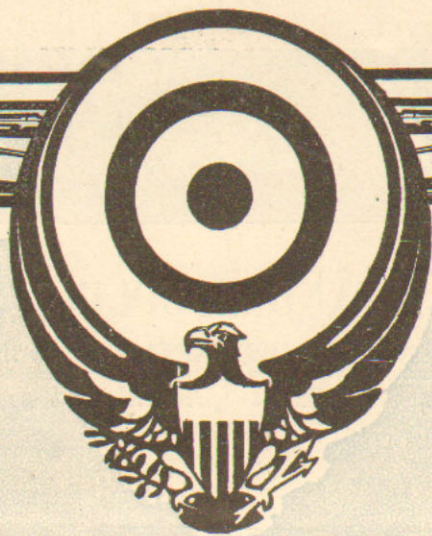


ARMS AND THE MAN



Vol. XLVIII, No. 20.

AUGUST 18, 1910.

**THE NATIONAL
MILITARY AND SHOOTING WEEKLY**

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FORMERLY
SHOOTING AND FISHING.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 18, 1910.

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PUTTING ON THE POSSIBLES AT PERRY.

By the Special Correspondent of ARMS AND THE MAN.

THE last thing I told of in the previous report of the doings at the big Ohio range was the finish of the Hale Match and there was a promise that the succeeding letter would contain the rest of the story. Judging by what has happened, there is going to be plenty to tell.

The Hale Match, as an opening event, showed that it was not going to be easy to take first honors without following up possibles with bulls-eyes laid on with great freedom and frequency. Lieutenant Wallace, who won the Hale Match, turned the trick with fourteen bulls over his possible of 50. Midshipman Bischoff, who finished second to him, had eleven over, and needed them, to get second place.

Last year Lieutenant Fechet, of the Cavalry, put on 17 over the full score, while Worsham of the Marine Corps got second with 16 up. It is pleasing to a man who is interested in the progress of rifle practice, although it may not be quite so pleasing to the old-timers, to observe new men—those whose names have not heretofore shown in the top division of the prize lists—winning or showing up well in every event.

It is very difficult, of course, to compare weather conditions accurately enough to say that this or the other day of this year is a better or a worse one than a day of last year, unless the day in question be exceptional in character.

As near as I am able to tell, the weather conditions are enough like those of last year to justify a statement that the scores in 1910 are not going to run generally as high as those of the preceding year, but it will be remembered the 1909 scores were record breakers all along the line.

It is more pleasant at Perry this year than ever before. The grass is greener and there is more of it, and, so far, whatever particular sub-god has charge of the weather has been doing his best to turn out days good for shooting and nights fit for sleeping.

There is a shuttle train which plies between La Carne and the camp. It is as good a conveyance as one could expect for the purpose but the chief humorist of creation endowed it with a whistle. It is not like the steamboat on the Mississippi River which had a whistle so large that every time it blew the boat stopped for lack of steam. I remember, when I came over from La Carne, the sound of the whistle from the rear end of the train, as it scurried along crabwise, made me think of a school-boy shrilling between his teeth. The brakeman who officiated saw the fun of it, because he was detected deliberately sounding an alarm for every stray sheep or cow which was passed. It was as if an elephant had the squeak of a mouse. But, worthy or unworthy, serious or humorous, piloted by that fearsome whistle, the traveler coming Perryward gets down finally at a concrete station with its centrally supported roof—all in good suburban style; to find himself as of yore in the midst of the best fellows on earth—the riflemen.

There is nothing better than going to the National Matches, unless, perhaps, it is coming away from them after you have spent two or three weeks in camp, when you are looking forward to seeing the folks at home and the pleasing change of fare and scene. Contrasts make life worth living.

I am reminded of a civilian teamster named Bill—I forget the rest of his name and it would be of no consequence if I remembered it. Bill had been a prospector, but he offered his services to Uncle Sam when that worthy was engaged in a heated little altercation with the Nez Percés. I expect the campaign seemed hard even to Bill, who was used to roughing it.

Rations were not plentiful and bacon and beans supplied the place of many savory dishes. After many weeks of it an old tillicum (friend) of Bill came into camp on purpose to see that worthy. When found, Bill was humped up on his heels frizzling a piece of bacon in a sagebrush flame.

"Bill," said the friend, whose name was Joe, "Bill, you durned old raskal, you know that claim of yours that you was working up on Bonanza Creek afore the Injuns busted loose is turned out to be a winner? Yes,

as sure as you live, that there claim of yours is worth a million dollars right now. Dum if it ain't." Bill looked and gasped. "Yes, sir, worth a million dollars," reiterated Joe. Bill gasped again. The news was almost too much for him. He pulled himself together finally and, in an awe-struck voice, remarked, "Well! well! well! By Gosh! I want to tell you if I have struck it and the old claim's a mine, no more bacon and beans for me. If I'm a millionaire, nothing but *canned goods for mine for the rest of my life.*" Camp seems good after home and home is fine when we leave camp.

It is astonishing how many things a man can come to camp without. That is rather an ambiguous sort of sounding sentence, but what I mean is, try as you may to include in the list of things you bring all that you may possibly need, there is bound to be something short when you come to unpack and spread things about. That gives you something new to remember next time you come to camp.

I am not going to complicate the record or gum up the cards by telling of the reentry matches until they can all be disposed of in one lot. Those who are interested in the re-entry events may look for the results to be published in full at their conclusion.

They say, and truly, that practice makes perfect. Men who have been coming to rifle matches since "Kit was a colt" all agree that the present tournament is moving more smoothly than any other they have seen. Colonel Evans, the Executive Officer of the entire series of matches, was early upon the ground. His range officers, carefully chosen, the selections being made with particular reference to the experience and capacity of the officers, have attended three formal schools—two of them held before a shot was fired—and the results are apparent in their work. Supplementing this, instruction officers—and there are few—who are here for the first time as range officers, have been taken in hand by adepts and well coached.

The Marines, who have been acting as scorers, do their work in a way to delight both the eye and the ear. Their scores are well and accurately kept and they sing out lustily as soon as the scoring disk is shown, "Lieutenant Jones, 13th shot for record, a five," or whatever it may be, which is altogether right.

The Catrow Cup Match was put down on the program to begin at eight o'clock on Tuesday, August 9, and it did so begin. The match gets its name from that alert, aggressive and accomplished officer, Col. H. G. Catrow, Commanding Third Infantry, Ohio National Guard. The trophy is a beauty. The conditions call for two sighters and seven shots for record at the difficult ranges of 800, 900, and 1000 yards.

The match ran to schedule on Tuesday and at the completion of the 1000 yard stage, mid afternoon, Sergt. Matt Klem, of the Cavalry Team, had a clear enough lead to entitle him to first place without dispute. Klem shot 35 at 800, 32 at 900, and 35 at the 1000 yards.

The weather conditions were, in the beginning, a seven o'clock, a wind running from six to eight miles an hour, fairly steady. It had freshened at the thousand, and the winner's feat in putting on a possible at that difficult range was no small one. Last year Sergeant Hingle, of the Marine Corps, won the Catrow with the full score of 105. Two other Marine Corps men, Fragner and Farnham, put on 103 each in 1909 and there were three 102's.

The detailed scores of this, as well as other events, will all be found farther over in this copy of the paper.

Wednesday, August 10, had for its opening event the Adjutant General's Cup for a trophy presented by the Adjutant General of Ohio.

The conditions were two sighters and twenty shots at 1000 yards. Priv. G. H. McCarthy, 2nd Corps Cadets, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, proved to be the winner, with a score of 97. Chesley of Connecticut tied the total but was outranked by McCarthy. There was a heavy mirage with average wind.

Last year Lieut. Townsend Whelen, 29th U.S. Infantry, hung this trophy to his belt with a score of 99.

By the way, that reminds me that Whelen is eating his heart out right now in Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, where he has gone to take treatment for an eye trouble. It is not expected the difficulty will be permanent. A month or so should see him in full possession of his sight. It is easy to imagine how lonely he will be in these days, when he knows Camp Perry has claimed so many of his friends while he has to content himself with sitting solitary in a darkened room.

It is a mighty lucky thing that practically all of our expert shots have learned to read the mirage with the glass, because the Executive Officer has ruled that the range shall not be flagged. It looks odd to see no red streamers flung to the breeze from the wind flag-poles, and it seems more than odd to a good many careful dopers who have learned to confirm their glass readings by the action of the streamers. No one is making any serious protest, however, and the preponderance of opinion appears to be in favor of the innovation.

The Executive Officer, of course, gets his authority from the Provisional Firing Manual for Small Arms for 1909, owing to the absence of any mention of flags specifically in General Orders No. 26. Flags could be used in the Ohio State Matches and in the National Rifle Association Matches, if it seemed desirable, as Colonel Evans does not propose to rule them out there, but everyone believes it better to practice with the flagless range, in view of the fact that the National Matches will be shot without the aid of these guides to the wind.

It might not be an inopportune time to state that the general conditions of all the matches, except the National Matches, in both the Ohio and

P. & O.'s shot the greater the number of meanings found for the mystic symbols composing their euphonious cognomen, and when the match was over the P. & O.'s were down and out. It only goes to show that if a man wants to remain in the front rank of the shooting game, he not only has to get up early in the morning and stay up rather late at night, but he has to make bullseyes from early morn to dewy eve without cessation.

In the kind of contests which are being put on here this year a reputation, no matter how well established, is not going to have much influence with a scorer. It must be said, in explanation of the scores made by the really great shots who made up the P. & O. team, that the most of them have been without practice this year. The scores made by some of them were more than good in view of this fact. Lieutenant Mumma, for instance, had not fired a rifle during the year until he lay down to do or die for the noble P. & O.'s in this match.

Chesley was high man of the team with a total score of 214. That death-on-the-trial bullseye-maker Winder was high for all distances with a fine 220, made better and more meritorious by a bad beginning at the 800 and 900 yards and a cracking finish with a grand 74 for the 1000. The 800 and 900 took all the shooting time there was on Thursday and left the morning of Friday for the wind-up. When the teams came to the firing point Friday morning, the standing was—

Yards.....	800	900	Tl.
U. S. M. C. (Team No. 2).....	588	565	1153
Ohio (Team No. 1).....	584	559	1143
U. S. M. C. (Team No. 1).....	579	563	1142
U. S. Cavalry.....	584	558	1142



HERRICK TROPHY WINNER, 1910, OHIO N. G.

National Rifle programs, allow the use of any ammunition and, in a number of instances, any rifle. Where there has been any divergence from the Service arm, it will be commented upon.

The Du Pont Individual Tyro Match, an 800 yard event, which calls for two sighters and ten for record, drew a field of 69 contestants, in which the lowest man scored 47. I do not think the winner, Sergt. Jerome Grabenzah, stabbed the target with his name, but he might have done it and scored himself a few more bulls than he did.

As it was, he had to get 19 over the full score to win from Corporal Warsham of the Marine Corps, who casually stuck on 16 extra bulls after he had gone 50 flat for the first ten down. The statistical officer evidently got tired, as will be seen by the record of this match, because he said at the end, "Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11 bulls each." He does not even give them the satisfaction of being mentioned separately. Warsham won this match last year with 28 bulls over. The conditions were fair, bright sunshine and nothing exceptional in the way of wind—about the average shooting day.

Thursday that classic event which is so highly regarded as a test of long range skill, the Herrick, instantly claimed attention at the eight o'clock hour. There was a field of twenty teams, including the P. & O.'s, whose officers and general makeup were mentioned last week. The longer the

The very first pair up for Ohio, Winder and Richards, using telescopic sights, Winder shooting a Krag—and, by the way, they were the only contestants in the match who did use telescopic sights—smashed out a 74 and 69, respectively, while the first pair up for the Marine Corps Team No. 2, the leaders at the beginning of firing at this range, Lieutenant Coyle and Corporal Lewellen, did no better than 64 and 69. Thus, when the first pairs of the two leaders had finished, the score up to the minute was tied.

The second pair of Ohioans, Emerson and Stemple, nailed a 65 and 70. The corresponding pair of Marines were unable to score more than 69 and 64. The third pairs gave Rothrock and Eddy of Ohio 65 and 70 again, while the Marines had 61 and 67 marked to their credit. Thus, with six men gone from each team and one pair more to fire for each the Ohio team was four points to the good.

Semon and Benedict, for Ohio, had chalked up to their credit a 66 and a 67 when each had fired his fifteenth record shot, while Marines Czegka and Schrever, though they made a gallant effort and gained three points, with a fine 65 and 71 were unable to overcome the lead of the buck-eye men and finished one point behind.

The same teams last year finished one point apart in the hottest kind of a fight for second place. The Marines had three misses at the thousand

yards, two by one man and one by another, coming in the midst of fives and fours. The shooting form of the Marine Corps men was such as to make it beyond a possibility that these misses were due to faults of the firers in holding. There appeared to have been just those ammunition defects which sometimes show up to plague the best and most skilful at an inopportune time or a boil in the mirage suddenly arriving and overlooked.

The Herrick Trophy, therefore, for the second time in its history of four times shot for remains in Ohio. It was, as will be remembered, presented for competition by Ex-Governor Herrick. The weather conditions during the last stage of the Herrick could be considered medium to hard. A fish-tail wind from the 12 o'clock portion of the range rather complicated the situation, but the mirage was strong enough, though not too strong, to give a good line on what the air currents were doing. Last year the winning scores in the Herrick, which was won by Massachusetts, was 1700.

Somebody said Major Phillips of the Ordnance Department was here, and, upon investigation, the rumor proved to be not a rumor but the truth. Complaints from National Match men here in training of weak mainsprings caused him to make application for 300 full strength springs and later for 500 more. Cutting off the main springs, always a dangerous practice, has not only resulted in many cases of misfire, but it has actually introduced an element of danger which is too imminent to be ignored.

A main spring has a double function in the rifle. It is not alone intended to drive the firing pin home for the indentation of the primer but it has another use in holding the firing pin against the primer after the dis-

Czegka landing second with 330. Three other Marine Corps men secured third, fourth, and fifth places. The Marine with the puzzling name, with his perfect skirmish score, secured that special prize. Lieutenant Smith of the Marines got the high aggregate at slow fire, while there were ties galore, as shown by the score sheets for the highest rapid fire and the highest aggregate at 800 and 1,000 yards. Thus, in the finish of two matches in one day, the Marines had the hard luck—if you may call it that—of finishing one point short of highest score, namely, in the Herrick Match and the Governor's Match.

If one is to judge by general form, it might be said that the Marine team of this year is stronger than last. It seems a better balanced aggregation, not so highly specialized on long range, slow fire, and I rather expect it to go higher in the prize lists than it has ever gone before.

There has been a great gain in the State teams this year, which is liable to make a radical change in the final standing of the contestants in the National Team Match. Oklahoma's shooting in the Herrick was something to cause the average State team man to pause and wonder. In the very fastest company it won seventh place with a grand total of 1644, being beaten only by such crack organizations as Ohio, Marine Corps, Cavalry and Infantry. At the same time, it defeated one of the Infantry teams, the P. & O.'s, the Navy, Midshipmen, and others of little less repute. It is said the men from the new State skirmish well and that they are strong at rapid fire. Taking all these facts into consideration, it would not surprise me to see Oklahoma land within the first six in Class A.

It is the hardest thing in the world to write correspondence like this when the shooting is going on, and, after the shooting is over, so many



CHICAGO POLICE TEAM. WINNERS OF THE NATIONAL POLICE TEAM MATCH.

charge of the shot, thus making it impossible for the primer to blow out or for gases to escape rearward. Some shells I saw after discharge had primers cupped and rimmed enough to show that the metal flowed out around the point of the firing pin in what looked like a hazardous way.

The Governor's Match began on Thursday afternoon. Its conditions required it to be shot in two stages, the first consisting of one skirmish run, 200 yard and 600 yard slow. The fifty competitors having the highest aggregate score at the end of the first stage to shoot in the second stage, though any other competitors not coming within the first fifty, and desiring to continue the match, could do so upon the payment of an additional entrance fee. The second stage contained within its requirements 200 yards rapid fire, 800 and 1000 yards slow fire. Any military rifle and any ammunition. These were also special prizes to the competitor making the highest skirmish run, the highest score at rapid fire, the highest slow fire aggregate and the best aggregate at 800 and 1,000 yards. The weather conditions at the beginning of the Governor's Match were excellent, with a six to eight mile wind running from 3 o'clock and light mirage just sufficient for doping purposes. Sergeant Czegka, of the Marine Corps, putting on a perfect skirmish with a score of 100, 44 at 200 slow and 47 at 600 slow, was high man at the end of the first stage with 191. The standing of the other contestants at this point in the progress of the contest is shown in the score columns. It looked like "Chekka's" match (that is the way he pronounces it) but Lieutenant Nissen, of the Cavalry Team, who finished the first stage in fifth place, came on in a rush and, by scoring a 45 in rapid and a 49 at 800 and another score one short of perfect at the 1,000, pulled into first place by a bare one point, his total being 331,

other things attract one's attention that it is about as difficult to work then as during the day. My idea has been to give as clear an idea of what is taking place at Camp Perry as I could and it seems that can best be done by closing the correspondence at the end of each calendar week. So this letter will end, so far as the matches are concerned, with the last match shot on Saturday, August 13.

ARMS AND THE MAN of next week will contain the next week's shooting. In that way the accuracy of the scores and names may be safeguarded so far as humanly possible by sending them on by mail instead of wire. Besides, you have all gotten the first results from the press dispatches in the daily papers.

The Peters Individual Skirmish Match on Saturday, attracted a large entry list because it afforded so fine an opportunity for practice for the National Matches. The skirmish runs of this year at the new target and with the battle sight are a source of some concern to a large number of men who will put on big scores in the National Matches when they come.

Every moment of practice at skirmish which can be had is eagerly seized upon. Several petitions have come in to N. R. A. headquarters asking the Executive Committee to put on "Skidoo" matches next week for skirmish and rapid fire. The rapid fire will have to be shot on the 600-yard butt and the contestants are naturally desirous of having opportunity to obtain their elevations there. If there is any way to do it, the N. R. A. will give the competitors the desired opportunity for skidoo practice during their matches of next week.

In the Peters there were 250 entries, the lowest of the twenty-seven high men, who found their way to the top of the list through the channel

of firing and running down the skirmish range, had a score of 93, while the winner, Priv. Sedic Long, of Massachusetts, gained the right to be called the winner by putting every one of his twenty shots in the paper silhouette of the lying man. A hundred points in a skirmish run is a score to be proud of, especially since the battle sight has been made a compulsory requirement for that class of firing.

As was to be expected, the teams of the Regular Service were well represented among the prize winners. Alabama rather surprised the talent by getting three men in the first twenty-seven—Sergeant Pope with 97, Sergeant Evans with a 94, and Capt. Lucien Brown with a 93. It begins to look like the State teams would have to keep a weather eye on Alabama when the National Match skirmish comes on.

Perhaps no problem which has received attention at the hands of creators of rifle practice systems has been more difficult of solution than that of making a course of fire which would, on the one hand, best qualify men for Service shooting, and, on the other, demonstrate, when applied to match firing, the relative skill of the participants.

From the fertile brain of Col. L. W. Howard, 6th Ohio Infantry, Assistant Executive Officer, aided and abetted by Major Phillips of the Ordnance Department, sprung the idea of a match which has been variously styled "blind man's buff," chuck-a-luck, and a Special Experts' Match.

A weighing of opportunities had shown enough vacant time on Saturday afternoon to put on an extra match and the event which will go down in history with the official designation of "Special Experts' 800-yard Match" was assigned to the vacant time. The conditions of this competition were ten shots and no sighters at 800 yards; targets not to be marked between shots; each target to be carefully plotted on a miniature to show the location of the hits in their proper order.

That is to say, the firers were given no opportunity to secure data, by experimental or sighting shots, of wind or elevations, and they were without opportunities to verify their calculations by observing the location of the shots fired. The match possessed many of the elements of Service firing. No man could tell where his shots were going until the completion of the string, and while the distance was known, by no agency available to them could the contestants have positive knowledge of the elevation and wind corrections required.

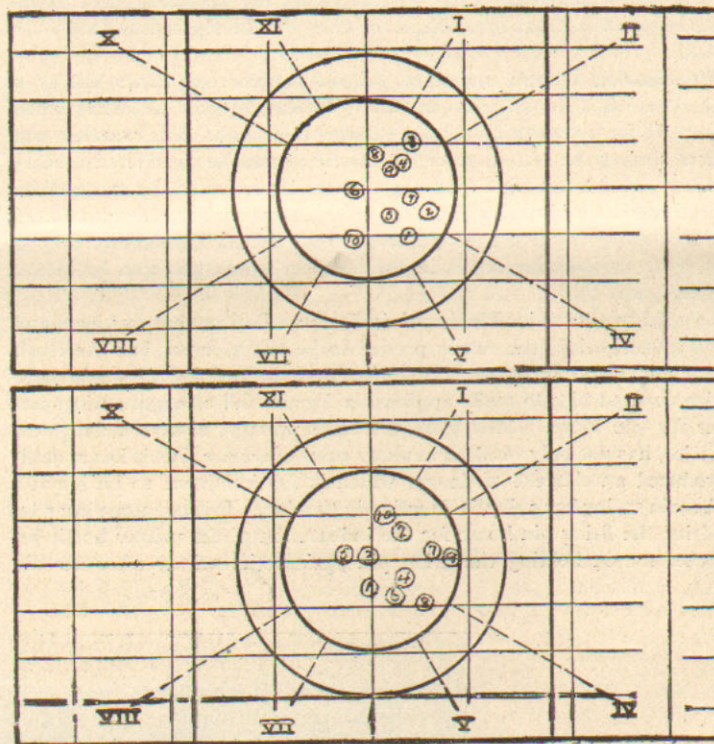
The afternoon was one of bright sunshine, with a wind that ran from the two to two-fifteen point at approximately eight miles an hour, rather less than more. No one seemed to be badly off on elevations and the majority of the 25 men who competed doped their wind all right. The actual wind required for the most of the period during which the firing went on was about $1\frac{1}{4}$ points. Some had as high as $2\frac{1}{2}$, but these were few in number. The scores will probably be rather startling to those who have not followed closely the progress of modern rifle shooting. 800 yards is almost half a mile and a 36-inch bullseye at that distance does not look very large. Notwithstanding the difficulties confronting the firers, two of them, Capt. Stuart Wise of Massachusetts and Capt. K. K. V. Casey of Pennsylvania, put on perfect scores, while three men, Capt. H. H. Austin of Indiana, G. W. Chesley of Connecticut, and Lieut. G. T. Bowman, 15th U. S. Cavalry, fell only one point short of the perfect score. Of the tyros, Capt. B. Hamilton of Connecticut and Sergt. W. C. Andrews, of the 5th Ohio, showed their metal by punching out a 48 and a 47 respectively.



SERGEANT LEUSHNER PEPPERING THE 300 YARD TARGET.

The two perfect score men, Wise and Casey, shot off their tie. The conditions were modified only to the extent of requiring the man first out of the bullseye to acknowledge himself defeated in the conflict for first place. In the presence of a distinguished gallery of intensely interested spectators, the duel for premier honors began. As soon as the targets could be put into commission, Casey fired the first shot, scoring a bull. Very quickly, Wise followed suit with the same result. Casey then fired his

second shot to decide the tie, and the opportunity for a long drawn out, ding-dong battle was forever lost when he scored a close but unmistakable four. Wise bulled on his second tie-deciding shot, thus earning a well deserved victory.



The targets made by Captains Wise and Casey in the Special Experts', 800 yard, "sight unseen" match, are reproduced with full plotting. They can scarcely be told apart. The top one is that of Captain Wise. Both men were shooting with a point and half right wind. Note how the shots are practically on the right side of the center line. A point and a quarter would have been exactly correct. Casey's four in the shootoff, where neither changed wind, was out on the right side.

It is more than likely the ideas born of this contest will result in other matches which, by their conditions, will provide similar tests of the highest class expert skill. Many improvements have already suggested themselves to eager advocates of one or another method of providing a vigorous and yet fair and impartial test of the Service shooting skill of the long range heavy-weights.

One of the institutions of the camp that makes itself heard and felt is the almost nightly entertainment provided by Chaplain Dickson of the 26th U. S. Infantry. The chaplain has some extremely serious as well as sensible ideas about the forms of amusement best suited to the desires and requirements of the soldiermen who come under his watch and ward.

Personally he is a picturesque figure, in his olive-drab shirt, khaki breeches, and poked up campaign hat. The soldiers like him and no one can blame them. His entertainments draw largely from the enlisted strength of the camp and many collars bearing the insignia of a commissioned officer may be discovered in the large audience which attest to the popularity of his "show." The enthusiastic applause of the large audiences is an audible evidence of appreciation and approval.

The band of the 2nd Infantry gives concerts in front of the clubhouse every night or two and there are other concerts by the same organization in the 2nd Infantry camp. These entertainment features will continue during all of the meeting.

Sunday morning, August 14, dawned bright, fair, and warm. Tennessee, Arizona, and other State teams, had been arriving Saturday night and others in great number were due on the day set apart for church and rest. Religious services were conducted at 9 o'clock by Chaplain Pruden of the 2nd Infantry in the recreation tent of that regiment, and, at 7.30 in the evening, by Chaplain Dickson in the assembling place of the 26th Infantry.

Numbers of the contestants, especially those belonging to the teams which have been in camp for a week or more, laid aside their range togs, and, in spotless blue, speckless white, or in neat "cits," got away Saturday night or Sunday morning for Cedar Point, Put-In-Bay, or other nearby resorts. There was no firing on Sunday. The camp was peaceful with a quiet which seemed strangely impressive after the hurry, bustle, clattering and crash of quick movement firing so incessantly present during the week. Opportunity to visit the splendid concrete target butts was eagerly seized by crowds of men who are at Camp Perry for the first time.

Monday morning, bright and early, the matches of the National Rifle Association of America will begin, and, if the history of the past week is any index to the future, schedule will be followed strictly, bad weather only preventing. Monday's program, with the skirmish and 200 yard

stages of the President's Match, the Wimbledon and Leech Cup Matches, the State Secretaries', the Regimental and Press Matches, will be a busy day. On Tuesday that premier event, the Evans Skirmish Match, will have its beginning. With its simulation of Service conditions, it is expected to prove this year, as last, the most interesting event on the program. It will run through parts of three days. The other N. R. A. events will come in their proper order.



THE FINEST REVOLVER RANGE IN THE COUNTRY.

Unless something very serious occurs to interfere, the National Association events of every kind should have been disposed of by Thursday night, leaving the deck clear on Friday and Saturday for the two days of preliminary practice preceding the National Matches.

The unsquadded competitions, the reentry matches of the Ohio State Rifle Association, tell their own story by their scores, which may be found along with the other scores on later pages of this edition. The scores are uniformly very good, although, in most cases, they are not running as high as last year.

(Continued on page 429.)

McGOVERN'S RETREAT.

BY K. H. CLAIR.

IT was the proud boast of Terry McGovern, retired sergeant, that he had never refused a challenge or retreated from danger in his life; and when he was informed by Miss Kate, his landlady, that he was wanted at the 'phone, he assumed his most consequential and dignified air and went down stairs to take up the "thrid" of the discourse.

"Is this Major McGovern?" said a far-away voice.

Now for a retired sergeant to be called Major would not ordinarily signify much to Terry's mind, but in this instance he recognized the tones of the new lodger, a Scotchman named Young, clerk to Judge Jones, to whom only the evening before Terry had confided some of his most thrilling experiences during the Civil War, and later among the Apaches, and who had then and there expressed himself that for such heroism the Sergeant should have been promoted to Major at least.

"Ah, is it you, Judge?"

"Yes, caunt you come oop here a bit?"

"An' phare may you be?"

"In the Judge's office, where it is cool and comfortable, with the electric fan a-buzzin' and the Judge awa.' You can just as weel spend the day with me."

"An' what day of the wake is it?"

"Why Tuesday to be sure."

"Bless me sowl, so it is. Well, I'll come up for a minute, but I have to join some owld frinds at the Beach this afternoon."

So Terry, not long after, sitting under the fan, was listening to a hard luck story from the lips of Young; how he had to send a cablegram to the Judge in Europe which would cost him near on to five dollars, and he hadn't the money to pay it, while a check to himself for a whole hundred depended upon it, with other matters of very, very great importance.

Retired sergeants, whether they have ever merited the title of major or not, usually have money, and it so happened that Terry had a \$10 note in his inside pocket at that very moment. But he had been keeping it for emergencies, had even stood off Miss Kate till pay day, which was now a little more than a week away. However, the urgency of the situ-

ation was such that he secured change and let Young have the \$5 he so much desired.

Being a man of business proclivities Terry then returned to his lodgings to see if any mail had arrived, with the understanding that he would come back and spend the remainder of the very warm July morning under the cooling breezes of Judge Jones' office fan.

But Terry received a letter which turned his thoughts into quite a different channel. It was an invitation to the wedding of Miss Nellie McCarty, a farmer's daughter in the neighborhood, which would occur in about a week. His social engagements being rather limited, the question at once arose as to the proper apparel to be worn. Luckily he had a dress-coat and vest, constructed for the marriage of a niece almost a quarter of a century before; so his needs were narrowed down to trousers.

Though possessing a considerable assortment of nether garments, none of them in his judgment was fit to be worn at the wedding of Nellie McCarty. A pair of blue serge might have served but they were of illiberal dimensions, quite out of date; knee breeches and black stockings were still more antiquated; velveteens with yellow stripes were out of the question, and the only black pair which would properly answer demanded repairs. He would have to purchase new trousers!

But now that he had helped his newly-found friend out, he had not the wherewith to make the purchase, and credit with Terry was not to be thought of. A reconsideration of the black pair decided him to have rectangular pieces cut from similar cloth, which, when neatly inserted, would render the appearance of this important part of his costume entirely appropriate.

Accordingly Terry hied him to a nearby Italian tailor, intent on leaving full instructions as to the repairs. But as luck would have it, the tailor was out, and in waiting for him Terry got into conversation with another man, a customer also waiting, about the battle of Gettysburg, while the assistant, who couldn't understand English very well, evinced that he was listening by his persistent and eager glances in their direction. Terry kindly explained the situation at Round Top and Little Round Top by means of diagrams on some yellow canvas on the counter.

"You had an experience among the Apaches, too, didn't you?" said the man.

"I did that," responded Terry, and then launched out into quite a complete and thrilling account of expeditions of the gallant Seventh Cavalry after that wily old chief, Geronimo. Then Terry went to his dinner to find another phone message reminding him of his appointment at the Beach, which caused him to take an early car in that direction; whence he did not return till toward evening of the day for the wedding.

Farmer McCarty's daughter Nellie had no greater admirer of the fatherly class than Sergeant McGovern, and it occurred to him that he was in duty bound to make her a present. In his circumscribed condition with but a brief time to act, the only thing he could think of was a medal presented to himself for bravery at Round Top. He might as well do it, he reflected, as it would ever remind her of his personal self.

Terry hurried over to his tailor's to get his newly repaired trousers and met with a shock which made the greatest of previous surprises by camp and field appear like the work of a toy battery. Instead of the expected longitudinal insertions neatly pressed down there were two round patches of yellow canvas, one marked Round Top and the other little Round Top, sewn in reinforced military style on the shattered regions of his much needed garments.

"What the bloody blazes," said Terry as the tailor held them up to his astonished gaze, "does that mane?"

"Why he said," replied the Knight of the Shears, nodding in the direction of his assistant, "that you marked them out yourself and was very particular that they were to be round!"

"What a pity such a blunderin' spalpeen shud be alive!" said Terry, casting a wicked look at the assistant. "Do you think I'd wear thin things to a weddin'?"

"You saida roun' topa!" up spake the assistant with his eyes flashing at what he perceived was a reflection on himself. "You saida two roun' topa, and you marka dem onna da cloth!"

It was McGovern's own trouble and he was hot with indignation; but his Irish sense of humor prevailed, and he burst into a laugh, as he expressed it "at the ignorance of the dom'd Dago who didn't know the difference between a battle-faild and the sate av a man's pants!"

"You blin' cindher from Vesuvius, I wasn't a-talkin' thin about pants at all, but about the greatest battle that was iver fought, and av which I was a participant—the battle of Gettysburg and Round Top—"

"Stoppa," interrupted the assistant, as though Terry had admitted his contention, "you forgetta, eh? Dat wata you say, *da roun' topa*, an' jesta you go waya you say never forgetta round up patches!"

"What a blitherin' mass of dumbness! I said nothin' av the kind! What I said was—I'll niver forgit the round up of Geronimo an' the Apaches. Geronimo wasn't at Gettysburg! Now what am I to do? It's time for me to be aff!"

Here the tailor interposed soothingly: "The trousers, Major, are all right. You are going to wear them with a dress suit, are you not?"

"I am that," said Terry, "but I didn't expect to carry me whole military record on the sate of me pants!"

"But it is done in the best military style, Major, and besides, no one is likely to see it under the dress coat."

Mollified by the tone and title, Terry reflected; there was no time to lose, and what the tailor said might be true. He would go home and dress, and then submit his appearance to Miss Kate.

"Do you see anythin' very speshially right or wrong wid me ginerall make up, Miss Kate?" said he after he was in shape.

"I'm sure you do look like a foine gintleman in ivery way," said the landlady, as he turned around and displayed himself. "An' are you goin' to be marrud?"

"No, but I'm goin' to a weddin' av a particular frind and I wouldn't loike to disgrace the ceremony."

"I'm sure," said Kate, "you do look that foine you might will be the bridegroom yoursilf!"

With such a certificate of fitness did Terry McGovern go to the wedding of Miss McCarty. But through nearly the whole evening he evinced a tendency to keep his back to the wall, or to have some other obstruction in his immediate rear. Still after a few rounds of the punch specially concocted for a wedding, the vigilance of the most circumspect is apt to relax. It came time for the dancing to begin and McGovern thought he would make his presentation to the bride and retire in good order.

The happy pair was in the open, as it were, as Terry marched up and, bowing low, presented his medal. "I give it t' yu," he said, "as the proudest memento av me whole loife, when I ascinded the slope at Round Top—"

"Did you wear them pants?" said a voice from behind him.

"To hell wid yez!" exploded McGovern, whirling partly around.

"Those are not proper words to utter in the presence of a lady," said the groom.

"I know ut," said McGovern, "an' I apologize, but I can lick the baiste that refers to me garmintis invidjusly on sich an occasion!"

In his partial turn the newly wed caught sight of something that caused them to laugh also. The whole company began to titter and then to roar. McGovern looked wildly around. He was no coward, but this was a different situation from any he had ever faced. Whichever way he might go or turn, the cause of the trouble was always behind him. He saw the battle was lost and made for the door at a double-quick. A gallant soldier he undoubtedly was, but forced to retreat at last owing to his peculiar position with relation to the seat of war.

No Cause for Worry.

Representative Cordell Hull, of the Fourth Tennessee district, likes to do things to impress his constituents with the idea that he is always trying to benefit them. On one occasion he persuaded a good roads enthusiast to travel with him through his district and lecture on good roads of which there are a few in that part of the State.

"You tell these people," said Hull, "that you'll show them how to build good roads so that they can get their corn out to market."

At the first meeting place the good roads expert said to the constituents: "My friends, I'm going to show you how to build such roads that you can get your corn out."

"Well, stranger," drawled one of the Tennesseans, "you needn't worry. Down here we raise a lot of corn, but we make it inter whisky, an' then fight it out."—Popular Magazine.

OVERHEARD ON THE RANGE.

By "OTIS."

DEAR OLD "HASBEEN:"

You will remember that when I left for this big shoot I told you that you might expect a weekly letter from me. Well, I am almost sorry that I made that promise, because it is the biggest contract I ever made. But I am going to attempt to carry it out if it takes a leg and my bullseye arm. As I sit here in my tent with the sounds of rifle shots ringing in my ears I cannot help but wonder how the folks are at home, how you and the bunch are getting along and if they have won any more League matches.

But wondering won't write letters and I must tell you something about this great camp and the people in it. I arrived at the little way station called La Carne and simply followed the crowd; I say crowd because there were a lot of them. The "Limited," consisting of one coach and a combination baggage car, soon carried us the short distance to the Camp.

Now right here I wish to go on record as saying that there is one officer in this "village" who knows his business and is on his job night and day. He is Lieutenant Miller of the Regular Service and Quartermaster of the Matches. Fifteen minutes after I arrived I had a tent, cot, table, tin wash basin, and was comfortably settled.

This is certainly some range and if there is a larger and better equipped range anywhere in the world I would surely like to see it. Of course the first place I headed for when I got my tent straightened out was the revolver range. I tell you it's a corker. You would not wish for a better range to shoot over. There is one common firing line from which to shoot at the 15, 25, 50 and 75 yard targets. You ought to see the nice arrangement at the firing point; the table in front of the shooters is constructed of cement and leans toward the targets at an angle of about thirty degrees. The scorers are on elevated platforms constructed of the same material which enables them to look over the heads of the shooters.

I found a lot of policemen practicing for the National Police Individual Match and the National Police Team Match, of course under the match conditions, which are as follows: Each man fires two scores of five shots each at 15 yards, rapid fire, eight seconds to each score; two scores of five shots each at 25 yards, timed fire, fifteen seconds to each score; one string of five shots slow fire, twenty seconds to each shot, at 50 yards.

Some very fine scores were made and it certainly looked good to me to see those officers punish the black. While I was there one "of the finest" made a score of 94 at 15 yards, rapid fire, which you must admit is pretty fine shooting for a policeman, or in fact anyone. All shooting is done on the N target, counting from 10 to 2. The bullseye is five inches in diameter and while it looks quite large at 15 yards it closely resembles the head of a pin in size at 75.

The Colt Army Special seems to be a favorite arm with the policemen as every man in the Team Match used this weapon and it also won first and second places in the National Police Individual, and all but two contestants used the same arm in this match.

I tried my hand at the 25-yard range for an eighty per cent medal but the eight seconds for five shots and repeat was too much for me. With a little practice I think it will be an easy task to get them off. I was more successful at 50 yards, where the conditions call for ten shots in strings of five, twenty seconds to each shot. I put on a score of 82 and felt pretty well satisfied.

Tuesday we had a rain and hail storm which sent everyone to cover for a time and stopped the shooting but it cleared up shortly, leaving the air sweet and cool. It is a great experience to sleep alone in a tent in this great, big camp, and the cool evening air is delightful, in fact a relief from the sweltering heat of the city.

Everywhere there are soldiers, and they come from all over the country. I never heard so much dope talk in all my life. Such expressions as "four above centers," "come down three minutes," "eight down," "four up," etc.

I drop in at some of the ammunition tents on Commercial Row every once in a while and you might as well listen to some one talking in ancient Egyptian because neither would be intelligible. It is very interesting to visit these tents because you nearly always find something new, such as the latest sporting rifles, accessories for the rifleman, and military supplies.

I dropped in to see Hurlburt and Phelps of the Colt Company last evening and spent three hours with them. They have a complete line of Colt revolvers from the .22 to the .45 and it is certainly an interesting exhibition to the devotee of the short arm.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.'s exhibit is in charge of Mr. John Hessian with a corps of efficient assistants including Mr. Burton Call, Mr. Chester B. Smith and Mr. H. R. Patterson. A display of Remington automatic shotguns and rifles always proves a great drawing card and makes a busy place of the U.M.C. tent.

I was much interested in the display of the Maxim Silent Firearms Company with Mr. George Lucas in charge. From the little .22 to the latest model of Government silencer for the Springfield in sectional form to show the interior construction, the exhibition is most interesting.

Every want of the military man and the rifle shooter is anticipated by the manufacturers of goods for these men and the M. C. Lilley Company, of Columbus, Ohio, has a complete line for both.

There are many amusing happenings along the firing line and everybody appears to be in good humor and the best of spirits, playing practical jokes and doing stunts of various kinds which would appear very undignified in private life. But all restraint is thrown aside here and all have a good time.

Colonel Dooley of the United States Cartridge Company has a new joke every day. Ask him to tell you about the new rapid fire match when you next see him.

I was much amused while over at the clubhouse the other evening. Captain Lyman and Capt. Harry Lay with Colonel Dooley and Captain Casey were having a barrel of fun with their friends in a good-natured way. Appearing to get into a heated argument over "Whiskers" and as to what constituted a Van Dyke and an imperial, they would ask some innocent bystander to explain the difference. They were very careful to put the emphasis on the "explain." The first thing the officer called

(Continued on page 423.)

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.

FOR UNIFORMITY OF QUALIFICATION.

Officers of the National Guard come to their commissions in various ways; some by election directly, some by appointment absolutely; scarcely any of them now, no matter in what State, are commissioned without being required to pass an examination.

The broad purpose in the minds of those who have been for some years endeavoring to secure better conditions in the Organized Militia has been the creation of an homogeneous force; a force not only homogeneous but one raised to the highest degree of efficiency consistent with civil life employment by the men composing it.

It is obvious that if we employ the same examination to determine the competency of a man to be a captain of Infantry in Massachusetts and in California, those men, barring certain unavoidable personal peculiarities, will, if they be successful in passing the examination, bear more of a likeness one to the other than if they had been required to pass differing examinations.

It has been suggested to the Militia Division of the War Department that it would be well to have lists of the questions for examinations of officers prepared for supply to the States. In this way it is argued an uniformity of eligibility will be established.

The War Department has no power under the law to insist upon the use of such examination papers as it may put out, but it has the right, and that right should be exercised, to prepare lists of examination questions, the same to be furnished to such States as ask for them. It is believed the Militia Division will undertake to create these examination questions this fall, in further development of the educational work so well carried out during the year by the Department.

In this connection it might not be amiss to say that sentiment in the States against the elective system of choosing officers is being constantly augmented. There is a cause for the hope that eventually, even in those States where a constitutional provision makes the non-elective system of choosing officers an impossibility, time will bring a remedy by constitutional amendment.

More and more the fact is recognized that an elective system of selecting officers of any military force is contrary to the first principles of military

discipline, and that if the rare flower of perfect obedience and complete respect to and for superiors in command shall be made to grow and flourish in the National Guard, it must be through a better method of selecting officers for that important force.

POLICEMEN AS SHOTS.

It was a sight for sore eyes to see at Camp Perry those big policemen from three of our great cities punching holes in the targets with their revolver bullets. We have had occasion, worse luck, to be near a policeman when, in the performance of ordinary city patrol duty, he undertook to kill a dog, said to be mad.

We saw that policeman fire five shots without killing the dog and we recall the painful loss of confidence in the marksmanship of the guardians of the law which followed the incident. We had almost forgotten to say that one of the missent bullets hit a bystander in the ankle and crippled him for life. Also it may be said that the dog was killed with a club.

A policeman, as we encounter him in the average city, is much more dangerous to the peaceful citizen than he is to the malefactor. The criminal is the alleged object at which the policeman shoots when he thinks it necessary to shoot, but a wide observation, with the most charitable of motives, has convinced us that what the policeman is shooting at is more safe than that at which he is not shooting, because, not being able to hit the object he wishes to hit, he is bound to hit something else.

The contest this year at Camp Perry between police teams, which, by the way, is treated of fully in Otis's "Overheard on the Range" in this week's issue, was the first of its kind to take place at the National Match, but, if we are to judge by the comments we hear, it is by no means the last.

Surely for the sake of the unprotected or misprotected denizens of our urban districts we must have policemen who can shoot or we should take their revolvers away from them.

SO SHOULD ALL EMPLOYERS BE.

Mr. Haldane, Under Secretary of State for War, has within a short time written to Mr. Joseph Watson, said to be the chief partner in the firm which owns the Olympic Oil and Cake Mills, at Selby, Yorkshire, offering thanks to the gentleman for manning his new factory with several hundred discharged soldiers.

Each operative in the factory, excluding a few who required technical training, has been a soldier and served his full time in the British Army.

The majority of the men belong to the Army reserve and they come from all branches of the Service and number over five hundred. The men are said to be exceptionally competent and their conduct is far above that of ordinary workmen.

Employers in America would do well to follow such an example. They would do well not alone for the country, through the added dignity such a course would give to the military profession, but they would do well from a selfish standpoint, inasmuch as the men would do more work with less noise and do it better than men who had been trained in other less desirable schools than the Army.

Service with the colors never fails of making a worthy man more worthy and it many times serves to develop latent manhood in those who have started wrong. Some weaklings could never be made strong by any process. A few of these get into the Army but they are failures in or out.

In countries like England and the United States where the great mass of the population shows a willingness to allow a few men to come forward as volunteers for the Army, Navy and the National Guard, or its equivalent, the very least those others not serving can do is to offer encouragement in divers forms, tangible and intangible, to the men who are actually putting themselves forward as part of the country's first line of defence.

This has particular and especial application to the case of the National Guardsman. Employers have in every State shown reluctance in allowing their assistants to enter the National Guard, and to perform duties in that force after joining. We cannot believe any employer worthy to be called an American would offer the slightest objection to the enrollment of his employes in the National Guard if he understood the situation.

It is to us a case which needs enlightenment only to resolve itself smoothly and satisfactorily. Naturally, as a human being, an employer would prefer that the men he hires to do his work be in his shop or store and not in camp or armory. To convince him that his duty requires an apparent sacrifice will take argument.

We speak of it as an "apparent sacrifice" because in reality it is only that. Given the kind of employe who is willing to serve in the National Guard, and who succeeds in his National Guard work, we may be sure of finding the same man one who altogether makes good in his civil employment. The employer may rest assured if he gives that man ten, twenty or even thirty days for his military duty, the National Guardsman will do more and better work in the remaining time than he or another could or would have done in the whole year.

No, indeed. It is to the employer's interest in every way that he should encourage the discharged soldiers of the Army and National Guard. Every dollar which he has he owes to the protection the laws afford him, the condition of peace which the Government maintains for him as between itself and other nations.

The Army and the National Guard are the agencies through which the Government must continue to maintain peace or to wrest it again from the grasp of the God of Battles if a wicked nation should force war upon us.

GOLDEN BIRDS.

THE grouse shooting season in Scotland opened last week. A foreign correspondent fixes the cost of each bird brought to bag at \$250. This seems a high price to pay for one small feathered denizen of the moors, but the cost includes items not stated.

There are side issues of the sport not strictly connected with the bird killing.

There are gillies to carry the guns, droll and inexhaustible in their interest for the sportsmen.

There are excitable gentlemen who blaze away carelessly and fearlessly in the exact direction which will land their pellets on tender and unprotected portions of your anatomy.

There are luncheons al fresco with Scotch and Irish whiskey galore.

There are bridge *soirees* at night, where the cost of lost points offers more than a little chance to get even on the birds.

Taking all in all, considering how necessary it is for any one, even an average English gentleman, to renew a grasp on existence by an occasional encounter with new conditions, we should say the season on the Scottish grouse preserves should be worth all its costs, even though each bird should set the sportsman back as much as £50.

THE AIRSHIP AS A BIRD.

WE observe a Washington Daily quoting Gen. George W. Wingate as expressing an opinion that riflemen would find it extremely difficult to make good practice on an aeroplane. The General points out the lack of practice by men who use the rifle at moving objects, particularly at objects in the air. He mentions also the gravity of the problem of estimating the distance at which an object in the air may be from the firer.

We entirely agree in the opinions which he is said to have expressed, and we add to them the observation that the proper gun to use against an airship has not yet been evolved. The thing more resembles wing shooting with a shotgun than any other form of shooting.

Why, then, would it not be a good idea to consider the construction of a huge, mortar-like cannon, which could be loaded with a few hundred pounds of small projectiles, corresponding for the large gun to shot for a shotgun.

The gun could be bored and the load so adjusted to the boring as to give a pattern which would cover a wide field, say a circle with a diameter of 250 to 300 feet at one thousand yards. Within this circle, if the load were correctly proportioned, no airship could pass and live.

We hope, therefore, in short, that our military authorities will see their way clear to construct a mammoth shotgun which can be directed instantly to any portion of the zenith. It seems to us entirely practicable to construct such a weapon and one thus built, with its proportions properly adjusted, in the hands of a skilful marksman, or rather under the control of a skilful marksman, would make life in an airship in the immediate vicinity rather uncertain, to say the least.

HER OWN STAGE.

IN the days when the West was young, and great distance called to great distance, men made their way from point to point on the hurricane deck of a cayuse or uncertainly ensconced within the bowels of the rambling Concord stage—the old time frontier limited express.

Stages came high but we had to have them. A similar longing, irresistible and all-compelling, has come to Mrs. Mabel Gillman Corey, erstwhile comic opera star and later successor in marital bonds to the first wife of William E. Corey, the steel magnate. Mrs. Corey's husband, who seems to be able to deny her nothing—what husband could resist such a charming wife—has bought her a theater in London for a week, where, with her own company, she will appear as the leading lady in the immortal Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

Foreign paragraphers tell us that Mrs. Corey has long felt stirring within her shapely bosom an irresistible conviction that she should have been a queen of tragedy instead of a star of comic opera.

The theatrical venture of the steel magnate is not a money making project. Oh, no, far be it from that, even if a man should drive up in an automobile with a cigar in his mouth and ask you, for all the shekels that come for seats are to go to some worthy charity.

Doubtless Mrs. Corey will perform well the part which she has chosen for herself, as she has previously succeeded in all those important roles toward which her fancy inclined.

WHAT IT IS.

THAT stirring unrest, that prolixity of expression along certain lines, that measuring of trigger pulls and deadly aimings at imaginary objectives, those prognostications of match results, the general condition of feverishness which prevails in a rifle competition camp, has at last welcomed a discoverer.

What is it, you say? Just *incipient ballistic paranoia*, according to the diagnosis of Capt. Preston Brown of the 17th U. S. Infantry, Statistical Officer of the big combined meeting now in progress at Perry.

As is the case with all original investigators, his efforts, resulting in a definite diagnosis, have been improved upon by those who follow after and an eminent expert acquainted with the cupro-nickel pill—said to be a sovereign remedy for all diseases—observes, in a learned treatise upon this subject, that Dr. Brown does not go far enough in his identification.

This wondrous diagnostician says the trouble is more serious, in his opinion. A just characterization would be, *chronic or acute ballistic paranoia, with complications*. Paranoia by any other name would be as pestiferous.

That there is an aberration will be conceded. That it should be properly named and catalogued is a mere incident. The plain, simple, matter of fact man of no medical pretensions does not hesitate to define the majority of men at Perry as *rifle cranks*.

That is what they are in reality, and, from the standpoint of the country's best interests, it is a good thing to have them.

Let it be remembered that it is cranks which make the world go round, just as it is a crank which communicates the power to turn the grindstone or drive the mighty engine.

ONE KIND OF FIGHTING.

IN the far Northwest and along the northern border of the United States, that portion of Uncle Sam's army domiciled nearby is waging war against a fierce and implacable enemy, as these lines are written.

In these far western regions stand vast forests where myriad mighty trees thrust their tall stems heavenward. From them the masts for our ships, the timbers for our bridges, the lumber for our homes, come. These are forests primeval and they constitute a wondrous heritage of our posterity.

Today the flames of a great conflagration are sweeping over miles and miles of these forests and, to aid the forest guards and the citizens, the Army has been called to help check the devouring element which would destroy these forests and denude the hills which now hold a wealth of untold millions.

In flood and in fire, as well as in war, the Regular Army has always been found adequate to the demands made upon it by a country which has not shown extreme delicacy in asking.

At the Galveston flood, the San Francisco earthquake, wherever the country has called, the Army has responded to do whatever work there was to do and do it well. So it will do it in these forest fires.

Many a man who enlisted to fight the enemies of his country will have his only serviceable uniform burned to rags in waging a contest against this fierce, destroying element.

OVERHEARD ON THE RANGE.

(Continued from page 420.)

upon to explain would do would be to put his hands up to his face and "illustrate" the difference, whereupon he promptly got the laugh from the whole bunch who directed his attention to the fact that he had been asked to explain and not to illustrate. The loser laughs and buys. Up to date no one has been able to "explain" without the use of his hands.

The young hopeful of Capt. K. K. V. Casey, "Jack," is making a hit on the firing line and has a great many friends among the shooters. One of his stunts is to go to sleep peacefully while the firing is going on. He has been practically brought up on the rifle range and no doubt some day will emulate his worthy father and become an expert with the Service rifle. His mother says he will not go to sleep unless he has had his few hours of fondling and fun with the shooting men. He is very much at home with the men, but is not what you would call just happy with the ladies. Something like his dad. No? Yes?

Honestly, at the pistol range the other day he fired the Colt .22 and scored a 7. Pretty fair for a two-year old, eh, what?



"JACK"—THE CUNNING, CANDY, CASEY KID.

The Fort Pitt Rifle Club boys are here again. Dr. E. A. Waugaman, president, is in command. There are seven all told and a few more are expected. They are: James McGlashan, Charles Leacy, O. W. Hammer, T. C. Beal, Peder Poulsen and Walter Poulsen. As usual they are very enthusiastic and are doing a great deal of shooting.

The National Individual Police match was shot any time between August 9 and 12. Chicago took first and second places, Sergt. G. H. Weidling winning first place with a score of 233, A. D. Fidges being a close second with 231. He put on a possible of 100 at 15 yards, rapid fire.

The Police Team match was shot Thursday afternoon and the conditions were almost perfect. It was extremely warm without the least indication of a breeze. There were but three teams entered: Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Five men constituted a team and the conditions were the same as in the Individual Match. The match started with one officer up from each team.

The Chicago team took the lead from the start, each man shooting consistently and well, and at the completion of the rapid-fire stage it was a foregone conclusion that the race was between Chicago and Cincinnati, with the odds in favor of the men from the Windy City. It proved that the Chicago team were the better shots for they increased their lead at timed fire and at the finish led Cincinnati by 63 points, with a total of 1109 to 1046. St. Louis totaled 1004.

While the race was not close the spirit of competition was keen throughout and the defeated teams fought just as hard at the finish as at the start. Each team promised to come again next year and to be fully prepared to clean up everything in sight. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested by the policemen and no doubt much good will result from their first visit to Perry.

Well, as "taps" has just sounded and I am rather tired from a strenuous day on the range I will close this letter with the promise that perhaps the next will give you some news of record scores being made in the National Rifle Association Matches, especially in the matches where the Automatic pistol has a chance. Adios!

"THE CRANK."

THE COLUMBUS STRIKE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, a town of about 225,000 inhabitants, is still experiencing the embarrassments of a domestic disturbance arising from a continued strike of her street railway employees. All of the street railways of Columbus are operated by the Columbus Railway and Light Company and on the 24th day of July a majority of the motormen and conductors went out on strike. As the strike had been anticipated for some time, a large number of employees had been imported to take the places of the strikers.

This condition of affairs bred trouble. The men went out on Sunday morning. By Tuesday evening, rioting began. The cars operated by the imported employes were stoned, a few were dismantled and the crews roughly handled. The police force of Columbus was unable to maintain order after nightfall and the rioting of the first Tuesday night was continued with greater violence on the succeeding evening.

By this time affairs had reached such chaos that the Mayor begged the Governor of Ohio for military aid. On Thursday, July 28, the 6th, 2nd, and 3rd Regiments, Ohio National Guard, were mobilized at Columbus under the command of Brig.-Gen. W. V. McMaken. The Governor of Ohio was reluctant to use the troops in patrolling the streets on Thursday evening after their arrival and urged the Mayor to use his police force to that end, keeping the troops in reserve. This method was adopted and resulted in partial failure, for the rioters, concealed along 60 miles of track, under cover of the darkness, were enabled to repeatedly outwit the police and finally to stop the evening traffic before the usual closing hour.

On Friday, July 29, the three regiments mentioned were used as patrols, being out nearly in full force during Friday evening. But the spirit of riot had become so rife that the troops were unable to completely maintain order, probably owing to their unfamiliarity with the points from which attack on the cars was most easily made. So that Friday night witnessed a continuation of the riots of the preceding nights.

Meanwhile, the 4th, 7th and 8th Regiments had been at maneuver camps in the hills near Marietta, Ohio, and on Saturday the 4th and 8th Regiments were ordered from camp to Columbus. The additional regiments arrived early Sunday morning, and, with five regiments on duty, the streets were closely patrolled and complete order was restored and maintained.

Continued quiet existed in the disturbed city even after the 6th and 2nd Regiments were ordered home, which was done on the following Wednesday. By Saturday, as everything was still quiet, the 4th and 8th Regiments were sent home, leaving the 3rd still on duty.

By the following Monday, August 8, the 3rd Regiment and the other special troops on duty were relieved. After this rioting again broke out in the evenings. Cars were stoned, rotten-egged, and bottles of carbolic acid were hurled at the motormen. The situation remains still unsettled and what is to be the outcome is still uncertain.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE!

THE work which the National Rifle Association of America is prosecuting, that of instructing the boys and men of the country in the use of the military rifle, is an undertaking so laudable that every citizen interested in the national welfare should be willing to help.

Doubtless many more would lend their aid did they understand what the Association is trying to do.

A letter received recently by Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Secretary of the Association, from Mr. Kingsley A. Burnham, Boston, reads as follows:

BOSTON, July 26, 1910.

Lieut. ALBERT S. JONES,

Hibbs Building, Washington, D.C.

SIR: I have just had the opportunity to read over carefully the "Report of Rifle Shooting in the United States" as issued by the National Board, a copy of which you sent me some months ago.

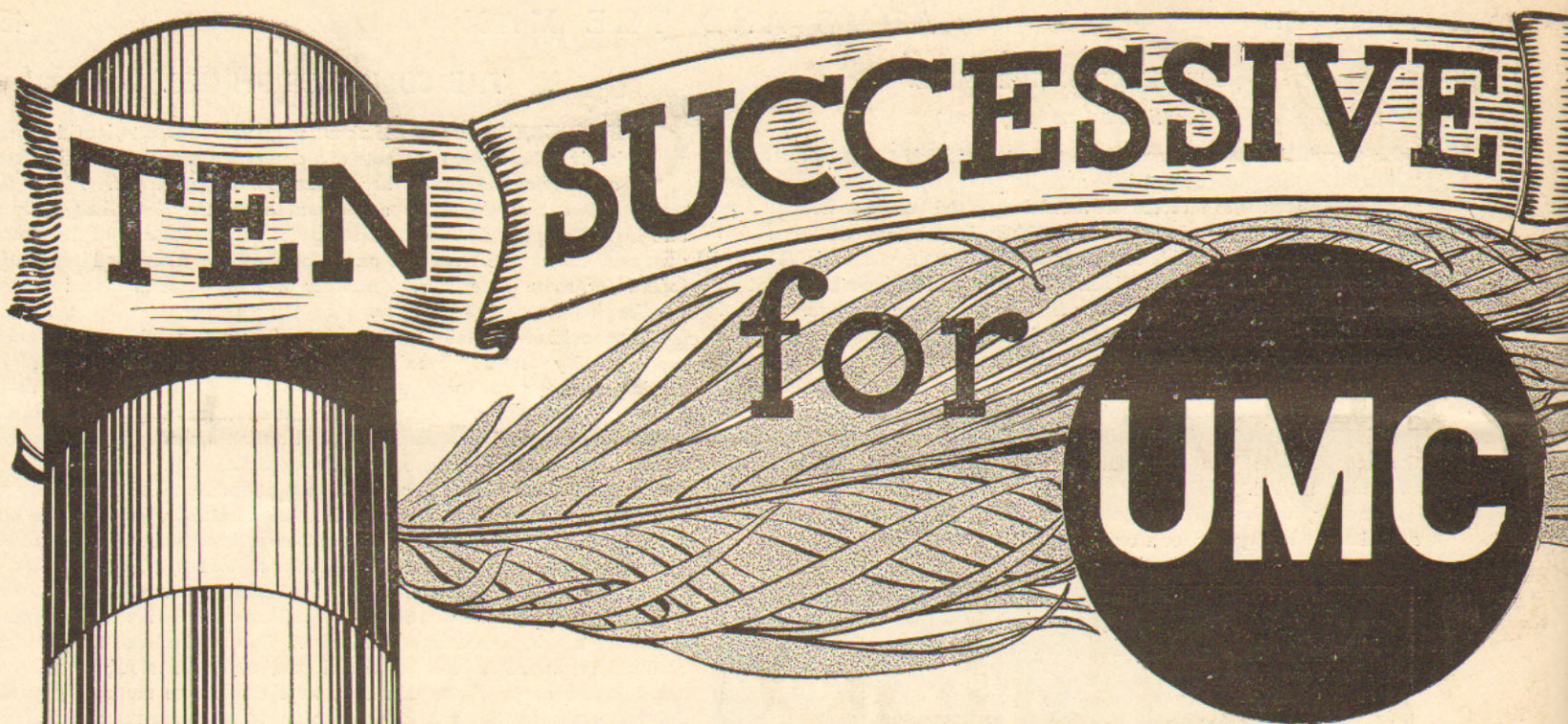
Let me congratulate you on the good and great work you are doing, and may I do my share in helping the work along by asking the honor of being enrolled as a life member of the Association?

Very respectfully yours—

KINGSLEY A. BURNHAM.

This kind of a letter receives, as is natural, a most hearty welcome in the office of the National Rifle Association, but unfortunately too few of this kind reach there. However, if it were not for the assistance furnished by this patriotic class of citizens the Association would be unable to make any progress.

Another broad minded citizen imbued with similar sentiments is Mr. Gustavus D. Pope, a prominent manufacturer of Detroit, who has recently been elected a life member.



A Clean Sweep a

In Ten Successive

Every Handicap Was Won by an Amateur

WHAT MORE CONVINCING PROOF



Quality wins out! UMC Arrow and Nitro Club Shot Shells have again proven their right to every shooter's preference. These UMC Steel Lined Shells were the selection of the amateur winners. Interstate Handicaps are held for amateurs, and it is the *amateur winnings that count*—this fact lends still more significance to the sweeping UMC victories. They used UMC in preference to all other makes because they knew that the quality of their shells would influence their final scores.

Ten Consecutive Sweeping UMC Victories Prove the Amateurs' Judgments Were Right

The same UMC ammunition that made these record wins is the ammunition you buy at your dealer's for the hunt—the universally better bags of UMC sportsmen everywhere bearing testimony to the greater efficiency of the Steel Lined Shells.

UMC Steel Lined Shells are made with a Steel Lining which protects the powder, insuring uniform loads in all kinds of weather as well as increased velocity and penetration.

UMC—REMINGTON. THE RE

Same Owership

Same Stand

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Bridgeport, Conn.

AGENCY, 299 BROADWAY

SMASHING VICTORIES

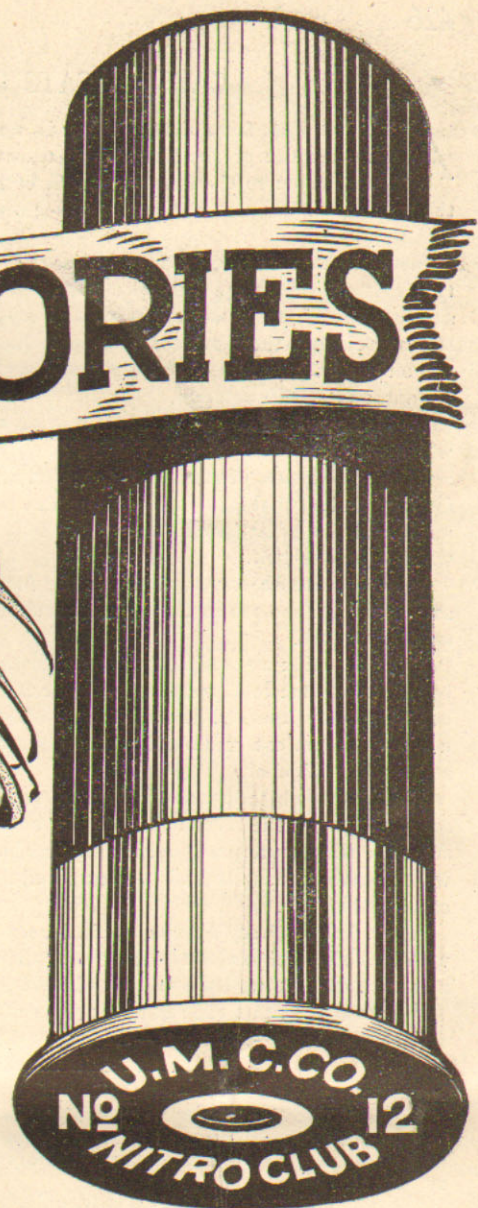
STEEL LINED SHELLS

at the Firing Line

Interstate Handicaps

Amateur, Shooting UMC Steel Lined Shells

PROOF OF UMC SUPERIORITY?



Remington Guns Win

5 of the Last 10 Interstate Handicaps

As Many Handicaps as All the Other Guns Combined

This victory conclusively demonstrates Remington superiority—proves that these guns of the day lead all other makes.

Just as significant as the sweeping UMC victories are the 5 out of 10 wins of the Remington Guns. To appreciate this remarkable achievement, one must call to mind the great number of guns of American as well as foreign make from which amateur contestants in these Handicaps made their selections.

RECORD-MAKING COMBINATION

Same Management
Standard of Quality

The Remington Arms Co.
Ilion, N. Y.

ALBANY, NEW YORK CITY

Remington Idea Guns have demonstrated that they are the best guns that can be produced—modern in every respect. Remember the Remington features—*Hammerless, Solid Breech and Safe.*

CATS AS CATS CAN.

A FONDNESS for animals there is no need to deprecate. Man makes use of the humbler creatures for a variety of purposes, and often to the mutual benefit of both parties at interest, but the good Lord has never given us to see why anyone is allowed to keep cats.

Instantly an alert listener over yonder rises upon his hind legs to remark that cats catch rats, and likewise mice. Well, what if they do? So do snakes and the mongoose and traps and rough on rats! But none of the last-named, and there are some disagreeable specimens among them, go out on our back yard fence at night and cry with silurian ferocity to the distant and oblivious stars.

Hell is probably full of cats, but if it is we would make an extension to it which would hold all the others, born or unborn.

In the ordinances of many cities we find restrictions upon dogs, licences for dogs and all that kind of thing, the idea being that a dog is liable to go made and bite great chunks out of the body politic or any other portion which is convenient.

Why not license cats, and make the fee sufficient to be prohibitive, say about \$50,000,000.00 for a license and then electrocute the man who applies for one.

You may think we are intemperate in these remarks; we think so ourself, but we will be tee-totally dod-rotted if we can keep our temper and remember how many hundred hours of sweet sleep we have lost because some neighbor's Tom cat came under our window to woo the gentle tabby of some other neighbor.

We have no objection, no deep-seated repugnance and no conscientious scruples against the love affairs of cats, but we do deprecate with all the strength of our pure young nature that vicious licentiousness of utterance which seems to cling to and permeate and surround the midnight appeal of a love-lorn cat.

If Mr. Hiram Percy Maxim would invent a silencer for cats we would withdraw all our objections. Otherwise and in the absence of some remedial means everything we have said stands and goes double.

We are against cats once and for ever, unalterably, unswervingly.

Give us liberty—from cats—or give us death!

A Bird Anyway.

A North Carolina young man resident in London married an English lady, and shortly after went to visit a bachelor uncle in Scotland. When uncle and nephew were over their walnuts and wine the old gentleman remarked:

"Weel, Bobby, ye hae gotten a wife!"

"Yes, uncle."

"What can she do?"

"Do! What do you mean?"

"Oh, can she sew a button on yer sark, or mak' yer parritch, or do any housework?"

"Not at all, uncle. The servants do all that; but I tell you what it is: She has the loveliest voice you ever heard. She's a grand singer."

"Man, could ye no' hae gotten a canary?"—Tit Bits.

ENGLAND'S PROBLEM OF DEFENCE.

THE difficulties which our British relatives encounter in preparing their nation for defence bear enough resemblance to our own to make a discussion of them worth our while.

A late number of the Broad Arrow says on this subject:

"The recent debate in the House of Lords on the Territorial Forces raised by Lord Portsmouth has given us some useful information. Lord Esher, Chairman of the London Association, who cannot be considered a hostile critic, acknowledged that in spite of tremendous efforts last year and much money spent on recruiting, the London Territorials are only between 82 and 83 per cent of their establishment, and the numbers tend rather to decrease than to increase. He also said that the Territorial Force now consisted of only 275,000 men out of an establishment of 315,716, and he did not expect, under the present system, that they would ever get more. This is bad enough, when 315,000 is Mr. Haldane's estimate for our absolute requirements for the defence of the country, but of the 275,000 we have 37 per cent, or nearly 100,000, who are under twenty years of age, and the folly of counting growing lads as efficient soldiers is likely to cost us dear should they ever be required to defend their country.

Even if we had 315,000 full-grown men under the present system, their want of training would be a fatal objection to their employment against the drilled soldiers of the Continent. A longer training is impossible under the voluntary system, so that Mr. Haldane is obliged to assume that they will have six months in which to prepare after the outbreak of war.

Wars break out suddenly, and woe betide the nation which is caught unprepared. We think ourselves unlike others because we live in an island, but the absence of our fleet, to take only one case, would render it easy for a strong Continental Power to disembark a powerful army on our shores. The Japanese were able to send their troops in great numbers to the mainland when the Russians lost command of the sea, and the same thing might happen here with the cases reversed—the continent invading the island instead of the island invading the continent. There is another aspect of the question.

We might be called on to fulfil our obligations toward Belgium, but it would be impossible to do so until the Territorials had done their six months' drill, and it would then be rather late in the day to send troops over for the defence of Belgium. We have an *entente* with France, and might enter into an alliance with her as we have done in the Far East with Japan, but that the weakness of our Army, and its inability to come to the assistance of France at the beginning of a campaign, renders it impossible for the French to enter into such an agreement.

General Langlois calculates that in the event of another German invasion of France a great battle, which might decide the campaign, would probably be fought about a fortnight after the outbreak of war, and unless an English army of 150,000 or 160,000 men could be promised to assist the French at that time the French would have no tangible advantage from an alliance with us. Our fleet, even if all-powerful at sea, could not prevent the Germans taking Paris, and therefore the French would have all the danger of German hostility and no protection from us, whilst we should be practically safe from a German invasion, because Germany would not dare to denude her frontier of troops and leave herself open to attack from France. General Langlois was in England last August, when he saw a large number of our Regulars and Territorials, and there is an instructive account of his impressions in the last number of the Journal of the R. U. S. Institution. He calls the Regulars excellent troops, well trained and ably commanded. He did not see any Yeomanry; but he visited the camps where Territorial Infantry and Artillery were training. He has much to praise with regard to the Infantry, the only adverse criticism being that he was struck with the extreme youth of many of the men, some of whom he calls almost children.

But with regard to the Field Artillery he is altogether hostile. The men were even more youthful than in the Infantry, their hired horses were unfit for the work they were expected to perform, the men did not know how to ride, and it is impossible to give instruction to both men and horses at the same time, the latter not being trained to draw loads, whilst still further impeded by inexperienced horsemen. He believes that not only is the Territorial Army Artillery totally inefficient now, but cannot for a long time be rendered fit to undertake its important mission.

The only way to bring our Territorial Army up to the necessary establishment and ensure that the men are of the proper age, and have had a training which will enable them to take the field when required within ten days of the threatened danger, is some system of compulsory training in youth with universal liability for home defence on reaching twenty years of age. This is not the place to work out the details of the scheme which could be easily arranged if the Government would only allow that their present voluntary system is a delusion and a snare, and not worth the money spent on it. Mr. Haldane's system has one great advantage over that which it replaced, in that it furnishes the skeleton of an army, which only requires the men in adequate numbers and properly instructed to make it a living organism. As it is the Territorials are only about equal in numbers to the old Volunteers, but they cost the country nearly three times as much. Are they worth it?

It is argued that to institute compulsion for the home Army would ruin recruiting for the voluntary Army and Navy. We cannot see why this should be the case. The Royal Navy and Regular Army must always be composed of volunteers, but why compulsory drill at school and a continuous training for some months for those who have not already joined the Services when between nineteen and twenty should have any influence on recruiting we do not see. We are obliged to do many things, and why defence of our native land should not be one of them we cannot understand. Democratic countries like Switzerland have done it for years, and now our children in Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere are showing us the way we shall ultimately have to follow.

ON JOURNEYINGS TO AND FRO.

HOW our ears have rung with the imaginary blasts of the horn of the guard of the good old English stage-coach! Dickens made us know the old coaching days best. There are new coaches in England now, brought nearly up to date by the substitution of the gasoline engine for the mettlesome six, of days of yore, and yet the Englishmen have not gone so far as our German friends.

Recently a German company began regular three-hundred mile trips with a dirigible balloon carrying twenty passengers. While they travel they may eat and drink of anything which an ordinary buffet can furnish. What a far cry it is from the practicable dirigible making its 50-miles an hour through the air to the coach which, with its thirteen or fourteen miles, seemed to be traveling with the swiftness of lightning.

We lack the temerity to even hint that the end is yet. There is no saying the next generation will not have found a way to resolve individuals into original elements, convey them through the air by a wireless process and reassemble the respective entities at the end of the journey. In that day one may expect Around the World in Eighty Days to be reduced to eighty seconds. Why not? Nothing could seem more impossible to us than navigation of the air seemed to our fathers.

Not in Stock.

An American who spends much of his time in England tells of a cockney who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted:

"Hi wants a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. Hit's a kind of gr'y'ound, an' yet it ain't a gr'y'ound, because 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere gr'y'ounds, an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind of gr'y'ound. Do you keep such dogs?"

"We do not," said the dog man. "We drowns 'em."—Harpers Weekly.

DISTANCE FINDING AT NIGHT.

AS the exact accuracy and range of modern weapons increases, the need of developing methods for using them at night becomes more and more apparent.

The United Service Gazette, England, has made the following contribution to this subject:

It is eminently satisfactory to find that the authorities are still pursuing experiments with projectiles fitted with illuminants, that enable their trajectory through the air by night to be traced by the naked eye.

At sea, the men who fire at an object during daylight are greatly assisted in correcting their aim, and the distance they at first place on the sights of their guns, by noting the fountain of water churned up by the shot when it first strikes the water. The "splash" at sea is, in fact, of the same amount of utility to the firer of the big gun as the "spotting disc" on the target is to the man on the rifle range ashore. It shows him the error either of his aim or in the adjustment of his sight.

A shell recently under trial by our naval authorities is fitted with a cylinder screwed to its base, and an illuminant contained in this cylinder bursts into flame on the gun being fired, and a weird sight is thus presented to the firer, who can watch the fall of his shot and make the necessary corrections before the next round is fired if the object has not been hit. By this means it will be possible to "plot" a salvo, or broadside, by night as well as by day, and a considerable improvement in night firing should be the result.

Some of our contemporaries are confusing the object of this invention with experiments which are being carried out in illuminating the position of torpedo craft by night. This is a mistake. A better means of illuminating the position of torpedo craft by night than our present short range searchlights afford is urgently needed; but the shell with an illuminated base is not meant to accomplish this, but simply to help the "spotting" officers to find the correct range when darkness has set in.

Chickens a la Mode.

Freddie was visiting relatives in Canada, and his mother constantly besought him to be on his good behavior and to avoid saying anything that might give offence, but one day when his aunt asked him at luncheon if he would have some curried chicken he could not help showing his surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, Freddie?" inquired the aunt; "don't you like curried chicken?"

"Well, aunty, I can't really say," was his reply. "You see, down in the States we don't curry our chickens—we pick 'em."—Delineator.

GONE TO THE DOGS.

WE note in the United Service Magazine, England, for July, an article by "Mea" on information and communication, of which that portion with relation to signal balloons and dogs is so especially interesting that we have seen fit to reproduce it.

"We have discussed balloons as a means of obtaining information and, incidentally, as a means of transmitting that information; but there is a special balloon which is used for signalling purposes only, and is only for night work. It is a small balloon, and is fitted with an electric light inside, the operator remains on the ground and works the light in the same way as an ordinary signal lamp. This balloon is particularly useful when a force on one side of a hill wishes to communicate with a force on the other side, the intervening hill being held by the enemy.

It is not generally recognized to what extent dogs may be used in war, the number of lives that may be saved by their employment or to what degree they add to the efficiency of an army. The French Army have a certain number of dogs trained for military work; and dogs were used by our own Army in South Africa during the Boer War as watch dogs in the blockhouses on the lines of communication, where they proved useful. One of the most difficult and dangerous operations in war is the replenishment of ammunition in the firing line. I think it is not altogether out of place to mention this subject here, since it is closely connected with the task of maintaining communication. The replenishment is at present made by means of men known as ammunition carriers, and it is generally the case that these men have to expose themselves to a severe fire, often at close range, and in doing this many of the best men become casualties.

For work of this description dogs may be advantageously employed, and in many ways they are more satisfactory than human beings, since they do not form so conspicuous a target for the enemy, and are therefore more likely to succeed in arriving at the firing line; moreover, they can move more quickly, which lessens the chance of their being shot and facilitates the distribution of the ammunition. The ammunition bags can be slung across their backs.

Another advantage of the use of dogs is that, since they are less conspicuous than human beings, there is less chance of their showing the position of the various bodies of troops by their movements, and they can often move unobserved when it would be impossible for a man to do so. Even if noticed by the enemy it is possible that he will not realize that the dogs form an important branch of his opposing force, and he will probably leave them alone. In any case a running dog is a difficult mark and the chances of escape are all in its favor.

Dogs may also be employed for carrying messages when visual signaling cannot be used without showing the position of the troops to the enemy, or when there is a possibility of signals being read by the enemy. Dogs carrying ammunition can also take messages, or they may be used for carrying messages alone. There are times when it would be impossible to convey a message by any other means. An extra supply of 'first field dressings,' water, or rations may be required in the firing line; here again the dog may be usefully employed. Soldiers often suffer from not being able to get their water-bottles refilled while in action. Even should it be possible to convey these things under cover and without risk, it would

be a great saving in fatigue to the men if dogs were used for these purposes. In the case of posts, picquets, or camps, the growl of a dog will give warning of the approach of an enemy on a dark night, and perhaps save the defenders from being rushed.

Dogs have before now been used as blockade runners, and, although they may be intercepted by the enemy, it is possible that, if the message is carefully concealed inside the dog's collar, suspicion may not be aroused, and the message eventually reach its destination. Such messages should, if possible, be in cipher. A trained dog with a reconnoitering patrol may prevent them from walking into a trap. If accompanying a scout a dog may discover the presence of a man concealed in some place where the scout would not have noticed him.

Many occasions will occur when dogs may be advantageously employed to the safety of the men and the efficiency of the force. The above are only a few examples to show what might be done by trained dogs, and it seems worth considering whether the training of dogs for military purposes would not fully justify the time, trouble, and expense that would be incurred. There can be little doubt that they would be of great value, the expense would be small, and they require no transport, which is always a consideration.

Soldiers, as a rule, are fond of dogs, and would doubtless render all the assistance they could in training them. If it were made a rule that no soldier might possess a dog unless it were capable of performing some duty that would be of practical use in war, the Army would soon have a large number of dogs trained and kept free of charge. Also regimental and command competitions for trained dogs might be encouraged. It is at any rate worth trying the experiment on a small scale, and, if it proved to be satisfactory, a great deal might be made out of it."

THE JOINT IN THE HARNESS.

From the "Green Curve" and other Stories.

BY OLE LUK-OLE.

(Copyrighted by William Blackwood and Sons.)

"A dreadful sound in his ears; in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him."—The Book of Job.

"Railways are the arteries of modern armies. Vitality decreases when they are blocked, and terminates when they are permanently severed."—*"Imperial Strategy,"* 1906.

"Hiss-click—Bang!"

THE monster pile sank perceptibly as the monkey descended with a thud and the ooze at its foot quivered in ripples of protest which expanded into circles of silver where they caught the electric light. A gout of oil shooting out into the mud formed a blot of nacreous color slowly fading as it spread, and became lost in the film of scum. The steam pile-driver rained vicious blows with almost the precision of a Nasmyth hammer, its armored-hose steam-pipe kicking convulsively in the air in a grotesque dance to the measure.

A young man sat in his shirt sleeves smoking, watch in hand. He was a pleasant looking young fellow—the engineer officer on duty. Every now and again he made a note in a pocket book as he took the time, for he was timing progress. Slow work, it seemed to him, this advance by inches, as each blow produced small visible result in the tenacious silt; but if slow it was sure and not entirely mechanical, for every stroke with its hiss-click-bang seemed to him to say in a tone of cheerful confidence, "So-much-done," "So-much-Done." The pile driver regulated the progress.

The honest fellow who was apathetically jerking at the string of the steam regulator did not seem to be moved by any such thoughts. A sleek man, he puffed contentedly at his pipe, quite oblivious to the beautiful iridescence of the condensed steam and lubricating oil which showered over him from the exhaust at each stroke. His companion in this shower-bath sat on the edge of the coal-bunker, fumbling, after the fashion of his kind, with a piece of dirty waste. His gaze wandered from the wabbling needle of the pressure-dial to the water dancing up and down in the gauge-glass in the dim light of the oil-lamp. Occasionally he rose and opened the furnace door to throw in a shovelful of coal, thus casting a warm red glow over the glistening objects at railhead. For this spot was "Railhead," which was to be hastily pushed across the river on this temporary pile-bridge at low level, pending the slower repair of the high-level girder-bridge.

The pile-driving machine was carried on a caterpillar-like truck of many wheels, some of which were clamped to the rails of the bridge. At its rear end was the boiler; in front, supported by long arms, which overhung the end of the bridge by some distance, was the gaunt frame-work and guide, almost hugging the pile which the monkey above was maltreating. The progress of the bridge had reached a point about the center of the river, where the water shoaled on to a sandy mud-flat; but from below the many-wheeled truck, back to the near bank of the river, the dark stream was swirling against the piles, a man's height underneath. So swift was the current that it was not good to gaze for long down between the sleepers at the oily water streaking past with a chuckle, from the moonlight into the shadow of the bridge and out into the light again.

Behind the pile-driver, by the loaded trucks, waited a group of men. They were for the time all quite idle, pending the arrival of their turn with its allotted task. Some were lying asleep, some were leaning against trucks smoking, or sitting on the rails, head in hand, elbows on knees; others were squatting on the timbers playing a mysterious game of cards by the light of a naked candle, which burned steadily without a shade in the still air. In their dirty suits of dungaree, it was not possible to say exactly what these men were. To a soldier, however, the fact that these were soldiers was hinted at by the action of some. One was drumming with two bolts on a fish-plate, keeping time to the lilt of a rollicking rag-time air which a second was softly playing on a mouth-organ. Whatever their race—for music-halls have made ragtime music international, was more like a soldier than an ordinary workman to produce a mouth-organ to keep things going in the small hours of the morning. Their talk settled the point; they were soldiers—sappers, to be exact.

Their task would soon come, when at the last stroke of the monkey a new pile would have to be hauled into position, or if a pile-pier were completed, the heavy baulks be placed, and the sleepers and the rails spiked down. Then the cumbrous, caterpillar truck would be slowly pushed forward over the creaking timbers of the newly-finished span to a fresh position, where its præn of brute force would start again. Behind these men, along the pile-bridge, stretched a line of trucks loaded with baulks, rails and sleepers; and alongside, downstream, floated fresh piles, swaying to and fro in the stream as if they waited to be towed out in their turn. In the half-gloom they looked like captive saurians, as the flood foamed against the blunt snouts and their wet edges gleamed.

There was bustle, there was haste, but there was also method on this low-level bridge. For long periods comparative calm reigned, with no other sound than the hiss of stream, the rush of the water, the roar of the high-pressure flare-lights, the distant clang of the riverers' hammers on high, and the refrain of the pile-driver, monotonous on the night air as the tom-tom obligato of a Persian nautch-song. But when the whistles shrilled, this peace, such as it was, turned to turmoil. Sheaves squealed in the blocks, men grunted as they hove on the falls of tackles, and bolts and spikes were hammered home. The insistent keynote of the scene was work—strenuous, unrelenting work.

The river was wide. Even allowing for the deceptive moonlight, it seemed a quarter of a mile from bank to bank. A burnished strip in the bright light of a full moon, it was dotted here and there with eyots that stood out dark. It flowed between steep banks at the bottom of an amphitheater—a complete circle of hills, save for the gaps through which ran the river and the railway which had crossed it.

Away on the far side, starting from a point on the dry sand, in prolongation of the pile-bridge, and swinging in a double curve up the steep bank, were a number of smoking naphtha lamps. Below, in the bed of the river, groups of men were digging out boulders, the metallic click of their crow-bars sounding faintly across the water. Ant-like strings of workers were carrying the loosened stones to a causeway which was growing up in alignment with the bridge. Higher up, following the curve of the lights, and silhouetted against clouds of illumined dust, a swarm of toilers were excavating the cutting which was to take the steep deviating loop from the level of the pile-bridge up to the main line.

But, after all, neither this bridge nor its approaches—though at present the center of pressure and activity—were the features of the scene; for right up, sixty feet above, loomed the broken high-level bridge. With its huge girders and titanic piers it dwarfed its lowly neighbor and dominated everything, its grandeur accentuated by the chasm of the break of its center. In this gap stood three unharmed piers, like sentries, gaunt, black, and shining. A fourth—the damaged pier—was surrounded by a cluster of staging and tall derrick-masts dripping ropes and tackle, and was completed on top by a funnel mouth, the undersides of which stood out darkly against the arc-light above. In the centers of three of the broken spaces were large timber stages, each in a different state of completion, but all alike in that they twinkled with lights and swarmed with men, some climbing, some in slings, but all hammering, boring or sawing like demons. Between the piers lay the broken girders, moved to one side, half in and half out of the water—a network of iron through which the muddy river foamed. Above the derricks and the tangle of cordage—carried on timber frames placed at intervals along the girders—two steel cables gleamed in the moonlight. Every few minutes, with the bleat of a motor-horn, a dark body, upon which glowed a red lamp, silently glided out upon them from one end of the bridge to a point above the broken pier. It stopped, a trap opened, and a glistening cascade of concrete poured with a rattle into the maw of the funnel and so down into the hollow iron pier. Then the dark body slid back to its lair at the bridge end as silently as it had come out. Beyond, under the big girders, could be seen a floating bridge which stretched from bank to bank.

The spectacle of the colossal reaching out majestically from each dim bank, with this gaping wound in its center, was pathetic. The blank ends stood up opposite each other, dumb but reproachful witnesses of the havoc below.

From a little distance it was quite a fairy scene. Over all shone the great moon. Above the high-level bridge the blinking arc-lamps shed their violet rays, thrown downward by the shades, so that they formed shimmering cones with edges clear defined against the night beyond. In contrast, the under side of the girders seemed cut of black velvet, and the shadows danced darkly on the water. The riveters' fires along the girders glowed red, the flare-lights on the low-level bridge shone yellow, and golden was the glare on the dust clouds on the far bank. The crudity of the colors was in places softened by the spirals of escaping steam, winding aloft in the calm night air, and the whole gamut of illumination was reproduced in the drawn-out reflections which quivered across the glistening waters to the sluggish pools near the shore.

The low-level bridge was not a safe place to walk about, for there were loose planks, greasy spots, bights of ropes, and other traps for the unwary, and things were continually falling. Sometimes a red-hot rivet would drop from above with a flop and a hiss into the river. Occasionally a warning of "Stand clear!" would ring out, followed by a crash, and perhaps a couple of men would bear away something on a stretcher to the shore. But no one else stopped; there was no sympathetic gathering; the work continued without a pause.

Now and again from a hill-top to the north the darkness was pierced by a succession of flashes. Flash, flash, came the reply from somewhere to the south, and then—a long medley of dots and dashes between the two points. No use to try and read the messages, even for one knowing the code, for they were in cipher. If there was still any doubt as to the nature of the toilers this would settle the matter, for no civil works could require signaling posts on the hills around.

* * * * *

The moon grew more mellow as she sank. A mist rose from the waters, creeping up until it lay a solid white mass over the river, half-way up the giant piers a damp mist suggestive of malaria, not one to spend a night in; but no workers left the bridge.

The moon faded blood-red into the haze. The air turned colder as the night wore on. Another day dawned, at first gray and sad, then rosy and golden. But heedless of the glory of the changing heavens, the workers toiled on, and though muffled, there could be heard rising from the moist white blanket the song of the pile-driver.

* * * * *

The mist curled off the water in thin wisps in the warmth of the rising sun; the lights went out and the scene of the night's toil stood revealed. The day exposed all the squalor, grime, and discomfort—the muddy swirling water, the wet and weary men, the burnt-out lamps, dripping timbers, and rusty iron work. Even those iridescent blots which had seemed so beautiful in the light of the moon or the glare of electricity, showed up for what they were—foul pools of viscid oil or tar.

The glamor of the night had indeed gone, but not the need for work, and the toilers still strove, for they were working for their comrades of the army ahead—perishing for want of food and in danger owing to the lack of munitions of war.

It was again night.

Throughout the livelong day the work had proceeded as shift relieved shift.

It was not until some time after the mist had risen that the same young engineer, once again on night duty, left the work. Closing his note book, he picked his way, stepping carefully from sleeper to sleeper, lantern in hand, along the low-level bridge, which had grown in length, and by now passed the little mud flat. He buttoned his jacket as he went, for, no longer at work he felt the damp chill of the mist, which was dripping from his hair and moustache. A thick-set man, his squatness was exaggerated by his bulging pockets filled with note-books; from one protruded a foot-rule. As he passed under the glare at the end of the bridge he smiled. Of a sanguine temperament, he was cheered by the progress of his work at a time when others were depressed. Stumbling on abstractedly over the lighted area into the comparative gloom over the dry mud beyond, he had just climbed above the fog-level and proceeded scarcely a hundred yards when a hoarse voice addressed him from the shadow of a bush, where a man was sitting, smoking. It was that of the Railway Traffic Officer, otherwise known as the "Shunter."

"Well, my Captain of Plumbers, how goes it? Aren't you across yet?"

"Hello, is that you? I'm just off to see my Chief. What are you doing down here, away from your beloved yard? What is your grumble now? Come, talk with me awhile and learn something."

"Oh, I'm taking half an hour off, watching the illuminations and looking for you in this deadly mist. Things above are quite hopeless. Sit down and smoke."

"Not I; I'm too cold. You come with me and stroll, or dance with me all in the moonlight, you old truck-fancier." With that he executed a *pas seul*, scuffling about in what he called a "cellar flap."

(To be continued.)

VENTED BARRELS AGAIN.

Unwittingly, and yet with the best of results to follow, ARMS AND THE MAN by its publication of a brief reference to vented barrel tests by Dr. F. W. Mann, as printed in his book "The Bullet's Flight from Powder to Target" and the articles of Mr. Charles Newton thereon, has opened up for a rehearing the general subject of the utility of vented barrels.

There never has been a test made using the modern material which would demonstrate to our satisfaction the value of the vented barrel system. As an outgrowth of the articles in this paper and of correspondence between Dr. Mann, Mr. Newton, and Mr. Perry E. Kent, the inventor of a vented barrel system, and a maker of vented barrels, some special barrels carefully vented are now being made by Mr. Kent.

He contributes them without cost for the experiment which will be conducted by Dr. Mann as early as possible and in such a way as to furnish first class evidence of the difference in execution which may be expected between a vented and unvented barrel. A full account of these experiments will be published in ARMS AND THE MAN.

For ourselves we look forward to a study of them with very great pleasure which no doubt will be shared by a large number of our readers.

A communication from Dr. Mann upon the subject follows:

Editor, ARMS AND THE MAN:

The criticism offered by Mr. Chas. Newton on page 294, July 7 issue ARMS AND THE MAN, respecting a chapter in "The Bullet's Flight" entitled "The Whizzer," is correct as far as I understand the subject. I have no defence to offer, either for the opening paragraph to the chapter or in respect to any conclusions which connect the Whizzer with vented barrels. The word "As" which opens the last paragraph on page 116, will be dropped in the next edition. The meaning of the word "As" escaped my notice when correcting the manuscript.

I did not realize that I had subscribed to Mr. Leopold's private letter to me, until Mr. Newton pointed it out. The opening paragraph on page 115 will also be entirely changed. It is incorrect. The Whizzer test is not dated as all others are. It was performed on September 13, 1902, a year before Mr. Pope's or any other vented barrel was tested on my range. The Whizzer was not tested with a vented barrel. I thank Mr. Newton for making it possible for me to strike out errors at so early a date, from a book which I prepared with so much care.

It gives me pleasure to offer any information possible respecting any tests performed with the rifle and published in "The Bullet's Flight," or about any of a thousand tests that I have made and have not as yet published.

By Mr. Newton's suggestion allow me to state that at target shooting I have tested but one vented barrel, the one as described, a .32 caliber 30 or 32 inches long, eight grooves and rifled by H. M. Pope, after the holes for the vents had been drilled. There were, maybe, five or six holes made into each of the eight grooves, and situated 5 or 6 inches from the muzzle. Into these holes, from the outer surface of the barrel, machine screws were fitted, which when tightly screwed in, effectively closed all the vents.

All of the forty or forty-eight holes were so placed that they entered as near in the center of each groove as ordinary observation could determine. I cannot give more exact information respecting the particular rifle barrel kindly loaned me by Mr. Pope, the one tested with vented bore, since it was destroyed with all of Mr. Pope's other rifles in the San Francisco disaster.

I performed all the tests with this vented barrel that I could think of at the time which seemed to bear on the question of venting. These tests were completed long before any idea had entered my mind of publishing results. Two years have passed and considerable correspondence upon this subject has been received but no new tests have suggested themselves

to elucidate the question at hand. Any scientific experimenter knows well, however, without being told, that it is often necessary to repeat the same experiment over and over again. Continual experimenting on the same subject, as a rule, must be carried on. I am pleased to repeat over again any experiments for which I can find time.

On page 500, March 17 issue ARMS AND THE MAN, next to the last sentence Mr. Newton writes: 'The remaining tests made were efforts to measure the powder blast, etc., but no more shooting.' I am pleased to state that several of us are now actively engaged in getting a number of barrels properly vented and, unless something unforeseen comes along, we will have some more shooting. If space can be given in your valuable paper, allow me here to call the attention of your readers to Mr. Newton's article entitled 'Vented Barrels and Conclusions' in your March 17 issue. Here his statements are again correct. Reading his article by itself, however, could carry the impression that something was quite incorrect respecting the reasoning of the author and therefore the author's conclusions were not warranted.

If some one would read what the book says, and then Mr. Newton's article and then read again what I have said in the book, and then read again what Mr. Newton says, a little light would begin to shine in. I write in the book, page 110; 'This liberty was taken because the original group is clearly illustrated by the cut, and this one test is not sufficient to prove that oblique bases are less deflected with vents open than when they are closed.' Here is a plain admission that the groups illustrated show that the error was less with vented than with unvented barrels.

Mr. Newton in his article has written over 730 words to show that the vented group was smaller than the unvented and a casual reader would be led to believe that I had overlooked it in my records. Again, the same paragraph in the book says: 'This one test is not sufficient to prove that venting is useful or useless.' Mr. Newton's article of 2,000 words upon the conclusions that I have drawn, might convey to the casual reader that my conclusions about vented barrels were based on the four groups which have been printed two times in ARMS AND THE MAN, when in reality I stated that these groups were not sufficient upon which to base conclusions. Your readers should, however, thank Mr. Newton for clearly pointing out the facts in the case so far as the twenty shots are concerned, ten from the vented and ten from the unvented barrel.

I trust that after the attention of your readers has been called as above to what the book says, we can all understand that the point at issue is: Shall we base our judgment about vented barrels upon two five-shot groups vented and two five-shot groups unvented. Mr. H. M. Pope would not consider or give any attention to a five-shot group and I did not give the groups in question any attention as the book plainly indicates.

Is it possible that the criticism in your March issue by Mr. Newton was not so much upon my conclusions as upon my judgment in not forming conclusions about the value of venting upon the size of a set of five-shot groups? I know altogether too well that the size of my five-shot groups are changing continually every day with any or all of my barrels. I can see continually the rifleman's rainbow and see it always beyond my reach.

F. W. MANN."

Good Game.

"Talking about cricket," said Private Pate—of course they hadn't been—"I recall a match I once took part in during the Boer War. We'd made a bat and some wickets, and were having a game among ourselves, quite unaware of the enemy's presence in our vicinity. I was batting, and as I saw the bowler raise his arm a shell came with tremendous speed toward my wicket. Like lightning I raised my bat and struck it, and it went for six, and—" "Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed one of the listeners, "that you hit a live shell?" "Oh, dear me, no!" replied the Private. "It was only an oyster-shell the bowler had sent down instead of the ball!"—United States Service Gazette.

OHIO STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES.

(Continued from page 419.)

CATROW CUP MATCH.				
Yards	800	900	1000	Tl.
1 Klem, Sergt. Matt, U. S. C.	35	32	35	102
2 Allen, Ens. E. G., U. S. N.	35	32	33	100
3 Eigenman, B. M., U. S. N.	35	31	33	99
4 Winder, Lieut.-Col. C. B., Ohio	35	31	33	99
5 Joyce, Sergt. Thomas, U. S. M. C.	33	34	32	99
6 Kean, Sergt. Frank, 5th Mass.	33	34	32	99
7 Lear, Lieut. Ben, 15th U. S. C.	35	32	32	99
8 Snyder, Lieut. O. F., U. S. Inf.	35	30	33	98
9 Cullison, Lieut. J., Oklahoma	33	33	32	98
10 McCarthy, Priv. W. H., 2nd Mass.	33	33	32	98
11 Hodges, Lieut. C. H., U. S. Inf.	34	32	32	98
12 Hessian, J. W., N. R. A.	34	33	31	98

DU PONT INDIVIDUAL TYRO MATCH.				
Yards	800	900	1000	Tl.
1 Grabenzah, Sergt. Jerome, U. S. Cav.	50			50
2 Worsham, Corp. Tom, U. S. M. C.	50			50
3 Jarrett, Sergt. Louis, 2nd Indiana	50			50
4 Coyle, Lieut. Randolph, U. S. M. C.	50			50
5 Clark, Corp. Scott, 2nd Indiana	50			50
6 Dixon, Lieut. B. A., U. S. Inf.	50			50
7 Bartlett, Mid. H. T., U. S. N. A.	50			50
8 Allen, Ens. E. G., U. S. N.	50			50
9 Fuller, Corp. Alvah, U. S. M. C.	50			50
10 Jones, Ens. C. A., U. S. N.	50			50
11 Rolf, Corp. F., U. S. Inf.	50			50
12 Wahlstrom, Gy. Sergt. F., U. S. M. C.	50			50
13 Whittaker, Sergt. H. A., U. S. Inf.	50			50
14 Stadie, Sergt. E., U. S. Inf.	49			49
15 Bailey, Lieut. George, 2nd Indiana		49		49
16 Blade, Priv. Emel, U. S. M. C.		49		49
17 Andrews, W. C., 5th Ohio		49		49
18 Stuart, Sergt. Will, Eng. 1st Oklahoma		49		49
19 Cullison, Lieut. James, 1st Oklahoma		49		49
20 Arbogast, Sergt. Owen, U. S. M. C.		49		49
21 Rutherford, Lieut. O. F., U. S. Inf.		49		49
22 Collins, Sergt. Joseph, 1st Maryland		49		49
23 Jacobs, Mid. G. F., U. S. N. A.		49		49
24 Kruser, Lieut. Adolph, 1st Indiana		49		49
25 Briggs, Lieut. A. L., U. S. N. A.		49		49
26 Duce, Lieut. Charles, 4th Maryland		49		49
27 Goodwin, Mus. Warren, 3rd Indiana		49		49
28 Brant, Lieut. G. C., 9th U. S. Cav.		49		49
29 Wright, Sergt. E. O., 5th Maryland		49		49
30 Prater, Sergt.-Maj. E. F., 1st Oklahoma		49		49
31 Haines, Mid. P. B., U. S. N. A.		48		48
32 Kates, Mid. J. M., U. S. N. A.		48		48
33 Henshaw, Priv. Ralph, U. S. M. C.		48		48
34 Hodges, Lieut. E. H., U. S. Inf.		48		48
35 Haines, C. E., C. M., U. S. N.		48		48
36 Connors, Priv. Edward, U. S. M. C.		48		48
37 Daniels, Sergt. Fred, 2nd Mass.		48		48
38 Austen, Capt. H. H., 1st Indiana		48		48
39 Patterson, Ens. C. D., U. S. N.		48		48

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S CUP MATCH.				
Yards	800	900	1000	Tl.
1 McCarthy, Priv. W. H., 2nd Corps Cadets, Mass.	97			97
2 Chesley, G. W., Conn.	97			97
3 Eddy, Capt. E. W., 8th Ohio	96			96
4 Winder, Lieut.-Col. C. B., Div. Ohio	96			96
5 Van Auken, Lieut. Glenn, 3rd Indiana	95			95

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40 Lewellen, Corp. Archie, U. S. M. C.	48
41 Hunt, Sergt. James W., 2nd Indiana	48
42 Brown, Mid. M. S., U. S. N.	48
43 McGlashan, James, Fort Pitt Rifle Club	48
44 Clear, Lieut. Valorus, 3rd Indiana	48
45 Burt, Lieut. F. F., U. S. Inf.	48
46 Parr, Mid. R. S., U. S. N. A.	48
47 Bowman, Lieut. G. T., 15th U. S. Cav.	48
48 Gemmill, Sergt. Frank, 4th Maryland	48
49 Coleman, Capt. F. W., U. S. Inf.	48
50 Roadcap, Sergt. Fred, 2nd Indiana	48
51 Smith, Lieut. William, U. S. M. C.	48
52 Foster, Lieut. Samuel, 1st Oklahoma	47
53 Glarner, Corp. E., U. S. Inf.	47
54 McCandy, Priv. W. H., 2nd Mass.	47
55 Zeigler, Sergt. C. F., 5th Ohio	47
56 Black, Capt. Albert, 3rd Indiana	47
57 Zeigler, Mid. S. J., U. S. N. A.	47
58 Farnham, Corp. George, U. S. M. C.	47
59 McGee, Sergt. F. E., 4th Ohio	47
60 Sturtevant, Lieut. C. L., U. S. Engineers	47
61 Gardner, Priv. H. A., U. S. Inf.	47
62 Granberg, Corp. Ernest, U. S. M. C.	47
63 Miller, Sergt. Ernest, 1st Ohio	47
64 Hale, Corp. Acustus, U. S. M. C.	47
65 Barber, Mid. E. H., U. S. N. A.	47
66 Shilling, Sergt. Leo, 1st Oklahoma	47
67 Saunders, Mid. H. E., U. S. N. A.	47
68 Long, Priv. Cedrick, 5th Mass.	47
69 Woodsel, Mid. E. L., U. S. N. A.	47

NOTE: No. 1 Nineteen bulls.
No. 2 Sixteen bulls.
No. 3 Thirteen bulls.
No. 4 Twelve bulls.
Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 eleven bulls each.

THE HERRICK TROPHY MATCH.

Yards	800	900	1000	Tl.
1 Ohio (Team No. 1)	584	559	546	1689
2 U. S. M. C. (Team No. 2)	588	565	535	1688
3 U. S. Cavalry	584	558	537	1679
4 U. S. M. C. (Team No. 1)	579	563	531	1673
5 U. S. Infantry (Team No. 2)	576	561	532	1669
6 Massachusetts (Team A)	574	548	538	1660
7 Oklahoma	576	544	524	1644
8 U. S. Infantry (Team No. 1)	569	547	525	1641
9 Special P. O. (Not for prize)	575	547	517	1639
10 U. S. Navy	571	533	514	1618
11 U. S. N. A. (First Team)	566	526	517	1609
12 U. S. M. C. (Team No. 3)	569	532	502	1603
13 Indiana (Team No. 1)	570	525	507	1602
14 U. S. N. A. (Second Team)	561	538	500	1599
15 Maryland	567	525	504	1596
16 Indiana (Team No. 2)	558	535	491	1584
17 Massachusetts (Team No. 1)	562	526	492	1580
18 Ohio (Team No. 2)	562	530	473	1565
19 Colorado (Team No. 2)	539	486	481	1506
20 Colorado (Team No. 1)	525	469	409	1403

THE GOVERNOR'S MATCH.

Fifty high at close of first stage.

Yards	Sk.	S.F.	S.F.	Tl.
	200	600		
1 Czegka, Sgt. V., U. S. M. C.	100	44	47	191
2 Wierzbowski, J. S., U. S. N.	97	43	49	189
3 Glarner, E. Corp., U. S. Inf.	98	44	46	188
4 Brestol, Lieut. M. C., 3rd U. S. Cav.	97	42	49	188
5 Nissen, Capt. A. C., 5th U. S. Cav.	95	46	47	188
6 Briggs, Lieut. A., U. S. Inf.	95	44	48	187
7 Daniels, Sgt. F., 2nd Mass.	95	45	47	187
8 Emerson, G. H., 6th Ohio	93	45	48	186
9 Van Amburgh, C. J., 2nd Mass.	93	47	46	186
10 Higginbotham, W., U. S. M. C.	96	42	48	186
11 Skerry, H. A., 1st Colo.	98	45	43	186
12 Hodges, C. H., U. S. Inf.	94	43	48	185
13 Smith, W. D., U. S. M. C.	92	44	48	184
14 Jarbal, Ralph, 1st Okla.	94	42	48	184

15 Martin, C. K., U. S. N. A.	92	46	46	184
16 Rittenhouse, D. W., 11th U. S. Cav.	89	45	49	183
17 Allen, E. G., U. S. Navy	92	45	46	183
18 Jacobs, G. F., U. S. N. A.	91	46	46	183
19 Zeigler, E., U. S. N. A.	92	42	48	182
20 Rolf, Corp. T., U. S. Inf.	90	44	48	182
21 Trague, Sergt. W., U. S. M. C.	89	44	49	182
22 Adams, Corp. H., 15th U. S. Cav.	97	46	39	182
23 Sayer, George, U. S. Inf.	92	44	46	182
24 Sturtevant, C. L., U. S. Eng.	93	41	48	182
25 Giffen, R. C., U. S. Navy	90	43	49	182
26 Wahlstrom, F., U. S. M. C.	89	45	48	182
27 Tewes, W. A., New Jersey	92	44	46	182
28 Black, Albert, 3rd Indiana	94	40	47	181
29 Drustrup, N., U. S. Navy	90	43	48	181
30 Smith, H. T., U. S. N. A.	89	44	48	181
31 Schriver, Ollie, U. S. M. C.	91	42	48	181
32 Knarr, H. J., U. S. Navy	88	44	49	181

33 Burns, James, 6th Mass.	88	45	47	180
34 Shaw, G. C., U. S. Inf.	87	45	48	180
35 Lamberton, L., U. S. N. A.	92	46	42	180
36 Thomson, T. A., U. S. Navy	89	43	48	180
37 Stemple, J. O., 2nd Ohio	88	43	49	180
38 Prater, E. F., 1st Okla.	85	46	48	179
39 Shilling, Leo, 1st Okla.	92	41	46	179
40 Stuart, W. F., 1st Okla.	92	41	46	179
41 Kruse, Adolph, 1st Ind.	92	40	47	179
42 Chesholm, C. B., Engineers, Ohio	93	43	43	179
43 Dixon, B. A., U. S. Inf.	88	44	47	179
44 Barber, E. H., U. S. N. A.	87	45	47	179
45 Stadie, H., U. S. Inf.	84	44	50	178
46 Peterson, John, U. S. M. C.	87	44	47	178
47 Winder, C. B., Div. Ohio	88	44	46	178
48 Lear, Ben, 15th U. S. Cav.	88	41	49	178
49 Burnham, M. A., 1st Mass.	89	44	45	178
50 Steever, E. L., U. S. Inf.	92	43	43	178

THE GOVERNOR'S MATCH.

Yards	Sk.	S.F.	S.F.	R.F.	S.F.	S.F.	Grand total.
		200	600	200	800	1000	
1 Nissen, A. C., 5th U. S. Cavalry	95	46	47	45	49	49	331
2 Czegka, Sergt. Victor, U. S. M. C.	100	44	47	42	50	47	330
3 Wahlstrom, Fred, U. S. M. C.	89	45	48	50	50	48	330
4 Higginbotham, W., U. S. M. C.	96	42	48	43	49	48	328
5 Smith, W. D., U. S. M. C.	92	44	48	44	50	50	328
6 Van Amberg, C. J., 2nd Mass.	93	47	46	43	50	48	327
7 Martin, C. K., U. S. N. A.	92	46	46	47	48	48	327
8 Glarner, E., U. S. Infantry	98	44	46	46	47	45	326
9 Rolf, T., U. S. Infantry	90	44	48	50	48	46	326
10 Rittenhouse, B. W., 11th U. S. Cavalry	89	45	49	47	50	46	326
11 Schriver, Ollie, U. S. M. C.	91	42	48	46	50	48	325
12 Adams, H., 15th U. S. Cavalry	97	46	39	46	49	47	324
13 Emerson, G. H., 6th Ohio	93	45	48	47	47	43	323
14 Allen, E. G., U. S. Navy	92	45	46	42	50	48	323
15 Knarr, H. J., U. S. Navy	88	44	49	47	49	46	323
16 Wierzbowski, J. S., U. S. Navy	97	43	49	43	49	41	322
17 Zeigler, E., U. S. N. A.	92	42	48	46	49	45	322
18 Drustrup, N., U. S. Navy	90	43	48	46	47	48	322
19 Trague, W., U. S. M. C.	89	44	49	48	47	45	322
20 Lamberton, L., U. S. N. A.	92	46	42	48	48	45	321
21 Reid, George, 6th Mass.	85	44	46	47	50	49	321
22 Keough, James, 6th Mass.	82	45	47	47	50	50	321
23 Hodges, C. H., U. S. Infantry	94	43	48	46	48	41	320
24 Giffen, R. C., U. S. Navy	90	43	49	43	48	47	320
25 Stemple, J. O., 2nd Ohio	88	43	49	46	50	44	320
26 Daniels, Fred, 2nd Mass.	95	45	47	46	47	39	319
27 Thomson, T. A., U. S. Navy	89	43	48	49	45	45	319
28 Lund, Peter, U. S. M. C.	88	43	40	49	50	48	318
29 Burns, James, 6th Mass.	88	45	47	41	50	47	318
30 Amsden, W. F., U. S. Navy	86	45	44	49	44	50	318
31 Joyce, Thomas, U. S. M. C.	84	41	50	44	50	49	318
32 Skerry, H. A., 1st Colorado	98	45	43	41	45	45	317
33 Sturtevant, C. L., U. S. Engineers	93	41	48	41	49	45	317
34 Steever, E. L., U. S. Infantry	92	43	43	50	43	46	317
35 Shilling, Leo, 1st Oklahoma	92	41	46	45	49	44	317
36 Stuart, W. F., 1st Oklahoma	92	41	46	44	50	44	317
37 Peterson, John, U. S. M. C.	87	44	47	46	47	46	317
38 Foster, Sam, 1st Oklahoma	86	43	47	48	49	44	317
39 Stadie, H., U. S. Infantry	84	44	50	47	49	43	317
40 Brestel, M. C., 3rd U. S. Cavalry	97	42	49	39	47	42	316
41 Sayer, George, U. S. Infantry	92	44	46	43	50	41	316
42 Badger, O. C., U. S. N. A.	84	43	49	42	49	49	316
43 Smith, W. W., U. S. N. A.	80	44	47	49	48	48	316
44 Grandy, John, U. S. Infantry	80	42	50	48	50	46	316
45 Briggs, A., U. S. Infantry	95	44	48	49	48	31	315
46 Prater, E. F., 1st Oklahoma	85	46	48	47	48	41	315
47 Pearson, S. B., 9th U. S. Cavalry	85	44	47	46	48	45	315
48 Benedict, C. S., 2nd Brig., Ohio	80	43	48	48	49	47	315
49 Leushner, W. F., 74th New York	89	43	45	46	48	43	314
50 Shaw, G. C., U. S. Infantry	87	45	48	44	50	40	314

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Highest Skirmish:—Czegka, U. S. M. C., score 100.
Highest Rapid Fire:—Dixon, U. S. Infantry; Snook, Troop B, Ohio; Wahlstrom, U. S. M. C.; Rolf, U. S. Infantry; Steever, U. S. Infantry; score, 50 each.
Highest Aggregate at 800 and 1000 Yards:—Smith, W. D., U. S. M. C., score, 50 each range; Keough, 6th Mass., score, 50 each range.
Highest Aggregate at Slow Fire:—Smith, W. D., U. S. M. C.

? What's in a Score ?

NOTHING—Unless you write it down in a RIGHT score book!

The book you want—the one which will suit every rifleman best, is the **Bull's-Eye Score Book**, for the Springfield Rifle, prepared by Capt. E. N. Johnston, Engineer Corps, U. S. A.

Once it was called the Army and Navy Target Book, last year the **Bull's-Eye Score Book**, this year again the **Bull's-Eye Score Book**.

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

It shows the proper point of aim when using the battle sight, and when firing at moving targets. There is no better score book.

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NATIONAL POLICE INDIVIDUAL MATCH.

Yards	R.F. T.F. S.F.			Tl.
	15	25	50	
1 Weidling, Sergt. G. H., Chicago	98	94	41	233
2 Fidges, A. D., Chicago	100	88	43	231
3 Kone, J. J., Youngstown	91	92	47	230
4 Garber, L., Chicago	97	89	43	230
5 Farrell, James J., Chicago	94	86	42	222
6 Gough, William, Cincinnati	88	89	45	222
7 Phillips, N., St. Louis	94	87	39	220
8 Ruck, Rudolph, Cincinnati	90	91	39	220
9a Kilgore, Sergt. J., Chicago	91	83	44	218
9b Henke, Barney, St. Louis	88	87	43	218
9c Hansen, Sergt. A., Chicago	86	91	41	218
10 Bennett, W. H., St. Louis	87	85	45	217
11 Palmer, Sergt. C. A., Cincinnati	93	80	43	216
12 Curtis, Posey, Cincinnati	85	85	44	214
13 Moore, Allen, Cincinnati	91	79	41	211
14 Williams, Sergt. O. O., Cincinnati	88	81	40	209
15 Thompson, Parker, St. Louis	82	80	40	202
16 Meagher, Thomas, St. Louis	78	84	40	202
17 Sears, Sergt. S. E., St. Louis	81	76	42	199
18 Carroll, Maj. J. W., Cincinnati	79	69	42	190
19 Lewis, J., St. Louis	82	72	33	187

NATIONAL POLICE TEAM MATCH.

	S.F.	T.F.	R.F.	Tl.
1 Chicago Police Department	209	440	460	1109
2 Cincinnati Police Department	192	408	466	1046
3 St. Louis Police Department	202	399	403	1004

PETERS TROPHY MATCH.

	Score.
1 Long, Priv. Sedic, Mass	100
2 Adams, Corp. Harry, 15th U. S. Cav.	99
3 Lewellen, Corp. Archie, U. S. M. C.	99
4 Badger, O. C., U. S. N. A.	98
5 Allen, Ensign E. G., U. S. N.	98
6 Pope, Sergt. E. H., Alabama	97
7 Zeigler, Mid. S. J., U. S. N. A.	97
8 Smith, Mid. W. W., U. S. Navy	97
9 Burns, Lieut. James, 6th Mass.	97
10 Faber, Lieut. George, 6th Mass.	96
11 Taulbee, Capt. M. H., Oklahoma	95
12 Wierzbowski, Q. M., U. S. Navy	95
13 Kates, Mid. J. M., U. S. N. A.	95
14 Moncrief, J. C., U. S. Navy	95
15 Whittaker, Sergeant, U. S. Inf.	95
16 Rolf, Corp. F., U. S. Inf.	95
17 Duffy, Sergt. E. E., Ohio	95
18 Wallace, Lieut. W. B., U. S. Inf.	94
19 Engenman, J. S., U. S. Navy	94
20 Grandy, Sergt. John, U. S. Inf.	94
21 Evans, Sergeant, 2nd Alabama	94
22 Drustrup, N. C. F. C., U. S. Navy	94
23 Smith, Mid. Walter, U. S. Navy	94
24 Amsden, W. F., U. S. Navy	94
25 Smith, Mid. H. T., U. S. Navy	93
26 Prater, Sergt.-Maj. E. F., Oklahoma	93
27 Brown, Lucien, Alabama	93

SPECIAL EXPERTS' 800-YARD MATCH.

1 Wise, Capt. Stuart, Mass.	50
2 Casey, Capt. K. K. V., Penn.	50
3 Austin, Capt. H. H., Indiana	49
4 Chesley, G. W., Conn.	49
5 Bowman, Lieut. G. T., U. S. Cav.	49

TOYR.

6 Hamilton, Capt. B., Conn.	48
7 Andrews, Sergt. W. C., 5th Ohio	47

WINCHESTER LONG RANGE MATCH.

Open to everybody. Two sighting and ten shots for record at 1,000 yards. Any rifle and any ammunition. Special target on regular C frame, with small aiming bullseye. 15 cash prizes.

1 Winder, Lieut.-Col. C. B., Div. Ohio	91
2 Chesley, G. W., Conn.	90

3 Richards, Captain, Ohio	87
4 Emerson, Captain, Ohio	82
5 Paulsen, Fort Pitt Rifle Club	80
6 Andrews, Private, 5th Ohio	80
7 Wallace, U. S. Inf.	80
8 Allen, Captain, 29th Inf.	75
9 Shaw, Lieutenant	75

SECOND BRIGADE MATCH.

Ten shots slow fire at 800 yards.

1 Hudson, Dr. W. G., New York	50
2 Emerson, Captain, 6th Ohio	50
3 (a) Stemple, Lieutenant, Ohio	50
4 (a) Winder, Lieutenant-Colonel, Div. Ohio	50
5 Andrews, W. C., 5th Infantry, Ohio	50
6 Hadinger, Lieutenant, Oklahoma	50
7 Chesley, G. W., Ohio	50
8 Webb, Lieut. H. A., 6th Ohio	50

NOTE: Hudson fifty bulls. Emerson forty-three bulls. (a) Tied for third place; thirty-five bulls.

ALL COMERS' 600 YARD MATCH.

10 shots slow fire at 600 yards. Any military rifle and any ammunition. 9 cash prizes.

1 Cullison, Lieut., Oklahoma	50
2 Simons, Ohio	50
3 Ennes, Lieut., Oklahoma	50
4 Winder, Lieut. Col. C. B., Div., Ohio	50
5 Curtis, A. B., Ohio	50
6 Richards, Capt. W. H., Ohio	50
7 Foster, Lieut., Oklahoma	50
8 Jarboe, Sergt., Oklahoma	49
9 Smith, Private, Colorado	49
10 Chesley, G. W., Connecticut	49

NOTE: Winder and Curtis tied for fourth place; Richards and Foster tied for sixth place; Smith and Chesley tied for ninth place.

ALL COMERS' OPFHAND MATCH.

Unsquadded, limited to one entry. 20 shots slow fire at 20 yards. Any military rifle and any ammunition. 8 cash prizes.

1 Hudson, Dr. W. G., New York	95
2 Keough, Sergt., Massachusetts	94
3 Rothrock, Lieut., Ohio	93
4 Parker, Capt., Massachusetts	93
5 Tewes, Col., New Jersey	93
6 Chesley, G. W., Connecticut	92
7 Kates, Midn., U. S. N. A.	91
8 Adams, H., Cavalry Team	91

ALL COMERS' LONG RANGE MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH.

5 shots, slow fire at 75 yards, aggregate of 3 tickets to count.

1 Morrall, Capt., 4th Ohio	139
2 Orr, C. E., Alton Rifle Club	139
3 McCutchen, C. M., Colorado	138
4 Coffin, Corp. F. P., Colorado	135

CAVALRY REVOLVER MATCH.

50 yards, timed fire, 20 seconds to each score of 5 shots, aggregate of three scores to count.

1 Coffin, Corp. F. P., Colorado	139
2 Orr, C. E., Alton Rifle Club	137
3 Martin, Lieut., U. S. Cavalry	137

FORTY-FIVE CALIBER MATCH.

50 yards, 10 shots, slow fire, possible 100.	
1 Rising, E. C., 1st Connecticut	94

GENERAL OFFICERS' MATCH.

One string of 10 shots at 25 yards timed fire.

1 Drain, Gen. James A., Washington	30
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FIELD OFFICERS' MATCH.

One score of ten shots at 25 yards, timed fire, aggregate of three scores to count.

1 Fort, Major, Maryland	121
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AUTOMATIC PISTOL MATCH.

10 shots at 25 yards, rapid fire, 8 seconds, aggregate of three scores to count.

1 Rising, E. G., 1st Connecticut	139
2 Orr, C. E., Alton Rifle Club	135

ALL COMERS' MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH.

5 shots slow fire at 50 yards, aggregate of three scores to count.

1 Orr, C. E., Alton Rifle Club	148
2 Nissen, Capt. A. C., U. S. Army	145
3 Snook, J. H., Troop B, Ohio	145
4 Sundelburg, C., P. C. S. S.	145
5 Weidling, Sergt., Chicago Police Dept.	143

ANY REVOLVER MATCH.

5 shots at 50 yards, slow fire.

1 Orr, C. E., Alton Rifle Club	147
2 Rising, E. G., Connecticut	145

RAPID FIRE REVOLVER MATCH.

8 seconds to each score of 5 shots. Aggregate of three scores of ten shots to count.

1 Orr, C. E., Alton Rifle Club	142
2 Rising, E. G., 1st Connecticut	139
3 Coffin, Corp., Colorado Cavalry	138

REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

To the competitor making high aggregate.

1 Orr, C. E., Alton Rifle Club	416
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Owing to the fact that the Statistical Officers of the Ohio State Competitions could not get straightened out on the final scores in the reentry matches it is impossible to give this week the results of the high aggregate winners.

U. S. R. A. OUTDOOR LEAGUE.

PROVIDENCE-COLONIAL.

PROVIDENCE.			
Walter H. Freeman	79	81	83-243
F. J. Biesel	75	74	80-229
Wm. Almy	70	75	81-226
Geo. E. Joslin	81	67	77-225
H. C. Miller	73	37	80-210
W. H. Willard	56	60	72-188
Total			1321

The weather conditions were fine. The only out was a "little spirit of unrest that occasionally knocked a shot 'galley west.'" H. C. Miller, Wm. Almy, F. J. Biesel and W. H. Willard used Colt Officers' Model and hand loaded. W. H. Freeman and Geo. E. Joslin shot the .38 Military and hand loaded.

COLONIAL.

C. C. Crossman	84	80	78-242
W. C. Ayer	83	74	83-240
Dr. Moore	76	79	79-234
Geo. C. Olcott	75	72	79-226
Paul Frese	77	72	71-220
Mrs. Crossman	82	73	61-216
Total			1378

Weather conditions not good for high scores, cloudy and dark, and raining part of time.

Peters

Loaded Shells

At the Top in the EASTERN HANDICAP TOURNAMENT

- First in Eastern Handicap 97 ex 100 (tie) by Mr. D. D. Engle
- High Score in Preliminary 97 ex 100 (21 yards) by Mr. C. A. Young
- 2d Prof. in Preliminary Handicap 96 ex 100 (18 yards) by Mr. J. T. Skelly
- 3rd " " " 95 ex 100 (20 yards) by Mr. Neaf Apgar
- Second Professional Average 351 ex 360 (tie) by Mr. Woolfolk Henderson
- Third Professional Average 350 ex 360 (tie) by Messrs. Neaf Apgar, Sim Glover and C. A. Young

Success follows PETER SHELLS. To use PETERS LOADS is a guarantee of high scores.

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NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St. T. H. Keller, Mgr. SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St. J. S. French, Mgr. NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St. Paul R. Litzke, Mgr.

CULEBRA.

Scores of July 31 in match with Colonial Club.

W. L. G. Perry.....	69	59	46-174
C. B. Larzelere.....	50	67	64-181
F. A. Browne.....	64	54	54-172
F. E. Sterns.....	61	59	71-191
T. E. L. Lipsey.....	48	61	45-154
L. D. Cornish.....	68	77	53-198

Total..... 1070
L. D. Cornish shot Colt Officers' Model and Special cartridges. W. L. G. Perry, .44 Special and Russian cartridge. T. E. L. Lipsey, .38 and .44 Military Special cartridge. F. E. Sterns and F. A. Browne used .38 Military and Long Colt. C. B. Larzelere, .39 Military and Special cartridge.

SMITH & WESSON—CULEBRA.

SMITH & WESSON.

Dr. W. H. Armstrong.....	83	86	64-233
Dr. I. R. Calkins.....	82	84	85-251
C. S. Axtell.....	73	80	71-224
P. J. Dolfin.....	79	66	79-224
L. P. Castaldini.....	73	84	70-227
R. W. Gaylord.....	59	63	69-191

Total..... 1350
The official scores for the Smith & Wesson and National Capital Rifle and Revolver Club Match on July 30 are 1,323 for the former and 1,206 for the latter.

FORT DOUGLAS—PORTLAND, OREGON.

PORTLAND.

John Godwig.....	76	72	71-219
Walter Hansen.....	62	72	79-213
Geo. W. Wilson.....	63	84	56-213
John T. Moore.....	71	70	75-216
W. H. Hubbard.....	75	86	75-236
R. H. Craddock.....	64	69	78-211

Total..... 1308
John Godwig and Walter Hansen used .38 Special and hand loaded. John T. Moore used .38 Special, 8-inch barrel, hand loaded. Geo. H. Wilson used .38 Special and Special and Mid range cartridges. W. H. Hubbard and R. H. Craddock, .44 Special and hand loaded.

Shell Mound Rifle and Pistol Club, Calif.

George Armstrong made scores of 97 and 98 recently on the pistol range during the Shell Mound Club practice. W. A. Siebe made 94 and 95, the highest he ever made, in the same competition.

Monthly competition, rifle scores, German Ring target, 200 yards: Champion class—L. Hawxhurst, 214; J. M. Klassen, 216. First class—J. G. Day, 182; F. Poulter 168, 192; K. O. Kindgren, 199; R. Long, 189, 188; J. Logue, 129, 134; A. Thompson, 194, 193. Second class—L. Erickson, 160, 151; G. Holstein, 158, 180. Third class—C. Thiele, 162, 149; P. Johnson; L. Phillips, 126, 142; Capt. George Larsen, 151, 135; J. Nelson, 183, 159. Unclassified—A. DeCaccia, 145, 71; J. Bauman, 143, 168.

Pistol range, 50 yards, standard American target: Champion class—George Armstrong, 97, 98; William A. Siebe, 95, 94; Henry A. Harris, 89, 95; James E. Gorman, 92, 94; C. W. Whaley, 87, 78. First class—Joseph Phillips, 73, 72; Dr. R. A. Summers, 84, 89; Capt. George Larsen, 82, 84; A. L. Poulsen, 88, 80. Second class—F. Poulter, 71, 74; R. A. Jones, 71, 76; J. G. Day, 80, 77; H. W. Kleinenbroich, 76, 79; William Guild, 73, 78; L. Erickson, 77, 74. Third class—P. Poulsen, 28. Unclassified—J. Bauman, 61, 48.

Los Angeles, Calif., Revolver Club.

The Los Angeles Revolver Club held a revival meeting at their indoor range, Wednesday evening. Most of the shooting started off with scores of 83, but the way the boys improved before the "meetin" was out, plainly shows they intend to be in trim for the matches of the coming winter.

L. M. Packard.....	88	87	86	92	94	90	91	87
A. B. Douglas.....	83	86	84	88	91	93	93	89
J. E. Fraser.....	83	83	86	92	95	93	90	
J. W. Siefert.....	83	85	89	89				
Dr. Royce.....	83	84	94	84				
I. C. Douglas.....	83	95	86					

To Correct a Wrong Impression.

In a recent issue of ARMS AND THE MAN there appeared an article which dealt with the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association of New York, wherein it was stated that the club was temporarily without an indoor range, and mentioning the fact that there was enough fine shots in the club to make up an International Team of revolver shots.

Our California correspondent took exception to some of the statements and suggested that we take into consideration that the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club had

some good shots also and mentioned that James E. Gorman was one of the members of the last International Team and must necessarily be a consideration.

We stated that when the original article was written it was not intended to detract from the glory of others. The impression was gained that the article which took exception to ours had emanated from the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club.

One of the prominent members of the Golden Gate Club has written to us and requests that we put his club right in the minds of the shooters at large.

We are authorized to say that the Golden Gate Club has no ill feeling against any individual or club. They have nothing but the kindest feeling for all of their brother shooters all over the country, and a particularly warm feeling for the "Manhattans," who have done so much to promote the sport of which we are so fond.

The Golden Gate Club is composed of a fine lot of fellows who shoot for the pleasure there is to be got out of the game and want to be in harmonious touch with the shooters of the country.

An unfortunate selection of a team captain during the indoor revolver league last winter put the club in bad with the shooters in general. Mr. B. Jonas, secretary of the club, has been selected as team captain and henceforth a much better management of affairs may be expected.

The Western Pistol and Revolver Association has been "Organized" but the Golden Gate Club is opposed to this move as the parent body, The United States Revolver Association, is well able to take care of the interests of the revolver shooters, if the shooters will do their part.

Colonial Revolver Club, St. Louis, Mo.

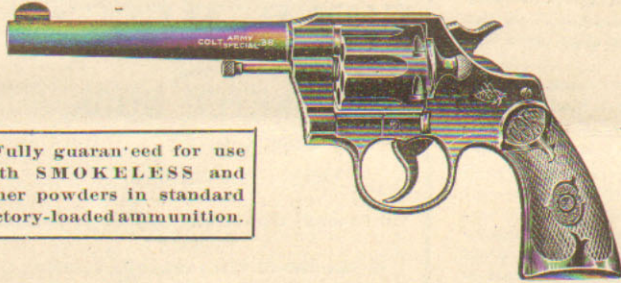
Scores made in regular monthly trophy shoot, 50 shots, Standard American target:

Dr. Moore.....	69	83	84	88	88-412
Paul Frese.....	78	79	84	80	85-406
F. G. Ingalls.....	77	80	71	70	76-374
M. Summerfield.....	71	66	77	74	70-358
Mrs. Crossman.....	82	82	83		
C. C. Crossman.....	89	89	92		

U. S. R. A. Medal cards as follows were shot August 6.

Dr. Moore.....	84	91	93	92	90		
W. C. Ayer.....	94	91	87	81	90	90	91
Crossman.....	92	89	89				

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Fully guaranteed for use with **SMOKELESS** and other powders in standard factory-loaded ammunition.

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- .38. (Using .38 Long Colt, .38 Short Colt, .38 Colt Special, also .38 S. & W. Special, Full and Mid Range Loads, and U. S. Service Cartridge.)
- .41 Long Colt. (Using both .41 Short Colt and .41 Long Colt Cartridges.)

SIX SHOTS.

LENGTH OF BARRELS. 4½ and 6 inches.

FINISH. Full Blued or Full Nickel Plated. Rubber Stocks.

WEIGHT. With 4½-inch barrel, 34 ounces.

LENGTH OVER ALL. With 4½-inch barrel, 9½ inches.

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Wilmington, Del.

THE PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

The Fifth Pacific Coast Handicap Tournament was held at Seattle the week of August 1-6, and lacked nothing of the elements of a successful meet.

Although Secretary-Manager Shaner had to make a lightning jump from Philadelphia, with but a day for preparation at this end of the line, his system and generalship had everything moving within a few hours after he landed, and within 24 hours the firing line was in order and the traps open for practice events. Of course, in accomplishing all this Elmer was backed by such able assistants as A. L. Hall and A. L. Mottinger of the Seattle Gun Club, and his always right hand helper Charlie North; but the promptness of getting ready and the frictionless manner in which the wheels revolved were yet worthy of complimentary comment.

The site of the shoot this year was the same as in 1909—the great, flat bar at the upper end of Elliott Bay, midway between Seattle proper and the growing suburb of West Seattle, the ground being owned and kindly loaned for the occasion by the Union Pacific Railway, through the courtesy of General Agent E. E. Ellis. The background here is about as perfect as it is possible to get anywhere in the West, the guns pointing almost due north, over miles of the blue waters of Puget Sound. If scores were not as uniformly high as this description would lead the reader to expect, the fact may perhaps be attributed to a shimmer something less than a mirage that is apt to play over these sandbars on the Coast on bright, warm summer days.

The attendance, while not quite up to what the promoters expected, was away beyond the average of the more important Coast tournaments, and seems on the whole quite gratifying. In this connection the fact must not be overlooked that last year some forty shooters came from east of the Great Divide to participate in this event, while this year all could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Then, also, there was the attraction of the Alaska-Yukon Fair in 1909, while this time the shoot was the sole magnet. In so far as home representation and patronage goes, therefore, this was quite as good or even a better shoot than its immediate predecessor.

In all except the handicap events, the purses were divided on the percentage plan in the ratio of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent, and this appears to have proven quite satisfactory. The thought of the chance of shooting into a good pot appears to have been an effective magnet and some very respectable purses were taken down, making the winner "whole" for the day or meet.

Ample shade and shelter were provided against sunshine or rain, and the long line behind the traps was covered with the fragrant chips and shavings of Washington fir and pine, so that the range was, for shooters and spectators alike, a pleasant place to pass an hour or all day.

A substantial and very satisfactory lunch was served daily right on the grounds, so there was no delay occasioned by the formality of keeping the inner man satisfied. In short, it was a great big, pleasant and successful Western tourney, and what were the use to say more?

PRELIMINARY PRACTICE DAY.

Secretary Shaner promised the boys that he and "Brother Charlie" would be ready to receive and entertain them Monday afternoon with a preliminary program of 100 targets, and promptly at one o'clock they were on hand to size 'em up.

The turn-out this day was quite as good as expected, fifty-eight contestants facing the traps, among them being Mrs. Ad. Topperwein, and Mrs. Woodward of Pasco, Wash., who also is a devotee of the sport and a skilful lady shot.

The weather was all that could be desired, with sky partly cloudy and the air cool and bracing; but the average of scores was nevertheless disappointing. The program consisted of the usual 80 singles and 10 pairs thrown the full regulation distance. When the twelve squads had gone down the line and the results were totaled Harry Ellis was found to have led the professionals for the total score, Dick Clancy being second, while Archie Bishop, fresh from his victories in British Columbia, added another to his string of honors by leading the amateurs into camp with a total of 93.

The doubles, however, were responsible for many disappointments, and materially changed the results. Counting the singles only Clancy was best man with 79, and Jas. McLaughlin of Seattle next, leading the amateurs with 77. With no added money and percentage division the optional sweeps did not pay much as a rule, but several contestants who were lucky in making good scores at the right time, got returns worth while.

FIRST DAY—AUGUST 2.

Weather fine and delightfully cool, with a variable wind blowing that made the targets a bit uncertain in their flight; such were the conditions of the opening of the regular program.

Eighty-seven contestants faced the traps in the regular events, which is one more as to total than the record at the Eastern Handicap, and represents many more amateurs, as there were in all only thirteen professionals shooting.

On the day's work Mrs. Ad. Topperwein had the best of them guessing from the start, she scoring 96 in the first hundred and breaking the last four events straight, exclusive of the doubles. This gave her a total of 178 singles and 195 out of 200 including 10 pairs. Among the mere men shooting Frank Riehl led the professionals and Jas. McLaughlin the amateurs, each with a total of 191. The Seattle amateur, however, was second on singles with 173, Archie Bishop (amateur) and Riehl and Lester German each accounting for 172 singles. German was third professional on total of 190; Bishop was second amateur both as to singles and total, with 189. Other noteworthy amateur scores were E. L. Schultz, 169 out of 186, and E. J. Chingren, 169 out of 185. On the doubles Earl Farmin, the fast Idaho amateur, made a clean sweep with his auto gun, and incidentally took first money alone in that event.

The old time percentage division of purses seemed to please the boys well, and firsts were always good. The lowest first money during the day was \$9.50, the best on singles, \$23.75, and on doubles Farmin's lone straight paid him \$46 and odd cents.

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U. S. ARMY REGULATION BELT



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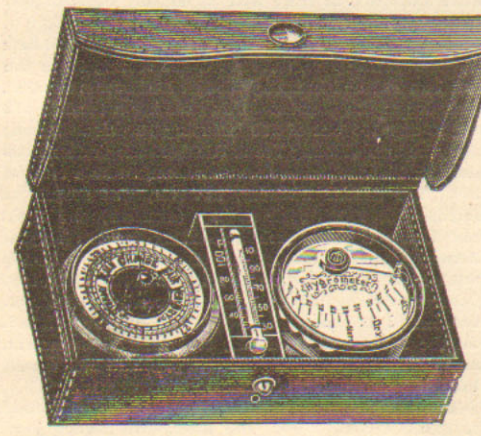
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SECOND DAY—REGULAR PROGRAM.

Weather clear and cool, but with stiff in-quartering wind blowing, making harder shooting and lower average scores.

On the regular program this proved to be Riehl's day, he finishing a run of 102 and losing but one on singles and two in the double event. Among the professionals German finished second total with 93, but he scored only 76 on singles, while Hugh Poston made it one better and finished with a total of 90. In the amateur class Hugh McElroy of Spokane, led on total of 95, he scoring 76 singles, while Earl Farmin accounted for 77 singles and a total of 94. Bishop was again close up in the running with 75 out of 93.

There were in all just seventy shooters today, and with the five traps running along without a hitch the first half of the program was finished well before noon. Half an hour was then taken for lunch. While Mrs. Topperwein did not shoot up to her usual gait, she did excellent work and completed a run of 106 straight.

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP.

First squad in the Pacific Coast Preliminary Handicap was called immediately after noon, and the event started with just 70 entries, of whom all but one went to the score.

The wind increased, and with the uniformly stiff handicaps allotted it was evident early in the race that no very high scores would be recorded. This is evidenced in the fact that among the dozen professionals participating not a score of 90 was made, Frank Howe finishing ahead with 89, while Forbes and German got 87 and Ellis 86.

This was the amateur's race for high honors as well as for the monies. E. J. Chingren, the Spokane veteran, shooting in the second squad from the 20-yard mark shot consistently down the line and hung up a total of 92 by breaking his last 20 straight. This proved the winning score, although several others had all the appearance of trophy getters until right at the finish. M. H. Truesdell, of North Yakima, went to the last trap with what looked like a fine chance; but he met with bad luck and dropped to second place with 91. President A. L. Mottinger of the West Seattle Club also went to the last score with a chance to tie, but dropped a low right quartering bird, making a tie for second. Other good scores were made by Jas. McLaughlin and D. A. Robinson, 90; A. W. Bishop, 89; J. R. Converse, F. W. Oswald and J. S. Malloy, 87.

THIRD DAY—REGULAR PROGRAM.

A hazy sky with clear atmosphere and total absence of wind made high scores the order of the final 100 targets at 16 yards. Mrs. Topperwein again came to the front and in a splendid exhibition broke the program straight. Next to her was Tom Barclay with 96, for the professionals. But the amateurs came in magnificently, E. L. Schultz, F. A. Dryden and Dell Cooper tying with 97; second came Hugh McElroy with 95, while Farmin, Ralph Miller and J. T. Hillis each accounted for 94. With 75 shooters these events were finished and the decks cleared for the big Handicap well before the noon hour.

PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP.

The first squad was called to score in the premier event shortly before the noon whistles blew, with a total of 109 entries, of whom an even 100 went to the score. Although the limit was fixed at 20 yards, this handicap proved quite severe enough, and none of the scratch contestants got very near the top. Chingren, shooting in the first squad, again showed fine form, and went down the line to the tune of 91, which stood as high amateur mark for half a dozen squads. The next likely winners were Dell Cooper of Bellingham, and Fred Dryden of Walla Walla, both shooting at 17 yards, who went to the last trap with 95 possible; Cooper dropped three there and Dryden only one, which left the latter a pretty good bet for high man in the race. However, two squads later there developed a dark horse in the person of John Law, of Aberdeen, Wash., who had entered the race for targets and possible medal honors only. He loomed large on the horizon when he finished at trap 3, with only one to the bad. From that time he was the object of all eyes, but this sudden fame did not upset his shooting nerve; he scored 19 at traps 4 and 5 and was whisked from the firing line by his enthusiastic friends a 97 winner. No later contestant got beyond the third trap with a chance to beat this score. R. H. Baldwin and P. P. Nelson finished with the nice total of 92, and J. R. Rice hung up 91.

For the professionals in this race Clancy and Reid tied with 93, Lee was second with 92, while Ellis and Riehl each accounted for 91.

GENERAL RESULTS.

Summarizing the work of the week, Mrs. Topperwein won the average at 16 yard single targets, with total of 351 out of 360, Riehl being second, 347, and German third, 341.

At all targets shot during the week, Riehl led with total 560 out of 600, Mrs. Topperwein being second with 559.

On the 40 doubles shot in program Riehl was high professional and Farmin high amateur, each scoring 37.

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For amateur honors E. L. Schultz, of San Francisco, got the honors at 16 yard singles for Interstate average, his total being 340 out of 360; Chingren and McElroy tied for second with 339, while A. W. Bishop got third place on 338.

On all targets from 16 yards, including doubles, Schultz, McElroy and Bishop tied with total of 374.

For all targets shot Chingren led the amateurs with total of 553; McElroy second with 552, and Bishop, third with 551.

Immediately on completion of the event, Secretary-Manager Shaner came to the fore for his last innings with a happy little talk congratulating the gun club and people of the West on this splendidly successful shoot, and, in behalf of the officers of the Interstate Association presented the very handsome trophies to E. J. Chingren, winner of the Preliminary Handicap, and Jno. J. Law, winner of the Fifth Pacific Coast Handicap. May there be many more of them.

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP.

Purse—70 Entries.

52 entries at \$4	208.00
1 penalty entry for targets only	2.00
17 entries for targets only	100.00
Added money	100.00
Total purse	\$310.00

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Name	Score	Amount
E. J. Chingren	92	\$62.00
M. H. Truedell	91	49.60
J. I. McLaughlin	90	35.65
D. A. Robinson	90	35.65
A. Bishop	89	22.70
J. R. Converse	89	22.70
F. W. Oswald	89	22.70
H. McElroy	88	14.45
E. Brackney	88	14.45
G. F. Egbers	88	14.45
J. E. Rice	87	7.75
J. S. Malloy	87	7.75

PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP.
Purse—109 Entries.

56 entries at \$7.00. \$392.00
53 entries for targets only.

Added money. 200.00

Total purse. \$592.00

Name	Score	Amount
Fred Dryden	94	\$118.40
P. P. Nelson	92	85.80
Dell Cooper	92	85.50
E. J. Chingren	91	56.25
J. E. Rice	91	56.25
C. L. Holcomb	90	27.05
J. R. Converse	90	27.05
H. McElroy	90	27.05
E. E. Ellis	90	27.05
G. F. Egbers	90	27.05
D. W. Fleet	90	27.05
A. N. Woodward	90	27.05

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

The Annual Registered Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will be held on their grounds at Red House Crossing on Labor Day, September 5. The program of twelve events calls for 200 Blue Rock targets, \$16 entrance in the sweeps and \$25 added money. All shooting will be from 16 yards rise over Expert traps. Lunch and loaded shells will be served on the grounds which are reached by Indian Orchard or Palmer cars, leaving the city every fifteen minutes.

The shoot will be held rain or shine, the shooting stand being under cover if necessary. Interstate rules will govern all events and the referee's decision will be final. Shooting will start promptly at 9.30 o'clock and continue all day. Professionals will be allowed to shoot for targets only. Targets included in all entrances at two cents each. Guns and ammunition shipped prepaid to the Secretary, C. L. Kites, 416 Main Street, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Purses divided Rose system. Sweeps will be optional, anyone may enter any event and shoot for targets only. Programs are now ready and may be had by addressing the Secretary.

The amateur making highest average shooting the entire program will be awarded a Repeating Shotgun and the one making lowest average, a dictionary.

NEWS OF THE TRADE.

Peters Shells Make Good Scores.

At Midland, Texas, August 8 and 9, F. M. Faurote, shooting Peters factory loaded shells, scored 484 out of 500, winning second professional average. Second amateur average was won by J. S. Day, who also broke 484 with Peters shells. A special medal event was won by Nic Arie, who scored 25 straight in the event proper and 50 straight in the shootoff. The following runs were made with Peters shells:

J. S. Day	121	133
Nic Arie	111	147 unf.

U.M.C. Remington Averages.

Dan O'Connell of San Antonio, Texas, has been doing some remarkable shooting at recent registered tournaments. On August 11, at Big Springs, Texas, he broke 268 straight and continued his long run at Cisco breaking in all 366 targets without a miss. Mr. O'Connell used U.M.C. shells in his phenomenal shooting.

At Fort Dodge, Ia., August 2-3, Wm. Hoon won first amateur average breaking 389 out of 400 with U.M.C. steel lined shells.

Ed. Cain with Remington pump and U.M.C. steel lined shells broke 86 out of 100, capturing first amateur average at the Harshmansville, Ohio, tournament, August 2.

Chas. Ditto, the well known shooter of Keithsburg, Ills., won first amateur average at the Webster City, Ia., tournament, August 4-5. Mr. Ditto made the excellent score of 389 out of 400 with Nitro Club shells.

J. D. Barto broke 94 out of 100 with U.M.C. steel lined shells at Long Lake, Ills., August 3.

At the Maine State shoot, Portland, August 8-9, the State Team race was won by the Haines Landing Team composed of R. L. Spotts, H. L. Welch, W. D. Hinds, S. Harden, and Dana Blodgett, with the excellent score of 470 out of 500. All of these shooters shot Nitro Club shells and three of them Remington guns. Silas V. Adams tied for the State Championship event with 98 out of 100, shooting Nitro Club shells. R. L. Spotts broke 381 out of 400 and won second amateur average with Nitro Club shells and a Remington Auto-loading shotgun.

At Tacoma, Wash., August 7, F. H. Dryden won first amateur average with the excellent score of 174 out of 180, using U.M.C. steel lined shells.

New Ideal Hand Book Just Out.

During the past quarter of a century the Ideal Manufacturing Company of New Haven, Conn., has compiled from its own experiments and from the experience of its correspondents throughout the world, a vast fund of detailed information on shooting subjects, and has published this valuable shooting data in the Ideal Hand Book for shooters.

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The new edition of the Ideal Hand Book (No. 20) is a 140-page book with hundreds of illustrations; it tells how to prepare your own ammunition—all about the expansion and resizing of shells, the casting of bullets, how bullet moulds are made. It tells how to measure smokeless powders accurately; how to prepare short range loads for high power rifles; how to reload shotgun shells satisfactorily. It even tells how to reload shells for high power rifles using cast (lead) bullets, that do not wear out the barrels and that have the base protected by a gas check cup, which prevents fusion and the deformation of the bullet from the hot gases of the

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