

ARMS AND THE MAN



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**THE NATIONAL
MILITARY AND SHOOTING WEEKLY**

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ARMS AND THE MAN

FORMERLY

SHOOTING AND FISHING.

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TRYING OUT NATIONAL MATCH AMMUNITION.

WHEN Maj. Charles G. Cole, 1st Corps Cadets, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was appointed a member of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice he became by virtue of that office ineligible to longer remain a member of the Committee of experts for testing ammunition.

The vacancy thus occasioned was filled by the appointment of Col. Charles D. Gaither of Maryland. The composition of the National Match Board of ammunition experts therefore became Generals Spencer, Drain, Colonel Gaither, Major Palmer, 7th New York, and Captain Stewart, Ordnance Department.

Under the orders of the Secretary of War this Board met at Frankford Arsenal at ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, May 15. Here also came the representatives of the various competing interests. Who these were and how they became competitors will be understood somewhat better if we go back to last winter when Gen. William Crozier, the Chief of Ordnance, asked for bids to furnish the Government .30 caliber rifle and .38 caliber revolver ammunition.

After the bids had been made, awards of contracts were given out in this way: The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, 2,750,000 rounds of .30 caliber ball cartridges; The United States Cartridge Company, Remington Arms-U. M. C. Company, and the Peters Cartridge Company the only other bidders, 1,750,000 rounds each. The reason the Winchester Company was given the larger contract was because it had been the successful competitor in the ammunition trials of 1910.

In addition to the rifle ammunition the Government also received and accepted bids to furnish 200,000 rounds of .38 caliber revolver cartridges from each of the five following companies: The Peters Cartridge Company, Remington Arms-U. M. C. Company, United States Cartridge Company, Western Cartridge Company and the Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

And beyond these quantities of ammunition, under the terms of the rule adopted by the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, and approved by the Secretary of War, the Ordnance Department was to manufacture in the Government Arsenal at least the same amount of ammunition, and further directed to set it aside for competitive trial with the commercial ammunition at the time and place to be set by the Committee of experts.

Deliveries of ammunition were to be made under contracts at different times. When the Committee assembled at Frankford it was found that not all of the contracts had been fully completed. The United States Cartridge Company had turned over to the Government 960,000 rounds of ball cartridges and no revolver ammunition. The other contracts were complete in every particular.

Capt. Thomas B. Doe who represented the United States Cartridge Co. gave the reason why his company had not completed its deliveries, saying at the same time that the ammunition would very soon be completed and delivered, by explaining that his firm had been most actively engaged in constructing a mammoth factory for the manufacture of loaded shotgun shells, at the same time endeavoring to renew and replace its other machinery so that in all particulars the output would be up to date. Various impeding causes which had arisen made it impossible, he said, for his company to live up to the terms of the contract and make the ammunition deliveries on time. He however expressed a purpose to be ready for future contests should there be any and promised that his company would do its best in days to come as in the past to assist to improve the quality of Service sizes of ammunition.

According to the terms of the rules under which the Board of experts felt themselves obligated to operate, practically no discretion remained with them to do other than exclude the rifle as well as the revolver ammunition of the United States Cartridge Company from the contest, the rule calling for selections for tests from 1,000,000 rounds of each kind. The

field was thus narrowed down, until counting Frankford, there were but four rifle and five revolver competitors.

Representatives of all the competing interests were invited to be present during the meeting of the Board and also to accompany the Board to the store house where the selections of ammunition were made.

These selections were accomplished with great care, being made with respect to the rifle from the first million rounds of each kind of ammunition delivered. One box was opened at random from each lot of 48,000 delivered by the commercial companies, and of each day's loading by the Frankford Arsenal, and a bandoleer of 60 cartridges selected therefrom.

The twenty bandoleers thus taken out then were carefully put in a new case under the supervision of one of the members of the Board, soldered, sealed and prepared for shipment to Sea Girt. A similar course was pursued with relation to the revolver ammunition, except that the selections there, amounting to 500 rounds in all, were upon a basis of three boxes of twenty cartridges each from each of eight large boxes of ammunition and one from another, making in all 500 rounds of each kind.

The 2500 rounds of revolver ammunition secured in this manner, packed in a case specially prepared for the purpose, was marked and delivered to the express company for transportation to Sea Girt.

The hospitality of Major Phillips, who owing to the absence of Major Montgomery, is now commanding officer at Frankford, was extended to the members of the Board and a number of the representatives. His invitation to lunch was supplemented by that of Capt. Carr W. Waller, and between the two all of those who came to Frankford to participate in the deliberations of the Board or the selection of ammunition were seated at a pleasant mid-day meal, as the guests of one or the other of these two officers.

Owing to the large responsibilities resting upon Major Phillips through the absence of Major Montgomery, it was an impossibility for him to go to Sea Girt for the shooting trials. He was replaced by Captain Waller, who to the full extent humanly possible filled the void which the absence of Major Phillips unavoidably created.

After lunch the selections of the ammunition having been completed and pending the arrival of the train, which by special arrangement was to stop at Bridesburg to convey the party to Sea Girt, there was given all an opportunity to pass through the rifle ammunition shops, under the espionage and guidance of Major Phillips.

These shops are always an interesting place. The visitor to them, possessing such advantages as have enabled him to frequently be upon the ground, is impressed with the spirit of progress which is everywhere evident. Officers and civilian employes all seem alike imbued with a desire to increase the efficiency of the plant by every possible means and at the same time to reduce the cost by as much as may be.

One of the new things seen was an aluminum clip; not wholly of aluminum it is true, although an aluminum alloy formed all of it except the brass holding spring. Nor must the new metal ammunition case be overlooked. This box, to take the place of the wooden case which in various shapes and forms served this country so long to hold its ammunition, has occupied for three or four years more or less time and attention of the Ordnance Department. It has finally been adopted and will become an article of issue in the near future.

By the use of it and of the aluminum clip which seems to work well, although not yet adopted, there will be accomplished a saving of thirteen pounds for every 1200 rounds of ammunition. It is easy to see that this is one of the most vitally important improvements which the Ordnance Department has effected for many years. The saving of even a pound of ammunition weight means just that much more in cartridge equivalents for delivery in the direction of the enemy.

A number of changes, all improvements, were noted in the shops, and it was with a feeling of full and expressed approval that the visitors made their way from these humming hives of busy industry to the station.

Sea Girt was reached about five-thirty, and here on the familiar platform, one of the first features of local scenery to be observed, was the pleasant physiognomy of Colonel Reid of the New Jersey National Guard, General Manager of the clubhouse and supervisor of the eats and sleeps and extraordinary comforts which that pleasant place offers under his skilful direction.

There were carry-alls, but many preferred to walk. The old well remembered bracing salt air, borne from over the breast of the heaving Atlantic, was savor to the nostrils. The familiar line of targets against the sky, the white immaculateness of the Governor's mansion, the gray and graceful looming of the range buildings, all offered to the visitors the pleasing suggestion of a return to friendly and well-loved haunts.

Through the kind offices of General Spencer, the Governor of New Jersey had sanctioned the opening of the clubhouse for the use of the Committee of experts and those who accompanied them, and authorized the use of the Sea Girt range for the purpose of the tests. The clubhouse had not been opened since the preceding fall, but no one would have known or suspected that who sat down to the excellent dinner which the first night offered. The chiefest of the culinary triumphs accomplished by the really good cook Colonel Reid had secured—the Lord knows where, for these few days of service—was some sea bass, so fresh that you could almost taste salt water upon it, so tender and so succulent that it was as one of those tasty morsels one encounters in a sweet dream.

After dinner in spite of the noise which Tom Keller made in his frantic efforts to achieve the long distance domino championship a meeting of the Board of experts was held at which one representative of each competing interest was present. This meeting was for the purpose of considering the rules under which the shooting should be done.

Somewhat extensive improvements have been going on at Sea Girt, and on account of these, so that they would not be interfered with, it was decided in the beginning that the rifle shooting should come first. The rules to govern the firing were practically those of last year, only changed in minor particulars, and need not be repeated here.

The revolver rules differed from them very slightly, in fact only in reference to the number of shots to be fired before leaving the rests, the distances to be shot over and cleaning. There was a goodly company gathered in the lounging room of the comfortable clubhouse after dinner and bridge games, dominoes, pleasant conversation before the cheerful blaze of the open fire made the evening pass quickly.

It was on this first evening that Field Marshal Thomas Keller, who when not engaged in his military duties, represents the Peters Cartridge Company, laid the foundation for that world wide reputation which later will be his, as the Champion, Ne Plus Ultra, Extraordinary, Grandissimo, Fortissimo, Domino Player of the Known World, and Other Constellations Challenged.

The time set for the firing on Tuesday morning was eight o'clock, the range 600 yards, and when the time came all were upon the ground, and not much later the smashing, crashing, banging from the four volleying rests rang out.

Close observers of the conditions will have remarked before now that twenty shots upon each rest by every kind of ammunition for record with the following change of rests will mean for a complete circuit of the rests by each competitor a consequent firing of eighty rounds of ammunition, whereas two circuits would supply 160 rounds for record by each competitor. It was this degree of progress which had been reached by noon time.

In the distribution of tasks to be performed by the Committee, General Spencer designated General Drain to supervise and direct the firing, to Colonel Gaither the keeping of firing records at the rests and the distribution of ammunition, Major Palmer to supervise marking and all of the pit work, Captain Stewart as superintendent of the excellent and efficient corps of ordnance draftsmen who had been brought down as target measurers, and himself to exercise a general lookout over all.

When the lineup was made upon the rests Mr. Hessian was found in charge of the U. M. C., with Mr. Decker as assistant; on the Winchester, Chesley officiated with Captain Richard as his aide. For the Peters, Colonel Tewes, and Rothrock was his first bower; Mr. Schnerring, Frankford Arsenal, managed the rest for the Government, having for his assistants two enlisted men of the Ordnance Corps.

In addition to those named there were present Mr. A. F. Hebard, Mr. W. M. Thomas, and Mr. Macdonald of the Remington Arms-U. M. C. Co. Mr. Uhl and Mr. Parmelee of the Winchester Company, Mr. Keplinger, Vice-president of the Peters Cartridge Company and Mr. Keller and Mr. See of that Company, Captain Doe of the United States Cartridge Company, Captain Waller, Frankford Arsenal, Mr. Rosseau and Mr. Brown of the Western Cartridge Company.

Chesley of the Winchester and Hessian of the U. M. C. each had a market basket; just a plain go-to-market market basket, to carry their dope in. And talking of dope, the Winchester and the U. M. C. people changed places this year, in that the Winchester used a grease lubricant, while the U. M. C. did not. The lubricant was very much like the mobilubricant, but it is something the Winchester people have gotten out for themselves.

They call it the Miller compound. It is a heavy-bodied material in which the cartridges are dipped after the manner of using employed with mobilubricant, which is familiar to all riflemen.

The question of whether the Winchester Company should be allowed to use it or not was raised at the beginning of the shooting. No competitor made a formal protest and the Board held that the use of a lubricant by any of the competitors would be allowed in view of the fact that the U. M. C. had been permitted to use a lubricant last year.

It is doubtful if the Winchester Company gained anything from it. It would seem probable that they lost on account of it, as experience up to this time has had rather a tendency to create the impression that a lubricant would decrease accuracy, although it might add to the life of the barrel and lessen metal fouling.

The conditions as they have been outlined in this article make it plain that each kind of ammunition is fired for the same number of shots through each of the four rifles. The firing takes place simultaneously at the word of command. The positions are drawn for. On the concrete bases erected at the 600 yard and the 1000 yard firing points the machine rests were installed, each one being securely bolted to the base. These rests were opposite targets 67, 68, 69 and 70, on the 600 yard butt.

The morning was rather gray and hazy, threatening rain, but as the day grew older the sun prevailed though the wind rose. It blew from around four o'clock in the early morning, and during the day gradually shifted by regular degrees around the clock, running in velocity from six to eight miles an hour, until in the afternoon it had actually gotten around to two o'clock, thus covering ten of the twelve hours of the dial. At no time was the change very sudden or the wind violent.

The character of the air impressed itself upon all, and as one enthusiastic representative said; "This salt air is fresh to the point of being virginal!" He concluded his remarks after a sigh of satisfaction by saying, "this certainly is one grand day."

Of the firers delivering shots at the targets, it appeared that Chesley this year as last was able to get off his strings of ten in less time than the others. The average for all four rests was about eighteen seconds, although as the rules indicate thirty seconds was allowed. Chesley often came below twelve seconds and actually got off one string in nine and a half seconds.

At twelve five, 160 shots of each kind of ammunition had been fired at the 600 yard range. When firing was resumed at 1.45 in the afternoon the wind in its course around the clock had reached two. About three o'clock in the afternoon rain was threatened and at this hour a possible delay seemed imminent when the U. M. C. found it necessary to remove metal fouling with the ammonia solution. However, the alarm was a false one and the day ended without any serious impediment to the regular course of the program.

When the firing ceased in the afternoon 320 shots of each kind of ammunition had gone from the rifles at 600 yards, 80 from each rifle. It may be said of the rifles that they were an extremely even lot and they functioned perfectly throughout all of the tests. The star gauge slips which each bore showed a uniform groove measurement of .3082 and a land measurement of 3005 and 3008, two of the former and the same number of the latter.

In the club sitting room that night many a good yarn was bandied about, some of them missed the ears of the representative of this paper, and others which he heard were not just exactly of the elevating quality which the high reputation of this periodical requires.

A little story that Gen. Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff, told of a San Antonio experience with Colonel Roosevelt when the latter named gentleman was second in command of the First U. S. Cavalry, otherwise known as "The Rough Rider Regiment" was one which was good and is now retold.

It will be remembered that General Wood commanded the Rough Riders and Theodore Roosevelt was Lieutenant-Colonel. The regiment had its rendezvous at San Antonio. One day while there duty required General Wood to be absent. Upon his return at night he was told that Colonel Roosevelt had taken out one of the squadrons for drill that afternoon and had halted in front of a brewery to give each trooper a glass of beer.

It was the custom of the regiment, instituted by General Wood, to sit with the officers at meat for every meal, and to discuss during these three-time daily sessions those things which in his judgment would be best for his officers, most of whom were new.

Upon the evening in question toward the end of the meal Colonel Wood said: "Gentlemen one thing I have not talked to you about, which I must now mention and endeavor to impress upon you as being most important. Officers, particularly officers of a volunteer regiment, must be especially careful to avoid undue familiarity with their men. An especially heinous offense is for an officer to drink with enlisted men. An officer who would do this is without the pale. It is an almost unforgivable infraction of military propriety."

As the Colonel spoke all of the officers, aware of the incident of the afternoon, looked down and Colonel Roosevelt especially was visibly impressed. Upon the conclusion of his lecture the commanding officer rose and sought his quarters.

Not long after a scratching upon the outside of the tent, followed by the

word to enter, brought in the Lieutenant-Colonel; the gentleman whose connection with the Rough Rider Regiment had so much to do with his subsequent elevation to the Presidency. Embarrassment sat large upon the New York man's face as he saluted his colonel and in hesitating words forced himself to say: "Ah—ah—Colonel, I, ah— took one of the squadrons out to drill this afternoon and—and I stopped at the brewery, sir, and gave each man of them a drink of beer."

Here he paused to receive the vocal lightnings which he knew he deserved. But his Colonel said nothing. Biting his lips and swallowing hard, the man who was soon to be the Chief Magistrate of the greatest republic in the world, the man who of all others seemed least likely to want for a word in time, said: "and—and Colonel—" with much trepidation and mental distress, "I guess I'm the damnedest fool within ten miles of this camp!" and turned upon his heel and fled. Characteristic of the man, is it not?

Which suggests, for what reason is not known, other than that it is the same man of whom it is told, another tale of Colonel Roosevelt, during those momentous days in which he was with the same regiment, in San Antonio. For this also General Wood is responsible.

He was in his tent, with the flap pinned down, taking a bath in a little tin wash basin, preparing for parade. Dress parade it was called, but the Lord knows that was only a name. A man of a Jewish cast of countenance, wearing a little billy-cock hat, a small glazed case suspended by a strap from his shoulder approached Colonel Wood and said: "Vere can I vind Colonel Rosenfelt?"

Wood sized him up in an instant. "Why, my man," replied the soldier, "Are you a friend of Colonel Roosevelt?"

"Oh yes," said the Jew, "I am a friend of his indeed." Upon this Wood cried out: "Colonel Roosevelt, come out. Here's a friend of the family wishes to see you."

Quickly the man of battles and State craft emerged from his canvas quarters clad gracefully in a flowing bath robe, upon his face that smile which ordinarily was a prelude to the word "Dee-lighted—dee-lighted!"

He was without his glasses and thus unable to see more than six feet in front of him. Apparently noticing a dark object which appeared to be a man, he approached the Jew with a grin which illumined the parade ground like the rays of the noon day sun.

"Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes," calmly said the Israelite. "Are you Colonel Rosenfelt?"

"I am," said the other, a little upon his dignity, what do you want of me?"

"Vell," replied the Jew, "I vos expectationing you to haf a lot of marching and aber you are going to march your veet mighd ged sore, and I am here to askit to fix your veet because I am a chiropodist."

The Colonel returned to his tent in one dive, vowing vengeance upon his chief, and doubtless breathing a prayer, as have others before him, to be delivered from his friends.

Captain Stewart's efficient measuring crew had followed with their computations fast upon the heels of the firing. The members of the Board went from the dining table to a checking up of the computations and calculations already made, and so smoothly did all things operate that by nine o'clock a bulletin was posted showing the complete figures for the 600-yard firing. These are herewith reproduced:

MEAN RADII.

Caliber .30 Ammunition at 600 Yards.

Range.	Frankford Arsenal.	Remington Arms-U. M. C. Co.	Winchester Repeating Arms Co.	Peters Cartridge Co.
600 yards.....	5.089	4.881	5.415	7.287

It will be observed that the Remington Arms-U. M. C. Company had a good lead upon the other competitors at this range.

Wednesday morning saw the beginning of the firing at 1,000 yards. The day was gray and cool; the wind blew from 9 o'clock at about eight miles an hour. There was some trouble sighting in. Those who have fired at the thousand yard range at Sea Girt in the early morning hours will understand why it was not easy to find the targets. That eight o'clock haze which has bewildered so many experts on this historic range gave some trouble even to the men manipulating the machine rests.

The U. M. C. people had been cooling their rifles between changes with water and all the contestants had been cleaning with rags or brushes and frequently using water.

A great deal of interest was felt in the shooting of the Peters Cartridge Company. This was the first time the Peters people have taken part in the .30 caliber tests. They have long been known for making excellent ammunition of this size and last year they bid upon the Government contract and furnished 1,000,000 rounds. However the ammunition was not on hand for trial and was not for that reason shot in competition.

Although they were beaten this year it does not seem more than fair to say that their showing is considered to be a very good one, when the difficulties which surround the making of Service ammunition are considered. It takes time to shuffle men and machinery down into working form for

the turning out of large quantities of a complex commodity such as the Service cartridge, even after the men and the machines have been secured.

The Peters Company was in the contest, as its Mr. Keplinger said, "To learn." The results will be apparent in subsequent trials.

All of the ammunition shot, even that which made the least good showing, was so far superior to the Service ammunition furnished before these annual trials began as to be literally beyond comparison.

On this day there was detected a slight uneasiness on the part of Colonel Gaither after reading the morning paper. Careful catechising seemed to locate the cause in the running to form at Pimlico of several horses previously selected by the Colonel.

At the least computation the distinguished Maryland officer must have lost several hundred dollars by the contrariness of things which fixed the racing near his home and the ammunition trials at Sea Girt for conflicting dates.

The wind continued at a steady velocity and varied but little in its direction. It got around to ten o'clock but not much farther. When "Cease Firing" sounded at lunch time 160 rounds of each kind of ammunition had gone for record at 1,000 yards.

Several visitors arrived at the range on Wednesday, among whom were Mr. Higgins of the Du Pont Company, Colonels Price and Rowland of the New Jersey National Guard, C. F. Grace, foreman of the Small Arms factory at Frankford and J. W. Steward, superintendent of the loading room at Frankford.

Upon the firing point early after the noon meal the wind was found to be coming from the same direction. There was a light shower in the afternoon, but so light that it could scarcely be dignified as such. It was the day before that a bet between Captain Waller and Captain Richard was settled by the extremest of narrow margins. Waller bet it would not rain. Two certified drops of moisture from heavenward were observed and upon this showing the ordnance officer acknowledged himself beaten and paid. This rain might have been drawn down by the special attraction of Mr. Uhl's hat. It was one of those furry creations. It had a rich brown pelt about half an inch long, or deep, or wide, or whatever you may call it and it was genuinely a thing of beauty. This hat was much admired by all and even envied by some. It vied in attracting attention with General Spencer's pipe.

General Spencer had a pipe which was positively two inches long over all. When he smoked it you could, by using powerful binoculars, if you steadied your elbows on a fixed object and gazed intently through the strong glasses, observe that he actually had a pipe and was really smoking. Once he was observed to move the hand supposed to hold the pipe into the neighborhood of an empty .30 caliber cartridge case, and the pipe almost disappeared into that receptacle. Nevertheless and notwithstanding the General seemed to extract comfort from his pipe far out of proportion to its cubical contents.

The wind continued to move during Wednesday afternoon from the nine o'clock direction in slightly lessened volume. It was very steady. The shooting conditions were ideal. It would be hard to find a more even wind or one less likely to bring bad targets.

The U. M. C. team found it necessary to use ammonia dope once during the afternoon, but not much delay occurred on this account. At five o'clock the firing was over and 320 rounds of each kind of ammunition had gone at 1,000 yards.

A great deal of the responsibility for the quickness with which long strings of shots were disposed of should be placed upon Major Palmer who so capably managed all pit matters as to establish a record for high executive capacity and indefatigable industry. He was tireless; unsparing of himself and his crew to accomplish the work of many men, and yet quitting time found him as little tired as any.

It was hard to believe that a man of his activity should be entitled to wear a medal for service rendered during the Civil War. It was impossible to get him to agree to the substitution of any one in the pit and target work. He volunteered for it in 1910 and insisted upon keeping on.

What Major Palmer was to the Board as pit representative and master of target detail so was Capt. Gilbert H. Stewart, Ordnance Department, in his particular field and special assignment as master of statistics. Captain Stewart was recorder of the 1910 Board, as he was of the one just sitting.

It is most refreshing to be associated in any official capacity where hard work and intelligent action are required with such an officer as Captain Stewart. He has a habit of saying little and doing much. His is a fine mind and he possesses a beautifully balanced intelligence. He is a comparatively young officer and he may be expected to go far.

It is realized that any one may praise another if he is careless of the truth. This is not such a case. Stewart deserves more than the very best things which could be said of him. The board is extremely fortunate to have two such men as Major Palmer and Captain Stewart among its members.

There came a surprise on Wednesday evening when after the measurements had been completed and the scores compiled the bulletin for the 1,000 yard firing and for the combined results of the 600 and 1,000 yard ranges was posted.

MEAN RADII.
Caliber .30 Ammunition at 1,000 Yards.

	Remington Arms-U. M. C. Co.	Winchester Repeating Arms Co.	Peters Cartridge Co.
Frankford Arsenal.	10.245	8.829	13.296
9.768			

MEAN RADII.
Caliber .30 Ammunition at 600 and 1,000 Yards.

Range.	Frankford Arsenal.	Remington Arms-U. M. C. Co.	Winchester Repeating Arms Co.	Peters Cartridge Co.
600 yards.....	5.089	4.881	5.415	7.287
1,000 yards.....	9.768	10.245	8.829	13.296
Mean of mean radii....	7.428	7.563	7.122	10.291

A survey of the figures shows the ammunition of the Winchester Company to have materially excelled the others at the longer range. The result is summed up by the formal action taken by the Board, as follows:

"Whereas the measure of the .30 caliber shots made on the targets fired under the supervision of the experts during the tests held May 16 and 17, 1911, at Sea Girt, N. J., having shown that the .30 caliber rifle cartridges manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company were the most accurate.

Therefore be it resolved:

That the .30 caliber rifle ammunition manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company be, and hereby is, selected for use in the National Matches of 1911, and that the Honorable the Secretary of War be so notified."

Thus for the second time the Winchester Company wins the .30 caliber ammunition competition.

Thursday morning firing began at 50 yards with the revolver. At 12.45 when it ceased 300 rounds of each of the five kinds of ammunition in competition had gone, half of the number at 50 and half at 75 yards.

The firing of the revolvers was done by Captain Richard for the Winchester Company, Mr. Rosseau for the Western Cartridge Company, Mr. Schnerring for Frankford, Colonel Tewes for the Peters Company, and Mr. Decker for the Remington-U. M. C. Company.

Major Palmer fairly outdid himself in disposing of the large number of targets required at this firing. No less than 300 record targets had to be placed, recorded and moved, making no allowance for the sighting targets. The figures showing the result of the revolver firing are presented.

MEAN RADII.
Caliber .38 Ammunition.

Range.	Frankford Arsenal.	Remington Arms-U. M. C. Co.	Winchester Repeating Arms Co.	Peters Cartridge Co.	Western Cartridge Co.
50 yards.....	1.456	1.458	1.426	1.448	1.241
75 yards.....	2.251	2.490	2.393	2.579	2.158
Mean of mean radii.....	1.853	1.974	1.909	2.013	1.699

They show the unmistakable superiority of the revolver ammunition of the Western Cartridge Company. Upon a study of the measurements, the Board declared the Western Cartridge Company ammunition that selected in the following resolution:

"Whereas the measure of the .38 caliber shots made on the targets fired under the supervision of the experts during the test held May 18, 1911, at Sea Girt, N. J., having shown that the .38 caliber revolver cartridges manufactured by the Western Cartridge Company were the most accurate.

Therefore be it resolved:

That the .38 caliber revolver ammunition manufactured by the Western Cartridge Company be and hereby is, selected for use in the National Matches of 1911, and that the Honorable the Secretary of War be so notified."

This is the third time this new concern has been a competitor, last year it was runner up and finished in third place to Frankford, the winner. The company deserves much praise for the consistent improvement which its product has shown.

A comparison of the firings of this year with those of last and the year before indicates a gain in accuracy over last year for both rifle and revolver ammunition.

As pointed out in our report of the firings for last year the same accuracy cannot be expected of a cannellured bullet ammunition which can be secured from a cartridge which uses a smooth bullet. The measurements of the targets made by the smooth bullet ammunition manufactured by the United States Cartridge Company in 1909 have yet to be bettered.

Possibly in time the cannellured ammunition can be raised to a sufficient degree of accuracy to beat the smooth bullet results, though this is to be doubted. At the same time it must be admitted that the present type of cartridge for service use is far and away superior to that with an un-

cannellured bullet and it must be also said that the present degree of accuracy is all that could be required for military purposes.

The revolver ammunition results give us a mean of mean radii for the winner of 1.699. Frankford won in 1910 with 1.724. The winning figure for 1909 made by the United States Cartridge Company of 1.682 is very closely approached by the score of the Western Cartridge Company of this year.

The results of the tests just passed show progress to have taken place during the past year. It is expected still greater gain will be made in the year to come, as men and machines and material are more highly developed by the various competing interests.

Everything which could be done for the contestants and the Board by the New Jersey State Rifle Association authorities to make their visit to Sea Girt comfortable, profitable and satisfactory was done. All the labors of the Board were completed by Friday forenoon and the members left for their respective homes.

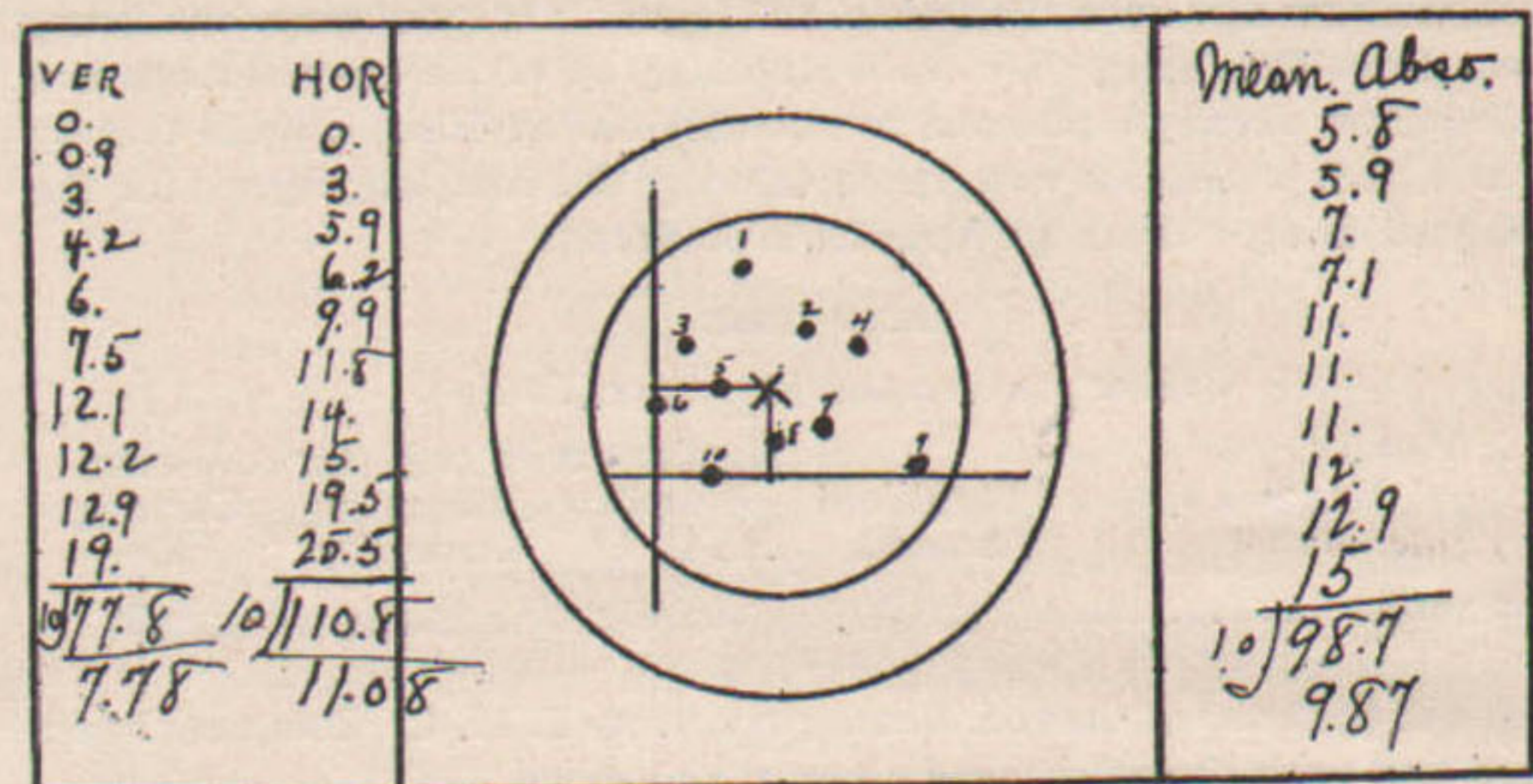
A suggestion for modifications in the rules for next year was that blending be undertaken of the powder used in loading the various ammunitions, so that it may be absolutely sure that each powder is exactly the same. That is the presumption now, and within reasonable limits it seems to be a not violent one. But the blending of a sufficient amount of powder to do all the loading if that be practicable would eliminate any question as to the powder quality in the respective makes of ammunition.

TAKING THE MEAN RADIUS OF A TARGET.

[So many inquiries have been received on the subject of the measurement of targets that the following article is reproduced from a former number of ARMS AND THE MAN.]

ALL the measurements made during the recent tests of National Match ammunition at Sea Girt have been to ascertain the mean radius of the targets fired at. For the benefit of those of our readers who are not familiar with this method of providing a basis for the comparison of targets we reproduce a target showing in detail how the mean radius is to be measured.

First, draw a horizontal line through the lowest shot of the group, letting the line go through the center of the puncture in the target. Then draw another line at right angles to the first one, which shall pass perpendicularly through the left hand shot of the group. It makes no particular difference whether these lines are parallel with the side lines of the target, but it will be easier to get them correctly related as to the angle at which they cross if they are drawn parallel to the target edges. The measurement is not affected in any way if the lines are drawn in any other direction, just so they are placed at a right angle with each other.



Starting now with the horizontal line, the distance of each from this line must be measured. We will assume merely for the sake of illustrating our point that the measurements included in the tables on the target are the correct measurements. We will tabulate them under "Vertical," meaning by this distance from the horizontal line; "Horizontal," or the distance from the perpendicular line, and "mean radius," or distance measured from the point of impact to the shot holes.

Beginning then with the shot marked ten on the target, the horizontal line passing straight through it, is .0 distance from that line. Shot number nine .1 inch, shot number eight 2.6 inches, and so on, measuring the distance which each shot is from the horizontal line.

When you have the ten measurements, add them together and divide by ten. This will give you the average distance of the ten shots from the horizontal line. Measure then from the perpendicular line, commencing with shot six. The distance of that shot from the line will be 0. Shot three comes next, a distance of three inches. Then shot ten, 5.9 and then shot five, 6.2. Proceed in this manner until the measurement of all the shots has been taken. Add these quantities together, divide by ten and you will arrive at the average horizontal distance of all the shots from your

perpendicular line. Draw now a line horizontally which shall intersect the perpendicular line a number of inches from the horizontal line, which shall equal your average vertical or, in this case, 7.78 inches. Then measure along the horizontal line from the point of intersection of the perpendicular line with it for 11.08 inches, the average distance horizontally from your perpendicular line. The two lines thus drawn will meet and cross at the point marked with the cross on the target. This cross is said to be "The point of impact." We must now measure from the point of impact to the center of the shot hole of every shot on the target. The quantities thus obtained we may assume to be those shown on the right hand side of the target in the accompanying diagram, their total being 98.7, which gives a dividend when divided by 10, of 9.87. 9.87 therefore, would be the mean radius of the target shown.

THE FLAT-FOOT MILITIA.

BY WILL C. PARSONS.

MY gallant compatriots"—or words to that effect—"you have saved your state's capital from the invader's sword. Go to your fire-sides." So said Governor Tod of Ohio in August, 1863.

In about fifteen seconds (according to one who was there), a goodly part of 4000 "Flat-foot militia" was fairly burning up the miles that led from Camp Chase to Columbus and a square meal. Like the coon dog they had done the best they could with "one eye and three legs."

Ordered to "kill, capture or secure" General John Morgan, who just then was raiding something fierce, and threatening the Buckeye State, the "Flat-foots" had rallied to the call of duty, and had gone out, unorganized, unofficered and unarmed.

The regularly organized companies of the militia, and the soldiers guarding several thousand confederate prisoners at the great prison camp, had all the shooting irons in the vicinity, and the "Flats," were those men whose age, business, and homes had kept them, thus far, from the front.

Had the hard-riding, and energetic Morgan appeared before the "Flats" at any one time during their four days of duty, and touched off a cannon fire-cracker, the death-rate due to heart disease among the bunch would have been appalling.

But, let one of the survivors tell the story:

"In '63 enlistments had taken many of the able-bodied men of the city to the front. Others were drilling in militia companies. Those of us who were not able-bodied or who were at home paying the war tax, were dubbed the 'flat-foot militia.' It hurt; but we had to stand it.

The strongest and the best of the men at home were already in one or another of the armed militia companies; and spent more time talking of what they *would* do to the enemy, than they did to getting bread and butter for the lame and aged, and money to buy quinine and powder for the *real* fighters.

Then came the Morgan scare! Down in the Paint Creek district near Chillicothe, the people were so terrorized that they actually burned a fine new bridge over a stream that did not have enough water in it to wet the tail-feathers of a turkey, had the festive bird attempted to wade it. At the state capital things were about as bad, and children were punished by telling them that 'John Morgan'll git you ef you don't watch out!'

The scare was as bad as a cholera epidemic would have brought. The governor appealed to every able-bodied and patriotic citizen to rally to the firing line, and stop the bold raider. The night was spent in getting out signs reading:

Gone to Camp Chase to catch John Morgan.

Out at the camp there were thousands of guards (volunteer soldiers), but it seemed to be up to the 'Flat-foots' to save the day. They didn't see it then, and those left cannot see it yet!

In the morning the men of the city—the 'Flat-foots,' flocked to the rendezvous with about as much system as a bunch of guinea-hens chased by a farmer's dog. Then without leaders, guns, or blankets, they hiked out the dusty National Road to stop John Morgan. It was a one-card draw but it bluffed the invader all right as will be seen later.

The march was a go-as-you-please affair. Some of the fellows carried bottles, and the day was hot. Soon some of them began to stag—beg pardon, to straggle, and it was after noon when the rear tottered into sight. The Four-Mile House did a business that made the bartenders' eyes stick out like door-knobs. Shade was hunted, even by the most enthusiastic of the patriots.

There wasn't a gun in the bunch. Those of the 'footers' who were good 'mixers' made up with the really soldiers in camp, and got their 'chow.' Some stuck to the vial, and didn't need any: still others bought from the sutlers; and some went hungry.

Night came, and with it, the chill. Rail fences disappeared in sections,

and fires sprang up. Throw out any guards? *No*. We didn't know any more about *guards* than does a last year's bird's nest. I bunked with a preacher, who has since gone to Chicago, and now drags a trail of D.D's after his name as long as the tail of a kite.

We pulled ragweed for our bed, and turned in with the August sky for a blanket. Near by, a bunch of the fellows who had kept in close formation with their bottles, snored in a hog-wallow, and it was hard to tell the biped from the quadruped!

Along about midnight, the preacher let out a yell that could be heard a mile, and about half of the 'Flatters' started for Columbus' cross lots. Everything was in an uproar. Some good Samaritan rustled a bit of candle: another a match; and soon I was holding the light toward bunkie's face. He continued his staccato complaints without putting on the soft-pedal.

A black beetle, that had crawled into the ear ecclesiastic, for temporal and spiritual comfort, came out, and the excitement died down. The four nights in camp were something fierce, and still, no guns. The only musket I got my hands on was one borrowed from a volunteer, and I drilled part of one morning just to kill time.

While all the men were away from Columbus, Morgan could have ridden into town, taken the place to pieces, and mailed the fragments south.

Some one got word to the invading general, that about 'all the men in the world,' were at Camp Chase to do him up; and he changed his route. If he had landed on our bunch with one horse-pistol, we would have had to surrender, or be the first martyr.

As soon as the danger was over, the governor came out to camp, jollied us with a lot of hero dope, and said we had better draw 'cuts' to see who should go home to three-squares and mother, and who should remain behind to keep the ground warm. Most of the 'cuts' were for home. Suppose John had run into us 4000 'Flats.' I shudder!"

SMILE WITH ME.

BY EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

MAYBE my sense of humor is warped. You'll be able to decide after you read this. In the meantime don't lose patience if I chuckle as I go along.

In a recent number of a monthly sporting publication there appears an article by an English army officer on the proper way to go about getting your big game, in the region beyond the Zambesi. It's full of meat for the man who has game marked for the slaughter in that far off region. What's more I'll bet that the writer of the article is a fine fellow and a good sportsman, as are most English army officers.

If the article had appeared in the *Field*, of London, it would not have provoked a smile, both because they are used to its peculiar style of diction and because an Englishman never smiles anyhow, except under protest. But in a rude, uncouth, American sporting magazine, where the crank cavorts and throws bricks, it's as tempting as a freshman in a silk hat.

Reading it over, with the memory of my own rough napkinless trips in mind, I blush. What's more I'll hazard the assertion that you too have been remiss in your preparations for the trips you have taken.

The major prints a list of articles necessary and heads it, "Luxuries for one man for three months." The list ran down through tins of this and tins of that, including Chutney—no this is not a misprint, it's something good to eat—as I was saying, Chutney, Dutch cheese, Swallow and Ariel Cakes, Curry powder, Pate de Foi Gras, caviar, red currant jelly, 4 bottles of whiskey and 3 of champagne, then it said, "2 axes and one saw." I looked again but it didn't change—two axes and one saw, under the head of luxuries for one man for three months.

I went out and revently rescued the family axe from its association with vulgar chips. It is now in the corner beside the Ross. Another item said Keating's powder, four small tins for fleas. Also under the head of luxuries.

Now a California man would undoubtedly class this latter item as it had been, so we'll let that pass. The major says reverently that a small bottle of champagne will often save one from the fever.

High rollers please note. Fever is especially dangerous about 12 G. M.

He assures the elephant chaser that if Selby is still at Livingstone, he is a very decent fellow. That is, if Selby has moved away he's a very devil. I wonder what there is in that Livingstone climate to so affect Selby.

Then we get down to cases, we're in the game country.

"About fifteen miles there is a native village; here you should borrow their dugout and go across the lagoon, which is a famous place for lechwe."

"At six palms make a standing camp for three or four days. Here you should make certain of getting puku, lechwe, reitbuck and roan."

Now frankly if you were told that at a certain place you were likely to get puku and lechwe, would take your trusty .450, or a butterfly net or a shotgun or a big dose of rock and rye? Those names have no pleasant sound.

He takes you down to Munguli and there runs you up against the keenest disappointment of the article. He says, "In 1909 a friend of mine came

across nine lions here." Do you think he dives into the yarn and tells you whether the nine got the friend or the friend got the nine? Not a bit of it. In comparison, Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger," is a selling-plater for leaving a fellow with his interest keyed up.

When he gets you down to Shalwalbala—this is a place, not a college yell—he says, "In this place there is a very fair local shikari." I'll just brand that statement right here as a nature fake. Instead of being "very fair," it's a ten to one shot that the shikari is blacker'n the inside of a black cat in a coal hole on a dark night. For proof see the pictures in Roosevelt's book.

I want none of that country in mine. The hardships are too great. The Major says, "Remember the native is quite raw and is not accustomed to be kicked about like the Kaffir. If you knock him about he will bolt."

Isn't that mean? Supposing you come in with a grouch because that last covey of elephants flushed and flew over onto a posted farm. Imagine it, you can't even take a couple of soul-satisfying swings at the nearest darky without having the ungrateful son-of-a-gun bolt! And you paying him five shillings a month into the bargain—so the Major says. Same old trouble of the unreasonable attitude of labor against capital.

I'd swap any two of my guns, sight unseen, for the gate receipts of a spectacle where Jack Johnson or Sammy Langford, dressed up as Kaffirs—a streak of paint and one broad smile—were being knocked about by the Major under the impression that the aforesaid coons were the genuine knockable Kaffir article.

I nearly forgot the Major's sensible advice to cut out all intoxicating drinks until dinner time. And it is sensible. Now I'll grant you that a fellow might get used to the sight of hoop snakes with curly hair and a Sozodont smile, and that he might watch the approach of a ten-foot green lizard without shrinking from the bar or even dropping the glass, but what do you suppose would happen to the nerves of a man suddenly confronted by three red-white-and-blue rhinos, with gilt tusks, white plume picture-hats and ingratiating smiles? That-wait-till-dinner-for-booze business is a good stunt in a country where the fauna looks like a mince-pie nightmare anyhow.

Now lest you start out with khaki clothes, or Wetbak, or other ordinary garments of the sort, I merely caution you that among your duds you've got to have two pair of shorts—not shirts he mentions those elsewhere—a pair of khaki slacks and a double terai for your head.

Now those clothes sound good to me. I'm going to have a set of 'em. No use trying to get 'em in a clothing store. I did and it took me five minutes to convince a large sized and angry bouncer that I wasn't trying to get fresh. I didn't get the slacks, the shorts nor even the double terai.

If you skip this coming paragraph you'll regret it.

"You should bring tablecloths—two—and nakpins. It is a great mistake to pig it."

Can you beat "pig it," and don't you feel the hot flush of shame creeping o'er your damask cheek, when you reflect on the times you have started out with only one table cloth, or—whisper it—not a blame thing in that line?

The Major's very complete article omitted but one item, but that is an important one. He doesn't list one of those punching-bag Kaffirs for the time when the rhino gets through a hole in the pattern and vanishes from the landscape.

THE SHORT LIFE OF "GILT-EDGED" RIFLES, AND THE CAUSE.

BY FRANK EVANS.

TIME was when I would bet money that I could hit a 2-inch square card the first shot at 100 yards if shooting off of a double rest; then I changed my views a little and believed I could do the trick with a few preliminary shots to get sighted.

Within the past two or three years I have grown like the dutchman who offered to bet \$5 he could drink a wooden bucketful of beer within five minutes, and after winning the bet announced that he knew he would win because he had "just drank a wooden bucketful ten minutes before to see if he could do it."

I would have to know the rifle could be depended on to deliver the goods and would like to hit the card at least once before risking any money.

The leading factories will guarantee their barrels to shoot a certain sized group if handled by an intelligent operator. The leading individual makers reduce these groups about an inch on their guarantees.

I am satisfied the rifles will shoot the guarantees given; they always have for me. But after about two hundred shots with very rare exceptions, which according to the old code of philosophy, proves the rule, their gilt-edge accuracy is gone, and a 2-inch group at 100 yards and a 5-inch group at 200 yards is about their average work for several hundred shots. Then they lose even that semblance of accuracy. (In this connection I except

.22 calibers and .25 low-power calibers for reasons that are obvious to the reader.)

Many a man swears by a rifle because it showed several fine groups when he first bought it. Long afterward he still swears by the gun though he has never targeted it since the first time, and he calls bad shots creatures of circumstance.

I have heard riflemen at big shoots give many fine spun reasons why a shot was spotted five or six inches away from where they thought it would be, when I was satisfied the gun wouldn't shoot ten consecutive shots in a 12-inch circle if laid on a machine rest.

When I have said as much they took it in different ways—some not liking it very well—but none believed me as they had a test group at home that proved I was a liar although, too polite to so express it. Another reason for their confidence is the fact that almost any old rifle will shoot half of its bullets approximately where the sights indicate they should be found, and exclusive offhand shooters base their confidence on that fact.

I have owned at various times four rifles that I know were gilt-edged. I may have owned others, but I don't know it, as I wasn't capable of proving it at that period of my experience.

What I would consider gilt-edged as applied to rifle accuracy is a gun that will shoot two groups out of five 1-inch or less at 100 yards and the other three of the five less than 1½ inches from center to center of outside shots.

But none of the guns I ever owned and, with one exception, none owned by my acquaintances, ever kept this gilt-edged accuracy for more than two or three hundred shots. Why?

Well I proved and rejected more reasons than I can now enumerate until I found the right one. I was always looking for something *outside* the barrel, while the trouble was *inside*.

A rifle bore that is smoothly and evenly cut from breech to muzzle and tapered slightly, so that a bullet gets tighter and tighter as it nears the muzzle or tight in the last inch or inch and a half only, will shoot accurately.

Take a new barrel that shows three or four fine groups shot consecutively and push through the bore a disc made by cutting off the last two or three bands of the bullet. You will find it goes smoothly and evenly without any sudden slips through loose places.

When the barrel seems to have lost its fine edge, push the same disc or a new one through and I am sure you will discover one or more loose places. These loose places are the cause of the falling off in accuracy.

Now I don't mean "rings" or similar deformations caused by the carelessness or ignorance of the rifleman in shooting out wads of rags or cotton or a misplaced bullet or other obstruction, and it is my firm belief that shooting a barrel without wiping out the grease or oil left in it to protect it from rusting, as I have done and as others do, is a frequent source of injury. These loose places arise from another cause and come to the most careful of riflemen, as they are beyond his power to prevent.

The ordnance experts have appliances to measure the pressure exerted on a barrel when it is fired—or at least they claim they have and I don't doubt it. But whether or not it can be determined, within a few pounds, you and I know that when a bullet is fired through a rifle barrel by the force of its regular powder charge the pressure on the walls of the barrel is tremendous. If there is the slightest point anywhere along the bore where metal of the barrel can give way it will. That is exactly what happens. If the barrel is unequally tempered—that is, softer at one place than in another—or if it is slightly porous at any point or at different points, the metal packs or condenses slightly under this tremendous and continuous pressure until the bore is swelled at that place.

If not very pronounced, or rather if not very deep—say less than one-thousandth of an inch—the bore where it is still tight can be lapped out with emery dust and oil by means of a leading rod and if properly done the gun will regain its accuracy, or part of it at least. It is then good for several hundred shots, sometimes two or three thousand, before falling off perceptibly.

But the best old rifle of them all is a .32-40, shot two or three thousand times and therefore thoroughly packed and tempered, recut by a man who knows how, to a .33 caliber.

I think this is the reason there are so many gilt-edged .33's in the country, some of them being first-class after two or three thousand shots.

My observation has been that a .25 caliber re-cut to a .32, or a .32 re-cut to a .38 doesn't hold up like a .32 re-cut to a .33 or a .38 re-cut to a .39. The reason to my mind is that going too deep gets too close to where the metal is not so densely packed as it is nearer the original bore.

And I know of a .30-40 high power barrel made over into a .32-40 Pope muzzle loader after several hundred jacketed bullets had been fired through it. After it was re-cut it certainly was a good one, and it stays good.

This thing I've just been telling you about is what happened to Dr. Mann's bumblebee rifle after about two hundred shots. The Doctor knew his gun had let down because he had the proof before him. There are a whole lot of others in the same and a worse fix who won't believe it even after they read this. Well, I don't care.

ARMS AND THE MAN

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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.

THE 1911 AMMUNITION TRIALS.

Another annual test of National Match ammunition has been brought to a successful close. Our news columns show the incidents of the competition in detail.

These annual trials to determine by actual competitive firing from machine rests the relative accuracy of Service rifle and revolver ammunition have been productive of much good. Among immediate results a most important one is the increase in the accuracy of the ammunition which the competition has accomplished.

It is now a race each year between Frankford Arsenal, where the Government loads its small arms cartridges, and the makers of commercial ammunition, and between the commercial makers themselves, to see which shall be able to turn out the best product.

One feature of these competitions which should not be ignored is the sportsmanlike attitude in which each and all of the competitors approach and participate in the trials.

When the question of an ammunition competition was first submitted to Gen. William Crozier, The Chief of Ordnance, there was no obligation upon him to acquiesce in it, and he might well have taken the stand of officers we have known, who declared the Government product superior to any other and called the case closed upon such pronouncement.

However the General did not look at the situation in such a way. He was not only willing but he was anxious that the competitions should take place and instead of interposing obstacles he has afforded every facility for carrying them out.

The attitude of the commercial makers too has been most pleasing. There is no grousing or growling when they have been defeated. They all recognize, as must everyone who has been brought intimately in contact with ammunition making, that a small factor, one obtruding itself so insidiously that there is no way of tracing and eliminating it in time, will lower the quality of the particular lot of ammunition which happens to get into the trials. They admit this as a possibility but do not rely upon it for explanation.

These are conditions to be proud of. There is also a further source of comfort in the fact that so far there has been observed no tendency to unfair practices on the part of any competitor, and withal we have now raised the quality of the ammunition so high that a very small thing, a

difference so slight that it is almost too trivial for consideration may operate to produce the sole difference in accuracy which the tabulation of the figures of the tests disclose.

But all the ammunition shot this year is good enough for every practical purpose and every round is so far superior to that which we considered fairly good a few years ago that we should be immensely pleased and gratified by the improvement.

FEET ARE A FEATURE.

Long ago, far beyond the time when the writer expected to own and edit a great shooting and military weekly, he was a company commander in the National Guard; before that he had been a lieutenant and an enlisted man, and before and during that time he was accustomed to cover many hundred miles each year on foot and often alone, in the forest, hills or high mountains, seeking fish and game and what new fervor of fresh faith and mental and bodily cleansing God's open air could give.

He learned early that a man with tender feet or with shoes that did not fit could not go far and fare well; that the man who expected to use the method of locomotion which the Creator had given him had to be extremely careful to see that feet and shoes were intended for each other; that socks were well made and close fitting, and that feet were kept—we blush when we say it—*quite clean always*.

Upon strong, well and healthy feet a weak man might march to victory. But upon tender, tortured and blistered soles the bravest could move but little toward tasks appointed.

When the Germans fought the French in the seventies, the German army, which was even then an excellent fighting machine, lost during the earlier portion of the war, in a period specified and fixed, 60,000 men wounded and killed. In the same time from the identical organizations there fell by the wayside and ceased to be available for any military service whatsoever, no less than 30,000 men who had not cold feet, but hot feet.

It is literally true that half as many men out of that magnificent German army were put out of action by sore feet as by the swords, bullets, and balls of the enemy.

The moral is if you want to be happy and effectively industrious especially if you expect to perform military duty, you must care for your feet.

Wear sensible shoes, do not abuse your "understanding," and if perchance you are in a position of authority and command men see to it with all the care of which you are capable that these men have feet competent to carry them as far as their legs will bear them or their hearts pump blood to move them on.

TEACH THE BOY SCOUTS TO BE LADYLIKE.

A bully is objectionable, but an over-meeek man is a greater eyesore. It is a sweet delusion which we love to hug to our bosoms, that all men are animated by a desire to do what is right.

Without doubt all men are righteously inclined sometimes, but none of them all of the time. You get that? We mean it. Not since Jesus Christ lived on the earth has there been satisfactory evidence of a perfect man.

It is much easier to find a righteous man than a righteous nation. Men will do things in the name of country which would revolt them as individual acts.

Instead of war being less probable since nations are brought closer together by quicker means of communication, and since news of one and the other is flashed around the earth as the lighting darts, the contrary is true.

Disturb a nation, invade its tranquillity, impose upon its good nature, and if a preponderance of public sentiment is in favor of right action, a little time for consideration will suffice to lower the beat of the public pulse, and reduce from fever temperature the boiling blood of hot action.

But let a nation be in constant touch with an enemy, hearing from minute to minute, hour to hour, day to day what that enemy's says; let its men be able to read at the breakfast table what its most scurrilous, scurvy and most

unscrupulous paragraphers have pestilently printed and you have multiplied the chances of trouble many times.

We have gone a long way in our discussion of this subject and said more than at the moment we intended, but nothing which is not true, and not a word without significance.

In all the history of the human race, the surest sign of decadence in a nation, the plainest finger post to point the way toward destruction has always been a disinclination on the part of the people of the dying government to protect their lives and property by war. Look along down through history and you will find it so.

Now we are willing to concede, if any one desires to advance the argument in opposition, that war is a calamity: A horrible catastrophe, a fearful ordeal, painful, distressing and awful. So is the birth of a child and a considerable number of other occurrences which make for good and growth in the end.

No one would pick out war as a pleasant pastime, or a state of affairs to be wished for, but yet all the sterner virtues, all the manly attributes, all of those qualities which most distinguish man from the brute beast anomalously enough come from an indulgence of his so-called brutish instinct to bruise and batter and crush an opponent.

There are too many peacemakers in the United States these days for the peace of mind of the man who loves his country. Every cross road has its advocate of a national policy which would involve turning the other cheek.

When individuals, all of them, everywhere and for the entire time follow the precepts of the meek and lowly Saviour, returning good for evil, living unselfishly, loving their enemies, and turning the other cheek that it may be smitten as one was, then we may disarm and world-wide peace is an accomplished fact.

Until that time comes the man who preaches disarmament, the man or woman who goes about advocating a reduction or an abatement of reasonable military preparation involving the building up of a proper army; a suitable navy; an efficient National Guard; a potent reserve from which a volunteer army may be formed behind the Army and the National Guard; the person who inveighs against the instruction of our men and boys in the use of the rifle; the individual who criticizes military drill for the boy scouts, and would reduce the beneficent ritual of that promising institution to the babbling gabble of an old maid's tea party; all of these, jointly and severally, collectively and individually, are enemies of their country, and they should be dealt with accordingly.

We think perhaps it might be as well to enroll them all in that school of research which is going to be founded from the income of Mr. Carnegie's Donation for Peace. There they might learn that no nation which did not fight has ever risen, and every nation when it ceases to fight has always fallen.

MUCHOS PATOS.

By E. C. CROSSMAN.

(Continued from last week.)

THE DESERT METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY AND—

OUR slumbers were sweetened with the music of a desert Metropolitan Opera Company, minus the conversation of those usually found at such performances, and the sadness of the price you paid for admittance, ever coming into your thoughts.

The ducks were luckily hung out of reach, we were too sleepy to get up and rescue them, or even to grab a handy gun and annex a hide for a rug. Therefore the little sharp nosed dogs ran back and forth across the clearing, and sang coyote songs of rejoicing over the scraps they found.

With the army reinforced by Cap, we arose early one morning and sought the slough. The only two phases of duck shooting we had not tried, consisted of shooting the birds as they came out of the lagoon, before they rose to their usual cross-country height, and shooting them Imperial style.

Imperial style?

Down where the ducks are thick enough to constitute a nuisance, the hunter has a maxim by which he is guided when he hunts ducks. It is three lined, and reads like this:

"Get the ducks."

"Get the ducks."

"Get the ducks."

Later we tried it.

We stumbled over the rough, ploughed field for the lagoon, laying our

course for the spot where the morning's flight left the water. The C-M people had cut a ditch on the side of the field adjoining the lagoon strip of jungle, running parallel with the water and but a hundred yards away. Into this—it was dry—we crept, scattered ourselves along its length and waited for the curtain of darkness to rise on the duck show.

Even before we separated there came the thunder of ducks leaving the water, and against the brightening sky there appeared a cloud of hurrying forms. The corn-sheller and the little gun spat bright flame into the gloom. Something plunked heavily onto the ploughed field behind me, while a big sprig nearly flattened Joe as it smashed into the ditch beside him. In the gloom of the morning the birds failed to hold to their usual narrow line of flight and I therefore walked six hundred yards up the ditch to another place of exit, much in use, from the noise of the wings.

It was fascinating, the roar of the birds rising from the water far up the lagoon, the low hum of their wings, the piping that grew louder as they approached, and then the strong wind sound as they came sweeping over in the faint light. Then the spurt of red flame leaping into the darkness—the "put" of the striking shot, as the little gun found the right lead for the hazy forms above, and the plunk of solid duck meat striking equally solid ground, from its thirty yard height.

Between flocks I could hear the rattle of Joe's cornsheller after each shot, while from Cap's position a long half mile away, there came intermittently the three bangs of the auto-loader that greeted each flock that passed over him.

The light grew brighter, and with the coming of the day the birds rose more abruptly from the lagoon, rose to their normal cross-country height in the first few yards, and crossed us out of range. That shooting was over for the day.

SHOOTING GLASSES ARE A SOLACE.

Sitting in the blind that morning with the glint of the sun from the water proved to me, as the past week had been doing, that the man who tackles outdoor shooting of any sort without amber glasses is putting an unwitting handicap on himself. On my former trips I had worn a pair of amber glasses of the ordinary size, costing a dollar and barely worth it. They allowed the light to strike the eyes from the side, and the steel frames rusted from the perspiration. They were a help, but were far short of the ideal.

On this trip I wore a pair of Iowa ambers, special shooting glasses with enormous lenses, curved to fit the face and thereby cutting out all side rays of light, and protecting the eyes from flying specks of dirt or powder. After ten days of constant wear I would as soon forget the gun as the glasses, when starting out on a trip of this sort.

Morning after morning the sunlight glinting from the water would have made the use of some of the blinds a positive torture but for the glasses, while at any time of the day they removed the eye strain, and made gazing into the empyrean for far-distant ducks a different thing from the usual squinting, and face-screwing performance.

These shooting glasses as made by the King Optical Co., and by the Iowa Optical Co., have large lenses, 2 inches by 2½ inches as compared with the ordinary lenses of about 1 inch by 1½ inches. The Iowas have hinged connection between the lenses to allow them to follow the face line, and the lenses are curved besides.

The King glass is a rimmed pattern, perhaps a trifle stronger than the Iowa article, and made with nose piece of adjustable height. Either make will give satisfaction, and the man hunting in a country of strong light, or doing any outdoor shooting, makes a mistake in doing without a pair of one or the other make.

Cap gave us a good example of the auto against the double gun. Cap is a good shot, used to handling shotguns and I was eager to see how he would handle the auto, after the various arguments appearing in print on the subject of the automatic.

He sat in the boat, concealed in a tule growth, and on the direct line of the flight up the lagoon. A flock of sprigs hummed up the channel, keeping out of our range and making for Cap. As they approached there came the mellow quacking of a mallard, inviting the ducks to drop in for a while. Listening, we understood why Cap did not carry a duck-call. The flock refused to accept the invitation and slid over the tules, a long forty-five yards high.

Then, spaced about like the tickling of an agitated clock, came the roars of the auto, five of them, while the ducks travelled aloft. A single duck came fluttering back to the water. I'll take a small bet that Cap hadn't the faintest idea of which shot landed the bird. Again and again he repeated the performance, sluicing from three to five shots at passing birds, and only once did we see two birds come down. And recollect, Cap is a rattling good shot.

SHOOTING AS LONG AS THERE ARE LOADS LEFT.

Apparently he could not resist the temptation to empty the gun at random into the flocks, merely because the shells were at his disposal. There could not have been half the pleasure in the performance that results when you cut down a selected bird with a single shot, and know that your marksmanship was responsible.

Later, Cap swore that he would put but two shells into the gun, merely on account of this temptation to sluice flocks.

Shooting in that blind, with cripples falling far out and often getting away into the mesquite jungle on the opposite shore, we were more than ever convinced of the desirability of the .22 rifle as an adjunct to the duck hunter. Joe connected with one flock that dropped to the decoys, but did the dropping fifty yards away. Before they got out he landed four shots into them and got seven ducks—all crippled.

We disliked to get the boat out of its hiding place, lest we spoil other shooting, so let them swim and drift. Result—not one duck out of the seven came to bag when we finally retrieved. A .22 would have stopped the paddling stunt.

One evening a tall Yuma, with a couple of Mexican companions came into camp, and told of the prodigious slaughter that could be created by getting into the fields at night, walking up to a flock in the darkness, and then having at them as they rose.

It didn't sound at all sportsmanlike but we were willing to try any sort of shooting, after witnessing the finish of several miles of former barley-sown fields. Cap had gone back to town, leaving us two swift burros, Manana and Poco Tiempo. We did the christening and were proud of the job.

We arrived via the mule-route at the appointed rendezvous and met the Yuma and his comrades. According to schedule, we were to locate the ducks by the sound of their feeding. Apparently the lunch counters had closed for the night. Not a sound broke the lonesome silence of the fields. It grew colder and colder—is there anything more frigid than a rubber boot—and with the chill the rules of sportsmanlike conduct grew clearer in our minds and the woes of the ranchers whose crops are destroyed by the ducks faded likewise. I am sorry we didn't get just one chance at the game, there is something novel in the idea of walking up to a flock of ducks in the darkness, and then ripping into them with both barrels at arm's length. To be sure, when the novelty wore off, only the slaughter would remain, for which neither of us had much taste.

Those ducks in the fields were attractive. We shot on the slough and had splendid pass shooting at the birds that dropped low enough, but ever in our minds was the thought of just once, pouring shot into the midst of one of those masses of ducks, and seeing them drop.

WITH THE CAMERA AND THE GUN.

We went to the fields again one afternoon, with a brilliant scheme for getting within camera and gun range of one of the duck carpets. I yearned to get just one shot with the camera at a flock getting into the air, such as we had seen days before.

Once more we looked upon a field of ducks large enough to maneuver a cavalry brigade upon. We planned to get down bellywhopper and crawl three hundred yards behind one of the dikes, although the low, two-foot bank, with its many breaks offered scant encouragement for the stunt, and, the water and mud alongside promised a damp time of it.

Walking down a dike far from the flocks, I turned and crossed over to the appointed bank which would lead us to the flock. We separated in the hope that one or the other of us would get in the line of flight when the flock rose, and that through the division of forces the ducks would be less interested in either one of us.

It was a nice journey. My infernal coat spilled shells into the wet, the open camera insisted on hanging in front of me and impeding my progress, my arms went into the mud like a man into jail and were just as difficult to get out again; I got the pretty little gun all mud-bedaubed and scraped the hide off my hands—only the thought of that mass of ducks kept me going.

On the opposite side of the dike a hundred thousand loafing and barley stuffed ducks sat and watched with quacks, and pipings, and cackles, of amusement, two blamed idiots crawl along an open work dike that would have exposed a fishworm trying the sneak stunt.

Then just outside BB range—Joe had the Fox at last—and just too far for the camera to get anything but specks on its film, they rose into the air. Of course we were pleased.

The sole redeeming feature was the freak shot Joe pulled off with the heavy double gun and his BB shot. A gadwall sat on a dry tussock and watched us walk back along the ridge of soft dirt. He was a bright duck, but his knowledge of shot had been confined to sixes. So, just outside six range, he leaped into the air—and dropped to the water, the deadest duck that ever lived. A longer shot I never saw. It was a full hundred yards—so far that I was turning to joke Joe about shooting at all when I saw the duck drop back to the water.

Joe had shot the Nameless, the Blank, the auto and a double gun, until he didn't know whether to cock a hammer, push off a safety on the tang, or fumble with one in the trigger guard when he wanted to shoot. So it came about that the double slipped one over on him, let go while he was holding it in front of him, and with the edge of the top lever, cut a sickening gash into the crotch of his hand, between the thumb and index finger.

I envy the gentleman his self-restraint. With enough trouble with guns to spoil the trip, and with the further provocation of two painful gashes on

the most important hand of the two, he neither threw ashes on his head and gnashed his teeth, nor even did justice to the occasion by a careful selection of language.

I would like to hear of a body of water in America that has floated a larger number of ducks than the lagoon near the fields. Every duck of the swarms that settled on the fields during the day, put in some time or other on the lagoon.

These shores of the lagoon were lined with duck feathers, so thickly that one could fill his hand by a sweep along a foot of the mud. By lined, I mean not a feather deep, nor a feather every two or three inches, but a thick line of feathers like the foam or scum that is sometimes swept ashore along the sea.

SO THICK THEY COULD SCARCELY FLY.

The foreman of the C-M ranch told us that time and again, when traveling along the lagoon, he had seen the immense rafts swim and swim away from him, packing tighter together as he approached until, when they finally rose, they interfered with one another, so close together were they.

Another story that Cap corroborated, was that of an Irishman's ranch up near town. The soil was a very sticky adobe. He had irrigated it, leaving a thin scum of water over it, while the mud was a foot deep. As usual came the ducks, puddled about seeking barley got their wings and feet thoroughly bedaubed with the sticky soil—and then flapped about helplessly on the approach of some of the ranch hands. They collected a dozen or more of the worst entangled ducks, took them home and put them in a coop. Cap saw them and when we were there, was considering buying them to use as live decoys.

The last morning of our stay we determined to get that picture, and to gratify that savage lust for slaughter just once if there was any way possible.

We arose before daylight, saddled up the two Derby winners, and set forth for the final attempt to close with the duck army, already marching out of the lagoon.

We tied the mules to a fence post, crouched low and traveled a half mile southward before we finally saw what we needed. It grew with the approach of daylight. The space was limited, the light was poor, and the ducks carelessly packed in to the very edge of the dry ditch that lined the road.

That ditch offered us a way of approach.

It was a long, hard, crawl down the dry ditch, a long quarter of a mile, but the reward was sufficient if the stalk proved successful.

A hundred yards away I glanced back. The plucky Joe was close behind, his face distorted with pain from the sore hand that did duty as a foot, with his style of locomotion, but was still coming. I waited a moment for him to get close, and as I waited it seemed to me that the roar of the feeding ducks had grown louder, but I did not dare to raise my head over the weeds.

Another crawl and we decided that we were close enough.

Cautiously we have ourselves over the edge of the weeds—and then stood up straight and said things.

Some infernal sentry of a duck had spotted us coming along the ditch, had given the alarm, and every duck within shooting distance of the ditch had quietly taken wing and slid over to some other part of the field. The remainder of the flock still gabbled and paddled about in the mud. The water was creeping over the dry ground, the Delmonico of all the duck feeding places, and the birds were unwilling to leave it without a very good reason.

As we stood and growled, there came riding down the road one of the Mexican ditch riders who oversaw the flow of the water. He saw the ducks and came riding over to us.

HELP FROM THE MULE.

"Get behind the mule and I'll take you up to them," he told us in his liquid Spanish.

Had it been in the afternoon, when the birds were over their ravenous desire for barley, we could not have turned the trick. But it was early, the sun was just peeping over the horizon, and the ducks were rooting out the barley as only healthy, hungry ducks can root.

With camera reopened and set for 100 feet and the guns ready, we crouched behind the mule, and its rider headed it for the flock. I slipped the fingers of my left hand through the carrying strap of the 3-A, ready to shoot either battery as occasion demanded. I began to feel a little shaky in the knees. The flock gabbled and splashed without paying any attention to us. Opportunities for taking pictures of such flocks are rather scarce. Then and there I hankered most strenuously for the outfit of a Dimmock, that I might do justice to the subject.

Seventy yards from the flock, the Mexican angel headed the mule to pass diagonally along the edge of the mass, as though intending to ride past them. His course would carry him within thirty yards, but I doubted whether even hungry ducks would stand such nearness on the part of the familiar figure of mule and man that they had seen many times before.

Closer and closer stepped the mule, while two excited, city hunters crouched along behind it. We were within fifty yards and still the quarter-mile carpet of ducks rippled and swayed, without offering to do its usual flap into the air.

The Mexican leaned over toward me, question in his glance.

"Poco mas," I whispered excitedly, and poco mas we went. The line of the mass was drawn as sharply as though it really had been a carpet. Not a straggling duck was there along the edge, not a suggestion of a fringe, but a cleanly defined, solid raft of ducks that shouldered one another and drove hungry bills into the mud and gabbled their content.

Then with a scant forty yards of dirty water between us and the ducks, a single duck from the edge, quacked sharply and sprang into the air. We needed no further warning.

I stepped around the mule's nose, while his rider checked him. Joe leaped around the stern of the beast and for a second—a short second—we stood in full view of the wonderful duck assemblage, close enough to see the very shading on their bills.

Then they got up.

For a second we fairly rocked back on our heels, the roar and the sudden eruption were so startling. The camera, aimed and fired as quickly as Joe's gun, seized the picture and passed it to the sensitive film as fast as its slow shutter could work, then the little twenty opened two more lanes where Joe's BB's had already torn through.

The frightened mule, startled both by the sudden roar of the ducks, and by the reports of the guns, whirled and walked over the camera with all four feet, as it lay where I had dropped it to shoot.

From the flock, already well into the air, there rained ducks for thirty yards before us. Then it was gone, split into half a dozen giant swarms that circled the fields with mile-long sweeps.

Before us, over the half irrigated field, there waddled ducks, making the best time possible for healthier regions, while grey feathery bundles here and there testified to the velocity of some of the shot.

THERE WERE SOME CRIPPLES.

After the cripples we went, running over the dried parts of the field, splashing and stumbling through the sticky mud of the damp portions, and always bowling over the waddlers with the big shot of the twelve and the deadly left barrel of the little gun. From our falls our shells were wet and muddy, the guns were coated with it and even the chambers were grimy.

The last pedestrian duck stopped, Joe produced his duck strap and we picked up the slain.

"Twenty-nine, thirty," counted the score keeper.

But what was worth more to me than a dozen such piles was the film inside the battered camera. Never did I have reason to curse more fervently the trashy shutter, and the window glass lens of that Eastman 3-A, even though it did present me with a good picture of that duck flight as was possible for apparatus of its class. Never again do I go afield without a Koilos and an anastigmat in its cells.

As we stood looking over the ducks, and thanking our lucky stars that our duck shooting was not confined to such no-skill-necessary slaughter, one of the flocks, split off from the main mass, completed the day of strange sights.

It came tearing through the air toward us like a wisp of rag driven before a high wind. Flying at wonderful speed, the great flock twisted and turned on itself like an eel in its final struggles.

The top layer of the birds would suddenly shoot earthward as though they intended to batter their lives out against the ground, while the lower end of the wisp would as suddenly flaunt itself into the air. It twisted and turned and rolled and flapped, like a silly piece of rag, while the noise was that of a knife slitting through tough cloth. It tore past us not a hundred yards away and finally merged with the great flocks south of our field. Maybe they were playing, I give up the reason. It was the first and last flock we saw going through such dizzy performances.

Our Mexican angel resolutely refused all share in the spoils—ducks were an old story to him. His resolution did not prevent his acceptance of a largess in coin of the realm, pressed upon him by the pleased Joe. He departed, equally pleased.

Then we packed up and set sail for camp and for home in another country.

OTHER KINDS OF SHOOTING INCLUDING SNAP SHOOTING AT GOVERNORS AND THINGS.

History has no place in the yarn of a duck shoot except when it is pretty intimately connected therewith. In this case it is so.

A week after we crossed the border, Mexicali found itself in hands of a small band of revolutionists. We had heard the cholos on the ranch discussing it, as they ate their lunches at our camp. In spite of the uneasiness we hardly expected the storm to break quite so suddenly, else we would not have tempted fate as long as we did, with our expensive guns and supplies that the rebels so much needed.

A party of twenty Americans and Mexicans dropped off the train at Calexico, slipped unostentatiously across the boundary line that evening, seized the jail and the official buildings in Mexicali at daylight, arrested our smiling friend the governor, shot the jailor dead when he refused to open the jail, and then released all the political prisoners the Mexicans had coked up for talking revolution. The Governor was released on payment

of \$500.00 ransom and promptly betook himself to the American side, up the street from Mexicali, as did the other officials.

The revolutionists were joined by other Americans and by the hands from the ranches close to the line, and the recruits were armed with old Springfields as fast as they came into the fold. The leaders closed the forty saloons of Mexicali to prevent trouble and declared Mexicali a free port of entry. In a few days they had two hundred men—many of them Americans and some of them ex-soldiers.

They dynamited the bridge on the little railway running east to Yuma and seized a train containing supplies for the Federal officials. Then, warning the Mexican custom officials not to reopen the custom house, they left town and camped at the Little ranch, six miles from town. Cap beat them to his stock and various guns at the ranch, by a close margin and got his property safely across to the United States.

There were a few killings that seemed necessary to clear the air, but the tendency of the new party was toward law and order. Finally, angered by the attempt of the erstwhile Mexican officials to reopen the custom house, they returned and blew the little red nose at the line into seven varieties of matchwood. Mexicali is now a free port—except that the Americans have closed their side of the line.

Thus one can sit on the hotel porch in Calexico and be within two hundred yards of a hotbed of revolution—one block down the main street and another block to the left—the line being marked by the wreck of the little red custom house.

REVOLUTIONARY IN SPOTS.

Over at Ensenada on the coast, 130 miles from Mexicali, Vega, the Governor of the northern half of the peninsula, got out his one or two companies of soldiers, supplemented them with the prisoners of the jail and conscripts along the line of march, and set out across the terrible Mexicali trail to chastise the rebels. It leads across the Gigantas, down around the head of the Laguna Salada, up the pass by Signal Mountain and then past the Little ranch to the town on the border. In the summer the trip would have been out of the question, in the winter it was bad enough.

The Federal force found the first revolutionists at the Little ranch, shot two of them and one of Little's Chinese ranch hands, and then made for the town six miles away, where they expected to fire a few volleys, frighten some of the rebels to death and hang what were left of them.

Along the familiar New River wash between the town and the Little ranch, the rebels lay in wait for the Ensenada soldiers.

The volleys were fired as per programme, but alas, the other fellows shot back—there were too many Americans on the rebel side. When the fuss was over the poor soldiers were burning up the road in the direction of Ensenada, with eight killed and double that number wounded. Even the poor Governor stopped a bullet and went to the hospital.

The rebels had four killed and many wounded, who were sent to the American hospital.

The march of that pitiful army from Ensenada would make a story to draw tears from a stone man, were it told with due regard for the truth. The dead soldiers wore thin cotton shirts and drawers of the cheapest blue stuff, while the food found in the cloth bags around their waists, was insufficient and even uncooked in spite of their lack of cooking utensils.

Imagine the plight of those child-like, dark-skinned fellows, standing the cold of that mountain country with the thin cotton uniforms and no bedding and marching every foot of that hard trip—with defeat, wounds, and death waiting at the other end.

The discomfited army camped at the head of the Laguna Salada but the rebels, well armed and equipped from Los Angeles, organized a party of a hundred men, with pack train of water and grub and ammunition and started in pursuit of the soldiers. Probably long before this story is in print, another pitiful tragedy will have taken place somewhere in the dark canyons of the Gigantas. The inhabitants of Ensenada bid fair to have a new set of authorities.

From Los Angeles there trickles a regular stream of rifles, supplies, and men across the border. I saw one case of a dozen .45-70 Springfields start on its journey. Uncle Sam has stretched a fence of Regular cavalry and infantry along the whole California southern border, but the pickets are far apart, and the nights are dark.

It is more a matter of opinion than fact as to who owns Lower California just now. Anyhow, duck shooting excursions below the line are rather inadvisable at present.

(The end.)

SUGGESTED RULES FOR INTERCLUB MATCHES OF 1911-1912.

Maj. Langdon S. Chilcott, President of the Bangor, Me., Rifle Association has forwarded the following tentative rules for the Matches of 1911-12:

- 1st. All teams to be composed of five members of the clubs affiliated with the National Rifle Association.
- 2nd. In all matches twenty-five members of each club may contest for position on the team and that the team be composed of those who make

the five highest scores and those scores only be reported to the Secretary of the National Rifle Association.

3rd. That there be three matches, one to be known as the Military Match, one to be known as the Civilian's Match and one as the Individual Telescope Match.

4th. Military Match, U. S. Springfield, .30 caliber, or the U. S. Krag, .30 caliber, only to be used and with reduced loads, ten shots standing offhand and ten shots prone at such target and at such a position as may be determined upon. Rules governing Military matches to prevail.

5th. The Civilian's Match to be open to any .22 caliber rifle that does not exceed ten pounds in weight; any sights other than telescope to be used; lens for correction of optical defect to be used in tang sight if desired; trigger pull three pounds, no set trigger in operation allowed on a rifle used in this match; target N. R. A.; distance 75 feet, position prone.

6th. Individual Telescope Match to be open to any member of any club. Rifle, any .22 caliber; telescope sights, any trigger; target N. R. A.; distance 75 feet; position prone.

7th. The judge to be some official of the club, preferably the Executive Officer, he having authority to designate such members as his judgment may dictate to act as scorers.

8th. That the term "The week ending Saturday," of a given date, be construed as the week beginning with the day following that on which the match of the previous week closed.

I am prompted to make these suggestions by experience in last winter's shoot. We found quite a little feeling existing between the civilians and the military element, the civilians desiring to shoot at least one match with the .22 caliber target rifle and the military men contending that one match should be shot with a military rifle, so let's shoot two matches, one with each rifle.

There also appears to be quite a large number of the class of men who desire to use the telescope sight only, so why not put in an individual match where the competition will be with all men who desire to shoot a rifle equipped with a telescope.

Being a judge under the methods employed last year was found somewhat cumbersome and uninteresting. While we had an excellent judge, he being a man thoroughly interested in rifle shooting and a good shot, he felt that it was decidedly uninteresting to put in at least one long evening a week in his official capacity doing nothing but clerical work.

We want this class of men as members, and in my opinion the interest of all the clubs will be perfectly protected if this plan of judging is adopted. There certainly will be more interest taken in rifle practice if a large number of the members of the clubs are given the liberty to compete for position on the teams.

I would have no objection to making this competition open to every club member of every club. By giving more time to the shooting and making the plan for judging broader, members of the clubs may be able to shoot anytime during the week following the date on which the match closes instead of all shooting on practically the same date. I would also have the plan made so that the men may shoot for record either day or evening.

Very respectfully,
Bangor, Me.

LANGDON S. CHILCOTT.

ON THE SALE OF THE PISTOL.

I noticed in your editorial column an article on "Restriction of Pistol Sale" which appeals to me very strongly. I am one of those men who will at all times encourage the proper sale of firearms to a class of people who will use them for legitimate sport and in the protection of their homes, their property and their person; but I am strongly opposed to the indiscriminate sale which places weapons of any description in the hands of thugs, hoboes, and aliens. In talking with dealers who handle firearms on a large scale I learn that a class of men which we have among us at all times and which we know as the "foreign laborer" all go armed. These men who will spend any amount of time in barter and cut down a dealer in wearing apparel to the last cent, will come in to their place of business and put down good money unhesitatingly and without question for the best quality of firearms. They know the regular price of these goods and know what the best goods are. It is the general opinion of the dealer, that these people will not buy a cheap make of revolver at any price. They want the best and the best only.

I claim it is wrong on civic principals to allow this condition to continue, and that there should be legislation to prohibit it. Not only should there be a law which would prohibit the sale of firearms to aliens and to such among our citizens as ought not to have them, but the penalty should be of sufficient severity to properly restrain dealers from the sale of these goods.

I would like very much to see these foreigners dealt with as the law already provides for violation of our game laws. It is not an uncommon thing for a good citizen who respects the law enough to leave his gun on the "hooks" in close time and Sundays to see this alien element hike for the woods with dog and gun; they shoot everything that moves and make a clean-up so far as they possibly can, not only of game but of small feathered creatures of all descriptions. Anything for the pot.

L. S. C.

CHANGE IN THE MARINE CORPS TEAM.

CAPT. HARRY C. LAY of the Marine Corps had been designated as Captain of the National Match team this year, but the retention of the brigade of Marines at Guantanamo has interfered with the Department program.

Captain Lay is adjutant of the Brigade. And in passing one ought to say that reports which have come from entirely outside of the Marine Corps, are to the effect that the Brigade of Marines now assembled off the Mexican coast is one of the finest fighting organizations ever made up from the men of any country. It can march and drill and shoot. It is trained to the minute. Officers and men are as hard as nails and fit for any service. Their *esprit de corps* is like the bond which binds loving brothers, sons of

one mother, together. If they are ever landed in Mexico or elsewhere to preserve peace or protect the lives and property of American citizens they will add to the lustre of the Marine Corps, which is now high, and reflect additional glory on the American soldier.

With this digression we go on to say that Captain D. C. McDougal, who has long been a successful shooting member of the Marine Corps Team has been designated as Captain of the 1911 organization.

The team will assemble at Wakefield for practice about the tenth of June.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

WHAT a difference between winning and losing! There is nothing which succeeds like success. Colonel Gaither of the Maryland National Guard, tells of an incident which took place on the State Range, which is under his charge. Or perhaps it was at a National Match; actually I believe it was during a National Match.

At any rate Lieut. Dow, long identified as a member of the National Match team came on the firing point and lay down to deliver his string. The scorer, an enlisted man, simply wrote the name Dow upon the score board.

The first shot was a 3. The score called it out according to regulations, saying "Dow, a 3." The next shot was a 4, the call was "Captain Dow, a 4." The next a 5, and its announcement "Colonel Dow, a 5." Another bull, followed by the declaration General Dow, a 5!"

A bad puff of wind came here which the unfortunate rifleman overlooked and the signal from the pit showed a wide 3. Without hesitation the scorer sung out: "Dow: A 3!"

COLONEL THOMPSON HAPPY AND PROUD WITH CAUSE.

COL. JOHN T. THOMPSON, Ordnance Department, confined to a hospital for the last week or ten days following a minor operation, has accomplished a fine recovery and returned to duty.

He was cheered during his convalescence by information of the exceedingly meritorious record made by the guns of the Coast Artillery Company of which his son, Marcellus Thompson is first lieutenant.

The firing was done at Fort Dade, Florida, and it establishes a record for 8-inch guns considerably better than anything which has gone before.

A BRITISH BIG GUN.

REPORTS from England are to the effect that the British authorities are experimenting with a new big gun. This is intended to be a more powerful weapon than the latest 14-inch gun chosen for the American Navy. The British weapon will be a 15-incher.

If this keeps on we shall soon find ourselves using the type to which belonged the mammoth 16-inch gun built by the Ordnance Department some years ago.

What a race it is between gun and defence against gun!

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INFANTRY TACTICS.

This is a most interesting and instructive book. It contains the essence of recent military thought and traces the influence of modern infantry tactics from their inception to the present moment. Much stress is laid upon the "moral factor." This moral factor, which has always been present in fighting forces, is as important, perhaps more important today, than ever before.

In the broader sense the book teaches that the cultivation of morale in troops depends in a great measure upon the moral support of the Nation to which they belong.

The book was written by Colonel Beca, translated with the permission of the author by Capt. A. F. Custance, and it contains a preface by Col. Hackett Pain, C. B., of the British service.

It is a useful and valuable little book, which should not be absent from any military library. It is published in this country by The Macmillan Company, and is for sale by ARMS AND THE MAN for \$.75.

Only One Escape.

"Did the widow who was after Sam marry him?"

"No; he escaped her."

"What did he die of?"

Speculating and Gambling.

"Congratulations, old man. I hear you have been speculating successfully."

"No; I lost money."

"Well, you ought to know better than to gamble."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Keeping Our Detectives Busy.

Figg (with newspaper)—I see that a Western professor declares that Cain did not kill Abel.

Fogg—Great Scott! I should think we had murder mysteries enough on our hands without raking up another.—*Boston Transcript.*

Coward.

"Shine your shoes, boss"—shine 'em so as yer can see yer face in 'em!"

"No, I tell you?"

"Coward!"

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.

France, 1st to 20 of June.—11th National and International Shooting Festival \$45,000 prizes. Write for programs and particulars to Mr. Nicholas General Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Grenoble.

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.

August 14-22, inclusive—Annual Matches of the National Rifle Association of America at Camp Perry, Ohio.

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, at Camp Perry, Ohio.

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

OBSERVATIONS OF AN AMATEUR.

The recent narratives on "How its done" by members of the various indoor clubs in the country, prompts me to tell "How we did it," the shooting of various and sundry individuals coming under that head.

For several years I was in Birmingham, Alabama, being in the employment of Swift and Company. Being in the accounting end of it, time to shoot in the daytime was as scarce as hens teeth. There were about four men outside of myself in the plant who liked to shoot a rifle, but they like myself could not find time to shoot during the day, and as there were no indoor ranges in town at that time, we did not get to shoot at night. Finally two of us decided to fix a range for indoor use on the fourth floor of our building. Having arrived at this decision we got busy.

As the length of our building was something over eighty feet, we had no trouble in getting the regulation seventy-five foot range. The rigging up of backstop and lights was an easy matter. For back stop we used heavy slabs of oak wood, about four feet long, one foot wide, and four inches thick. As the company had an unlimited supply of these slabs; they being burned in the smoke houses to make meat; we got a new one whenever we had filled one too full of lead. For lights we got a single twisted electric lamp cord with attachment plug on one end, and by means of splicing, had two lamp sockets on the other. We ran this cord down to back stop, and fixed one lamp about four inches above where the bulls-eye would be, and the other lamp about four inches under bull, making distance between lights about eight inches. The lights had common tin shades over them, the outside being painted green. For lamps we used two sixteen candle power globes. For indoor shooting I have not seen a better light arrangement than we had. We shot in the dark, having no lights burning but those at target, and these being properly shaded, the shooter had no glare, nor gleams on his sights to interfere with his aim. When the Birmingham Athletic Club opened their range, I went up and looked it over. Our lights had their's skinned a mile.

We ordered a supply of targets from one of the cartridge companies, they being military pattern, with one inch bull. Our arms were my musket fitted with Krag rear sight, and New Springfield sling, and a .22 single shot. After the first night the lighter rifle was put aside and the musket did the work for all of us. The cartridges which we used were .22 cal. long rifle smokeless.

The first night we had practice I shot first. I made 47 out of ten shots, and made way for the next man. He was not very familiar with Military sights, but he had not told us. He took a long aim for his first shot, and let go. Bing! Out went the light above target, and we all asked, "What the—?" Inquiry developed the fact that the shooter had aimed through the notch at the extreme top of sight leaf, instead of through the peep hole. He was soon shown the error of his ways, and did better. 'Twas not long before all of us could make all ten shots go into the bull, though that would not cause much uneasiness to an opponent, if we had been shooting on the regular N. R. A. target. What did we care though we were having our fun.

We continued to shoot indoors throughout the winter, and to say that it benefited one for the outdoor range goes without saying. The writer can testify to that, as when spring came, he began to make scores outdoors that he had never before approached.

During July, 1910, I had the pleasure of shooting one day, in company with the Alabama State Team, on the range at Birmingham. I saw some good shooting done, and incidentally made the highest score at 1000 yards for the day. The Alabama men were using Frankford cartridges of February 1908 issue.

I used that day Commercial cartridges with the 180 grain bullet. To say it was good is unnecessary. It sure was good, and perhaps that is why I shot as well as I did. I was not high man for the day, but I beat Capt. Bab Mabry; ex-Perry man, and the man who first showed me the mysteries of windage, elevation, etc., by one point. He laid it on the ammunition I used, but I let it go at that, and to show him that I believed him, bought him a "Fillet de Mignon" for dinner that night.

During the fall and winter of 1910, I lived in New Orleans, Louisiana, and through the kindness of Colonel L. A. Toombs, Inspector of Rifle Practice was extended the courtesy of the Beauregard rifle range every Sunday.

Mr. E. C. Crossman of Los Angeles, who often raves about the wind which cuts capers on the Glendale range, should see this range. I think at one time it must have been part of the Dead Sea, or some other body of water. At any rate the range consists of three embankments (to lie on when you shoot) built across a body of water, parallel to the targets. One embankment is at 200 yards, one at 600 yards, and one at 1000 yards. Each embankment is about seven feet wide, and at all times is as damp and soggy as can be. There are two targets for each range, and when a person shoots, he does so down a road, which has to be cut through the vegetation, which grows in the water, from firing point to target. When you shoot from the 1000 yard point, and "Old Sol" is drawing water down about the target you have a beautiful Mirage, then too, the wind from off the Mississippi takes a delight in puffing in from here, and there, truly the shooter gets a touch of high life on this range.

Rifle shooting has a strong hold in New Orleans. Each Sunday finds the range full of riflemen, waiting for a chance to shoot, and among these riflemen are some fine shots. Notable is Lieut. H. W. Eckhardt of the Naval Brigade. This man is the best offhand shot I ever saw at 200 yards. One Sunday I saw him make twelve consecutive bulls at that range; same being his two sighters and ten record shots. Forty sevens, eights and nines, are common with him. Then too he is good at the other ranges.

It was on the New Orleans range that I first used one of the Government telescope sights. I did not do like Casey, go back a mile: in fact the range which I shot from was 1000 yards. I did not make a possible nor did I fizzle; to be truthful I only made a 44. Say! That scope sure shows every wiggle of your rifle, Aye? That little song says "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own." Oh! Yes. That's a fact. For generally every little movement means a four.

The terrors of metal fouling at this stage of the game, appear to only furnish dope for some crank to talk about. I have had a star gauged Springfield for three years, and have only "doped" it twice. I have shot every make of cartridge, in my rifle, and in my opinion the cartridge furnished for the National Match of 1910, is the best yet, I got better results from it than from any other, and I think it as free from metal fouling qualities as can be had. I used it each Sunday for four months, firing about seventy shots per Sunday, and have never had a semblance of fouling in my rifle. Today the bore of my barrel is as bright as a mirror, and is smoother than when I got it. My method of caring for, and cleaning of my barrel is as follows: Just before commencing to shoot, I take my cleaning rod and place a piece of chamois skin over the end. This chamois skin is about one inch square, and makes a tight fit, when used over the end of a one quarter inch rod.

I plaster as much graphite on this chamois skin as it will hold, and insert the rod from the breech. Putting muzzle on floor I work the rod through about a dozen times, and wind up by blowing a bit of graphite into barrel by means of a rubber tube. During the course of firing I run a "pull

through" through barrel a few times after each twenty shots, and when I am through shooting for the day, I take a flannel patch, soak it in 3 in 1 and using the rod, clean barrel as thoroughly as possible. This is repeated until bore is clean. Then I use "pull through" again, and coat the barrel with 3 in 1 and put it away until next morning. For about three days after, I use the "pull through" and 3 in 1, once a day. I have found this a very satisfactory method, as the condition of my barrel will show, and shall continue to use it.

When is there another International Rifle Match, on the Palma order, coming off? Many of us would like to read "How it was done." Isn't it time something "dropped?"

Meantime the question between "Muchos Patos" and "Strabismus is—

"If Casey's rifle, at a mile did spake,
By using the telescope sight,
How many bull's did Casey make?"

From my view point Strabismus has got that goat, which "X man" and "Cap" failed to find out in California. Let the work go on, I can fire a machine gun faster than Crossman can his Springfield anyhow! So, Adios.

Second Annual Combination Tournament of the Missouri State Rifle Association.

On the first Infantry range, opposite St. Charles, Mo., June 2, 3 and 4, will be held the second combination tournament of the Missouri State Rifle Association, an organization that already is a power in its chosen field. Col. E. J. Spencer is the president of the association and C. C. Crossman, secretary, and it is through the efforts of these two enthusiasts that St. Louis is soon to witness the most unique and, it is to be expected, the most successful assemblage of gun users the West has ever seen.

On the St. Charles spacious range, furnished by the commonwealth for the use of its citizen soldiery, will be held simultaneously matches with the shotgun, rifle and revolver. These contests of skill are aided and encouraged by a liberal allotment of prizes in money and trophies, that make an attractive magnet for the users of small arms the country over.

Experts who had the pleasure of visiting the St. Charles range on the occasion of the first annual shoot, held last summer, expressed astonishment at the arrangements provided for carrying forward the diversified program. Fully a thousand men may at the same time be engaged at practice on the rifle, revolver and shotgun ranges, all within sight of the spectator, yet in no way interfering with each other.

The grounds are ideal for the purposes—no better existing in the United States—and at the same time they are within easy access of both steam and traction cars, which connect direct with local car lines. Ample provision is made for the care of participants and spectators, good and substantial meals will be furnished and those attending are assured of excellent accommodations in every way.

The event will have the sanction and approval of State officers, and general orders will be issued giving authority to all officers and enlisted men to attend. Subsistence can be had on the grounds at the rate of 30 cents per meal, unless contestants prefer to provide their own meals. Tentage and bed sacks will be furnished by the First Regiment, but cots and blankets must be brought. Interest in this competition is so general that it is expected a large number will attend from the various organizations of the National Guard.

There will be over five hundred dollars in money and prizes awarded winners in the various events. Many of the celebrated rifle shots of the East have advised that they will attend. John W. Hessian of New York, and Capt. W. H. McBride of Indianapolis, both military rifle experts will attend. Clarence E. Orr, the noted revolver shot, will shoot through the program as will also some of the country's best shotgun users. Among the latter, Chas. G. Spencer, Art Killam, F. W. Hoyt, Fred Gilbert, Geo. Maxwell, Fred Rodgers, and Ed. O'Brien, will represent the cream of the professionals, while J. W. Bell, W. H. Clay, Bill and Pete Boggerman, Dr. Spencer and a dozen others of St. Louis will make the visiting amateurs hustle to win the shotgun averages.

WESTERN REVOLVER CARTRIDGES

First in Government Tests

In the tests for accuracy and reliability of cartridges made for the U. S. Government by the various ammunition manufacturers

Western Ammunition Proved

Superior to all Other Makes at Sea Girt

This is a sweeping victory for Western goods and when it is stated that second honors went to cartridges of Government make it conclusively proves that in the field of competition

Western Ammunition Leads in Quality by a Big Margin

As the selection of cartridges for use in the National Championships is based upon results of these tests

**Western Cartridges will be Officially
Used at Camp Perry**

THE WESTERN CARTRIDGE CO., EAST ALTON, ILL.

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Designers and Makers of

Trophy Cups and Shields

Special Designs without charge or obligation.

MAKERS OF

The Cavalryman's Cup. The Dickinson Trophy. Enlisted Men's Trophy, presented to the National Rifle Association by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Marine Corps.

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More Triumphs for **DU PONT** Smokeless Powders

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21st Annual Pennsylvania State Tournament

DU BOIS, MAY 16-19, 1911

Both Professional and Amateur High Averages won by shooters using



YOU CAN MAKE BETTER SCORES AT THE TRAPS BY SHOOTING ONE OF THE OLD RELIABLE DU PONT STANDARD BRANDS.

Write for LONG RUN BOOKLET No. 5.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY
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Smith & Wesson HEAVY FRAME TARGET REVOLVER . Model 1911



A Long Felt Want Supplied

We are pleased to announce that we have arranged with Smith & Wesson, of Springfield, Mass., to manufacture for us EXCLUSIVELY, a heavy frame .22 caliber revolver. Shoots .22 short, .22 long .22 long rifle and .22 extra long.

SPECIFICATIONS

Caliber . . . 22 Long Rifle
Barrel . . . 6 inches
Chambers . 6
Weight . . . 23 ounces
Pull Under 4 lbs.
Sights . . . S. & W. Target
Grip Checkered Wood
Made of Circassian Walnut, inlaid with S. & W. Gold Monogram.

This revolver will be marketed only through this office

Orders filed as received. Ready for delivery about June 15, 1911 (Subject to Stock)

The retail price of this revolver is \$20.

If your dealer does not carry it in stock, it will be forwarded on receipt of price. N. Y. or S. F. drafts or P. O. order preferred. Address all communications to

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Going to the Texas Maneuvers Will Help Any Officer

But Nothing Can Help You More Than

Tactical Principles and Problems

By CAPT. M. E. HANNA, 2d U. S. Cavalry

Can be drawn on requisition or purchased for \$2.50 per volume of ARMS AND THE MAN.

A Wisconsin Company Indoors.

Here follows, writes Capt. M. D. Imhoff, Commanding Company E, 1st Wisconsin, a list of the prize winners for work in our indoor range during the past winter: The scores are the average for 30 shots in each position, standing kneeling, sitting and prone, at the "Y" target 50 feet, .22 caliber Springfield rifle, using Peters ammunition loaded with Kings semi-smokeless powder. The company was divided into four classes: "A" "B" and "C" are men who have been to camp and are classified according to their abilities in shooting; class "D" were all new men, as we didn't know how they could shoot, we put them all into one class. The winners and their average score for twelve targets of ten shots each are as follows:

CLASS A.

First, Private Walters, 48 1-12; second, Sergeant Paul, 46 1-12; third, Corporal Hagel, 45 5-6.

CLASS B.

First, Private Winter, 43; second, Private Kunath, 45 5-12; third, Private Kessler, 42 1-12.

CLASS C.

First, Musician Strauss, 39½; second, Private Bird, 36½; third, Private Bartolowits, 33 5-12.

CLASS D.

First, Private Krueger, 45-¼; second, Private Sonntag, 42 5-12; third, Private Maurer, 40 5-12.

The prizes ranged from a large telescope for first in classes A and B, to a score book for third in class D.

Return Match Crescents v. Manhattans.

On the eleventh instant we had the pleasure of remeasuring our strength against the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn. Having on the 27th of April defeated that club on their own range, we treated them to a thorough smokefest on ours Thursday night last.

The Manhattans are accustomed to the X-ray method of negotiating their way to the targets, and on this particular evening an unusually heavy mourning atmosphere seemed to permeate the entire ether—and for this reason, of course,

we had our opponents beaten before the match began.

Middleton, of the Crescents, developed an acute case of drooping of the eyelids—absolutely uncontrollable after he had shot the first match target. His eyes wouldn't behave so the score couldn't be saved. This gentleman is a prospect for high honors and will be heard from prominently ere many opportunities for distinction have wandered round.

Mr. Vanderveer and other members of the Crescent team developed every visual vicissitude known, and some that are not. We had the air charged, yes, surcharged to that point commonly called "saturation," causing the enemy to smell, snort, and make for the open. One visitor after another showed unmistakable symptoms of hysteria, vertical diplopia, cataract, conjunctivitis, and thirst. The latter symptom being more serious than all the others put together, and more appealing to the sympathies of the Manhattans.

Dr. Sayre prescribed a recess in the direction of the Park Avenue Hotel, just one block away. The Doctor's prescription was filled, for while patients grew in numbers, patience lessened in intensity, and here we regaled our guests and selves, swapped compliments, and almost convinced the Crescents that we are easier to whip than we look.

CRESCENTS.

Vanderveer.....	80 88 83—251
Sanborn.....	87 83 85—255
Stephens.....	76 72 68—216
Chapman.....	80 83 80—243
Middlebrook.....	91 80 80—251

Total..... 1216

MANHATTANS.

Dr. Sayre.....	83 94 84—261
Dr. Hicks.....	86 84 87—257
Baker.....	91 84 83—258
Lane.....	84 89 91—264
Poindexter.....	88 80 86—254

Total..... 1294
TWENTY-TWO.

Denver Rifle Club.

A turkey match given under the auspices of the Denver Rifle Club was held yesterday at the range near Golden. The conditions of the match were: 300 yards at an imaginary turkey, with a revolver, 5 sighting shots and 20 shots for record, J. H. Parry again was the winner. A tricky wind made the shooting difficult. Scores.

	5 shots.	20 shots
Parry, J. H.....	0	4
Peterson, A. W.....	2	3
Bitterly, A. G.....	1	3
Willard, F. C.....	2	2
Tuttle, A.....	0	2
Smith, A.....	1	1
Dunse, J. W.....	2	0
Decher, F. J.....	0	0
Simpson, W. J.....	0	0
Younkman, C. J.....	0	0

St. Louis Sharpshooters' Association.

Taking advantage of the fine weather about twenty of the members of the St. Louis Central Sharpshooter's Association meet at their range for an afternoon's work at the targets, on May 14 practicing on both the German Ring and the Man targets. Wiget, Watkins, Pauly and Teichman of the St. Louis first team put in fifty shots each in team practice with very satisfactory results.

Johnny Wiget was high man of the day on the German Ring target while Paul Teichman scored high on the Man, the other scores following closely. All shooting was done offhand at 200 yards, scores being ten shots possible 250 on the ring and five shots possible 100 on the Man, and are appended below.

GERMAN RING TARGET, 10 SHOT STRINGS.

J. L. Wiget.....	213 225 230 218 214—1100
T. M. Watkins...	216 214 216 215 213—1074
Fred Pauly.....	198 210 220 215 213—1061
Paul Teichman...	213 212 200 202 189—1017
Wm. Sandman...	205 212 199 195 200—1011
W. A. Alexander..	205 195 200 202 198—1000

Records with Schuetzen

IN THE 100 SHOT RECORD MATCH ON THE STANDARD AMERICAN TARGET AT GREENVILLE, FEB. 22, 1911, DR. HUDSON MADE

9 2 2

— AND —

99 out of 100

THE BEST EVER

WRITE FOR FREE SCHUETZEN BOOKLET No. 22

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY

"PIONEER POWDERMAKERS OF AMERICA"

Established 1802 : : : Wilmington, Delaware



Banishes Night Fear

Says Detective
Wm. J. Burns



WM. J. BURNS
was famous in the San Francisco graft investigation, noted Monroe counterfeiting case, etc. Wm. J. Burns' National Detective Agency protects Am. Bankers' Association—over 11,000 banks.

"RECENTLY I obtained one of your Savage Automatic Pistols and thoroughly tested it yesterday at Police Headquarters Target Practice, in the presence of a number of gentlemen among whom were police officials of the City of Chicago, and was surprised, as were those present, with the ease and accuracy with which it could be fired.
"In my opinion the Savage Automatic Pistol is the greatest weapon ever invented for the protection of the home, because a woman can shoot it as expertly as a crack shot. It banishes night fear."

Many great gun men have made similar comments on the new Savage Automatic including such as Col. W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," Dr. Carver, W. A. Pinkerton, Walter Duncan, Major Sylvester; and Bat Masterson has even written a book about it, entitled "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Sent free for your dealer's name.

If you want to do the best thing you ever did for your home, you'll get a Savage Automatic before tonight. Savage Arms Co., 495 Savage Ave., Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

JW. Weldon	176	198	185	200	201	—	960
Aug. Grumme	201	200	184	199	176	—	960
Ernst Brueneman	188	190	205	185	182	—	950
Wm. Roessler	211	217	205				
Sam Gassard	200	196	211				

MAN TARGET, FIVE SHOTS POSSIBLE 100 POINTS.

Paul Teichman	89	82	80	72	89
W. A. Alexander	77	80	87	75	87
J. W. Weldon	87	73	85	80	
T. M. Watkins	82	80	82		
Wm. Sandman	88	80			
Wm. Rossler	89				
Aug. Grumme	86				

Roessler shot with a U. S. Springfield equipped with a 32-40 barrel and open sights and three pound pull on the trigger.

Warren, Ohio, Rifle & Revolver Club.

On May 15 the Club held a practice shoot with the revolver at 20 yards indoor under U. S. R. A. rules:

N. A. Wolcott	215	C. M. Scott	196
Hale Crosby	212	E. Tod	190
Clyde Osborn	211	E. W. Lodwick	162
J. B. Phillips	196		

Scores made May 15 with revolver at 20 yards practice event.

N. A. Wolcott, 44 S. & W.	42	42	43	43	45	—	215
Hale Crosby, 38 Colt.	41	41	45	46	39	—	212
Clyde Osborn, 38 S. & W.	45	45	42	42	37	—	211
J. B. Phillips, 45 colt.	39	39	39	39	40	—	196
C. M. Scott, 38 S. & W.	38	39	38	39	42	—	196
E. Tod, 38 Colt.	34	33	42	43	38	—	190
C. W. Lodwick, 38 Colt.	31	32	35	35	29	—	162

Conditions: Indoors, artificial light, U. S. R. A. rules.

HALE CROSBY,
Official Scorer.

Shell Mound Park, Emeryville, Calif.

Sunday, May 14, was the big day on the Shell Mound Park Shooting Range. It required 17 targets to accommodate the throng of marksmen who shot from early morning until late at night.

In the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly bullseye shoot John De Wit made the best bullseye measuring 107-1000 parts of an inch from the dead center.

August Jungblut, veteran sharpshooter, made the best center in the Germania Schuetzen Club. F. P. Schuster made a score of 221 in the medal shoot of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club taking with it first place.

Capt. F. Attinger of the San Francisco Turner Schuetzen, felt quite satisfied with 204 making him the high man.

In the re-entry matches of the Golden Gate Rifle and Revolver Club, W. G. Hoffman made 230, 228, 225, 223, 222, and 221 Martin Blasse made 210, 231, while on the pistol range W. Randall made 93, 92, 92, and R. Mills 94, 93, 91; these scores are very much above the average.

Capt. J. B. Walsh made 39 with the 45 Springfield at 200 yards Blunt target.

Lieut. J. H. Kuhlke of the Independent Rifle made 62 out of a possible 100 shooting with the 45 Springfield, Standard American target.

The 10th Anniversary Prize shoot of the Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle, the marksmen from all over the State and the Pacific Coast have declared their intentions of attending this shoot. Many valuable cups, medals and other prizes have been donated. Two day festival is scheduled commencing on Saturday, September 9, and ending September 10.

Golden Gate and Pistol Club, monthly competition, rifle scores, 200-yard range—W. G. Hoffmann, 223, 222, 221, 225, 228, 230; Dr. S. B. Lyon, 152, 152, 170, 170, 185, 185; B. Jonas, 211, 212; C. W. Seely, 203, 209, 211; M. W. Housner, 213, 211; J. F. Bridges, 204, 212, 195; W. F. Blasse, 213; Martin Blasse, 210, 231; J. G. Day, 197, 205; C. W. Linder, 213; George A. Pattberg, 204, 212; C. M. Henderson, 220; K. O. Kindgren, 211, 201; J. M. Klassen, 222; E. N. Moor, 200.

Pistol scores, 50 yard range—Dr. Summers 85, 84, 84; C. W. Seely, 76; O. Lillemo, 89; C. W. Randall, 80, 90, 91, 92, 93, 92; C. W. Linder,

92, 90, 91, 92, 87, 88, 90; J. G. Day, 84; G. J. Klein, 79, 77, 67, 80, 80, 71; W. G. Hoffmann, 85, 85; J. E. Gorman, 92, 92; L. S. Sweet, 70, 66, 69, 76; R. Mills, 87, 90, 93, 91, 94, 91.

Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club, monthly bullseye competition, regular bullseye shoot—A. Thompson, 13; C. Otten, 15; F. A. McLaughlin, 19; C. W. Seely, 20; A. M. Poulsen, 27; H. Gaejten, 42; J. G. Day, 42; W. A. Siebe, 48; F. Poulter, 49; C. J. Doehring, 52; A. Hartman, 53; Sergt. P. C. Peterson, 53; H. Kroeckel, 54½.

Special bullseye, best three centers—C. M. Kraul, 66; H. Kroeckel, 80; W. A. Siebe, 82½; Herman Huber, 86; A. Delavergne, 102; C. Otten, 109; F. Poulter, 112½; C. W. Seely, 124½; F. A. McLaughlin, 151; M. Nielsen, 135½; O. Lillemo, 166½; L. Erickson, 184½; H. A. Harris, 191; J. G. Day, 201; J. Bauman, 206½; A. M. Poulsen, 257½; A. Thompson, 290; H. Gloy, 387.

The Staunton Rifles Win.

Members of the Staunton, Va., Rifles are jubilant over their team of twelve men winning the National Indoor Match, concluded last month. This is the first time such a match, corresponding to the outdoor National matches held annually under the auspices of the War Department, has been held and the Rifles feel that their hard and conscientious work for the last three years has at last been rewarded with success. The team has been the recipient of congratulatory expressions from many quarters.

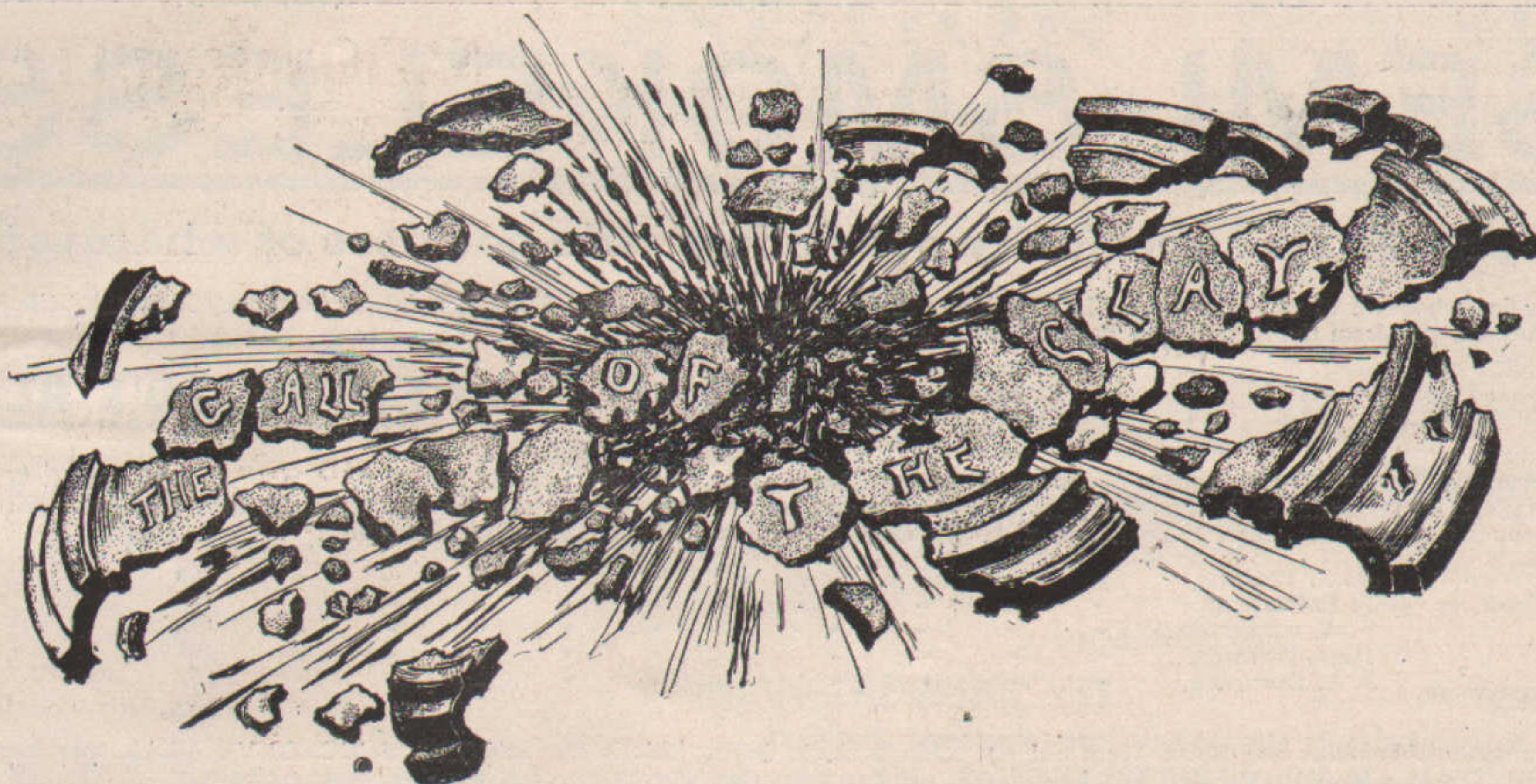
The Staunton experts, described by the judges as an "all star aggregation," shot under many

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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.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

June 20-23—Columbus, Ohio. The Interstate Association's Twelfth Grand American Handicap Tournament, on the grounds of the Columbus Gun Club; \$1,500 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Treasurer, Pittsburg, Pa.

July 18-20—Wilmington, Del. The Interstate Association's Sixth Eastern Handicap Tournament, under the auspices of the Du Pont Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Treasurer, Pittsburg, Pa.

August 8-10—Omaha, Nebr. The Interstate Association's Sixth Western Handicap Tournament, under the auspices of the Omaha Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Treasurer, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Grand American Handicap.

The Interstate Association's Twelfth Grand American Handicap Tournament will be held at Columbus, Ohio, on the grounds of the Columbus Gun Club, June 20 to 23 inclusive.

The Grand American Handicap tournament has been so organized and perfected in every department that (besides being competitive) it has been a great school of instruction for club officers and members who desire to hold tournaments of their own in an up-to-date manner; consequently, the tournament has become so well-known, and its prominence so generally conceded, that an extended introductory notice is unnecessary.

The same standards followed in the past—the securing of the greatest benefit to the greatest number—will be adhered to. They have heretofore given satisfaction, and will undoubtedly do so in the future. As in the past nothing was left undone that could add to the pleasure and comfort of contestants who, year by year, attend the Grand American, so in the future will the management work diligently for the same end to meet equally any new conditions that arise.

This year's tournament will be conducted on the same equitable lines as has characterized the previous tournaments. Each contestant will be the recipient of every attention and just consideration, consistent with the fairness that has always been a feature of The Interstate Association's events. The program, in the main, follows the policy adopted by the Association in respect to its Grand American Handicap tournaments. The competition, however, has been broadened by the addition of a double target championship contest for amateurs and professionals. This will determine the question of individual excellence at double targets under scratch conditions and accepted auspices.

The selection of the Columbus Gun Club's grounds as the scene for the tournament calls for no special comment. The experience of 1908, when the Ninth Grand American Handicap tournament was held on these grounds, fully warranted their selection for the big event in 1911. There are ample accommodations for 500 contestants, should the weather prove stormy, and the appointments are the equal of those of any other trap shooting grounds. The experience gained by the Columbus Gun Club

in handling the 1908 Grand American Handicap tournament has been put to good use, and it is fully expected that this year's tournament will run as smoothly as any of its predecessors.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

One hundred targets, unknown angles, handicaps 16 to 23 yards, high guns—not class shooting. Five hundred dollars (\$500) added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries. Entrance, \$10, the price of targets being included.

The winner of first money is guaranteed \$1,000 or more. If first money falls below \$1,000, the difference will be made good by The Interstate Association. In addition to first money the winner will receive a trophy, presented by The Interstate Association.

Regular entries must be made on or before Saturday, June 10, 1911, and must be accompanied by \$5 forfeit. The remaining \$5 must be paid before 5 p. m., Wednesday, June 21. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing postmarks dated June 10, will be accepted as regular entries.

Penalty entries may be made after Saturday, June 10, up to 5 p. m., Tuesday, June 20, by paying \$15 entrance—targets included.

All entries must be made on application blanks, and they will be received by Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Treasurer, 219 Coltart Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

It is quite natural that pleasure out of doors should have associated with it the field gun, so different from years ago with pioneers, when that association was so necessary for protection. The gun has always been the main attraction for sport in the woods and field, and naturally shooting has carried with it the glories of winning, and generally when this sport has been applied to the field, a money consideration for such victories.

The higher degree which the education and advancement of our people is attaining is most marked by the absence of any conflict in sport which will cause discomfort or loss among us.

The sport of trapshooting is a good barometer for the advancement of this universal peace; in fact, lends great assistance to that end. The early use of the field gun was often shaded with the taking of life or the winning of high wagers from people that could ill-afford to lose. When we consider its place to-day, we know it is not connected with either of these elements. We see the people of our immediate locality getting together in a healthful out-door sport through the medium of trapshooting, and again see these people mingling with those of other cities in the same friendly enjoyment, and they are all lovers of that great sport. We associate with people of the East and West, and from Dixie and Canada, thereby promulgating a general feeling of universal friendship and peace among all.

The most pleasing history is made at the

gatherings between shooters from the United States and Canada, in such meetings as the Buffalo Audubon Club, the Hamilton Gun Club and similar clubs have. Also between the shooters of the North and South that visit the tournaments in those localities. Under these conditions, the feelings of 1812 and 1861 have passed away, and the familiarity and friendship which trapshooting has brought about is mightier than the powers of the pen.

What will continue this marked advancement of this sport is a question that many of our best minds have in their leisure moments found time to consider.

It is a fact that our natural desires lead us to out-of-doors enjoyment. It is also true that many of those who enjoy such sport do not assist or are not aware of the good that could be derived in the advancement and continuance of same. Consequently, it will be observed by those who have followed the sport of trapshooting, that the manufacturers of supplies who cater to this class of trade have been of great assistance in the furthering of this enjoyment. It is also true that they have been subjected to what would seem by some unjust criticism. However, it is safe to say that until recently where discontentment existed money matters were involved, and to this end the following suggestions are given for consideration for the betterment of this sport:

Do not have money prizes in any contest. Shoot for trophies.

Do not grade your shooters in classes. Shoot sliding handicaps, and they will grade themselves. Do not be afraid to mingle with other clubs. Invite them to your grounds and have friendly matches. This is the way all concerned will enjoy the sport.

Do not blame the manufacturer if he is doing something you did not have time to do.

Take part in the meetings regulating such matters, and use your influence for the general good.

Remember, that you are living in an age of peace and progress. When you visit from one club to another, or from one city to another, it is going to be a peaceful and pleasant meeting, and do your part to make everyone enjoy himself.

Remember, it would be selfish to participate in such pleasures and enjoyments without the aid of your better half and friends, as it is most proper that they should be at these gatherings or at the feasts which so often follow. The contrast is so different from the hardship which their sisters had to endure with the association of the field gun years ago, that they should not be without the enjoyment it gives to-day.

WILLIAM H. SMYTH,
In Forest and Stream.

The Western Pennsylvania League.

In 18 or 20 towns through Western Pennsylvania there are seen many little animated gatherings in the shooting headquarters. There is

SEMI-SMOKELESS

Again proves its superiority over other rifle powders of whatever kind

In the final shoot-off of the Inter-Club Matches, under the auspices of the National Rifles Association, the Rocky Mountain Rifle Club Team of Butte, Montana, won from the New Haven Team with the wonderful score of

992 out of a possible 1,000 A NEW WORLD'S RECORD

This remarkable shooting organization is composed of the following members: T. E. Booth, Roy E. Tisdale, F. A. Anderson, J. W. Crawford, Hans Holmes, John A. Donovan, C. George Westphal, Louis Flagler and Joseph Morris—men, who by their skill and nerve have won the admiration of all rifle shooters from coast to coast. The individual targets made in the final match tell the story eloquently:

R. E. Tisdale,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	200
T. E. Booth,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	199
F. A. Anderson,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	198
Hans Holmes,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	198
J. A. Donovan,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	197
										<hr/>
										992

In this series of matches the Butte Team did not suffer a single defeat; this is the SECOND SUCCESSIVE YEAR they have won the .22 CALIBER TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE U. S. In two years they won 23 out of 24 matches, using exclusively

Peters .22 Caliber AMMUNITION

Thus in the most important .22 Caliber Competition of the year, SEMI-SMOKELESS CARTRIDGES are convincingly shown to be more accurate and more uniform than any others; they are very clean and may be fired indefinitely in the finest rifle barrel without cleaning and without injuring it; they have a record of achievement which has never and probably will never be equalled.

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

heard much discussion as to straight and crooked stocks, bent-up barrels, guns that shoot high or dead center, and especially much talk as to pattern and velocity, speed of primers and much debate as to recoil.

All of which means that smiling "Pat" Anthon and Dolly Matthews will hang out the welcome sign in historic old Canonsburg and on the new grounds of the Canonsburg Gun Club will stage the first of the five big championship shoots to be given by the Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters' League.

That "Pat" Anthony and Matthews will look after the comfort and entertainment of the visiting sportsmen is sufficient announcement on this subject. A book might be written on the ability of these good sportsmen, but it is not necessary, as they are too well known to the shooting fraternity to need such eulogy.

Last year the league held six of the best shoots given in the United States. From the start the rivalry was keen and the contest for both team and individual championships was not decided until the last target was broken in the last shoot of the season at Fairchance. With all this close competition there was nothing but the best of feeling shown. No unfair tactics were indulged in and visiting shooters, and especially the professionals, who have the opportunity of attending shoots in all parts of the country, maintained that nowhere they had ever been had they ever seen such a feeling of genuine sportsmanship shown.

The shooters, who have made possible this most successful league, are men who shoot for the love of the game. They know that when they win as individuals, or when their club team wins, it gives prestige to their home towns.

The financial returns to the consistently good shooters have been extremely satisfactory, nearly a thousand dollars in average moneys being paid out last year, but with the plan in use by the league the money was equally divided, so that no matter what a shooter's ability, all had equal chances to win.

The men who led the league did not expect the new beginners and the men who formed the lower

classes to pay their way, nor did the men who formed the lower classes expect any charitable contributions from the good shooters, but men of equal skill competed with men of equal skill, and as a result the vast majority were satisfied.

The same system will be adhered to this year and from the present outlook this will be the grandest season the Western Pennsylvania T. S. League has ever known.

The Pittsburgh Gun club is one of the organizations which is glad to drag along and shoot just for the fun of being in the race. In numerical strength it ranks Z3, but it is prolific in the number of fat entries. Squier, Lautenslager, Shaner, Sr., Shaner, Jr., and Lewis will wear the Gold and Black and will have as much fun as any out of the race.

If the weather man is good there should be at least 80 shooters at the first league shoot.

There seems to be considerable sentiment in favor of making three moneys in each class where there are 15 or more shooters to the class. This would make the ratio 50-30-20 instead of 60-40, which is the present division.

The race between these well known and justly popular teams now stands a tie, each team having won a race.

It has been suggested that each team through the captains, Calhoun for the Graybeards, and Moore for the Youngbloods, hand to the man who runs the book at the first league shoot at Canonsburg in May a list of the eligibles on their respective teams and that the 15 high men in the first 60 targets in the league program on each list shall comprise the team. The team with the highest total shall be declared the winner of the series.

Will the shooters of Pittsburgh and Allegheny county go into the team races at DuBois with their strength split up among various clubs or will they join one big club and bring to our city the honor and prestige which our united efforts might claim?

It is only a question of time till Pittsburgh, like Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston and other large cities will have to have a central home. Grounds will have to be bought

to insure permanency, a large club house erected to furnish comfort and trap equipment installed sufficient to supply the demands of all who desire to shoot. The formation of such a club would not in any way interfere with the prosperity of the smaller clubs, but would give the trap shooting game the standing and prestige in the community it so richly deserves.

Du Pont Gun Club, Wilmington, Del.

Neaf Apgar, of the Peters Cartridge Company, made his first appearance at the Club grounds yesterday and broke 96 out of 100 targets.

In class one of the T. Coleman du Pont merchandise event F. Mathewson and Eugene Du Pont tied, each breaking 22 out of 25. W. Mathewson and T. B. Rogers also tied in class two with 21 out of 25. J. J. Magaheri won class three with 20 out of 25. In class four Dr. H. Beets, Dr. Bullock, and G. F. Ford tied at 14.

In the shoot off from the previous Saturday, Walker Mathewson won class B with a score of 21. Isaac Turner won class C with 18, and Dr. A. Patterson won class D with the same score.

Philadelphia Wins from Kentucky.

The Independent Gun Club, of Philadelphia, won the match on May 15 between the Fayette County Gun Club, of Lexington, Ky., and the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Ryland. The total made by the Philadelphians was 190, that by the Lexington team, 180, while the local men could get but 178 birds out of a total of 200.

A return match has been arranged between the three teams, to be held in Philadelphia in the near future. Fifteen men came from Philadelphia and attended the shoot. Total scores:

INDEPENDENT GUN CLUB.	
Coleman.....	25 25-50
Wolstencroft.....	24 24-48
Buckwalter.....	23 23-46
Sommers.....	25 21-46
Total.....	190
Fayette Gun Club.....	180
Crystal Lake Gun Club.....	178

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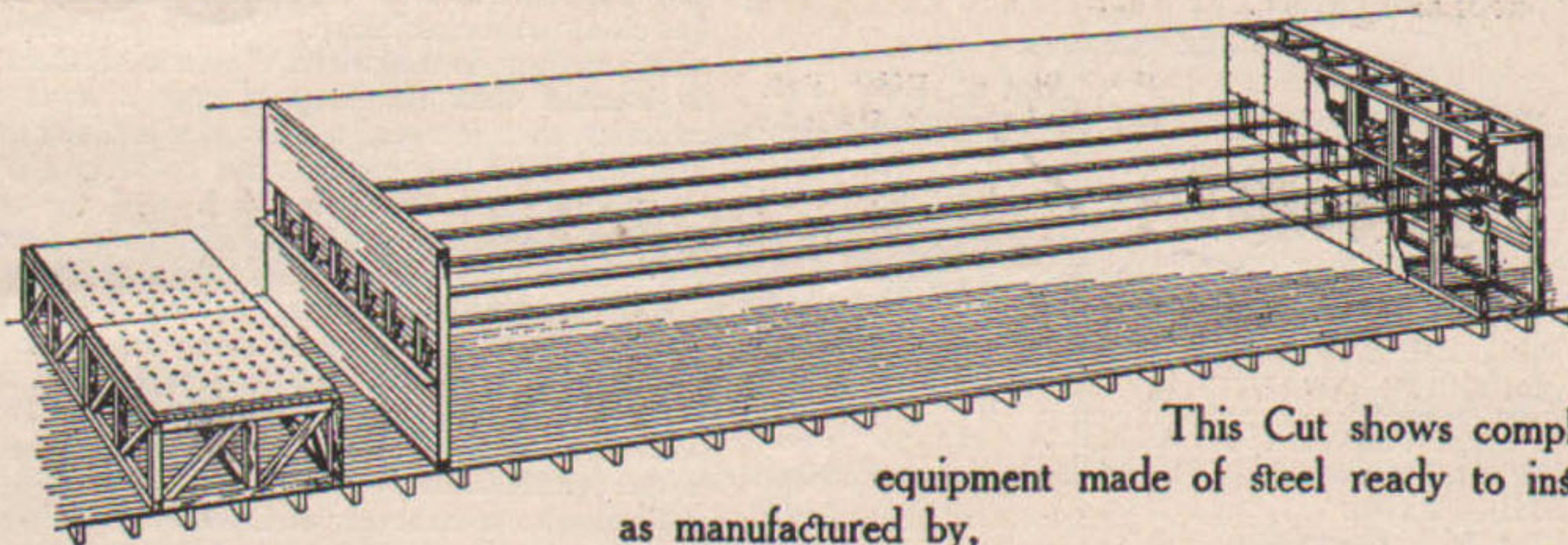
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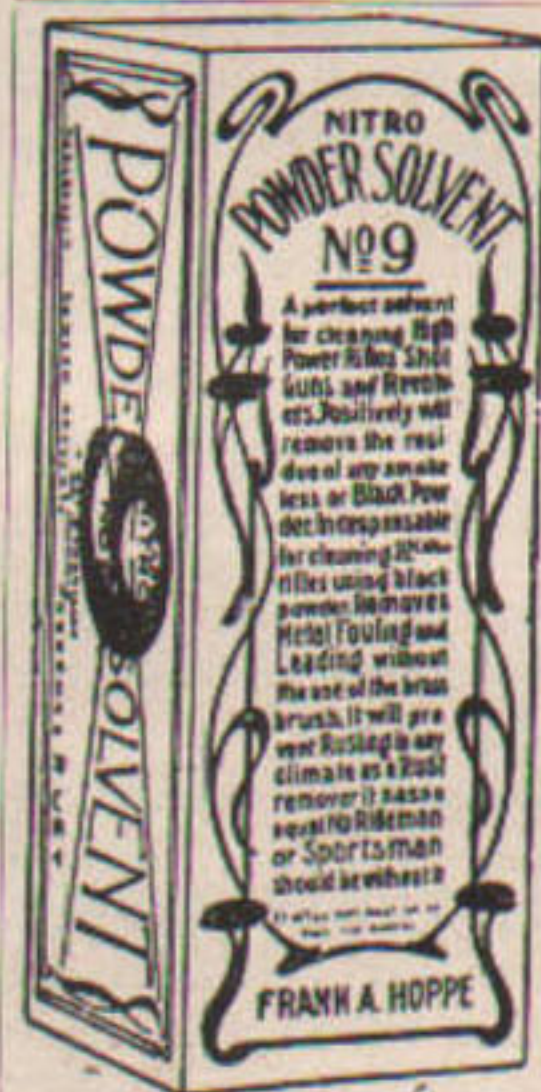
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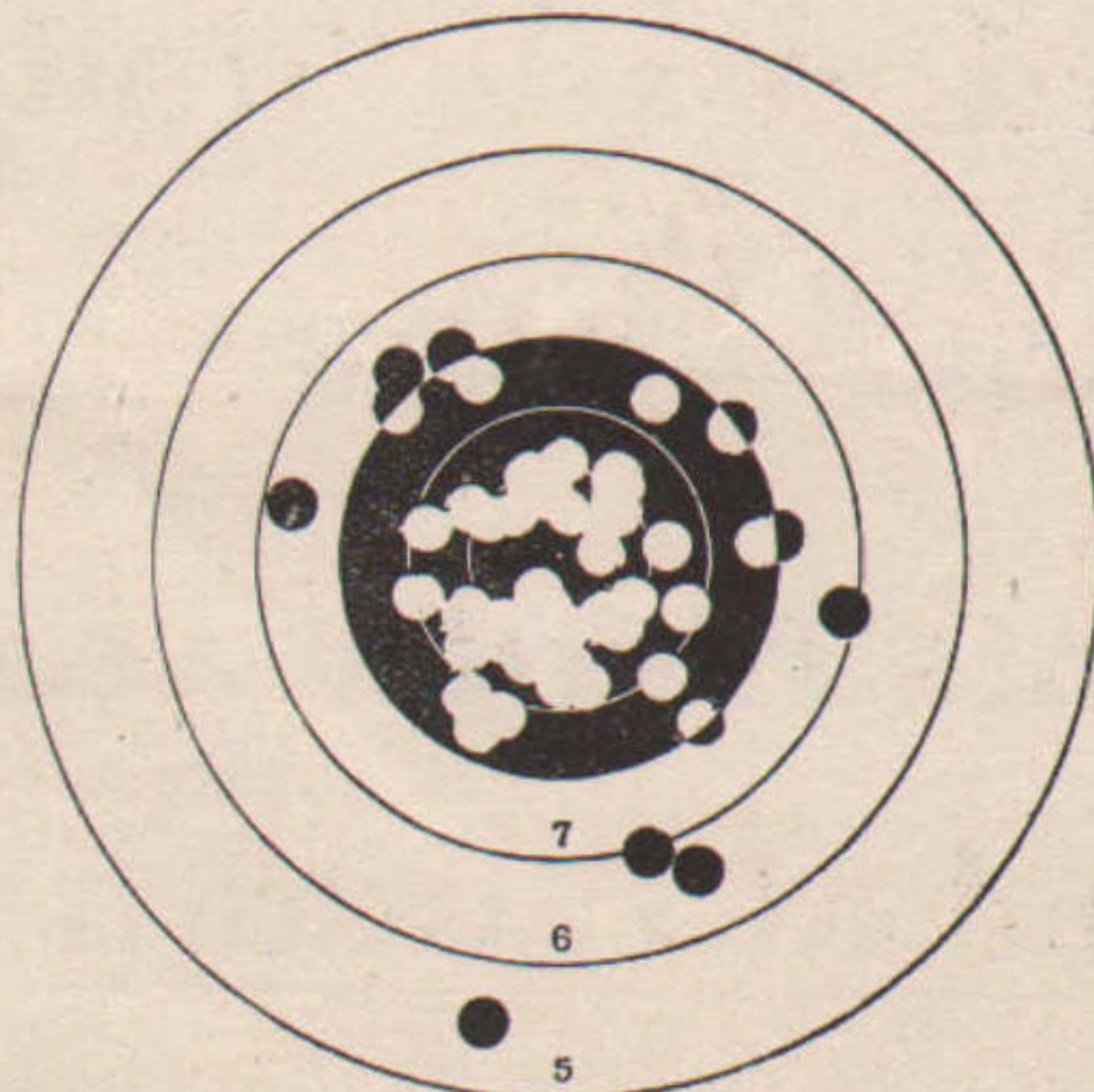
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Winner of Indoor Revolver Championship



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