

ARMS AND THE MAN



Vol. XLVIII, No. 16.

JULY 21, 1910.

**THE NATIONAL
MILITARY AND SHOOTING WEEKLY**

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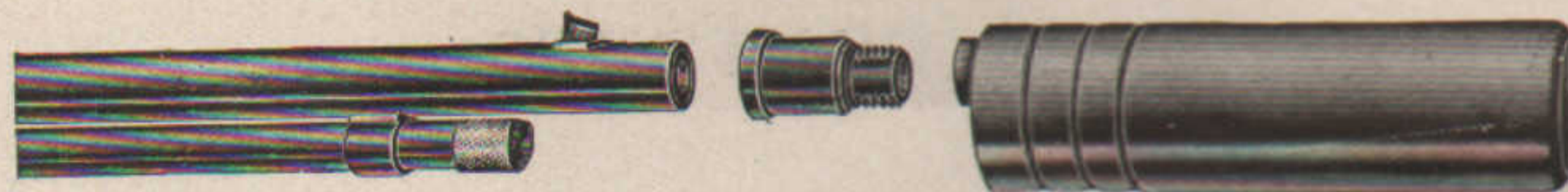
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FORMERLY
SHOOTING AND FISHING.

VOLUME XLVIII. No. 16.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 21, 1910.

\$3 a year. 10 cents a copy.

FAR FROM THE PATHS OF PEACE.

IF," said General Dougherty to General Collins, "our fight had been a foot race I would have been sure of winning!" and to this the gentleman from New Jersey smilingly agreed. This was just after the smoke of the battle of Biddle's Bluff had cleared away. In the calm which followed the storm the two worthy opponents met and clasped hands in token of a renewal of friendly relations. Meanwhile General Wotherspoon stood by and beamed upon the inspiring scene like a patron saint.

All the time along the dusty road returning campward, the tired dough-boys of the red and the blue, the less tired but still imitation war-worn yellow legs and the complacent artillerymen hiked. The brown columns drew over paths that forty-seven years ago had trembled to the tread of the giant armies of Meade and Lee, for the Battle of Biddle's Bluff took place in the Year of our Lord 1910, close by the spot where the maelstrom of '63 engulfed the hopes of the Confederacy.

The words of great men live long after them, and when General Sherman so simply yet graphically described war he must have foreseen with a prophetic eye the shimmering heat waves which rose up from the rolling Pennsylvania hills on July 16, 1910, when the army of the Red under General Dougherty, and the forces of the Blue led by General Collins strove mightily in mimic war. For it was hot, honestly, *hellishly* hot. The similitude is not too severe.

Even the grizzly farmer who "fit with Stewart" felt his old blood stir with brisker tinglings when he saw the long lines of crouching figures slipping through the corn. He "lowed as how 'twould be a durned sight more exciting if they fit closter tergether," but he needed no argument to convince him that those extended lines gave the only formation for contending armies carrying the deadly weapons of today.

The joint camp of instruction at Gettysburg, made to teach as much of real war as anyone may learn during profound peace, has never been excelled in conception or performance. The wise design of making the work of the participants progressive showed its fruit in the action of the combatants when the final clash came.

At Gettysburg, as you all know or ought to know, the Camp of Instruction began with Regular troops established, awaiting the arrival of three successive relays of National Guardsmen.

The week of July 4 saw Maryland and Virginia sitting at the feet of the Regulars and taking their full share of instruction. The next weekly period Pennsylvania and New Jersey supplied the amateur soldier element. The succeeding week found West Virginia and the District of Columbia, passing beneath General Wotherspoon's beneficent control.

Every possible contingency seemed to have been provided for in this camp. Not an Order issued from Division Headquarters since the camp began. All were made before the arrival of the first instalment of the State soldiers.

General Wotherspoon and his able Chief of Staff, Maj. Eben Swift, had such a corps of competent assistants that the whole machinery of camp and maneuver moved with automatic smoothness. To each battalion of the National Guard an observer and director, specially chosen from the officers of the Army, was assigned immediately upon arrival. These officers were placed at the disposal of the National Guard units for such use as the battalion commanders might wish to make of them, and their work was well done.

The day of arrival in camp was given up to the rearing of temporary homes, then came an officers' tactical ride and walk and a study of the exercises for the following day. The next sun saw squadron and battalion exercises in advance, rear and flank guards; troop battery and battalion drills and an officers' tactical ride and walk, including, as before, a study of the exercises for the successive day. So each day's work according to the prearranged plan was the foundation upon which the next was reared. The culmination of the labors of the week was a maneuver in which all of the troops, divided into two armies, strove to demonstrate on the one hand the value of the instruction received and on the other to clinch firmly in the recollection and indelibly stamp upon the memory the lessons learned.

It was this maneuver closing the week of work of July 11, for which the name of "The Battle of Biddle's Bluff" has been chosen by the war correspondent of ARMS AND THE MAN as the most suitable.

To give a better understanding of what was done imagine as the telling goes on that the troops are hiking while the umpires are "umping" in just about the way such things are usually done. Glance now at the problem and note its beautiful simplicity.

MANEUVER 16 JULY, 1910.

BLUE:

Situation:

A Blue army is moving south on roads to the east of the maneuver area. A Blue detachment is ordered to start from 21 at noon, 16 July, and march via 42-99-148 to cover the right flank of the army.

Red forces are reported in the direction of 152 and to the southeast of BONNEAUVILLE.

DETAIL FOR MANEUVERS 16 JULY, 1910.

Blue force.

Commander—Brigadier-General Collins.

Troops:

2nd U. S. Infantry.
29th U. S. Infantry.
2nd N. J. Infantry.
3rd N. J. Infantry.
1 Btry., 3rd F. A.
Btry. B, N. J.
15th U. S. Cavalry.
1 Co., Engineers.
½ Ambulance Co.

NOTE: The Blue force will move so as to reach 21 at 11 a. m. A rest will be allowed from 11 a. m. to 12 noon, at which hour the maneuver will begin.

MANEUVER 16 JULY, 1910.

RED:

Situation:

A Red army is moving north on roads to the east of the maneuver area. A Red detachment is ordered to start from 148 at noon, 16 July, and march via 148-42-19 to cover the left flank of the army. Blue forces are reported along the railroad east of GRANITE HILL.

DETAIL FOR MANEUVERS 16 JULY, 1910.

Commander—Brigadier-General Dougherty.

Troops:

Brigade Penna.: 9th Penna.
12th Penna.
13th Penna.
1 Btry., 3rd F. A.
Btry. B, Penna.
Squadron Penna. Cavalry (Includes all 3 troops).
1 Co., Engineers.
½ ambulance company.

NOTE: The Red force will move so as to reach 148 at 11 a. m. A rest will be allowed from 11 a. m. to 12 noon at which hour the maneuver will begin.

General Collins is something more than a featherweight, as perhaps his gallant charger could bear witness, albeit the General seemed entirely able to be wherever he wanted to get at about the right time. He handled his forces well, but so did General Dougherty.

That result so common to maneuvers as to make us believe it is an inevitable part of them, namely, a doubt as to who was the victor and who the vanquished, was not absent after this engagement. General Dougherty turned the right flank of his enemy, while General Collins was quite as successful in his effort to overreach his opponent on the opposite flank. Thus each turned the right flank of the other, a result which General Wotherspoon said, in the discussion following the battle, was the one always to be expected when two such forces met upon ground of the character where these contended.

There were criticisms of course. Some fault could be found, but considering everything, more praise than blame fell to the lot of the participants. General Wotherspoon particularly commended the commanders for their skill in handling their units. The greatest care to reduce the amount of marching required had been displayed in laying out the problem. Th:

result was that had the day been one of anything like moderate temperature very few of those taking part would have suffered from undue fatigue. Being excessively hot, more than one man serving perhaps for the first time in a war of this kind had it borne in upon him that mimic battles bring fatigue as well as instruction.

Messages from advance parties and scouts were not as carefully prepared and sent as they should have been, and the respective commanders were on this account less able to take advantage of situations as they arose than should have been the case, but it is always so, even in real war and with highly trained soldiers. When will an officer or man sending information of an enemy's movements learn that a few moments more devoted to careful preparation of his message often marks the difference between victory or defeat for his commander?

The exercise of the greatest care possible to any human being allows only a few of the emergencies which must arise in every battle to be foreseen and provided for. Upon those directing the combat must fall a heavy load of responsibility while the action is in progress. A thousand questions of pressing and vital import must inevitably arise, questions which cry out for instant answer. It should be no part of those who act as the eyes of the Army to confuse the brain of that army to which their messages go. Better *no* information at all than *wrong* information or that which is not intelligible.

Another fault which is common to all maneuvers was the undue haste shown by the most of the participants. The limit of endurance in men and horses is a fixed quantity. If double time is ordered it means a rest must follow or else troops will arrive on the fighting line unfit to be anything more than targets for an enemy.

The reverse side of the shield is shown by many conspicuous acts of good judgment and clever maneuvering. A battalion commander on the Red side for instance was seen to feed men into his skirmish line, two or three at a time from a sheltered position where his men lay immune. His work was quietly and carefully done and it received, as it deserved to receive, the commendation of General Wotherspoon.

Passing in and out among the officers gathered for consultation after recall had sounded, an observer easily caught the chorus of praise from the Regular officers, of the earnestness, diligence and honest purpose to learn of the officers and men of the National Guard, while from the National Guardsmen there came most unstinted commendation for the generously helpful instruction received from their Regular assistants.

This maneuver like unto every other one made most plain to the thinking man the imperative need for more military instruction. When those two mighty hosts contended almost half a hundred years ago upon the historic ground whose skirts touched the edge of this very maneuver field, a captain could see his company and very often give commands by word of mouth. Fighting was at short range and close order—except for the line of skirmishers out for observation purposes—was the normal battle formation.

Now all is changed. It is not going too far to say that the private in the battle line of today ought to be as well versed in the ways of war, speaking with due regard to the relative value of the knowledge, as the captain of fifty years ago.

Wide dispersion of fighting elements across a wide front forced by the advance in the art of making killing instruments, makes a chain so long that the eye of a commander can see but a little of it, and this chain, like every other, is only as strong as its weakest link.

Of the men who went to Gettysburg, Regular and Guardsman, surely no one escaped a thought of those events which make the name Gettysburg one of the most significant in the nation's history. Those silent guns which stand and frown, those towering monuments which mark to the limit of man's weak power the pride we feel in our countrymen's prowess, those tablets whose few brief words come within the limits usually set for a wayside sign sound the tragedy of a thousand thousand lives, those little hills which looked down upon the turmoil and struggle and bitter strife of armies of brothers striving for the mastery one over the other; all are vibrant with momentous memories. It was a good thought to have the maneuver camp near the battlefield of Gettysburg.

It is good when we may—and most often we may—if we will, learn from the lives and deeds of other men those things which will best serve to make us what we should be. The great national revival of a military spirit—it might almost be better called birth of a military spirit—which had its culmination in the passage of those laws which made the National Guard a strong staff instead of a broken reed, has its most visible demonstration in this and other joint camps of instruction where in fraternity and good fellowship professional soldier and National Guardsman strive side by side to master those difficult arts which shall make them most fit to stand between their country and an enemy.

If the present laws for the National Guard, making it one with the Regular Army for war, had been in existence and if the appropriations and general policy for the support and training of the Organized Militia had been for five years prior to 1860 as they are now, *there would have been*

no civil war.

And this is why: Every man in the Organized Militia would have known what war meant. Life in the instruction camps, if nothing else, would have shown them that, and instead of looking upon war as a holiday excursion, an outing for gaily dressed, debonnair, cavalier-like figures, marching in splendid array to the sound of martial strains beneath showers of flowers and under the glances of bright eyes, they would have known war as a dread name which embraced misery, and cruelty, and equalor, and dirt and suffering and horror unspeakable. Knowing these things, no power, human or divine, could have forced the men of Yankeeland and Dixie to take up arms against each other.

They would then, as now, have been willing to stand against a common enemy if one had come, had armed strife been unavoidable—to fight then, as now, shoulder to shoulder to the last extremity.

If the policy of the Government and the States toward the Organized Militia had been the same in 1860 as now, the man of the South would not have been unacquainted with his brother of the North.

Under such conditions it would have been impossible for him to feel as he did in '60 that his Northern brethren were so deeply steeped in commercialism that they would not fight for fear of harm to their money pots.

Nor would the North have thought the men of the South too much concerned in riding to the hounds and too weak in purpose or courage to do more than brag. In short they would have known each other, being brethren in knowledge of each other as well as in blood.

The question of States' rights which was settled for all time by the war would have been determined in some other way and assuredly peaceably. No unprejudiced person familiar with the history of this country and its old traditions is now less convinced of the righteousness of the cause of States' rights than before the war. All such have simply yielded to the inevitable and bowed to the will of the majority, in this case made plain by bullets instead of ballots.

Gettysburg was the turning point of the Titanic struggle. It was written in the book of fate that the North should prevail so the American people might be an united people, strong to do their work in the world. There could be but one nation between Canada and Mexico.

"There's a Divinity which shapes our ends—" and sternly and unmistakably that Divinity showed itself in what transpired near that obscure town in Pennsylvania, early in July of 1863. Elee how can you explain, where may any find reason, for the mental obsession of that great leader Robert E. Lee, who unless something beyond the power of man, or the knowledge of man, and almost beyond the comprehension of man, had moved in his mind, could have made the mistakes which cost the Confederates their chance.

What happened to Longstreet? Why did his brain fail to function and his army to move? Neither Lee nor Longstreet had shown signs of military incapacity in previous battles. They were masters of strategy.

It makes no difference what the mistakes were, or how they happened, they are only referred to because they indicate the intervention of a power greater than that of man.

There was just one ending for the war. Gettysburg was the last scene of that climactic third, and penultimate act. All that followed after was anti-climax. That tragic scene upon which the final curtain was to fall at Appomatox was written in red at the Bloody Angle with bayonets dipped in the heart's blood of Picketts' Immortals.

But Gettysburg has been fought and won, the war ended with General Lee's surrender to General Grant. The misunderstandings, the quarrels, the contentions of it like the horrid clamors of its shotted guns have died away, and not even the echoes should be allowed to come back to haunt us.

When we think of the war we should only remember the good that grew out of it. It is for us to recall the opportunities it gave for the exhibition of bravery and heroism and self-sacrifice unequalled in the annals of the world, and whether the ties that bind us unite us by blood and sympathy and descent to the Federal or the Confederate side we can feel an equally honorable and just pride in the deeds of those who under the one flag or the other fought for what *they believed to be right*, and living or dying, marked by their fighting their full right to be called Americans.

Piped Off.

A man was robbed at the point of a pipe which he thought was a revolver. It was a meersham.—Chicago Post.

FOR FIELD TRIALS.

THE Ordnance Department of the Army is exercising itself to the utmost to complete three sets of the new Infantry equipment, that is, of the articles which will be furnished by the Ordnance Department—for the use of the three battalions of the Army at Fort Riley, Atascadero, and Fort Benjamin Harrison, respectively.

These battalions will use the new equipment during joint maneuver exercises and by this means an opportunity will be given for very extensive test, observation and criticism.

SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE OF A SUBMARINE.

MUCH gratification is felt over the showing just made by the United States submarine Salmon, which has completed a voyage under her own power from Quincy, Massachusetts, to Bermuda, a little more than 700 miles.

The Salmon is of the Holland type, and is a sister ship with the Norwhal and the Grayling, completed last fall.

It is surface driven by two three-hundred horse-power gasolene engines while her submarine power is furnished by electric motors fed from a storage battery. It is thought the Salmon is now the swiftest and most satisfactory form of submarine possessed by any country. She will return to this country as she went, independently and alone.

METAL FOULING.

BY W. G. HUDSON, M. D.

It is with much satisfaction we find ourselves able to present the views of so eminent an authority as Dr. W. G. Hudson on the subject of metal fouling. As usual what he has to say is well worth consideration.

PERHAPS this is a rather late day to say anything about metal fouling, after so many have acquired the notion that, so far as our Springfield is concerned, it has been cured by the adoption of a primer whose composition is free from glass. But it does not seem to me that the presence of glass in the primer is the true explanation, for several reasons. I have never been able to get any of the ammunition companies to admit that their primers contained glass, and have had plenty of metal fouling when using primers whose makers "swore by all that was holy" contained none.

What is metal fouling? It is not the mere deposit of some of the jacket metal along the bore, for the ammonia mixture will demonstrate that this occurs even in the old Krag, which can be shot all day without the least trouble from this source. What the rifleman calls metal fouling, and objects to most strenuously and justly is the deposit of small, localized masses of the jacket metal, which look like pinheads, welded to the bore of the rifle, and which lead to inaccurate shooting.

The fact that we were scarcely troubled with it at all when we used the Krag, followed by its prompt appearance in the Springfield, made it look as though the trouble were due to the increased velocity. But as Mr. Crossman has pointed out, and as I have recently had opportunity to verify, there is no trouble from metal fouling in the .280 Ross rifle, which gives several hundred feet higher velocity than the Springfield, and, what is more, it does not show metal fouling even with the old H 48 Government primer taken out of the same box as those which showed plenty of metal fouling in the Springfield.

All of which leads me to believe that, while we may accept excessive friction as the cause, the use of glass-free primers and mobilubricant are only palliative measures inasmuch as they do not attack the real cause of the excessive friction.

Having recently come into possession of a Ross rifle with which to make comparative tests, it did not require much genius to get at the reasons for the different behavior of the two guns. My first thought was one suggested by Mr. Crossman, who had his Ross rifle several months before I got mine; that the difference was due to the powder. But it was soon found that Du Pont 1909 Military, the same as we use in the Springfield, performed in an equally satisfactory manner so far as the metal fouling was concerned, giving at the same time better accuracy.

The regular cut was found to be right for the light bullets, 55 grains giving the same velocity as 60 grains of the imported "R" powder. For the 180 grain bullet, a coarser powder of the same composition had to be made in order to get the required velocity without unduly high pressures; and of this special Du Pont-Ross powder 55 grains give close to 2,900 foot-seconds to a 180 grain bullet, fine accuracy at long range, and no metal fouling. The difference is plainly not in the powder.

What, then, is the difference in the two guns which leads to this discrepancy in the results? There is no difference in the rifling or throating which could account for it. But there is a very distinct difference in the fit of the bullets.

Whereas our bullets are as large as, or a trifle larger than, the diameter to the bottom of grooves, the Ross bullets are .002-inch smaller than the groove diameter. And if further proof were wanted that this is the cause, Sir Charles Ross informs me that when the bullets are made large enough to get the fit we have been regarding as the correct one, he is troubled with metal fouling as well as high pressures.

These discoveries were rather disconcerting to me, as I believe I was among the first in the old Krag days to advocate the use of a super-caliber bullet. But, remembering the careful tests which had led up to the use

of the large diameter bullet in the Krag, and the immense improvement in the shooting which had resulted from its adoption, I rummaged about in my relics of bygone days with a view to finding if possible the material for repeating the old Krag experiments.

I succeeded in finding a small supply of old U.M.C. bullets, perfectly smooth on the outside, measuring .3072-inch diameter, and a supply of the first lot of Thomas bullets made, which measured .3085-inch diameter. The smaller bullets were made very nearly at the same date as the Thomas, as my records showed. I loaded both kinds of bullets into Krag shells with 36 grains of W. A. powder, and shot them at 1,000 yards from a .3085-inch Krag. The results were overwhelmingly in favor of the larger bullet.

Then I fired some 205-grain pointed bullets measuring .3085-inch (factory loaded, from the same lot of ammunition we used in the last Palma match in Canada) and some 172-grain .3085 bullets intended for the Springfield, but loaded into Krag shells, from a .3075-inch Krag—the same sized barrel I used in the aforesaid Palma match, and in competing for a place on the team.

The results were simply fine, just as they had been in the old days, and so close to the best work we get out of the Springfield that it is hard to see the difference. Plainly, the super-caliber bullet idea is all right in the case of the Krag cartridge; and I stood the Ross cartridge alongside the Krag (which looked like a pigmy in comparison), and wondered why the same rule did not apply to both.

What is the real difference? The first thought is that the difference is due to the greater energy of the powder charge in the Ross cartridge giving an upset, which, while it also occurs in the Krag to some extent, does not seem to occur at the very beginning of the rifling, as it does in the Ross.

But is it the greater energy alone which gives us this prompt upset? I think not. We get a prompt enough upset with the old black powder cartridges, where the bullet is set right down on the powder; and we fail to get it, and have to resort to super-caliber bullets, when we use smokeless powder in the old black powder cartridges, leaving a large air space. There is a similar difference between the Krag and the Ross cartridges.

The Krag, using a nitro-glycerin powder, has quite an appreciable air space, so that when shaken we can hear the powder moving about loose in the shell. The powder in the Ross cartridge, on the other hand, fills the chamber—in fact, in loading 55 grains of the special powder, I had to tap the shell to get it all in, and then compress it about a quarter of an inch to get the 180-grain bullet home. Surely, this ought to be enough to explain the difference in the upsetage of the two bullets, even without the difference in the energy of the powder charge.

The Springfield occupies a position midway between the Krag and the Ross. There is some air space in the Springfield shell, but it is much less in proportion than in the Krag cartridge. And, added to this, we have the fact that the Krag uses a nitro-glycerin powder while the Springfield uses a pyro-cellulose powder, and the upset from the two kinds may be entirely different.

The idea has been tried out in the Springfield, and has led to just the results anticipated—the elimination of metal fouling, and greatly increased velocities for the same pressures, so that it now seems possible to get the 2,700 foot-seconds muzzle velocity with a 180-grain bullet, without exceeding the pressure limits, when the bullets are made .002-inch smaller than the groove diameter.

THE NEW SHARP SHOULDER MID-RANGE BULLET.

TIGHTLY hugging (no, not a pretty girly) a box of the new U.M.C. .38 and .44 mid-range cartridges with the sharp shoulder bullet, a .38 Colt Officers Model Target and a .44 S. & W. Special Target Revolver a crank of the first water laboriously and perspiringly wended his way over about a mile of hot, dusty road leading from the Anacostia car line to what used to be known as the old Huckleberry Range but now commonly called the Congress Heights Rifle Range of the District of Columbia National Guard.

Arriving at the 50-yard revolver range he found Old Sol still doing business at the old stand and likewise a bunch of devotees of the revolver, members of the National Capital Rifle and Revolver Club, shooting a league match with some similar aggregation down in the Canal Zone. Our "cranky" friend caught from the range flags indications of a ten-mile breeze from the three o'clock quarter, and this same breeze made it possible to withstand the bullseye heat waves of the aforesaid Old Sol.

The .44 came in for the first trial and upon the marker signaling a miss for the first shot he was promptly challenged, whereupon he as promptly informed our industrious friend that his shot was located about four inches below the International Target at six o'clock. When the second shot landed within two inches of the first and a third an inch or so from the second his features were illuminated in one broad smile, betokening

the dawning of a great light on the subject. He had made a great discovery. He was shooting too low!

Well, after raising the rear sight as high as it would go and filing off about 'steenth thousandth of an inch of the front sight the shots were still about four inches low; but he was getting a group and this meant as much to him as if they were all in the black. Inquiry developed the fact that the .44 S. & W. Special Mid-range which he was shooting was loaded with about 3.8 grains of Bullseye powder and used the 125 grain bullet. The full charge for this cartridge takes 5 grains of powder and a 246 grain bullet. The Mid-range load for the .44 Russian is about 3.5 grains of Bullseye powder and 125 grain bullet, the full charge taking 4.6 grains of powder and 246 grain bullet.

After our friend had shot all of his .44 stuff he picked up the Officer's Model Colt and informed us that he would try to hold his first shot under the black at six o'clock. A three at seven o'clock was marked and after several more had arrived at approximately the same place he proceeded to raise his rear sight. It was not possible to get the sight high enough without a longer screw but it was high enough to get into the black with elevation at about four o'clock and this was finally accomplished by chalking the front sight (a happy thought by the way) which prevented getting lost in the black while endeavoring to hold at the twelve o'clock edge of the bull. This made it possible for him to finally make a ten shot string on the International target counting 84, which is no mean score.

An inquiry brought forth the information that the .38 S. & W. Special Mid-range is loaded with about 2.5 grains of Bullseye powder and 116 grain bullet. The full charge for this we knew to be 3.6 grains of powder and 158 grain bullet.

We asked our friend what he thought about this new bullet, what were the special features connected with it and if he felt any undue fatigue after shooting 100 rounds. He replied to our first question in a general way saying that for a man who did not care to bother to load his own ammunition or did not have the time it was a great boon; that it could be purchased for practically what it would cost to reload it, considering time and original outlay for reloading tools, etc.

He said the best feature about this new cartridge was the sharp shoulder bullet which cut such a clean hole that there was no doubt as to the value of each shot. No jagged edges such as resulted from the regular bullets which in some cases lost to the shooter as much as two or three points to a string of ten shots.

In regard to any feeling of fatigue he said that he was perfectly willing to fire another hundred rounds if he had them. To sum up: It was his impression that it was but necessary to get the elevations and the combination would shoot as well or better than the most carefully prepared hand loaded cartridges turned out.

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE RIFLEMAN TO HIS SON.

By a fortunate mischance of the mail, which for obvious reasons we can blame to no one, the following letter from an English rifleman to his son in America has come into our hands.

The impression lingers that a similar set of circumstances developing in the future may bring other letters, from the same to the same, into our hands.

It is always worth while to know what the other man thinks, and in this letter matters are not minced. We may feel reasonably sure the Englishman has told what he thought right out without any concealment.

For the breach of propriety involved in the publication of this letter we offer suitable apologies, presenting at the same time as an extenuating circumstance our deep desire to edify and inform our readers. And, after all, is not that our first duty, granting that in so doing we harm no person?

LONDON, July 5, 1910.

DEAR BERT: So the Americans have given us another licking, eh? Well, I must own it comes as a most unholy surprise. We did fancy ourself a bit with the .22, and we do still for the matter of that. Just wait until next year. You'll see what we can do when we get our backs against the wall. In my opinion it's all along of them there telescope sights. I don't agree with 'em and never will. What's low-power rifle shooting for but to teach young'uns how to hold a rifle steady, and to pull off without yanking half their shots into farmer Giles' cow in the next parish, so that they can take their place in the firing line if Cousin Billy tries the mailed fist dodge on with us.

Now it seems to me that when that time comes, there won't be a single telescopic sight in the whole of both armies, so what's the good of wasting good ammunition practicing with 'em. Don't run away with the idea I'm one of those "military sight" cranks who think because we won Crecy, Poitiers, and one or two other little scrums with bows and arrows, those weapons ought to be good enough to shove along with now. Give me the best rifle and the best sights human ingenuity can conceive, but

none of them things you'd have to leave in the baggage wagon if the wind blew.

For goodness sake don't think the old man's riled cos he's licked. I said the same afore the match, and can't resist saying "I told ye so." Why shouldn't I; this here old world is so chock full of lies that when a man does tells the truth he ought to crow over it.

You should have been at Roubaix last month, lad, I tell you I had the time of my life. The French did us proud, as your Uncle Ben used to say—poor Ben, he'd the skewiest squint I ever see'd, and had to put on ten degrees of windage at a hundred yards even on a calm day to get on the target at all. We were met at Charing Cross by a chap who had secured a saloon carriage all to ourselves as far as Dover, then another chap met us at Calais, and sanded the rails to Roubaix for us so that there wasn't so much as a jolt all the way.

Roubaix was full so eight of the British team had to sleep in a corridor of the biggest hotel. They started cricket between the beds, now and again was varied by a football scrum, until the Captain of the team put in an appearance, and gently, but firmly, told them they'd come there to shoot, not to make giddy goats of themselves.

We started shooting at nine the following morning and kept it up till twelve, by which time we had beaten our hosts, and "earned the generous plaudits of our chivalrous opponents"—that's how one of the newspaper chaps put it.

Then we "entente cordial" it. Directly after the shooting we were entertained to a banquet at which medals, wooden spoons, and similar trophies were handed out *ad lib*. Then the captain of the French team called for cheers for the British. These were given by clapping hands just like volley firing. Then we took a hand in the game. We showed 'em what a British cheer really was. They do tell me that the boatmen at Dover launched the lifeboat, under the impression that there was a wreck in the channel, but it don't seem hardly likely they heard us all that way. After they'd banqueted us, we banqueted them, "entente-cordialing" it all the time until about ten o'clock—well I don't rightly know what happened after ten o'clock.

Don't blame your poor old Dad, Bert, it was all along of the French not speaking English, and my only knowing one word, "Oui." I said "Oui" every time anyone spoke, and as they allus had a bottle in their hands, or on the table at furtherest, what was I to do?

There was a bit of a rumpus after the boys got upstairs, for some kindly spirit had rounted out a box of plaster of Paris cornices, and figures, and distributed them impartially amongst the beds. The boys chucked them out of the window, and if there was a conservatory underneath how were they to know it.

Bearing in mind the fact that compulsory service prevails in France it was rather amusing to hear the Captain of the French team attributing our victory to the discipline maintained by the British team. Certainly the silence in which our men fired, their ready obedience to the orders of their Captain, their loyal acceptance of his decisions on every point connected with their shooting, was in striking contrast to the noisy arguments that prevailed amongst our opponents. But then the Anglo-Saxon is by nature an obedient animal. I know your poor dear mother used to—but there, let the dead rest. What I started out to say was that probably the Anglo-Saxon owes his supremacy in the world to those very habits of discipline which the Frenchman admired, a discipline which begins in that self-discipline foreigners call insular reserve. There's not a more docile crowd in the world than a British crowd, but they're holy terrors when they get the bit between their teeth.

I don't suppose you have heard of the All Ranges Match in the States, that's the worst of living in them foreign parts, you can't keep abreast o' the times—Your old Dad was in it, and found himself jolly well out of it before it was over, but that aren't this yarn. Chiswick, a long range club, got it up, challenging two miniature clubs, Hampton and Hampton Hill, and Ham and Petersham, to a match at 25, 50, 100 and 200 yards with the Miniature weapon, and 200, 300, 500, 600, 900 and 1,000 yards with the Service rifle. 25 and 50 were fired on the Hampton range, and the home team secured a good substantial lead, but two of their men went badly to pieces on the 100 and 200 at Ham, when the latter club took the lead with Chiswick second. The Ham men kept their end up with the Service rifle, but the Hampton boys met with disaster at 800, 900, and 1,000. Still they did not disgrace themselves, and would have done fairly well if they could have had a little practice beforehand. Anyhow, Ham was a miniature club, and proved what was wanted, namely, that the .22 is nature's own nurse to the Service rifle.

The same thing, though more so, was proved in the late shoot for a handsome cup presented by "The Daily Telegraph." It was teams from the Regular and Territorial Army under conditions approximating to Service conditions. The cup was won hands down by the Honorable Artillery Company, every man in the winning team being a noted shot with the Miniature rifle.

Some one from your side of the might Atlantic Ocean—I used to call

it the "Herring Pond" once, but after surrendering my heart, my liver, my light, and about half my soul, to its keeping on one never to be forgotten occasion; I have never dared to speak disrespectfully of it since—once said "the British have no climate, only samples," he was like Barny Hart's last shot, a trifle wide of the mark. We have a climate and a pretty consistent one at that. I found that out when I attended the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs Meeting at Ham last week. It started raining on the Wednesday, it rained all Thursday, all Friday, all Saturday, and I'll take any odds it is raining there now.

But rain did not spoil the shooting. I only wish we had your American team over there we'd have—Got beaten? Well, perhaps we might, but we'd have been jolly glad to have seen them all the same. You've been so long away that names and scores won't interest you, but you may like to hear that H. J. Barnard, of Newbridge on Wye, won the New Zealand Shield with 297 points at 25, 50 and 100 yards, out of a possible 300. The London Championship was won with a splendid 391 out of a possible 400 at 25, 50 and 100 yards with a rapid shoot (10 shots in 90 seconds at a green target with a karki head and shoulders instead of a bull, at 50 yards) thrown in.

The sensation of the meeting was, certainly, the shooting of the Southfields team in the Sharpshooters. This competition is for teams of four who shoot at five breakable 2-inch discs at 100 yards; the team which gets their eggs down first wins. The whole disc must be broken, and in their first heat against Hampton Southfield nearly suffered defeat, for both teams got all down except an almost invisible piece of white, at which they plugged merrily for some seconds, Southfields smashing the tantalizing remnant a fraction of a second before Hampton sent their's flying to smithereens. This narrow shave must have warned the Southfield boys not to monkey around, for in the final they got every disc down in eight seconds (N. B. The range officer gave it as ten but his watch had got the spring halt). It was very pretty shooting. If you think it easy just get four men of that Schuetzen Club you talk so much about to beat it.

I wish you'd been here to have seen the Skirmisher shot off. As you know—but, there, you don't know, it is all new since you left the old country. Well, the Skirmisher is for teams of four, the distance 50 yards, and the target four karki head and shoulders, drawn to scale, to represent men lying down at 600 yards, time limit one minute. When Hampton first won it two years ago with 11 hits they established a record; last year they piled on 16 and again captured the Shield, but this year they knocked up 26 hits between them, and were 6 points below the winners. Not bad eh? Eight hits per man in a minute at an almost invisible figure a dollar would cover. Mark you, these men were all trained on the bulls-eye that those who sit in easy chairs and think they know all about shooting because they once spoke to a man who saw another fire a rifle at a piece of wood they pretended was a man's head at 500 yards, would like to do away with. I tell you, Bert, boy, that once a man has learnt to shoot straight, it don't matter one of Doddering Tom's dams what his target is. It's your old father, who started shooting when he had to bite the end of the cartridge and ram the bullet home with a mallet, that's talking. Bah, them chaps on the Army Council make me sick. If they'd less gold lace on their sleeves and more brains in their heads it'd be all the better for Old England.

Of course the great event of the meeting was the shoot for the Queen's Cup. Last year it was for the best individual shot in the country, but this year it was shot for in two stages, and a preliminary. The preliminary was open to all members of rifle clubs throughout the country, and 6,728 entries were received. The conditions were 10 shots at deliberate, and 10 shots rapid (in 90 seconds) at 25 yards, the twenty men making the highest scorers in each County to shoot in the first stage, the top six scorers in each County to constitute the County Team. The second stage was between the County teams, the four highest teams being entitled to shoot in the final, which was fired shoulder to shoulder at Ham. This brought Glamorgan, Middlesex, Somersetshire and Radnorshire to the front, London being knocked out 1 point.

In the final, fired in a downpour which caused a Scotchman to admit that it rained sometimes in England after all, "so far he'd never seen anything heavier than a fairly thick mist south of the Tweed," the Middlesex boys stuck to their guns, and secured the blue ribbon of the British rifle-shooting world. Radnorshire came next, then Glamorgan, with Somersetshire 74 points behind the winners. But the Glamorgan Team were disqualified, owing to the pull of one of their rifles being but 1½ pounds instead of the regulation 4 pounds, although each rifle had been tested, and passed as correct, before firing. I was sorry for the Welsh lads, but it isn't any good having rules unless they are stuck to, as the Crook said when he stole the carpenter's box of tricks. Later on gallant little Wales had to bear up under another misfortune, for the team of the Welsh Miniature Rifle Association was disqualified under a rule that no competitor was to shoot for more than one club at any competition.

I dropped into the refreshment tent about four o'clock, to ask my way

to the firing point, when a chap shouts out "Here comes England's last hope!" and I saw about a hundred as smart Boy Scouts as one might wish to see, marching up, with drum and bugle band, transport cart, and all complete. They had come to form a guard of honor for "Bobs" who had promised to look in and chuck the prizes about. What grand little chaps they were, keen as mustard, and taking their work as seriously as though they expected to march out against Billy's Boys, or any other invader, at a moment's notice. A minute later up comes a squad of smart youngsters of about sixteen, in smartly polished brown boots and gaiters, blue overcoats, and dark blue slouched hats, with broad bands through which ran a slender yellow stripe. They were Australian Cadets come over to shoot at Bisley and, as "Bobs" said later, to make sure that the Old Country was where their fathers had left it.

A few minutes later the Boy Scouts bugle band struck up a few bars, the youngsters presented staves as smartly as real soldiers, and the Australians brought their gloved hands to their caps in salute, as Lord Roberts appeared on the ground.

I'm not much in the sentimental line. Seems to me there's a dashed deal too much sentiment and too little real feeling about as it is, but I could not help feeling a gripping at my heart as I saw the grand old veteran who has done his whack if any man ever did, but who still gives up his every minute, unpaid, often sneered at by people not worthy to black his boots, for the sake of the country that has already taken heavy toll in the shape of his only son, receiving the salute of the youngsters who in their own way were trying to tread the path of duty as he had trod it, and beside them representatives from our sons in the Antipodes, sturdy, clean limbed youngsters, more British than the British themselves, and it entered my old noddle that perhaps Old England was not so worn out as some of her own think her, and her foes would have her be.

Hullo! its ten o'clock, and you'll be as tired of reading this as I am of writing it. Besides I must get between the sheets, so as to be fresh for Bisley in the morning. Will drop you a line from the old sandpit.

Your affectionate father,

DANIEL BRUCE.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT—BUT NOT TOO FAT.

Microbes and Microbes.

He—It's quite true that there are microbes in kisses.

She—Oh, the sweet little darlings.—Illustrated Bits.

Help! Help! Help!

Motorist (to another who has broken down): "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

The Afflicted One (under the machine): "Yes sir. The lady in the car is my wife. I'll be obliged if you will kindly answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm fixing this machine."—Canterbury Times.

Something to Show for it.

As John O. Sproul, manager of one of the departments, stood wondering what he ought to buy to meet the weather conditions he saw walking down the aisle a tall, lean man, who was all fired up like a factory running day and night shifts. The man had turned on both drafts and the sparks were flying from the smoke stack.

"Shay, fellah," began the stranger, addressing Sproul, "ha' you seen anything o' my wife?"

"I don't know," replied Sproul, stepping to one side to avoid the toxic influence of the man's breath. "I don't happen to be acquainted with your wife. Take a look around here and perhaps you can pick her out." He waved his hand in the direction of the crowd of women.

"I 'uz to meet 'er here," the man went on, "and—"

"All right," interrupted Sproul. "Take a look around."

In about five minutes the semi-pickled one returned.

"Say, ol' round face," he began, familiarly, "I wanna receipt."

"Want what?"

"I wanna receipt—a receipt to show my wife. I promised t' meet 'er here and she'd never b'lieve I 'uz here 'less I show 'er receipt. See? C'n you gimme receipt?"

Sproul, always considerate of a fellow human in distress, scribbled something on a piece of paper and gave it to the stranger, who left with heart unburdened.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Easiest Way.

Company Officer—In which direction can you see farthest?

Promising Recruit—The way I looks!—Punch.

POWER OF A MUZZLE-LOADER.

THERE is a section of gulf-coast country here in Texas where to live involves no great struggle. The people take things easy and live a long time. It is a flat country, grass grown, like a still green sea, with islands of live oak, hazy and drowsing in the languorous air. Over the broad expanse are many cattle—cattle barons still feudalize there with their retainers, and here and there are inclosed cotton patches and gray cabins against each of which one is sure to see several cane fishpoles reclining. There is, also, a net stretched on the outside fence, and within, through the always open door, one as surely glimpses rifles

and shotguns hung high on the wall.

Hard by a lily covered, waveless and wide-reaching lake is the country store that is the trade emporium of the district. It is a long, one-story frame structure, unpainted, with a wide gallery in front. The store and its surroundings are comparatively lifeless on all days of the week save Saturday. That is trading day for the whole district, and everybody comes in to the store on that day.

Archaic in most things as are the people about this store, Dabney's it is called, in one thing they are full up to the times, and that is in the matter of firearms. By hook or crook every man or boy over the age of absolute childhood has always managed to possess a gun, and the more modern, improved, quick and deadly shooting that gun is the higher is the rank of its proud owner among his fellows. The muzzle-loader is as out of date at Dabney's as a high, old-fashioned bone-breaker velocipede in a metropolitan garage. Nobody but negroes have muzzle-loaders about Dabney's, and the carrying of one by a white man subjects him to a social lowering and likely contumely.

Bill Dadd, from the nearby Three Rivers cattle ranch, rode up to Dabney's so early one Saturday morning that the bull alligators were still bellowing intermittently far out in the lake. He tied his pony to the rack, walked to the store gallery and there came upon his friend, Si Rexroat. Si sat with his legs dangling over the gallery edge, and cross his lap was a shotgun, a rusted, antique affair, and old-time duck and goose gun, and a muzzle-loader. Si was busy repairing the broken stock of this relic with baling wire, and as Bill Dadd stopped short and looked hard at the weapon he felt ashamed and disposed to apologize for having such a thing.

"A nigger over on Turtle Bayou," he said, "has been owin' me \$2 nigh on a year. He offers me this old gun an' I takes it, bein's it's all to be got. As I got it I might as well fix it up."

"What you goin' to do with it after you fix it? Them old guns ain't no more good now than a bow'n arer."

"I'll git some powder, shot an' caps. Guns like this here shoots as hard as any only they ain't so fast shootin' an' loadin'. I kin kill varmints 'round the house with it 'stead of wastin' shells on sich, which costs more'n this does. Mebbe, too, I kin sell it to some nigger."

"Huh," says Bill Dadd, "niggers won't tote such guns no more. You can't make a wore out ole pot metal cannon hit nothin', an' if it does it won't hurt nothin'."

Thus the thing started which led to the practical test of the old muzzle-loader. It would take too much space to detail the various steps by which Si and Bill Dadd, their "dander" rising, and a crowd arriving meanwhile and getting interested, arrived at the details of a test. As a result Bill Dadd offered to step off 100 paces, to stand, his back exposed, and allow Si to take a shot at him with the muzzle-loader, the said muzzle-loader to be loaded with No. 8 shot. If the said shot failed to hit the target, or, if hitting, failed to draw blood, then a certain \$5 wagered by Si and held by a stakeholder was to be paid to Bill Dadd, who had likewise deposited and wagered \$5 on the reverse of the proposition.

There was interest and excitement in and around Dabney's over this matter. The muzzle-loader was loaded, the powder put in, a wad put on and rammed till the rod jumped out of the barrel, which made Bill Dadd look a bit thoughtful and dubious. A measure of birdshot was put in and pressed down gently beneath its wad by means of the rod. A cap was put on the nipple and all was ready. Outside Bill Dadd stepped off a hundred steps in the longest steps he could straddle, which was his right, of course. He then squatted down, face away and exposed himself to the artillery.

Si took his stand and the target stood up fair and prominent. The master of ceremonies says:

"One, two, three, shoot!" and there was a report like a cannon and a cloud of smoke. Immediately and forthwith a wild yell was heard from Bill Dadd, the target. He plunged full 20 feet in the soft ground and furrowed it up in his tumultuous rush forward.

Then he stood straight up, clapped his hands behind him and set into dead level running of the fastest kin'—straight away over the prairie. Somebody said:

"We've been helpin' to do a murderin'," and the whole crowd took after Bill, men, women and children, and a pet coon in the rear, which was handicapped by a dragging dog chain. None of these would have caught Bill, running, as he was, from a fire set to his back and holding on, but some cowmen quickly untied their ponies, mounted and pursued. They overtook Bill, roped him, tied him up and sent for a doctor. Said one of them:

"I had to ride 10 miles for the 'doc.' When he come he picked 83 bird shot out of Bill and give him one of these here se-da-tives. He never got all of them, for when Bill walks right hard yet he sheds shot, an' you das'en't say so, for he's sorter sensitive. He lost his \$5 on that there muzzle-loader, which makes him some sore, an' nobody wants to monkey with one of these here old-time muzzle-loaders in their distance. They will shoot real hard and do hurt."—Texas Field and National Guardsman.

THE NAVY OF THE AIR.

It has often tickled me not a little," said my friend, as a tiny smile crinkled the corner of his mouth, "to see how the individual endowed with the gift of prophesy hedges his predictions about until almost anything which might happen in the world could by some stretch or another be said to have been foretold.

The temptation to enlighten a waiting world by an extended description of what is going to take place is almost as great the desire to say 'I told you so' after something has happened.

It is not in my mind to establish a reputation as a reader of the future but I am unable to resist," and he grinned again—"the temptation to tell you what I think about the aeroplane, or *airp*. As you notice I have fallen into the use of the name which ARMS AND THE MAN has given to the new thing.

Incidentally I may remark that I, in common with other fellow-mortals, have been greatly amused by the attempts of my newspaper friends to cast the horoscope of the *airp*. The one thing which should reconcile us to the inaccuracy of the average reporter in his colossal courage. No subject is so difficult for him to deal with; his search is for words which, strung together, make a good story; accuracy and truth are mere incidents.

The speculations of non-technical writers on the possibilities of the *airp* have furnished us with the best humorous reading we have had since the wireless telegraph was the talk of the world.

Now I am going to indulge that natural inclination I was talking about by telling you what I think of the *airp* as a vehicle of war.

We have heard a great deal in one way or another about the employment of the heavier-than-air machine to drop explosives into the disturbed mist of terrified armies, and we have been told considerable about the probable usefulness of the artificial bird as a means by which a scout may secure information. So far no one seems to have paid very much attention to a field of usefulness in which the *airp* could today even in its crude and half developed condition produce such results as would revolutionize one important branch of warfare.

Against a navy a flight of Wright biplanes no better than those in use in different parts of the country at this time would be more effective than half of the navies of the world. You ask me how; it is a very simple proposition.

Each of the machines carrying two men, one to operate the craft and the other to drop the explosive, would cost a very small sum, nor, if we went seriously into the question, would it take us long to build a thousand of them. A thousand such machines sent out from shore, when a fleet was within less than twenty miles, each one of them carrying a dozen bombs, any one of which dropped upon the deck of the mightiest of the dread-noughts would blot her out of existence in a moment, would account for the Navy of England in about fifteen minutes. Unless the wind was very bad a less time would answer.

Think also of transports loaded with thousands of troops, helpless and as vulnerable as a paper boat to the missile flung from mid-sky.

Guns specially mounted for the purpose upon the decks of warships would account for some of the *airps*, but on shore present progress has not yet produced any gun which could dispose of fifty per cent of a covey of *airps* flying a thousand or more feet in the air.

The difficulty of making hits from the bobbing deck of a man-of-war would be much greater. The situation then resolves itself into this: All any nation needs to do today to be perfectly safe from any Navy there is in existence is to build a thousand *airps*, man them with two thousand volunteers and calmly await the onslaught.

Vessels of war are of are no more use except they be convoyed and protected by vessels of the air. A new fighting force is about to be born. The Navy of the air.

The conquest of the atmosphere will not effect land fighting to any extent but it must most positively bring about a radical revolution in naval warfare. Our fighting lines must hereafter consist of our armies, our navies of the air, and our navies of the sea.

Without the navies of the air the navies of the sea would, when opposed by a navy of the air, be as helpless as a prize fighter before a Kansas cyclone.

The navy of the air has to come.

This is my prophecy. Mark my words, that is the whole truth of the situation."

Good Soldier.

Col. H. N. Renouf, at the Old Guard banquet at Delmonico's, emphasized the importance to an army of a good commissariat.

"You have perhaps heard," he said, "of the company of privates that a patriotic lady entertained one Memorial day to dinner.

"It was a good dinner, and at its end a pretty maidservant entered with a superb dessert.

"Dessert, sergeant? she said to the stalwart young soldier at the head of the table.

"Desert?" the sergeant answered. "When I can get eats like this for nothin'? Nixie! Not me!"—Louisville Times.

ARMS AND THE MAN

1502 H Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

Every Thursday

James A. Drain, Editor

Communications.—The Editor will be pleased to receive communications on timely topics from any authentic source. The correspondent's name and address must in all cases be given as an evidence of good faith, but will not be published if specially requested. Address all communications to ARMS AND THE MAN. Manuscript must be fully prepaid, and will not be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

Entered as second class matter, April 1, 1908, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

That a man shall serve his country in time of war is noble, brave, and patriotic, but that a man shall properly prepare himself in time of peace to serve in war is all of these things and more. It is noble with a nobility which is real, not ideal. It is brave with a bravery which assumes in time of unemotional peace many burdens, among them that of bearing the lack of appreciation of those who do not consider military preparation or training necessary.

WILL POWER.

Among the echoes sounding back from the discordant gossip about the Jeffries-Johnson prize-fight, we clearly distinguish one to the effect that Jeffries was overcome by the responsibility resting upon him. Some of those who were near the unfortunate ex-champion, before and during the fight, say he suffered so much from a desire to do his best that he could scarcely do anything.

The condition of mind in which Jeffries found himself is not a strange one to men who are accustomed to large hazards, or have been by the course of events required to attempt some difficult feat in public. The usual result—where the man has courage and stamina as well as a real mind and a will to do—is that after a time the victim regains possession of himself and then does better than ever.

Some men, you know, can always run a losing race better than a winning one. They try harder and do more when behind than in front.

The reverse is true of others who can go on grandly if they are in advance, but whose courage falls away from them utterly if they be relegated to the rear.

Calling all one's forces together, exercising will to oppose natural instinct, is a God-given faculty accorded to man alone. No other creature has it. Its possession constitutes the real difference between man and beast.

The brain of an orang-outang is so near like that of man that only a microscopic examination by an expert can detect the difference. There is no reason an ape cannot, after training, do anything a man can, barring the fact that the ape has no will. You are familiar with the Bander-Log of Kipling: how among all the jungle folk the monkey people were the common jest.

How acclaiming themselves the wisest of creatures, the monkeys would at one moment be solemnly engaged in plans to rule the jungle, and the next instant be involved in a rough-and-tumble fight for possession of a broken piece of shell, or swinging from bough to bough in joyous, aimless pursuit of an undetermined object.

The various forms of marksmanship appear to us to provide at once a test of skill and a measurement of will. Except in the very rarest of cases no human being can hold any weapon so well for any length of time as to

guarantee a perfect delivery of its contents. Used effectively a gun must be discharged when it is directed properly.

To crook the finger and pull the trigger at just the right instant of time requires a coordination of effort inconceivably more rapid in its action than human thought. Only the will can regulate the performance of the various acts so they may all produce the desired result.

Either with the rifle, revolver or shotgun there is a tendency to flinch. Each form of flinching is different from the others, and all have to be guarded against by even the oldest and most tried shot by the settling of nerves and hardening of muscles to the required immobility.

Flinching and its kindred nervous disturbances which make for bad shooting with any weapon are often intensified by the excitement of competition. The man who is fortunate enough to have a considerable amount of will power usually does better shooting when he is in a tight place, when the score is close and the competition is hard, than under any other circumstances.

There is also a curious stimulation of the faculties of a marksman who is an interested shooter of game. He outdoes himself when in the field. Very often a man who is a marvelously accurate game shot is unable to make even mediocre scores at the target. This is because his efforts lack the stimulus which the field shooting offers him.

We have known the character of more than one man to be materially altered by indulgence in the use of firearms. The change was always for the better. An excitable, quick-tempered, hasty man has, under our observation, changed himself, through his desire to perfect his marksmanship, to a steady, well-balanced and cool-headed sportsman. Look along the line of your own friends who are interested in shooting and you will observe similar instances.

The real quality in a man which marks him as a superior or inferior specimen of his race is his will power, and whether you see it exhibited on the range or in the field, in the business house, the factory or the field of battle, it is always an attribute to call forth the highest admiration and approbation.

THE CAMP OF THE "SHOW ME" MEN.

The encampment of the Missouri National Guard at Nevada, that State just completed, has previously received mention in the columns of this paper as being radically different in plan from the typical National Guard encampment.

It was the wise intention of Gen. F. M. Rumbold, Adjutant General, to furnish a foundation of knowledge, through the instruction of his officers, upon which he could build something which would be sound and therefore durable. He began this constructive work as all good builders should begin, at the bottom.

In too many National Guard organizations there is a constantly recurring condition of the blind leading the blind until all fall into the ditch of incompetency. The instruction camp of Missouri for 1910 could well be called "First Aid to Instructions."

The plan worked out beautifully, demonstrating to the fullest extent the soundness of the conclusions reached by General Rumbold, when he decided upon this kind of a camp.

All the officers and noncommissioned officers of the Missouri National Guard, but no privates, were assembled for two weeks in this camp of instruction. About twenty officers of the Army and the same number of noncommissioned officers were detailed by the War Department as instructors.

The noncommissioned officers were formed into a provisional regiment. The officers were student officers. The work was all of the most practical nature. The fundamentals were dealt with and no attempt was made to cover more ground than a reasonable diligence during the time of the camp would permit.

It is the opinion of the State authorities and of the officers of the Army who were present at the camp that the amount of instruction which was imparted was far and away beyond that which could have been given the Missouri troops by anything short of an actual campaign of somewhat extended length in the field.

CHANGED MAINSPRING.

IN the gallery practice rifle as issued by the Ordnance Department the firing pin comes forward with a force of from sixteen to eighteen pounds. To convert the center fire into rim fire is the work of the holder, the form and purpose of which are familiar to our readers.

Trouble has been experienced through firing pins breaking off in the gallery practice rifle. As no such trouble has been experienced with the .30 caliber material it is believed the contact of the firing pin with the steel is responsible.

New springs have been substituted for the old which will reduce the force to from ten to twelve pounds. That the spring may not be confused with the full strength one the gallery practice springs have been copper plated.

DIFFERENT NOW.

THE Broad Arrow, England, has been publishing extracts from its columns of seventy-five years ago. The following interesting contribution on the subject of firing by rear-rank men originally appeared in its issue of July 4, 1853:

"Target" writes from the West Indies on the subject of rear-rank firing, as follows:—Many officers, and experienced officers, too, have from time to time made sad complaints about the waste of ammunition in action, from the difficulty experienced by the rear rank when firing in bringing the firelock to the proper level, being very much incommoded by the backs, etc., of their front-rank men. I would here propose a very simple remedy, viz.—that in all firings, whether by battalion in line, or by companies, alternately, on the word "Ready," the front rank should come to the kneeling position, and from that position load and fire as many rounds as may be found necessary; the front-rank men by this plan would be relieved from the apprehension of having some damn'd awkward fellow behind them, who would either blow off their whiskers, or do them some other grievous bodily harm; and the rear-rank men would not have taller men in front (which is now invariably the case) to intercept their view, and derange the level of their firelocks.

Give and Take.

Wife—The landlord was here today, and I gave him the rent and showed him the baby.

Husband—Next time he comes round just show him the rent and give him the baby.—Puck.

AN ADMIRABLE CAMP.

By W. HOWELL, *Captain, 6th U. S. Infantry.*

TWO important military events have occurred during the present year that make it a notable one in the development of our Organized Militia. First, the organization of the First Field Army District by the War Department in General Orders, 35, 1910, and second, the establishment of the several camps of instruction for the officers of the National Guard.

One of the best and most original of these camps of instruction was that of the National Guard of Missouri at Nevada, Missouri. The plan of this camp was the idea of Adjutant General Rumbold of Missouri and its establishment the result of his tireless energy, persistence and enthusiasm. Its success was the necessary outcome of his continued efforts and of the cordial support and arduous labors of General Clark of Missouri, the officers and noncommissioned officers of Missouri present for instruction and the officers and enlisted men of the Regular Army who acted as instructors.

The camp was located on the State maneuver grounds, a beautiful, grassy tract of 360 acres of well drained, undulating prairie about 3½ miles from the town. Abundant water is obtained from a well 2,000 feet deep which is provided with a reservoir and pumping engine. The place is an ideal one for a camp of this character.

The camp itself was divided into two distinct parts, one for the instruction of noncommissioned officers and other enlisted men.

The officers of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 6th Missouri Infantry Regiments formed the student officer body proper. Their part of the camp was pitched in the manner of a battalion of Infantry, the officers of each regiment forming a sort of provisional instruction company with separate messing and other facilities. The messes were run on the cooperative plan, cooks and other attendants having been hired and brought along.

The noncommissioned officers were divided into nine companies and formed into a provisional regiment of three battalions, to which Captain Carnahan, 11th U. S. Infantry, with battalion commanders and an appropriate staff of Regular officers, was assigned as instructor. National Guard officers were detailed as company officers. To the provisional regiment was attached a hospital, a detachment of the Missouri Signal Corps, a company of field musicians, two regimental bands, a troop of Missouri Cavalry and a number of company cooks.

General Clark, with a military and administration staff of National Guard officers, commanded the whole camp. Adjutant General Rumbold was present as the Governor's representative.

The corps of Regular officers assigned to duty as instructors of student officers consisted of Maj. B. S. Stanley, Quartermaster's Department; Maj. J. W. Van Dusen, Medical Corps; Capt. W. K. Jones, (Infantry) Pay Department, Chief Instructor; Capt. G. E. Stockle, 8th Cavalry; Capt. J. A. Lynch, 28th Infantry; Capt. J. N. Kilian, Subsistence Department; Capt. E. T. Collin, 6th Infantry; Capt. L. R. Holbrook (Cavalry), Subsistence Department; Capt. Robert McCleave, 2nd Infantry; Capt. Willey Howell, 6th Infantry; Capt. J. C. Rhea, 7th Cavalry; Capt. C. E. Morton, (Infantry) Pay Department; C. E. Buchan, 6th Cavalry.

The Regular officers assigned to the instruction of the provisional regiment were Capt. E. C. Carnahan, 11th Infantry; Capt. F. W. Fuger, 13th Infantry; Capt. C. B. Babcock, 4th Infantry; Capt. F. J. McConnell, 11th Infantry; Capt. L. P. Butler, 4th Infantry, and 2nd Lieut. Philip B. Peyton, 16th Infantry. In addition to these officers there were thirteen noncommissioned officers, five cooks and bakers and four field musicians of the Regular Army who assisted in the instruction.

In the student officers' course, the morning hours from seven to eleven were given over to practical outdoor work. In the afternoon, from 1.30 to 4.30, the time was spent in lectures and demonstrations. It is only possible here to mention the several subjects touched upon but it will not be difficult to see, from their mere enumeration, the vast amount of ground covered. There was instruction with the rifle and saber, in patrolling, in field orders and messages, tactical walks, field problems with troops, map making, war games, quartermaster work in the field, commissary work in the field, both including the required paper work, camp sanitation, practical first aid, care and management of the rifle, the preparation of muster and pay rolls, including problems in company administration, lectures on the ration, on military law and modes of discipline, on records and returns, on methods of study for Militia officers, on coordination with the Regular Army in carrying out schemes of instruction, demonstrations of dressed beef inspections, cooking expedients in the field and, finally, military moot courts.

The provisional regiment spent four hours each day at drill during which time instruction was given in every subject included in the Infantry Drill Regulations from the school of the soldier to include the school of the regiment. In addition, the provisional regiment had the bayonet exercise, inspections, guard duty, the ceremonies, construction of trenches, field problems in advance guard, patrolling, attack and defence, occupation of positions and establishing outposts, and rifle practice. The instruction of regimental staff officers was also looked after. At the same time, the bands, field musicians, and company cooks were receiving appropriate instruction from the enlisted men of the Regular Army present for that purpose.

The scheme of instruction was devised by the Chief Instructor Capt. W. K. Jones, (Infantry) Paymaster.

The discipline of the camp was of a high order of excellence. Military courtesies were observed with scrupulous punctiliousness and exact obedience to the orders of superiors as well as careful regard for the deference due to higher rank were sufficient indications of the high state of military efficiency which the National Guard of Missouri is rapidly approaching. The system of camp sanitation, looked after by the Missouri medical officers, was beyond reproach. The alert attention, the enthusiasm and the desire for information always evinced by the National Guard officers made the work of the instructors a real pleasure instead of a dull burden.

The awakened National Guard spirit, which has been a "sign of the times" for the last few years, is the most fortunate thing that could have happened for the future security and welfare of this nation. The Missouri National Guard Camp of 1910, with its ceaseless round of well ordered activity, could not fail to impress even the most casual and the least technical observer with the value and permanence of that spirit as well as with the patriotism that inspires it.

PLAYING THE GOAT.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

A STORY comes from the Bear Grass Mountains, in Montana, which should sound a needed warning to those sportsmen who persist in donning disguises, whether of cloth or of skins, of the nature or color of the animals they hunt. It is told by my friend, Murray Grenlet, mountain climber, camera-hunter and expert gunner, in the Texas Field.

In early September Grenlet had his camp high up in a pass on the Bear Grass trail. He had located a band of goats on a mountain slope above, after three weeks of hunting for this game. He was prepared for photography, his outfit consisting of a camera with telephoto lenses, a disguise or decoy suit made of genuine white goatskins—a "four-legged" suit with a head-piece comically like that of a hornless goat, and a pair of moccasins with thick, stiff soles of Indian-tanned elkskin.

Grenlet was afoot early in the morning. It was a beautiful day for stalking, a trifle cloudy, with a breeze enough to carry his scent right

away. Before noon he had climbed three thousand feet above the Bear Grass River, and was in a land of snow and ice.

He wore no coat or waistcoat, and the suit of skins which he now donned, although clumsy to travel in, was rather comfortable. He was now on the range of his goats, and he spent an hour or two in careful exploration. He had even taken the precaution to cover his camera, which was slung under an arm, with dirty white cloth.

After a time he sighted the band he was looking for—seven of them—and on a slope below his elevation, quite where he wanted them, for if you wish to approach a mountain goat you must, as a rule, descend upon it, and that with much caution.

Upon a second observation, however, which took in all their surroundings, Grenlet saw that the animals were in a position where they would be exceedingly difficult to come at unless he should, indeed, play the goat effectively. The animals were in a scoop-like basin, with a barren surface, which looked "like a crazy quilt in black and white," and there were no hollows or tree growth to screen an approach.

Grenlet had to go nearly straight down to them, keeping somewhat to the left to get a snap shot across the bottom of the little basin. He began the descent in a careless and confident fashion, taking no pains to conceal his movements or the noise of his moving. He hitched along down on all four in the jerky fashion of an aged "billy-goat."

The sloping plateau lay like a great apron between two ridges, a high one on the left, the other a low one on the right and in front of him. The one on the left curved about to join the other, holding most of the slope in its elbow. And the hollow below had its outlet in a precipitous gulch. The only cover was here and there a boulder or a clump of mountain-sage.

Ice and frozen snow covered much of the surface to a depth of one to six inches. This made the side-hill going slippery and difficult, even for moccasined feet. Compelled to hobble along, clinging with his hands to icy surfaces and wearing only thin yarn gloves, Grenlet found that his fingers soon became stiff with the cold.

When he was within about two hundred yards of the game, and hitching gingerly down on an icy slope, the goats suddenly seemed to take note of him.

The smaller ones bunched together and raised their heads, while an old leader raised himself on his hind legs, after the comical fashion of his kind, and apparently took a long and critical survey of the newcomer.

This was an agonizing moment for the camera-hunter. If he should fail to act the goat pretty satisfactorily, the animals would take to their heels, and matters would be ended for the day and perhaps for good. However, "Billy" seemed satisfied at least, and the goats resumed their nosing for stray bits of moss and frozen vegetation.

Grenlet came within a hundred yards finally, and was congratulating himself on at least a chance for success, when with no warning at all the goats took to flight, and went up the opposing slope with a celerity that was marvelous. In his disappointment, the hunter groaned in spirit if not aloud.

With his back and the muscles of his arms aching with unusual exertion and his fingers half-frozen, he looked about for some dry and decently level spot where he could sit to rest and beat his hands together.

He sighted a boulder, and was hitching along toward it, when, high up on the left-hand ridge, he heard the crack of a rifle, and immediately the peculiar, spiteful whine of a soft-nose slug which spattered into the ice somewhere beyond him.

Was the fellow shooting at those goats on the opposite ridge? His mental question was answered by two shots, close together, and the whistle and thud of their bullets convinced him that he himself had become a target. And he owed this peril to his disguise!

He got to his feet and waved his arms in signal, and losing his footing, slipped, slid and rolled for twenty yards or more, till his freezing fingers clutched the tops of a low bush.

As he raised himself to a sitting posture, faint and laughing cheers—a feeble yet irritating volley—came down the wind to him from the crest of the high ridge on his left. Again, as he staggered to his feet, rifles cracked, three of them, and the fierce song of their bullets buzzed in his ear.

He knew now the occasion of this unwelcome target-practice. A party of autumn tourists from Massachusetts had passed his camp three days before. They were in a four-in-hand coach, with many horses, and armed with repeating rifles. He had supposed these tenderfoots on their way over to the Gallatin valley, but they had gone into camp nearer at hand, and their mountain-climbers had found game at last.

He waved his arms and shouted, but the wind was against his voice, the response was more shots and the uncomfortable whine of high-power bullets. Grenlet scanned the ridge for some sight of the enemy, but the men were lying flat and their smokeless ammunition gave no sign.

The camera-hunter realized quickly that demonstration would be useless. Dressed as he was in a dirty-white and woolly suit of indefinite outlines, he could appear to these tourists only as game in the shape of an animated blotch on the mottled surface of the slope. Whatever sort of game these Easterners thought him, they were likely to keep firing till they hit him.

Although the shooting was wild, being down hill and at long range, yet the ridge commanded every square rod of the basin, and there was fair prospect that the poorest of shots might chance to pot him before he should be able to get out of range.

Grenlet determined to get rid of his disguise. To take off his skin and cast it from him ought, he reasoned, to arrest the shooting. To this end he flung himself on his back in a depression, which would serve to lessen a trifle the target space of his body, and set frantically to work on the lacings of his goatskins.

Of necessity, on account of the rough scrambling, the leather strings which fastened his decoy suit had been tied in hard knots. Grenlet's fingers were absolutely without feeling—as useless as dry bones. He tried to beat them into warmth; but lying on one's back on the ice, and in a state of nervous fear, is not conducive to warming exercise.

In the meantime his movements were seen, or at least his animated body, and the firing grew sharper and more accurate. When a slug struck the frozen earth within a few inches of his head, and he felt the sting of lead spattered into his face, flight became the only resource. He dared not feign death, for fear that at closer range some hunter might wish to make sure with some fatal shots.

He considered briefly the lines of retreat, the routes to cover.

The way into the gulch below would have been most speedy, but the slope he had reached was difficult enough, its foothold barely tenable. To return the way he had come would have been to lessen the distance between himself and the shooters.

So Grenlet chose a straightaway scramble up the lower ridge, over which the goats had fled—and he would have been glad enough could he had emulated the speed of those fortunate animals.

And now began a dodging, scrambling flight along a scarp full enough of danger without the added peril of bombardment.

The hunters at this moment were guessing their range with a better degree of accuracy. Their bullets were striking, spat, spat, spat, within a radius of ten or twenty yards.

At least four men were firing as rapidly as they could work the mechanism of their guns.

Go! He went in every way a mortal could go, dodging and curving, leaping and scrambling, much of the time, of necessity, on all fours. For a minute the spat, spat of ounce slugs followed. Then to his immeasurable relief, the firing ceased. He scrambled straight ahead now, until suspicion of that lull in the firing attacked him.

He halted, and briefly scanned the curved crest of the ridge in his rear. And he discovered his tormenters racing like a swarm of monkeys across a shorter and less steep slope of their heights. They were gaining ground swiftly, and he saw that they would considerably lessen their range before he could pass over his ridge. Should he wait and trust to signaling at a nearer view?

He dared not, but turned to a labor of superhuman exertion in getting up the icy slope. When he had covered a little more than half the distance to safety, the firing began again, and from a point nearly at his level on the ridge directly behind.

The crack of rifles sounded distinctly nearer.

He dared not now halt for a single second. To present the uncertainty of an erratically moving target was his only hope. Twice he was hit by chunks of ice or of frozen earth knocked up by bullets. He felt the sting of these missiles so sharply that for the moment he believed he had been wounded.

Then in a flash his reprieve came.

He was slightly above the level of the shooters now, and a depression on his left suddenly offered its protection. He rolled into this little hollow joyfully. From his point his way round a curve of the ridge and to its top was of safe and easier ascent.

Once on the height, and with his whole body glowing, his fingers tingling from recent fierce exertion, he speedily got out of his goatskins.

He turned the suit inside out and wrapped it about his camera.

Dressed in wollen shirt and khaki knee-breeches, he was seated in a sunny spot on a boulder when five men, armed with rifles, came tearing over the ridge.

They did not see him at first, and were surprised to discover him in their path a moment later. Sweating and panting, the tourists halted. With labored breath, one greeted him.

"I say—how are you? Did you—by any chance—notice a gray old grizzly—loping over this way? The beast was probably," he added, with a panting touch of humor, "probably bleeding from every pore."

"No, I haven't seen a grizzly," Grenlet drawled. "Some goats came this way from down yonder, and I saw your shooting. A man," he said, "snow-blind, with one arm and a sawed-off musket, could have got that superannuated old billy-goat."

A burst of chagrined laughter greeted his dry raillery, and it is needless to add that the strangers were not taken further into the camera-hunter's confidence.



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Highest Praise.

At the dinner of a literary club in Chicago two minor poets were heard in conversation.

"Harold," said the one, "I've just seen your triolet in the Spread Eagle Magazine."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, a pleased expression coming into his face, and with the air of a man preparing himself against a burst of praise.

"Yes," continued the second poet; "and, do you know, I heard rather a neat little compliment passed on it by a young lady of my acquaintance."

Harold seemed still more pleased. "May I ask what she said?" he queried.

Whereupon the first minor poet gurgled. "Why," said he, "she wanted to know whether I had written it."—Lippincott's.

Escape Provided.

Our Navy will now make experiments on its own account to determine the question of the adoption of a safety and escape device from a scuttled submarine.

The English method previously described in these columns is the one which will be tried out. It is the air lock and helmet-plan.

FROM A FRENCH VIEWPOINT.

WE are indebted to an English contemporary, "The Marksman," for what seems to us the most droll and delightful account of a rifle match which we have ever read.

The contest was between French and English teams, and that account which we offer was written, need it be said, by a Frenchman. Truly it is exquisite, so characteristic, and withal a most graphic pen picture of what must have been a most charming series of incidents.

It is over. The great international match is done. France, alas, is vanquished; but what of the victors? Do we bear them malice? Ah! No, indeed. They are the true sports. They do not crow. They are pleased for themselves; but for us they are sympathetic. We honor them and they give us the "hooray;" but permit me to tell the story.

* * * * *

It is Tuesday evening and they arrive. We are curious. We have read of these British and we know what we should expect. They should be sad and quiet. But no; they come on the bus—some inside, some outside, and some on the baggage. They laugh, they sing, they are happy. Surely, we have wrongly judged them. Truly it is so. They come to the hotel and learn that it is full. No matter; they will sleep in the loft if the ladies may have a chamber.

After, they visit "Le Stand." M. Renard, "le President de la Concours," receives them. He welcomes them in his office, where it is arranged that next day they shall be permitted to practise on the target of the match. It is just, for they have never seen it. They thank M. Renard for his courtesy and then mingle among the tireurs. They wonder to see them shoot erect. In England all shooting is lying on the ground. They marvel at the size of our bullets—their own are 6 mm. only. We explain that a ball of 11 mm. diameter has more chance of striking the carton. Above all the target surprises them. The large visible mark with five values and the little central of only 5 mm. "We must have care," they say. "We must learn this new shooting for the honor of our country." And then they leave us for the night.

One says, "The English take their pleasures sadly;" but not so this team. They are full of the joy of life. We hear of the game of cricket in the bed chamber until the captain, M. Pimm, says, "Not till after the match." Then they are quiet. There is no more noise. What discipline! We notice it all through the visit. The captain says one word softly and it is done. There is no reply. He speaks as a friend and they obey as soldiers.

* * * * *

In the morning, Wednesday, they go to the stand—the "range" they call it. One target is given to them for practice. In turn they each shoot some balls—not too many, not too few. The captain sees each one. He looks through his telescope and tells the faults. Perhaps ten balls, perhaps twenty, but each one has mastered the new target. He quietly gives place to the next one. They say nothing, but each has the air of confidence which makes our tireurs remark. They are skilled marksmen, our men; but they feel there is cause to fear these young men, some only boys.

M. Courquin, the captain of our team, meets M. Pimm and the details of the match are arranged. It is the "Entente-Cordiale match" and everything is friendly. M. Pimm asks for "balles d'essai" (sighters). It is granted. It is mentioned that our bullets are twice as big as theirs; but no matter—the advantage is ours. The shooting is to be lying down—the advantage is theirs.

There are Englishmen residing in the town—M. Richardson, the British Consul, and others. They make themselves known. They are excited and call upon their compatriots to win. "You must win," says M. Richardson, "or they will joke us to death for months." The team replies nothing but they look confident. Will M. Richardson dine with them? What they tell him at dinner we know not, but he laughs to himself as he leaves.

* * * * *

It is Thursday—the great day of the match. Who is to prove the victors? Commencement is arranged for nine o'clock; but the English are all there before eight. They have a reason? Yes, it is to avoid hurry—to steady their nerves. They walk about talking quietly until it is time to begin. At nine o'clock M. Courquin comes and the match starts. M. Pimm will be first of the English and then can attend to his men. He makes 228—a good score, but he is not pleased until he learns that M. Colette has 209. "Not bad," he says, "19 points advantage." The next pair gives 27 more points advantage; but we have not lost yet. We have M. Courquin and M. Renard and other good men to come. Doubtless the English are putting their best shooters in first. But it is not so. We lose 17 points with the next man and 10 with the next and (mon Dieu!) 68 with the fifth—141 points to the advantage of the English. The match is lost. We cannot hope. What is the reason? M. Pimm hears us. He is generous.

He says, "It is the arms and munitions." We think it is his courtesy; but he assures us it is not so.

It is over, we have lost. The English are fine shots. They have 231 points advantage. Here are the scores:

ENGLAND.		FRANCE.	
Greener.....	238	Baudrin.....	229
Kemp.....	236	Renard.....	221
Wright.....	236	Courquin.....	216
Lowe.....	235	Cherubin.....	215
Hallam.....	232	Dicques.....	214
Pimm.....	228	Colette.....	209
Parbury.....	228	Joyenet.....	209
Griffiths.....	225	Edmond.....	204
Helps.....	224	Dutrien.....	192
Hart.....	218	Longuet.....	160
Total.....	2300	Total.....	2069

And now let us visit the banquet. The English sit at the "table d'honneur." The restraint is over. They are elated, but their joy is tempered with a sympathy for the vanquished. The president of the Polyglot Club makes them a speech in their own tongue. They appreciate this compliment. Then the medals are presented. They are pretty silver ones of the new art with a tri-colour riband. It is with pride that they pin these to their breasts.

It is now that an amusing incident occurs. There is a droll custom in England to present a wooden spoon to the last man among the victors. M. Hart is called upon to receive this. He is surprised. He does not know our tongue and believes he has done something contrary to the conditions. He does not think we know this English custom. It is handed to him with fitting ceremony. He laughs—his confreres laugh—we all laugh.

M. Pimm, who speaks French, then thanks the President and all the French for their courtesy, and he calls upon his team to give three cheers for their vanquished foes. Have my readers heard the British "Hurrah?" It is a wonderful sound. The captain says, "Hip, hip, hip," and then the grand "Hoorah" bursts from all throats. It is not a meaningless shout—it comes from the heart. If one had not known that there were only eleven British (including the reserve) one would have said a hundred voices could not have made so much sound. It pleases our people to receive the honour. Then the band of "Les Petits Chasseurs"—the best in the north of France—who had come specially from Lille, plays the National Anthem, "God Save the King." The English immediately jump to their feet and all the French the same.

During the remainder of the day conviviality reigns. Rivalry is forgotten and each one shows what happiness is in his heart. It is touching to see the farewells between the former rivals when the English leave the Stand.

* * * * *

In the evening the English invite the President and M. Courquin and others to a banquet at their hotel. Here, again, everyone is gay and happy. Many are the pretty speeches in both tongues. Especially pleasing are the words of M. Renard, who pays due compliments on behalf of the French nation to the ladies of the party. After this banquet all proceed to the gardens of the Pierre Chateau, which are en fete in honour of the British. The "little chasseurs" play sweet music among the 2,500 lights which illuminate the grounds and the magnificent firework display will long be remembered by the many thousands of the inhabitants of Roubaix who are present.

The whole visit of these English is a pleasure to all of both nations. May we have many more such in years to come."

NOT FOR THE JOINT CAMP.

INFORMATION having come to us that the Colorado National Guard would not take part in the joint camp of instruction near Fort D. A.

Russell, Wyoming, as planned, we made inquiry of Gen. John Chase, the Adjutant General of Colorado, asking for the reason of the change.

His letter to us which follows covers the situation so admirably that it is reproduced.

The reports referred to in it stated the quantity of water available to be most probably insufficient for the needs of the troops.

Yours of the 11th, at hand yesterday. I think the most direct way to answer your questions is to include copy of the two reports on which my action was based. I do not know that you ever had any experience with water supply in the arid regions. Those of us who have to do with it know that in the absence of winter snows and spring rains many otherwise strong springs go dry. Many years ago I have driven cattle weary miles to find water when the usual supply has been exhausted. Ever since June 1st there have been persistent rumors in Denver that the mountain region about the maneuver camp in Wyoming has been suffering, as the entire Rocky Mountain region has been this year, for lack of water. Vast districts in Colorado, on the eastern slope of the range, are this year running so short of water that only one crop of hay will be cut.

Owing to the general scarcity of water, and being informed from reliable sources that the springs and flowing streams in the Dale Creek district were showing an unusual shortage of water, I sent the War Department the enclosed dispatch, of date July 9, 1910; receiving from them a reply which was in substance that the Quartermaster General considered the water supply sufficient.

As I interpret maneuver camps, the War Department does not order us into them, and, perhaps properly, declines to be responsible for results in sanitation, hygiene, discipline, etc. That means the responsibility rests elsewhere, which in turn means that I was responsible for the health of the Colorado troops. I did not dodge the responsibility but ascertained the facts myself. The officers whose reports are enclosed are experienced and reliable men, who have gained their experience through years of study and close application to the subjects reported on. On the basis of the facts submitted I should have been criminally negligent had I ordered the troops into the field. I understand the Wyoming troops are to go, but as yet there

have been no statements made in definite terms which would show that the officers were mistaken in their estimates; in fact, Pole Creek, which has been a running stream for years and which we were informed would, as a last resort, be used to supply men and animals, has gone dry for three and a half miles below the camp site. I am informed through Wyoming sources that the Fourth Cavalry have been obliged to prospect for water and have found two additional springs which they deem will be sufficient for their own use during the encampment.

The National Guard of Colorado is, of course, very greatly disappointed in that they could not take part in the maneuvers. Doubtless there are a few officers who are relieved that this tour of duty can be avoided this year but the vast majority of both officers and men desired to participate. We were sending brigade headquarters, eighteen companies of Infantry, two troops of Cavalry, a battery of Field Artillery, Signal Corps and a detachment of the medical corps. A portion of our troops go into State camp today and the remainder will be cared for later in the season.

ONE VIEW OF METAL FOULING.

THE metal fouling failing to which all high power rifles are heir, has caused more mental anguish, loss of sleep and brought forth more comment than any other ill which has befallen the modern rifleman.

"The Watchman," writing in the "The Marksman," England, recently made the following interesting observations:

"Some six or eight years ago the 'doping' of barrels with solution to remove the metallic fouling was unknown and consequently dirty and inaccurate barrels were as common as rain. That is all altered now. Every careful man 'dopes' now whenever he gets a shot which is at all unaccountable. The Americans, who are the originators of this funny word 'dope,' but not of the chemical formula, now claim that their factories have obviated the necessity for K. N. S. by the improvement in the quality of their cupro-nickel. This anecdote has been bruited abroad before and in England, but it is extremely doubtful whether it is within the bounds of possibility to produce such a soft metal as cupro-nickel in such a quality that it will not seize or bind on to steel when passing over it at the enormous velocity of 1,500 miles per hour with an added spin of two or three thousand turns in a second. At any rate this sort of motion is rough on rats, and even though a notice board, 'Don't worry, use Sapolio,' is put halfway down the barrel, trouble is likely to occur.

HE LIKES US.

ARMS AND THE MAN:

GENTLEMEN: I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the last papers. The editor's article on the Most Modern Rifle, the letters of Messrs. Crossman and Newton as well as other matter makes me glad that I have a chance to keep up in a way with the progress of these years. I am 78 years old and have been a rifle crank all my life, but am isolated in a part of Connecticut where few riflemen reside. I have to depend upon the experiences and labors of others. There must be many people like myself, who have a passion for extreme accuracy, etc., who would also prize that best exponent of Modern Rifle Study, ARMS AND THE MAN.

Sincerely, D. W. S.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

MILITIA DIVISION INFORMATION.

Trumpeter's Manual.

The Trumpeters' Manual, published by the Lombard Company, Boston, Massachusetts, has been adopted by the War Department for issue to the Regular Service and consequently can be furnished to the Organized Militia as a charge against funds allotted under Section 1661, Revised Statutes, as amended, or as a purchase for cash under the provisions of Section 17 of the Militia Law at an approximate cost of \$1.00 a copy, the price being contingent upon the number of copies that shall be ordered from the publisher.

Noncommissioned Officers Soon Available.

In reply to a request for information as to whether an application for three noncommissioned officers of the Regular Army for duty with a State will be approved, the Adjutant General of a State has been informed that the noncommissioned officers for this duty are now undergoing a seven-weeks course of instruction at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and will be available for detail to the State about the first of September.

Begins Over.

A soldier whose term of enlistment has expired and who re-enlists, does not continue in the same grade attained by him in his preceding enlistment but such a soldier must begin his target practice in his new enlistment as though he had never had prior service.

Civilians Must Find Their Own Subsistence.

In reply to a request for information as to whether the subsistence of civilians employed upon a rifle range leased by the United States, during a camp for instruction in target practice and for which the troops receive pay and subsistence from United States funds, is properly chargeable to the allotment to the State from Federal funds, the Adjutant General of a State has been informed that such subsistence is not properly chargeable to the allotment to the State under Section 1661, Revised Statutes, as amended. Civilians so employed must make arrangements to furnish their own subsistence or be subsisted at the expense of the State.

Rifle Practice in Illinois.

The State Competition, comprising a company team match, and a regimental team match was held at Camp Logan, July 11 to 13, inclusive. The winning company team secures the championship of the Illinois

National Guard. The twenty individuals making the highest total score in all the five ranges in the regimental team match, excluding such as are unable to serve on the State team, substituting therefore those next highest on the list, will constitute the State Team Squad.

The team captain, to be designated later, will select the twelve principals and three officers from the twenty.

The Illinois State Rifle Association will carry on its matches at Camp Logan immediately after the conclusion of the State competition, July 14 to 16, inclusive.

Iowa Encampment.

The encampment period for the 54th Iowa Infantry is from July 18 to 27, inclusive, and the place Iowa City.

The First Brigade except the 54th Regiment under Gen. James Rush Lincoln will participate in the camp of instruction near Sparta, August 11 to 20.

Michigan in Camp.

The encampment of the Michigan National Guard will take place during 1910 in the way and at the places indicated as follows:

1st and 3rd Regiments of Infantry at Ludington, Mich., from August 9 to 18, inclusive.

2nd Infantry at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., from September 19 to 28, inclusive.

Battery A, 1st Field Artillery, at Sparta, Wisconsin, from July 11 to 20, inclusive. Veterinarian John J. Culp will accompany Battery A.

The detachments of Company A, Hospital Corps, will encamp with the regiments to which they are assigned; 1st detachment to Ludington; 2nd detachment to Fort Benjamin Harrison and 3d detachment to Ludington.

Company A, Engineers, at Fort Benjamin-Harrison, September 19 to 28 inclusive.

The Signal Corps, at Fort Benjamin-Harrison, September 19 to 28, inclusive.

Michigan School Results.

As a part of the school system of the Michigan National Guard, officers and noncommissioned officers have been permitted to submit answers to lists of questions upon service subjects. To stimulate interest provision was made in the original plan for a rating which should allow a comparison between the different units, based upon the number of answers submitted by the officers of them.

The highest individual marking was that received by Capt. George C. Blickle, 2nd Infantry, his figure being 194 out of 200.

The standing of the organizations based upon the percentage of officers who submitted answers, including Field Staff and Line, was as follows:

1. Third Battalion, 2nd Infantry	86 per cent +
2. First Battalion, 1st Infantry	73 per cent +
3. Second Battalion, 2nd Infantry	66 per cent +
4. First Battalion, 2nd Infantry	46 per cent +
5. Second Battalion, 1st Infantry	40 per cent
6. Third Battalion, 3rd Infantry	33 per cent +
7. Third Battalion, 1st Infantry	20 per cent
8. Second Battalion, 3rd Infantry	20 per cent
9. First Battalion, 3rd Infantry	20 per cent
10. Cavalry	16 per cent +
11. Engineers	0 per cent
Field Artillery	0 per cent
Signal Corps	0 per cent
1. Second Infantry	62 per cent
2. First Infantry	42 per cent
3. Third Infantry	22 per cent

The plan employed by Michigan seems to us to present many desirable features. Capt. Ben J. Dorsey, U. S. A., retired, the officer on duty with Michigan, considers the papers so good that he has requested permission to submit the first ten to the Chief of the Division of Militia Affairs.

The Maryland Matches.

The annual matches of the Maryland National Guard and the Maryland State Rifle Association for the rifle and revolver take place at Saunders Range, Maryland, July 25 to 30.

The program includes 25 events, many of them of much importance, among which may be mentioned the Adjutant General's Match, for the Military Rifle Championship of the State of Maryland, and the Maryland State Match, the latter being a team contest open to teams of eight men from each of the organizations shooting through the National Match Course.

Pennsylvania Inspection Reports.

Col. Frank J. Sweeney, Inspector-General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, in making his report to the Adjutant General very wisely includes the reports of those officers who made the inspections under his direction.

The policy of publishing these reports in full for the information of all of the organizations concerned is a wise one. The reports bear unmistakable evidences of careful preparation and their character is such as to indicate the most rigid inspection.

The Infantry organizations show lack of proper training of the individual soldier, and indicate an insufficient amount of instruction in guard duty. Arms, equipment and clothing were found in good condition, almost without exception. The general efficiency of all the organizations appears to be good.

If an inspection is to serve any useful purpose it should be made with the greatest care and the results published without fear or favor. That seems to be the course which is followed by Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, the Adjutant General of Pennsylvania, a course which cannot fail to eliminate errors, reduce weaknesses and improve efficiency.

WITH RIFLE AND REVOLVER.

United States Revolver Association, Springfield, Mass.
C. S. Axtell, secretary-treasurer, 27 Wellesley Street.
National Rifle Association, Washington, D. C. Lieut. A. S. Jones, secretary, Hibbs Building.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Aug. 1—Beginning that date the annual matches of the Department of the Lakes Rifle Association in conjunction with the Michigan State Rifle Association and the National Guard, at the Detroit Range.
Aug. 8—Beginning that date the matches of the Ohio National Guard and the Ohio State Rifle Association.
Aug. 15-18—National Rifle Association matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.
Sept. 18-25—Outdoor Championship Revolver Matches of the United States Revolver Association.
Friday, August 19, and Saturday, August 20—Preliminary practice for the National Team Match.
Commencing August 22, at Camp Perry, Ohio, the National Team Match to be followed in succession by the National Individual Match and the National Pistol Match.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW ENGLAND MILITARY RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

That the sixth annual meeting of the New England Military Rifle Association held at Wakefield, Mass., July 16 and 17, inclusive, was the most successful in the history of the Association goes without saying.
The attendance throughout the meeting was excellent, weather conditions were most favorable, and the making of some record scores was made possible on this account. The presence of the Service teams from the Navy, Marine Corps, and the Naval Academy, added a great deal of interest to the matches, and it is understood that the Association feels very much encouraged on account of the interest taken by the men in the Regular Service.
No formalities other than the raising of the National colors, blue pennant of the N. E. M. R. A., floating beneath it and the assembling at the tent of the executive officer, Capt. Chas. H. Lyman, U. S. Marine Corps, and the heads of the other departments, Col. Walter E. Lombard, Chief Range Officer; Capt. Frederick L. Wood, Post Adjutant; Capt. J. Stearns Cushing, Post Quartermaster; Capt. Augustus G. Reynolds, Statistical Officer; Lieut. Col. John F. Harvey, Post Surgeon, and Maj. G. M. Elliot, Assistant Surgeon.

Monday was a very warm day but a fairly strong breeze, somewhat fluky, made the heat bearable. Very little work was done on this day, notwithstanding there were several reentry matches scheduled. The Tanner Match, 2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 600 yards, was opened during the forenoon. During the afternoon the revolver matches were also opened and a series of practice skirmish runs were made by the Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Marine Corps, Navy and the Middies from the Naval Academy.

Among the military visitors and competitors to arrive for the tournament were: Col. Robert B. Edes; Col. J. G. Ewing of Delaware; Capt. William C. Harlee, U. S. M. C.; Capt. O. E. Kane and Lieut. J. E. Wye of the 1st N. H. N. G.; Maj. Arthur F. Cummings of Nashua, N. H.; Col. John J. Dooley of Portland, Me.; Brig.-Gen. Elliott C. Dill of Augusta, Me.; Capt. S. W. Wise, I. S. A. P., 6th Regiment, M. V. M.; Capt. Thomas McCarthy, I. S. A. P., 5th Regiment, M. V. M., and Capt. W. A. Murphy, I. S. A. P., 9th Regiment, M. V. M.

On Tuesday the 1st Corps Cadets Match which consists of 2 sighters and 7 shots for record at 200 and 500 yards was begun. There were eleven competing teams. Company "D," 2nd Maine Infantry, took the lead from the start and finished with a score of 315, winning the match by 9 points from Company G, 5th Massachusetts, which finished in second place. Last year this match was won by Company "A" of the 6th Regiment, with a score of 320, Company "D," 2nd Maine Infantry, in second place with 310. In 1905 and 1906 Company "D" was the winner.

INDIVIDUAL SINGLE ENTRY MATCHES.

GOVERNOR QUINBY MATCH.

2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 300 and 600 yards. Total possible 100. Capt. F. W. Allen won this match last year with a possible of 100, plus 7 bulls. Capt. S. W. Wise, 100 plus 7 and G. W. Chesley, 100 plus 2.
Lieut.-Commander H. Williams, U. S. N. 98
Priv. E. C. Barker, 1st New Hampshire 98
Corp. H. E. Woods, 5th Massachusetts 97
G. W. Chesley, Connecticut 96
Lieut. J. M. Burns, 6th Massachusetts 95
Lieut. J. E. Parker, Co. G, 8th Massachusetts 95
Priv. G. W. Reid, Co. A, 6th Massachusetts 95
Capt. D. W. Wentworth, Ord. Dept., Maine 94

THE HAYDEN MATCH.

2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 200 yards, possible 50. Won last year by G. W. Chesley with a possible, plus 2 bullseyes. Chesley seems to have a mortgage on this match. He also won it in 1908.

G. W. Chesley, Connecticut	48
Mid. C. K. Martin, U. S. N. A.	48
Q. M. Sergt. J. M. Keough, Co. A, 6th Mass.	47
Mid. R. F. Smith, U. S. N.	47
Ensign V. V. Woodward, U. S. N.	47
Lieut. J. E. Parker, Co. G, 8th Massachusetts	47
Mid. C. C. Davis, U. S. N.	46
Priv. C. S. Long, Co. E, 5th Massachusetts	46
Priv. E. C. Barker, 1st New Hampshire	46
Sergeant Wahlstrom, U. S. M. C.	46

NEW ENGLAND RIFLE AGGREGATE.

The trophy will be awarded to the competitor who makes the highest aggregate in the following matches. Governor Quinby, Hayden; Governor McLane, Essex County, Berwick, Cushing. Won last year by Lieut. J. E. Burns, score 329.

C. J. Van Amberg, 2nd Massachusetts Infantry 327

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCH.

Open to the 45 men whose scores are highest in the New England Rifle Aggregate. One skirmish run of 20 shots. Won last year by Mid. A. D. Denny, U. S. N., score 97.
Sergt. G. M. Jeffs, 8th Massachusetts 93
Sergt. J. H. Keough, 6th Massachusetts 92
Tied: Lieut. G. M. Burns 88
Priv. C. J. Van Amberg 88

GRAND AGGREGATE.

The grand aggregate last year was won by Lieut. J. E. Burns with a score of 424. This year Sergt. James H. Keough won with a score of 418.

The Bancroft match, made up of regimental teams of six men firing 2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 200 and 600 yards slow fire was won by the 5th Massachusetts Infantry (First Team) with a score of 540, the First Team of the 6th Massachusetts Infantry taking second place with a score of 537. Last year this match was won by the 2nd Connecticut with a score of 506.

Three wins are necessary to secure the trophy. The 5th Regiment won this match in 1905 and therefore has two legs on it.

At the 200 yard stage there were four teams tied with a score of 260, but the magnificent score put up at 600 yards by the 5th gave them the match. Won last year by the 2nd Connecticut, score 506.

5th Massachusetts, M. V. M. (First Team).

Yards	200	600	Tl.
Sergeant Kean	43	46	89
Corp. O. A. Schofield	43	48	91
Private Long	43	47	90
Corp. P. S. Schofield	44	48	92
Sergeant Woods	40	46	86
Private Williams	47	45	92
Totals	260	280	540

6th Massachusetts, M. V. M. (First Team).

Yards	200	600	Tl.
Private Reid	44	47	91
Sergeant Keough	45	46	91
Captain Wise	44	45	89
Color Sergeant Jeffs	43	46	89
Lieutenant Burns	43	48	91
Lieutenant Faber	41	45	86
Totals	260	277	537

1st New Hampshire Team.

Private Barker	46	47	93
Sergeant Morse	44	46	90
Captain Degnan	43	48	91
Captain Blake	41	42	83
Captain Ellis	43	47	90
Sergeant Hills	43	46	89
Totals	260	276	536

The Essex County Individual match open to New England only, consisting of 2 strings of 5 shots each, at 200 yards rapid fire on D target, reduced, kneeling position, attracted a large number of entries and was won by Ensign W. F. Amsden with a perfect score of 50. Two other men of the Navy, Ensign V. V. Woodward and Q.-M. J. S. Wiezbowski, finished in second and third place.

Ensign W. F. Amsden, U. S. N.	50
Ensign V. V. Woodward, U. S. N.	49
1st Q. M. J. S. Wiezbowski, U. S. N.	49
Priv. C. J. Van Amberg, 2nd Massachusetts	48
Musc. E. G. Rising, 1st Connecticut	48
Mid. E. L. Woodsides, U. S. N. A.	48
Corp. H. E. Woods, 5th Massachusetts	46

The Cushing Match, 2 sighters and 10 shots for record at 800 yards, with either the Krag or the New Springfield, was also productive of some very good shooting, there being seven who finished with a possible score of 50, Sergt. F. W. Wahlstrom of the Marine Corps winning the match and running over with 21 bullseyes. Midshipman Saunders, U. S. N., won this match last year on a score of 50 with seven others, also with 50 and over.

Sergt. F. W. Wahlstrom, U. S. M. C.	50+21
Lieut. E. F. Keating, Maine	50+19
Sergeant Cyzka, U. S. M. C.	50+15
Q. M. Sergt. J. H. Keough, 6th Massachusetts	50+7
Lieut. M. W. Parker, Massachusetts	50+4
Corporal Higgenbotham, U. S. M. C.	50+3
Priv. E. C. Barker, 1st New Hampshire	50+2
Corp. G. W. Reid, 6th Massachusetts	50+2
Sergeant Fragner, U. S. M. C.	49
C. J. Van Amberg, 2nd Massachusetts	49
Corporal Worsham, U. S. M. C.	49
Lieut. W. D. Smith, U. S. M. C.	49
Corporal Hale, U. S. M. C.	49

The Berwick Match, 2 sighters and 10 shots for record at 1,000 yards with either the Krag or the Springfield, was won by Lieut. J. E. Burns of the 6th Massachusetts, with a score of 48. Four others tied with him but were

outranked.	
Lieut. J. M. Burns, 6th Massachusetts	48
Lieut.-Commander H. Williams, U. S. N.	48
Priv. H. C. Barker, 1st New Hampshire	48
Corporal Higgenbotham, U. S. M. C.	48
Sergeant Joyce, U. S. M. C.	47
Lieut. Geo. Faber, 6th Massachusetts	47
Lieut. J. F. Le Bel, Maine	47
Sergt.-Maj. W. D. Huddleston, Massachusetts	47
Corporal Peterson, U. S. M. C.	47
Mid. H. T. Bartlett, U. S. N. A.	47
Col.-Sergt. G. M. Jeffs, 6th Massachusetts	46
Sergeant Schriver, U. S. M. C.	46
Capt. S. W. Wise, 6th Massachusetts	46

On Thursday the New England Interstate Match, which is shot over the National Match course, that is, 200, 600 and 1,000 yards, slow fire, 200 rapid fire and one skirmish run, was shot with 7 teams entered. This match is doubled up with what is known as the All-American Military Match which is open to teams of twelve men each from the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Naval Academy and any State in the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The conditions are the same as those for the New England Match, the scores in the New England Match to count for place in this match. At the finish of the 200 yard stage the first team of the Navy led the Massachusetts team by one point with a score of 524. The standing was as follows:

U. S. Navy (First Team)	524
Massachusetts	523
U. S. Naval Academy	518
U. S. Navy, 2nd Team	516
U. S. Marine Corps	513
Maine	512
New Hampshire	504

At the 600-yard stage the Massachusetts teams shot in excellent form and led the next highest team, the Marine Corps, by one point with a score of 557. The standing at this stage follows:

Massachusetts	1080
Marine Corps	1069
Navy, 1st Team	1067
Naval Academy	1060
Navy, 2nd Team	1050
Maine	1050
New Hampshire	1011

The only possible made at the 600-yard stage was by Private Long. The Navy (First Team) shot consistently in the 1,000-yard stage and recorded a good score of 534, 3 points more than the Naval Academy Team.

The Navy (First Team) at the finish of the first stage 200, 600 and 1,000 slow fire totaled 1601, leading the Massachusetts Team by 1 point.

Navy (First Team)	1601
Massachusetts	1600
Naval Academy	1591
Marine Corps	1586
Maine	1508
New Hampshire	1479

The second stage of the Match was carried over to Friday morning. At rapid fire the Marine Corps Team made high score over all other teams, totaling 543, 6 points more than the First Team of the Navy.

There was only one possible score made, Ensign Amsden of the Navy recording a 50. There were several 49's and numerous 48's. The U. S. Navy (First Team) won the match at this stage by making the high score of 947 in skirmish. The Naval Academy and the Navy, 2nd Team, both tied on 919. The scores of the Service teams do not count for place as the match is open only to teams from New England.

As a matter of comparison of last year's shooting with this year's, the following scores are interesting.

Navy.			
Yards	1909	1910	
200	529	524	
600	546	543	
1000	487	534	
Totals	1562	1601	

Massachusetts.			
Yards	1909	1910	
200	529	523	
600	540	557	
1000	494	520	
Totals	1563	1600	

The scores showing the final standing follow:

U. S. Navy (First Team).				
Yards	200	600	1000	200 R.
Ensign Allen	43	48	40	44
Ensign Thompson	43	47	40	46
Ensign Vossler	47	43	44	44
Mid. W. Smith	44	47	41	46
Ensign Jones	43	41	44	42
Mid. W. W. Smith	44	46	47	43
Ensign Stewart	43	46	47	43
Qm. Wiersbowski	45	46	48	42
Ensign Woodward	46	43	42	45
C. T. C. Drustrup	43	44	46	48
Ensign Knerr	43	44	47	44
Ensign Amsden	40	48	48	50
Totals	524	543	534	537—2138

Skirmish run 947

Total 3085

U. S. Marine Corps.				
G. Sergt Lund	42	48	44	48
Lieutenant Smith	43	47	43	41
Corporal Farnham	45	46	46	44
Sergeant Fragner	41	48	44	41
Lieutenant Coyle	41	46	43	45
G. Sergeant Wahlstrom	43	46	49	46
Corporal Eiler	42	44	35	42
Corporal Hale	43	48	46	46

Corporal Higginbotham	44	45	45	48
Corporal Worsham	43	45	47	45
Corporal Peterson	44	46	30	49
Sergeant Joyce	42	47	45	48
Totals	513	556	517	543
Skirmish run				2129
Total				905

Total 3034

U. S. Naval Academy.

Midshipman Martin	45	47	44	48
Midshipman Woodside	45	41	46	41
Midshipman Bartlett	44	45	48	42
Midshipman Bischoff	44	44	41	44
Midshipman Kerr	39	49	45	45
Midshipman Barber	44	46	45	44
Midshipman Badger	43	48	48	40
Midshipman Cobb	43	44	40	42
Midshipman Kates	42	41	47	37
Midshipman Lamberton	42	47	38	45
Midshipman Saunders	42	45	43	47
Midshipman Jacobs	45	45	46	47
Totals	518	542	531	522
Skirmish run				2113
Total				919

Total 3032

U. S. Navy (Second Team).

Ensign Griffin	47	44	47	40
R. M. Ergenman	43	44	45	44
C. Y. Williamson	44	48	43	42
C. M. H. Benson	47	45	42	43
Midshipman Smith	46	42	42	46
Midshipman Davis	41	45	45	41
Midshipman Porter	39	46	45	43
Midshipman Haines	44	43	36	49
Ensign Paterson	41	42	43	40
Ensign Barnett	41	47	45	46
Midshipman Breerton	40	44	40	41
C. C. M. Haines	43	44	45	43
Totals	516	534	518	518
Skirmish run				2086
Total				919

Total 3005

Massachusetts.

Private Reid	44	47	42	39
Qm. Sgt. Keough	46	46	44	42
Col. Sgt. Jeffs	42	45	39	44
Corporal Kean	45	45	43	35
Sergt. Maj. Huddleson	43	46	46	39
Private Williams	44	47	47	47
Corp. P. S. Schofield	44	47	39	44
Private Long	44	50	37	39
Lieutenant Burns	43	44	47	48
Sergeant Woods	40	48	47	44
Sergeant Daniels	45	44	45	47
Private Van Amberg	43	48	49	43
Totals	523	557	510	511
Skirmish run				2111
Total				823

Total 2934

Maine.

Colonel Marston	45	45	43	41
Captain Wentworth	46	47	42	47
Lieutenant Gould	44	44	43	40
Lieutenant Label	41	45	37	42
Captain Foster	40	43	46	35
Sergeant Whitehead	43	45	42	38
Lieutenant Smith	40	44	47	38
Sergeant Christie	43	43	38	44
Lieutenant Marston	44	45	40	39
Lieutenant Doughraty	42	41	46	42
Lieutenant Keating	39	47	39	47
Captain Stiles	45	49	45	45
Totals	512	538	508	498
Skirmish run				2056
Total				826

Total 2882

New Hampshire.

Captain Ellis	43	48	40	47
Sergeant Hills	39	40	41	39
Corporal Mercer	43	47	43	39
Captain Blake	42	43	36	36
Sergeant Blythe	36	33	33	32
Sergeant Tarr	44	40	35	27
Captain Degan	44	41	40	42
Sergeant Cullity	37	42	41	44
Sergeant Piper	47	45	42	42
Major Piper	42	40	36	31
Private Barker	44	47	37	41
Sergeant Morse	43	41	44	45
Totals	504	507	468	465
Skirmish run				1944
Total				619

Total 2563

The Navy wins the All American Match by a comfortable margin.

Yards	200	600	1000	200R.	Sk.	Agg.
First Navy Team	524	543	534	537	947	3085
Marine Corps	513	556	517	534	905	3034
Naval Academy	518	542	531	522	919	3032

Company D, 2nd Maine.

Yards	200	500	Tl.
Qm. Sergeant Whitehead	33	32	65
Sergeant Fleming	28	33	61
Lieutenant Marston	31	33	64
Lieutenant Dougherty	26	33	59
Capt. M. P. Stiles	32	34	66
Totals	150	165	315

Company G, 5th Massachusetts.

Sergeant Kean	30	35	65
Cook Busted	28	32	60
Captain Graham	27	32	59
Lieutenant Kean	30	31	61
Cook Durward	29	32	61
Totals	144	162	306

Company A, 1st C. C., M. V. M.

Sergeant Belcher	30	34	64
Sergeant Ware	30	31	61
Sergeant Rotch	28	31	59
Sergeant Cutting	27	32	59
Sergeant Summers	30	33	63
Totals	145	161	306

The State of Maine Match, made up of Company teams of five men, each firing 2 sighters and 7 shots for record at 200 and 500 yards was a spirited competition and was finally won by Company "C" 6th Massachusetts, with a score of 317.

Company C, 6th M. V. M.

Yards	200	500	Tl.
Sergeant Leary	28	33	61
Sergeant Patten	33	33	66
Private Robinson	30	34	64
Captain Pierson	29	34	63
Lieutenant Burns	30	33	63
Totals	150	167	317

Company A, 6th M. V. M.

Private Reid	32	33	65
Private Muse	31	32	63
Lieutenant Connolly	32	33	65
Lieutenant Rogers	29	30	59
Sergeant Keough	30	34	64
Totals	154	162	316

Company E, 5th M. V. M.

Corp. P. S. Schofield	28	35	63
Lieutenant Gray	28	31	59
Corp. O. A. Schofield	30	33	63
Private Butler	28	34	62
Private Long	32	31	63
Totals	146	164	310

Company A, also of the 6th, finished second with 316. This makes the third consecutive year that Company C has won this match. Last year its winning score was 316.

There were ten entries in the match.

It was a notable day for making record scores. Sergeant Wahlstrom of the Marine Corps, in the Cushing Match at 800 yards made 31 consecutive bullseyes. Lieut. E. F. Keating of the 2nd Maine scoring 29, which did not include a bullseye as a sighting shot. Sergeant Czegka, also of the Marine Corps, recorded 23. Corporal Higginbotham recorded 13.

Wednesday was the big day of the meeting for sensational shooting. Corp. P. S. Schofield of Company E, 5th Massachusetts, in the McLane Match at 500 yards began his scoring with a bullseye for a sighter and secured ten more for record which completed his score, and continuing made 102 additional bullseyes before getting out of the black, making a total of 114 consecutive bullseyes at 500 yards which is the world's record and practically doubles the record previously made last year by Capt. Stuart W. Wise of the 6th Massachusetts Infantry.

It was 7.33 o'clock when he missed the black by a narrow margin. It goes without saying that it is a most remarkable record and one that will try the courage of the most expert riflemen to duplicate or better. There was no reason why this could not be done, as equipped with the best rifle it is possible to obtain and in a day of almost perfect ammunition it is simply a question of physical endurance on the part of the shooter. Corporal Schofield used the United States Cartridge Company's special 1910-150-grain bullet uncancelled and Pyro powder.

Corp. P. S. Schofield, Co. E, 5th Regt. Mass.	50	+102
Priv. C. J. Van Amberg, Co. B, 2nd Mass.	50	+41
Corp. H. E. Woods, Co. F, 5th Mass.	50	+15
Capt. R. C. Foster, 5th C. A. C., Maine	50	+13
Col. Sergt. G. M. Jeffs, Hdqrs. 6th Mass.	50	+4
Mid. C. C. Badger, U. S. N. A.	49	
Lieut.-Commander H. Williams, U. S. N.	49	

REENTRY MATCHES.

GEN. S. C. LAWRENCE MATCH.

2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 200 yards; 2 scores to count, on Standard American target, using any military rifle, any ammunition, but no telescope sight. Total possible 200. This match was won last year by Geo. W. Chesley with a score of 173.

G. W. Chesley, 2nd Connecticut	176
Capt. A. F. Laudensack, B, 2nd Connecticut	175
O. M. Sergt. J. H. Keough, A, 6th Massachusetts	164
J. W. Hessian	163
Capt. D. W. Wentworth, Ord. Dept., Maine	162

HENRY MATCH.

2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 300 yards in prone position, 2 scores to count. Last year this match called for 3 scores to count. This year but 2 were required; total possible 100. Midshipman C. T. Osborn, U. S. N., was the winner in 1909 with a score of 147.

Capt. S. W. Wise, Ord. Dept., Massachusetts	100	+1
Lieut.-Commander H. Williams, U. S. N.	99	
Lieut. J. F. Le Bel, C. A. C., Maine	98	
J. W. Hessian	98	
G. W. Chesley, B, 2nd Connecticut	97	
Lieut. J. E. Parker, G, 8th Massachusetts	96	
Sergt. M. Micken, U. S. M. C.	96	

THE SHUMAN MATCH.

2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 500 yards, three

scores to count; total possible 150. Last year Capt. S. W. Wise was the winner with the remarkable score of 100, plus 59 bullseyes.

G. W. Chesley, B, 2nd Connecticut	150
G. W. Reid, A, 6th Massachusetts	149
Capt. S. W. Wise, Ord. Dept., Massachusetts	148
Lieut. D. F. Gould, 2nd Maine	147
Lieut. E. F. Keating, 2nd Maine	143

TANNER MATCH.

2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 600 yards, 2 scores to count; total possible 100.

G. W. Chesley, B, 2nd Connecticut	99
Capt. S. W. Wise, Ord. Dept., Massachusetts	98
Capt. D. W. Wentworth, Ord. Dept., Massachusetts	97
Lieut. W. Smith, C. A. C., Maine	94
Lieut. J. E. Parker, G, 8th Massachusetts	91
Sergt. D. Christie, F, 2nd Maine	91

TAPP MATCH (NOVICE).

Open to all who have never won a prize in any National or International State Competition. 2 sighting and 10 shots for record at 500 yards; total possible 100. W. N. Macdonnell won this match last year with a score of 100, plus 30 bullseyes. R. R. Stewart 100, plus 5; C. A. Jones 100, plus 14. As was the case last year several of the "novices" recorded the possible and ran over.

Mid. S. J. Zeigler, U. S. N.	100	+9
Sergt. M. J. Micken, U. S. M. C.	100	
Sergt. M. J. Gavin, U. S. M. C.	100	
Mid. H. T. Bartlett, U. S. N. A.	99	
Mid. L. P. Bischoff, U. S. N. A.	99	
Mid. O. S. Badger, U. S. N. A.	99	
Mid. C. Cobb, U. S. N. A.	98	

REVOLVER MATCHES.

Unless otherwise specified, the following general rules will apply to all revolver matches.

Target: N. Government.
Arm: United States Service revolver, Colt or Smith & Wesson, caliber .38, not over 6½-inch barrel, military sights, trigger pull not less than 4 pounds.

Ammunition: Government service or any factory loaded, with full weight Service bullet and full charge of smokeless or other powder, bullets crimped into shell sufficiently to be watertight.

Slow fire: one minute each shot.
Timed fire: 20 seconds for each string of 5 shots.
Rapid fire: 8 seconds for each string of 5 shots.

THE VAUGHN MATCH.

Rapid fire, reentry. 5 shots at 25 yards, three strings to count. The N target was used which is 6 feet high and 4 feet wide, with 5-inch bull. Value of hit, 10. Seven additional rings running out to 46 inches with a value of 3 and the remainder of the target counting 2. The total possible is 150.

Capt. W. R. Murphy, Ord. Dept., Massachusetts	147
Musc. E. G. Reising, 2nd Connecticut	147
Capt. R. C. Foster, C. A. C., Maine	136
Capt. P. L. Reeves, U. S. A. (Retired)	134

THE SEARS MATCH.

Timed fire, reentry. 5 shots at 50 yards, aggregate of 3 strings to count; total possible 150. Won last year by Mid. A. D. Denny, U. S. N.

Capt. W. R. Murphy, Ord. Dept., Massachusetts	144
Musc. E. G. Reising, 2nd Connecticut	143
Sergt. A. T. Hart, U. S. A.	137
Sergt. O. S. Hahn, U. S. A.	133

THE ALDRICH MATCH.

Slow fire, reentry. 5 shots at 50 yards, 3 scores to count; total possible 150.

Capt. W. R. Murphy, Ord. Dept., Massachusetts	143
Musc. E. G. Reising, 2nd Connecticut	142
Sergt. O. S. Hahn, U. S. A.	135
G. T. Hoffman, Civilian	135

REENTRY .22 CALIBER REVOLVER MATCH.

Timed fire, reentry. 5 shots at 25 yards on N target, Any .22 caliber revolver not over 6½ inch barrel and not less than 2½ pound trigger pull. Aggregate of 3 strings to count.

Musc. E. G. Reising, 2nd Connecticut	150	+3
G. T. Hoffman, tied, Civilian	148	
C. E. Ordway, tied, Civilian	148	

GLIDDEN MATCH.

Distances and classes of fire: Slow fire, 20 seconds to each shot, 10 shots, 50 and 75 yards, no sighting shots. Timed fire, 20 seconds to each score of 5 shots, 10 shots, 25 and 50 yards, no sighting shots. Rapid fire, 8 seconds to each score of 5 shots, 10 shots, 15 and 25 yards, no sighting shots. Shots to be fired in scores of five at each range. Total possible 600.

Prizes: First highest aggregate of all ranges—gold medal and New England military revolver championship for one year.

Second highest aggregate—silver medal; third highest aggregate—bronze medal; highest aggregate at slow fire—bronze medal; highest aggregate at timed fire—bronze medal; highest aggregate at rapid fire—bronze medal.

THE BULLET'S FLIGHT FROM POWDER TO TARGET

The internal and external ballistics of small arms

A Study of Rifle Shooting with the Personal Element Excluded, Disclosing the Cause of Error at Target

Illustrated with 185 plates showing the results of over 300 rifle experiments performed and chronologically arranged

By **F. W. Mann, B. S., M. D.**

Member of the Cornell University Alumni, Boston University Alumni, and life member of the Massachusetts Rifle Association

Price, \$4.00

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At the New York State Shoot

Syracuse, N. Y., June 8, 1910

MR. CHARLES BLANDFORD, of Ossining

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"INFALLIBLE"

Smokeless Shotgun Powder

Won

The Piano the first merchandise prize—value \$350.00—donated by The Onondaga Gun Club, of Syracuse

SHOOT

"INFALLIBLE"

6th Massachusetts Infantry.

	Slow fire.	Timed fire.	Total.
Lieut. J. E. Burns	134	80	214
Capt. S. W. Wise	131	72	203
Q. M. Sergt. J. H. Keough	129	72	201
Lieut. G. E. Faber	118	64	182
Lieut. M. W. Parker	107	66	173
Col. Sergt. G. M. Jeffs	124	47	171
Grand total	743	491	1144

Great Doings at Greenville.

Well sufferin succotash! What do you know about that. Parnly Hanford breaks his own record of 267 by putting over a score of 268. No use. We thought we were something of a prognosticator but this is too much for us. He shot his score in 22 minutes.

Dr. J. R. Hicks made the very respectable total of 250, John Dietz pulled out a 237, J. E. Silliman a 235, Dr. R. H. Sayre 228, Tom Anderton 223, a total for the team of 1448, which is the highest score made so far.

The following strings were made in practice by W. H. French, on the International target: 79, 85, 75, 83, 85, 77—484; which is a pretty good score.

U. S. R. A. OUTDOOR LEAGUE.

The official scores for July 9 follow:

Smith & Wesson	1138	v. Century	1344
National Capital	1120	v. Portland, Ore.	1126
Fort Douglas		v. Manhattan	1403
Providence	1279	v. Culebra	1149
Colonial		no shoot.	

Owing to the fact that the competing clubs are so widely separated it is a difficult matter to get in reports in time for publication the week following the matches and it is impossible to make up a complete story of the standing of the clubs. Nothing has yet been heard from Fort Douglas, Utah. We do not know whether they are shooting or not. It seems strange that they should not respond to our request for the scores made so that a waiting shooting world might be informed on what they are able to do with the revolver.

Nothing exciting has occurred since the last report. No big scores have been recorded and nobody has made possible.

We have something up our sleeves which is too good to keep and which was sent to us in a letter. It is from one of the St. Louis wags. Here it is:

"If we beat the Century outfit tomorrow will let you know the details. If they beat us insert the following advertisement:

FOR SALE.—Something over 25 revolvers and pistols; owner has no further use for them. Address, etc."

Now isn't that original, and from Missouri, too!

If somebody doesn't start something pretty soon we are going to take three International targets, use a .38 punch on them and when Bunn of the National Capital Rifle and Revolver Club isn't looking substitute them for his match targets. He won't know the difference and besides he will have the possible 300—Maybe.

Speaking of elimination and substitution brings to mind that story of Mark Twain which runs something like this:

Mark went into a book store one day and made a purchase of a book amounting to \$2.35. As the salesman was about to make out the bill he asked him if there was a discount allowed authors. Upon the salesman replying in the affirmative he was asked if there was a discount allowed to publishers. There was, of course, certainly, and to critics, etc., most assuredly.

"Now," said "Twain, "how much do I owe you?" "Why," said the salesman, with a surprised look on his face, "you don't owe us anything, we owe you forty-

five cents."

No doubt most of you are familiar with this story but we couldn't just help it.

NATIONAL CAPITAL—PORTLAND, OREGON.

According to the weather bureau Portland, Oregon, and Washington, D. C., were the hottest cities in the country on Saturday, July 9. Shooting on an unprotected range and with Old Sol getting in his fine work it is no wonder the scores suffered—not to mention what the men who made them had to endure. As will be seen the match was a close one, Washington winning by 19 points. J. C. Bunn and W. H. Hubbard were high for both teams with 205, respectively.

NATIONAL CAPITAL.			
J. C. Bunn	66	70	69—205
Sheridan Ferree	60	73	66—199
H. H. Leizear	69	56	69—194
R. Alderman	57	67	66—190
F. W. Holt	54	71	50—175
L. Clausel	66	41	52—159
Unofficial total	1122		

All excepting Bunn used .38 revolvers and factory ammunition. Bunn used hand loaded.

PORTLAND, OREGON.			
W. H. Hubbard	61	65	79—205
T. C. Hackney	74	56	70—200
J. T. Moore	67	56	63—186
F. Berkey	66	52	66—184
B. M. Henley	60	59	46—165
R. J. Hilderman	58	49	56—163
Unofficial total	1103		

CENTURY—SMITH & WESSON.

The Century Club had a shade the better of the match with the Smith & Wesson Revolver Club, winning out by only 4 points margin. Dr. I. R. Calkins was high for the Springfield Club with the good score of 249. L. A. Fassett secured high place for the Century Club with 238.

SMITH & WESSON.			
C. S. Axtell	82	83	68—233
Geo. H. Chandler	67	68	74—209
Capt. F. A. Wakefield	76	73	79—228
P. J. Dolfin	69	68	79—216
Dr. W. H. Armstrong	63	71	69—203
Dr. I. R. Calkins	87	79	83—249
Unofficial total	1338		

CENTURY REVOLVER CLUB.			
L. A. Fassett	80	77	81—238
Chas. Dominic	79	76	78—233
Mrs. Chas. Dominic	72	79	73—224
Dr. A. E. Everett	70	74	75—219
W. H. Spencer	72	70	74—216
G. W. Ojeman	70	67	75—212
Unofficial total	1342		

All used .38 Special Revolvers and hand loaded.

PROVIDENCE—CULEBRA.

The following scores were made by the Providence, R. I., Revolver Club in its match with the Culebra Revolver Club, Panama, Canal Zone. It will be about two weeks before the Culebra scores will reach us. Walter Freeman was high with 248.

PROVIDENCE.			
Walter H. Freeman	77	88	83—248
Wm. Almy	70	74	85—229
Geo. E. Joslin	77	76	72—225
Herbert C. Miller	64	66	77—207
W. H. Willard	59	71	63—193
F. J. Bresil	63	55	58—176
Unofficial total	1278		

All but Joslin used the .38 Colt Officer's Model and hand loaded ammunition. Joslin used .38 Special.

CULEBRA.			
F. E. Sterns	71	50	62—183
A. L. Bell	51	49	69—169
T. E. L. Lipsey	88	56	65—187
F. A. Browne	66	70	63—199
L. D. Cornish	68	77	75—220
W. L. G. Perry	73	57	60—190
Total	1148		

F. E. Sterns shot a .38 Military and long Colt Smokeless, as did A. L. Bell, F. A. Browne, and W. L. G. Perry; L. D. Cornish, .38 Colt Officers' Model target and special ammunition; T. E. L. Lipsey, .44 Special and Russian Smokeless.

MANHATTAN—FORT DOUGLAS.

MANHATTAN.			
Parnly Hanford	85	90	92—267
Tom Anderton	68	68	88—224
John A. Dietz	83	72	74—229
B. F. Wilder	75	59	78—212
Dr. R. H. Sayre	86	76	74—236
Dr. J. R. Hicks	68	82	85—235
Unofficial total	1403		

FROM THOSE WHO ARE DIGGING THE DITCH.

Mr. L. D. Cornish, one of those sturdy Americans whose good work on the Panama Canal is reflecting credit upon the whole country, writes of recent shooting experience of his club, as follows:

"Enclosed herewith are the score cards for Match No. 2 shot on July 10, 1910. It is impossible to give you the shots in the order in which they were fired without delaying the shooting.

This is a fine country for outdoor shooting, I don't think.

Our team being wise to what we might expect met July 10, at dawn and proceeded to break the Sabbath in more ways than one until old Sol ducked his head with shame. We started out in a driving rain with rain coats and umbrellas and managed to reach the range without any one being drowned, although myself and Browne had to discard our clothes in order to swim, and were bombarded with cocoanuts by several much scandalized monkeys whom we passed on the way. Lipsey not being able to swim had to convert his umbrella into a boat and be towed to the range by the rest of us. Sterns got in a string of 71, and then someone pulled the spigott out another notch and a 50 was the result. Everybody then started cussing and generated enough blueflames to help a little, but when Bell started to shoot we were too exhausted to help out and he had to go it alone. He tried to tie corks to the bullets to help float them through the saturated atmosphere, but had to give up in disgust. Doc Perry stripped for his affray with the target, but the police came around and made him put on a bathing suit.

After a strenuous day with the elements, we finally finished all the strings and wended our weary way homeward at 5.30 p. m.

Please protest against my election to the Ananias Club, as there is more truth than poetry in this effusion, the official record of rainfall being 2.1 inches during the day."

THE SEA GIRL PROGRAM.

The official program of the 1910 Sea Girl Shooting Tournament is ready for distribution. The meeting is the twentieth annual one of the New Jersey State Rifle Association; joined with it again this year will be the New York and Pennsylvania State Associations.

The matches include practically all kinds of rifle and revolver contests. Of these the most noted are the



THE DEWITT-CLINTON HIGH SCHOOL TEAM OF NEW YORK CITY, WHICH WON THE 1910 INTERSCHOLASTIC RIFLE MATCH WITH A SCORE OF 1821 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 2003, THE ENTIRE TEAM USING PETERS .22 CALIBER SEMI-SMOKELESS CARTRIDGES.

Bottom Row, Left to Right—Chester Brown, Wm. Krefeld, Captain, H. G. Barber, Team Coach, Allen De Castro, Slatas Hubbard.
 Top Row, Left to Right—Mortimer Cohen, Morris Silberman, Walter Vass, Irving Stark, Wm. Emmerick, Herman Boldt.

Dryden Trophy Match, the Nevada Trophy Match, in which is included firing at 1200 yards, the McAlpine Trophy Match and the Pennsylvania Long Range Match.

Sea Girt is always a pleasant place to go. The old range with its well loved associations has its attractions ably supplemented by the call of the surf, and the lure of the shore life.

Many riflemen will end their season's competitive shooting by sending September 1 to 10 at Sea Girt with great pleasure and profit to themselves.

District of Columbia National Match Team.

The team which will represent the District of Columbia at Camp Perry this year has been finally selected after a series of try-outs under the direction of the team captain, Lieut. Thos. F. McAnally, Ordnance Department.

There are a few new men but for the most part old men who have seen several years' service as team men, constitute the personnel of what is probably the strongest team the national capital has ever sent to the National Shoot. The names of the team members follow:

1st Lieut. Thos. F. McAnally, Ordnance Department, Team Captain; Lieut.-Col. James E. Bell, Range Officer; Capt. F. H. Heidenreich, Small Arms Department; Lieut.-Col. Glendie B. Young, 1st Infantry; Lieut. L. A. Clausel, 2nd Infantry; Capt. E. H. Brian, 2nd Infantry; Corp. Robert H. Clauser, Co. B, 1st Infantry; Lieut. Harry C. Caldwell, Ordnance Department; Lieut. Ralph Alderman, Ordnance Department; Sergt. Thomas Brown, Co. K, 1st Infantry; Corp. S. W. Forsyth, Co. G, 2nd Infantry; Capt. W. W. Cookson, Small Arms Department; Lieut. Richard Powers, 1st Infantry; Priv. Charles E. Groome, Co. I, 2nd Infantry; Lieut. Frank W. Holt, Ordnance Department; Sergt. John H. Cole, Co. H, 2nd Infantry; Priv. J. R. Fehr, Co. K, 1st Infantry; Corp. A. G. Schmidt, Co. G, 1st Infantry; Capt. H. E. Burton, 2nd Infantry.

Fort Pitt Rifle Club, Pittsburg, Pa.

On July 9 the Fort Pitt Rifle Club held the most important match on its card so far this season. It was a handicap at 1000 yards under the usual conditions.

While conditions at the Highland Range cannot be called difficult there is generally a good deal of smoky mist in evidence due to the proximity of the surrounding stee, mills and furnaces making it difficult to obtain a clear view of the target and bullseye through the sights. Although it is protected in a way from the wind, what wind there is, owing to the winding of the valley and being joined by others and the contour of the vicinity generally, is very difficult to judge both as to force and

direction. Looking at the flags down the range sometimes it seems as if the wind was coming from all directions at the same time leaving the marksman guessing as to the result it will have on the bullet.

Conditions were fairly good and a couple of high scores were recorded in the match, some of the contestants being handicapped by darkness and some not being able to finish. The last shot was fired after 8 p.m. Some good qualification and record scores were turned in on Monday, the 4th, notably those of Leacy and McGlashan who both turned in the possible 50.

1000 Yard Handicap Match.

Jas. McGlashan..... 48	T. C. Beal..... 38
Chas. Leacy..... 46	D. A. Atkinson..... 36
P. Paulsen..... 41	A. M. Fuller..... 35
F. B. Fisher..... 40	C. H. Wilson..... 31
T. C. Douds..... 39	C. C. Borchers..... 30
E. A. Waugaman..... 38	

Record Scores, 1000 Yards.

Chas. Leacy..... 50	R. W. Newton..... 44
Jas. McGlashan..... 50	F. B. Fisher..... 43

500 Yards.

D. A. Atkinson..... 47	L. Snyder..... 44
M. C. Hazlett..... 47	F. B. Fisher..... 44
J. McGlashan..... 46	T. C. Douds..... 43
C. Leacy..... 45	

200 Yards, Record.

R. W. Newton..... 45	Chas. Leacy..... 44
F. B. Fisher..... 44	L. A. Snyder..... 43

200 yards offhand was the event, July 16, on the Highland Range. The winner of this match turned up on Granville Teter, a popular and enthusiastic member, with the very good score of 46, to which he has added 3 points handicap, which he did not need, as the next man who was also a handicap man was 5 points behind.

Some new butt plates, checked so they will not permit the rifle to slip when held against the shoulder, were received from Frankford Arsenal. This is the latest improvement.

200 Yard Match.

G. Teter..... 49	P. L. Johnson..... 42
O. W. Hammer..... 44	R. E. Brown..... 41
N. R. Lippincott..... 44	T. C. Beal..... 41
E. A. Waugaman..... 43	J. B. Winsor..... 41
M. C. Hazlett..... 43	Chas. Leacy..... 40
R. V. Swanton..... 43	J. McGlashan..... 40
F. B. Fisher..... 42	

800 Yards, Record.

R. O. Hodges..... 47	A. Atkinson..... 44
J. McGlashan..... 47	A. M. Fuller..... 43
Chas. Leacy..... 46	M. C. Hazlett..... 43
O. W. Hammer..... 45	F. B. Fisher..... 43
R. W. Newton..... 44	

500 Yards, Record.

R. W. Newton..... 47	O. W. Hammer..... 42
J. A. Snyder..... 47	D. A. Atkinson..... 42
R. E. Brown..... 44	T. C. Beal..... 41
N. R. Lippincott..... 44	R. V. Swanton..... 41

It follows the twist of the rifling and gets every particle of lead, copper, rust or powder-crust.

Each disc is composed of six washers of the softest brass gauze that can be made, all a trifle smaller than the bore for which intended. These washers patented and found only on

Marble's Field Cleaner

Are held in place by a spring tempered spiral steel core, also patented. This core presses but one side of each disc against the bore, so that the cleaner follows the rifling and treats every crease perfectly. When necessary, a disc can be turned and a new side used. Can be detached and fitted to any standard rod, and will not harm the finest gun. The most durable cleaner made. Price, postpaid, 75 cents. Ask your dealer first.

A rifle rod that will not wobble nor break at the joints is described in free catalogue of 60 "Extra Quality" Specialties for Sportsmen.



MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.

502 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

HAVE YOU A COPY

OF THE

BULL'S-EYE SCORE BOOK?

R. O. Hodges..... 44	M. C. Hazlett..... 41
F. B. Fisher..... 43	
[200 Yards, Record.]	
F. B. Fisher..... 45	T. C. Beal..... 43

Providence Revolver Club, Providence, R. I.

We had no league match on July 16 so every one put in a good hard practice shoot. Some of us who thought we were permanent residents in the eighty class find that we have been promoted downwards as transients between the sixty and seventy class. The International is all right; but what a difference. Just the same we like it and hope it will be used right along. It gives you the benefit of all you get. Scores recorded at 50 yards on Standard target.

Joslin.....	90	90	89	90	94	91
Brow.....	83	82	85			
Brown.....	80	66	74	69	89	
Donaghy.....	83	81	77			
Freeman.....	98	93	94	95	95	475

International Target.

Almy.....	81	68	68	88
Miller.....	64	66	78	

Freeman's score was shot with .22 a pistol under U. S. R. A. rules for a 50 shot match.

Shell Mound Park, Emeryville, Calif.

Wednesday evening, July 6, the Shooting Masters of the Shell Mound Pistol & Rifle Club held their regular monthly business meeting for the purpose of checking scores, measuring bullseye, etc. G. Hughes, K. O. Kindgrent and J. Phillips were present. The bullseye winners were as follows: J. Day, 10½; O. A. Poulsen, 37½; C. W. Whaley, 49; W. Guild, 62½; J. M. Klassen, 72½; C. Otten, 80; H. A. Harris, 110.

Friday evening, July 8, the club held its regular indoor .22 caliber rifle shoot on the 75-foot range,

GREAT SCORES

PROVING THE SUPERIORITY OF

PETERS SHELLS

299 ex 300	at Catasqua, Pa., July 7-8, by NEAF APGAR,	1st General Average
391 ex 400	at Brunswick, Ga., July 4-5, H. D. FREEMAN,	1st General Average (TIE)
684 ex 705	at Galveston, Tex., July 4-6, by J. S. DAY,	1st Amateur Average
326 ex 340	at Butler, Pa., June 28-29, by H. D. FREEMAN,	1st General Average
490 ex 500	at Columbus, O., July 12-15, by C. A. YOUNG,	1st General Average
487 ex 500	at Columbus, O., July 12-15, by WOOLFOLK HENDERSON,	2nd General Average
323 ex 340	at Butler, Pa., June 28-39, by GEO. J. ELLIOTT,	1st Amateur Average
392 ex 400	at Warm Springs, Ga., July 12-13, by WALTER HUFF,	1st General Average (TIE)
390 ex 400	at Warm Springs, Ga., July 12-13, by H. D. FREEMAN,	2nd General Average
387 ex 400	at Warm Springs, Ga., July 12-13, by J. E. CRAYTON,	1st Amateur Average

THE ABOVE BUNCH OF SCORES AVERAGES 97.2%

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telescopes not allowed. Eleven of the members took part and good scores were made. A. Thompson was high man with 120 out of a possible 125, the scores were well above the average and all the members were well pleased with the results. During the evening the boys held a grab bag shoot for a silver spoon. L. Delavergne picked the winning ticket.

Sunday, July 10, there was a grand turn out at the range. Eight organizations held their regular monthly medal and bullseye shoots using 16 targets on the 200-yard range and 2 targets on the 50-yard pistol range. All the clubs shot on the 200-yard range using the German 25-ring target except the Independent Rifles using the 200-yard Standard American target with the .45-70 Springfield rifle.

Early in the morning came Fritz Attinger with a clear eye and a steady nerve and landed three 25's in succession as he started his score in the competition of the S. F. Turner Schuetzen and finished with a 215, which is a good score for our friend Fritz. Never before has the 25-ring been hit three times in succession since last Bundefest in July, 1901, when it was accomplished by Geo. Helms.

Bernhard Brunje made a good score of 305 out of 500 in the Turner Schuetzen of Oakland, his score was not to be very proud of but it brought home the bacon, when at the close he discovered he had won the first prize in the bullseye shoot.

In the S. F. Schuetzen, Louis Bendel made high with 216, Pattberg took a 212, while F. Mason in the reentry matches of the Golden Gate Club makes a 230. He felt like a new beginner as he never uses a telescope sight.

Let us not forget that one good old friend Henry Harris has been presented with a Baby Sharpshooter by the good natured old stork. Henry is the happy man of the hour.

There now again to the front comes our good dear Golden Jubilee King of the S. F. Schuetzen-Verein and makes the best center in the bullseye competition in the above organization.

Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club, indoor shoot .22 caliber rifle, 75 feet, possible 125, best 5 targets, telescope sight barred—L. Delavergne, 115, 115, 114, 112, 111; A. Thompson, 120, 118, 114, 113, 112; W. Guild,

114, 109, 107, 107, 86; Capt. George Larson, 118, 111, 109, 98; K. O. Kindgren, 114, 113, 112, 110, 111; C. Thiele, 111, 110, 110, 106, 110; F. Mullen, 102, 95, 94, 83, 63; A. DeCassia, 108, 102, 94, 60; William A. Siebe, 113, 111, 111, 96, 99; C. H. Otten, 117, 115, 113, 113, 114; W. R. Servis, 113, 113, 112, 111, 107.

Monthly Bullseye Shoot.

J. A. Day, 104; O. A. Poulsen, 37; C. W. Whaley, 49; William Guild, 62; J. M. Klassen, 72; C. H. Otten, 80; Henry A. Harris, 110.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly competition shoot, rifle scores—J. Williams, 200; J. M. Klassen, 220; W. F. Blasse, 218, 207; M. W. Housner, 218, 220, 219; George A. Pattberg, 204, 220; H. A. Wobber, 202, 207; W. G. Hoffman, 222, 222, 219; F. Bridges, 208, 213; O. A. Bremer, 213, 215; C. W. Seely, 205; Herman Enge, 186, 213.

Pistol Scores.

C. W. Linder, 91, 93; James E. Gorman, 95, 94, 94; C. W. Seely, 61, 54; W. F. Blasse, 92; R. W. Jones, 79, 77, 82, 85; Martin Blasse, 88, 84, 87, 88; C. W. Whaley, 89, 84; George Armstrong, 90.

The Philadelphia Rifle Association.

The weekly competitions of this association were shot Saturday, July 16, on the Arlington range, Lansdowne avenue and Cedar lane, near Llanerch, Pa.

O. H. Match.

Geo. Schnerring 215 214 212 210 204 203

Honor Target, 3-Shots.

Schnerring 18 21 22—61 Williamson 20 24 17—61

Military Match.

H. A. Dill 43 43 42 40
Williamson 42 40

50 Yards Pistol Match.

H. A. Dill 88 88 85 85

AT THE TRAPS.

Collinsville, Conn., Rod & Gun Club.

The tournament given by the Collinsville Rod & Gun Club was held at the club grounds on July 14. Thirty-six men took part in the shoot. The high gun prize was won by W. W. Rice. In the special event, the prize, a repeating shotgun, was won by L. R. Bradley of Hartford, who broke 24 out of 25 targets. The silver

cup, given to the highest club member, was won by E. J. Smith of Collinsville. The low gun and club members' prize was won by George Stevens of Collinsville. The three-man team race was won by the Stevens Rod & Gun Club of Chicopee Falls, Mass. The team was composed of A. M. Arnold, P. E. Osborne and W. H. Snow. In the regular shoot there were 175 possible targets. The scores were as follows:

W. W. Rice 157	J. A. Jenkins 134
P. E. Osborne 152	F. E. Sheldon 134
T. R. Bradley 151	W. Burns 129
P. J. Smith 150	C. F. Burns 129
W. H. Snow 148	J. P. Robertson 129
L. C. Wilson 148	H. Bahre 127
E. Kelly 146	N. O. Parsons 124
H. O. Edgerton 145	R. H. Smith 120
S. Gustasson 144	H. L. Sandon 105
B. F. Bishop 143	E. W. Jones 105
J. E. Conlon 143	J. P. Clark 105
R. M. McFeteridge 141	L. D. Parsons 100
A. M. Arnold 135	George Stevens 95
C. P. Smith 135	

The following professionals shot:

N. O. Fanning 163	C. A. Darton 151
A. E. Sibley 156	

Rutland, Vt., Gun Club.

The second annual trap shooting tournament of the Rutland Gun Club opened in this city on July 13, several out-of-town amateurs and professionals participating. The highest score was that of H. H. Stevens, professional, who broke 189 out of a possible 200 targets. The prize-winning amateur was H. B. Moulton of Montpelier, who broke 178 out of 200. The summary:

Professionals.

Possible Score.		Possible Score.	
H. H. Stevens 200	189	W. B. Darton 200	179
J. S. Fanning 200	181	O. R. Dickey 200	166
W. D. Blood 200	180	G. M. Wheeler 200	156

Amateurs.

H. Moulton 200	178	P. Williams 200	121
C. E. Davis 200	172	W. R. Pond 200	107
A. S. Wilbur 200	162	C. H. Stevens 100	50
C. E. Palmer 200	157	G. Palmer 40	32
R. W. Wheeler 200	156	R. C. Holmes 40	29
Dr. R. Smith 200	154	B. C. Godfrey 40	18
H. F. Woodfin 200	128		

Riflemen's Specialties

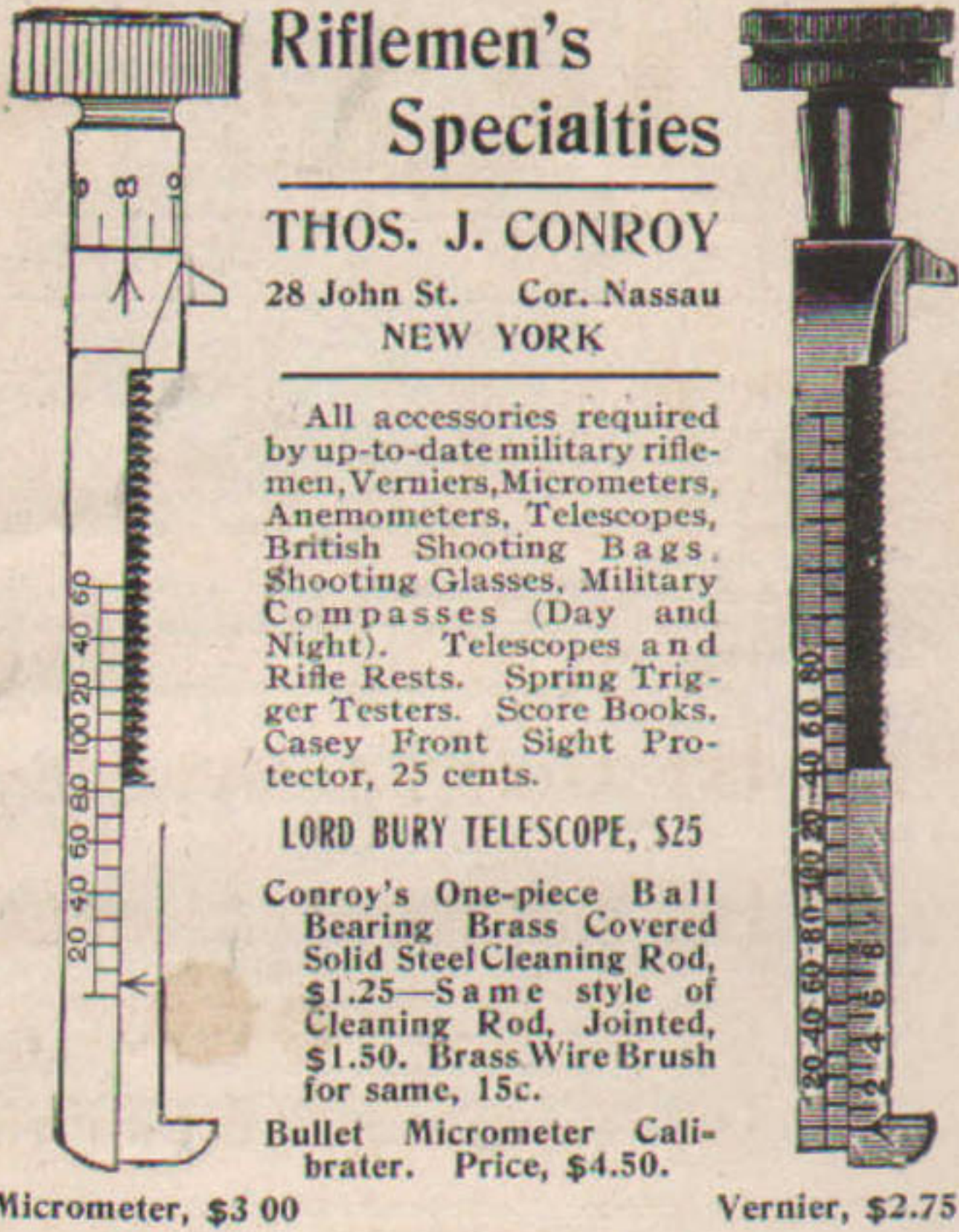
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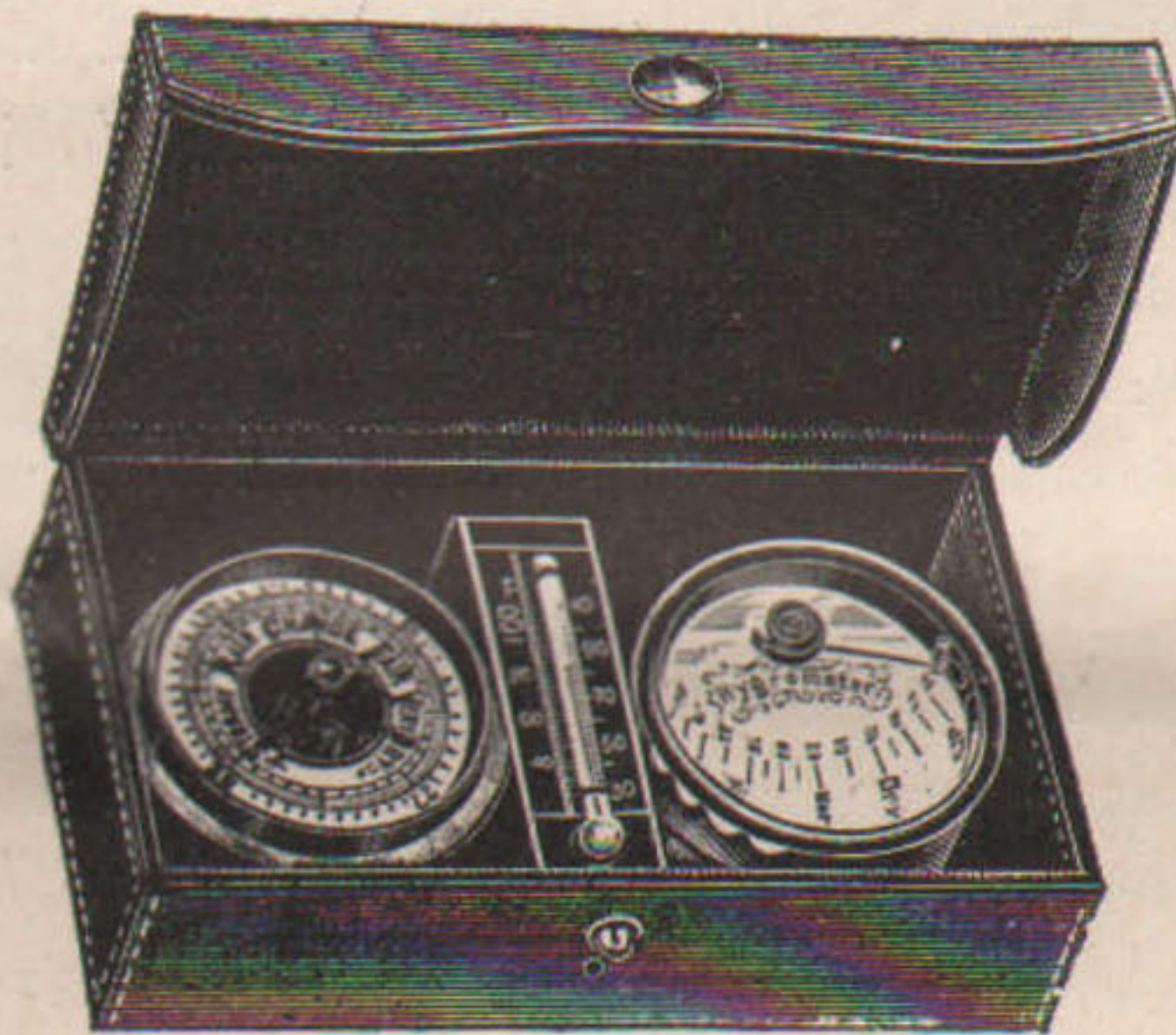
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Herndon, Pa., Gun Club.

The Tenth Annual tournament held June 30, was well attended. The weather was fine. Seven professionals participated. The club expresses their hearty thanks to Mr. Lloyd R. Lewis who acted as Secretary and helped to conduct the shoot. There were some excellent scores made considering the extremely hot day. Scores as follows:

Shot at. Bk.	Shot at. Bk.
J. M. Hawkins... 140 113	J. A. Straub... 180 123
L. R. Lewis... 200 175	M. L. Kreeger... 180 144
Neaf Apgar... 200 196	L. C. Smith... 120 89
D. A. Herrold... 200 172	R. L. Schroyer... 180 120

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The 1910 edition is written up to date according to the Provisional Small Arms Firing Manual, 1909.

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Publicity Committee, National Shoot
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D. N. Hoy... 140 117	O. C. Paul... 100 41
J.B. Richardson... 200 142	D. Schreffler... 60 40
J. N. Keller... 120 91	W. Schreffler... 60 27
Byers... 140 104	Geo. Wetzel... 100 69
A. W. Fulton... 200 141	Hiram Seigfreid... 100 94
Cumberland... 200 185	Yarrick... 100 86
S. N. Troxell... 200 173	G. Schock... 20 17
John G. Klinger... 140 103	E. H. Ziegler... 100 81
D. W. Reitz... 180 155	C. Carl... 60 44
Klotz... 200 145	Jas. T. Sigler... 100 76
Wellington... 160 133	

Paleface Shooting Association, Wellington, Mass.

What was lacking in attendance was made up in enthusiasm at the weekly shoot of the club in 100-bird added target handicap and team match at the traps on July 13.

Frank led in the net breakage with a score of 96 and shot in fine form, returning three clean scores. Charles won high handicap gun for the shoot, his liberal handicap placing him well over the 100 mark.

In the team match Mrs. Parks and Frank tried their best to overcome the lead that Charles and Anderson gained in the earlier rounds, but the latter were in fine shooting fettle and won by 202 to 194.

The conditions were perfect, almost all the shooters returning a clean score in one or more rounds. Mrs. Parks gave a good account of herself on the firing line,

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although she has not been at the traps in some time and was really off form. The summary:

100 Target, Added Handicaps.

Targets.....	15 15 20 15 15 20	Bk. Hep. Tl.
Frank.....	15 14 18 15 14 20	96 8 104
Brinley.....	15 15 19 14 12 18	93 0 93
Charles.....	15 14 18 13 13 17	90 20 110
Mrs. Parks.....	13 14 13 13 12 17	82 8 90
Anderson.....	14 11 14 11 11 16	78 16 92

Team Match.

Charles and Anderson.....	202
Frank and Mrs. Parks.....	194

Peters Averages.

At Kenmare, N. Dak., July 5 and 6, A. R. Chezik, of Portal, N. Dak., broke 385 out of 400 with Peters factory loaded shells, winning third amateur average.

At Pine Bluff, Ark., July 4, high general average was won by W. A. Campbell, of Thornton, 191 out of 200. E. J. Voss, of Pine Bluff, second, 180 and J. P. Wright, of Camden, third, 178. All three gentlemen used Peters factory loaded Ideal shells.

At Rogers Springs, Tenn., July 6 and 7, Woolfolk Henderson shooting Peters Ideal shells scored 385 out of 410, winning second general average.

At Corning, Ark., June 30, Guy Chenault, of Little



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At Wakefield, Massachusetts

IN the Revolver Matches open to all comers at Wakefield, Mass., July 11th to 16th, UMC cartridges won **first place in every event** against all other makes of ammunition.

Military Revolver Championship of New England:

- 1st place, won by Musician E. G. Reising, Conn., score 544, using UMC cartridges.
- 2nd place, won by Capt. W. R. Murphy, Mass., score 518, using UMC cartridges.
- 3rd place, won by Sergt. A. T. Hart, U. S. A., score 480, using UMC cartridges.
- 1st in Slow Fire Aggregate, Musician E. G. Reising, Conn., using UMC cartridges.
- 1st in Timed Fire Aggregate, Musician E. G. Reising, Conn., using UMC cartridges.
- 1st in Rapid Fire Aggregate, Musician E. G. Reising, Conn., using UMC cartridges.

The Vaughn Match, Rapid Fire, 25 yds:

- 1st place, won by Capt. W. R. Murphy, Mass., score 147, using UMC cartridges.
- 2nd place, won by Musician E. G. Reising, Conn., score 147, using UMC cartridges.
- 3rd place, won by Capt. R. C. Foster, Maine, score 136, using UMC cartridges.
- 4th place, won by Capt. F. L. Reeves, U.S.A. retired, score 134, using UMC cartridges.

The Sears Match, Timed Fire, 50 yds:

- 1st place, won by Capt. W. R. Murphy, Mass., score 144, using UMC cartridges.
- 2nd place, won by Musician E. G. Reising, Conn., score 143, using UMC cartridges.
- 3rd place, won by Sergt. A. T. Hart, U. S. A., score 137, using UMC cartridges.
- 4th place, won by Sergt. O. S. Hahn, U. S. A., score 133, using UMC cartridges.

The Aldrich Match, Slow Fire, 75 yds:

- 1st place, won by Capt. W. R. Murphy, Mass., score 143, using UMC cartridges.
- 2nd place, won by Musician E. G. Reising, Conn., score 142, using UMC cartridges.
- 3rd place, won by Sergt. O. S. Hahn, U. S. A., score 135, using UMC cartridges.

Twenty-two Caliber Match, Timed Fire, 25 yds:

- 1st place, won by Musician E. G. Reising, Conn., score 150 plus 3 using UMC cartridges.

Revolver Team Match, won by the Sixth Regiment M. V. M.; using UMC ammunition.

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