

# ARMS AND THE MAN



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**THE NATIONAL  
MILITARY AND SHOOTING WEEKLY**

## CONTENTS:

**A Slayer of Lions and a Soldier.**

**The Appeal for the Marines.**

**For Men Only.**

**The Sea Girt Tournament.**

**News of the Army, Navy, and National Guard.**

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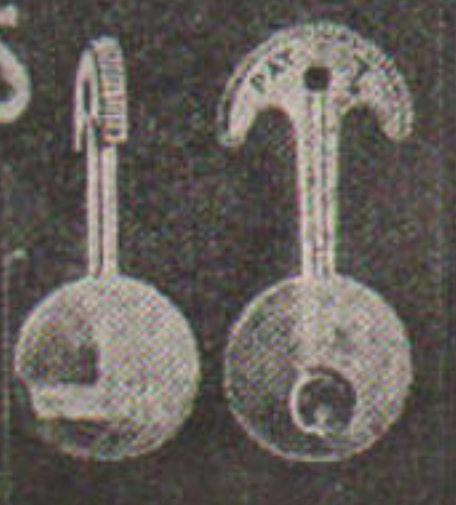
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# ARMS AND THE MAN

FORMERLY  
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VOLUME XLVIII. No. 23.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1910.

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## A SLAYER OF LIONS AND A SOLDIER.

THE news of the death of the second "devil" soon spread far and wide over the country, and natives actually traveled from up and down the line to have a look at my trophies and at the "devil-killer," as they called me. Best of all, the coolies who had absconded came flocking back to Tsavo, and much to my relief work was resumed and we were never again troubled by man-eaters. It was amusing, indeed, to notice the change which took place in the attitude of the workmen toward me after I had killed the two lions. Instead of wishing to murder me, as they once did they could not now do enough for me, and as a token of their gratitude they presented me with a beautiful silver bowl, as well as with a long poem written in Hindustani describing all our trials and my ultimate victory. As the poem relates our troubles in somewhat quaint and biblical language, I have given a translation of it in the appendix. The bowl I shall always consider my most highly prized and hardest won trophy. The inscription on it reads as follows:

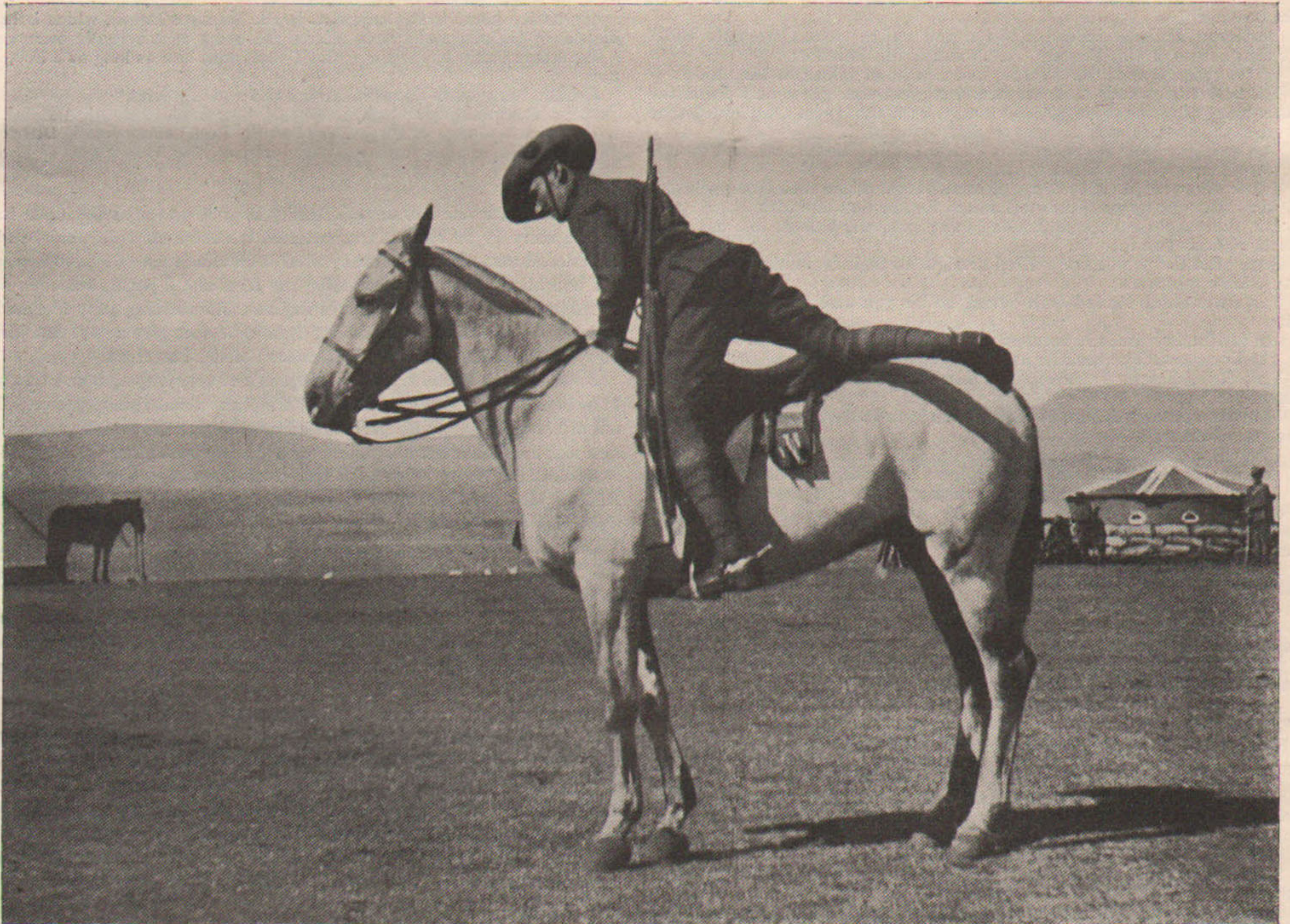
Sir:—We, your Overseer, Timekeepers, *Mistaris* and Workmen, present you with this bowl as a token of our gratitude to you for your bravery in

Before I leave the subject of "the man-eaters of Tsavo" it may be of interest to mention that these two lions possess the distinction, probably unique among wild animals, of having been specifically referred to in the House of Lords by the Prime Minister of the Day. Speaking of the difficulties which had been encountered in the construction of the Uganda Railway, the late Lord Salisbury said:—

"The whole of the works were put a stop to for three weeks because a party of man-eating lions appeared in the locality and conceived a most unfortunate taste for our porters."

The following is a literal translation of the Hindustani poem referred to:

"IN THE NAME OF ALLAH, THE MERCIFUL, THE COMPASSIONATE:  
First I must speak to the praise and glory of God, who is infinite and incomprehensible,  
Who is without fault or error, who is the Life, though without body or



A BRITISH SOLDIER IN FIELD DRESS.

Taken in South Africa During the Boer War. The Picture Shows the Paterson Sling in Place.

killing two man-eating lions at great risk to your own life, thereby saving us from the fate of being devoured by these terrible monsters who nightly broke into our tents and took our fellow-workers from our side. In presenting you with this bowl, we all add our prayers for your long life, happiness and prosperity. We shall ever remain, Sir, Your grateful servants.

Baboo PURSHOTAM HURJEE PURMAR,  
*Overseer and Clerk of Works,*  
on behalf of your Workmen.

Dated at Tsavo, January 30, 1899.

breath.

He has no relatives, nor father nor son, being himself incomparable and passionless.

His is the the knowledge of the known and of the unknown, and although without a tongue, yet does he speak in mighty tones.

I. Roshan, came to this country of Africa, and did find it indeed a strange land.

Many rocks, mountains and dense forests abounding in lions and leopards; Also buffaloes, wolves, deer, rhinoceroses, elephants, camels, and all enemies of man;]



Gorillas, ferocious monkeys that attack men, black baboons of giant size, spirits, and thousands of varieties of birds;

Wild horses, wild dogs, black snakes, and all animals that a hunter or sportsman could desire.

The forests are so dark and so dreadful that even the boldest warriors shrink from their awful depths.

Now from the town of Mombasa, a railway line extends unto Uganda; In the forests bordering on this line, there are found those lions called "man-eaters," and moreover these forests are full of thorns and prickly shrubs.

Portions of this railway from Mombasa to Uganda are still being made, and here these lions fell on the workmen and destroyed them.

Such was their habit, day and night, and hundreds of men fell victims to these savage creatures, whose very jaws were steeped in blood.

Bones, flesh, skin, they devoured all, and left not a trace behind them. Because of their fear of these demons some seven or eight hundred of the laborers deserted, and remained idle;

Some two or three hundred still remained but they were haunted by this terrible dread,

And because of fear for their lives, would sit in their huts, their hearts full of foreboding and terror.

Every one of them kept a fire burning at night, and none dared to close his eyes in sleep; yet would some of them be carried away to destruction.

The lion's roar was such that the very earth would tremble at the sound, and where was the man who did not feel afraid?

On all sides arose weeping and wailing, and the people would sit and cry like cranes, complaining of the deeds of the lions.

I, Roshan, chief of my people, also complained and prayed to God, the Prophet and to our spiritual adviser.

And now will I relate the story of the Engineer in charge of the line.

He kept some ten or twenty goats, for the sake of their milk;

But one night a wild beast came, and destroyed them all, not one being left.

And in the morning it was reported by the watchman, who also stated that the man-eater was daily destroying the laborers and workmen, and doing great injury:

And they took the Engineer with them and showed him the foot-prints of the animal.

And after seeing what the animal had done, the Englishman spoke and said,

"For this damage the lion shall pay his life."

And when the night came he took his gun and in very truth destroyed the beast.

Patterson Sahib is indeed a brave and valiant man, like unto those Persian heroes of old, Rustem, Zal, Sohrab, and Berzoor;

So brave is he, that the greatest warriors stood aghast at his action;

Tall in stature, young, most brave and of great strength is he. From the other side of the line came the noise and cries of those who complained that these savage beasts were eating and destroying men.

For such has been the habit of lions from time immemorial, and groups of people have fallen victims to their fury.

Those who were proud or boastful, have but sacrificed their lives uselessly. But today Patterson Sahib will watch for the lion himself!

For the people have complained loudly, and the valiant one has gone forth with his gun into the forest.

Soon after the people had retired at night to their tents, the fearless lion made his appearance;

Patterson Sahib loaded both barrels of his gun and went forth against him.

He fired many times in succession and totally paralyzed the animal. The lion roared like thunder as the bullets found their way to his heart.

This Englishman, Patterson, is most brave, and is indeed the very essence of valor;

Lions do not fear of lions, yet one glance from Patterson Sahib cowed the bravest of them.

He fled, making for the forest, while the bullets followed hard after him; so was this man-eater rendered helpless; he lay down in despair,

And after he had covered a chain's distance, the savage beast fell down, a corpse.

Now the people, bearing lights in their hands, all ran to look at their dead enemy.

But the Sahib said, "Return, Children; the night is dark; do not rush into danger."

And in the morning all the people saw the lion lying dead.

And then the Sahib said, "Do not think of work today—make holiday, enjoy and be merry!"

So the people had holiday and made merry with friends from whom they had been long parted on account of the lion:

And the absence of those who had run away was forgiven, and their money allowed them—

A generous action comparable to the forgiveness of God, and the Prophet to sinners and criminals on the day of judgment.

Oh! Poet, leave this kind of simile, it is too deep for thee;

We mortals have the Devil, like unto a fierce lion, ever after us;

Oh! Roshan, may God, the Prophet, and your spiritual adviser, safeguard you day and night!

One lion, however, remained, and for fear of him all went in dread.

Sixteen days passed, all being well, and everyone enjoyed a peaceful mind;

But again on the seventeenth day, the lion appeared and remained from sunset to sunrise.

He kept on roaming about in the neighborhood like a general reconnoitering the enemy's position.

On the following day the Sahib sent for the people and warned them to be careful of their lives;

"Do not go out from the afternoon until the following morning," he said; Now this was the night of *Shab-i-Kadr*, a Muslim festival;

And at night when all had retired to rest the lion came in a rage, and Patterson Sahib went forth into the field to meet him.

And when he saw the beast, he fired quickly, bullet after bullet. The lion made a great uproar and fled for his life.

The bullets nevertheless found a resting-place in his heart.

And everyone began to shrink and groan in their uneasy sleep, jumping up in fear, when unexpectedly the roaring of the lion was heard.

All thought of sleep was banished, and fear came in its place.

And the Sahib gave emphatic orders that no one should go out or roam about.

And in the morning we followed the marks of blood that had flowed from the wounded animal.

And some five or seven chains away we found the lion, lying wounded and in great pain.

And when the Sahib saw the animal he fired bullets incessantly.

But when the lion saw the Sahib, the savage animal burning with rage and pain,

Came by leaps and bounds close to the Sahib;

But here he was to meet his match in a brave Sahib who loaded his gun calmly, and fired again and again, killing the beast.

All the Punjaubs assembled together and agreed that the Sahib was a man who appreciated and cared for others, so much so that he roamed about in the forests for our sake, in order to protect us.

Previously many Englishmen had come here to shoot but had been disappointed,

Because the lion was very courageous and ferocious and the Sahibs were afraid;

But for the sake of our lives, Patterson Sahib took all this trouble, risking his own life in the forest.

So they collected many hundreds of rupees, and offered it as a present to the Sahib, because he had undergone such peril in order to save our lives.

Oh! Roshan, all the people appeared before the Sahib, saying, "You are our benefactor."

But the Sahib declined to accept the present, not taking a *piece* of it.

So then again the Punjaubs assembled, and consulted as to how the service that the Sahib had done them could most suitably be rewarded.

And it was agreed to send all the money to England, in order that it might be converted into some suitable present.

Which should bear an engraving of the two lions, and the name of the *mistari*, head of the workmen.

The present should be such, and so suitably decorated, as to be acceptable to Patterson Sahib:

In color it should resemble moon and sun; and that would indeed be a fit present, so that the Sahib would be pleased to accept it.

Oh, Roshan, I hope that he will accept this present for shooting the lions, as some small reward for his action.

My native home is at Chajanlat, in the *thana* of Domli, which is in the district of Jhelum, and I have related this story as it actually occurred.

Patterson Sahib has left me, and I shall miss him as long as I live, and now

Roshan must roam about in Africa, sad and regretful,"

Composed by Roshan Mistari, son of Kadur mistari Bakhsh, native of the village of Chajanlat, Dakhli, Post Office Domli, District of Jhelum. Dated 29th January, 1899. From "The Man Eaters of Tsavo," by Lieut-Col. J. H. Patterson, D. S. O.

It is not often one has an opportunity so good and so satisfying to introduce a story by an extract from written words of the chief actor, and by the encomiums offered to him by men of an alien race as I have now.

I had my doubts about including the Hindustani poem, but even in its translated state it was so interesting and illuminating that I could not resist the temptation to publish it: Besides it does give a very fine idea of how these Hindustani fellows felt about Colonel Patterson.

I met Colonel Patterson in Washington, not very long ago, and I enjoyed knowing him immensely. He is not a talkative man, and I got very little out of him about himself, but I was lucky enough to find a friend who knew him well and could tell me something about the real man.

Besides the book, "The Man Eaters of Tsavo" he has written another African game trail narrative called "In the Grip of the Nyika" ("nyika" signifying the wilderness).

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, our own lion expert (spelled "lion" take note) says of the first of these, that it is the most wonderful tale of shooting in all English.

Patterson was in this country to present to our military authorities his original method of carrying the rifle, shotgun or carbine while mounted or dismounted. He showed the device to the Cavalry Board at Rock Island, the officers of the Cavalry School at Fort Riley and to the Ordnance Department, and the impression made seems to have been favorable.

Taking into consideration the illustration of it which we are publishing with this article, it hardly seems necessary to describe it further than to say it seems to provide a means of carrying the gun while mounted and insure it remaining with the man when he dismounts, voluntarily or involuntarily. Thus the rider and his weapon are never separated.

It has been adopted for use by the British Army in India. It would seem quite probable, as we have said, that it will be recommended for our own mounted troops.

Colonel Patterson has returned to England, and as long as he is on the other side of the water we feel free to publish what we choose about him, particularly as we had to get the information without his consent or cooperation. Like almost all truly brave men he is modest and would object if he could.

Having introduced the subject it becomes necessary to close this article here and to defer until another time not very far in the future the telling of some characteristic anecdotes of this exceptionally interesting man. You may therefore look for a second article under the title of this one.



## SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE GETTYSBURG CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.

BY WM. E. HARVEY, Colonel, 2nd Infantry, N. G. D. C.

THE camp of instruction at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in which Regular troops and National Guard organizations from the District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New Jersey took part under the direction of Brigadier-General Wotherpoon, U. S. A., has been recently brought to a successful close. While a general review of what was done in camp will not be attempted at this time, there are some features of it which stand out impressively and show the advance which is being made in the matter of planning joint instruction for the National Guard and Regular Army.

One of the first things to impress itself upon a person studying the work of the camp was the precision and smoothness with which the camp was administered. Two general orders were issued. General Order No. 1 was an announcement of the staff of the commanding officer and those detailed as observers and directors. General Order No. 2 was a comprehensive order covering all the phases of the work of the camp, and a study of it will show its completeness in the matter of detail—and that it is possible to plan the work to be undertaken by a large command, assign to each organization a definite piece of work for a definite time and a definite place in which to perform the work. When such planning is properly done in advance, as it was in this instance, the camp runs smoothly and with clock-like precision.

The order prescribed the camp routine to be observed: the time calls to be sounded, the sanitary rules to be enforced, and the general regulations to be observed by all organizations. It prescribed the scheme of exercises to be followed by the Regular troops and by the Militia troops for each day, beginning with Friday, July 1, and ending with Sunday, July 31. The territory which had been leased for maneuver purposes had been divided into eight "exercise areas" and a table was given showing which area was assigned to a given organization for each day. Observers and directors were assigned to every organization in advance. Instructions were given as to commissary and quartermaster arrangements and as to the regulations relating to damages to private property. The duties of the provost marshal in regard to the assessment of damages were prescribed. The order left no uncertainty as to what was to be done and it was not necessary to supplement it by fresh orders issued from day to day making alterations and additions. Some National Guard officers who have had to do with adjutants general with ready pen and a desire to keep the headquarters typewriter going in the issuance of fresh orders, drew a sigh of relief when, after a day or two of experience, they found that new orders were not being issued, and one of them spoke of Stonewall Jackson's celebrated message "Send me ten thousand men and no orders," and said that he had never fully realized the force of that request before.

The paper work of the camp was reduced to a minimum. The writer recalls that during the Spanish War there was a man in a western regiment at Chickamauga at the point of death and the application to send him home to a hospital had 41 indorsements on it before the man could be removed from camp. There was none of that in this camp of instruction.

General Orders No. 2 required commanding officers of organizations to report to the Chief of Staff daily at 7 p. m. The order stated—"The object of this and the preceding paragraph is to lessen the amount of paper work. Officers who report at this hour will bring the correspondence of their commands requiring attention at headquarters. They will receive orders for the following day and replies to inquiries not answered on the preceding day." At the time set the Chief of Staff gave such directions as were necessary for the following day in a direct, precise and business-like way, answered any questions relating to particular organizations, and the officers were dismissed.

Last year in Massachusetts many complaints were made of inadequate arrangements in the quartermaster and commissary departments. No such complaints existed this year. Of course, the problem was entirely different, but the work of both of these departments was carried out systematically. Arriving and departing organizations were furnished; ample wagon transportation and the matter of making and breaking camp was carried out without confusion and as though it was a matter of daily routine.

The sanitary arrangements were complete. Several types of incinerators were used to dispose of excreta and shower-baths were provided, the water supply for the camp being obtained from the town of Gettysburg and pumped to a great tank on the highest point of the camp. There was probably no one thing that contributed so much to a feeling of contentment and satisfaction on the part of the men as their ability to keep clean and comfortable after the hot and dusty marches which they were required to take. Altogether, the excellent work of organization of the camp is entitled to the highest praise. The details were thoroughly worked out

in advance with an intelligent appreciation of what is needed in a camp of this kind.

### INSTRUCTION.

The day's routine, so far as instruction of Militia troops was concerned, generally followed along these lines: the organizations left camp at 7 a. m., accompanied by the Regular Army instructors assigned to them. They marched to their designated exercise area, were furnished the field problem to be worked out as, for instance, advance guard, rear guard, outpost or combat. The Militia officers were allowed to make their estimate of the situation and direct the disposition of their troops and carry out their maneuver according to their ideas of what the situation demanded. The Army instructors were ever ready and willing to answer questions and to advise when advice was asked, and when errors were made they called attention to them.

After the exercises were concluded, which generally was about 11 o'clock, the enlisted men were sent back to camp in charge of noncommissioned officers. The commissioned officers were assembled and the day's work gone over on the field, the instructors giving their criticism and answering such inquiries as the Militia officers saw fit to propound.

In the afternoon there was a drill from 1.30 to 2.40, after which the enlisted men were free for the day. The officers, however, reported to their instructor at 2.45 for a tactical walk. They were then taken to the exercise area for the following day, the terrain studied and a general outline of the problem for the following day given. This work of studying the ground the day before was of the greatest value and many officers came away with a far greater ability to read maps as the result of this experience. Every officer had been provided with a map drawn on the scale of 3 inches to the mile which showed all of the military features of the terrain. The map, while an excellent one, was somewhat obscure, owing to the fact that the cultivation of all fields was shown. This had the effect of obscuring other features of greater importance.

To those not accustomed to the reading of contour maps, it was difficult to get a correct understanding of the elevations without very close study of the map. Officers, however, after seeing the ground, returned to camp with a picture of the ground impressed on their minds and then studying the map they got clearer ideas of its meaning. The quickest way for one to learn to read a contoured map is to go over the ground, tracing the ridges and depressions, lines of roads and water courses, and then compare them with their representation on the map.

The work of location from the map was made easy to the city-bred man, accustomed to looking at the lamp-post on the corners to locate himself, from the fact that every cross-road was given a number on the map and on the ground a board was tacked up containing the corresponding number. There was certainly no reason for any intelligent man provided with one of these maps to go astray under these circumstances.

### SOME INTERESTING FEATURES.

On Sunday, July 24, some interesting formations were made, the one of the most general interest being the formation of an Infantry regiment at war strength to conform to the 1910 Field Service Regulations. It was the first regiment so formed and the impressiveness of it could only be realized by seeing this great body of men with their wagons, pack-trains, mounted scouts, mounted orderies and machine guns drawn up in column. A battery of Field Artillery, a company of Engineers, and a troop of Cavalry at war strength were also formed and photographed and they form interesting studies.

Two of the exercises carried on at the latter part of the camp were novel and exceedingly instructive. They were problems involving the use of portable search-lights with mobile troops. The Engineer Corps was equipped with three powerful search-lights mounted on wagon trucks with elevating towers which could be put into position anywhere that a battery of Artillery could be taken.

The first problem which was worked out involved attacking a position defended by troops who were equipped with these search-lights. The attacking troops moved out of camp at 6 o'clock and after dark took up their movement against the enemy's position from a distance of a mile and a half. It was very interesting to note the intense earnestness with which the attacking force did its work. As the great streams of white light which were thrown to move backwards and forwards across the country approached their position, the men dropped behind bushes, fences or anything which offered the least chance of shading them from the daylight glare of the search-light.

The second night problem involved the movement of an attacking force under cover of search-lights. This also proved to be a most interesting and satisfactorily executed maneuver.

Taking the camp altogether, it may be said to have been very successful. It is thought that with some of the Militia organizations which came into camp a different arrangement of the time devoted to field maneuvers



and drilling might have proved of benefit, at least during the earlier days of the tour of duty.

Some of the organizations were not as well prepared in the mechanical part of extended order drill as is desirable before going into maneuvers. Had these troops, during the first few days that they were in camp, had the three to four hours' close and accurate drilling in the movements of close order and extended order drill, and also had been drilled in the matter of loadings and firings with blank ammunition for the purpose of enabling officers to acquire fire control, in place of the time in the mornings being devoted to the solving of field problems, the program, so far as the enlisted men are concerned, would have been improved.

There can be no question but that this camp of instruction was highly beneficial to the officers. They learned more, probably, about field work than they have ever learned in an equal space of time heretofore, but the enlisted men might have received a greater amount of drilling with benefit.

Of course, the assumption was that the troops who went into the maneuvers were prepared to properly execute the extended order drills but the facts remain that some of them were not and it is a difficult matter with National Guard organizations which do not have an opportunity to do the extended work as it should be done, out of doors and in daylight, to get those drills in all instances before going to camp.

### THE INSIDE OF THE RIFLE.

ANY scrap of comment and every observation we can find on the subject of metal fouling claims our attention. The following is a paragraph copied from the United Service Gazette, England:

"The 'nickeling' that frequently takes place in the barrel of a comparatively new rifle cannot always be accounted for by a layman, even though he be an expert marksman. It is generally, and often very properly, attributed in such cases to the interior of the barrel being marked or pitted by rust. This rusting is in its turn generally the outcome of 'sweating' inside the barrel, when the rifle has been set aside after firing, for too long a period, without receiving that constant attention which is necessary at short intervals during the first fortnight after the weapon has been used for either ball or blank firing.

No matter how much oil is left inside the barrel after it has been cleaned by present processes, sweating is bound to take place, and it has now been discovered that the gauze used for wiping out the barrel after firing is sufficiently harsh to do it injury, and that the flannelette used by the Senior Service is much the best material for the purpose.

The present practice of wiping the barrel out with dry rag directly after firing, and then lubricating it with rifle oil, is likely to be superseded wherever practicable in the near future by a process that Indian officials have proved will largely prevent sweating, and thus prolong the life of the barrel of the rifle by preventing that rusting which leads to 'nickeling' and early destruction. If this process could be applied to the heavy guns of the Navy and 'copper clog' thus abolished, a great saving would also be effected in this direction.

The new process consists in pouring boiling water through the barrel of a rifle as soon as possible after firing, and then drying the interior and lubricating it in the ordinary way with oil or soft soap. By this method sweating is reduced to a minimum."

### TABLE D'HOTE ABOARD SHIP.

IF you had ever known what it was to be really hungry, madame," said Boggs, "you would know that a nice juicy slice of corned beef smothered in buttered cabbage leaf becomes a delicacy than which the tangerine—"

But the Lady With the Gold Lorgnettes was apparently not open to argument, for Boggs had not got farther than the buttered cabbage leaf when she rose from the table and made a hurried, but none the less dramatic, exit from the saloon.

"I am afraid I have recalled some sentimental episode in the lady's life," said Boggs.

"I think rather," said the Captain, diplomatically, "that your observation, sir, has aroused more immediate sensations of a peculiarly intimate character. But you were saying that you would have made a more satisfactory use of the earth's natural resources, and I grant you that the ocean would do wonders could it be turned into the Sahara."

"Yes, sir," said Boggs, "and there'd still be enough water left which, if squirted down the valley of the Mississippi, would turn that dusty crick into a real river, and wash enough sand out of its mouth to make it navigable for something with a deeper draught than a Saratoga chip. Ten square miles of it toted out to Arizona would transform the Alkali Desert into a garden where a moderately industrious man could raise something besides Gila monsters and freckles, neither of which was necessary to the higher life; and yet here it is, heaving and howling, yapping

and yowling, day and night, an unmitigated nuisance with never a thought of making itself useful. Why, it ain't even fit to drink!"

"Ah, well," said the Student of Human Nature, "I must confess I rather like the ocean in its rampant mood. It is vastly more picturesque than when it is peaceful and still."

"I grant you that," said Boggs. "It looks to me as if somebody was squirting the Rocky Mountains out of a siphon."

"It seems to me, too, that after all is said and done," continued the Student of Human Nature, "this old puddle, as you call it, is very much like our own people—full of strength and power, much of it misdirected and extravagantly wasted, but serving great purposes still. It is the embodiment of restless energy."

"That's all right," said Boggs, "but what does it all come to? It never gets anywhere. It larrups the rocks of Maine and it washes the sands of Africa, but what is the net result? Maine's just as rocky, and the sands of Africa aren't a bit cleaner than they were before wash-day dawned. Outside of a few fish, for which it gets no pay, what does it all come to? What's the use of rampaging if you don't get anywhere?"—*John Kendrick Bangs, in Harpers Weekly.*

### PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE NATIONAL MATCHES.

BY MORTON C. MUMMA, 1st Lieutenant, 2nd U. S. Cavalry.

*Editorial Note: Particular attention is directed to the well-thought out suggestions of Lieutenant Mumma, with the design of improving the National Match rules to the fullest extent.*

*It is urged that every man who has knowledge of the subject make his suggestions to us at once. To digest the ideas of the experts we shall need to have them.*

*It will not be sufficient that they should think things. It is also required that their thoughts should be told.*

IN the suggestions which are offered herewith for the modification of the rules to govern the National Matches it is thought each paragraph has been made clear, but to add a little explanation will do no harm.

It might not be wise to deprive the Service teams of a chance to win the National Trophy. I fear also the War Department might be disposed to stop sending teams under such circumstances. Again I question the legality of such action, since the trophy is provided by Act of Congress.

In the arrangement offered the Service teams can win any but the National Trophy, and at the same time their chance does not deprive any state of its opportunity to win it.

You will note there is provided an additional class, and a reduction of the prizes to three in each class, thus keeping the same sum total on money prizes. I am opposed to money prizes in the National Match, but I do not think the time is ripe to do away with them.

There are also provided gold, silver and bronze medals in each class, so each may distinctively represent a certain place.

I have provided for six eliminations on each prize-winning Service team, and three in each prize-winning team in Class B. If we do not eliminate at all in Class B, Class C and Class D teams are somewhat handicapped.

I think the time is coming when each team will be compelled to make some eliminations.

A close reading of what I have written will disclose several changes, such as filing all elimination lists, etc. Some adjustment must be made and I agree with you that it is well to strike while the iron is hot. Hence these suggestions.

I also think the National Matches should alternate with maneuvers. Then many of the States could improve their ranges or build new ones in the off years.

#### AMENDING SECTION 14.—RULES AND PRIZES:

(a) For purposes of competition in the National Team Match for 1911, teams representing the United States Cavalry, the United States Infantry, the United States Navy, the United States Marine Corps, the United States Military Academy, the United States Naval Academy, the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia are hereby divided into four classes, to be known as Class A, Class B, Class C, and Class D respectively.

(b) Class A shall be composed of the United States Service teams which may be competing in this competition.

(c) Class B shall be composed of the first fourteen teams representing the several States and Territories or the District of Columbia taken in order of merit as announced in the official standing for 1910.

(d) Class C shall be composed of the second fourteen teams representing the several States and Territories or the District of Columbia taken in order of merit as announced in the official standing for 1910.

(e) Class D shall be composed of the remaining teams representing the several States and Territories or the District of Columbia as announced in



the official standing for 1910 and such additional teams as may be properly placed in that class as hereinafter provided.

(f) That for purposes of classification any team which has not heretofore competed in the national team match shall, in its first competition in said match, be placed in Class D.

(g) That the team representing the State of Montana, which was withdrawn by order of the Governor of that State on account of a public necessity, shall for 1911 be placed in Class D.

(h) That any team which has heretofore competed in the national team match, but which did not compete in 1910, shall, upon re-entry into the competition, be placed in the class to which it would be entitled to be placed by giving to that team a score as it would be entitled to be placed in the last national team match in which such team competed. By operation of this paragraph Class B or Class C may have more than fourteen teams, the number being increased by the teams thus added.

(i) If for an infraction of the rules or for any other reason the score actually made by any team be reduced by the deduction of any number of points and if by reason of such deduction the score remaining would place such team in a lower class for the succeeding year, then such deduction of points shall not operate to place any team in a lower class but such team shall for the next year be placed in the same class it would have been placed had its full score been allowed.

(j) If for any reason any team is withdrawn from competition or has an incomplete score such team shall for the next succeeding competition be placed in the same class as it was placed in for the year in which such withdrawal or incomplete score occurred unless such withdrawal or incomplete score would place said team in a higher class, in which case such team shall be placed in the class in which it would be placed by virtue of the relative value of its score.

(k) Class A shall always be composed solely of the United States Service teams, which shall on no account be placed in any other class.

(l) Prizes:

#### CLASS A.

*First Prize*, The National Trophy, \$500 cash, and to each member of the winning team a Gold Medal.

*Second Prize*, \$350 cash and to each member of the winning team a silver medal.

*Third Prize*, \$300 cash and to each member of the winning team a bronze medal.

#### CLASS B.

*First Prize*, The Hilton Trophy, \$400 cash and to each member of the winning team a Gold medal.

*Second Prize*, \$250 cash and to each member of the winning team a silver medal.

*Third Prize*, \$225 cash and to each member of the winning team a bronze medal.

Medals for Class B to be of different design from those for Class A.

#### CLASS C.

*First Prize*, The Bronze Soldier of Marathon, \$300 cash, and to each member of the winning team a gold medal.

*Second Prize*, \$200 cash and to each member of the winning team a silver medal.

*Third Prize*, \$175 cash and to each member of the winning team a bronze medal.

Medals for Class C to be different in design from those for either Class A or Class B.

#### CLASS D.

*First Prize* (a trophy to be provided) \$250 in cash and a gold medal to each member of the winning team.

*Second Prize*, \$150 in cash and a silver medal to each member of the winning team.

*Third Prize*, \$100 in cash and a bronze medal to each member of the winning team.

Medals for Class D to be different in design from those either for Class A, Class B or Class C.

(m) No team shall be eligible to win a prize in a class lower than the one in which it shall have been rated for the year.

(n) Teams classified in Class B, Class C or Class D making a total score sufficient to win any prize in a higher class must take the place and prize in the highest class to which such total score entitles them. All teams are eligible alike to win prizes in Class A.

(o) Hereafter each year the teams competing in the national team match shall be re-classified as hereinbefore provided.

(p) No team shall be eligible to win more than one prize in the same national team match.

15. (a) Six members of each of the teams winning first, second or third place, actually firing in Class A, shall not be eligible to compete again as shooting members or alternates of any contesting team for the next three

consecutive competitions, the men to be eliminated to be those who have heretofore competed as shooting members in the greatest number of competitions for the National Trophy. This rule of elimination shall not apply to teams from the United States Military Academy or the United States Naval Academy.

(b) Three members of each of the teams winning first, second or third place, actually firing in Class B, shall not be eligible to compete again as shooting members or alternates of any contesting team for the next three consecutive competitions, the men to be eliminated to be those who have heretofore competed as shooting members in the greatest number of competitions for the National Trophy.

(c) No rule of elimination shall apply to prize winning teams in either Class C or Class D.

(d) A team member eliminated under these rules, who has become eligible after the required number of competitions, shall be considered as a new member.

(e) Within five days after the completion of the competition for the National Trophy the Team Captains of the several teams winning prizes in Class A and Class B shall file with the Executive Officer of said competition a certified list containing the name, rank, organization and years of competition of each member of his team who must be eliminated under these rules.

If there exists a choice between two or among more than two members of any team then shall said team captains give the name, rank, organization and years of competition of each of such members, indicating that a choice exists and that a choice will be made and submitted to the Executive Officer of the next competition for the National Trophy prior to the commencement of such competition.

(f) Any team member eliminated under these rules shall be eligible to serve as team captain, coach or spotter of any team representing the same United States Service, State, Territory or the District of Columbia as that represented by the team from which such member was eliminated, but he shall not be eligible to serve as Team Captain, coach or spotter of any other team until after the lapse of one year from the date of his elimination.

The team officers herein referred to, viz: Team Captain, Coach or spotter are those team officers officially designated as such by competent authority.

(g) The violation of any of these rules of elimination and subsequent service by any team, when called to the attention of the Executive Officer, shall disqualify such team from the match.

16. No person on who is either a principal or an alternate in any team entered in the competition for the National Trophy shall be eligible to serve either as a principal or an alternate on any other team at the next yearly competition for the National Trophy. This provision applies to all teams alike.

## CATCHING THE CATS.

MR. HIRAM PERCY MAXIM, the inventor of the Maxim Silencer has written to us expressing a fellow-feeling on the subject of back-yard cats. Here is what he says:

"I read with much amusement your editorial on 'Cats as cats can' or the back-yard cat, the other day. It is a very funny thing.

We had what my boy called a 'cat revolution' a little while ago, and between us we managed to quell it.

We used our U. S. Government rifle and shells loaded with five grains of 'Marksman' powder and about twenty-five No. 7 shot. The silencer works beautifully with this whole combination, cats included. I do not believe it brings blood, but it certainly does help them over the fence."

## T. R. GETS BACK AT A HAND-SHAKER.

IN Fargo, North Dakota, the other day a half-demented individual approached Colonel Roosevelt and said some unpleasant if not threatening things. The muscular ex-president, seasoned to strenuous endeavor by toilsome days spent in shaking hands with countless thousands of his admiring countrymen, gripped Mr. Interloper by the right fore-foot and mighty nearly pulled his arm off. The hasty gentleman was glad to retire to nurse his hurts in the quiet of the town lock-up.

In action T. R. is as full of possibilities as a live wire. Those who oppose him and who have brought their opposition to the point of personal contact have long since learned this lesson.

What good "copy" this lively ex-president of ours does furnish to the newspapers! and how eagerly the muck-raking fraternity of all sorts seize upon this very act to spell out opposition to President Taft.

Twistings and turnings and contortions and distortions of what he says and does make him today the insurrecto of insurrectos. But we do not think it will be well for the man who could wish to retain a reputation for wisdom to spend many anxious moments in contemplating a split between Mr. Roosevelt and his successor in office.



When all is said and done, we have more than an inkling Mr. Roosevelt will be found safely and securely aligned with President Taft. The methods of the two men are as wide apart as the poles but their motives and purposes are the same.

Barring the off-chance that someone whose interests would be benefited by a misunderstanding between them is able to make one or the other misinterpret an action, they must continue to be friends, personally and politically. Both are honestly devoted to the welfare of the country, and if that is so, they should be devoted to each other.

### THE POWDERLESS GUN.

By E. KWASION.

At least once a year we open our Sunday paper to gaze upon the picture of a terrible slaughter about to be carried on by one of these so-called powderless guns.

The inventor has actually made a model that will fire with all the effectiveness of a blow gun or bean shooter—evidently his theory is all right, so he immediately sets to work calculating what he can do with a similar weapon which costs one hundred times as much—of course he can shoot a projectile 100 times as heavy, 100 times as far and 100 times as fast.

The results on paper are so encouraging that the reporter is called in, who, knowing how modest the inventor is, multiplies what he says he can do by 10 more, with the result that we are expected to read about a wonderful gun, noiseless, powderless (and harmless), which will surely do away with warfare.

It is really so terrible that the inventor hesitates to offer it for sale. If he had the faintest idea that one of these terrible engines would ever be used in anger he would not give up his secret; but he is sure that each nation will buy one and then eternal peace will reign, for war would mean annihilation.

We read of tests being made *abroad*, always *abroad*, and we even read hints that for our government to delay in testing this wonderful gun is suicidal.

The best test to apply to one of these weapons is the theory of conservation of energy, or in other words see what efficiency the inventor is getting from his engine.

For example: He claims that with an  $X$  horsepower engine he can fire projectiles weighing  $w$  pounds at the rate of  $p$  per minute and with a muzzle velocity of  $v$  feet per second.

Taking his figures we have for the muzzle energy of these projectiles 
$$\frac{W \times V^2}{32.2 \times 2}$$

For the energy developed per minute we have  $p$  times this which divided by 33,000 gives us the horsepower actually transmitted to the projectiles; let this be represented by  $H$  and we have  $\frac{H}{X}$  = efficiency of the machine

which is always (in the case of these guns) many hundred per cent, or in other words, by attaching a suitable arrangement for catching the projectiles the problem of perpetual motion has been solved with a good deal to spare.

Before attempting to replace the present weapons it might be well for the would-be inventor to find out just what he is going to replace. Suppose, for instance, we take the 12-inch rifle used in our coast defence.

This rifle fires a 1,046-pound projectile with a velocity of 2,500 feet per second, that is, with a muzzle energy of 90,636,000 foot-pounds.

The travel of the projectile in the gun is about 33 feet. Now in order to store up 90,636,000 foot-pounds of energy in traveling over a path of 33 feet we must have an average force of 2,746,545 pounds acting for .026-second, which means that for that time the engine must have a capacity of 6,261,020 horsepower.

Of course the inventor does not expect to make a 12-inch gun at the beginning so I have prepared a table showing what is done with different caliber guns, from the rifle lately carried by the foot-soldier to the 12-inch rifle used in coast defence.

Caliber of gun in inches.	Length of bore (feet)	Weight of projectile (pounds.)	Muzzle energy foot-pounds.	Average pressure on bore of projectile (pounds.)	Time required to develop energy (second.)	Average rate at which energy is developed (horse power.)
.30	2	.0214	2,425	1,212	.00148	2,976
3.00	11.5	15	1,871,600	162,748	.00769	442,378
6.00	21	106	12,360,000	588,576	.0161	1,392,148
12.00	33	1046	90,636,000	2,746,545	.026	6,261,020

The great difficulty to be overcome with a powderless gun is the fact that an enormous amount of energy must be stored in the projectile in a very short time; for the projectile begins to move as soon as the force begins to act and in the case cited, that is, with the 12-inch projectile, it requires a path of 33 feet when a force of 2,746,545 pounds is acting in

order to get up the required velocity. If a longer path is used of course a corresponding reduction in force can be made—but a gun must be handled.

There is no doubt but that a magnetic gun could be made that would give a thousand pound projectile a velocity of 2,500 feet per second, but it would look more like a transcontinental railroad than a gun. For instance, suppose we have a 100-horsepower engine transmitting power to a 12-inch projectile; it will require approximately 27.5 minutes to get the projectile up to the proper velocity in which time the projectile will have of necessity traveled about six and one-half miles—which would make the distance from breech to muzzle excessive.

But the inventor of the fly-wheel gun says he can let the projectile remain on the periphery of his fly-wheel until it gets up the proper velocity and then release it, lovely—let us stretch our imagination and suppose that he has a wheel 20 feet in diameter with a 12-inch projectile on the periphery and that it has attained the required velocity, merely 2,500 feet per second (doubtless long before that the whole wheel would have become projectiles). The force required to hold this projectile on the wheel would only be over  $\frac{1,046 \times 2,500^2}{32.2 \times 10}$ , or roughly 20,000,000 pounds. Probably the best powderless

guns yet developed are the small boy's air rifle, the bean shooter and the blow gun, none of which in any way render it probable that the rifleman will have to throw his favorite weapon on the scrap heap.

### THE DUCKS OF INDIA.

FROM our interesting Indian contemporary, The Indian Field, we take an article by J. H. M. on the flight of the wild duck:

"As the heat increases and the temperature rises daily, we all think with longing of the hills, and that thought is not only confined to man.

That best of all sporting birds, the wild duck, is daily leaving in large flocks to go on his long journey northwards. I am stationed close to one of the most famous jheels in India and have endless opportunities of studying the many varieties that visit and breed here year by year.

The jheel is situated in the midst of a track of tree jungle and is said by authorities to be as old as the Himalayas themselves and generations of wild fowl must have repaired to and fro from time unknown. The swamp is fed in the rainy season from the same source as the moat that surrounds the grim old fort, which so gallantly resisted Lord Lake at Bhurtpur over a century ago.

The past season has been a record one as regards the bag from this jheel. Over 6,000 ducks were accounted for in three shots of one day each and a great number at later intervals. At the time of writing, late in April, there are an unusually large number still here. Two or three reasons may account for this, viz., the long cold weather, the date of the full moon, or the greater abundance of water owing to the winter rain.

The exceptionally good feeding to be obtained in this jheel probably accounts for the enormous flocks of birds that migrate here.

Duck will only eat fish when forced to by hunger, and I have only seen one species, 'The Shoveller,' tackle the tiny minnow-like fish that swarm amid the rushes. He is to be seen with his head completely under water, catching the tiny struggling fish with his long spade-like bill which seems made for this purpose. The flesh of this duck has a distinctly fishy taste.

Wild fowl still in this district are pin-tail, teal, white-eyed pochard, shoveller, a few gadwall and the beautiful spot-bill, a slate-colored bird with patches of black and white on his wings and a beak with a brilliant tip of deep yellow, as though he had dipped it into a paint pot. When flying he carries his orange feet in a triangular shape tucked under his tail.

Other large wild fowl still here are the bar-headed goose, the grey goose and the brahmny duck.

The birds already migrated are mallard, red-headed pochard, nuckta (or comb duck), widgeon and greater part of the gadwall.

Before the final flighting, I have seen flocks of duck hover round for several evenings in succession, beginning low and gradually increasing the circles in height and breadth, as if to take in their line of bearing and train themselves for the long journey. Then no more will my migratory friends be seen for five or six months. At this time the plumage of the shoveller drake is very beautiful as if to display all the glories of his livery before the soberly clad admiring female. His deep quack is varied by a long creaking noise, which is a love note used only in the mating season. When flying he will make a clean whistling note which can be heard at a long distance.

The rivers beyond the Himalayas flow northwards and lead to the marsh lands where the duck make their nesting places. When the icy fingers of winter close the northern jheels about October the birds move southward again, stopping at each lake as they come to it, or going on to the next if it is already too thickly inhabited.

So the great game of leapfrog goes on until the northern gate is locked for the white winter months."



# 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 MEN ONLY.

"ARMS AND THE MAN stands in a class by itself. What the Shooting Department of the London Field is to the British gentleman, ARMS AND THE MAN is to the gun lovers and users of America. As a scientific, historical, truthful, broad, entertaining and educating exponent of firearms there is no other periodical to take its place. Whether you use modern arms or cherish antique ones; whether your interest lies in what firearms can do or what they have done, or are doing, you will find in this weekly magazine, and in this one only, that story or that information which you particularly desire."—*Extract from an advertising sheet.*

To tell you who are regular subscribers of ARMS AND THE MAN, of its merits, to explain to you how worthy of your support it is, to offer reasons why you should help it by getting subscribers for it, and in every other way, seems more than supererogation, which is a whole lot too much like scolding the boys of a class who are present about the crimes of the absent.

The plain truth of the business is that ARMS AND THE MAN has been generously supported by as loyal and staunch and steadfast a line of friends as any publication which has ever been put forth.

You who know us by weekly contact realize how seriously we take ourselves. How we feel we are not foolish in believing that preaching practical patriotism as we do, without flare of trumpets, or sensational rag-waving, animated by the desire, first: to aid the cause and then ourselves, we shall do just those things and in that order: that is, help the cause, and assist ourselves.

We have been doing a heap of thinking about the future. We want to make ARMS AND THE MAN bigger and better and brighter and more prosperous. We want to make it more influential. We desire it to be recognized as being a still more forceful exponent of a real military policy.

We wish it to be popular with men who are fond of a decent use of any kind of a gun. We desire it to appeal to each man in every community whose personal acquaintance would be worth having. We wish it, in fact, to become the thoroughgoing success which it can and should become if every man interested in the things which interest it could become acquainted with the paper.

With the purpose to forward all these ideas; with the design to help those worthy institutions, the National Rifle Association of America and the United States Revolver Association; and at the same time to benefit

ourselves and our advertisers by an increased circulation, we have decided to make a radical departure, which is no less than this—

Every man who is an Annual or Life Member of the National Rifle Association of America can get ARMS AND THE MAN for two dollars a year, either upon renewal, or as a new subscriber. That same privilege is extended to each member of the United States Revolver Association.

We made some premium offers at Camp Perry; these are past and over. We do offer special inducements to clubs in the way of reduced prices for subscriptions—that is a matter of arrangement—but this offer of a \$2.00 rate to National Rifle Association and United States Revolver Association members goes until withdrawal. We want to help them both, and we wish to aid ourselves. We think this the way.

## THE LONG PRIZE LIST PAYS.

The long prize list of the National Rifle Association events this year was an overwhelming success.

Captain Casey has suggested to us a new idea in connection with the results arising from the long list. It is not hard to see how a large number of prizes will increase the interest in matches and encourage men to shoot who know themselves to be outside of the top-notch class, but until Casey spoke of it, it had not occurred to us that the long prize list has another effect.

We observed during the N. R. A. meeting of this year more men shooting good scores than ever before. We attributed this to an increase in skill. Doubtless that is one and a good reason for the improvement.

But the other is, that knowing 25 per cent of the competitors will get prizes, the man getting off an unfortunate shot, a 3 or a 2, is not discouraged, but keeps on trying to the end of the string. He knows if he shoots a reasonably good score he is going to get into the money and that makes him shoot longer and better.

Whatever the future of the National Rifle Association may be, whether through government or private aid it becomes sufficiently strong to perform its functions in a wholesale way or not, the one fundamental principle which has been behind its matches of last year and this, should be clung to; that is, practically every cent taken in for entries should be given back to the contestants in the form of prizes, and those prizes should be many rather than large.

We have positive proof that over a hundred riflemen who could be properly described as genuine novices went away from Camp Perry after the N. R. A. meeting of this year filled with the determined purpose to qualify themselves for high class rifle work.

The matches of the National Rifle Association should never be used for any other purpose than to promote rifle practice. The prize list should be liberal and long, and if the Association needs money (as it always has in the past and probably always will in the future), let its members and directors raise that money by some other means than the entry fees.

A small percentage, not over ten per cent, and even that seems rather large, just enough for actual incidental match expenses, should be deducted from the entry fees, letting all the rest go back to the contestants. In this way and this way only the National Association may accomplish the maximum amount of good which is possible through officiating as a conductor of matches.

The real work of the National Rifle Association of America is bigger, broader, more important than this. It stands for the education of the American man in the use of the military rifle. That is the reason given for its existence in the charter under which it does business.

But to educate any number of men in the use of the rifle it is first necessary to educate a still greater number to an appreciation of the necessity for rifle skill as a national resource.

## A FEARFUL AGONY.

THE "Shooting Times and British Sportsman" is our authority for printing that which follows as an extract from a Siamese paper: "Shooting Outrage—O Fearful Agony.—Khoon Tong was a man of Lagoon and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrel. Untimely death, oh fearful. All men expressed their mourn. The cowardice dogs is still at large."



### NATIONAL TEAM MATCH HIGH MEN.

**M**EN do not shoot for individual high score in the National Team Match, but all do their best to increase the team total. It is not, therefore, fair to say this man or the other is the better shot, because he made the highest score in the National Team Match. Yet that is a matter of interest, and anything else being equal, the high score does mean the maker of it outshot the other competitors.

Running through the detail scores of the National Team Match which we published last week, we find the individual with the greatest total to be Sergeant George Sayer, of the Infantry Team, while his shooting partner, Corporal Glarner, is second to him. Therefore Sayer and Glarner have the distinction of being first and second high man scores in the National Team Match, in addition to which they should be credited with the highest pair score.

Sayer made 46, 49, 47, 48 and 90, or a total of 280, while Glarner scored 42, 46, 47, 47, 97. Total 279. It being remembered that the ranges in order are 200, 600 and 1,000 slow, 200 rapid, and skirmish.

### THE APPEAL FOR THE MARINES.

**N**O action has been taken on the appeal from the decision of the Executive Officer of the National Matches in ruling out the Marine Corps score.

In the absence of General Robert Shaw Oliver, Assistant and Acting Secretary of War, the appeal of Captain Clopton, of the Cavalry Team, which is understood to have been forwarded to the Adjutant General of the Army, if received, has not been officially acted upon.

General Oliver will be at his desk again on September 9. Doubtless disposition of the appeal will be made shortly after that time.

The sentiment is general that the Marines, through no fault of their team captain, team officers or shooting men, have had visited upon them a penalty far too great for the apparent technical violation of the non-coaching rule. This sentiment is also shown by the appeal of Lieutenant Clopton.

What the action of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice would be, should the appeal be referred to that body, is impossible to say, but whether the decision be for or against the Marines, it will be well for the Board to consider it.

When the original newspaper dispatches went out they conveyed an idea of fault, if not infraction of rules on the part of the Marines. This was not the case, and a hearing before the Board, whether the appeal to the Executive Officer were sustained or not, would make this fact plain.

The Marines have always been on the square, and so far as intent to do wrong is concerned, that was the case when the unfortunate occurrence at Camp Perry took place last month.

Regardless of what the decision of the National Board might be upon the main point at issue, it is due to the Marines that they should be put right before the country.

### SADDLES FOR THE MULES.

**T**HE Ordnance Department having exercised itself to design a suitable saddle for army horses has now decided to take compassion upon the army mule.

The mule plays a larger part in military operations than he used to. In the mountain batteries he carries the guns, and he finds riders quite frequently.

Mule backs vary even more than horse backs in size and shape, but it is the hope of the Ordnance Department to evolve a saddle which will meet the requirements of the situation.

### GOING BACK TO THE MONITOR.

**A**BERLIN dispatch says an announcement has been made by an English newspaper that a new type of warship is under construction.

It is said the proposed addition to the British Navy, stripping its description of all unnecessary verbiage, is nothing less than a improved Monitor.

Strangely enough it is also reported that the Germans are at work upon an exactly similar ship. Gas driven, 284 feet long, 45 foot beam, 22 feet draft, a deck which projects only five feet above the water, with one revolving turret amidships, and in this turret two monster guns.

The designers hope, for this type of war craft, invulnerability against missiles delivered from vessels of the air as well as from all ships of the sea.

### MORE MAXIM SILENCERS BOUGHT.

**T**HE Ordnance Department of the Army has just directed the purchase of an additional supply of 600 Maxim Silencers for the Service rifle. It is understood the demand for the silencers is largely from the Army. Up to a reasonable number, silencers may now be drawn by both the National Guard and the Army.

When their usefulness is understood, especially in the way of reduction of recoil, no doubt a much larger number will be immediately asked for. No man who has ever shot the Service rifle with a silencer attached, a sufficient number of times to become accustomed to it could be induced to part with it.

The general use of the silencer upon every heavy rifle seems to us an unavoidable consummation. We are only wondering how long it will take for the truth to sink in.

### TO OUR FRIENDS.

**A** RMS AND THE MAN stands in a class by itself. What the Shooting Department of the London Field is to the British gentleman, ARMS AND THE MAN is to the gun lovers and users of America. As a scientific, historical, truthful, broad, entertaining and educating exponent of firearms there is no other periodical to take its place. Whether you use modern arms or cherish antique ones; whether your interest lies in what firearms can do or what they have done, or are doing, you will find in this weekly magazine, and in this one only, that story or that information which you particularly desire.

To mention only one of its special features. With the issue of September 29, 1910, ARMS AND THE MAN will begin the serial "The Story of the Original Revolvers," including the biography of Samuel Colt.

This article by Charles Winthrop Sawyer, whom you know as the author of the new book, "Firearms in American History," and the owner of one of the most celebrated collections of antique firearms in America, will touch every man in an appreciative spot. Every man, not every firearms enthusiast only, but all other people as well, because the article deals not only with revolvers, but with Colonel Colt, who sixty years ago was as virile and vigorous a figure in American life as is Roosevelt to-day.

Colt as a boy was both poor and obscure; Colt as a millionaire, friend of every powerful man and every foreign potentate, Colt as the monopolist of the most desirable weapons in the world, Colt as the arbiter of the wars and the fate of nations was the most noted man in the world in his day.

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## THE JOINT IN THE HARNESS.

*From the "Green Curve" and other Stories.*

BY OLE LUK-OLE.

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*(Continued from last week.)*

YES, sir, we shall be through without fail at six on Wednesday morning and you will have your first train in the afternoon.—What?—Yes—What?—No, that's the very best we can do.—*Afternoon of Wednesday*—Yes, sir, yes. Till then.—Of course—I know. Yes.—We are—hustling all we know." The speaker looked up as the "Plumber" entered.

"Hello. You've not come to tell me that you're going to put off the time of getting through again?"—he snarled in his anxiety. "You've heard what I told the Chief? Is that still right?"

"Quite right, sir; same time—six on Wednesday morning," was the reply.

"I'll tell him again—'Hulo—hullo—' Nonsense—Eh, what?—Line cut again? Damn them, they cut the line every two minutes. This is the first talk I've had with the Chief for thirty-six hours. However, I've told him the main thing, luckily. I wish they had their wireless!"

For five minutes the "Plumber" conferred with his own chief, who was in charge of all the bridging operations, and was then dismissed. "I'm glad all is going so well—you'd better be getting back—good-night."

"Poor old Commandant," he thought, as he strode away in the gloom, for the moon was just setting—"no wonder he is a bit ratty, with this responsibility and strain." Just then he ran into the "Shunter," who was gazing up into the still luminous sky toward the West.

"Did you see that?" the latter shouted.

"No—what?"

"Something passed overhead; sort of blur in the sky; heard something too—soft noise like a motor."

They both looked up. There was nothing in the serene sky but the afterglow of the moon.

"Birds?" suggested the "Plumber."

"Much too big for a bird."

"Vulture—bat—goose—mongoose?" he went on, evidently skeptical, then quickly added—

"Look here, my man, get to bed and rest; you're jumpy from worry and want of sleep. Go to bed—your trucks can't fly off."

"Perhaps you're right; I am chock-full of quinine. I'll turn in. Good night."

The "Shunter" did turn in; but he did not sleep, for the Banshee-like screeches of a circular saw some distance away seemed to him an omen of evil.

The "Plumber" went on his way whistling—he was of a sunny nature, and at last the end seemed in sight. As he neared the low-level bridge, the sound of the pile-driver in her song of progress greeted his ears. Little did he guess it was her swan-song she was so cheerfully singing down there in the mist.

## III.

The bridge, slowly creeping forward behind its noisy head, was not the only spot where progress had been made that day. The same sun that dissipated the clinging mist from the river and revealed the bridgers at work lit up another scene of toil in a village some thirty-five miles away—of toil less imposing, but no less important in its results. This little deserted village was the "Hornet's nest" or lair of one section of the raiders. Nestling on one side of a low hill, and hidden by others slightly higher all around, the spot was well chosen for its purpose. On each side of the principal street straggled houses, once white but now roofless and blackened. From a cow-shed at the end there issued the sound of hammering, and now and then the hum of a motor engine driven for short bursts at high speed, rose to a whine. Tarpaulins stretched clumsily on charred rafters and weighted with stones formed the roof of the shed. Never a savory spot, an odor as of a motor garage now hung about the place, its pungency unpleasantly intensified by the smell of some extinguished acetylene lanterns, for here also had they been working through the night. Men kept passing in and out of the shed—they were erecting machinery out in the yard.

In a room of the village inn, still the best house in the place, four officers had just finished a hasty meal and were pushing back their ammunition-box seats from the packing case table. One of this group was noticeable; very pale, he carried his arm in a sling and had been eating clumsily with his left hand. Another was almost as conspicuous. He was a wiry man with a freckled face and red hair, and he wore a hybrid naval uniform. Upon his yachting cap shone a metal badge representing some insect. The

third, the Commandant of the section of raiders, was big and bull-necked, with a sly expression in his protuberant eyes not usually associated with men of his build. All these men were under middle age, but the fourth was the youngest. He had nothing to distinguish him but pink cheeks and a bread-and-butter face; he was attached to the nautical man only, and did not wear the same uniform.

"We can't spread this map in here," said the senior in a guttural voice, lighting his pipe; "let's go into the next room, or better into the tap-room, where there's a bar."

Following him the party filed in on each side of the long counter, the pewter top of which was thick with dust, pieces of plaster, and broken glass. It was a moment's work to sweep this off to add to the wreckage on the floor. The little run, where some buxom "Patronne" or "Miss" had formerly reigned was more than ankle-deep in broken glass and crockery: the shelves behind were bare of their former array of bottles. Behind the shelves, the sharp edges of the slivers of a dusty mirror, radiating outward from one or two points, caught the light in a prismatic sparkle, the brightness of which accentuated the brutal squalor of the room. Even the smell of dust and plaster had not altogether exorcised the established reek of stale tobacco-smoke and spilt liquor which still hung about.

"Anyway, I am glad to find you here," said the last speaker. "I heard you were on the way, but many expected things do not arrive these days, and I was not too hopeful. And though I must confess that I am, even now, a bit skeptical of your box of tricks, I am only too keen to try. Have you unpacked your—what do you call them—squadron, fleet, covey, swarm?" The speaker had only just returned from an expedition.

"Yes, sir," somewhat stiffly answered the man in the nautical suit. "They've all been unpacked, and my men are rigging them up in a shed we found. I have twelve—the Gadfly, Wasp, Bee, Mosquito, Tsetse, Ichneum—"

"Steady, steady—I haven't time to listen to the whole entomological dictionary. How many will be ready for this evening—for business, I mean?"

"All—I hope."

"Are your anarchists, engineers, chauffeurs, or skippers prepared to proceed on individual forlorn hopes? Mind you, those who do not blow themselves up or get smashed by a fall, but taken prisoner, will almost certainly be shot as spies, and its odds that 'good-bye' at starting will be good-bye forever."

"We quite realize all that, sir, and we'll take our chance. 'Tis a forlorn hope in a way; but the prizes are large. Why, just think, given a chance—"

"Yes, yes, I know. I see you are a cran—I mean an enthusiast, and quite rightly. Well, I'm going to give you a bellyful of chances!" The other smiled.

"Now, listen. As you are a newcomer, I'll put you in touch with the position in a few words. Never mind if I tell you something you know already, don't interrupt—listen. See square D 14? That's where their Third Army is, some seventy thousand strong. They're in a good position, holding some villages, at a strategic point, the names don't matter. They've been there five days. Our Western force, which is not strong enough to attack, has been hanging on and harassing them; we cannot make a grand attack, yet we hope to scatter their army and bag much yet. It has marched a long way, fought a lot, and lost nearly all its transport, and it must be starving, quite played out, and very short of ammunition, and this is the point—it has only got one line of rail communication, which is cut! The railway's back along here—see?"

The other nodded.

"Of course, we cut this line when we retired. In fact, I believe, though I'm not entirely in the confidence of headquarters, that it was arranged for the enemy to advance here. Naturally they have been doing their best to reopen communication. Being splendid engineers, they've done a lot; but so far they have not succeeded, for no trains have gone up, only a small wagon convoy or two—a mere trifle. The country all around for miles is a desert, as far as supplies go—we saw to that—and they must be in a very bad way. We know from spies that they have been for days on reduced rations and have many sick, and their guns are not so busy as they were. My duty, like that of the other raiding parties for the last five days, has been to prevent communication being re-established on the railway. We've cut the line and telegraph—we captured all their wireless gear—till we are sick. The bridges are very strongly guarded and all the petty damage we can do is repaired almost at once, unluckily it is a double line, and they repair one pair of rails from the other. Altogether our efforts are futile. That's the General Idea. Got all that?" He paused to relight his pipe.

His listener nodded silently.

"Good! Now, I don't believe in your new machines flying about vaguely and killing a few men here and there with a bomb, and I think the Chief must agree, since he has sent you here. I believe in attacking some sore



spot, and going back to it again and again. The one place where they are vulnerable is at the big broken bridge—here, one hundred and thirty odd miles from the army. They're working like devils to repair the break, or rather to cross the river by a temporary bridge first and they are doing it much too quick. They may be through in a day or two, and if so—their Third Army is saved; but if we can delay the repair for three or four days, I think it is lost! They know all this, and they've made a regular Port Arthur of the bridge-head. We've tried in vain to get near it, but the whole place is surrounded by outposts, barbed wire, and all that and they've lit up the bridge till it looks like a gin palace. My sapper officer, who destroyed the bridge originally, spent some hours the night before last watching them from a hill, and thanks to their illuminations, saw a lot. He had three men carrying dynamite with him: one blew himself up, two were captured, and he himself was wounded in the arm. Nothing that *walks* can get near the bridge. That's the Special Idea. Got that?"

Again the other nodded.

"Well, that's the place to attack—that's their sore spot, and here you are—O Beelzebub, Prince of Flies, with your horde! Your duty will be, so long as a single insect remains, to fly to that spot every night and bite or settle or sting, or to do what you will to delay the work. Remember, if the bridge is delayed for three days I expect the Third Army will fall into our mouths like a ripe plum. No food, no ammunition, no horses, they cannot retreat far. Now you have the whole position."

"Yes, quite; but as to the details——"

"My sapper here has quite a large-scale plan of the place, and knows every inch of it. He will arrange all details with you. He has the very latest information. I'll leave you two. I want some rest."

"Very good, sir."

"Hold on; there is one thing more, and then you will have all my ideas. The aerial attack will be made tonight. Now how about the news of this reaching the other forces of the enemy?"

"Oh, that seems simple," interposed the youth. "I suppose you'll have every wire cut, and kept cut, so that not a whisper——"

"I thought so. Not so fast, young fellow. I see you are not yet a psychologist, and do not appreciate the "Moral Factor" in war," he answered, quite pleased at catching the youngster. "The attack takes place tonight and, whether it succeeds or not, it will certainly cause consternation and alarm at the bridge. I want the consternation and alarm to be transmitted to the starving army. I want the news of the blasting of their hopes, or even of a mysterious attack, exaggerated by ignorance of its exact nature, to be the last message they receive. Therefore, from daylight to ten tomorrow morning, their wires will not be interfered with, but after that they will be cut, and kept cut, without chance of repair, and we'll stop all messengers, so that after the final bad news there will be mysterious silence. That will give time for the news to rankle, for rumors to breed, and for the doomed army to exercise its powers of imagination; the silence will assist. To men in their position a word of discouragement is worth an army corps to us. Afterwards, if any machines are left unexpended, we might further assist the hunger-bred fantasies of the poor brutes by flying over them and dropping a bomb or two, or by flying over them and just showing a light. That's all now. I'll leave you to arrange details. *You*"—turning to the youth—"come along and show what your box of tricks is like."

With these words he went out, followed by the youngest officer, who stopped, put his head in at the door, and said in a whisper of deep admiration, "Perfect devil, aint he?"

Then followed a long confabulation between the two engineers over the large scale plan of the bridge, which showed the information gained the previous evening.

"How many, and what size bombs do you carry?" said the man with the wounded arm.

"Four eight-pounders each."

"Well, that's not much good unless you get a detonation alongside some vital spot. It won't do the structure of either bridge itself much harm. Can you drop accurately?"

"If the night is as calm as it is now, we shall be able to drop one bomb out of two on to a patch a little bigger than this room. If the wind raises it is more difficult, because we have to turn up wind to hover, and the balancing is not so easy. You see, we have to hover anyway to aim, and that's the difficulty. That's what the secret gear and auxiliary-lifting propeller are for—the thing you called the little 'Whing-whang,' I mean."

"Quite. Now I know what sort of thing you can do, and this I think is the scheme. You see, their rate of work absolutely depends upon their pile-driver. If that is destroyed, they will have to drive by hand, which will take—oh—five or six times as long. Therefore, that's the sorest point in the sore spot. They're working day and night, partly by the aid of their electric light; if that's destroyed it will hamper them, but will not make them take even twice as long, because they can carry on the low-level bridge with flares. That's the second sorest point. Agree?"

"Beelzebub" nodded. "As they've so deuced near finishing, we must try and make a dead cert. of stopping them tonight, as, once their bridge

is done, we cannot really damage it with these little bombs. Therefore I think you should sail out with all your little fleet, and do your devil-most tonight."

"Yes; that's sound. I quite agree?"

"Take on the pile-driver first, and if you get that, or burst its boiler, switch off on to the dynamo-house. That will be a much easier target; it's bigger. If you get only one bomb to burst inside, without hitting anything, it will probably wreck the show, for one splinter in the working parts of the engine or dynamo revolving at high speed will cause the whole thing to fly to bits. Two fair shots should do the trick. Can you count on two bullseyes out of forty-eight shots?"

"I think so, if there is no wind. Can't we set anything alight? I'm stocking a splendid line in incendiary bombs, pretty things of petrol and celluloid, that look like capsules?"

"Nothing. I don't know where their ammunition is, though they must have tons there. Hold on—yes, I saw some mountains of stuff, just here; mark it on the map, will you? That is probably forage. After you have done all you can, and expended all your explosive, sail along and drop a few capsules on to these mounds and over the yard. You may set something alight with any luck. By the way, can you signal to each other?"

"Yes, we carry colored lights and little lamps in our tails. How about finding our way?"

"I was thinking of that. When you get over the hills about eight miles away from the bridge you will see the glare of it in the sky and can steer straight for it. To assist you before you spot this glare, we'll send out a dozen men who will have lights on poles, shaded so as to shine upwards. Will that do?"

"Excellent. And about a place for landing, in case any of us come back—that's the great difficulty. Have you a pond near here?"

"Yes, about half a mile away. I'll take you to it later."

"That will do. You must put lights to mark the pond, in case it is still dark when we get back, and if it is deep, have some men with a raft of sorts to haul us out."

"Right."

"Beelzebub" went out to coach his men in the details and finish off the flies. As the other sat still musing, he thought of the feelings of those whose work was going to be suddenly destroyed, and he had a fellow-feeling of sympathy for them.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the day passed the number of curious-looking erections drawn up behind the cow-shed increased. Each was supported by a sort of dwarf bicycle, and tied down. They were skeletons, with great flat awnings of membranous material and queer shape stretched taut on light frames stayed with wire. In their spidery appearance they had a remote resemblance to reaping-machines. This semblance was borne out by the gaudy fancy of the artist who had painted them, for he had run amuck with his vermilion and blue in a manner usually confined to agricultural machines or toy locomotives. All the metal was painted and there was no such bright brass or burnished steel about the machinery as might have been expected. Each carried a small silk national flag at one end and had its name painted on it.

"Good heavens, what gingerbread-looking things!" was the somewhat tactless remark of the officer commanding raiders, when he first saw them rigged up.

"Shades of Icarus, Lilienthal, Pilcher, and all others! What d'you expect?" retorted the pseudo-naval man, somewhat nettled. "D'you want traction-engines or the winged bulls of Assur-bani-pal?"

It took the foxy one at least five minutes to smooth matters over, and he had to suffer a long technical lecture before he succeeded.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour and a half before the moon went down, the first fly made a start down the sloping road. She was the "flagship," manned by the "Admiral." He was seated in his machine, held up by four men.

"All aboard!" he said. "All clear, you?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Cast off."

With that the assistants gave the machine a running shove forward, the skipper pedalled, the motor snorted and the propeller began to revolve. Faster, faster spun the blades as the clumsy machine gained way, until the propeller was nothing but a halo, whose loud hum almost drowned the throbbing of the motor. The Thing buzzed down the street like a cockchafer, and, when clear of the houses, soared away steadily into the moonlight, shedding its wheels like the skin of a chrysalis. This was repeated successfully eleven times, but when the last machine, manned by the pink-checked young officer, should have left its wheels and sailed away into the night, there was a flash, and a violent detonation shook the houses. Fragments rattled back among those watching two hundred yards away.

"There go the bravest men I've ever met," remarked the chief of raiders. As he reached the hole blown in the road, he added—"Poor little chap!" and his voice was even a little more guttural than usual.



## IV.

It was four in the morning, and all was well when the "Plumber," reaching his post on the bridge once again, made himself snug on a plank resting upon two sacks of fish-bolts. The pile-driver was still thudding monotonously, the steam and the flare-lights still roared, and the water lapped against the timbers while the mouth-organ whined a hymn-tune a short distance back.

A sudden hiss, and splash into the river, not a pile's length away, fell something. All but simultaneously a column of spray shot up, with the muffled report of an explosion under water, and falling backward, revealed a heaving blister of mud, just visible through the mist. The men playing dropped their cards and sat up. The whine of the mouth-organ froze in the middle of a bar. But the pile-driver continued its blows, for the fat man still mechanically jerked the string, though his eyes were all but starting out of his head. Silent, stupefied surprise held all. The mud fountain had barely subsided, when—a second hiss and splash close alongside the bridge—and another sub-aqueous explosion followed with its geyser of mud and water, which falling on the track would have washed the dazed fat man away but for the string to which he clung? At last the pile-driver stopped. Barely had the soused soldiers got their breath after this douche, when they were shaken by a racking detonation, accompanied by the sound of rending timber, some thirty yards back along the trestles. The air hummed with fragments, while all near the end of the structure lay prostrated by the blast of this shock. Still another detonation followed, this time right among the men, as the bomb struck a sack of bolts. Bodies were thrown right and left amidst a volley of bolts, which shrieked as they spun through the air, dealing death all around. It was worse than any shrapnel-shell, for these missiles were heavy and jagged as potleg, and the force behind them was terrific. The boiler was pierced by one. It burst with a deep roar, capsized the truck, and the whole machine toppled over into the swirl below, but not before the cloud of steam gushing out had scalded the maimed and helpless men close by. To add to the horror, the wrought iron reservoir of the flare-light was torn, and the flaming oil poured out over the timbers into the water and spread in a blazing film, momentarily lighting up the inferno before it was swept down-stream. The cries of the mangled were loud.

After a moment's respite, a faint crash sounded overhead, succeeded by a burst of yellow light, and two flaming masses fell spinning in a sickening spiral plumb onto the girder-bridge above, where their flight ended in a volley of explosions against the iron. Again the sound of flying metal filled the air. Other detonations followed in quick succession.

This sudden cataclysm was too much. Men born of women could stand no more. Discipline was lost and from the river-bed a general wail rose up. Those who had for day and night toiled like slaves, dropped their tools, their work, and fled off the bridges towards shore.

A bouquet of dazzling red stars now burst out on high with a soft liquid report, and slowly floated to earth. In the crimson glow the panic-stricken fugitives paused in terror. What was coming next?

There was not much time to doubt, for a succession of detonations round the corrugated-iron dynamo-shed showed where the attack was falling. These ended in one report with a metallic ring, for which there was no flash, and the electric light went out as a grinding crash sounded from the shed. A second shower of red stars slowly sank to earth. Then with many little explosions, fires sprang up in the "yard" away by the station. Most of them soon burned out without doing damage, but the stacks of forage had been touched and burst into a blaze. As the dense clouds of smoke and long tongues of flame mounted up, from overhead a shower of magnesium stars were wafted gently downward. In their intense light the flying machines circling around were visible to all those above the mist. The work of destruction ceased.

Rifle shots rang out, close by at first, then growing into a general fusillade, which became fainter in the distance, like an irregular feu-de-joie, toward the farthest outpost line. They marked the course of the angels of destruction, still to be seen in the light of the conflagration. This wild shooting was not quite without result, for two flaming masses were seen to fall—curving toward one of the hills in the north.

As the flames of the burning forage gained strength, and clouds of sparks and a huge volume of lurid smoke rose to the sky, now of the grey hue preceding dawn—the roar and crackle of the conflagration drowned all other sounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Against the glowing embers, the half-dressed figure of the consumptive railway traffic officer might have been observed gazing helpless at the scene—the realization of his fears. He was not thinking of his yard, or of his friend the "Plumber," or of the horrors around him. He was dreaming of the fate of an army, and of the ultimate results of its destruction.

## V.

A solitary man stood by a hedge. In his hand was a charred pole, on top of which a light, screened from below, was burning feebly. Close by a

hobbled horse cropped the scant grass. No other sound broke the stillness of the night as the man gazed steadily upwards. The moon had sunk and the stars were growing pale in the grey of false dawn, when the horse threw up his head and snorted. The man gave no sign. A moment afterwards he heard a faint rustle in the sky as of fighting geese. Ghostly in the mysterious light a shape loomed up overhead and swept past on a long slant. Seven times this happened in quick succession. To the weary eyes of the watcher the shapes seemed to be traveling in long swoops—now up, now down—and slower than when they had passed him on their outward journey.

For the others that he had seen go out he waited—waited until the hills to the east stood out purple against the blushing sky—but waited in vain.

## FOR THE GENERAL STAFF.

**A** BOARD of officers consisting of Major General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff, Major General W. H. Carter, Assistant Chief of Staff, Brig. General Albert L. Mills, Commanding the Department of the Gulf, Brig. General Charles L. Hodges, Commanding the Department of the Lakes and Brig. General W. W. Wotherspoon, President of the War College, sat last week as a Board to make selections to fill two existing vacancies and sixteen vacancies soon to come, in the General Staff of the Army.

The two vacancies in the staff were caused by the recent relief of Lieut. Col. Walter L. Finley, Thirteenth Cavalry, and Capt. Mitchell Lenihan, Twenty-fifth Infantry. Lieut. Col. E. St. J. Greble, Third Field Artillery, and Capt. M. E. Hanna, Second Cavalry, were selected to fill the vacancies.

The following sixteen officers were selected for prospective vacancies on the staff:

Col. T. C. Woodbury, Third Infantry; Col. E. M. Weaver, Coast Artillery Corps; Lieut. Col. William A. Nicholas, Thirteenth Infantry; Maj. C. Reichmann, Twenty-fourth Infantry; Maj. C. H. Martin, First Infantry; Maj. D. B. Devore, Eleventh Infantry; Maj. H. C. Hodges, Jr., Twenty-second Infantry; Maj. E. F. McGlachlin, Twenty-ninth Infantry; Capt. M. C. Kerth, Twenty-third Infantry; Capt. P. B. Malone, Twenty-seventh Infantry; Capt. H. L. Laubach, Twenty-third Infantry; Capt. G. H. Jamerson, Twenty-ninth Infantry; Capt. E. Landon, Coast Artillery Corps; Capt. S. D. Embick, Coast Artillery Corps; Capt. C. C. Carter, Coast Artillery Corps, and Capt. G. A. Youngburg, Corps of Engineers.

## A GOOD RECORD.

**T**HE Mayor of Marietta, Ohio, has advised Governor Harmon that there is appreciation by the citizens of Marietta, of the good conduct of the officers and men of the 4th, 7th and 8th Regiments of the Ohio National Guard.

These regiments were encamped in the vicinity of Marietta and the Mayor says "A more gentlemanly or courteous body of men has never visited here, and their conduct could not have been better. You will realize this when I say that there was not an arrest made or complaint filed by our police department against any officer or man composing any of the regiments. I certainly hope it will be possible for these regiments to again visit our city upon the occasion of their next camp."

The moral effect of acts which bring forth a communication of this kind is beyond estimate. Officers and men who have behaved themselves in such a way have not alone brought credit upon their organizations, but they have made friends of that element which is the strongest in every community; namely, the law-abiding and decent citizens.

## WEST COAST ARTILLERYMEN PRAISED.

**O**FFICERS in command of the Coast Artillery Districts of the Army in California and Washington have praised the excellence of the Coast Artillery organizations of those States most highly.

In discipline, courtesy, and all the details which go to make up soldierly excellence the Coast Artillerymen of these two West Coast States have surprised the Regular officers serving with them in coast defence maneuvers.

*Inspector of Target Practice for Marines.*

Captain C. H. Lyman has been appointed Aide de Camp to the Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, and also inspector of Target Practice. Captain Lyman is well known to the shooting fraternity, having served acceptably and capably as a range officer at the National Matches.

Under his direction the high standard established by the Marine Corps in target practice should be raised still further.

*Field Equipment and Coast Artillery Armories.*

Colonel E. M. Weaver, Chief of the Division of Militia Affairs, will soon go to New York and Boston to confer with the authorities in regard to the equipment of the Army and the Coast Artillery organizations of New York and Massachusetts.



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That Most of the Best Shots Had

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From the 16 yard mark

Made by J. R. Graham, an amateur from Long Lake, Ill., at the First Annual Grand Chicago Handicap Tournament, Aug. 29-Sept. 1, 1910

Score made up as follows:

Aug. 29 — — 9 unfinished (practice event)  
Aug. 30 — — 200 unfinished  
Aug. 31 — — 100 unfinished  
Sept. 1 — — 117 straight

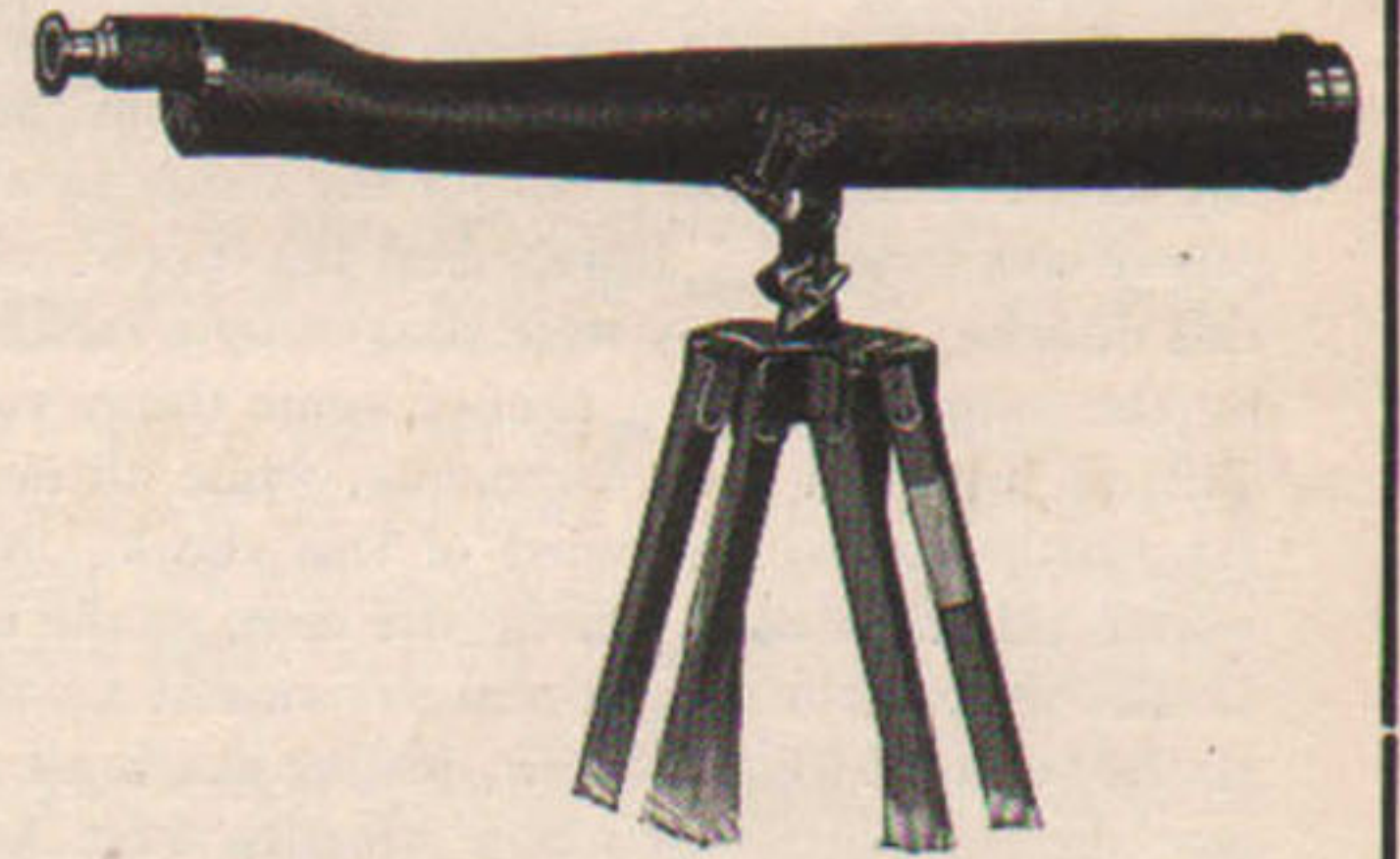
Total 426

Mr. Graham shot

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## 5 out of 8 Men Shooting Peters Cartridges

Stemple	—	—	215	} All using regular service rifle as issued by the Government, and service sights. The other members of the Team used special barrels, or telescopic sights, or both.
Rothrock	—	—	212	
Eddy	—	—	211	
Semon	—	—	209	
Benedict	—	—	208	

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FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Sept. 18-25—Outdoor Championship Revolver Matches of the United States Revolver Association.

#### THE SEA GIRL TOURNAMENT.

In a driving rain and wind storm which lasted all day the 1910 Sea Girt Meeting or rather the combined matches of the New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey State Rifle Associations opened with what can be termed a fair attendance of riflemen. From Ohio came a few. It was expected that the Ohio State team would come for the shoot but permission to do so was not given by the Adjutant General of the State.


The Infantry and Cavalry teams, fresh from Camp




**New Model 27**  
**Marlin**  
**Repeating Rifle**

The only gun that fills the demand for a trombone ("pump") action repeater in .25-20 and .32-20 calibers. Shoots high velocity smokeless cartridges, also black and low pressure smokeless. Powerful enough for deer, safe to use in settled districts, excellent for target work, for foxes, geese, woodchucks, etc.

Its exclusive features: the quick, smooth-working "pump" action; the wear-resisting *Special Smokeless Steel* barrel; the modern *solid-top* and *side ejector* for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has *take-down* construction and *Ivory Bead* front sight; these cost extra on other rifles of these calibers.

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It contains information about all American arms, rifles, pistols and shotguns, the proper ammunition for each. Tells how to cast bullets, how to reload your rifle, shotgun or pistol ammunition—how to save money and do better shooting with less wear on your gun. 140 pages. Free for three stamps postage.

**IDEAL MFG. CO.**  
 5 U STREET NEW HAVEN, CONN.


Perry, arrived in camp early in the week. Individuals who shot on State teams at Perry are here in considerable number. A fair representation from Connecticut and New York are here. The District of Columbia sent about 35 men, including the team which shot in the National Matches.

Sea Girt looks pretty much the same each year and the weather man usually hands out a brand of weather which has every other kind beaten to a finish when it comes to variety. The storm on Thursday, the opening day did not delay the shooting, however, and the Columbia Trophy Match was shot as scheduled. Then match calls for teams of six, shooting any ammunition, Service rifle, and ten shots at each distance. It was a close contest, only five points separating the two leaders at the finish. High individual score was made by Private Bianchi of the winning team. The detail score follows.

**4TH NEW JERSEY.**

Yards	200	500	600	900	Tl.
Capt. Higgins	44	38	47	47	176
Lieut. Baker	43	40	49	45	177
Lieut. Burlington	43	42	45	48	178
Priv. Minervini	42	41	40	45	168
Priv. Bianchi	43	40	45	46	180
Capt. Smith	41	37	42	40	160
Totals	256	244	268	271	1039

**Dead Shot**  
**Smokeless**



**HIGH OVER ALL**  
 Grand Colorado Handicap, Denver, Col.  
 Mr. R. W. Clancy Broke 96 out of 100. From 20 yards  
 Mr. A. Rice, using Dead Shot, tied the Winning Score, Broke 95 out of 100.

**HIGH OVER ALL**  
 Grand Island, Nebraska, Registered Tournament, Aug. 23-25, 1910.  
 Mr. Ed. O'Brien Broke 395 out of 400

**HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE**  
 Mr. D. A. Edwards using Dead Shot, at Union City Registered Tournament, Broke 565 out of 600

**HIGH OVER ALL**  
 Mr. H. S. Welles, Snow Shoe, Pa. Registered Tournament, Broke 364 out of 380.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club vs. Cleveland Gun Club, 25 Man Team Race  
 Mr. F. D. Kelsey and Mr. E. Hammond, Broke 95 out of 100. The two High Scores of the Match. Both of these gentlemen used Dead Shot

**HIGH OVER ALL**  
 Mr. H. S. Welles, Bradford, Penna. Registered Tournament, Aug. 23, 24, 1910, Broke 387 out of 400.

Mr. F. D. Kelsey won Double Target Trophy  
 Broke them all

**HIGH OVER ALL**  
 Mr. H. S. Welles, Washington, Pa. Aug. 30, 1910  
 Broke 144 out of 150

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**2ND NEW JERSEY.**

Maj. Martin	42	37	46	44	169
Capt. Silvester	43	38	47	44	172
Lieut. Farr	43	42	47	47	179
Priv. Walter	41	38	47	45	171
Sergt. Dabb	41	38	49	46	174
Sergt. Silvester	34	43	49	43	169
Totals	244	236	285	269	1034
5th New Jersey	217	208	243	249	1017
3rd New Jersey	219	235	263	282	999
1st New Jersey	233	244	261	238	976
2nd Troop, N. G. N. J.	219	238	256	227	940

Friday opened up threateningly but for an occasional sprinkle the weather held fine. A good strong wind from the 11 o'clock quarter blew fairly steady and kept the conditions from being anything but easy.

The New Jersey State Rifle Association, Class A trophy match carried over from Thursday and calling for 10 shots at 600 yards was finished in the morning. It took a possible to win the match and Col. W. A. Tewes was the only man who could do it. It was a popular win and Colonel Tewes was heartily congratulated.

**N. J. S. R. A. CLASS A TROPHY MATCH.**

10 Shots at 600 Yards.

1 Col. W. A. Tewes	50
2 Sergt. L. F. Knust	49
3 Capt. C. F. Silvester	49
4 Capt. K. K. V. Casey	49
5 W. F. Leushner	49
6 Lieut. L. A. Clausel	49
7 Capt. W. H. Richard	49
8 Capt. A. C. Nisson	48
9 W. E. Reynolds	48
10 Capt. G. H. Emerson	48
11 Lieut. B. R. Camp	47
12 Lieut. G. C. Shaw	47
13 G. W. Chesley	47
14 Lieut. W. B. Wallace	47
15 Lieut. B. A. Dickson	47

The Keystone Long Range Match brought out some good shooting and the winner, W. E. Reynolds, one of the college boys who spend their vacations at Sea Girt acting as scorers and markers surprised everyone by putting on the possible and getting seventeen over. G. W. Chesley and John Hessian both went over the possible, the former making 13 and the latter getting four. This was the first of the Pennsylvania matches to be shot.

**KEYSTONE LONG RANGE MATCH.**

1 W. E. Reynolds	50	17 over.
2 G. W. Chesley	50	13 over.
3 J. W. Hessian	50	4 over.
4 Capt. Stuart Wise	50	
5 Capt. K. K. V. Casey	49	
6 Maj. W. B. Martin	49	

**Tyros.**

7 Priv. Parmly Hanford	49
8 Priv. H. E. Crall	49
9 Maj. W. S. Price	49
10 Lieut. B. R. Camp	49

The All Comers' 800 Yard Match brought out a good field, and here the winner, Sergt. H. A. Whitaker, got the possible and 9 over, closely followed by Lieut. A. Rutherford with 7 over. The conditions were not just what you would call bad but it was necessary to closely follow the changing conditions to prevent getting caught unawares. The light was poor and the wind came from the 11 o'clock direction, and with considerable force.

**ALL COMERS 800 YARD MILITARY MATCH.**

1 Sergt. H. A. Whitaker	50	9 over.
2 Lieut. A. Rutherford	50	7 over.
3 Corp. F. Rolf	50	6 over.
4 Capt. G. H. Emerson	50	5 over.
5 Sergt. Maj. Geo. Sayer	50	3 over.
6 J. R. Fehr	50	1 over.
7 Capt. K. K. V. Casey	50	1 over.
8 Capt. W. H. Richard	50	1 over.
9 Sergt. John Grandy	49	
10 Capt. G. W. Corwin	49	
11 Lieut. F. T. Burt	49	
12 Lieut. L. A. Clausel	49	
13 Sergt. Thos. Brown	49	
14 Lieut. G. C. Shaw	49	

Lieutenant Snyder, Lieutenant Holt, Lieutenant Bristol and W. E. Reynolds tied on 49 for 15th place and will have to each shoot off the tie.

The Interstate Regimental Team Match, open to teams of six, 10 shots each at 200 600 and 1,000 yards brought out some lively competition and was finally won by the team from the 15th U. S. Infantry with a good margin, although the 2nd Infantry team of the District of Columbia led at the 200 and 600 ranges. This match was won last year by the 1st Infantry, N. G. D. C.

**INTERSTATE REGIMENTAL TEAM MATCH.**

Yards	200	600	1000	Tl.
1 15th U. S. Infantry	224	274	272	770
2 2nd Inf., N. G., D. C.	236	274	249	759
3 1st Inf., N. G., D. C.	229	272	254	755
4 7th Inf., N. G., N. Y., No. 1	233	275	241	749
5 71st Inf., N. G., N. Y., No. 1	234	279	234	747
6 3rd Inf., N. G., N. J.	231	278	231	740
7 22nd Eng., N. G., N. Y.	226	271	234	731
8 2nd Inf., N. G., N. J.	223	274	231	728
9 4th Inf., N. G., N. J.	208	270	238	716
10 Squadron A, N. G., N. Y.	216	257	240	713
11 1st Inf., N. G., N. J.	230	265	203	678
12 7th Inf., N. G., N. Y., No. 2	226	234	174	634

Saturday morning it did not look promising but toward noon it cleared a little but soon went back to that grey, misty, foggy, rainy, penetrating, etc., condition so characteristic of Sea Girt at this time of the year. A stiff three o'clock wind held steady throughout the entire day.



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During the summer Mr. Hurlbert also conducts the far famed Greenhurst Hotel on Lake Chautauqua, which is open from May 1st to Nov. 1st, for fishing and automobile parties as well as nature lovers.

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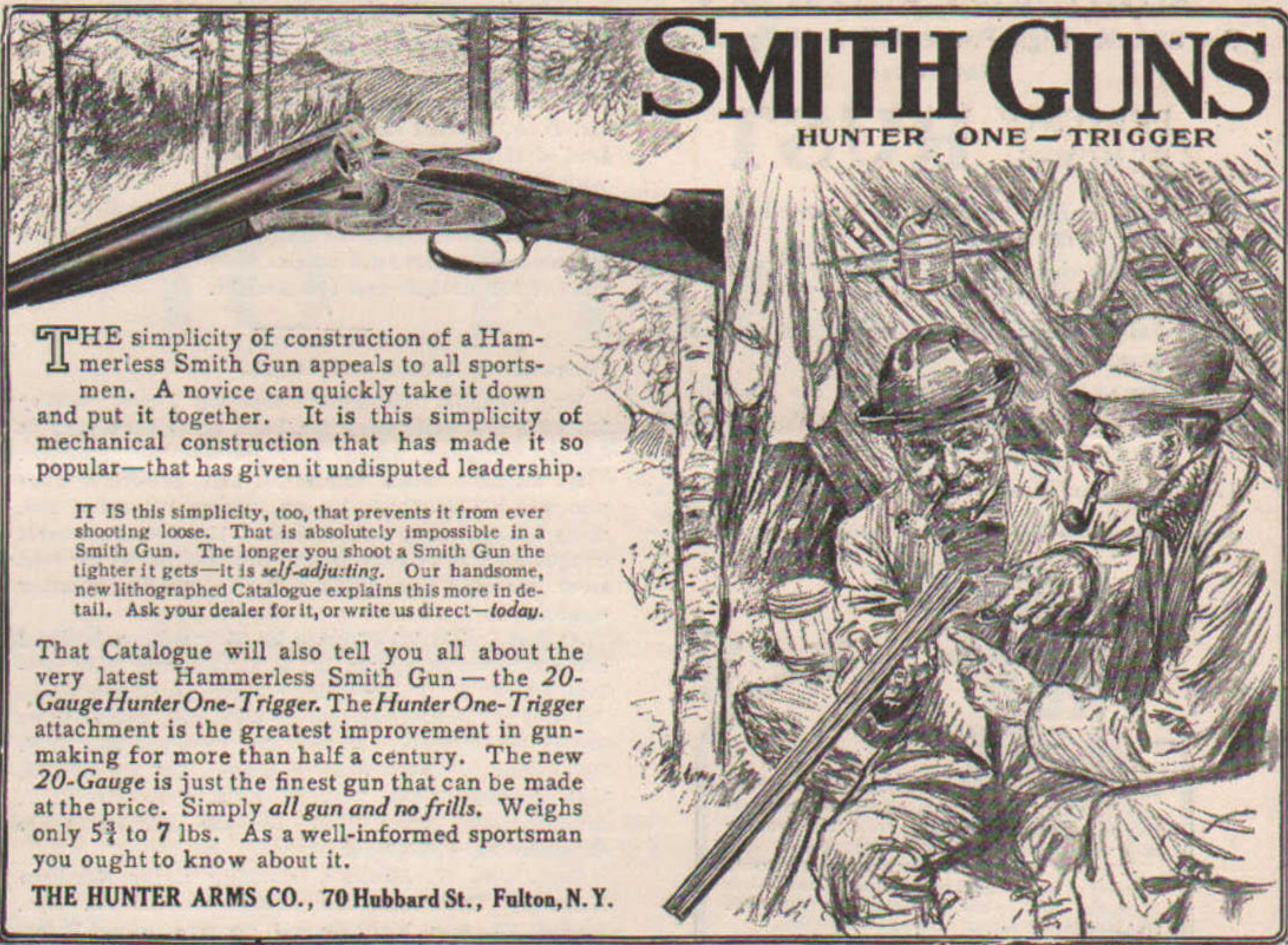
THE EDWARD T. MILLER CO., Columbus, O.

Great interest was centered in the Company Team Match, which is open to the Army, Navy and National Guard. The Service rifle and any ammunition was used. Each man fired 5 shots at 200 and 500 yards.

Company K of the 1st Infantry, District of Columbia, took the lead at 200 yards with a margin of 4 points over its nearest competitor, made high score at 500, 163, and won over Co. C., 4th New Jersey, by 302 to 294.

#### COMPANY TEAM MATCH.

Yards.	200	500	Tl.
1 Co. K, 1st Inf., N. G., D. C.	139	163	302
2 Co. C, 4th Inf., N. G., N. J.	134	160	294
3 Co. L, 4th Inf., N. G., N. J.	135	156	291
4 Co. E, 2nd Inf., N. G., D. C.	134	150	284
5 Troop No. 3, Squadron A, N. Y.	128	145	273
6 2nd Troop, N. G., N. J.	125	138	263
7 Co. K, 2nd Inf., N. G., D. C.	125	138	263
8 Essex Troop, N. G., N. J.	119	142	261



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**T**HE simplicity of construction of a Hammerless Smith Gun appeals to all sportsmen. A novice can quickly take it down and put it together. It is this simplicity of mechanical construction that has made it so popular—that has given it undisputed leadership.

IT IS this simplicity, too, that prevents it from ever shooting loose. That is absolutely impossible in a Smith Gun. The longer you shoot a Smith Gun the tighter it gets—it is self-adjusting. Our handsome, new lithographed Catalogue explains this more in detail. Ask your dealer for it, or write us direct—today.

That Catalogue will also tell you all about the very latest Hammerless Smith Gun—the 20-Gauge Hunter One-Trigger. The Hunter One-Trigger attachment is the greatest improvement in gun-making for more than half a century. The new 20-Gauge is just the finest gun that can be made at the price. Simply all gun and no frills. Weighs only 5½ to 7 lbs. As a well-informed sportsman you ought to know about it.

**THE HUNTER ARMS CO., 70 Hubbard St., Fulton, N. Y.**

The Veteran Organization Team Match was soon disposed of. There were but two teams entered. Each team consists of six men, firing 10 shots at 200 yards with any military rifle. The Match is open to any veteran National Guard organization of any State.

#### VETERAN ORGANIZATION TEAM MATCH.

1 2nd Troop, P. C. C., Pa.	202
2 Veterans of the 7th Regiment, N. Y.	199

The Old Guard Trophy Match was the first of the New York State Association matches to be shot. It was open to teams of six, 10 shots each at 200 yards with the Service rifle as issued. The 4th New Jersey team tied with the 71st New York on a score of 236, but won out as they did not have anything less than a 3. The Italian Rifle Association of New York finished in third place with 233. 7th New York, fourth, 222 and two Squadron A, N. G., N. Y. teams fifth and sixth with 215 and 192.

The best team competition of the day was the Cavalry Team Match, consisting of teams of five, 10 shots each man at 200 and 500 yards. There were six teams entered and while the race was not a close one between the leaders it was a spirited competition. The old timer Sergt. John Corrie took high individual honors with a score of 90 out of a possible 100.

#### TWENTY-SECOND ENGINEERS, NEW YORK.

Sergt. Kelly	41	47	88
Sergt. Corrie	42	48	90
Lieut. Babb	35	45	80
Lieut. Porteous	40	47	87
Lieut. Levien	38	46	84
Totals	196	233	429

#### SQUADRON A, NO. 1.

Lieut. Sayre	40	47	87
Sergt. MacNaughton	37	46	83
Private Hanford	41	47	88
Private Post	32	40	72
Corporal Smith	39	47	86
Totals	189	227	416

#### THIRD NEW JERSEY STAFF.

Major Price	39	47	86
Capt. Pfeil	41	43	84
Lieut. Walker	34	44	78
Major Matthews	43	47	90
Lieut. Read	36	37	73
Totals	193	218	411

#### SECOND TROOP, NEW JERSEY, NO. 1.

Sergt. Van Kelst	34	43	77
Sergt. Williams	43	42	85
Corporal Hoyt	35	47	82
Cook Piondexter	42	45	87
Sergt. Brown	34	42	76
Totals	188	219	407

#### SQUADRON A, NO. 2.

Corporal Nicholes	31	43	74
Wagoner Gallatin	35	44	79
Private Mills	32	43	75
Private Strong	31	38	69
Private Lee	30	40	70
Totals	159	208	367

#### ESSEX TROOP, NEW JERSEY.

Private Stucky	38	33	71
Private Grundy	39	41	80
Private Eiselle	24	30	54
Private Parker	31	49	80
Corporal Smith	39	43	82
Totals	171	196	367

#### U. S. R. A. OUTDOOR LEAGUE.

##### SMITH & WESSON—PROVIDENCE.

SMITH & WESSON.			
Dr. I. R. Calkins	77	79	71—227
C. S. Axtell	68	84	80—232
Capt. F. A. Wakefield	71	72	74—217
P. J. Dolfin	79	70	66—215
G. H. Chandler	77	70	72—209
L. P. Castaldini	69	76	73—218
Total			1318

##### PROVIDENCE.

W. H. Freeman	81	86	76—243
Wm. Almy	75	82	77—234
W. H. Willard	71	78	79—228
T. J. Biesel	74	61	77—212
H. C. Miller	72	65	72—209
Geo. E. Joslin	61	66	67—194

Team total 1320

Conditions were good all around. All used hand loaded ammunition and .38 revolvers.

##### COLONIAL—MANHATTAN.

Dr. M. R. Moore	85	80	85—250
Geo. C. Olcott	79	77	86—242
Mrs. C. C. Crossman	72	77	80—229
W. C. Ayer	73	74	82—229
C. C. Crossman	70	70	82—222
Paul Frese	66	76	66—208

Total 1380

Manhattan total 1446

#### AT THE TRAPS.

##### Collierville Gun Club, Collierville, Tenn.

At the registered tournament of the Collierville Gun Club held August 30 and 31 the following scores were made:

##### Amateurs—200 Targets.

1st day.		2nd day.		1st day.		2nd day.	
V. Leake	159	167	W. W. Norfleet	143	150		
R. W. Simpson	154	167	Max Glenn	142	146		
H. F. Kelsey	154	...	W. Hawkins	158	...		
W. L. Matthews	156	166	W. L. Henderson	182	183		
Harry Edwards	169	186	B. Goldsby	172	...		
H. N. Bellinger	182	176	Ed Powell	137	...		
H. R. Wynne	159	...	Geo. Kinney	133	135		
Chas. Eberhart	179	...	J. T. Ambrose	148	...		

##### Professionals—200 Targets.

C. O. LeCompte	184	190	R. F. Lincoln	150	168
H. D. Gibbs	189	182	Guy Ward	196	191
W. Henderson	191	187			

##### Cape Girardeau Gun Club, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

The following scores were made by professionals at the tournament of the above club on September 1 and 2, 1910.

##### Professionals—200 Targets.

C. G. Spencer	198	200	Arthur Killam	195	196
Geo. Maxwell	197	196	Krank Hoyt	184	169

##### Excelsior Rod & Gun Club, Columbia, Pa.

At the registered tournament of the above club held September 5, 1910, the following scores were made:

##### Amateurs.

Anna Rieker	200	179	A. H. Cochran	200	175
B. F. Hull	200	181	"Williams"	160	142
H. W. Leamer	200	168	Thos. Marquet	100	78
Wm. Werth	200	169	W. T. Krick	200	182
J. H. Hoffman	200	182			

##### Professionals.

Neaf Apgar	200	188	L. Worthington	200	187
L. W. Cumberland	200	193	J. M. Fullner	200	160



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For Cleaning High Power Rifles, Shotguns and  
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**PREVENTS RUST**  
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Positively removes the residuum of any high power powder now on the market.

If you fail to clean your rifle thoroughly, Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9 will do it for you.

This has been tested and endorsed by the most prominent riflemen of America.

No rifleman or military organization can afford to be without it. If your dealer does not keep it, order direct.

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Dear Sir:

We are about winding up one of the most successful trap shooting seasons ever held in this part of the world, and beg to call your attention to the sixth and last tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters League, to be held at Fairchauer, Pa., on September 20, 1910.

Will you kindly see that a large number from your club attend this tournament.

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES G. GRUBB,  
Secretary and Treasurer.

**NEWS OF THE TRADE.**

**What the Stevens Trapshooter is Accomplishing.**

The Stevens repeating shotgun "Trapshooter Grade" No. 522 continues to win splendid successes everywhere.

At the Spring Valley Shooting Association Tournament, Reading, Pa., Mr. E. H. Adams won first prize with a Stevens Trapshooter Grade model by making a score of 39 out of 40.

Mr. R. A. Powell of Henderson, Ky., tied for High Amateur average—382 out of 400, at Recreation Gun Club Tournament, Evansville, Ind., August 15 and 16. Was one of the High Guns at Louisville, Ky., July 27. Mr. Powell shoots a Stevens Trapshooter Grade repeater.

Mr. W. J. Pease broke 391 out of 400 birds at the Walnut Springs Gun Club tournament August 19, and used a Stevens Trapshooter Grade model. He shot this gun at 600 registered targets and broke 588, and at 150 not registered—making total breaking 639. Mr. Pease says that the gun cannot be balked in any way whatsoever.

Mr. W. E. Grubb was second High Professional at the Arkansas State Shoot, Fort Smith, Arkansas, held August 23, 24, and 25. Mr. Grubb broke 186 birds out of 200 the first day, 185 out of 200 the second day and 185 out of 200 the third day. His average for the three days' shoot was an exceedingly high one of 92.6 per cent. The Arkansas State Shoot was a very important tournament and trapshooters from all over the United States competed.

**Dead Shot Doings.**

Harry Welles broke 110 straight at the Registered Tournament at Bradford, Pa., August 24, 1910, but this does not equal his fine shooting at Betterton, where it will be remembered he made a world's record of 138 straight from 20 yards. Mr. Welles always uses Dead Shot.

The two high scores on the winning team of the big twenty-five man team race, Buffalo Audubon Gun Club v. Cleveland Gun Club, were the two high scores over all in the race. Mr. F. D. Kelsey and Mr. E. Hammond both broke 95 out of 100 using Dead Shot Smokeless.

Did you notice the Dead Shot ad. in this issue? They are crowding their space to the limit, and their reading notices come thick and fast. Dead Shot appears to be making a lot of friends.

At the Union City Gun Club registered tournament, Mr. D. A. Edward outshot the field of amateurs with a lead of 25 targets. His score, 565 out of 600, was made with Dead Shot Smokeless.

At the Grand Island Gun Club's registered tournament, Ed. O'Brien with his load of Dead Shot Smokeless trounced all comers with a score of 395 out of 400, with runs of 101 straight and 116 straight.

**Peters Smash Records and Targets.**

Mr. Woolfolk Henderson shooting Peters factory loaded Ideal shells tied for high general average at Union City, Tenn., August 22-24, scoring 580 out of 600.

At Napanee, Ind., August 25, high general average was won by Mr. C. A. Young, scoring 186 out of 200, using Peters factory loaded shells. Mr. Young's nearest competitor was 24 birds behind him and his 93 per cent score was most remarkable under the existing weather conditions.

At Fort Smith, Ark., August 23-25, second professional average was won by Mr. W. E. Grubb, and third professional by H. D. Freeman. These gentlemen broke 556 and 555 respectively out of 600, both using Peters factory loaded shells. Messrs. Guy Chenault and T. E. Saxon tied for third amateur honors, 546 out of 600, both shooting Peters Premier shells, while Mr. E. C. Arnold, using Peters Ideal, won the Arkansas State championship with 49 out of 50.

Capt. Geo. W. Dameron, shooting at the Northern Kentucky Gun Club Tournament at Dayton, Ky., August 28, won high general average, using Peters factory loaded shells, scoring 144 out of 150. Third general average was won by Ed. Sampson of Cincinnati, also with Peters shells, score 141.

At York, Pa., August 24, Miss Anna Rieker of Lancaster, won high amateur average, 181 out of 200, and Messrs. W. Miller and M. Glasslick tied for second, 176. Mr. Neaf Apgar won high general average, 191 out of 200, and L. R. Lewis third, with 181, all five of these shooters using Peters factory loaded shells. Mr. Apgar was also second at Newsmanstown, Pa., August 27, 143 out of 150.

At the Chicago Gun Club, August 28, Mr. C. A. Young tied for high average, 119 out of 125, and was also high over all shooters on the 29th, the first day of the Grand Chicago Handicap, scoring 97 out of 100, and using Peters factory loaded Premier shells.

At the Grand Chicago Handicap, August 30, Mr. H. W. Cadwallader was third professional, 192 out of 200 and C. A. Young fourth professional, 191 out of 200. Mr. A. C. Connors was fourth amateur, 191. All three gentlemen used Peters factory loads.

At Wellington, Mass., August 27, Mr. C. F. Marden won second amateur and second professional average, 148 out of 160; and Eugene Reed third amateur and third general average, 146 out of 160, both gentlemen shooting Peters factory loaded shells.

At Washington, Pa., August 30, Mr. D. B. Matthews was high amateur, 140 out of 150, and H. S. Welles high professional, 144 out of 150, both using Peters factory loaded shells.

At Colliersville, Tenn., August 30-31, Mr. Woolfolk Henderson scored 378 out of 400 with Peters factory loaded shells, winning second general average.

**J. R. Graham with the U.M.C.-Remington Combination Breaks World's Amateur Record at First Grand Chicago Handicap.**

J. R. Graham of Long Lake, Ills., broke the world's amateur target record September 1, at Chicago, when he finished a run of 417 registered targets straight. Mr. Graham really broke 432 targets without a miss, 15 being practice. Arrow shells and a Remington pump together with the skill of Mr. Graham did the work. The former amateur championship score was 366. Dan O'Donnell of San Antonio, Texas, recently made that remarkable run with U.M.C. Steel Lined shells.

At Asbury Park, N. J., August 24 to 26, F. W. McNeir captured second amateur winnings breaking 536 out of 570 with Nitro Club shells and a Remington Autoloading Shotgun. At this tournament Sim Glover the well-known powder representative, captured first professional average on August 26, scoring 170 straight with Nitro Club shells and an Autoloading Shotgun.

At the Arkansas State Shoot held at Fort Smith, August 23-26, the State Medal was won by J. O. Allen of Pine Bluff, who broke 49 out of 50 with a Remington Autoloading Shotgun. E. J. Voss was high amateur for the first day of the shoot using a Remington gun, and G. A. Schwake captured amateur honors the second day breaking 192 out of 200, with U.M.C. Steel Lined shells and a Remington Autoloading Shotgun.

Joe Appleman made the excellent score of 99 out of 100 at Perry, Okla., August 24, with Nitro Club shells.

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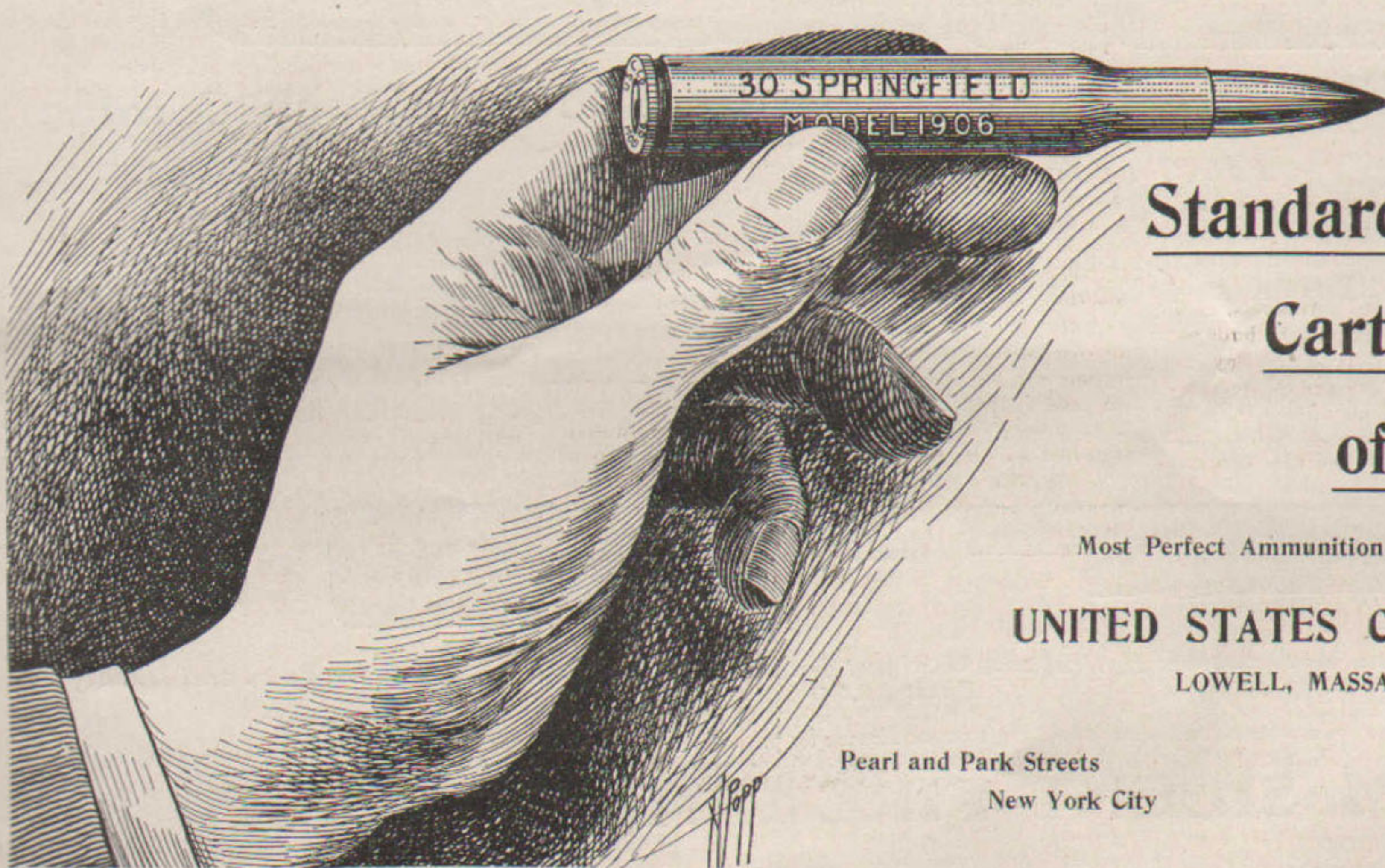
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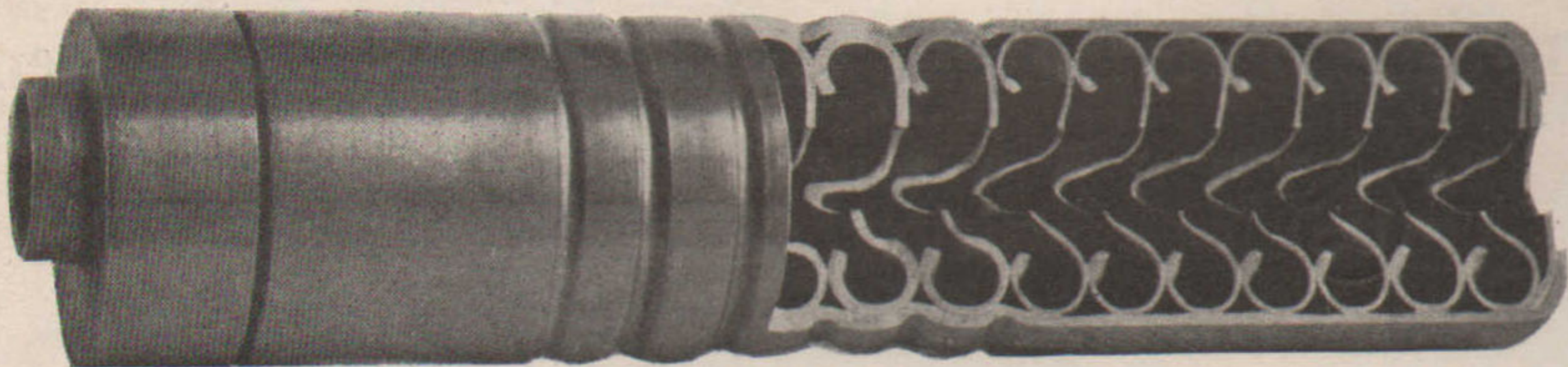


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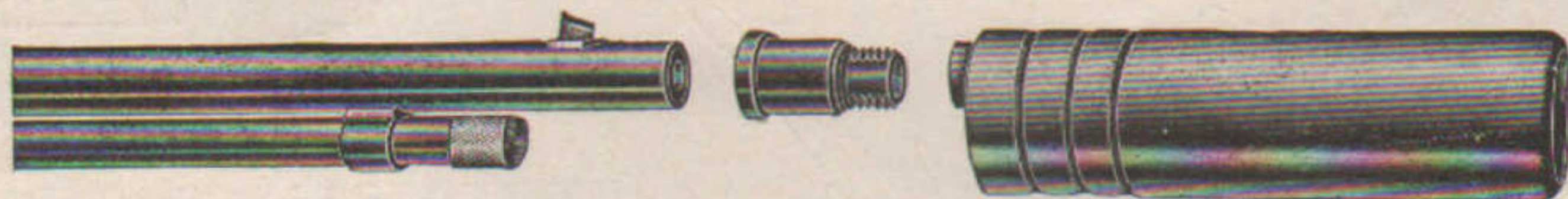


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