was angry and the office door looked inviting to Lewis as a safe haven.

His shouts "It's a bear, it's a bear!" attracted Waters, who was sleeping upstairs. Waters also tried kindness, which failed and then fired several revolver shots at the floor. The noise scared the bear and Waters finally cowed it into the cage and released the prisoner.

CRAWLS INTO BEAR'S
DEN AT MARAVILLE

While J. T. Giles, Albert Mace and L. F. Gile, with Ira Hagan, jr., were surveying timberland last week in North Mariaville, they ran across what Mr. Mace claimed to be a bear's den, reports the Ellsworth American which tells the story as follows:

A pine stump about four feet in diameter stood on a sandy knoll, and under one side of this bruin had dug a hole nearly the size of a barrel, and after he had got in under the stump, had dug out a den fully as large as a sugar barrel, throwing out a large mound of sand.

Mr. Mace is a skillful and veteran bear trapper, having trapped 46 thus far, and says he wishes to get four more to make it 50. After exploring the situation for a few minutes, Mr. Mace ventured into the den, feet first.

After he had been in a short time, he set up a terrible growl, and sang out: "Look out! He is coming!" At the same time he came scrambling out. Mr. Hagan, in the excitement, not being so used to the woods as the others, came near pounding him on the head with a club he had provided himself

with before he approached the den. Afterwards he said he wished he had; that a fellow who would venture into a bear's den ought to be pounded on the head. It was a narrow escape for the bear-hunter.

Mr. Mace decided that, inasmuch as the den had been newly made, the bear had prepared his den, and as soon as it became cold enough he would gather dry cedar bark, brakes and leaves enough not only to make his bed, but have enough left to plug up the entrance tightly. He also says they are great weather prophets, staying out till a few days before a severe storm which will be the real beginning of winter.

Mr. Hagan himself is some hunter for a few years ago, while running lines in this same vicinity, he had the skill to kill a partridge with a club, so it is not probable that he would have missed Mr. Mace.

SOUNDS VERY
GOOD TO US

Sojourning in Bermuda Where One
Can Get Two Crops a Year.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Dec. 28, 1913.
My dear Maine Woods:

On this calm, sunshiny Sunday afternoon, sitting in the midst of perpetual bloom and never-ending vegetation, a word or two regarding these gardens in the sea I thought would be acceptable to you and, perchance, of some passing interest to your many readers.

After a day of heavy northwest wind the mercury stands today at 68, with not breeze enough to stir the tall palms or put a ripple on the harbor. More than 600 tourists arrived by two steamers from New York last Friday morning, the Caribbean and the Bermudian. The latter left New York 24 hours after the Caribbean but arrived here first. Both ships are seaworthy and safe.

These islands are situated in the Atlantic ocean about 800 miles due east of Charleston, S. C., about the same distance south of Halifax, N. S., and 700 miles southeast from New York. They lie 1,000 miles north of the West Indies and, although far above the line of frost, natural ice and snow have never invaded these remnants of the Garden of Eden.

Think for a moment of two crops of potatoes a year, or three if you want them! Two crops of grapes on the same vine—January and July! Onions in two crops if wanted. Strawberries ripening at Christmas time and for two or three months afterward! Figs, dates, cocoanuts, oranges, lemons, bananas, and many other West India fruits do well in private gardens, so also do loquats and peaches. All the known garden vegetables flourish and are shipped to New York for sale and distribution "in the dead of winter" safely.

I know not what Heaven's joys may be, Nor what its royal sports, But here I rest in what, to me, Is one of Heaven's fair courts.

J. C. H.

Mark Twain, who often visited Bermuda, once wrote to some friends in the states, "You may go to heaven if you want to but I'd 'ruther' stay here." He is also reported to have said: "Bermuda is heaven but you sometimes have to go through hell to get there." That was about our experience when soon after leaving Sandy Hook behind, Nov. 29, our gallant ship plunged into a nasty sea which grew worse and worse for 60 long, tedious hours, or until we were well within the blue waters of Bermuda.

The scenes enacted on that memorable voyage (the very worst in 20 years) were of thrilling interest and at times bordered on the ragged edge of panic and disaster. But, thanks to our seaworthy ship; to Capt. Daniels and his corps of capable officers, and to Providential deliverance, we made port after a voyage of three days and three nights of constant lashing by the sea, though not without painful bruises inflicted on a score or more of passengers, of which number your correspondent was one. My two ribs on the starboard side, just above the right hip, are still sore though the blow "which almost killed father," was received more than four weeks ago. I was one of the few who answered every call of the bugle for meals; did not have any sign of alarm nor was I seasick at any time on the trip.

Round trip tickets at \$25 and up are on sale at several agencies throughout New England and the country at large. Board and room at from \$10 to \$20 per week in the smaller hotels and board-

ing houses, of which there are many, both in Hamilton and in all parts of the country and St. George's.

Temperature ranges from 55° to 75° in winter; the average for the year is 70°. There are not many days when any artificial heat is needed, or when top coats are worn for comfort. The nights are always cool and very damp; dew fall is heavy. Spring or fall clothing, with summer underwear, are about the things needed here in winter. In summer the natives wear as little as the law allows, yet the mercury seldom goes higher than 86° in the shade, and an ocean breeze blows across the islands almost every day.

J. C. H.

EVERY MAN A GAME WARDEN

By Herbert K. Job, State Ornithologist of Connecticut.

Thanks to a splendid dry breeding season, more birds and game were reared this year in Connecticut than in a long time. Quail recently almost extinct are in some localities almost normally abundant. The ruffed grouse also has done finely. Stopping of spring shooting has greatly increased the ducks. In this memorable year the Federal government undertakes the protection of our migratory birds. Our esteemed Senator, Hon. George P. McLean, has carved his everlasting memorial in the enactment of the McLean law. The nation has also prohibited the importation of wild bird plumage. Our ladies will be more beautiful than ever, and so will our fields, woodlands and waters.

Because we are beginning to have more birds and game again, shall we redouble our efforts to slaughter them and defeat the beneficent efforts of enlightened humanity and of the Creator? Civilization must have advanced far enough to make it reasonable to expect the intelligent citizen—men and women alike—to assume active responsibility for the restoration of birds and game in Connecticut. Laws and police are necessary, but if every intelligent and thoughtful person in the state who has any opportunity would make this a matter of personal interest and concern, the result would be astonishing.

Here are some few suggestions. Let every farmer and landholder see to it that on his own land birds are not wan-

tonly disturbed or destroyed. Report violations of law to the game warden. Teach the children to watch and protect the birds. Let every boy become a champion of birds and harmless wild creatures. Prevent your cat from hunting birds, and mercifully kill supernumerary or homeless cats that live by hunting. Observe the game laws yourself, and try to create sentiment that it is for everyone's interest to have these laws observed. Feed birds in winter—suet and seeds for small birds and grain under shelter in woods and fields for game birds where these are found. Back up the game wardens and encourage them to enforce the laws.

In Connecticut this year we are introducing a new state system. We have an admirable new commission of fisheries and game, representative and non-partisan, one member from each county. They are gentlemen of standing and ability, no mere politicians, serving without pay because of personal interest in the subject. Two of them are able ornithologists, Dr. Sanford and Mr. Pease, and one, Rear Admiral Goodrich, is eminent in the service of his country. The new secretary, Charles H. Perse, of Cannan, who will largely represent the commission to the public, is a genius, and Governor Baldwin could not have found a man more fit for the position. A publisher and writer by profession, he writes graceful and courteous letters promptly to correspondents. An enthusiastic student of birds and game, he owns and lives on a most picturesque estate which he is turning into a game preserve and bird refuge. The warden force are now paid far more adequately than before, and earnest efforts have been made to tone up the service. Politics is debarred, and it has been made understood that any employee who violates this regulation will be summarily discharged. The new superintendent, James W. Tyson, who is entrusted with carrying out the plans of the commission, is a thorough gentleman of scientific attainment and executive ability. With the co-operation of the public, the new regime may be expected to set a pace and example among our state of which Connecticut may rightly be proud—Forest and Stream.

NOW IS THE TIME

for camp and hotel proprietors to get ready for the coming season, by having their booklets and stationery printed.

We are equipped with modern machines and type, and can furnish everything necessary

FOR THAT NEW
BOOKLET

to make it the most attractive you have ever had.

Write for samples and prices, and we will help you plan your book to make it a business getter.

DO IT NOW!

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, - - - Maine

Where To Go In Maine

Lake Parlin House and Camps



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, automobilism, etc.

Write for booklet. H. P. McKENNEY, Proprietor, Jackman, Maine

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

SADDLEBACK LAKE CAMPS. In the Rangeley Region. Booklet. Hemon S. Blackwell, Dallas, Maine

JIM POND CAMPS IN DEAD RIVER REGION. Good fishing. Three miles buckboard road. Telephone. Daily Mail. Write for booklet. M. M. GREEN & BROS., Jim Pond Camps, Eustis, Me.

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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.

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MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC HOUSE AND LOG CAMPS. Heart of the Rangeleys. Best fishing region. Special June and September rates. Booklet. MRS. F. B. BURNS.

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OUANANICHE LODGE. Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Me. World wide known for its famous fishing, vacation and hunting country. Norway Pine House and Camps, Dobs Lake. Most attractive situation in Maine. Good auto road to lodge. Plenty storage capacity for machines. From there 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. J. ROSE, Manager, Princeton, Me., Dec. 1st to April 1st.

RANGELEY LAKES Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular. CAPT. F. C. BARKER, Bemis, Maine.

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CHASE POND CAMPS. Now is the time to plan your 1914 outing. Why not take a trip to the real Pine Woods? Camps reached same day from Boston. Good trout fishing, mountain climbing, boating, canoeing. Good log cabins. Rates reasonable. Write for booklet. GUY CHADOURNE, Prop., Bingham, Maine

From Both Sides. Steamers plying between England and Holland have been equipped with apparatus by which all their lifeboats can be launched from either side of a vessel.

A Maine Record. "I think I can safely lay claim to having hauled more wood into Rockland than any other man," says Otis Tolman of Rockville. "I have with it sixty years, hauling an average of 200 loads a year with an average of seven feet to the road. I brought my first load into town behind a pair of steers in 1850 and sold it to the late S. H. Burpee for two dollars a cord."—Kennebec Journal.

SESSION AROUSES GREAT INTEREST.

(Continued from Page One.) the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association: "Gentlemen: "I hereby submit my annual report for the year ending Jan. 6, 1914.

"Fifty-three members have joined the association during the past year, two members withdrew from the association, and one member, Hon. Stephen W. Carr of Bowdoinham, died. The total membership is 437, the largest actual membership in the history of the association.

"At the opening of the last legislature we thought it advisable to engage Miss Crosby (Fly Rod) to work for two weeks and through her efforts there was added 40 new members and dues were collected from members who were in arrears five, six and eight years. Her work proved very profitable to the association.

"The annual outing of the association was held July 3, 4, and 5 at the Mountain View House at Rangeley. It was largely attended and as President Stevens expressed it was 'a blooming success.' The president has given a great deal of time and attention to the affairs

President, Robert J. Hodgson of Lewiston; vice presidents, D. G. Gould of Bangor, H. W. Ricker of Poland, C. C. Wilson of Auburn, J. Pooler of Portland, Charles A. Hill of Belgrade, Daniel F. Field of Phillips, Stanley Bisbee of Rumford, W. F. Campbell of Cherryfield, Charles H. Fogg of Houlton; Sec. Treas., Roland Whitehouse of Auburn; directors, J. Putnam Stevens of Portland, A. H. Shaw of Bath, Percy V. Hill of Augusta, C. A. Judkins of Kineo, J. Harris Pierce of Portland, F. E. Jorgensen of Haywood, Arthur G. Staples of Lewiston, Albert Greenlaw of Eastport; executive committee, H. B. Austin of Phillips, John F. Sprague of Dover, E. L. Lowell of Lewiston, E. M. Lowell of Rangeley and C. P. Gray of Fryeburg.

The closing and it might be said the most enjoyable feature of the occasion was the banquet served in the evening at the Augusta House. The doors of the large dining hall were thrown open about 8.30 and the guests filed in. The number which gathered round the tables was about 60, and the feast which was served to them was one of Landlord Emerson's best. Several courses were served and the relish with which the different viands were partaken of was a fitting testimonial to their excellence.

Following the banquet many speakers

tracks. That's the kind of a feller he is—gets all carried away with things. T'ain't safe even to keep plants in the window up in that neighborhood, he's likely to break in with a rifle, saying he's tracking a deer. A woman who had a rubber plant in the vestibule was called to the front door by him the other day on the plea that he thought he saw a deer wagglin' his ears in her front hall. Got to look after that feller! We ain't goin' to let him goup huntin' with us any more."

The pickerel fishermen gathered at Ben Wells's Friday. "They're hungry cusses," said Dave Higgins. "Once I was fishing on Thompson pond years and years ago when fish wasn't so used to the high cost of livin' as they be now. It was a cuss cold day and we kept warm runnin' from hole to hole, sometimes jest for exercise, sometimes to set the flag agin. It was gettin' on to dinner time and I brot my dinner pail out'n the sleigh and set it on the ice for jest a minute, while I run over to a hole to pull a fish. I had just baited the hook and set the trap again when suddenly I looked around and by hokey, if two of the gol durndest big pick'el I ever see hadn't flopped out'n the water onto the ice; grabbed the handle of my dinner-pail between their teeth and was a makin' for the hole, with the pail and all its contents. I cotched 'em jest in time. But do you know, them pick'el was so gol durned

BACK TO THE FIG LEAF

(Continued from page four.)

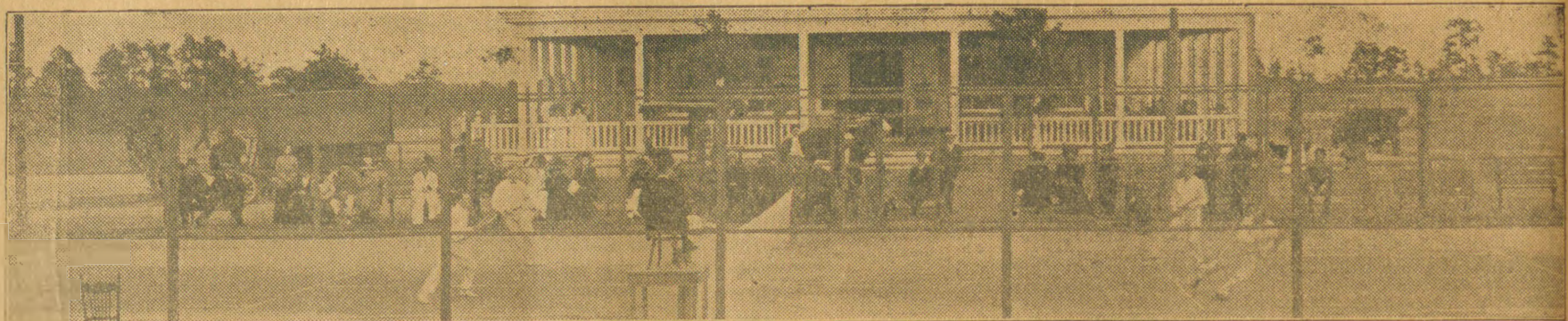
ing some as a primitive man!" With that he shook me until my teeth rattled. Then he slapped me a wallop on the head, knocking off my cap.

"Good heavens," gasps Buck, "I've scalped him!"

"You let me alone, you blamed figgit!" I yelps. "If you think I'm a bear you're mistaken—lemme up, I say!"

"Not much," says Buck. "I've got you down and I'm gonna keep you down!—I ain't takin' chances with a fierce bear like you!"

"Look here, Buck," says I, mad clean through, "enough of anything is a plenty! I tell you I ain't no bear and never was!—Don't you know me, you mutt!—I'm your old pal, Newt!" "Well, of all things!" gasps Buck,



TENNIS AT PINEHURST

pretending to be surprised and helping me to my feet. "Now what d'ye know about that! On the level, Newt," Buck goes on with a straight face, "I thought you was a big black bear all the time—before you said you was one just now."

"You're a liar!" says I, spitting the dirt out of my mouth which had inadvertently got in when Buck had pushed my face into the ground.

"Tut-tut, Newt," says Buck in a gentle voice. "Don't speak so harshly to an old friend, because it cuts me to the quick."

"Serves you right," I snaps. "You knew all the time I was no bear—you knew it when you sneaked around and jumped on me from behind like a snake in the grass,—besides I kept yellin' to you that I wasn't a bear."

"I know," says Buck penitently, "but just before that you said you was, so I didn't know which to believe. I'm sorry I used you so rough, Newt." The merry twinkle in Buck's eye told me just how sorry he was.

I was sore in feelings and person, and refusing with contempt Buck's hospitable offer to stay all night with him, I made my way through the darkness back to camp.

Well, all things come to an end just as Buck's "primitive man" stunt did. But the grim fact remains that he accomplished what he set out to do. That is to say, Buck entered the brush naked and with naught to work with, and at the end of thirty days he came out healthy, husky and clothed after a manner, having wrested his living and his rament from nature. He ate everything from blueberries and edible roots to spruce partridge and hedgehog stew. The deer was a godsend to him. From it he secured many things—meat (fresh, smoked, jerked), bone tips for his arrows, thongs for his bow, moccasins, and a crudely made garment from the skin, that protected him and kept him warm during the cool nights of later August.

At the end of the thirty days Buck looked like a primitive man all right—no razor had touched his face in that time, and his hair was long enough to braid.

On the second evening after Buck and I had landed back in town Billy and he and I assembled in the grill-room of the Gun Club, around the very table where the wager was made that Buck couldn't accomplish his primitive man stunt.

"Well, Buckle," says Billy, as Rastus planked down a planked steak in the center of the table, "how does that look to you?"

"To be honest, Billy," says Buck, "it looks better than blueberries and saltless fish."

Then Billy, as stake-holder, pulled out his roll and handed Buck 200 bucks—half of which was mine, saying, "You win, old man—I didn't believe you could do it, but you did."

I followed suit by paying over to Buck \$100 of Billy's long green.

"Buck," says I, "you're welcome to my money as I know you are to Billy's. You've earned it, old scout, but there's one thing I want to say to you:—next time you meet me in the woods with a bearskin overcoat on, no matter how much I look like a bear, if I tell you I'm not one, please believe me!"—National Sportsman.

of the association the past year and assisted me in a great many ways in my work for which I am truly thankful.

"Through the efforts of the association, the open season on bull moose was cut to one month and I believe that at the session of the next legislature the association should use every effort to get a close season on bull moose for at least four years and a law enacted placing a close season on deer allowing the shooting of only one buck in open season. A law like this would prevent the shooting of many persons. Something must be done to protect human life, for there has been one person killed for every 175 deer killed this past year. Perhaps a law prohibiting the use of high power guns and the law obliging the hunter to look and see what he is shooting at, a buck or doe, would be the best law that could be enacted for the protection of human life.

"Another very important matter which should be considered by the association is the protection of our wild life. Each member has a sacred duty to perform in his locality in the protection of our wild life. He should assist the wardens in the enforcement of the law, calling the attention of the warden to the slaughter of game illegally and the shooting of our song birds. Many persons, I am told, are shooting more game than the law allows, killing cow moose in sections which border on New Brunswick, shooting our song birds which are a great protection from worms and insects.

"There is an awakening all over the United States on the disappearance of our wild life. Let us join that army which is fighting for this great cause and begin right here in our own State and work and fight for the protection of one of our most important interests, the fish and game."

Mr. Smith's report as treasurer was then read, showing that the association is in a very prosperous condition. Before the election of officers took place, the following resolution, drawn up by John F. Sprague of Dover, was unanimously adopted by the association:

"Resolved, That we tender to Hon. J. Putnam Stevens our sincere thanks for his able and eminently satisfactory services as president of the association during the past year, and that we deeply regret that he is unable to serve us longer."

The election of officers for the ensuing year was then held with the following results:

were introduced by the toastmaster, J. Putnam Stevens, and the stories told and the good times talked over illuminated the formality of the occasion. William W. Fiske of Providence, R. I., a member of the William Tell Club of Maine, was the first speaker introduced. In a comic impersonation of "Joe" Knowles, he won the applause of all present.

Mayor E. E. Newbert of Augusta welcomed the association members to the city, stating that it was a real delight for him to be so near to the men of nature. He welcomed them as men who could do things, and even more, are doing things within the state.

Chairman J. S. P. H. Wilson of the Maine Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game in a short talk told the need of license fees in the state, due to the fact that the game in Maine is fast decreasing.

Hon. Harry Austin of Phillips commended the Legislature of 1913 for the passage of the good roads act and authorizing the bond issue. He stated that the general opinion of people with whom he had talked was that Maine is in its infancy as a resort state. "The passage of this act blazes the trail for the success of the state in this line," he said. He spoke of the necessity of advertising Maine as a resort state and of telling the people in all parts of America just what we have in the state for game.

Roy Marston of Skowhegan was the next speaker of the evening and with a few stories he put the members in the best of humor. Shortly after this speaker had concluded his remarks, cheers were given for the association and the annual meeting of that body was brought to an end.

MEMBER OF WILLIAM TELL CLUB "SEES THINGS"

A prominent member of the William Tell Club, who lives in Lewiston has set out a lot of fir and spruce trees in the snow around his house until it looks much like the vista "down the stream from Little Spencer." According to a veracious brother-member of the William Tell Club, this umbrageous environment has had a peculiar effect on the aforesaid. "Why," said this friend in the barber-shop Thursday, "do you know what that fellow is doing? Every morning he's out there scooting around among those trees with a rifle, thinking he's going to get a deer. All his neighbors are scared to death. First thing they see in the morning is him, either sittin' on a log, rifle in hand, waiting for a moose or else down on his hands and knees studyin' what he thinks is

SHARKS AND DOG FISH

The Maine fishermen are vitally interested in the bill introduced by Sen. Johnson providing for a bounty on dog-fish and sharks, especially on dog fish. Canada has had a similar bounty for a long time and rendering works have for years changed the well-named pests of the ocean into a fertilizer of high commercial value. The fishermen are doing all in their power to call attention to the importance of this matter and others are at last aroused and see that there is a strong probability of the destruction of the fishing business unless something is done.

At this time with no rendering works on the Atlantic coast they are unable to do anything with the dog-fish and it is estimated that the pests are annually killing vast numbers of good fish. Sharks too are becoming rather numerous and threatened to be a serious menace to the fishermen. For some reason or no reason at all Congress has let a very important matter pass as a joke, and it is far enough from being that. All the fishermen ask is that they may be placed on an equality with those of Canada. Senator Johnson is a very popular man on the Maine coast now.

FOUR ACRES OF BLACK DUCKS

Game Warden Fred A. Willis, who was in Augusta from Sagadahoc county to attend the meeting Tuesday of the Fish and Game Association, informed the Kennebec Journal Gossip that, on a recent trip to Small Point, he saw "four acres" of black ducks wintering off Bald Head.

CONDITION OF E. P. RICKER IMPROVED.

E. P. Ricker of Poland Spring who has been seriously ill at the Mansion House for the past few weeks, is now getting along nicely and is able to be up and dressed for a short time.

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