

ARMS AND THE MAN



Vol. L, No. 2

APRIL 13, 1911

**THE NATIONAL
MILITARY AND SHOOTING WEEKLY**

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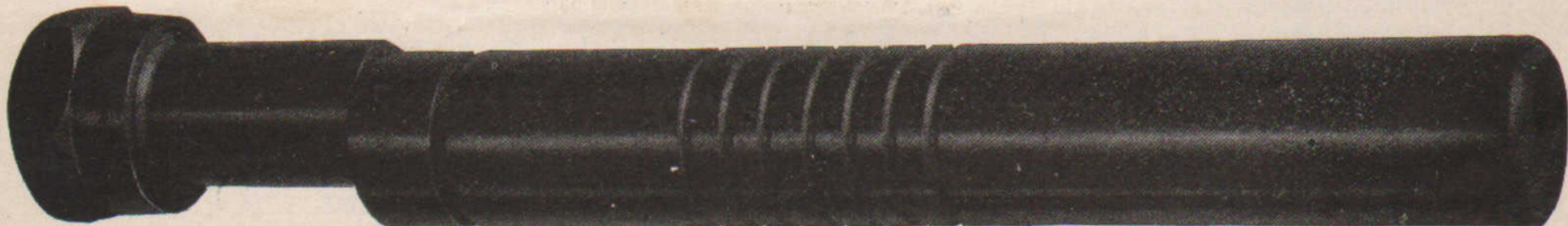
THE OUTDOOR SEASON IS HERE

The month of April sees the outdoor ranges take on activity. The military rifleman is glad to get out once more in the clear air and sunshine, and qualifications are now in order.

All of the recruits taken on during the winter months will be instructed in the use of the rifle.

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ARMS AND THE MAN

FORMERLY
SHOOTING AND FISHING.

VOLUME L. No. 2.

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 13, 1911.

\$3 a year. 10 cents a copy.

MUCHOS PATOS.

BY EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

In the succeeding columns and in many pages to follow in this and subsequent issues of ARMS AND THE MAN we present with pleasure for the pleasure of our readers Mr. E. C. Crossman's "Many Ducks" story.

A duck in other language would fly as far. Mr. Crossman has chosen to introduce them to you in Spanish. You observe, however, that he writes in English, and we are inclined to the belief that he shoots in the same language.

The editor of ARMS AND THE MAN has shot ducks in many lands and climes and has read as much as he could find of what other men have told about shooting ducks. Also from a boy he has listened to many a mighty hunter before the lord relating enthralling incidents of the pursuit and conquest of the web-footed monarch.

Never outside of his own shooting experiences has he been so stirred by a tale of duck decimation as by Mr. Crossman's recital. It is recommended to every sportsman as something exceptional in the game shooting line. It will run for several weeks as a continued article, and though it is long you will wish it longer before you finish.

BEFORE us, as we rode out of the little barranca, lay an Atascadero of ducks. Reticulating the vivid blue of the desert sky there swept lines of skirmishers, lines with a thousand yards between flanks. Behind them marched, in formations that would make mad an Upton and

all the time—while the hoodoo was not rejoiced at the fate hanging over him.

But now the spell was broken—also busted. The ducks were there as Cap had said, ducks enough to supply all the game hogs that ever gambolled



MUCHOS PATOS.

paralyze a Teutonic general, regiments and brigades and even field armies of ducks, sweeping along from the western sky to the east, with never a pause or break in the regular progress.

Amazed, almost unbelieving in spite of the reports from the scouts just under our hat brims, we sat and watched the march, watched and cursed and wished muchly that we were where they were coming from—or going to.

Gnats in size, they swept up out of the indigo blue to the west, grew to the form of birds as they crossed before us, and then, once more infinitesimal insects, dropped behind the low mesquite-fringed horizon.

We were rejoiced. Cold, clammy Doubt, who had ridden with us since we started and had whispered disturbing things into our ears, suddenly faded away into the thin crisp air. We had a hoodoo with us, a Jonah, a harbinger of bad luck more potent than a black cat, a broken mirror or a cross-eyed girl.

Riding out in the summer, he had scared every blame sheep out of a range of mountains sixty miles long. The other members of the party learned of his character too late and rode along reflecting of a best way of delivering him over to the whale—you cannot keep your fingers crossed

in Shiells' ever-enlarging pens, though armed with guns as deadly as a pump-gun on paper.

That morning Cap had taken us to call upon the Governor, a smiling handsome, Mexican who had told us in his liquid Spanish to shoot all the ducks we pleased—or could. It was an invitation to warm the cockles of the heart—or to bring to the mind the Vermont farmer's sign that Life describes.

"Shoot, Fish, and be Damned. If you Get Anything you Will Do More than I can."

And, riding out from Calxico through the maze of little barrancas the runaway Colorado had cut about the town, that confounded sign had kept running through our minds. Now it was forgotten.

We grew sociable. We gabbled as we rode along, we pointed out new flocks until our index fingers grew weary of the strain, we yelled and condemned our slow mules to eternal perdition with a joyfulness that belied the sentiment.

And still before us there streamed that unbelievable multitude of ducks, pouring out of the west and into the east until we came almost to believe that they were playing stage army with us, that we were seeing the same

ducks over and over again.

Hovering over the low mesquites far to the east, there were clouds of some winged creatures, clouds that looked like the midges we see around damp places in the summertime. But midges are not visible five miles away and watching the ducks as they swept down to the fringed horizon, we classified the midges as sprigs, and widgeons, and mallards, and teal. Still we rode south through the mesquite and the grey, straight stalks of the arrow weed—and as we rode, grew the more impatient. We wanted to stop there, to get out the guns, to fire just one shot at just one bird, the size, the species, the sex, and the character of the bird not mattering.

HARD TO WAIT UNTIL YOU GET TO THE SHOOTING GROUND.

It's an unrest that you've experienced if you are one of the slaves of the scattergun, a desire, that repressed for eleven months of the year, suddenly breaks out and insists that you drag out the double, and hunt up something at which to shoot it. And then on the ground, how hard it is to wait for the decoys to fall in the right spot, or to make camp, or even to get to just the right spot for the shoot to begin.

We dipped down into another little gulch, climbed out of it a quarter of a mile beyond, rode around a dead and withered mesquite patriarch and stopped on the edge of a thirty-foot fall-off.

"There's the New River," said Cap, pointing, "And there's where you will shoot."

When the old yellow-faced reprobate of a Colorado River got its fingers into the modest little canal of the Imperial Valley system some three or four years ago, it tore out the bank until it got its shoulders in, it set its feet against the opposite bank and pushed and lo! here came the entire flood of the Missouri-sized river, roaring into the fertile valley.

It ate towns and had dynamite for dessert, it cheived ranchers out of their houses and chased railroads up trees. One of its favorite amusements was to climb into the bed of a little creek that would accommodate a flow of three and a half bucketsfull per hour, and then give the people living near the rivulet an illustrated lecture on what a real man's sized river can do in the channel making line.

The New River was such a rivulet, meandering in a purposeless fashion among its tules, from Volcano Lake near the Colorado, on the east, to the Salton Sea, on the west.

One morning the people of Calexico awoke to find the Colorado River 60 rods away instead of 60 miles, while the Mexicali folks, living still nearer the erstwhile New River, saw their summer kitchens and then their houses go tumbling into the flood while they huddled on their few garments.

Before us lay a permanent souvenir of the river's playfulness, a gash thirty feet deep and three hundred yards wide, the sides of the cut precipitous, and with the soft silty soil constantly breaking off and falling into the cut, its bottom level, and grown over with arrow weed where the water was not.

Tule-lined and hugging the south bank of the cut, ran a little slough, ninety yards wide and extending from our feet to a curve in the gash half a mile from us.

Where we stood the cut curved sharply north toward Calexico. We had followed its southwesterly bank from the town, although it lay too far away to be seen from our saddles.

At the end of the slough lay a side channel opening into the main one, a channel with smooth dirt floor and sides sloping enough to allow the stock to get into it. Here we made our camp.

It was not a model one. We had seen a flock of ducks paddling around in the slough 500 yards beyond the camp site. They were real, live ducks, that belonged to nobody, ducks that were *not* invented, patented, begot and owned body and soul by Southern California duck clubs. We hungered to get at them.

AND HERE WE FOUND OUR SHIP.

Leading us to the tule-fringed bank of the slough, fifty yards from camp, Cap showed us a ship by which we might go down to the quiet sea before us, a craft made of canvas, with shaky looking ribs, and a few light planks in the bottom to prevent you from going on through as far as the slough bottom would let you. Then he assembled the live stock and with sundry bits of good advice, sailed for Calexico.

In the boat were a dozen wooden decoys. Up the slough 500 yards was a little bight, just before it began to curve to the left to get around a point jutting out into the water. Under the bluff of the southern bank and on the bottom curve of the little bay, Cap said there was a blind. Also if we put the decoys out in the bight, and half of us paddled up the slough to scare out the loafing ducks, both halves could expect some fun right away if not sooner.

We dug out the guns and shells, two folding camp stools and the oars, and then made for the boat. Did you ever notice the lovely effect of a red shell with brass trimmings on the eve of a hunt? Admiring them, we could almost believe they were worth the three cents the dealers endeavor to make people think they are worth.

Joe, fearing lest evil befall his pet Fox, which same gun was a cannon with

half a pound of lead in the butt, took along a nameless 16 gauge gun of the pump persuasion. This gun was originally designed for Job, but being declared a nature fake by historians, it has been omitted from all accounts of the unfortunate Jewish gentleman.

Maybe some day I'll start off on a hunt with the gun I want, and that in my hands long enough previous to the aforesaid hunt for me to get acquainted with it.

I went on a deer hunt of two weeks duration with a Mannlicher I had merely a bowing acquaintance with. I started off after bear 800 miles from home with a borrowed Mauser fitted with pin head target front sight, after discovering that 8 mm. shells won't work satisfactorily in a 9 mm. gun. I went after sheep with a sporting Springfield that I got loose from the gun smith three hours or so before I started. And finally, starting out on the biggest bird shoot of my life, a new gauge failed to arrive in time and I had to borrow one, or else use my case of 20 gauge shells in my 12, which would suit nobody but the ducks.

The new gun was a foreign built gun I had promised myself for two years and which I sat up nights working to get. And then with a case of shells somewhere in the grasp of the railroad running to Calexico, the little gun failed to arrive when starting time came around.

I was pleased. I said so with variations for an hour or so, which didn't bring the gun, then started on a still hunt for a substitute. The wire said the new gun would come about the second day of the trip, and besides, I wanted to shoot a 20, not a 12.

A friend, Ekdale, the owner of a No. 4 Ithaca 5½ pound 20 gauge, stepped into the breech and I departed rejoicing—as near to rejoicing as one can when he has to shoot some other fellow's gun, and is besides mortally afraid he will put a dent in the thing.

The little Ithaca was a nice little thing, built with twenty-six inch barrels, Silver's recoil pad, ejectors and very straight stock, the last item casting some doubt into my mind. I did miss several ducks too, so it was justified.

JOE LOADS HIS MACHINE GUN AND WE START.

Joe crammed a handful of shells into the entrails of his cornsheller, ready to be thrown into the chamber when it became safe to load, I tenderly laid my infant in the end of the boat farthest from shore—we never did decide which was the bow—we squatted carefully in the bottom of the eggshell and then pushed it off the mud. It slid out of its tule cache into the open water and floated, much to our relief.

On a hunting trip there are various supremely happy moments, as well as some of an opposite character. But of all those gilded instants, in a lifetime made up mainly of those with all the varnish off, I think that the starting off for the blind is the best.

You have not been sitting by the hour with nothing stirring in your direction; you haven't missed birds that a near sighted suffragette ought to hit with both ballots—I mean barrels; you haven't shot half a box of valuable shells at a cripple only to have it get away after all. None of the annoyances and the disappointments intrude into your anticipation.

There was a tingle and a sparkle in the air that had nothing of the terrific heat of the same country in the summer. The desert sun, fairly overhead then, put just the right warmth in the air without trying to convert you to its favorite dish of fricasseed hunter. The snow, the sleet, the cold, the frozen fingers, and discomfort of the eastern duck seeker were absent.

A six foot fringe of tules separated the clear water from the bank where the blind was built. Into it we sent the boat at the end of our up-slough paddle.

Joe, not having a master's certificate, elected to stay in the blind and guard the decoys against attack while I cruised on up the slough. A narrow four-foot shelf lay between the steep bluff and the water, and on this Cap had stuck a circle of arrow weed stalks. In this, elevated a couple of feet above the surface of the water, the occupant could take toll of any passersby along the open water of the slough.

The decoys walked the plank and lay—as large as life and twice as natural—on the still water, inviting all passing birds to drop in. Overhead the great eastward flight still streamed. At rare intervals a straggling flight dropped low enough for us to hear the wind-in-a-pine-forest sound of their wings.

Ahead of me as I paddled, a point ran out into the gash and the slough curved to the left to sidle around it. The open water ended in a growth of tules between me and the point.

The boat ran gently into the tules with the noise of a fingernail drawn across a drumhead. There was a sudden splash, a deep mellow "Quack-quack-quack," and there soared into the air forty feet ahead of the boat, a single drake mallard, his emerald head and neck shining in the sun and as plain as though he had been in the boat with me.

SOMETIMES THE TRUTH IS BETTER.

I should tell how the light gun leaped to my shoulder, how the nitro cracked as the steel rib lined the big bird, how the 6's hissed through the air and struck the duck with sullen "put," and then how he collapsed and hit the water with resounding splash, fortissimo on the resounding splash.



JOE REACHING FOR THE DUCKS IN THE LAGOON. HE'S STILL REACHING.

Were this fiction I would do so. Being a strictly truthful tale I hereby admit that I dropped my oar in the drink, dropped my jaw to my shirt collar, and then sat there inquiring inanely of the landscape what the aforesaid landscape knew about *that*.

It wasn't fair. That blame duck didn't say he was there or that he was going to get up that way. Even a quail warns you of his presence with his 'twit-twit-twit,' or his 'quook-quook-quook,' as you get too close. And quail don't look the size of the roc of our childhood tales.

If that bird had come for me instead of flying away, I am convinced that I would have gone over the side. He looked as big as a livery stable on wings to the man who had shot nothing but upland birds for the past three years.

The boat slid softly into clear water again. As the noise of the tules on its sides died away, there came to my ears the sound of a sidewheel steamer at full speed. I sat amazed.

Did you ever listen to an old sidewheel steamer going up a river? The wheels go sort of "pat-pat-pat-pat," on the water, then comes a little pause as the walking beam reaches the end of the stroke, and again the slapping of the paddles. To the last detail the sound came around the corner of the point, even to the little pause. Even the voice of the mate cursing the roustabouts came to my ears.

I stared expectantly, waiting to see the jackpole, the pilot house, and then the tall stacks of the boat emerge from around the point.

At this stage of the proceedings common sense swung hard on the jaw of imagination, putting it down for the count.

"D'ye think there are any steamboats cruising around this mudhole?" inquired C. S. "That's ducks, you rummy, and if you're after ducks you'd better be moving."

With a truer insight into the proceedings beyond the promontory I could hear miscellaneous quacks and whistles and soft duck gabbling, amidst the splashing.

The egg shell ran ashore under the high bank of the point, and tying its halter to a bush I stole up over the bank to investigate. The slough widened just beyond the point with a thirty yard channel nearer shore, a partition of tules, and then another stretch of open water a hundred yards wide and three hundred long. I mean the stretch was open water under ordinary circumstances.

AND THEN I SAW A FEW DUCKS.

As I gazed over the bank there was little water in sight.

A solid mass of ducks filled the open water until the quackers appeared to have insufficient room to move freely.

There were sprigs, and widgeon, and teal, and gadwall, and mallards, and ruddy ducks, and Lord-knows-what-other-sort ducks, splashing and gabbling and trying their wings with strokes that made the water fly.

There were dignified ducks and rowdy ducks, ducks that sat and adjusted their neckties and fixed their hair and pulled down their hobbles by the watery mirror before them.

And other ducks that pretended they were torpedo boats, and that cruised up and down the open water with vicious dives at the moisture and futile splashings and entirely unintentional collisions with the preening ones.

If you have hunted ducks it is a waste of words to tell you that not a blame one was within gun shot. Worse yet, there was not a single way to get closer to them. The flat ground adjoining the water was grown over with arrow weed, the rustling of which would effectually warn the vigilant ones, while the water offered no approach for the boat by which the craft and I could get within gun shot.

Desiring to be well within the facts I said there were a thousand ducks in the pond. Later I revised my figures on the high side.

Wearied at last of my nature studies when I hankered instead to study the effect of gun shot wounds, I crouched low and remarked "Hello there," to the duck crowd. There was a bare chance that some of them would fly over me.

There was a chorus of startled quacks, the splashing of a mountain rapid, and the water spouted ducks as though somebody had kicked each one out at a given signal. The cloud rose, circled over the opposite bank, and the larger part of the horde headed up the slough. A handful of fifty turned and came over me, while I wasted two shells proving what I suspected, that a duck can show plainly and still be out of range of even a Greener "Far Killing Duck gun."

Anyhow I had seen them and the bare seeing was worth going miles to accomplish. From down the slough came the sound of Joe's nameless, "Bang, bang, bang, pause, bang."

I have used a pump gun. I needed no diagram and explanatory notes to tell me what the sound meant. First shot fired as the hunter suddenly became aware of the presence of the ducks, miss. Second shot as they climbed heavenward, another miss. Third shot, flurried and without aim as ducks reached skyscraper altitude, net result that of the other two. Gun jammed, hunter peeved, and fourth shot fired with eleven variations of the word damn, at a flock of ducks two hundred and forty yards away.

(To be Continued.)

A BIT OF HISTORY.

ON September 26, 1874, at Creedmoor, L. I., during the first great International Match between the Irish and American teams, a most serious piece of ill luck befell Col. J. K. Milner, one of the most reliable members of the Irish team and his misfortune changed victory into defeat.

The match referred to was between picked teams of six men, representing Ireland and America. Conditions—position, any; rifle, any within the rules; 15 shots each at the three distances, 800, 900 and 1000 yards.

The total score for the match was 934 to 931 (1080 being possible) and had Colonel Milner shot at the right target this never would have been written.

This gentleman had a most peculiar position, lying on his back twisted, with his shoulders and head to the right, knees to the left, enabling him to lay his rifle along his right side and rest it on his toes. From long practice he was able to shoot extremely well in this queer posture, but he was exposed to the danger of mistaking his target. The trouble occurred at his opening shot on the 900 yard range—a bullseye was scored but on the wrong target. His "bull" was a genuine *Irish bull*, and it lost by one point one of the greatest rifle matches.

Strange to say, a similar misfortune occurred to Mr. Milner sometime previous when shooting at the Wimbledon (England) range.

An item of further interest concerning Colonel Milner and one of special significance as an indication of how long a rifleman may retain his powers is found in the fact that he won at Bisley, in 1908, during the Olympic Matches, the Thousand Yard Championship of the World, shooting from the same back position.

Capt. K. K. V. Casey was second in this match, which Colonel Milner won with the beautiful score of 98 out of a possible 100. The conditions of the match being 20 shots, any rifle, any position, at 1,000 yards. He was shooting a match rifle with a British Service barrel, Mannlicher action, fitted with a Maurice Blood telescopic sight. This sight had a lens well forward on the barrel in a tube, while the rear lens was mounted back of the receiver on the butt.

THE EFFORT WAS TOO GREAT.

WE published last year with much pleasure and satisfaction a contribution from a scientific friend which proved conclusively that various centrifugal and other singular and unique devices for hurling myriads of bullets in no time at all were, to put it gently and mildly, of doubtful value.

As regularly as the landlord collects his rent, with as much certitude as one could expect from the surest thing in the world, which we suppose is that a woman will pat her side hair when she takes off her hat, is it that the perennial inventor will crop up with his wonderful gun of guns, to fire so many bullets you cannot count them in such a little length of time that the second hand of a watch will not mark it.

One more inventor in New York has just finished. A Metropolitan daily says that on the night before he died he assured his son-in-law that his invention would surely be accepted by the Government and that it would put out of business every form of created device for propelling missiles through the air.

It is not impossible that some day there may be a way to do this thing, which now seems impossible. But between the doing of it and the allegation that it can be done there stretches a wide gulf which so far has only been bridged by the exaggerated statements of over enthusiastic and misled men.

THE .25 CALIBER HIGH POWER RIFLE.

BY N. H. ROBERTS.

FOR many years the writer has been searching for a rifle that just suited his particular purpose, and during these years all the various calibers made in America have been tried, as well as several of foreign make.

The special requirements of the rifle desired were: First, exceptional accuracy; second, high velocity and very flat trajectory; third, the bullet used must be procurable on the open market at low cost, or must be easily made by hand without the use of an expensive set of dies and swages; fourth, the rifle should be safe to use in farming communities for shooting woodchucks, foxes, etc. The preference was for a single shot rifle with an action that should be amply strong so as to be perfectly safe with very high chamber pressures. Rifle to be under ten pounds weight and fitted with telescope sight.

At first thought it would seem that it is a very easy matter to find a rifle combining the above requirements. I thought so at first; but the search for this rifle has been long, very interesting and instructive. Therefore, I persisted in the search until now, like Pythagoras, I can say, "Eureka! I have found it!" And IT is the .25 caliber high power rifle.

The larger calibers such as the .38-55, 35, 33, 32-40, 32-30 Remington, and .32-20 were tried successively and discarded as not fulfilling the requirements. Next the .25-20, .25-21, 25-25, and 25-35 were tried, and while in many ways they proved superior to the larger calibers, they were still lacking in velocity, flat trajectory and accuracy at ranges of 100 yards and over. The .28-30 Stevens, which had then just appeared on the market, was next tried, found to be superior to any other caliber that I had tried thus far, and has been my pet caliber for six or eight years. It has proved very accurate and reliable; a good killer for the special cast bullets that I finally adopted, and while the trajectory and velocity with my special loads is very good, it was still lacking in that respect.

About two years ago Mr. A. O. Niedner and Mr. L. Lewis, of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, perfected the .22 caliber high power rifle that has proved to possess all the above requirements except the third. The .22 caliber high power rifle is certainly a very fine shooting arm, possessing great velocity (more than 3000 foot seconds) and very flat trajectory, as those who have followed the development of this gun can testify. The only objection that I found to this caliber, is that one must have an expensive set of dies and mould (costing as much as some rifles) with which to make the bullets.

A number of years ago when using the 25-21 rifle, I remarked to a friend that I would like to have a single shot rifle, with nickel steel barrel, chambered for the Krag shell necked down to .25 caliber, cut with a 12 or 14 inch twist to use the regular 86 grain metal cased bullet and a good charge of high pressure smokeless powder.

In November, 1910, I commenced corresponding with Mr. A. O. Niedner, Malden, Mass., in regard to rechambering a Stevens .25-25 nickel steel barrel that I had, to take the Krag shell necked down to .25 caliber and to use the regular 86 grain metal cased bullet as turned out by the factories.

Early in December, Mr. Niedner wrote me that he was prepared to re-chamber my barrel as I desired, and I at once sent him the barrel and my Stevens No. 47 action. He case-hardened the breech-block, vented it so as to make it safe in case a primer burst, and re-chambered the barrel for the cartridge.

He also necked down 200 Krag shells of F. A. make to fit the chamber.

Those who know of Mr. Niedner's work can testify that there is no one in the United States who can turn out more accurate and perfect work in this line. Being an expert rifleman, as well as an expert mechanic, he knows what is right theoretically and practically, in all matters pertaining to rifles, and never allows any work to go out of his shop that is not fully up to his very high standard of accurate and perfect workmanship.

Each rifle that Mr. Niedner makes is an individual unit by itself. Every part must fit just right. Every chamber that he cuts must be just right to the ten-thousandth part of an inch before he will let it go out. He does all the work himself, and intrusts none of it to assistants, who might be careless.

This accurate and careful workmanship is wherein Mr. Niedner's work excels and is the chief reason why his barrels, or rifles, shoot so accurately.

On December 10th, my rifle was ready to test and I went to the Walnut Hill range with Mr. Niedner to see the rifle shot from machine rest. It was a very cold, winter day, a strong wind was blowing across the range; a bad time for fine shooting.

Mr. Niedner did not, of course, know just what charge of powder, or what kind, would shoot best in my rifle. However, he prepared cartridges loaded with 19, 25 and 30 grains Lightning smokeless, and 30 grains of 1909 Military smokeless. All were loaded with the 86 grain Winchester metal cased, soft point bullets just as they came from the store, and every charge of powder was weighed on very accurate physicians' scales.

Six groups were shot at 50 yards from machine rest, and four of these groups are shown herewith. The third and fifth groups, having but five



GROUP NO. 1.

Group No. 1. First ten shots at 50 yards from machine rest on December 10, 1910 with .25 caliber high power rifle, 25 grains of Lightning, and 86 grain soft point bullet. Group No. 2 same as No. 1.



GROUP NO. 2.



GROUP NO. 4.

Group No. 4. Ten shots at 50 yards from machine rest; 7½ U. M. C. primer; 19 grains of Lightning, 86 grain bullet.

Group No. 6. Same as No. 4, except that 30 grains of Lightning was used.



GROUP NO. 6.

shots each, are not shown, but are as good as the others or better. It will be seen that, weather conditions considered, these groups are remarkably fine for the first trial of a new rifle, and both Mr. Niedner and myself felt certain that when just the right powder charge was found, the rifle would make one-inch groups at 100 yards regularly. That was what I was searching for, and we both felt greatly pleased with this first test of the .25 caliber high power.

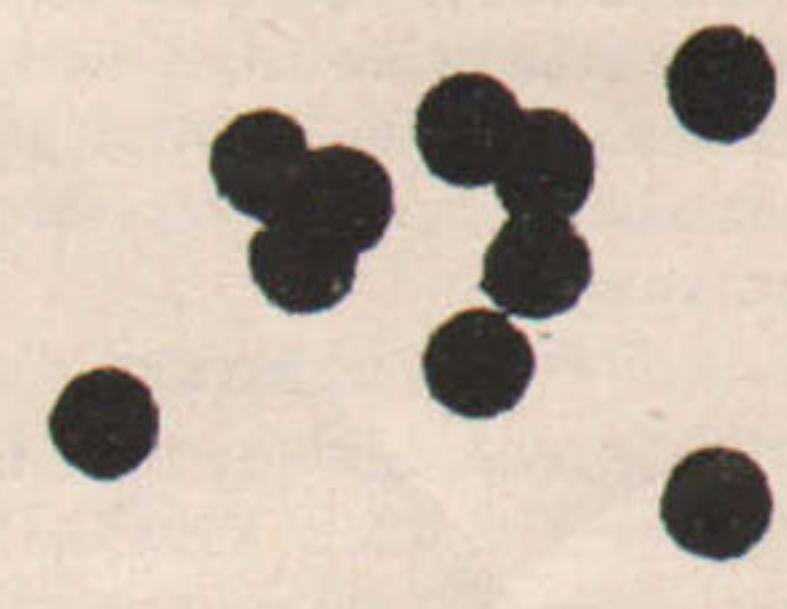
Since that date I have shot about 500 or 600 cartridges from this rifle, most of which have been at 100 yards rest, on cold, winter days, all shot out in an open field, with no shelter over the rest or shooter. Those who have tried this know that these are not the best of conditions for fine shooting. However, the targets made with this rifle are so much better than I have ever been able to make with any other rifle, under the same conditions, that I feel confident that the .25 caliber high power rifle is the best and finest shooting rifle now made. That is a strong statement, I know; but look at the targets. Do they not prove this assertion? If not, just show us a rifle that will do any better under these conditions.

Mr. Niedner has made for himself a .25 high power Winchester rifle and has shot some remarkably fine groups at all ranges including 200 yards. With this is shown a group of ten shots at 50 yards, machine rest, by Mr. Niedner. It will be seen that the entire ten shots can be nearly covered by the head of the Krag shell, and is the very finest group of ten shots that I have ever seen made at that range with any caliber or make of rifle. Dr. Mann, author of "The Bullets Flight from Powder to Target," says that this group could not be better, and I think the reader will agree with him.

Some groups made by Mr. Niedner, at 100 yards, machine rest, are also shown and these were all shot under bad weather conditions: the weather was cold and considerable wind was blowing across the range when the groups were shot.



Ten shots at 100 yards from machine rest, by A. O. Niedner, on December 24 with 7½ U. M. C. primer, 21½ grains of Lightning, and 86 grain baseband bullet.



Ten shots at 200 yards from machine rest, by A. O. Niedner, on January 18, with .25 caliber high power Winchester-Niedner rifle, 7½ U. M. C. primer, 28 grains of Lightning and 86 grain baseband bullet.

The targets that I have shot at 100 yards rest have been very uniform, and may be regarded as the average shooting of this rifle, under adverse weather conditions. With better weather conditions, I am confident that I can make one-inch groups quite regularly at this range, shooting with muzzle rest and telescope sight, of course.

As yet, I have shot but a few scores with the .25 H. P. rifle at 200 yards. My first trial with this rifle at this range, was on February 22. It was a cold, winter day and a 12 mile wind blew from 9 o'clock. I shot in the sitting position, out of doors, and fired fifty shots, all of which were inside the seven ring of the Standard American target. Of the fifty shots, just forty were bulls, and I considered that very good shooting indeed, for me, under the conditions.

On March 11th, I made my first trial of this rifle at 200 yards muzzle rest. It was a nice, spring day, our range was covered with snow and ice which was fast melting in the warm sun. There was no wind and every condition was favorable for fine shooting. I shot a few cartridges to get the rifle warmed up and to get the correct elevation, and then shot a ten shot group on a new target center. This group is shown, and it will be seen that it measures just two inches from center to center of the outer shots. I shot four ten shot groups that afternoon, with different kinds of powder and various charge and the poorest group measured just 3 1/4 inches.

I have never, during my experience as a rifleman, taken a new rifle to the 200 yards range and secured as fine shooting as this on the first trial. With all other calibers that I have ever tried, it has been necessary to spend several days—often several months—experimenting with various loads in order to get a charge that would do as good shooting as this .25 H. P. rifle has done on the first trial.

Mr. Niedner has also made many fine groups and scores at 200 yards, machine rest, with his .25 H. P. rifle, and his one best ten shot group shown. It will be seen that the group is particularly fine. Just place a dime on it and you will see that seven of the bullet holes can be nearly covered by the dime, and when a rifle will shoot so accurately that seven out of ten shots will hit a dime at 200 measured yards, you will realize that it is "some shooting." Again, like the Greek philosopher, I feel like saying; "Eureka I have found it." Mr. Niedner's best score at 200 yards off hand to date is as follows: 23, 22, 25, 23, 24, 24, 24, 24, 20, 19, total 228 out of a possible 250. This was shot at the Walnut Hill Range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The machine rest shooting was also done on the same range.



Scores of 243, 241, and 243, respectively, at 100 yards rest with .25 caliber high power rifle, 8 power Stevens telescope, Frankford Arsenal primer, 28 grains 1909 Military, 86 grain bullet.

Mr. Niedner has made several rifles of this caliber for Western hunters, who report that this is the very best caliber they have ever seen for such game as wolves, mountain lion, lynx, and any game except grizzly, moose and elk. I have no doubt that the 25 H. P. rifle will kill moose and elk a deal better than the much vaunted 30-30, since the 25 H. P. has about 1000 foot seconds greater velocity. It should, therefore, be even more effective on the grizzly than the 30-30. However, when I go after grizzly I want a young cannon, like the English 500 or 600 caliber cordite rifle.

Dr. F. W. Mann has done much to perfect the .25 H. P. rifle, as will be learned from his book. From the information that I have received, and from what the doctor has written me, I judge that this .25 H. P. has been his pet caliber, or rifle, for two or three years. He has had dies made for making a 100 grain metal cased bullet, which he prefers to the 86 grain. Dr. Mann has used this caliber one or two seasons for woodchuck shooting, and from what he has written me and Mr. Niedner has told me about the matter I judge that the doctor regards this as the best rifle that he has ever found for such shooting. Those who have tried woodchuck shooting know that a very accurate shooting rifle, with very flat trajectory, is required. The head or shoulder of a woodchuck is a very small mark to hit at 150 or 200 yards, and often not all of the head or shoulder is visible at that. I am informed that last summer Dr. Mann and a party spent two weeks in Ver-

gentlemen decided that there was no sport in shooting 'chucks at less than 100 yards; in fact they decided that it was taking a mean advantage of the 'chuck to fire at it at distances under 100 yards.

In shooting woodchucks with this rifle, the 'chuck is seen through the telescope, and when the man decides to fire, the 'chuck is seen to drop almost before one can realize that he has touched the trigger, as on account of the extremely high velocity the bullet travels the short distance like 150 or 200 yards before one can hardly realize it.

Another nice feature of this 25 H. P. is that there is no danger from glancing bullets, even in thickly settled farming communities. The very high velocity of this light bullet causes it to go to pieces on striking the ground after passing through the 'chuck; hence, there is no lead to fly a half mile and injure some one.

I have tried many times to glance a bullet from my 25 H. P. rifle, and the only way that I have found to do it is to shoot the rifle very near the surface of the water, as one would throw a stone to make it "skip". This bullet fired onto the sloping surface of a flat rock, did not glance off into the air as any other bullet would, but was smashed all to pieces on the rock.

As the cartridge used in this rifle has the bullet seated in the shell, it is a practical cartridge for hunting as well as target use. The great velocity and splendid accuracy of this 25 H. P. rifle places it in the first class as an all around arm. The ammunition is easily prepared by any careful rifleman, the bullet used can be bought for \$3.50 a thousand and the trouble of casting bullets done away with.

The ammunition is cheap, so that a man feels that he can afford to shoot all he wants to with this rifle, and is not throwing away five cents every time he pulls the trigger, as he is when using the excellent new Springfield. The rifle gives no trouble from metal fouling, and cleans easily.

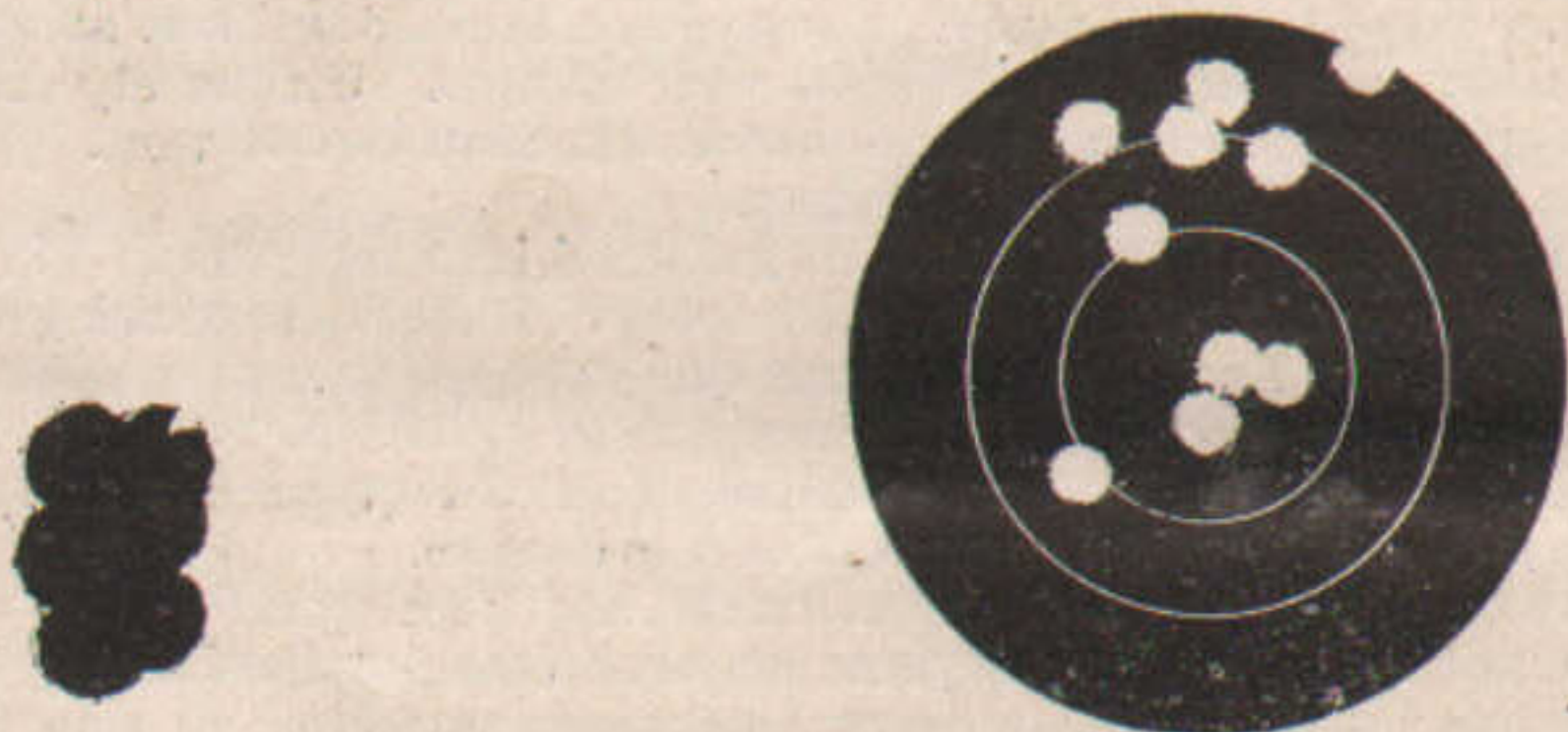
My 25 H. P. rifle has been shot fully 700 times, has never been treated with the metal fouling "dope" and is perfectly free from metal fouling. Of course the metal jacket used on the .25 caliber bullet is made of copper, plated with tin, is much thinner than the jacket on the bullet used in the new Springfield, and has a higher velocity than the new Springfield bullet. Therefore it would seem that the .25 H. P. should show some metal fouling; but Dr. Mann, Mr. Niedner and I can testify that it does not metal foul. Why doesn't it metal foul?

Ask Dr. Mann; perhaps he can tell you. I have my own idea about this matter, but do not care to put it in print. Of one thing I am certain: that is, I believe this .25 H. P. rifle is the "crank's own rifle." If you have never yet found a rifle that just suits you, try this caliber and I am confident you will not be disappointed in it.

AN UNAUTHORIZED POSITION.

ORDNANCE SERGT. W. F. LEUSHNER, 74th Infantry, National Guard of New York, known to our readers as an International Team member and high man on the 1908 Olympic World's Champion Team, has written to us as follows:

"For the benefit of a number of your readers, kindly give us a ruling as to permissible modifications of the sitting position in rifle fire, as construed



Ten shots at 50 yards from machine rest by A. O. Niedner, on March 4, with .25 caliber high power Winchester-Niedner rifle, 7 1/2 U. M. C. primer, 25 grains Lightning, 86 grain soft point base band bullet.

Ten shot score of 114, at 200 yards rest, on Standard American rest target, by N. H. Roberts, on March 11, with .25 caliber high power Stevens-Niedner rifle, 8 power-Stevens telescope, using 7 1/2 U. M. C. primer, 30 grains 1909 Military, 86 1/2 grain soft point bullet.

mont shooting woodchucks and all these gentlemen used the .25 H. P. rifle.

They adopted a rule that any one of the party who should shoot a woodchuck at less than 100 yards, should pay a fine of \$1.00. My informant says that it was quite strange to see one of the men with his rifle in hand in the field walking away from a 'chuck before shooting it, so as not to get fined one dollar. With other rifles, men always walk toward the 'chuck before shooting, but with this rifle the 'chuck has so little chance that the

by the War Department under U. S. Regulations For Small Arms Firing.

Is the position allowed in which the left hand does not grasp the rifle, but the piece rests on the left elbow? Enclosed I send a print showing the usual position in Match firing."

Upon referring this question to the Adjutant General of the Army for a ruling it was returned with the information "That the position assumed by the individual as shown by the photograph is not authorized by the Provisional Small Arms Firing Manual, 1909."

EVIL INSPIRATION.

JUDGE LANDIS, of Chicago has once more turned the page of a muck-raking magazine when he should have thumbed a law book or consulted his own common sense.

His gratuitous allegation that the Army recruiting circulars are buncombe and sham and his statement that soldiers who are lured to adventurous service by bright promises are occupied in menial tasks sounds like a stray leaf from those untrue and unjust articles lately appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*.

It is thus seen how a little exaggeration or misstatement may do much harm. No man in authority, no public official occupying a position so prominent as that of a United States Judge can say such things as Judge Landis has said without doing harm. Fortunately the damage is of a temporary character and must pass as does all error, fault and wrong with the passage of time.

TRYING TO KILL A KITE.

THE Navy Department in its endeavor to learn more of offensive and defensive possibilities of an air action has, in addition to experiments with high angle guns, decided upon the use of box kites as targets.

The purpose is expressed to tow those behind fast cruisers while guns from other ships are trained upon them.

The box kite probably resembles more closely than anything else an *airp* and no operator within it is necessary to keep it afloat. The objection of course is that the height at which the kite may be flown is limited by the length of line it will carry and that there is less speed.

The *airp* of accepted type easily develops from fifty to one hundred miles an hour. The box kite can only travel as fast as the cruiser which tows it, yet it should be possible to simulate flight and by means of the kite learn many things which our modern artillerists both on land and sea must know if they are to be equipped to successfully wage war against enemies who approach airward.

The necessity for more careful study of this subject, more extensive experimentation is at once evident if the time, attention and expense devoted to it by foreign countries are considered.

The United States is unmistakably behind every other nation in its *airp* progress, that is so far as the Government is concerned. This is a singular circumstance, in view of the fact that the first successful vessels for transit of the air were conceived by American brains and constructed by American hands.

So far the American Congress seems to have been more alive to the tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum of party politics than the vital question of how best the country shall be equipped to meet, great, and beat such foes as may come not by land or sea, but through the air.

The Signal Corps of the Army is deeply interested in the subject and such progress is being made both in the Army and Navy as is possible in view of the niggardly attitude of Congress. Doubtless time will remove this impediment.

But it may well be that time will also have brought a war in which our need shall be great and our condition critical, through lack of preparation for aerial combat, before the slow moving and apparently indifferent lawmakers shall have yielded to the respectful representations of our military authorities.

THE BULLET'S FLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHED.

WE recently made mention of the invention of a Berlin medical man a professor of the Berlin Military Academy, whose experiments with a motion picture machine have displayed some interesting information on the subject of firearms. A cable dispatch gives further information on more recent observations and experiments, which have to deal with the actual flight of the bullet. It is said that a bladder suspended and full of water allows of some very interesting experiments.

A bullet, fired at the object, is seen approaching, traveling at a rate of speed of one thousand feet a second, but the picture shows it moving quite deliberately. In front of the bullet, extending a long way above and below, is a dim line, showing a sort of wave, such as is seen at the prow of a vessel moving rapidly through the water. Behind the bullet is seen scattered grains of unburned powder, and traveling more slowly still comes the wad.

The bullet enters the bladder and disappears inside, a little water spouting from the hole it makes. Something like a finger seems to push the bladder outward into a long tube, and then it opens and lets out the bullet, which gradually travels away. The tube does not at once collapse as its form is maintained by the stream of water which follows the projectile.

Unconsciously the mind runs back to our own experimenter on the flight of a bullet, Dr. Mann, author of the "Bullet's Flight from Powder

to Target." It is quite certain that some interesting observations and further data regarding the bullet's flight would be forthcoming if the doctor would procure one of these moving picture machines and photograph the bullet as it leaves the muzzle of an unvented barrel. Bullets of perfect and imperfect bases could be used both in vented and unvented barrels. It seems reasonable to suppose that if such a series of experiments were made the question of whether a vented barrel is really capable of all that is claimed for it might have more light shed upon it.

TO CUT THE WIRE.

AMONG those articles of equipment now considered indispensably part of the soldier's fighting complement are wire cutters. An acknowledged and definite part of every well planned scheme of defence, where sufficient time is available, is a barbed wire entanglement to protect against surprise and to embarrass and harass an enemy. Usually these wires must be cut before progress can be made. Wire cutters are provided for the purpose, but inventive genius is attempting to supply other ways to accomplish the same result.

A man has lately brought out a device which has the cutter attached to the bayonet in such a way that thrusting the rifle forward will cause the steel jaws of the wire shears to come together and thus sever the strand.

Another fertile brain has conceived the plan of putting projecting fingers on the end of the rifle which will conduct the muzzle to a point where the wire is stretched straight across it, then a pull on the trigger and the exit of the bullet means good-bye to the impediment.

Both schemes should be of some use under varying circumstances. Of course the last would be impossible of employment during an approach intended to be a secret one.

BY MOVING PICTURES.

While good reports are coming back from San Antonio and every one here is scanning the newspapers for further news, Secretary of War Dickinson, General Wood, General Murray and other prominent officers of the Army have had the pleasure of seeing at almost first hand something of what the men are doing in Texas.

A moving picture show on Pennsylvania Avenue had some really good films, which many Washington people, who never otherwise enter a dispensary of canned camp life, visited for the particular purpose of getting an idea of how our troops look at their work.

The effect was good, because officers and men had a very workmanlike appearance, entirely in keeping with what one should be able to expect of an American professional soldier.

BATTLES WON IN BASEMENTS.

MAN born of woman is of few days and most of them wasted. But the time of the man who wrote the screed which follows and which originally occurred in the columns of the *Minneapolis Daily News* was not wasted.

More vigor to his brain, more strength to his pen.

100,000 more like him and we could tell the enemies of our country to go where they belong with some confidence of either being obeyed, or receiving acknowledgment of our power to preserve peace by compelling them to go.

"A dozen men get together in a basement in Minneapolis twice a week. Lying "belly buster" on dusty mattresses, they shoot with .22 caliber rifles at paper targets 75 feet away. Somewhere, half a continent away other men in another basement, are facing similar targets. Ultimately scores will be exchanged by mail—and a rifle match has been lost or won.

Not a particularly heroic picture.

A line of dusty men in khaki is flattened into the grass. Their rifles are talking to a similar line half a mile away. Bullets are kicking up the dust around them. From time to time one goes home and another American soldier has "paid that last, full measure of devotion." But the fire of the opposing line grows feebler, it bursts from the grass—an army in retreat before a fire too deadly for mortal men to endure.

A victory, perhaps a decisive battle, has been won.

But the victory was not won on that blood-stained firing line. That battle was fought in those dingy basements scattered all over the country where full-grown men squibbed off boys' rifles in sport.

Perhaps a melodramatic picture, but it shows the higher significance of what such organizations as the Minneapolis Rifle and Revolver club is doing. There is a patriotic purpose, seldom expressed, perhaps only dimly felt, back of this and similar organizations which makes them a valuable part of the civic organizations of the community.

This organization, scarcely a year old and still struggling for existence, is worthy the admiration and the support of the city. Not only is it training men to fulfill efficiently an important duty of American citizenship, but it is also making them better men—men of deliberate purpose, of controlled nerves and of a high sense of fair play—for the history of the sport is full of matches lost because some shooter refused to take an unfair advantage.

Perhaps you are one who might serve his country, and find sport in doing it, by joining such an organization."

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.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY PREVENTED WAR.

The administration has at last taken the country into its full confidence. As was surmised, the reasons for sending the troops to the Mexican border, the Navy along the shores of that country and the Marines to convenient southern ports, were entirely sufficient.

If common report, generally believed in though denied by the Government, is accepted our very friendly friends the Japanese, came very near to success in their attempt to get a foothold on the American Continent. It is a waste of good ink and white paper to spend any more time telling the readers of ARMS AND THE MAN what the Japanese intend to do and will do if with or without Japanese help the fates so move that a propitious moment is found.

What an illuminating side light is thrown upon the situation by the remarks of various German gentlemen who find the present situation anything but an encouraging one for peace, either from the standpoint of America or Japan.

Since before the United States acquired the Philippine Islands the government of Emperor Wilhelm has looked upon these far off islands with covetous eyes. Japan would be a good monkey to pluck this chestnut from the fire. Therefore some tantalizing and aggravating observations from time to time; also a probability that Japan might not find it so difficult to finance a war against the United States as many optimistic Americans seem to think.

The southern situation has its compensations. Some of them we have previously stated. For instruction purposes sending the troops to the Mexican border is worth more than it will cost, that cost being only the transportation charges.

The Army, being a good army as far as it goes, the effect upon the people of the country will be beneficial because they will more fully realize the merits of the Army we have and more clearly understand how little there is of it, after the publicity given its recent activities.

Could the most ardent advocate of a reasonable military policy have hoped for a better opportunity to point out the value of military preparation than that offered by the recent Mexican incident?

Here we have a country lying at our very doors; one immediately adjacent not only to our own southern border line, but one very close to the Panama Canal, at once the most vulnerable and valuable of our outlying possessions. We have a possibility of that country entering into a secret treaty with a nation whose interests are known to be hostile to ours in all those lands that abut upon the Pacific.

Moving an army to the Mexican border and rallying ships and marines close to her shores made the Mexican coon come down before Uncle Sam

had to shoot. But would the coon have been so easily persuaded to proceed earthward if Uncle Sam's hands had been tied behind his back with the cord of no Army and no Navy?

We have a Navy, but one not large enough. There is an Army that in some ways is a magnificent force but there is not anywhere near enough of it. What we have was sufficient in this case, thank God, to prevent war and avoid the loss of the lives and property of thousands of Americans.

If there had been no Navy or such an one as existed twenty years ago, if we had been without an Army or our Army had been like that of two decades since, this nation today might be involved in a bloody and terrible war with Mexico and Japan.

And you say why?

Because to protect American interests President Taft would have been compelled when he learned it to tell the American people all there was about the situation, and the American people—ever extremely touchy where their rights are concerned—would have clamored so loudly for a war to punish those interested that the Administration could not have withstood the force of that overwhelming public opinion.

A war might have resulted, and a war in which the brave but useless, because untrained, Americans might have been pitted against the seasoned millions of well trained veterans of Japan.

There is a sufficient argument in the recent incident, when the truth of it is disclosed, to answer a thousand years of protestations by peace advocates, that preparation for war is not a way to preserve peace.

PROFESSIONALISM IN RIFLE AND PISTOL SHOOTING.

The following is a letter lately received:

"I noticed in the editorial columns of your March issue, a most excellent article on 'Professionalism a Pressing Problem.' It occurs to me that it would be a splendid idea to obtain an expression from well-known riflemen in the United States as to how they feel in this matter. Their ideas will certainly be interesting and will no doubt govern largely any action which might be taken toward the 'separation' of the professional and amateur shooters.

The matter of barring professional trap shooters from competing for sweepstakes and prizes with the amateur, came up for active discussion a number of years ago and on January 17, 1898, the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trap Shooting decided, at its annual meeting, to bar paid men and manufacturers' agents.

In fact, they decided to bar anyone connected with a firm that manufactured powder, guns, shells, ammunition, and targets or traps, where such representatives were enabled to practice at their Company's expense. The ruling, however, was not to be extended to the Annual Grand American Handicap event at 100 targets.

Since that meeting, thirteen years ago, that rule has been in effect and the Interstate Association has grown and developed to a marvellous degree.

Of course, there were arguments presented by the 'professional' side but there was no real argument and no argument with a sensible foundation could be introduced that would allow a paid representative who advertises his principals' goods to shoot against an amateur—the man he is trying to make a customer.

I firmly believe that if the professional rifle shooter be not allowed to participate in money prizes, etc., with the amateur that our rifle matches would bring out a greater number of amateur shooters. Let the professional shooters shoot for records or against each other, if they so desire, but for the good of the sport, keep them from winning the amateur's money."

What this writer says is known to many of us to be true. One of the reasons often given why rifle and pistol shooting have not taken a greater hold upon the people is the deterring influence which professionalism exerts.

We hear complaint from many directions by rifle and pistol men about the cost of shooting, but the money they spend in this behalf compared to that which the ordinary trap shooter burns up in shells is nominal.

There must be some other reason than that which appears upon the surface why these sports are not popular, because we must admit it as a fact that rifle and revolver shooting as sports do not compare in the slightest degree in popularity with shotgun shooting.

In an article printed last week Mr. Silliman of New York made some observations, we think somewhat too caustically, although evidently intended in good part, about the remarks of Mr. Crossman, of St. Louis.

Mr. Silliman under a misapprehension sought to belittle the opinion expressed by Mr. Crossman, because it apparently was put forward anonymously. This is the fault of the present writer, the editor of ARMS AND THE MAN. Mr. Crossman's letter was a personal one to him. He assumed the

responsibility of making certain extracts from the letter and publishing them, but he did not feel authorized in using Mr. Crossman's name without his consent. However, Mr. Crossman makes his own answer over his own signature in *ARMS AND THE MAN* of this week. There was also reference in Mr. Silliman's contribution to an editorial in this paper.

There is no reason for any one to grow heated or angry or excited in discussing this question. It either is, or is not right for professionals and amateurs to contest constantly against each other, in rifle and revolver shooting. If it is right, very well; it shall go on. If it is wrong then very ill. It shall be changed.

We apprehend that every man honestly interested in rifle and pistol shooting desires the same thing; that is, greater interest in these two magnificent sports and more and more shooters every day.

Even the men who make their living directly by shooting the rifle and pistol, of whom there are very few, would, so far as we know, all be willing to assist to establish professional and amateur classes if they were sure the separation would advance the causes of rifle and pistol shooting.

The professional shot must not be driven out of the game. We want him always; for his knowledge, his skill, his ability to teach others, and last but not least for his good fellowship. Most of us know a greater or less number of professional shots and all will agree that these men are as a class extremely fine fellows.

No division of classes should be considered which would operate to eliminate the professional shot from the great championships. But even in these provision should be made for tyro winners.

The question can no longer be set aside. Let us talk it over among ourselves, remembering always that the desire of all enthusiasts is to accomplish the same end. It would be a short sighted and poor sort of professional or friend of a professional who would object to a plan for popularizing rifle and pistol shooting, even at some personal inconvenience or loss, if it seemed plain that benefit to the sport would be sure to follow a change.

If there be any who can bring forward arguments bearing upon the establishment of professional or amateur classes in rifle and pistol shooting we shall be glad to have these arguments and to publish them, whether for or against, provided always they are good natured and that the writers do not indulge in personalities.

Let us have a very friendly and free discussion of the whole subject so that we may be in a position to express an intelligent opinion for ourselves and to know something of what other men think when these matters are presented to the National Rifle Association of America and the United States Revolver Association for determination.

MARINES PRAISED.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY WINTHROP has sent the following special letter of commendation to the Commandant of the Marine Corps:

"In view of the efficient and rapid mobilization of the provisional regiments of marines recently dispatched to Guantanamo and San Diego, all detachments having been embarked in the transports in a shorter time than had been anticipated, the department takes pleasure in congratulating the Marine Corps on having maintained its past record for readiness for service."

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION NOTES.

WITH the beginning of warmer weather and the opening of the shooting season many applications from newly organized rifle clubs for affiliation are being received in the office of the National Rifle Association. Among those are the Madison Rifle & Revolver Club, Madison, Minn., the Whitefish Rifle Club, Whitefish, Mont., the Redlands Rifle Club, Redlands, Cal., and the Northwest Rifle Club, Loyalton, So. Dak.

It will be seen that most of the rifle shooting activity lies in the West there being very few new clubs organized in the East and South.

The approach of the dates for firing the intercollegiate indoor and outdoor championships has stirred things up somewhat in the college world with the result that several new clubs have been organized in these institutions. Applications have lately been received from the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., Clemson Agricultural College, South Carolina, College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., and Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

New Life Members seem to be coming in about the same as formerly—although no more circularizing of our millionaires is being done. The fact of the matter is the money spent in printing and postage in trying to secure life members from our millionaires was a losing proposition. It is not this class from which patriotic organizations receive support.

It was noticed that among the applications for life membership received lately are included one from a railroad brakeman, one from a Texas ranchman and another from a Kansas farmer. The letter from the latter applicant is interesting. He said:

"I enclose herewith a check for twenty-five dollars for Life Membership. I may never get a chance to take part in the National Matches, but the above amount may help in an indirect way to encourage someone else to take part in them.

"I am thirty-three years old and weigh about two hundred pounds and am six feet high in my stocking feet. I now have a Marlin rifle, a Savage rifle and a Colts revolver and shoot about three thousand rounds a year, mostly at a target. I wish to procure a new Springfield rifle with a Maxim silencer. I also have a Malcolm, Stevens and Bardou telescope."

Pleasing information has been received by the N. R. A. that the military authorities of the State of Massachusetts have at last decided to recognize requisitions for the purchase of arms and ordnance supplies for members and clubs of the Association.

Ever since Congress passed the law in 1905 authorizing such sales the State of Massachusetts has been the only State in the Union that failed to take advantage of its provisions. The safeguards which the National Rifle Association has placed around such sales was no doubt influential in bringing about this decision.

The collection of famous shooting trophies in the vicinity of the Secretary of War's office has been added to by another one of international fame—the "Dewar" trophy representing the world's championship with the small caliber rifle. It reposes side by side with the "Palma" trophy, emblematic of the world's championship with the Army rifle. There are now no further shooting honors that American rifleman can win unless it should be with big guns.

The "Dewar" trophy is a handsome silver cup of artistic design about thirty inches high, presented by Sir Thomas Dewar, of England. It was won last year by the United States in a contest with Great Britain and Australia. It will remain in the possession of the National Rifle Association of America for one year, when it will again be competed for. Other nations are expected to enter the next competition, but it looks at present as though the United States will not compete this year, on account of the match taking place in the summer when our indoor galleries are closed.

THE QUESTION OF A HEAVIER GUN FOR FIELD ARTILLERY AND OF AUTOMATIC RIFLES FOR INFANTRY.

BY MAJ. T. BENTLEY MOTT, 4th Field Artillery, Military Attache, Paris France.

IN the number of the *Journal des Sciences Militaires*, of September 15, 1910, the editor has the following interesting remarks to make on the subject of recent armaments put into service, ordered to be manufactured, or in course of study in several foreign countries.

First in interest, if not in importance, comes the subject of heavy Field Artillery. It is a question which has been treated by the most distinguished artillerymen from very different points of view. Some have set to work to show that Field Artillery, presumably of the present 3-inch caliber, was quite sufficient for any reasonable tasks to be met in campaign, and that to introduce heavy howitzers and long siege-guns was attaining questionable advantages at the expense of mobility and of a dangerous complication of materiel and ammunition. The others have maintained no less vigorously that the present field gun was insufficient to overcome obstacles normally met in modern war and that it was essential to place alongside of it pieces of much higher efficiency.

In France the attitude taken has been somewhat between the two extremes above cited, with a leaning, perhaps, toward the first rather than toward the second. In Germany, on the other hand, there has been a decided march in the direction of heavy guns, and similar divergencies are met in other countries. In observing with more detail what has been done in some of these other countries, it seems highly significant that at the present time Russia and Japan have frankly thrown themselves into the camp of the partisans of a heavy Field Artillery.

Japan has just organized a brigade of heavy Field Artillery composed of two regiments, each of six batteries of four pieces. These are of three different models, designed and constructed in Japan: a 4.7-inch howitzer a 5.7 inch howitzer and a long gun of 4.1-inch whose range is more than 6 miles, using percussion shell, and 5.6 miles with a time shell. The last detail is quite characteristic. It is desired to have not merely a powerful weapon for the attack of field works, but one with which the enemy can be seriously annoyed at a very great distance, a distance, indeed, which at first sight would seem to

ensure merely a waste of ammunition. Nevertheless, one should hesitate before forming an opinion on this subject, for it is very possible that certain situations in the Manchurian War—and no one can say that these will not be reproduced—have pushed the Japanese artillerymen to the decision which they have taken. In fact, we know that the Japanese gunners frequently found themselves unable to answer the Russian fire as their Artillery was inferior in range, and nobody, not even a Japanese, likes to receive blows which he cannot answer.

In arriving at their decision the Japanese seem willing to accept considerable complication. They have provided three pieces of three different calibers for the heavy Field Artillery alone, each of these of the rapid fire type, hydraulic brake, spring return, screw breech-block of rapid movement, telescopic sights, laying arrangements, etc.

With regard to what has been done in the same line in Russia we have less precise information, and their new armament seems not so far advanced as is that of their former adversary. The military periodicals give very few details and the daily press merely informs us that, conformably to the wishes expressed in the Duma, every effort at present will be concentrated upon the heavy Field Artillery, the execution of a large program involving siege material having been postponed to a later date.

The following seems to be the situation as far as it can be made out from the above sources of information: a 4.8-inch howitzer has been adopted and the Putiloff Works are now making a considerable number of these pieces. It seems difficult to make out exactly what the model of this howitzer is. It seems that the Russians first tried a model of their own; than they turned rather hurriedly to a Krupp model. This model presented difficulties of construction, or else it was later recognized as inferior to another foreign type which followed in the experiments. The Austrian press has designated this howitzer as the 4.8-inch model of 1909, which leads us to suppose that it is a model made by Schneider of Creusot. The Putiloff Works are also constructing a number of light howitzers of 6-inch caliber; these, without any doubt, on Creusot's plans. The adoption of this model was decided upon after severe comparative trials resulting in the triumph of the French type.

Finally, a 4.2-inch gun of great range and power, designed by Schneider of Creusot, was adopted after competitive trials. The pieces of this model will be furnished partly by the Creusot Works and partly by Russian industry.

Whether these details be exact or not, there is enough certainty in all of this news to make it exceedingly interesting. Both Russia and Japan have definitely adopted a heavy Field Artillery, comprising not only howitzers, but long, high-power guns. These must not be confused with Artillery of position or garrison Artillery. We are concerned with field-pieces destined for mobile forces and for the offensive. As far as the Japanese are concerned, there can be no question as to the exactness of this information, and as regards Russia, the bill passed by the Duma definitely postponing a purely defensive program would seem to leave no doubt whatever as to the destination of the new heavy pieces which have been appropriated for in Russia.

The famous Maréchal de Saxe once wrote: "Nothing will be impossible when heavy guns can move as fast as hussars." It may be that Russia and Japan have found the solution of the problem which the illustrious Marshal advanced and which he only saw as a dream.

* * * * *

A new rifle for Infantry seems to be the order of the day in more than one country, and very recently we have heard much about it in France. It is true it was a political question which brought it up rather than a military problem, but the fact remains that it is still with us. Much ink has begun to flow already on this subject, and there seems little doubt that in the near future a great deal more will be used, perhaps without very great result. France at least has a project for a new gun—an automatic one. England has hers also and she has made it public. It is the brother of ours, or at least a cousin. Other countries have shown themselves a little more reserved, but study on this subject is none the less continuing, while each carefully watches what the neighbor is doing. Up to the present Mexico alone has taken a decisive step in adopting definitely the Mondragon automatic rifle.

We may be perfectly sure that as soon as a first-class military power follows this example the rush will become general; each will want her automatic rifle, just as she wanted her rapid-fire field-gun. It will then be no longer a question of how many millions it will cost, for bitter necessity will silence every consideration except that of public safety. This does not at all mean that in the eyes of the best informed men public safety is dependent upon the possession of a superior weapon. The example of the war of 1870 is sufficient to prove the contrary. Nevertheless, it would be puerile to deny the unfortunate influence exercised upon the soldier's morale by the conviction that he is worse armed than his enemy. It is for this reason that all countries, while trying by every means to put off the expensive day, are nevertheless preparing, and in general quite without enthusiasm, to do the thing when the time comes.

It is easy to comprehend the hesitancy of those upon whom rests the responsibility of so important a decision. Leaving aside the question of money—and it is far from negligible—they find themselves between the hammer and the anvil; if they decide too quickly they risk accepting a model which may very soon become out of date through the march of improvements; if they wait too long they risk being reasonable for a dangerous condition of inferiority. The first error is exemplified by the adoption of their field-gun by the Germans in 1896; the second, by the situation of the French Field Artillery in 1870; the first brought no serious results; the second aided in a tremendous catastrophe. *Caveant consules * * **
—Journal of the Military Service Institution.

THE WISCONSIN MARKING SYSTEM.

ON OTHER occasions we have commented in ARMS AND THE MAN at some length upon the competitive system of marking in force in Wisconsin. We observe a recent General Order issued from the office of Gen. Charles R. Boardman, the Adjutant General, makes radical changes in the system.

In view of the fact that the new method seems to be original and different from any we have observed in action elsewhere it is reproduced:

"The abandonment of the competitive system of markings at the annual armory inspections is herewith announced.

This action, despite the very successful operation of the system for so many years, has become necessary in order to comply with certain conditions, insisted upon by the War Department, in connection with the inspections.

As a substitute for the old the following new system is announced and will be followed by all concerned:

I. There will be two general groupings of marks for the calendar year as follows:

- (a) On the work at the home station.
 - (b) On the work at the annual encampments.
- The joint maximum value of points for these two groups will be 200.
- II. The marks for the work at the home station will be on the following:
- (a) Average monthly strength.....Value 5
(To be determined from files of enlistments and semi-annual muster rolls filed with the Adjutant General.)
 - (b) Average attendance at drills, inspections, practice marches and schools.....Value 5
(To be determined by monthly drill and inspection reports and officers detailed to verify them.)
 - (c) Number of drills, inspections, practice marches and schools. Value 5
(To be determined by same method as (b).)
 - (d) Administration.....Value 5
(To be determined by promptness, accuracy and neatness with which all required reports, returns and papers are made to the several departments.)
 - (e) Care of Military Property.....Value 5
(To be determined from the required property returns and inspections.)
 - (f) Small Arms Practice.....Value 60
(To be determined from qualifications under Course C as shown by record book turned in at the end of the practice season as at present.

Total..... 85

III. The marks for the work at the annual encampments will be on the following:

- (a) Attendance.....Value 10
- (b) Setting up exercises.....Value 5
- (c) Manual of Arms.....Value 5
- (d) School of the Company (close order).....Value 20
- (e) School of the Company (extended order).....Value 20
- (f) Guard Duty.....Value 10
- (g) Duties of Officers.....Value 15
- (h) Duties of non-commissioned officers.....Value 10
- (i) Military Courtesies and discipline.....Value 10
- (j) Sanitation.....Value 10

Total..... 115

The markings at encampments will be made by all the officers from the United States Army, when any are detailed there. For example, if four officers are on duty the markings of each on each subdivision for each company will be totaled, then divided by four, which result will be the mark of each company. In this way the markings on each subdivision will be the average of the marks of four officers instead of one.

The markings under this system will begin March 1st, 1911, and close December 31st, 1911. Thereafter they will be for the entire calendar year."

AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

By C. C. CROSSMAN.

My good friend Silliman, secretary of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, has secured an aeroplane and threatens to set a new altitude record because of a few notes I sent ARMS AND THE MAN in which it was suggested that there should be some way devised to separate professionals from amateurs in rifle and revolver contests. Had I intended the article he refers to for publication I would have so worded it that those whose knowledge of the subject is limited could have no doubt as to my meaning. It would also have been printed under my name; without any titles, however, as I do not care to call to my assistance different shooting organizations in which I happen to hold office.

To one who has followed shotgun shooting at the traps it seems almost unnecessary to define the word "professional."

Mr. Silliman evidently thinks the Manhattan League team has been assailed. If there was a man on that team who received pay for shooting, either directly or indirectly, the club will get scant credit from the amateurs of the country for the fine showing they made. While it is not intended by the writer to discuss the standing of any certain club or individual Mr. Silliman's article makes it necessary to look into the matter of the Manhattan team and its relation to professionalism.

For some inscrutable reason Mr. Silliman has an idea that because John Dietz—the original and only John, who has won more championships than any man in America—happens to load a few shells for the 71st Regiment he is a professional. He also places Harry Pope, who is nothing more nor less than an expert gunsmith in business for himself, in the same class. That they are not professionals goes without saying. He also states that A. P. Lane is shortly to become a clerk for the Remington-U. M. C. Company. I am informed that he is already in the employ of that company. He tells us, too, that Dr. Hudson works for the Du Pont Powder Company, "in many different lines, but in no case as a professional shooter." Fred Ross, he says, is paid by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company to shoot, and that "Will" Tewes keeps books for the Peters Cartridge Company. According to his idea these men are amateurs. The Interstate Association whose business it is to classify shooters, would if they were shotgun shooters call them professionals.

Can Mr. Silliman explain why Dr. Hudson or Mr. Tewes or Mr. Lane, were employed by powder and ammunition concerns? Was it because they were better chemists or clerks or bookkeepers than ordinary? Did Dr. Hudson's medical training make him valuable to the Du Pont Company? And did Lane's course at Columbia University fit him especially for a position with the Remington-U. M. C. Company?

How many of these men would now be working for powder and ammunition companies if they were not celebrated shots?

Mr. Silliman seems to think we want to exterminate the professional. It is not intended to keep them out of the game nor to bar them from championship matches. Certainly no one would care to win a championship from which anyone had been excluded.

It is quite a different matter when a lot of professionals (men who are employed because they can shoot) are allowed to compete in club or inter-club matches.

When the average reader takes up a paper and reads how such-and-such team with so-and-so's ammunition made a world's record, he naturally thinks that the local club or team, among whom may be some of his friends, are a lot of "dubs."

He has no way of knowing that the record score was perhaps made by a team of hired experts who do nothing else but shoot, and who probably have the finest equipment that money can buy.

The amateur is the one who is paying the bills, and he and not the professional (who is paid) should get what glory there is in making a good score.

It is estimated that the gun and ammunition companies spend yearly over one million dollars to maintain a corps of professional shooters and missionaries. The money spent by the amateur makes this possible.

How often do we read of the wonderful work with revolver of Captain Hardy and the Topperweins. Is it because of their phenomenal shooting or because their companies employ shrewd ad writers?

Just now the Associated Press and some of the Sportsman's Journals are exploiting some 300-yard revolver shooting by a professional—one who is probably not able to win an honor medal in the U. S. R. A. revolver matches.

He has told me himself that target shooting with the revolver is not his game, and that at an ordinary club shoot he performs like a novice. This is not written to detract in any way from his ability. At his own particular kind of shooting he is probably the best in the world.

The writer was one of three to organize the St. Louis Trapshooter's Association, now composed of over 350 members, and when the first inter-city league was run off saw our team lose two of their best shots—Fred Bills and Art. Killam—because they accepted positions with the Winchester and Du Pont companies.

If the shotgun shooters, without whose support the ammunition concerns could hardly exist, can keep the professional out of these competitions, why permit them to enter rifle and revolver matches that are not open or championship affairs?

The writer was also the first one to suggest a league of revolver clubs, and worked on the matter several months before getting the U. S. R. A. to take hold of it. Now that it is firmly established, let us keep up its popularity by eliminating the paid shooter.

In conclusion let me say that I am not making an attack on professional shooters. I know a great many of them, and have among their number many warm personal friends. That they have done much to promote interest in shooting is not to be denied.

But the time is at hand when a dividing line should be drawn between them and the amateur rifle and revolver shooter, as there is in every other branch of sport.

I hope I have made myself plain to Mr. Silliman and that this little difference of opinion will in no wise disturb the friendly feeling that has always existed between the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association and myself.

GREETINGS FROM CROSSMAN TO STRABISMUS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., March 21, 1911.

To STRABISMUS: Touche! Also I'll buy. At the time of the telescope sight shooting by Captain Casey, reported in ARMS AND THE MAN for October 8th, 1908, I felt that it was *some* shooting but the report seemed clear. It said:

"A ricochet 3 at 7 o'clock," came the signal, and Casey knew that 1760 yards elevation and 7½ points of right wind was the proper dope. And the next shot was good for a close 4 at 7 o'clock. Then the signaling from the platform on the range ceased and Casey shifted position and range, and—well, if an army had been where that objective point of Casey's was, God help that army! That's all. Eighteen shots more cracked out there on the hill and 18 bullets found their resting places just where they ought to have been."

By the long horn spoon if analysis of that report does not show that Casey made 18 bulls at the same range over which he scored his 3 and his 4 for the first two shots, then I can't read.

Anyhow I've lots of company in being thus taken in by the inaccuracy of that particular ARMS AND THE MAN scribe and if we all buy, as I apparently have to do, friend Strabismus will have to be taken home in a hack—if he be in condition to remember his house number and to know the place when he sees it.

EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

P. S. If Strabismus will please be mum on the subject of Casey's shooting at one mile, I'll agree not to mention vented muzzles. I think after Dr. Mann's article I'm offering a fair swap.

E. C. C.

HE SAYS IT HELPS.

A SUBSCRIBER who has long been upon the books of ARMS AND THE MAN, and a man with a great interest in shooting, is Mr. William A. Siebe, of Emeryville, Cal.

Writing lately to send in his renewal for another year he said: "Editor, ARMS AND THE MAN:

Any rifle shot or pistol shot who can do without ARMS AND THE MAN (in my opinion) can shoot without ammunition, because without the aid of your paper he could never learn to shoot.

Please put me down for another year. Boost the game."

OLD AGE DEFERRED.

DR. ARNOLD LORAND, Physician to the Baths, Carlsbad, Austria, has contributed to the literature on good health a scientific medical work which can be understood by the general public, on the engrossing topic of how to dodge Father Time and stand off old age.

The value of Dr. Lorand's book lies not only in the remarkably practical nature of the suggestions given, but in the interesting manner in which this information is imparted. Note the following:

"To prevent the habit of catching cold the best way is to accustom the skin to the action of cold water. Rubbing the skin with a cold wet towel until the skin glows, especially the chest and extremities, is a good way to effect this, beginning in warm summer weather and continuing through the winter, but not *vice versa*. Decidedly the best preventive to catching cold is to get the skin accustomed to fresh air and cold water."

The book is a royal octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages. It sells for \$2.50 net. It may be obtained of any book seller or its publishers, the F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

National Match Order.

G. O. No. 40, War Department, March 23, contains the rules for the National Matches of 1911, as previously announced in our columns, except the place where they are to be held. This is to be announced later in Orders.

From a High Place.

Our Field Artillery officers are soon to make trials of an observation tower of a kind intended for use in the field. The claimed advantages of this device are mobility and lightness, as it is mounted on wheels and collapsible.

Our information is that it is of German manufacture or design, in which case it is believed to be a great deal like the extension ladder which fire companies use, in that it is windlassed up from a collapsed position to its uttermost height; that is about forty feet.

Air School near Washington.

Brig. Gen. James Allen, Chief of the Signal Corps of the Army has arranged to conduct experiments, trials and instruction for officers in the use of *airps* at College Park, Maryland, near Washington, as soon as good weather has come.

A great deal of attention will be devoted to transmitting wireless messages to and from the vessels of the air. Some new discoveries in this line are to be expected from our alert and advanced signal officers.

Natural History.

"He asked me how much money you had."
"The pig."
"To punish him I said you had none."
"You cat!"



LEAGUE DEPARTMENT.

IN THIS DEPARTMENT EACH WEEK WILL BE FOUND THE VERY LATEST RETURNS FROM THE U. S. R. A. AND N. R. A. INDOOR RIFLE AND REVOLVER LEAGUES.



HOW ITS DONE IN DIXIE.

BY ED. L. ANDERSON.

I am submitting herewith, a brief history of the ups and downs that the Birmingham rifle-men have had to contend with during their short existence in indoor shooting, for the benefit of the many readers of your valuable stimulating weekly in the rifle game.

Our initial indoor shooting was in the Inter-Club League last season. Green but determined, we entered with enthusiasm, and taking into consideration our first appearance before the public in the indoor game, we made a very satisfactory record. This was the foundation of indoor shooting in Birmingham and where we had to hustle to get five men to practice last season, we have had the limit of ten shooting every Wednesday night this season for the Club Team. The conditions of the league this season allowing ten men to shoot have proven much more satisfactory and encouraging for developing new material in our club, and I think these conditions would prove very satisfactory indeed for another season.

My suggestion for improvement on the present conditions is a small one but I think essential—to carry out our purpose of developing into activeness the less interested members of our civilian clubs.

Give the men who earnestly endeavor to improve their shooting, whether or not their scores are computed in the team total, some recognition of their efforts, let their names appear in the team line-up in the local publications and in ARMS AND THE MAN, record their scores with some significance, this publicity, we must all admit is the spice of rifle shooting and will serve to stimulate the less interested members who would likely make the regular team men sit up and take notice. The motive which we all have at heart is to develop rifle shots and this will in my estimation have some weight. Should a seven, eight or even ten man team be required to accomplish this end it would be better. The more publicity we can get the greater the demand will be for membership in our rifle clubs. I dare say this has had a great deal of weight in beginning the representation in the Inter-Club League from 12 clubs last season up to 26 this season and here's hoping that there will be 50 clubs, representing every State in the Union entered in the Inter-Club League of next season.

The scores of all the teams with a few exceptions in the league are improving, and have shown a good improvement over last season, the new clubs have made rapid progress which proves out in our club's record. Our team average for last season was 904, so far this season we have averaged about 940.

ORGANIZATION.

The Birmingham Athletic Club Rifle Association is a club within a club, being the Rifle department of the Birmingham Athletic Club only. The Birmingham Athletic Club has a membership of 1,000, composed largely of young and middle aged business and society men of our city, and as a general rule the latter are not very promising subjects for rifle experts. Any member, after having been elected to membership in the club by the Membership Committee, is eligible to membership in the Rifle Association, by making application to the Secretary to be enrolled on the books of the Association.

To qualify as a member of the Birmingham Athletic Club, one has to be recommended to the Board of Governors by a club member, plank down his \$25.00 initiation fee and \$24.00 annual dues, and last but not least has to have a clean record from ancestors down to be admitted. From this it can readily be seen that the available prospects for the rifle team would be confined to the club membership on account of the expense if nothing else. True it is that the rifle range is the least attractive of all our departments, but further emphasizes my motive

of expressing the difficulties under which we have had to labor in bringing out men for the rifle team.

Maj. Lucien C. Brown and myself advanced the rifle range proposition to the Board of Governors some four or five years ago, and by untiring efforts secured their consent for the installation of a range in the basement. About two years ago after the range had been installed it was up to me to get the shooters out, at that time Major Brown and myself composed the shooting force of the club, but in a few weeks I qualified several outsiders with some outdoor experience, so we entered the Inter-Club League of 1909-1910. With the two exceptions the rifle team was and is yet composed of men who have shown their love for the sport by planking down their \$49.00 to take advantage of this least attractive feature of our Club. I don't think it a broad statement to say that there are hundreds of young men here in our city that would make even better scores than our club team, with a little practice, if they only had the available range without the heavy cost attached to it. This is a valuable example of the necessity of the Rifle Practice Appropriation Bill for civilian rifle clubs, for which we have all worked so hard and so far failed.

RANGE.

Our range is not as tempting as a summer resort by any means, it is in the basement of the club, not floored or ceiled. The ceiling is about 8 feet from the ground, the entire area of the basement is 100 by 100. All this space is utilized, bowling alleys, etc., except a space 20 by 100, this is the home of our rifle cranks. This space from the shooting table to the targets is bound on one side by the brick wall foundation, on the other by iron pillars about 10 feet apart. Right in this connection I would be very glad indeed to hear from some of the other rifle clubs on range construction, as we are going to have this sacred little space in the basement floored and ceiled during the summer. We only have two targets to shoot on, these are both on one foundation of 2 by 4's braced heavily, about 3 feet from the ground, made of heavy pine lumber, the two target holes, the sand pit and the steel plate form a complete ceiled box, front straight and back slanting, coming up to a point at the top and extending to about 3 feet at the bottom, braced heavily on the foundation on all sides by 2 by 4's. The bottom of the target holes is about 12 inches from the bottom of the sand pit, the face of this box is 4 by 6½ feet, the size of the holes is 1½ by 2 feet. The entire box is painted black, but we find that card board of some lighter color, not too light to irritate the eyes, tacked over the holes to serve as a background for the target, presents a much better light on the target and is not so strenuous on the eyes. We shoot from a table 4 by 6 feet built on 4 by 4's, braced heavy to overcome vibration; on this table we have a gymnasium mat. The measured distance from the table to the targets is 76 feet allowing 1 foot for the muzzle over the front of the table.

LIGHTS.

The light problem is still unsolved by us, we have no lights on the range except one 16-candle power over the table and a cluster of three 32-candle power Tungsten's with a heavy silver shade about 1 foot above the targets focused downward and two adjustable 32 candle power Tungsten's attached to the bottom focused upward, at the targets. We find this combination equalizes the glare on the eyes the most satisfactorily of any we have tried and we get better results on our scores.

GUNS.

We have tried out on our range the Springfield .30 with subcaliber, .22 repeating rifles, and last but not least the Winchester musket, and have found that it is far superior for this indoor shooting. We all have the muskets equipped with the Springfield double strap and find the weight of the rifle to equalize with the

strap with the steadiest hold of any that we have so far tried.

SIGHTS.

The sight proposition is monotonous so far we have not been able to reach a unanimous decision. We are all using the original front sight that the muskets are equipped with but at the present time we are experimenting with a bead to fit on top of this sight. The rear sights we are using vary to suit the ideas of the individuals, some contend that the old Krag rear sight with No. 4 peep gives the best results while others stick to the Krag base with the new Springfield leaf with No. 5 peep. These two combinations, in my estimation, are hard to improve on.

AMMUNITION.

We have shot Smokeless, Greaseless, Black powder and Lesmok and have found that the Lesmok and Black give the best results, and are more uniform and accurate.

Intercollegiate League.

The Columbia University rifle team lead all the other colleges in the twelfth week of the league matches, making a score of 1879. Next came the University of Iowa with 1876, followed by the Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1870. As the Louisiana State University riflemen have given up, evidently discouraged from trailing along at the tail end of the league, North Georgia Agricultural College won their match against them by default.

The college teams consist of ten men, each firing ten shots standing and ten shots prone at fifty feet, using .22 caliber rifles at a target having a bullseye one-half inch in diameter, counting 10. Possible score for a team, 2,000; for an individual, 200.

RESULTS, APRIL 3.

Columbia.....	1879	v. Arizona.....	1675
Iowa.....	1876	v. Dartmouth....	1783
Cornell.....	1783	v. Rhode Island...	1703
Washington....	1773	v. Missouri.....	1732
Massachusetts..	1870	v. New Hampshire	1706
Purdue.....	1745	v. Princeton.....	1739
No. Georgia....	1746	v. Louisiana.....
Minnesota.....	1604	v. California.....

STANDING.

	W.	L.
Massachusetts Agricultural College....	12	0
University of Iowa.....	12	0
Columbia University.....	9	3
Cornell University.....	9	3
Washington State College.....	9	3
University of Missouri.....	7	5
Dartmouth College.....	6	6
Purdue University.....	6	6
New Hampshire College.....	5	7
Rhode Island State College.....	5	7
University of Minnesota.....	5	7
Princeton University.....	4	8
North Georgia Agricultural College....	3	9
University of Arizona.....	2	10

Interscholastic Rifle League.

The conditions of the shooting and the competing teams with their scores and standing to date is as follows:

Teams of five boys, using .22 caliber rifles at 50-feet, each boy firing ten shots standing and ten shots prone, total individual score 200:

	Total.
Morris High School, New York City.....	925
St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis	808
Deering High School, Portland, Me.....	923
Kentucky Military Inst. Eau Gallis, Fla....	830
McKinley Manual Training School, Wash...	892
Culver Military Academy, Indiana.....	888
DeWitt Clinton High School, New York...	912
Harry Hillman Academy, Wilkesbarre, Pa...	671
Salt Lake City (Utah) High School.....	888
Ogden (Utah) High School.....	829
Harvard School, Los Angeles, Calif.....	903
Western High School, Washington, D. C....	898
Marist College, Atlanta, Ga.....	853
Central High School, Philadelphia.....	840
Portland (Me.) High Schol.....	850

Baltimore Polytechnic Institute..... 742

STANDING.

W. L.		W. L.	
Morris.....	10 0	Marist.....	5 5
Harvard.....	8 2	Portland.....	4 6
Culver.....	8 2	Western.....	4 6
Deering.....	8 2	Ogden.....	3 7
McKinley.....	7 3	Brooklyn.....	3 7
DeWitt Cilnton	7 3	Central.....	2 8
St. John's.....	6 4	Baltimore.....	2 8
Salt Lake City.	6 4	Harry Hillman.	1 9
Kentucky.....	5 5		

THE U. S. R. A. LEAGUE.

Portland Picks the last Plumb.

The last shot of the 1910-1911 league was a bullseye and the score of 1118 is satisfactory whether we win or lose. Should the Manhattans pin our shoulders to the mat, the Portland Revolver Club team in brushing the dust off its back will admire the way it was done and extend heartfelt congratulations to the quintet that is the logical champions of these good United States. Baseball luck is the only thing that prevented them from winning the series.

Captain Moore feels that he has just commenced. Mr. Sanders a number of times has taken a semi-solemn oath that he will never take part in another contest with the revolver, but, those that know him best say there is not a drop of running blood in his make-up and that he will be found giving us pointers in contests to come.

Mr. Hubbard says nothin' but is willing.

Mr. Hansen says we will have as good a team and larger 1911-1912.

Mr. Hacheny says many things, most of which are on the optimistic order.

This is one of them. Portland will again hold the record and no hurdle was ever cleared safely, but that by persistent application and a reasonable amount of intelligence we can perform in like manner.

President Wilson tells us he is proud to be at the head of the club and that our presence is desired at the next regular meeting. "Each for all and all for each," will continue to be our motto. It has done a lot for us. It will do much for all who give it a trial.

Two of the local papers have taken an interest in our welfare. We know the articles are read all over the Northwest, for readers have told each of us except Mr. Hubbard that we should have another shoot in our place when we made less than our average. A number of others have mailed us their congratulations. A very enjoyable season has vanished in fact, but will long be remembered by the revolver club of the Rose City.

The expectations of the Portland Revolver Club would have been fulfilled had we landed in fifth place. That is what we expected before the first shot was fired. That our first score ranked second in the United States was a pleasant surprise to every man on our team. There were times later when some of us thought the god of the one hand arm was on our side to the extent of putting the remainder of the clubs in the also ran column, but we are really well satisfied that every man on this quintet averaged better than did our highest man last year. Should there be other indoor leagues to take a part in, we shall expect to do better and we have a confidence that our worthy competitors will improve in like manner. These are the things that make the game worth while. We are pleased to note the good work of many of the new clubs, viz, Seattle, Duluth, the two Oaklands and Spokane, all neighbors of ours as it were.

Yours for better scores,

WALTER HANSEN.

PORTLAND REVOLVER CLUB IN CONTEST WITH MANHATTAN REVOLVER CLUB OF NEW YORK.

F. C. Hacheny.....	45 45 47 44 46	227
Walter Hansen.....	45 45 42 43 46	221
W. H. Hubbard.....	44 46 45 49 44	228
J. T. Moore.....	45 45 44 46 47	227
F. L. Sanders.....	45 40 41 44 45	215

Grand total..... 1118

All the above were made in strict accordance with this match. Guns used were same as in previous contests, excepting Sanders who now uses Smith & Wesson .38 caliber Special hand-loaded.

The Manhattan total was 1103 so Portland takes second place in the league standing.

How Providence Feels About It.

Fifteen won, eight not. We are not crowing much but we feel a little cocky just the same. We had those last two matches all chalked up on the right side of the ledger before we began to shoot; but a case of "Wee Wahs" developed in "twenty three" match and when we started on twenty-four the microbe was working in the whole bunch, and we put up one of our worst totals of the series.

Walt Freeman was our mainstay, averaging a little over 226 for the entire twenty-three matches. The rest of us just filled in. Freeman, Miller and Joslin used .22 S. W. pistols in all the matches; Parkhurst relied on his trusty Colt (he don't believe in pistols). Brow started in with a .38 S. & W. revolver. The bullseye wouldn't stay twice in the same place for him with this gun; the .22 S. & W. pistol was tried with the same result. Then he started to make a pistol after his own ideas. He took a .22 single shot Winchester rifle, sawed off nine inches of the barrel, whittled out a wood frame, fitted on a pair of Colt stocks, welded on an adjustable (with a file) front and rear sight and dared to show up for practice with the thing. It was promptly named the Brow Colt Winchester Bolt Action Pistol—and the thing would shoot. After he had passed in a practice target counting 97 we proclaimed it a thing of beauty and his joy forever. His scores show he didn't shoot any worse for using it. We believe this is the only bolt action pistol on record.

The hardest thing we were up against the whole season was to get the bunch to shoot their good scores all on the same night. We got the habit of alternating; one half would shoot fine one night and fierce the next, and vice versa except when we made a special effort to put up a good score, then every one shot his "rottenest." Mental, moral, physical and several other brands of persuasion were used without result.

We are perfectly satisfied with the conditions that controlled the League this year, and don't think they can be improved upon much. Two matches a night is a little strenuous, but we can stand the pace.

As to the Outdoor League, if it comes to a vote we will vote against it, but if there is one running this coming summer we will have a team entered.

How Century Feels.

The Century Revolver Club of St. Louis, shot its last match, a tie with Columbus, this evening for a total of 1096 and are individually and collectively glad it is over. Two matches a week of fifty shots an evening under match conditions, in a gallery filled with gas from smokeless powder is more than enough.

Your expert may give us some interesting data on the effects of gas, from smokeless powder, on the human system. With our club team it seems to act in various ways. My own experience, as score keeper, is a *dynamite headache*. It may be found that some of the queer proclivities of shooters in indoor matches may be charged up to the "gas absorbed by the individuals."

So far as shooting is concerned the team has enjoyed it and some of them discovered that "hand loading" is an art when done in a way that produces a cartridge superior to the factory load.

Some Suggestions from St. Louis.

Though the St. Louis Revolver Club team in the Indoor League race will not be found enrolled among the topnotchers, there is much cause for congratulations among the membership and their friends on the showing made. Notwithstanding that this team had in some way incurred the displeasure of her majesty, the Goddess Luck, and often received the worst of the breaks when hooking up with competitors, still the team aggregate average is much higher than last year, and this is also true of at least four individual competitors, namely Messrs. Ayer, Moore, Crossman and Frese, the only members of the team who "went the route."

To W. C. Ayer fell the honor of the only perfect score made in the club during the series, while this gentleman also holds the Club record for highest 25 shot total in team competition, 232.

Dr. M. R. Moore, who used a .44 Russian and hand-loaded ammunition, was high man on the aggregate scores for the entire series.

W. C. Ayer, .38 revolver with 8-inch Pope barrel, and hand loaded ammunition, finished second.

C. C. Crossman, .32 and .38 revolver and .38

Officers' Model Colt, with U. S. Cartridge Co. factory loads, landed in third place.

Paul Frese, .38 Special, with hand loaded ammunition, took fourth place.

W. L. Schrader, who was added to the team sometime after the start, used .22 pistol, with U. S. Cartridge Co. .22 W. R. F.

Geo. C. Olcott, who started as the fifth man in the team, discovered that he was not shooting up to his mark and gracefully gave way to Mr. Schrader, whose work was an improvement. For this act, "Chauncey" is entitled to his share of any praise that may be coming to the team as a whole. The true sportsman is not necessarily the one whose work is the best; one who is ready to admit his lack of condition is more to be praised.

The St. Louis Revolver Club as a body does not favor the idea of an outdoor league, and wishes also to emphasize its belief that the indoor league of next season, if there be one, should be curtailed in the number and frequency of its races. This may be arranged either by dividing teams entered into sections and shooting winners against winners, or by a consideration of the races participated in. An extended schedule has a decided tendency to cause a neglect of practice meetings, thus eliminating the social features which go to make these gatherings popular, and permits of no time to instruct the novice, inject new blood in the organization, and devise and conduct trophy contests between members and between teams of adjoining cities.

Considered as a whole, the races are to be looked back upon as a very pleasurable period in the life of the club, something to be remembered in after years when the hand grows unsteady and the eye bedimmed. The St. Louis Revolver Club expresses no regret, offers no excuse. The showing made was satisfactory at least, and to have been defeated by such worthy opponents may be considered no disgrace. To have attained a higher position at the finish would have proved a much desired culmination, yet we might have done worse—and that is something of a satisfaction.

President Crossman presented Dr. Moore a cup for winning high aggregate of the club.

What Osborn Thinks.

Well, the agony is over. We have been beaten all it is possible this season, but we will be on deck next season to try it again.

We sympathize with Duluth, for our gallery is in the armory, and while there is a stove a long way from the firing point, it was too far to bother with, and we would stand and try to control the shivers while aiming at a wandering bullseye.

It has been a good experience for the boys, and they do not think they can shoot as well as they thought they could before the matches opened. The Secretary tried to get them out to practice for a month, but no, they would get all the practice needed while shooting the matches so they said. After the first brilliant exhibition (score 565), they were very tame and would answer a call to practice any time of day or night. Every man changed arms once or twice, and no one used the same ammunition twice in succession.

The temptation has been great to break into print and give a few excuses for our poor scores, but up to now we have given our whole time to trying to find out how it is done a la Manhattan, but must confess ourselves poor scholars. Never mind, it is a long road that has no turning, and some day Osborn will not be the last on the list.

Shell Mound Park, Emeryville, Calif.

1,085 was our total against Duluth and Willow: 228 for Gorman, 225 Linder, 218 Siebe, 211 Wexson, 203 Lillemo and our best score shot during the season.

We were sure that we could not get the first place but felt that the middle of the heap would place as about right and sure enough there we landed.

Let us all shout for Portland; they deserve all the glory of this tournament as their remarkable improvement was certainly wonderful. It was the result of one year of good hard Training. Let us hope that Belleville will come to the top next year as that spunky little bunch of good fellows deserve all the credit due them. They are certainly game.

The Shell Mound Club members will be very busy from now on until their two day shoot—our tenth anniversary public prize shoot on September 9 and 10. \$800 has been set aside for prizes. \$100 for the pistol and revolver;

\$700 for the rifle. Geo. W. Hughes of 1386 34th Street, Oakland, Calif., will gladly mail a copy of the program to any person who desires same.

Many honorary prizes have been so far donated and many more will be had as the committee are losing no time in securing prizes for this event.

CENTURY REVOLVER CLUB VS. PROVIDENCE.

S. E. Sears	44	38	41	43	44	208
Chas. Dominic	46	48	42	43	44	223
A. E. Everett	45	49	44	43	44	225
W. H. Spencer	41	40	44	44	46	215
G. W. Ojeman	40	42	43	47	37	209

Total..... 1080
Sears used .44 S. & W. Special, handloaded; Dominic, .38 S. & W. Special, U.M.C. mid-range, 120-grain bullet; Everett, .44 S. & W. Special, handloaded; Spencer, .38 S. & W. Special, U.M.C.-Remington; G. W. Ojeman, .38 S. & W. Special, handloaded.

WILLOW VS. DULUTH AND SHELL MOUND.

Springguth	39	49	47	44	44	223
Bean	40	45	45	46	43	219
King	46	45	44	41	40	216
Byrne	41	46	36	44	39	206
Turner	34	31	39	40	37	181

Grand total..... 1045

SHELL MOUND.

J. E. Gorman	47	43	45	48	45	228
W. A. Siebe	47	42	49	41	39	218
C. W. Linder	40	49	46	44	46	225
R. S. Wexson	44	49	35	39	44	211
O. Lillemo	41	35	39	43	45	203

Grand total..... 1085
Gorman used .44 S. & W., handloaded; Linder, .38 S. & W.-Pope, handloaded; Lillemo, .38 S. & W.-Pope, handloaded; Siebe, .22 S. & W. U.M.C. Lesmok; Wexson, .22 S. & W., U.M.C. Lesmok.

Shootoff of tie for 6th place between St. Louis and the National Capital Club resulted as follows:

ST. LOUIS.	NATIONAL CAPITAL.
C. C. Crossman... 214	M. B. Atkinson... 213
Dr. Moore..... 213	F. Holt..... 211
Paul Frese..... 207	S. Ferree..... 203
W. L. Schroder... 207	W. J. Macdonnall. 190
W. C. Ayer..... 203	F. J. Kahrs..... 185
Total..... 1044	Total..... 1002

In Lieu of an Outdoor League.

It has been suggested by Mr. Walter Hansen of the Portland, Oregon, Revolver Club, that in place of a league it was the idea of himself and Mr. Willms that a number of clubs with a respectable membership could have a team shoot, say in June, with from twelve to twenty men instead of five, as formerly. If it proved a success another shoot could be held in late August. This would keep things going until the time for the championship events in September, and would also give practice in competition for many who had no chance this winter of getting on a five-man-team.

Another advantage would be it would not keep the Secretary-Treasurer working all the time at the highest possible clip.

Rate of Postage on Targets.

It may be of interest to some of our readers to know the ruling of the U. S. Postoffice Department on the question of postal rates for targets. H. F. Tucker, Secretary of the Culebra Pistol Club, C. Z., is responsible for what follows:

Sample targets which had been shot were sent to illustrate the question as follows:

Sample No. 1 to illustrate an officially stamped target, perforated with bullet holes, the only writing being the name of contestant.

Sample No. 2, to illustrate an officially stamped target, perforated by bullets, the only writing being a serial letter and number.

Sample No. 3, to illustrate an officially stamped medal target perforated by bullets, the only writing being the filling in of blanks.

The Third Assistant Postmaster General replied as follows:

"* * * In reply you are informed that if the name of the contestant written on the sample marked 'No. 1' be that of the addressee or sender when sent in the mails unsealed, it will not be subject to more than the 4th class rate of postage, one cent an ounce or fraction thereof. If such name be not that of the addressee or

sender the target would be subject to postage at 1st class rate, two cents an ounce or fraction thereof.

The sample marked 'No. 2' not bearing any written additions except the serial number 'B5', when mailed unsealed would be subject to postage at the 4th class rate.

The sample marked 'No. 3' bearing the written names of the secretary, the contestant and two witnesses, when sent in the mails would be subject to postage at the 1st class rate. * * *

RIFLE, REVOLVER AND PISTOL.

National Rifle Association, Washington, D. C. Lieut. A. S. Jones, secretary, Hibbs Building.

United States Revolver Association, Springfield, Mass. J. B. Crabtree, secretary-treasurer, 525 Main Street.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

April 22—Prize shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Club, at Shell Mound Park, Emeryville, Calif.

May 6—Intercollegiate Indoor Team Match, week ending that date.

May 6—Twelve man team match between the District of Columbia National Guard and the Middies at Annapolis over the National Match Course. Skirmish excluded.

May 30—Interscholastic Indoor Championship Team Match. Week ending that date.

June 3-4—Second Annual Combination tournament, Missouri State Rifle Association, St. Louis, Missouri. C. C. Crossman, secretary, 312 N. Broadway.

June 10-18—Intercollegiate Outdoor Team Match. Each team shooting on home range.

Aug. 23—The National Individual Rifle Match, to be followed by 2 days' preliminary team practice, the National Team Match and the National Individual Revolver Match. Place where held not yet determined.

Sept. 9-10—Tenth Anniversary shoot of the Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club, at Emeryville, Calif.

A Pretty Possible in Practice by Pope.

Just to show that he is as good and steady as ever Harry Pope made the accompanying ten shot possible at the regular weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club on April 4th, at 75 feet indoors using his own rifle and Peters .22 short, of the semi-smokeless variety.



For the last year or so Harry has been getting back into his old form and while he is busy every minute of the day, and every day of the week making barrels for others to shoot, he still finds time to get in a little practice at the weekly shoots of the Zettler Rifle Club, and at the occasional championship matches indoors at 75 feet or outdoors at 200 yards. None of the boys begrudge him his ability to finish well up with the leaders.

Zettler Rifle Club, New York City.

Scores of the Zettler Rifle Club made in practice, April 4:

G. L. Amouroux...	239	243	239	241	237	1199
F. M. Bund.....	235	242	233	241	235	1186
L. C. Buss.....	245	246	249	247	244	1231
L. P. Hansen.....	242	241	245	243	243	1214
T. H. Keller.....	237	236	234	246	231	1184
F. Hecking.....	235	241	233	242	235	1186
R. Gute.....	248	245	244	248	244	1229
Dr. Leavitt.....	230	239	226	230	232	1157
L. Mauer.....	224	237	232	233	240	1166
C. Oltmann.....	229	245	241	239	242	1196
O. Smith.....	241	239	243	242	244	1209
W. A. Tewes.....	247	242	246	245	244	1224
B. Zettler.....	232	231	233	232	236	1164
C. Zettler.....	236	232	241	238	245	1192
H. M. Pope.....	247	244	248	241	247	1227

West Chester Wants to Shoot.

The West Chester Rifle Association having finished the match with Manchester and expecting that next Tuesday will end the match with the Park Club bunch, are still looking for trouble and would like to hear from a team (shooting eight to ten men, 25 yard indoor, telescope sights offhand), in regard to a match.

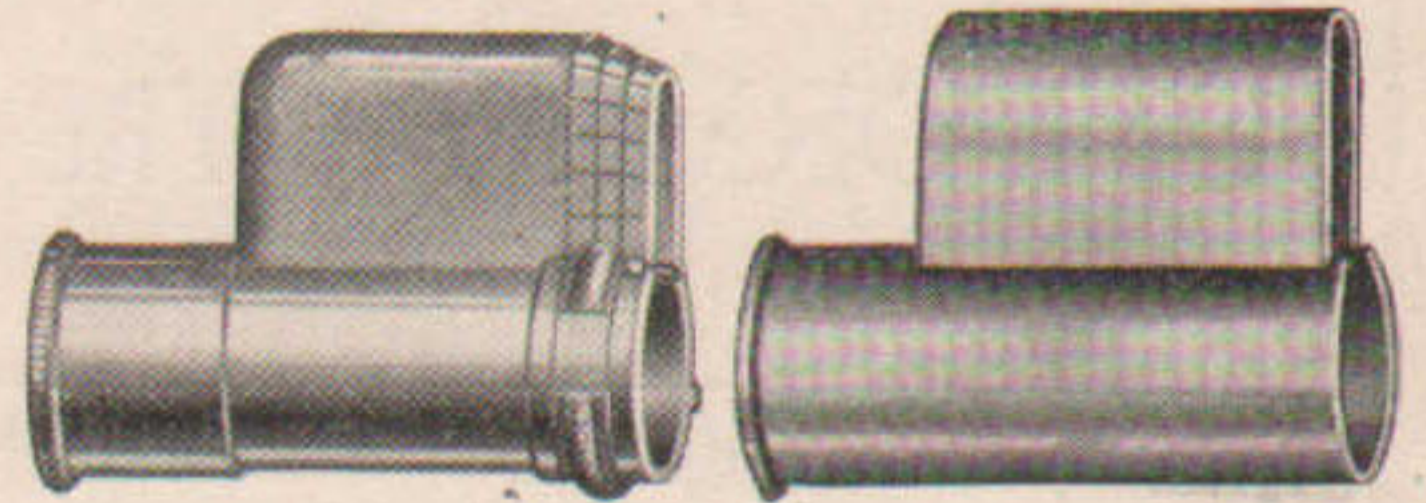
P. H. McDERMOND, Secretary, West Chester, Penna.

RIFLEMEN'S REQUISITES FOR THE RANGE.

Rifle shooting, as in every sport, requires an equipment with which to perform. It necessarily follows that this equipment be complete and of the very best if the user would wish to excel. There are a hundred and one things that the rifle shooters can find which are useful. Of course a great many of these tools he would never have any use for. Some would be used frequently, while others would be in use all of the time.

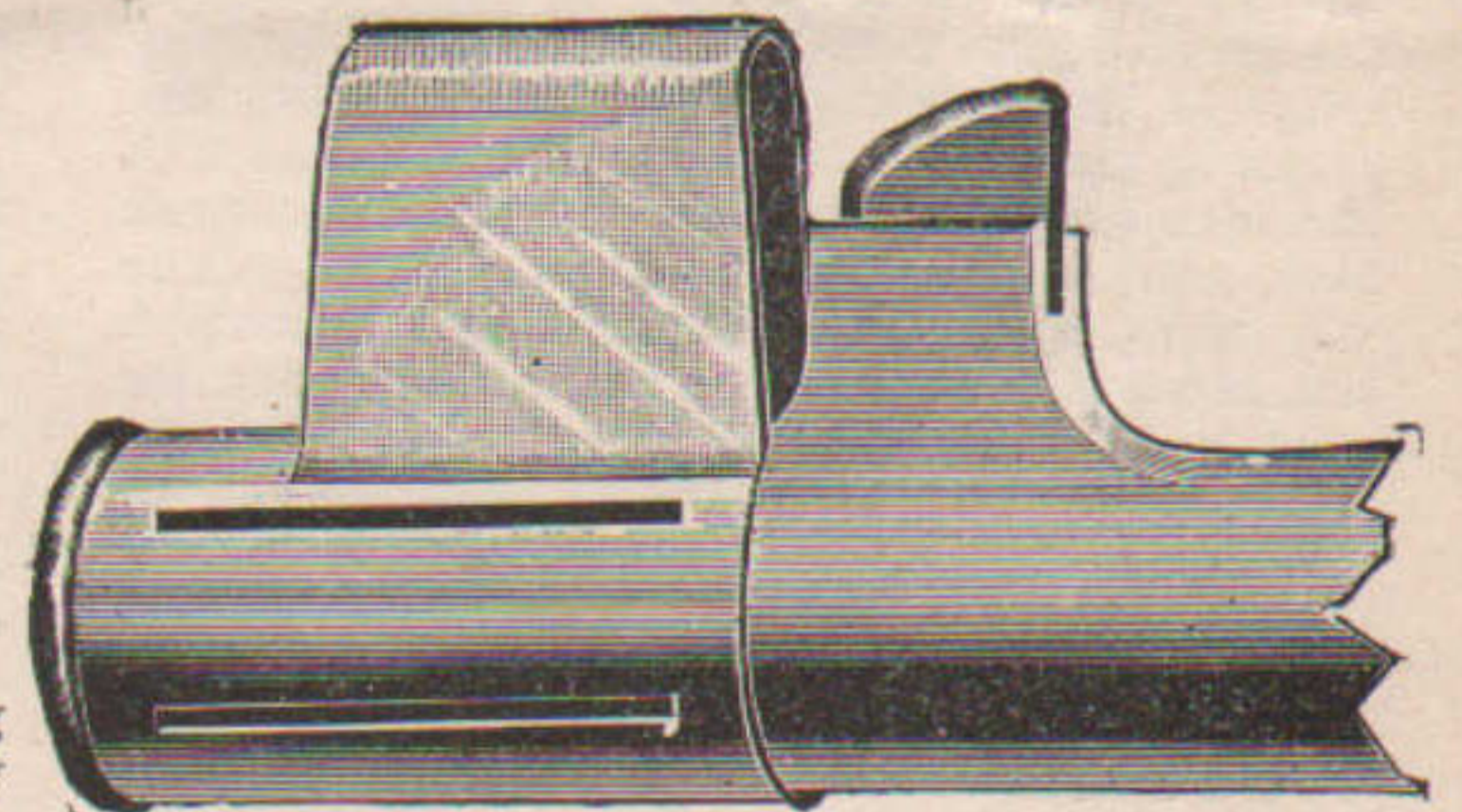
To keep our readers informed on the subject we will, as often as possible, reproduce, under the above caption, an illustration and description of all of these little things a rifleman should carry with him to the range.

In this particular case we will deal with military riflemen and start off with an equipment for the rifle. We will presume that we are interested in a rifleman who takes his new Springfield out to the range for the first time. He has the bare rifle and that is all. Like all new recruits the first thing he observes is the equipment of his fellow-riflemen. He notices, for instance, the front sight cover, or the front sight protector. There are a number of these on the market and we reproduce two makes that seem to fill all requirements.



The Hessian Model Locking Front Sight Protector is very heavy and strong and completely covers and locks the front sight, making it impossible to pull off in the case. It sells for \$1.50. The plain front protector is very serviceable and made of heavy material, which is used a great deal by those who do not care to pay the price of the locking pattern, it sells for 50 cents.

Both of these sights can be obtained from J. W. Hessian, 296 Broadway, New York City.



The Casey sight protector, shown herewith, is another excellent article. It sells for 25 cents in the light style, and the heavier one sells for 50 cents. They can be obtained of Thomas Conroy, 28 John Street, New York City.

Los Angeles Rifle and Revolver Club.

A dozen of us had a nice time at the Glendale range April 2. The calendar slipped a cog and tried to hand us some April Fool weather. It tried to rain but couldn't quite make it go. The weather was therefore about as good as the ordinary run of day back east.

Every once in a while we caught a glimpse of the 500 yard target. What followed such glimpses is known as salvos in the navy. It was charming. You'd get a bully hold and a pull off that you knew blame well was good for a bull at 1200 instead of 500. The marker would stick up the white disc, a streak of fog would blow across it and the scorer would put you down for a three. It was not a case of the best shot winning out, it was the best bluffer. Note that three hardened brazen-checked militia shots made up the three high men. The standing is merely a measure of gall, not shooting.

Kellogg got a 49 at 500 yards, shooting a barrel that looked like a Lancaster oval bore that had been out all night with the boys. We're getting to the point where we don't take any stock in this care of the rifle business. Then we personally spend the time we should be sleeping in cleaning a blame rifle barrel and then get skinned at 500 yards by a gent who cleans his gun twice a year under protest, we're going to cut out this la-de-da business of fussing with cleaning dope. We're

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going to buy a lever action gun so we can't see through the barrel without going into an abstruse problem in angles of reflections and pieces of white paper.

We have two of the crackest crack shots in Southern California and if we can get 'em going right before too many of the Pacific Coast Rifle League matches have gone we'll so some crowing.

We've accumulated a bunch of new regular attendants since last year, listed as Fraser, Royce, Jackson, the Dibbern brothers, Goldsborough and White with the new material and the old timber on hand we think we can build up some team.

Clubs shooting outdoors over 200, 300 and 500 yards are invited to communicate with us at 3416 Glen Albyn Drive, Los Angeles, Cal., with a view to closer acquaintance by means of swapped scores.

LOS ANGELES RIFLE AND REVOLVER CLUB APRIL 2, 1911.

Table with columns: Yards, 200, 300, 500, Tl. and rows of names and scores.

Myles Standish Rifle Club, Portland, Me.

The shooting master of the club, Harry T. Winslow, has sent us a table which he compiled, showing the results of the season's work in the N. R. A. league.

Only two of the clubs best men were able to shoot each week and had some of the others been able to get out a much better showing would have been made.

Out of 14 matches shot the club lost but four, three of these being the first three matches shot. The team average for the season, 970.85, is a very

good one indeed. The high team score was 989, the last one shot. The high individual score was made by E. H. Besse, who was one of the very few in the league who was able to accomplish this difficult feat.

Altogether, it was a very successful indoor season for the club and it is predicted that should the present team be kept together next year will find the club up at the top with the leaders.

Independent New York Schutzen.

Practice scores of the Independent New York Schutzen, Capt. Gus. Zimmermann, on April 7, Union Hill, N. J.

Honor target—Gus Zimmermann, 169; F. Liegibel, 113; Wm. Soll, 89; A. Begerow, 84; A. Stahl, 84; George T. Zimmermann, 83; Frank A. Young, 36; F. W. Daub, 30; Jos. Hoegerl, 23; Wm. Cosgrove, 17; Jack Bittschier, 15; Henry J. Behrens, 13.

Bullseye target—Gus. Zimmermann, 16; F. Liegibel, 6; Wm. Soel, 5; George T. Zimmermann, 5; F. W. Daub, 4; Andrew Stahl, 3; A. Begerow, 1; Jos. Hoegerl, 1; Frank A. Young, 1.

First red flag—George T. Zimmermann. Last red flag—Wm. Soel. Ring target—Gus. Zimmermann, 362; A. Begerow, 299; A. Stahl, 265; George T. Zimmermann, 260; Frank A. Young, 203; Wm. Soel, 117; F. W. Daub, 85. Best score—A. Begerow, 112.

West Chester Wins from Manchester.

The West Chester Rifle Association won the match from the Manchester Rifle and Pistol Club by taking first two shoots in the series with a large margin. The following are the individual scores in the second match. Thirty shots per man, 25 yards, indoors, telescope sights, offhand shooting.

Table comparing Manchester and West Chester scores for various shooters.

Los Angeles Revolver Club.

On Sunday March 26, the faithful few of the club indulged in their regular weekly practice shoot, and ground out some fair scores.

Some of the members have not yet crawled out of their hiding places after falling down on the

Indoor Matches, but it is to be hoped that the itching of their trigger fingers, may face them out into the open again. As soon as they can be coralled, they will be lined up and given a lecture on "Why is an Indoor Match anyhow."

When fully convinced that the targets will not bite, scratch, or pull hair, the boys will be permitted to nail them up securely, so that each man may know that his target is not alive and smitten with the wanderlust.

FIFTY YARD PISTOL PRACTICE.

Table of scores for Fifty Yard Pistol Practice.

FIFTY YARD REVOLVER PRACTICE.

Table of scores for Fifty Yard Revolver Practice.

U. S. R. A. MEDAL TARGETS.

Table of scores for U. S. R. A. Medal Targets.

Los Angeles Rifle and Revolver Club.

We shot an indoor match with the crack Harvard School rifle team on the 20th, winning to the tune of 934 to 903. As framed up the match conditions called for ten shots per man offhand at the fifty feet and ten shots prone over the same distance.

The offhand work was rather a change from the long siege of prone shooting and nobody did any shining thereat. A new member, Dr. Royce, landed high with 190 for the two stages.

The two top Harvard men, Connolly and Winterer, scored 187, but three points below Royce, and did not use slings either, showing the class of the crack western interscholastic league champions.

Fraser brought down a fearsome arm weighing 14 pounds with enough hooks on the finger lever for the clothes of a vaudeville star and a set trigger that would go off at a cross word. It had a telescope on top and the Harvard bunch barred it to Fraser's grief. Why is such a gun? We, editorially, think that we can take a Winchester musket, stick that glass on top of it and hang it on anybody with the pigiron affair.

We shot outdoors on the 19th, for the first time in many months. About fifteen rusty ones put in their appearance. During the summer we find that putting up new centers, containing the four ring and the bull, keeps the targets in pretty good shape. But, has anybody invented a center that will replace the two and three rings for this spring shooting business? We are in

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the market for some, or will swap some four and bull centers for which we have no present use. The only noteworthy feature of the shoot was the behaviour of a lot of 1908 Frankford ammunition that varied happily from 50 down to 44 grains in powder and accordingly interspersed six o'clock deuces with holes of the same count at noon on the target. Forty-three was high and we think two points of this were due to pencil work.

We note some remarks from old scout Gilman, about our beloved secretary. (He's writing this himself, hence the epithet.) Anybody who's worked as hard to keep the game going as that aforesaid Gilman is entitled to say anything he blame pleases for a year after the close of the indoor league. He'll get our vote for dog-catcher if he wants the office.

Gibson of Seattle, has framed up the Pacific Coast League schedule for 1911. So far it is tentative, but will probably stick. We feel that we will clean up some of our old time opponents this year if dope counts for anything. With practically all of our 1910 bunch back, we have R. J. Fraser, C. J. Dibbern, his kid brother; Dr. Royce, an old time shot; Merwin, Jackson and a number of lesser lights to add to our ranks. We feel that we will have some team this year if we never did before.

According to the lineup we tackle the Bisbeites, April 8, and will endeavor to make them think they have been in a shooting match.

A fund of three dollars and forty cents has been collected for the purpose of getting E. L. Stevenson soused, piped, spificated, paralyzed, tanked, jagged or intoxicated, as it were, in the hopes that once fallen from grace, he will come out and shoot Sundays, which he now refuses to do. Failing this—some of these church members can stand a blame sight more than a mere \$3.40 worth of happy juice—we're going to frame up some sort of scandal and print it in the papers. It's too bad to waste him indoors.

LOS ANGELES.

	Offhand.	Pr.	Tl.
G. I. Royce.....	91	99	190
E. C. Crossman.....	92	96	188
G. T. Kellogg.....	90	97	187
Stevenson.....	86	99	185
R. J. Fraser.....	89	95	184
Total.....			934

HARVARD SCHOOL.

Connolly.....	89	98	187
Winterer.....	88	99	187
Williams.....	86	95	181
Cope.....	83	93	176
Lane.....	81	91	172

Total..... 903

At the annual meeting of the club, held last week, the following officers were elected for 1911: President, E. L. Stevenson; vice-president, Sergt. H. C. Miles; secretary, E. C. Crossman; treasurer, G. T. Kellogg; range master, Sergt. C. J. Dibbern. Among the "doings" of the meeting was the adoption of a club pin, to be made of bronze, silver and gold, for the different classifications and to be given to those members making the required scores in competition, not practice.

A seven-club league makes it necessary to shoot double matches in some instances to make the schedule work out right. Conditions: Military rifles, any ammunition, two sighting and ten shots per range per man; ranges 200, 300 and 500 yards. Any number to shoot and the six high men to count as the team. The schedule begins April 8 and continues to June 17.

Shell Mound Park, Emeryville, Calif.

With one of the stormiest days in years the members of the Independent Rifles, Deutscher Krieger Schuetzen, Oakland Turner Schuetzen and Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club showed up in active spirit and the attendance was large, as though a beautiful California day had shown itself instead of a miserable cold and wet day and sure it was, and for several days before.

P. Schonig with 55 on the Standard American Target, 8-inch bullseye with the .45 Springfield with 10 shots proved to be the high man in the Independent Rifles.

O. Dammer with 402 on the German ring target was high in the Deutscher Kriegers, out of a possible 500 in 20 shots.

H. Loeffler, Jr., made 378 in 20 shots out of a possible 500 in the Oak Turner Schuetzen, while B. Brunje took the first prize on the bullseye target.

E. Schierbaum with 214 out of a possible 250 was the high man in the champion class of the Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club on the rifle range, 200 yard range.

J. E. Gorman with 91-95 in two 10-shot strings on the pistol 50-yard range, Standard American target.

SHELL MOUND PISTOL AND RIFLE CLUB. Champion Class.

Dr. Summers.....	86	83
J. Gorman.....	91	95
C. Whaley.....	83	93
O. Lillemo.....	87	92
H. A. Harris.....	87	90
C. W. Linder.....	87	87
W. Siebe.....	84	90

First Class.

A. M. Poulsen.....	89	77
F. Poulter.....	82	91
Capt. G. Larsen.....	79	74

Second Class.

G. Fricke... 198	G. Gunther.. 179	170
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Third Class.

S. Dillenbough.. 199	E. Bottcher..... 160
F. Dillenbough... 168	

Below find the scores of the regular monthly Indoor Rifle Shoot of the Shell Mound Pistol and Revolver Club. Fourteen members took part.

C. M. Kraul with a .22 Remington repeater, plain sights and about 6 pound pull made the good score of 123 out of a possible 125.

A shoot for a spoon was inaugurated and Geo. Skinner the lucky member secured the prize. J. D. Wellen announced that he would donate a valuable prize for September 9 and 10, 1911.

C. M. Kraul.....	123	119	118	116	116
H. Gloy, Jr.....	116	114	111	105	106
C. Otten.....	116	116	115	112	112
M. Nielsen.....	118	118	115	110	109
L. Delavergne.....	115	112	112	110	109
W. A. Siebe.....	119	109	108	106	98
J. A. Jones.....	115	110	109	108	108

J. Bauman.....	108	108	102	95	94
S. Mullin.....	109	107	100	99	97
L. Erickson.....	113	109	106	105	100
Capt. Geo. Larson.....	108	103	100	52	
Geo. Skinner.....	71	52	40		
H. Kroeckel.....	109	106			
H. Bridges.....	91				

REGULAR BULLSEYE SHOOT.

L. Delavergne... .13	C. Otten..... .55
C. M. Kraul.... .22	Wm. A. Siebe... .57
Klienenbroich.. .26	Capt. Larson.... .73
C. Whaley..... .45	J. G. Day..... .73½
H. A. Harris.... .46	F. McLaughlin.. .77
W. Guild..... .54½	

SPECIAL BULLSEYE, BEST 3 CENTERS, TOTAL TO DATE.

H. Huber..... 94	C. M. Kraul..... 194½
W. A. Siebe.... 97½	M. Nielsen..... 217
F. Poulter..... 112½	L. Delavergne... 273
F. McLaughlin. 133	A. M. Poulsen... 284
C. Otten..... 137	J. G. Day..... 307
O. Lillemo..... 166½	J. Bauman..... 310½
L. Ericksen.... 193½	

The Philadelphia Rifle Association.

The first weekly competitions of the year 1911, of this Association were shot Saturday, April 1, on the Arlington range, Lansdowne avenue and Cedar lane, near Llanerch, Pa. Although the attendance is usually good on the opening day of the season, the only members who showed up were Range Master Dill, Secretary Dubbs, J. G. Schnerring, Dr. G. G. Davis and Williamson

200 YARDS RIFLE—RECORD MATCH.

Dr. Davis.....	147
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OFFHAND MATCH.

J. Geo. Schnerring.....	218	215	210	205	201
-------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

MILITARY MATCH.

H. A. Dill.....	45	44	44	43	42	41
Dr. R. L. Dubbs.....	44	44	43	42	42	..
Williamson.....	46	44	42	42	40	..

50 YARD PISTOL MATCH.

Williamson.....	80	79
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The National Rifle Academy a Busy Place.

About the middle of May there will be held on the ranges of the National Rifle Academy, Boston, Mass., a shooting tournament that will far surpass anything of the kind ever before attempted. It is contemplated to cater particularly to the schoolboys that are organized at the present time, in and about Boston. The program also includes the military companies, civilian rifle clubs, press match, police match, etc.

As no doubt may of our readers are aware, the National Rifle Academy is more or less of an educational institution. In fact its mission is to educate the uninformed in the art of shooting the rifle, pistol or revolver, being the schoolboy, policeman, National Guardsman or the plain ordinary citizen who desires to perfect himself in the use of firearms. At the range there is on duty at all times a competent corp of instructors.

There is now in progress two competitions which are open to members and their guests for both the rifle and the revolver, no entrance being charged. Cups, suitably inscribed, will be awarded as prizes in these competitions. A medal match for members will be inaugurated in the near future and continue throughout the year. These medals will be awarded to both

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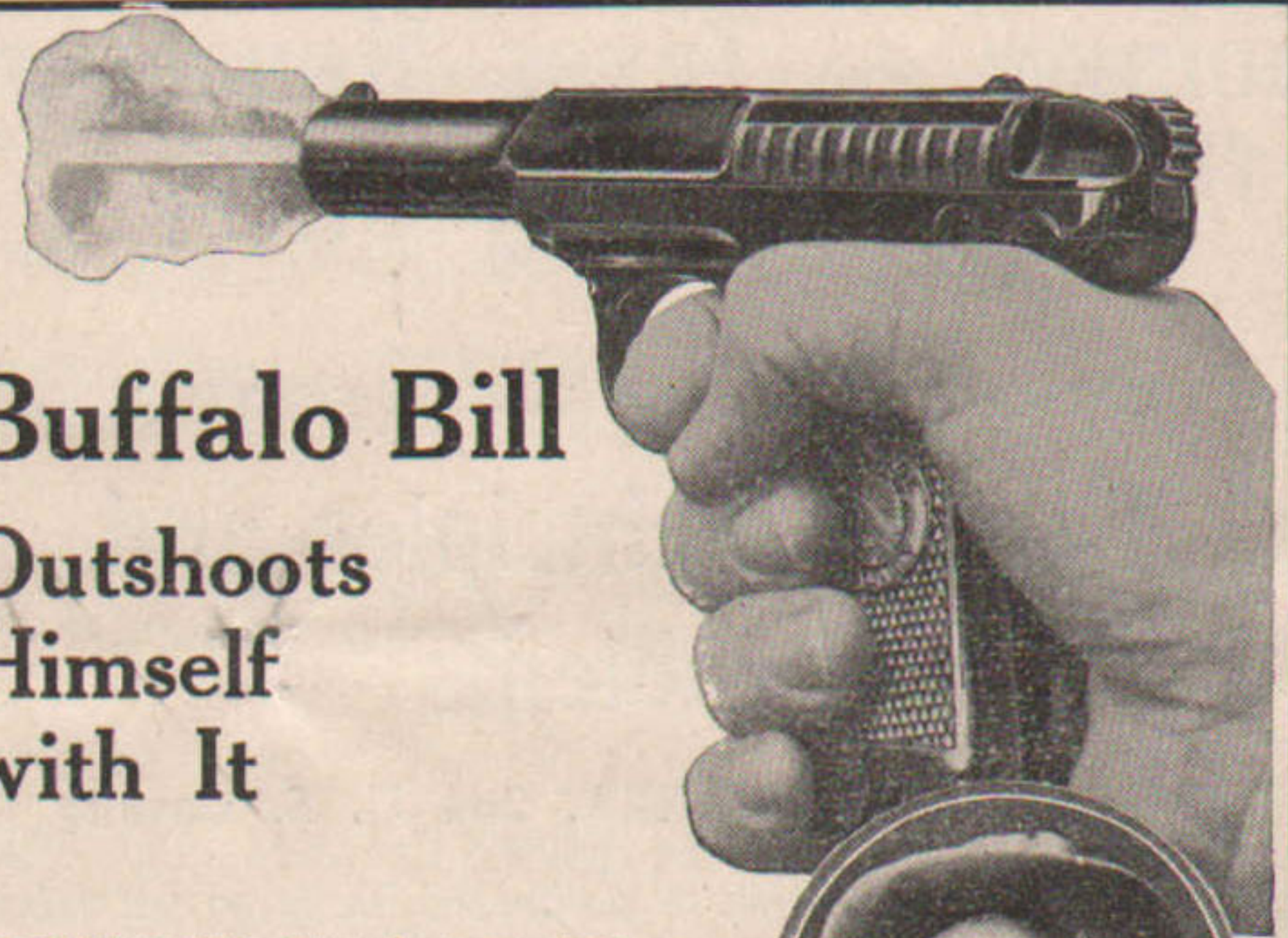
This score made by Arthur Hubalek, March 15th, in the 100 Shot Championship Match of the Zettler Rifle Club, New York City, breaking the previous record 2482 of Dr. W. G. Hudson, in the 100 Shot U. S. Championship Match of the Indoor Rifle League, on February 1st.

When records "go by the board" at this rate, with different shooters, different makes of guns, but with the same powder, can you afford to use any kind of .22 Cal. Cartridges other than **LESMOK?**

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Yours very truly,
W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill").

DO you realize what an event in the history of firearms was this quiet little test of Col. Cody's out on his ranch in Wyoming? It was an event which proves that the Savage Automatic *does* make the novice able to shoot expertly. For, unless the Savage Automatic does aim easy as pointing your forefinger, Col. Cody, with hand trained to the cramping revolver grip, could never have picked it up with careless abandon and beat his "old pet gun."

It was an event that proves beyond argument that the Savage Automatic *has* revolutionized all aim in firearms. Get the Gun Fighter Book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn," by "Bat" Master-son, the famous Dodge City ex-Sheriff. Free, for your dealer's name.

Examine the Savage Automatic at your dealer's today. You'll banish burglar fear from your home tonight by getting one. To put it off is to forget it.

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free. Will convince you that no rifle has yet matched up with the great Savage 303 cal. Savage Arms Company, 494 Savage Ave., Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

the rifle and revolver shooters who have attained a certain score entitling them to a bronze, silver or gold medal. No individual, however, can win more than one medal.

Central Sharpshooters Tournament.

The Central Sharpshooter's Association of North America will hold its Seventh Bi-ennial tournament, July 12 to 16. The Association has a membership of 32 clubs and about 1,200 active shooters. The last tournament was held at Highland, Ill., in 1910 and was attended by 152 riflemen who shot in the various prize shooting events.

The officers of the Central Sharpshooters, who live in Monroe, Wis., where this great tournament will take place, are hustling to give the members of the clubs affiliated, who attend the shoot, the best time of their lives, and it is expected that there will be an attendance of over 200 shooters.

Unlike the National Schuetzen Bund, the Central Association is steadily gaining in membership and new shooters, and every bi-ennial tournament of this association shows a gain in attendance, as does the annual 100 shot match. The next 100 shot championship match takes

place at Milwaukee, Wis., this summer on August 27, and as 35 shooters took part in this yearly event last year, the boys expect to see at least 50 in attendance at Milwaukee this summer.

St. Louis Central Sharpshooters' Association.

The heavy and unsteady wind of Sunday afternoon made accurate shooting rather difficult, but even under those conditions some very nice scores were made. The two lady shooters did very nice work at the targets and are already shooting on an average as high as most of the men.

All shooting was offhand at 200 yards on the German Ring target, possible 250 points per score. The scores follow:

T. M. Watkins	220	205	218	222	222	1087
J. Hassfurter	201	213	206	204	212	1036
Wm. Bauer	203	208	208	205	206	1030
Aug. Rick	203	205	200	210	211	1029
Mrs. T. M. Watkins	182	203	192	185	203	979
Leo Bulander	174	192	197	200	211	974
W. A. Alexander	188	186	183	199	186	932
H. E. Sugden	171	187	173	196	204	931
Miss D. Bulander	174	183	163	177	198	895
J. Weldon	174	179	160	175	200	888

National Capital Rifle and Revolver Club.

There was a deal of practice shooting on the regular shooting night but only one member turned in any scores. All shot the .22 pistol at 20 yards.

J. C. Bunn	218	224	442
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The Philadelphia Rifle Association.

In spite of the bad weather on April 8, five members showed up and considerable shooting was done. An interesting feature of the day was the introduction of a new match for cups, called the "Brichmeyer" Match. Mr. Brichmeyer, a member of the club having generously donated a fund for the purpose. It consists of a 1st, 2nd, and 3rd (Novice) Match, in military shooting at 200 yards. Schuetzen, at 200 yards and revolver and pistol at 50 yards.

Anyone who has ever won a first or second prize in any of the regular club matches in these events, is barred from the "Novice Match," in order to give new members a chance. These matches will certainly arouse interest and will be a benefit to the club as well as to the individual members.

200 YARDS RIFLE, BRICHMEYER SCHUETZEN.	
Dr. Davis	127 109
Williams	215 201
OFFHAND MATCH.	
Williams	219 215 209 203 203
HONOR TARGETS, 3 SHOTS.	
J. G. Schnrering	66
Williams	65
BRICHMEYER MILITARY MATCH.	
N. Spering	46 43 42 40
MILITARY MATCH.	
H. A. Dill	46 43 43 42 41 40
50 YARDS REVOLVER MATCH.	
Dr. R. L. Dubbs	90 87 83 82 81 81
50 YARDS PISTOL MATCH.	
Williams	75 74

St. Louis Central Sharpshooters' Association.

Under the most unfavorable weather conditions several members of the St. Louis Central Sharpshooter's Association ran up some very nice scores. J. L. Wiget scoring the highest ten shot score with 228 out of 250 points to his credit.

Tobe Watkins who lost his match with Mr. Jansen of Davenport last Sunday, shot a hundred shot string as practice for his return match with Mr. Jansen at Davenport the later part of this month.

All shooting was done offhand on the German ring target, possible 250 points per ten shots.

Tobe Watkins—	
207	213 215 216 220 223 225 217 221 216—2173
P. Teichmann	202 217 219 218 219—1075
Mrs. T. Watkins	180 184 199 201 199—963
J. L. Wiget	208 219 224 228
Wm. Sandemann	194 204 216 200
Ed. Von Eitzen	188 207 205 208
Wm. Roessler	212 220
J. Hassfurter	197 221
Dolly Bulander	172 165



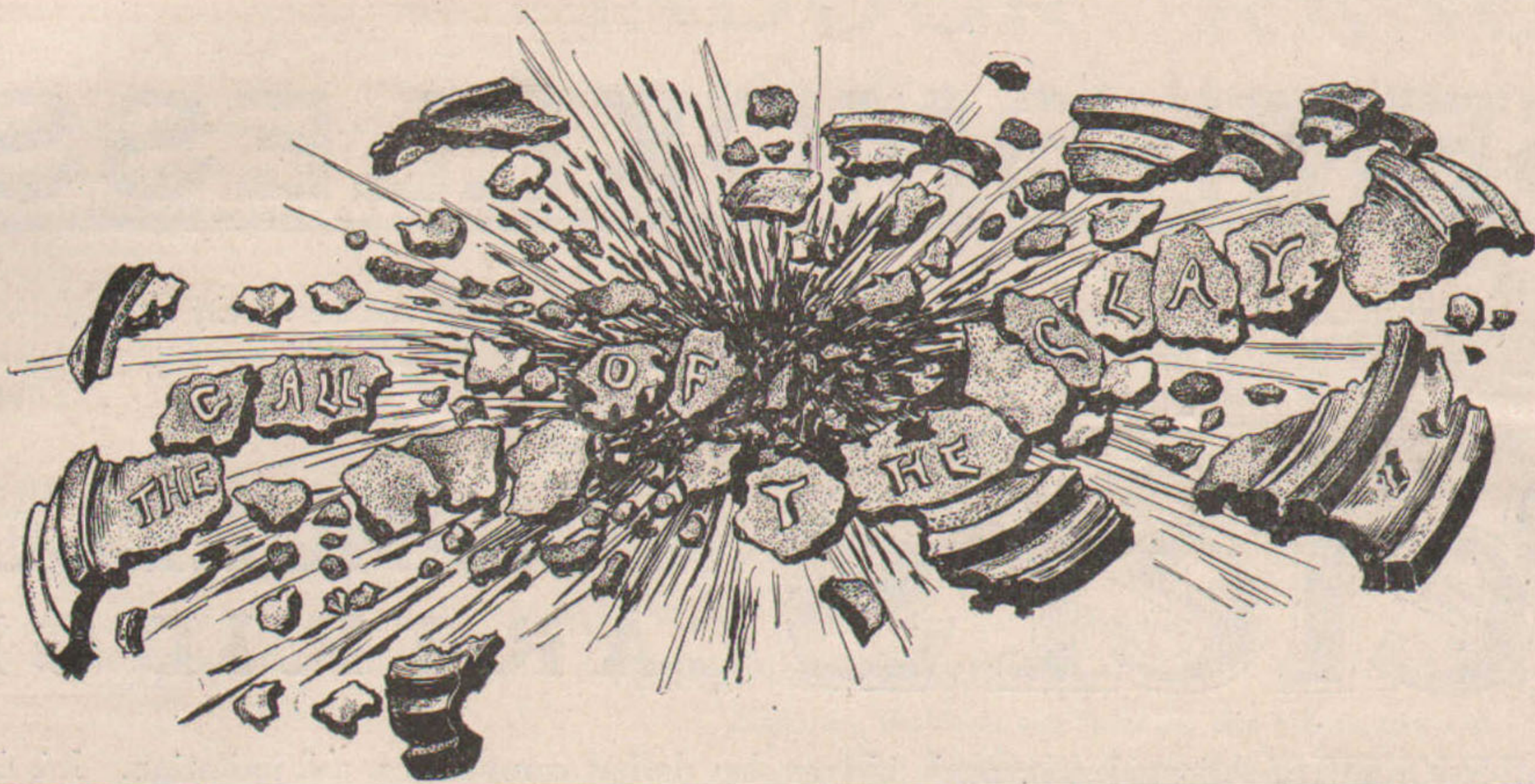
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THIS DEPARTMENT IS DEVOTED TO SHOTGUN SHOOTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. CORRESPONDENCE, SUGGESTIONS AND CRITICISMS ARE INVITED BY THE EDITOR, WHOSE PURPOSE IS TO SERVE THE READER WITH THE BEST THERE IS TO BE HAD ON THE SUBJECT.

The Evolution of Trapshooting.

What a world of meaning, understanding, comfort, sorrow, entertainment, chagrin and oft times companionship, is harnessed up in that little word "retrospect." That continuous performer and private moving picture show of our thought center when we are nearing the half-mile pole of our brief race to come down the home stretch for the Judge's final reckoning. No man is without his private theatre, with stage ever set and players in action does he but elect to scan the vista of his flowered or blighted yesterday, and lucky indeed is he, who sees not tragedy in some of those mental materializations. Thrice lucky is he who can, without a pang, witness again and again, the whole performance and, in mature judgment, nod approval to that self of a younger and more thoughtless generation.

Perhaps no mental stage-setting is more entertaining and more replete with scenes and incidents which warm the cockles of the heart until the end of the chapter, than that of the sportsman, who, from early youth has followed the chase and, if he is wise enough finally, to round out the closing chapters by harking to the Call of the Clay, where marksmanship with the shotgun, reaches its highest plane and cruelty is an unknown adjunct, to say the least, he has kept abreast with latter-day enlightenment.

He, being a young old-timer, maybe, gazes back to the early seventies and as a child, sees the older men shooting the now extinct wild pigeon from a plunge trap. That was indeed a stirring passage in the sporting history of our country, when wild game of every description, indigenous to this soil and climate teemed the air and field. Much has been written about the ruthless slaughter of game and the almost unbelievable greed of not alone the market hunter but the game dealer syndicate which financed thousands of shooters, either too lazy or too incompetent to earn a living in any other pursuit. To be sure, there were thousands of so called sportsmen—that is, hunters who would scorn to shoot for pay, or market their game, whose bag limit was only governed by nightfall and darkness and to hear some of them boast today of their achievements with the swivel gun, is indeed sickening.

Nothing but legislation, promulgated and fostered by shooters with true sportsman instincts has prevented the total extinction of our game birds and the strenuous and vindictive opposition to every move, along the line of reform, shows too plainly that the game hog is a hardy brute and will never become extinct. Nor, were the hours 'twixt daylight and dark sufficient for the shooter, whose mission on earth seemed to demand his full time for game extinction.

He conceives a bright idea—"Why not shoot at night, with a light?" And so, the slaughter went merrily on. It was discovered that two men in a boat, one at the paddle, the other with two or more guns at hand, could easily get within close shooting distance of a flock of ducks on the

water, if a brightly reflected light shone from the bow. Fortunately, active legislation put a stop to this practice in most localities and we are pleased to note that Oklahoma has finally fallen in line and her revised game laws will make it impossible for a continuance of this outrage which has been most perniciously rampant in that locality.

With the slow, but sure depletion of game there came desire for a substitute. The wild pigeon was gone and for a time, those companions of man, gentle, trustful, the domestic pigeons, were sacrificed until indignation on the part of humane societies brought about reform in most localities.

It is regrettable that shooting of live birds from traps is still countenanced in many parts of the country but by the same token, it is encouraging to know that even where permitted by law, a live-bird shoot is no longer hailed with enthusiasm except by a very limited number, while the majority of shooters do not hesitate to express their opinions most forcefully. It is a further fact, that a large percentage of our most enthusiastic clay bird shooters, will not attend a tournament upon learning that a live-bird event is scheduled on the programme and nothing as strongly makes for an ultimate complete reform in this respect, than that same out-spoken attitude of mind on the part of the true sportsman.

The first step in the right direction was the advent of the glass ball and for a time in the eighties, it ran its course. Records were made and broken, professionals, as today, were in evidence and the bang of the 10-bore was heard in the land. To make it more realistic and, as it were, give the balls a sort of "gamey taste," they were filled with feathers, and when broken in flight the feathers would float off on the air so that there was no chance for argument as to the result of the shot. And the piles of broken glass!

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan,
Who, when hiking to glass ball shoots,
Had sense enough to put on your boots.

It was the appearance of the clay pigeon, very early in the glass ball epoch, that put the latter out of business and made a permanent place for itself in shooting history.

That first pigeon was a wonder, made of hard-baked red clay and about the size of a commercial five-cent pie. The science of angles had not been mastered then and the shooter was ever prepared for the worst. Talk about unknown angles! he received incomers, out-goers, grounders, pop-ups, right-angle in-comers and in-comers to the left until there was no chance for him to become mechanical in his movements. Nor did they break easily and many a good shot scored a miss even though this creation of the brick maker rang like a bell when the shot glanced off edge or top.

The trap shooter of that day, by the rule of the game, was compelled to hold his gun below his elbow, the same as in the field and, with those

awful angles, he had to do some hasty calculating after giving the command to pull. From then on, it was only a matter of evolution and today, with improved, accurate traps and birds of just the proper thickness, size and shot-resisting strength, the shooter knows that, with the correct load of nitro behind an ounce and a quarter of 7½ chilled shot, the bird will break if he holds right.

Despite the fact that trap shooting has more earnest followers than almost any other sport, there are those ever ready to cry it down with the statement that such marksmanship has ceased to be scientific and is merely a mechanical operation, based on the fact that the shooter of today holds the gun to his shoulder before the trap is sprung. This may or may not be true and we would like to hear it argued out by enthusiasts, rather than disgruntled ones who, may hap, have axes to grind. In the end, if it be decided that the marvelous scores which are daily chronicled are made through a purely mechanical effect of mechanical practice, it will never be too late to adopt the field-shooting position, results from which, no matter how high the score, would preclude any possibility of unscientific, mechanical execution.

Only an even dozen members of Washington's crack gun club, The Analostan, braved the miserable weather which our beloved Weather Bureau handed them last Saturday and but 950 birds were thrown. The clean-up showed that Everett Dufour was the star performer having broken 89 out of 100 with no one trailing him close enough to cause him any marked uneasiness. Dr. M. E. Harrison, the hero of the opening day who, as a little April fool joke, fooled them all with 91 out of 100, said "pull" 150 times at his second appearance and, with the able assistance of his new pump gun, made 131 birds unfit for further use.

The following score marks the order of shooting and total results:

	Shot at.	Bk.
Dr. M. E. Harrison.....	150	131
Everett Dufour.....	100	89
Robert T. Bray.....	125	88
C. B. Wise.....	100	76
E. Dulaney.....	100	81
James A. Drain.....	75	56
F. J. Kahrs.....	75	45
C. S. Wilson.....	50	46
Miles Taylor.....	50	43
Dr. G. D. Kirkpatrick.....	50	41
Dr. B. L. Taylor.....	50	37
J. Scibold.....	25	11

That good old timer, T. H. Keller, of New York, Manager of the Eastern branch of the Peters Cartridge Company, passed through Washington last Friday and took the opportunity to say hello to some of his friends. When you get on the subject of shooting in general and cartridges in particular Tom will not hesitate to tell you that he has been in the business for

"SEMI-SMOKELESS"

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PETERS SEMI-SMOKELESS cartridges have **made good**, and have won their present leading position in the ammunition world on **merit**. Do not be misled; specify PETERS SEMI-SMOKELESS and do not accept a **substitute**, but stick to the kind that has made and holds **world's records**.

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a hundred years but probably thirty years will come closer to the mark. In that time, he has traveled pretty much all over the sphere and as he has the rare faculty not only of making friends but holding them, he is never lonesome. He was under the weather early in the winter but is in the best of health now and is starting on his southern itinerary, probably including the Bermudas and Cuba.

The world of sport has witnessed many queer "happenstances" that are always vouched for by leading citizens with unimpeachable veracity and backed by a sworn affidavit drawn up by a notary public if necessary. When recently we read of the man in Maine, who, while fishing through the ice got his face close to the hole in endeavoring to get his hook off a snag and not only had his nose grabbed by a pickerel but landed the fish, we believed. Figuring that he had a Mutt-like proboscis, built on the lines of a dill pickle, we were satisfied that it really happened and are still staisified that the gentleman from Maine can exhibit the teeth marks, if he has not already died from gangrene.

Being of a truthful disposition, in fact, almost anything goes with us, but we are frank to say that the dispatch from North Yakima, Washington, recording the statement that a farmer in that district, with two shots, got three geese an otter and a German carp has set us to wondering a bit. It was solemnly chronicled that this nimrod in the far-off State of Washington, shot into a flock of geese which arose from a marshy inlet of the Yakima River and brought down two. Then a third goose arose and endeavored to get away but fell back and when overtaken by the hunter, it was found that he had swallowed a fish hook on a set line 500 feet long. When the third goose had been put out of its misery, the hunter followed up the line, found it caught under a stump and upon pulling brought forth a snarling otter and a very meek German carp.

The Parker Gun Club, of Milwaukee, had a

house warming on March 26 in celebration of the erection of a new clubhouse and it is said that they now have the most complete fixtures and cosiest club home in the middle west. The day was bad, but thirty-three shooters met on the firing line and W. Wagner quit high with 90 out of 100, while R. Miller accounted for 86, thus falling gracefully into second place. On the same day, the Badger Gun Club handled seventeen shooters with Captain Jack leading as usual, with 90 out of 100.

The Mohawk Gun Club of Schenectady, N. Y., finished its trophy match, Saturday, March 25, when J. W. White won the repeating shot gun with a percentage of 880, having broken 264 out of 300. M. C. Smith was only three birds shy of a tie, coming in second with 261.

California continues to list to the Call of the Clay and The Weed Gun Club is the latest trap-shooting organization to make its bow in that good old State, having been organized at Weed, Siskiyou County, with sixteen members. Following are the charter members to date: H. B. Black, Captain; Roy Gates, Secretary; L. M. Bobson, Treasurer; Fred Star, Range Tender; James McClelland, L. C. Davidson, George Wilkenson, Charles Locey, L. Star, P. Call, Dr. W. E. Tebbe, W. Chrisoffersen, A. Chidester, Don Montgomery, Ben L. Waters and James Davis.

On April 1, the South End Gun Club of Philadelphia landed in second place in the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League, by a victory over the S. S. White and Haddonfield teams at the South Camden traps, the scores showing South End, 412; S. S. White, 402, and Haddonfield, 364.

The members of the Lewiston Gun Club Lewiston, Idaho, are busy practicing on a carload of blue rocks, just received from the

east and every one of the forty shooters is in deadly earnest. This activity is occasioned by the receipt of a letter, by President L. A. Drum, from Spokane, asking that a match be arranged in Lewiston, April 30, between local sportsmen and the winners of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association shoot to be held in Spokane, April 23 and 24. The Lewiston boys are going after those Spokaners and trim them if possible.

Had the Right Kind.

James A. (Ananias) Anderson, of the Remington-UMC forces, tells this new version of Davy Crockett's coon.

Jim gave an old darkey some shells and when the old man treed a coon the coon said: "Hold on, Uncle, don't shoot, you've got UMC shells; I'll come down."

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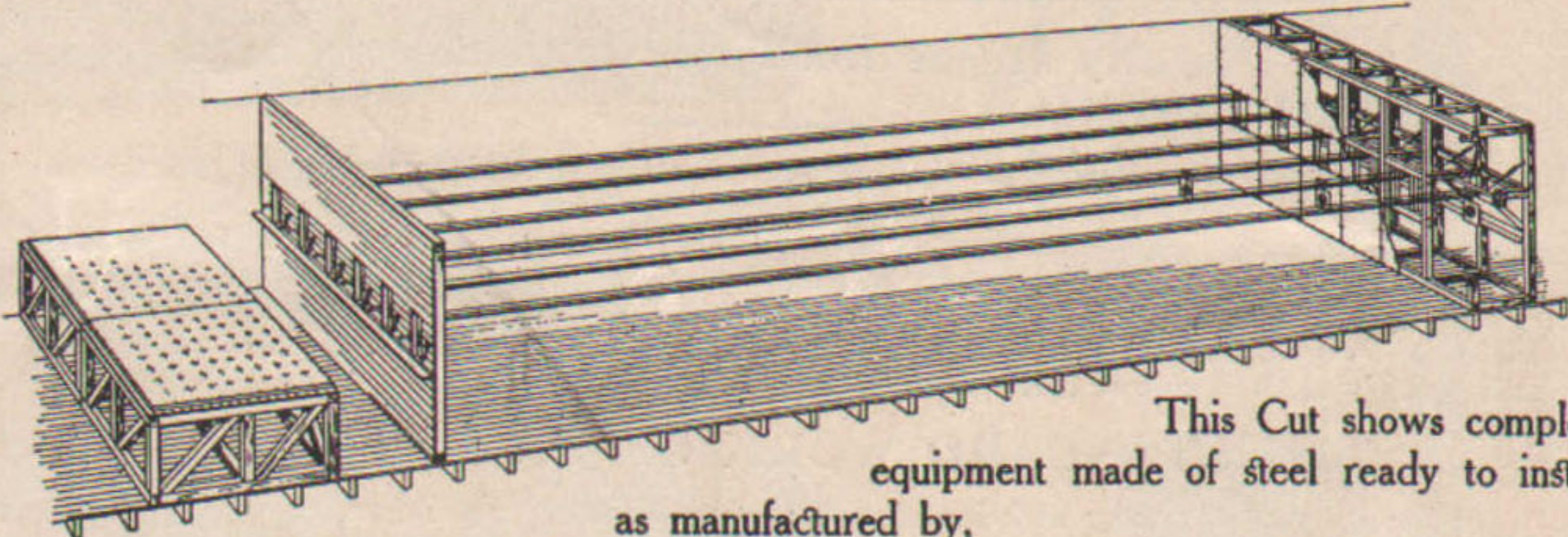
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The program of twelve events calls for 200 Blue Rock targets, \$16.00 entrance in the sweeps and \$25.00 added money by the club. All shooting will be from 16 yards rise, over expert traps arranged sergeant system. Lunch and loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds, which are reached by Indian Orchard and Palmer cars, leaving the city every fifteen minutes.

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

There will be \$75.00 worth of merchandise prizes to be divided among the twenty high guns shooting the entire program.

There will be a special prize of a genuine French briar pipe with case, for the low gun of the program. High guns to win. Ties shot off miss-and-out. All shooters are cordially invited to attend.

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The jobbers were quick to appreciate this attempt at solving the problem, and the majority

of the replies indicated strong support from the jobber in handling only the most generally called for loads. As a direct result of these suggestions from the jobbers, the United States Cartridge Company will list a smaller number of loads than their competitors, with the distinct understanding among the trade that any special load for any gauge of gun will be promptly furnished upon request. This is probably one of the most progressive steps ever taken by an ammunition manufacturer, and we feel reasonably sure that all enterprising jobbers and dealers will support this movement to cut down the ridiculously large number of loads, which only confuse and annoy the dealer and induces the gun crank to ask for something still different.

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