

ARMS AND THE MAN

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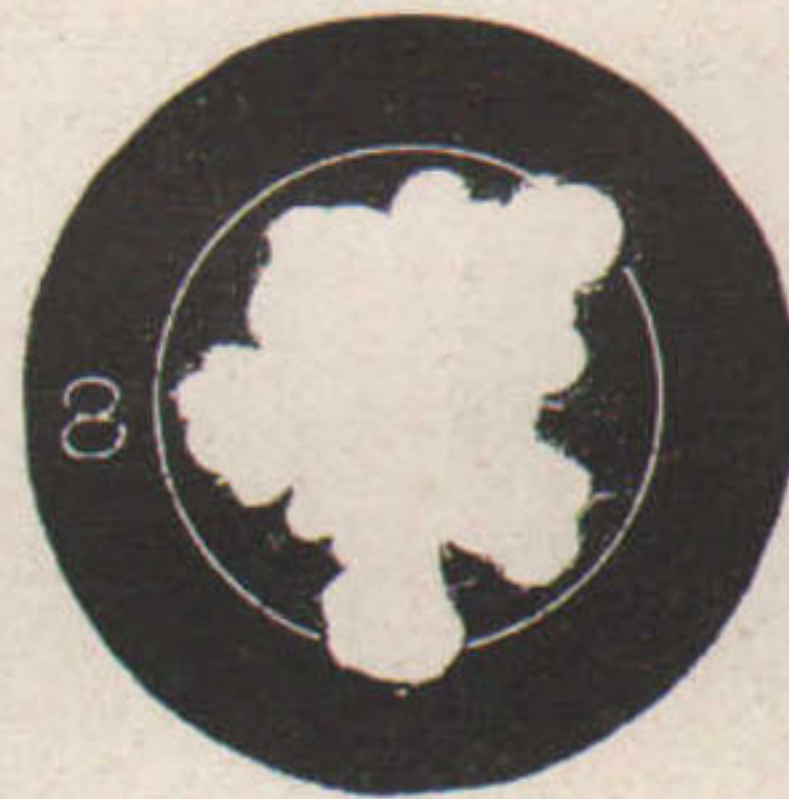
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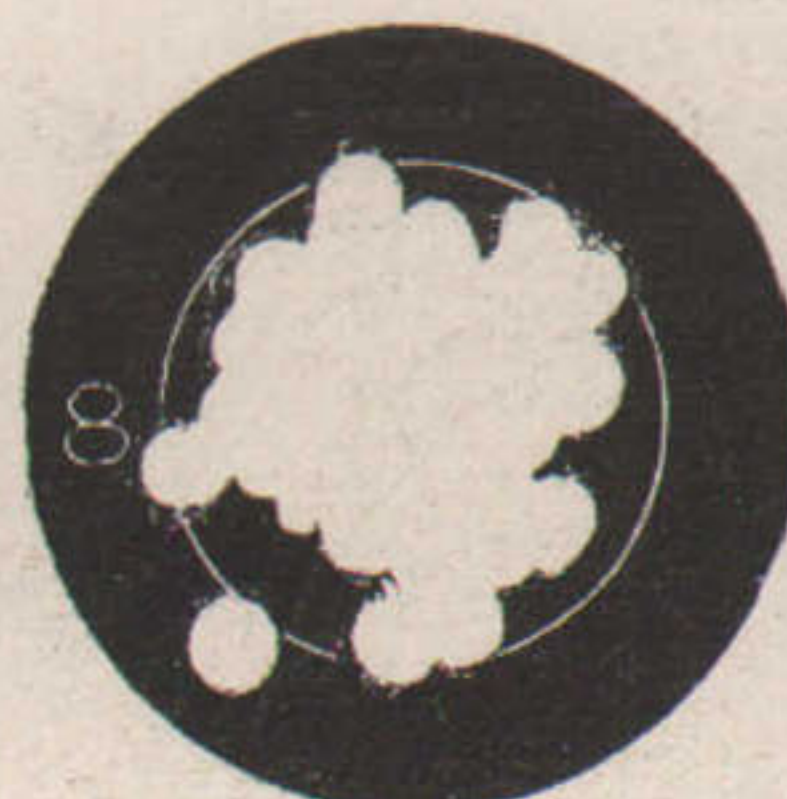
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ARMS AND THE MAN

FORMERLY
SHOOTING AND FISHING.

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Etas, or Pedro and His Bird.

A TALE OF THE PANAY INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY HYLAND C. KIRK.

(Copyright, 1912)

BEFORE Pedro y Nada secured the position of muchacho with Captain Kreuker of the army staff, stationed at Iloilo, Panay, in 1898 to 1901, he was apparently one of the laziest, most ignorant and worthless products which the Visayan portion of the Philippines had ever produced, and there was really little reason why he should have been otherwise.

He was not born, so far as records go, but as in the case of Moses, was found in a basket, so his mother said, floating in a tiny branch of the Jalaur River near its source, way off beyond Janiuay, where the foot-hills of the Antique range begin.

He lived in that basket except when he was being toted around like a clothes-pin on the maternal hip, lived, squalled, kicked and struggled, until he learned to upset it and escape from its rickety borders, when clothed entirely in dirt and innocence he began his career.

After subsisting on rice, bananas and cocoanuts, whenever and wherever he could find them, and sleeping—goodness knows where—for more than fifteen years, one day he was aroused from his nest in the woods by the tramp, tramp, of hombres passing in his vicinity, and a voice which called out to him in the Visayan tongue:

“Wake up! and be a soldier.”

The boy stood speechless for fully a minute while his interrogator watched him with amused interest. The elements of Pedro's dull nature were being startled into activity—cowardly fear and habitual sloth contended with pride and ambition.

Questions of war and bloodshed were not worrying him, it is true; his greatest source of anxiety was that he would not be able to sleep as much as was his wont, and he might have to run sometimes, a form of exertion he really had no relish for. But on the other hand, he would have clothes, even shoes on his feet, and he would have money to buy an extra game chicken—a consideration which, when he thought of it, was quite irresistible.

For he was familiar with game fowls, had grown up with them it might be said, and knew more about the wild jungle birds and their descendants than anything else. He had captured one quite young bird and had it in his possession at that very moment; but, although it could crow, it was not fully grown, and Pedro had a great desire for a more masterful gallo. He accepted the teniente's proposal, and was duly enrolled on the company papel; then he fell into the straggling line and trudged along carrying his game-cock with him.

It was some weeks after this before he received his uniform including shoes. He was armed with a bolo, and did not receive a gun, for which he was very thankful, as it might have gone off and killed him in his sleep, or kicked him over in attempting to use it in his waking moments, as had happened to one of his comrades. He admired the shoes very much, wearing them even while he slept, until his feet, being unaccustomed to such treatment, rebelled, became sore and swollen, when Pedro evinced a disposition to throw the offending foot coverings away.

But then he learned that every soldado would be compelled to have shoes before entering Iloilo, the objective point toward which the column was moving, and if he threw them away he would not only be compelled to pay for the loss out of his meagre wages, but for a new pair besides; accordingly, he carried his shoes in his hand, his little reddish-black fowl, Etas, being sometimes perched on a shoe, and sometimes on his shoulder.

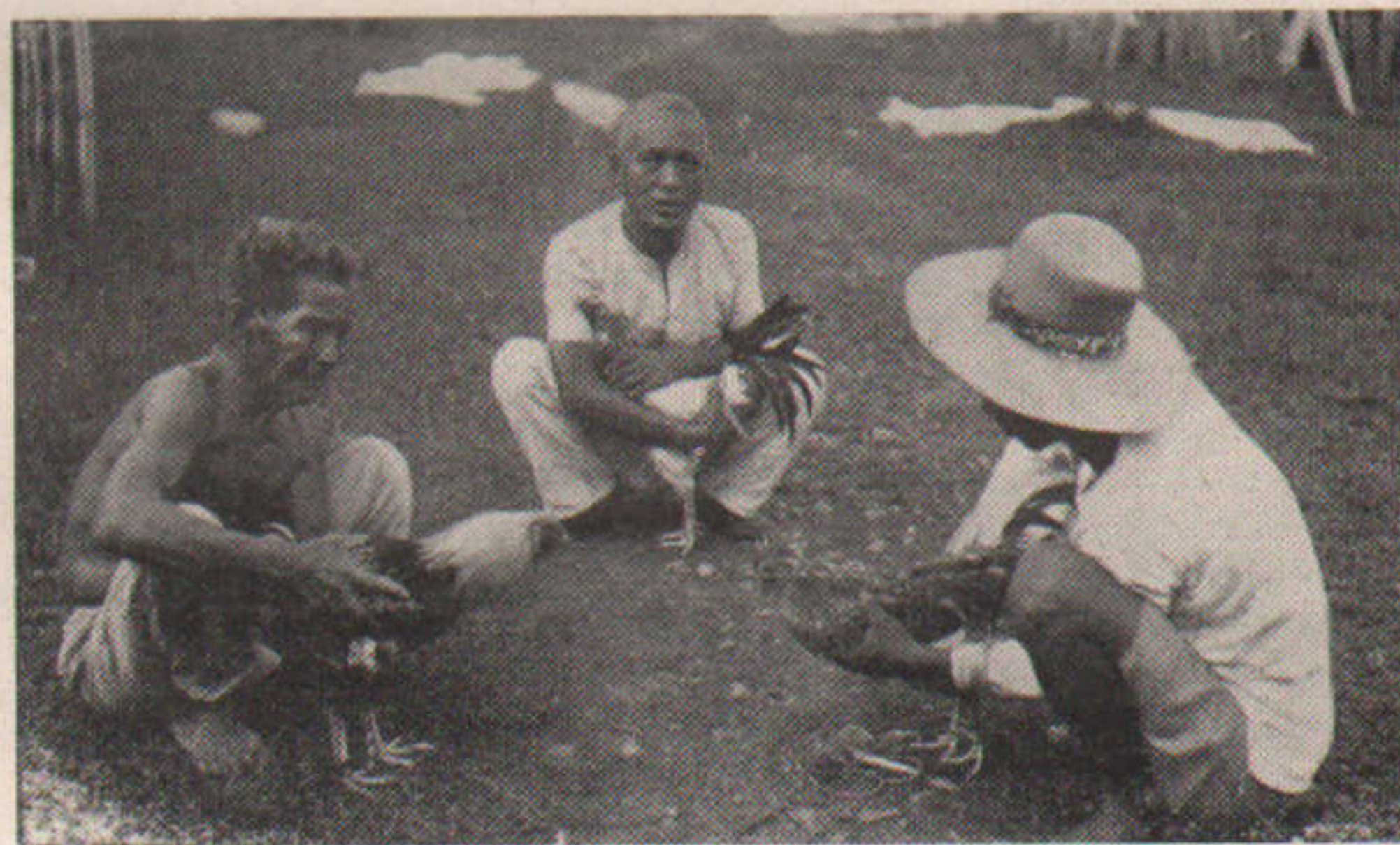
At the outskirts of Jaro an inspection was held, and Pedro was one of those reprimanded for the slovenly condition of his clothing and equipments. This had the remarkable effect of causing him to

be angry—extra allowances of rice and meat having had an effect on his inert nature—and he resolved to desert at the first opportunity.

It happened that on December 13, 1898, the Military Governor of the Philippines at Manila, had received a petition signed by many of the business men and firms at Iloilo, asking for American occupation and protection; accordingly, it became necessary that the Insurrecto army, developed and maintained as it was largely through foreign intriguers, should occupy Iloilo at once.

At the close of the parade through that town, December 26, 1898, a baille occurred, which happened to be attended by all his company officers, and the morning found Pedro some miles away in the woods west of Jaro. There he prepared a hiding-place in a thicket, near the bank of the Rio Aganan, which flows into the Jaro River, in a place which seemed to be inaccessible. By transplanting a few shrubs and bushes, he arranged a covert nest just large enough for himself and his bird and crawled in.

As it would be very dangerous to return to his old home near Janiuay, or to pass through any town where recruiting was going on, and as he discovered plenty of chicos and hanipas—a species of banana—near-by, he decided to make this his abiding-place. Going out



A Typical Scene in the Philippines.

at night long enough only to secure food for himself and companion, he kept well to his nest and passed much of his time in sleep. Thus was he practically out of the world for a number of weeks, till upon the landing of the marines and General Miller's advance, Iloilo having been fired, the Insurrectos fell back toward Santa Barbara, and as it happened, his old company took up their quarters west of Jaro not very far from Pedro's retreat.

Quite fortunately for himself he was awake when they arrived, and became immediately impressed with his great danger. He suspected the truth that a reward was out for his head, which had been offered by el Capitan the moment Pedro's absence was discovered.

His comrades all knew Etas and most of them were so well versed in gallo vernacular that they would recognize his imperfect attempt to crow the moment they heard it, when both boy and bird would be captured.

It was remarkable what an alert wakefulness came over Pedro. No thought of sleep now; his whole being was awake to his peril and quivering with anxiety to avert it. Must he sacrifice Etas? He would as soon have thought of killing his mother! For the bird

had gained a large place in Pedro's affections. The boy had played with it and talked to it, till Etas not only recognized his own name, but seemed to understand his master in various other ways.

Pedro had once attended a parochial school for a few days, had studied the catechism, and was rated as a Christian; but now the force of an earlier faith, the strange worship of dinitas, ancestors and animals, seemed to come over him, for he fell on his knees and prayed to Etas:

"O Etas! save me now from my danger, and I will never forsake you. I will build you a gilded perch to roost upon, and your name shall be Dinita."

Etas seemed to appreciate the homage, for he twisted his head about, pecked at the boy's hand, and then—O horror! He crowed louder than he had ever done before!

But that was the heroic measure which really saved the boy's life, for instinctively he seized Etas and threw him into the air, over the bushes to the westward; while he himself crept rapidly in a northerly direction through a growth of grass and thicket extending to the Aganan River. He heard the shouts of men, even recognizing the voices of some of his comrades, and he quickly sank under the shallow water slipping along like an iguana, till he reached some rushes where he cautiously lifted his head to breathe. There were soldados walking along the bank, members of his own Company and evidently in search of himself, for he heard one of them say:

"Bah! what's the use? Let him go."

But he caught the import of the other's reply in the words—"muchacha pecunia"—evidently referring to his capture, and noiselessly lowered his head again.

Before darkness came on he had learned from the voices and various sounds of the camp that his Company was located above him on the stream, so that he decided to hunt up a relative living near Tabucan, south of Jaro, and at night took the road in that direction. Avoiding the barrios of Pandac and Ilaya, he traveled stealthily at first, and then boldly in the open road.

There were few travelers abroad that night, for a reason Pedro did not understand, and so he walked, or ran—for he could run if necessary—free and unmolested much of the distance to Jaro; till suddenly he was brought to a standstill shivering in his tracks, by the rattle of a carbine, a horse crashing out of the road-side thicket and a yell of "halt!"

It was the American mounted patrol who took charge of him and brought him into Headquarters at Iloilo next morning. When Captain Kreuker heard about Pedro, he sent for him, and after listening to his story through an interpreter, hired him at once, for he concluded that Pedro would be likely to make a very faithful muchacho, in return for insuring him his safety, which proved to be correct.

Only one disturbing factor in Pedro's further career needs to be noticed at this point; though it really was the most serious of all and forms the very climax of this tale. The first time that Pedro saw Ignacia, the daughter of Captain Kreuker's cook, a muchacha about the same age as himself, he proceeded to fall in love with her; though he had not the remotest idea of what either the sentiment or his own emotions meant.

And Ignacia, who had accompanied her mother in Captain Kreuker's service from far-off Vigan—being of the Ilocano tribe—in northern Luzon, seemed to reciprocate the feeling, for she remarked that "that boy's eyes looked as soft and interesting as the eyes of a carabao calf she once reared!"

But here was a serious break in young love's dream, for the mother had already contracted her daughter as a *carida* to a Spanish clerk formerly a petty officer in the Spanish service who had settled in Iloilo.

Had it not been for Captain Kreuker, this meeting of muchacho and muchacha would have been the occasion of the immediate transfer of Ignacia to Spanish control for a consideration of one hundred pesos. The mother insisted, but the girl refused, and appealed to headquarters.

Captain Kreuker's eyes twinkled as he listened to her story, and he advised the mother that Ignacia needed to be educated in music and other branches to fit her as a companion to a European of any standing, who would probably make her his wife in that event.

To this her natural guardian assented provided muchacho and muchacha were not permitted to see each other. Accordingly, Kreuker, who thus learned the lay of the land, sent the girl to board at the convent school, and also permitted Pedro, suddenly seized with a desire to improve his mind, to attend the American night school.

Kreuker had taken an additional interest in Pedro from discovering that he knew all about game fowls. The Captain had quietly frequented the cock-pit as about his only form of amusement since arriving at Iloilo, and had acquired several game chickens himself whose fighting qualities were displayed on occasion in the rear cuarto

of the lower court of his casa. Pedro one day told him all the weak and strong points of each gallo in his collection, which tallied with the Captain's own observations; and then Pedro told him from what part of Panay certain of the birds probably came.

Accordingly, Kreuker said that some day he would send Pedro out to certain interior towns and have him procure some fresh fighting stock inasmuch as several of the other officers had acquired a similar interest in this species of sport and had birds of their own to oppose. This pleased Pedro very much till he thought of the danger, when he shook his head. For him to go into the Insurrecto country at this time would be very hazardous indeed.

Enrique Egozcue y Mallada, was an attractive young Spaniard of rather a fiery temperament, and he was much put out that Marguita, Captain Kreuker's cook did not fulfill her contract as she had agreed and deliver Ignacia at his residence in Jaro, and he appealed to the Captain himself. Whereupon Captain Kreuker informed him that under American law such a contract would not only be illegal and void, but would subject the parties to criminal arrest.

But the persistent suitor insisted that no American law had been passed, and until such were enacted the old law as had been agreed, must stand. This the Captain admitted, but said that Ignacia herself, as the most interested factor in the compact, had a desire to secure certain accomplishments before complying with her mother's arrangement; and he should see that the girl's wishes were respected.

Time passed, the muchacho and muchacha were not observed, supposed or believed by Captain Kreuker's household, to see much of each other; as the boy was kept busy about the office during the day and attended school at night, while the girl, when not within the walls of the convent school, was closely watched by her mother. Yet somehow, somewhere, they must have met, conversed, and had an understanding; because Pedro's bearing became more resolute, he worked harder,—gaining rapidly in his English—he was often observed to smile curiously at Marguita, Ignacia's mother, whom he treated with the utmost respect, and he was always affable but sarcastic if the name of Enrique happened to be mentioned.

As for Ignacia, her very silence was suggestive as she never referred to the subject again to her mother, and if it was mentioned by the latter, she immediately found some excuse for changing the theme, or of escaping. She admitted to herself, if to no one else, that Enrique was much handsomer than Pedro and far more talented in every way; but Pedro's passion was much more sincere, besides she would be an equal companion to him and not a mere slave and plaything as she would to Enrique.

In the progress of events, the organization of native scouts was begun July 19, 1900, and proved a very important factor in locating the various bodies of the enemy in the different provinces.

Following victories of Major Guy V. Henry, of the 26th Infantry, U. S. V., and Captain E. L. Butts, 18th U. S. Infantry, in Iloilo Province; that of Captain E. V. N. Bissell, 44th Infantry, U. S. V., in Antique, and Captain C. H. Brownell in Concepcion, General Martin Delgado, after being driven from his stronghold at Mt. Singit by Colonel Anderson and other forces December 23, surrendered January 11, 1901, at Bangol; and other surrenders quickly followed including that of Quintin Salis, April 23, to Major Robert H. Noble at Iloilo, when the Insurrection was at an end.

During this time the ambitious designs of the Spanish clerk Enrique, had not slept. He had discovered the penchant of Captain Israel Kreuker, head of a staff department in Iloilo, for game birds, and was the unknown backer of various native hombres, superior sports in that line, against Kreuker; and had in a spirit of pure revenge succeeded in killing off the best of the Captain's collection. As Kreuker had not hesitated to back his birds in a substantial way, he was a loser pecuniarily also. Pedro had witnessed some of these combats but had taken no part in handling the gallos.

Enrique as it afterwards appeared had conceived a unique plan. After bleeding the Americano pretty freely he managed to be present at two contests one after the other in the cuarto of the Captain's court, in each of which he laid open bets on Kreuker's birds which losing as usual, it made him appear as a sympathetic loser with the Captain, and drew them together ostensibly by the bond of misfortune. Two years had now slipped away since his first interview on the subject of Ignacia; and on meeting the Captain next day in Calle Concepcion, the native quarter where many bird-trainers lived, he inquired in his best English:

"El Capitan, is it not time de contract be closed?"

"What contract?"

"De contract para me carida, Ignacia."

"Hardly time yet, my boy," said the Captain kindly.

"Caramba! mucho time ago. Now I match you a bird, or tree birds."

If lose you, I take Ignacia next month. You dare?"

Captain Kreuker looked puzzled, hesitated, and noticing the derisive grin on Enrique's face, said: "Yes, I dare, but I have no birds. My best ones are gone as you know."

"Si signor, but you buy birds, achi, now here. I know."

The Captain denied this—"No, I was casually strolling through this suburb studying the natives. Come to my quarters, manana, at 2 in the afternoon, and I will make a more definite reply to your challenge."

The first thing the Captain did on returning to his quarters was to call Pedro into his private office:

"Do you expect to marry Ignacia?"

Pedro grinned and admitted as much.

"Does she expect to marry you?"

"If she can, Signor."

"That's the point. You know Enrique has a contract for the girl with her mother, and he has challenged me to decide whether he takes her the first of the month or not by a contest in the gallera. If his birds win he expects to take Ignacia at once, otherwise at a later date. But if you and Ignacia are real lovers and desire to marry, while you need not say anything to the girl about it, I will only agree to such a combat on condition that if his birds lose, he renounces her hand altogether. How is that, Pedro?"

The boy grinned and his eyes glittered, as he said: "But de gallos, he have muchos buenos gallos!"

"Yes, that's the point. It's your funeral, or wedding as the case may be; and I'll leave the matter to you—you secure the birds."

"Me no pecunia."

"I'll furnish the money, you secure the bird, or birds you wish to select from in order to win."

That was the reason Pedro paid a visit to his old home and hunted up certain comrades of his Company at Santa Barbara, Cabatuan, Dingle and Januiay—he was seeking the strongest and quickest-moving game birds it was possible to find in the Island of Panay.

He had a liking for the reddish-black jungle breed, and found three to suit him—one at Januiay, one at Duenas, and one at Dingle, for which he paid some twenty-five pesos per head; and was told of another owned by a former member of his Company at Pototan and accordingly went there.

José, the owner of the gallo, did not recognize Pedro, but admitted that he owned a valuable bird which he showed to his visitor. It was a large reddish-black fowl, heavy-combed, with a graceful, plump body, medium broad across the shoulders and tapering toward the tail. Pedro examined it very carefully, and seemed to be muttering to himself as he found a number of scars on the body.

"Has he fought?"

"Mucho, and always won," said José.

"The price?" said Pedro.

"Fifty pesos."

"Holy mother, what a price!"

José smiled—"You do not have to buy."

"But suppose that bird is mine already," said Pedro energetically, "would you be contented with a less sum?"

"If you could prove it, yes," said Jose in an angry, defiant tone.

Pedro made a vertical movement with his hand, and then said: "Etas!" as he swung his hand upward—and the bird flew upon his shoulder and crowed!

José was astounded. "And you are Pedro the deserter, eh?"

"Si me at American headquarters now. All the soldados and scouts in Panay know me now."

José began to explain the great expense Etas had been to him.

"I will pay you twenty-five pesos for your trouble," said Pedro, "if that will satisfy you."

José smiled for he had begun to fear he would get nothing.

"Bastante," he said.

Pedro returned to Iloilo with his four gallos and immediately began their careful training; as some ten days yet remained before the contest would occur which must decide his hopes. How he fed, exercised and tested his birds, need not be told; but one curious event should be mentioned which occurred when he first arrived. He had taken Etas into Captain Kreuker's quarters where it happened that a plate glass mirror extended clear to the floor which Etas, set free, immediately ran and struck his beak against in an attempt to strike his own reflection. Astonished the bird twisted his head about, surveying the other bird, and then crowed. As the *other bird* did the same thing apparently, Etas, as if in disgust, walked away from the mirror and paid no more attention to it. This circumstance is referred to because it had an important bearing on the final outcome.

Pedro had a strong desire to see Enrique's birds in advance; so much so that he disguised himself and as an hombre in search of

employment managed to get into the enclosure where the birds were being trained. He was so appalled by what he saw that he came back to Captain Kreuker's quarters almost in tears.

Enrique's birds, as Pedro explained to the Captain, were not native to the Philippines or reared in the Islands; but were huge five and six pound gallos which must have been imported from Spain. Pedro was in despair; for the heavier the cock, provided he is active, the more dangerous fighter he is. Etas weighed but slightly over four pounds; and the heaviest of Pedro's other three barely tipped the scale at four and one-half.

"That clerk is very tricky," remarked the Captain, "and I think he has caught me on another point. I notice in this written agreement which I have signed, that either party has the right to substitute another bird within a minute after a fight begins, provided his first bird fights bravely; now, as we agreed that the best two in three contests should decide the matter, what does that mean, Pedro?"

"Caramba!" said Pedro, "that means big birds mucho strong, little bird must do work quick, right away. But if big bird mucho hurt, or killed right away, other bird take his place, when little bird sure to be killed!"

"Pedro" said the Captain, "I was a fool for signing that paper without knowing what it meant. Do they ever make such arrangements in fights at the native pits?"

"Never" said Pedro. "Bird whipped, fight ends. Score one. Two birds whipped, score two. But this—two, three birds killed, score one!"

"We have a trickster to deal with" said the Captain, "but I'll have to stand by my agreement. Luckily it specifies that the fight must take place in my pit. Pedro see if you can get that plate-glass mirror loose from the wall. We'll try a little trick ourselves."

The muchacho did not understand but after the Captain had explained, he loosened the tall, plate-glass mirror and took it below, fastening it length-wise against the wall, so that the mirror reflected nearly the entire floor of the pit which was open on the other three sides only.

From that time until the night of the contest Pedro trained his birds in front of that mirror, so that each warrior became entirely familiar with his own reflections as well as those of his antagonist, and paid no attention to them.

Whether cock-fighting was first introduced into the Philippines by the Spaniards, as some historians allege, or, as seems more probable, was an indigenous Malay amusement from earliest savagery, is not material to this story; it is at least true that to this day it is practiced by such a large proportion of the native Filipinos as to be termed the national sport.

Nor is this an argument in its defense, though as compared with bull-fighting and human prize fights, it is the least brutal; since cocks will fight quite as fiercely among themselves, and the razor-edged gaff is sure to shorten the contest, while the slaughtered gallinae are more than likely to prove the food of the humans, whether battle-slain or not. Besides, some excuse for the practice might be found where such dearth of amusement existed as was formerly the case in the Philippines. It is encouraging to note that moving-pictures are now taking its place in some parts of the Islands.

A Spanish law regulating cock-fighting was passed as early as 1770, which permitted it on Sundays and feast days in cock-pits or galleras officially designated, each gallera being rented out to the highest bidder who bound himself to pay a fixed annual sum to the Government. Laws regulating cock-pits were also enacted March 21, 1861, providing that not above fifty pesos could be staked by one person on a single contest, and that each cock should wear but one metal spur on blade.

Only Army and Navy officers, certain clerks, and club members, were the spectators on the eventful night. A much wrinkled old Visayan was Enrique's manager, while Pedro handled the birds for Captain Kreuker. An English bank clerk was Referee.

Kreuker made two protests to the Referee at the very outset; and Enrique made one:—Kreuker first insisted that it was understood, though not specified in writing, that the birds used should be native birds; therefore he asked that the large, imported fowls of Enrique, as displayed in his crate should be ruled out. Second, he insisted, without regard to the contract, that a bird whipped or killed should be counted as a point in favor of either side.

Enrique denied the Captain's first statement, and called attention to the literal meaning of the agreement as regards the second; and the Referee decided both in his companion clerk's favor.

Enrique then insisted that the mirror forming the back-ground of the pit should be covered. But Kreuker called attention to the fact that the writing designated *his—Kreuker's* pit as the place of the contest; and he should not alter it. The Referee having already decided twice in Enrique's favor, decided this time for Kreuker. So gaffs were compared and adjusted, and everything made ready for the first battle.

Hardly had the time-keeper, an American Major, who held the watch and struck a signal bell, called the first contest, when Pedro discovered that his fears were not groundless. His Janiway black Malay, though somewhat quicker, was no match for the heavy Dominique which opposed him—weighing over six pounds, the largest of Enrique's collection. As their spurs clashed in the air, the force of the Dominique almost overthrew the Malay; and though the latter was game, he was vanquished and dying in less than two minutes.

As Pedro held in his trembling hands a slightly heavier bird from Dingle and was about to place him in the pit, the thought occurred to give him a slight turn in releasing him against the stocky, heavier Brahma, his antagonist, so that the latter could see the mirror. It had an effect. The Brahma's attention was somewhat diverted by his own reflection, which was so increased by the Dingle's blinding his left eye, that he gave out in a little more than four minutes time.

Pedro's feelings were slightly assuaged by this victory, but by no means set at rest. He had not intended that Etas should fight at all, if it could be avoided; so he adjusted the gaff to the leg of the symmetrical reddish-black fowl from Duenas and sent him against an almost pure white, much heavier, not neglecting to turn the back of his bird partly toward the mirror as he did so.

This repeated manœuvre was noticed by Enrique who immediately protested, and the Referee ordered the birds separated and sent in anew, each sidewise to the mirror. In less than ten seconds, the bird from Duenas was killed outright by a sharp drive in the breast. Immediately Pedro sent in his Dingle bird, victor in the second contest, and he too was killed by a stroke in the neck before a half minute had expired.

Pedro trembled as he took Etas in his hands. Enrique claimed the third contest, but a minute had not expired, and the Referee told Pedro to go ahead.

Fairly shivering with anxiety Pedro whispered to the bird in the Visayan tongue before releasing him:

"O Etas, help me, and you shall be Dinita!"*

A strange confidence that between man and bird; and the bird seemed to merit it. As the huge white fowl lunged at him, Etas sprang sidewise with his back to the mirror whence a second spring aided by his wings turned him to the opposite side of the pit while his antagonist struck the glass. As the latter confusedly turned, the razor-blade of Etas, who was again in the air, half severed his neck.

This should have ended it. But Enrique's man was ready with his Dominique, and the clerk insisted the time limit was not up. Though a full minute had really elapsed, Referee and Major both allowed the Spaniard's request; and the six pound bird came at Etas with a rush. A lightning spring in the air and the latter had landed three feet over his back, whence he turned and crowed, as the Dominique rushed at him again.

Etas seemed to have a peculiar power of using his legs and wings at the same instant; for this time he vaulted to the left with his back to the mirror, and as the heavier bird turned with a lunge in that direction, Etas was away on the opposite side with the Dominique fighting himself in the glass.

Etas was clearly playing with his antagonist, which Enrique saw; and accordingly withdrew him, admitting his defeat.

And thus it came about that Pedro happily married to Ignacia, and with an interesting family of Visayan-Hocanos, is now Mayor of one of the interior towns of Panay.

*The asho-asho is a large idol in the form of a game-cock, which is now worshipped in Mindanao, P. I., by the Manasaka tribe.

THE SCHUETZEN RIFLE ONCE MORE.

By CYPRESS HILLS.

THAT a criticism (ARMS AND THE MAN of January 11, 1912) of the style of shooting which perpetuates the use of the Schuetzen rifle should meet with more or less enthusiastic attempts at refutation was to be expected.

It also is a matter of congratulation that the ensuing discussion of the question by other brothers remained strictly within the bounds of the matter under consideration with the single exception of Dr. L., who, perhaps having become addicted to reading the literature recently brought forth by various "world's greatest experts" and other firearms luminaries, spoiled the dignity of his otherwise well-meant arguments by the use of the term "sorehead."

It must be a matter of regret with every friend of the rifle to see the sport sullied, in quarters where the ideals for which it stands should be held in highest esteem, with "cross-eyed galoots," "sore-

heads," and with "Katy-did" and "Katy-didn't" controversies involving points of honor and veracity, which sort of shooting literature is so contrastingly absent from the publications of other countries.

It would be neither kind nor just to belittle the sincerity of our conservative brother, the Schuetzen rifle shooter. To be sure, he plays his game, such as it is, fairly and squarely, and he would not play it at all if he did not prefer it to shooting with a more business-like weapon. Even the most ingrown enthusiast on military rifle shooting will not begrudge a number of elderly gentlemen the innocent pleasure of shooting at 25-yard targets with all the scientific and mechanical aids made necessary by failing eye-sight and other physical shortcomings. Nor is it to be denied that shooting with the Schuetzen rifle, at indoor distances, is better than no shooting at all.

On the other hand, it is a peculiar circumstance that whenever the value of Schuetzen rifle shooting is questioned its defenders immediately come to the front with men like Dr. Hudson, whereas, in order to prove the fancied shortcomings of the military rifle they call attention to the poor shooting done by "rookies." Neither will the situation be cleared by bringing in Brother Hubalek. All respect to him. I wish I could hold a barrel as well as he does it. Still I wish to goodness a man of his ability would give up his efforts with the silk-stockinged and begoggled Schuetzen rifle and become a shining example of what a natural-born marksman can do with a firearm built on a more serious plan. And even though Brother Hubalek should succeed in puncturing the N. R. A. bull with unfailing precision, I, for one, should be somewhat doubtful as to whether he did it *because* of his practice with the Schuetzen rifle or *in spite* of it.

It is my humble opinion that the Schuetzen rifle is a hindrance rather than an aid to the development of effective shooting organizations. When the Cypress Hills Rifle and Revolver Association was organized, in 1906, the Schuetzen rifle reigned supreme. At one of the regular shoots there would be rifles weighing anywhere from six to fourteen pounds; there were telescopes of various powers and sorts, set-triggers, fancy finger grips, specially designed stocks; there were hardly two rifles so equal in the distribution of their multifarious aids to shooting that they could be said to place their users on an even footing as far as scores were concerned.

There were all sorts of calibers, bullets, loads, etc. The shooter would arrive with a bag from which he drew forth an Ideal powder measure, a shell, a box of paper wads, a de- and recapping tool, a bullet-seater, a false muzzle, a wooden ram-rod, a telescope, a demountable palm-rest, etc., etc. The powder measure he would screw to the table, and when it was filled with juice a shell would be filled, wadded and laid aside. Then the bullet would be pushed home, either through the false muzzle with the aid of the ram-rod, or through the breech with a bullet-seater; then a shell would be inserted and the shooter stepped to the porthole ready to fire his piece.

Of course, there usually was considerable adjusting of telescopes before the competitor settled down to business, and the score pad was not brought into use until every condition was just right.

The scores made in those days were of no consequence, because they gave no insight into the shooting ability of various members. The shooting equipment was so variegated and the artificial helps resorted to by the shooters of such different characters that a genuine competition was utterly out of the question.

But where once the Schuetzen rifle held undisputed sway the New Springfield has created conditions which are vastly more conducive to organization work and to the spreading of shooting gospel, for now there are only Springfields at Cypress Hills. Using the same weapon, all members are on one level and there is no difficulty in watching the progress made by the individual member in the use of his arm.

Incidentally, the Springfields in the possession of the members may become units in the defense of the country, whereas so many Schuetzen rifles would be useless for the same purpose.

It is not at all futile, in this connection, to remember the fact that the Schuetzen rifle came to us from the old world and that the habits of this form of shooting have been largely borrowed from our trans-continental ancestors. How the Schuetzen rifle game and the typical German Schuetzen Club are regarded in interested circles abroad is set forth in one of the recent issues of "*Schuss und Waffe*," which says:

Nowadays the target shooting of the Schuetzen guilds is purely sport; the Schuetzen guilds no longer serve a practical purpose, even though the motto "Train Eye and Hand for the Fatherland" is still written on their banners. In the present state of military technique the State will decline the active assistance of the Schuetzen guilds with many thanks. Their set-triggers and peep-sights certainly would make an original outfit. The time has passed when Schuetzen guilds are expected to support the defensive strength of the country. If need be, the country will have to rely on the Landsturm,* but without the target rifles. The Schuetzen clubs of the present are merely centers

of sociability and the motto, "Train Eye and Hand for the Fatherland," can only have a political significance, nothing more.

Not until a more modern spirit enters these clubs, only when they become conscious of the sublime task which formed the first reason for their existence, and only if they draw new lessons from the present, will they again assume a healthy growth and a purposeful life.

To obey the law is not virtue, but duty. If it be conceded that the German Schuetzen club does not enjoy the patronage of the authorities, then the reason can be found only in the fact that these clubs are no longer capable of useful action. That they did their duty in the long ago is of no moment to the present generation.

However, a new spirit is slowly coming over our German friends, and some day, in the not too distant future, when the Sullivans of New York and all the other venerable old ladies—both male and female—who have a conniption fit at the mere mention of the word "gun and fight," have died, we, too, may expect to undergo a wholesome reform in the field of rifle shooting.

In the meantime, let us be thankful for what we have and bear in mind that the worst may be yet to come. Who knows—it is almost expecting too much—the Committee on Military Affairs at Washington may release its strangle hold on the Bill providing for the free issue of arms and ammunition to rifle clubs. Yes, they may. And they may not.

* The final reserve force subject to war levy, composed of all able-bodied males between the ages of 17 and 45 or thereabouts, not otherwise enrolled or in the service and called out only in great emergency, or for home defense.

QUICK ACTION NECESSARY.

THE National Rifle Association of America has just announced that unless the necessary funds, which amount to something like \$4,000, are forthcoming or guaranteed by April 6, the proposition of sending a team of American riflemen to Argentina will have to be abandoned.

The Executive Committee of the Association had understood that the necessary funds to send a team had been guaranteed but it seems there was some misunderstanding on this point, and unless the Bill which is now before the House and Senate committees on military affairs receives favorable consideration, the Executive Committee of the Association will discontinue preparations for sending a team.

The National Rifle Association has made a complete canvass of the affiliated organizations, rifle clubs and individual members with practically no results. There are nearly 500 military organizations and rifle clubs which were asked to donate anything, from ten dollars to ten cents, and practically nothing was received from this source.

It is necessary that \$15,000 be forthcoming to finance the Argentina and Olympic Teams, and so far only \$2,473 has been received. Of it \$1,700 was subscribed by business concerns interested in promoting Pan-American trade relations.

Only two State rifle associations have subscribed, Massachusetts sending \$50, and Missouri \$25. The 1st Illinois Infantry donated \$50, and the 3rd Pennsylvania \$25. The 6th Massachusetts and the 3rd New Jersey promised \$100 apiece, while the 71st New York expected to send \$25. The total received from the 130 rifle clubs to date is \$13.50.

It is now a year since the Argentina National Rifle Association invited the National Rifle Association of America to coöperate in holding a Pan-American tournament, and concourse of riflemen, for the purposes of organizing an international Pan-American Union. Assurances were given that the United States would be represented and encouraged by this Argentina made an appropriation for the tournament. The local press has been covering the proposed visit and much enthusiasm was manifest in the participation of our riflemen in the South American matches.

It does seem as if this comparatively small sum of money, considering the importance of the project, could be raised without difficulty. Quick action will be necessary if the United States is to be represented at either the Olympic Matches or at Buenos Aires, for there is no assurance that sufficient funds will be forthcoming to even finance the Olympic Team. Already those who expect to try for places on the teams are beginning to arrive in Washington, and it will create a very unpleasant condition of affairs for the men who already have left their homes and business for this purpose, if their journey develops into an entirely fruitless one. Capt. W. H. Hyde, of Tennessee, arrived in Washington on Monday and immediately proceeded to Winthrop, Md., where the trials are scheduled to take place.

Pity the Short Sighted.

"What have they put up that scaffolding round the church tower for?"
 "It's for short-sighted people who want to know the time."—*Pele Mele.*

OUTSIDE FINISH FOR GUN BARRELS.

BY FRANK EVANS.

A FEW weeks ago I found a recipe in an old book on "Gun-smithing," for browning or finishing a gun barrel. It is such a fine thing that I want to publish it for the benefit of those who have marred or scratched barrels they would like to have look well, but who don't want to be out of the use of their gun, or go to the expense of sending them to the factory for refinishing.

I had an old barrel that had carried so many different telescopes that the top of it looked like a woodpecker had spent a summer's work on it, and it was otherwise scratched and the original finish worn off. I filled the holes not now needed by putting in screws and after cutting the heads off about 1-16 above the barrel I hammered them down smooth with the round point of a small hammer and then filed them off even with the barrel. If you don't hammer the screws it won't make a tight joint. A slight hammering with a light hammer is all that is necessary.

But I am getting ahead of my story. Like the old recipe for baked hare: First catch your hare. So before you go any further, first get your finishing compound. It is as follows:

Spirits of nitre	3 drams
Tincture of iron	3 drams
Sulphur	1 dram
Blue vitrol	2 drams
Corrosive sublimate	1 dram
Nitric acid	½ dram
Copperas	1 dram
Rain water	12 ounces

Have it put up in a colored glass pint bottle a week or two before you want to use it. It cost me fifteen cents, bottle and all, and if you have to pay more than twenty-five in any drug store in the land you are being robbed.

All old finish on the barrel must be removed by scouring it off with emery cloth. Oil the barrel well inside and cork up both ends tightly. Polish the barrel nice and bright and don't touch it with your hands or anything oily after scouring it clean. Pour a little—about a tablespoonful—of the solution into a clean saucer, dip a small wad of absorbent cotton into it and go over the barrel in long strokes from one end to the other. Set the barrel away for twelve or twenty-four hours and then wipe off the rust or residue with a clean rag large enough so as not to touch it with bare hands or fingers, and then apply another coat like you did the first one. Repeat this performance until you have applied six or eight coats in as many days, or twice daily for four or five days. Then wash off the barrel thoroughly with a rag and hot water and polish it by rubbing with a little linseed oil on a woolen rag. Remove the corks, wrap a piece of emery cloth around a square block and polish the corrosion off the muzzle, and the old fuzee, handsomer than ever, is ready for use.

This process makes a very dark brown color and a handsome finish. It was so pleasing to me on the old barrel referred to above, that I finished a telescope tube that had lost by wear considerable of its factory blue finish. As a 'scope finish it was just as successful as on the barrel.

And now, not having quite filled the amount of space the editor usually so kindly allots my effusions, I am like the old Populist orator of some twenty-five years ago in Kansas, who attended a public execution of a horse thief out in the "cow country"—legal hangings are barred in Kansas, and this was a public function by the Anti-Horse Thief Association. Just before the horse was struck with a whip, which would cause him to jump forward and leave his rider dangling from the end of a rope, the master of ceremonies asked the chief mourner if he had anything to say; that he would be given five minutes in which to say it, if he so desired.

The prisoner replied: "Nothing to say."
 Whereupon, the Populist stepped forward and said if there was no particular objection he would like to have the time allotted in which to address the audience on the political issues of the day.

Anent the subject of seeing bullets in their flight, so clearly elucidated by Mr. Crossman in the issue of March 14, I would like to add that seeing bullets in their flight from rifle to target is a good deal like many other things: easy after you learn how.

The first requirement is a powerful telescope. Mount a Bardou rifle range telescope on a fixed rest and focus it on the target at 200 yards. Have the shooter stand close to the side of the mounting and between the 'scope and the sun. When the rifle cracks you will rarely fail to pick up the bullet in the 'scope's vision at about the 100-yard point, and it will be the base of the bullet you will see.

Those shots that print nearest the 25-ring will look like they are going to strike the top of the target frame or go over it entirely if the target frames are only or about 30 inches square. The curve of the bullet's flight causes this appearance, as it is generally seen for a moment only at about the highest point of its trajectory. (I am speaking of low-power target rifles.)

By watching the bullet and seeing it strike the target, a definite idea of its line of flight and time of flight can be obtained that can never be realized better in any other way. From the average 200-yard match rifle a bullet travels two hundred yards in about the same space of time that it takes to clap your hands together after extending them at full length at right angles from the body. And which, I pause to remark, is going some. I think it would be necessary to have a dark background, as Mr. Crossman says, in order to see bullets in their flight. The range on which I have seen them and on which it is a common thing, so common in fact that we entertain visitors by showing them the bullets "on their way," has such a background in the way of a large steep hill 150 feet high against the base of which the target house is built.

NO NATIONAL MATCHES THIS YEAR.

VAGUE rumors have been in circulation since the meeting last January, of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, when that body decided to hold the National Matches this year as usual, to the effect that there was much uncertainty as to whether or not it would be practicable to run off the matches as heretofore. The Mexican situation created a feeling of unrest and was really the cause of the indecision of the War Department to authorize the printing of the order which would make the holding of the matches a certainty. After mature consideration it has now been definitely decided that it will be impracticable for the Army to take any part in the National Matches this year, either by sending teams, or by furnishing markers, scorers, etc. The demands upon the military establishment will prove so great during the coming year as to make this course necessary. Station changes are taking place between the troops in this country and the Philippines, troops are required at the several maneuver camps and a large force is needed for duty along the Mexican border.

Efforts have been made to induce the authorities of certain States to conduct the matches this summer and furnish the necessary funds and details of troops therefor. The States have been unable to accomplish this, however, for the reason that they have no appropriations available for such purpose. Consequently, it is with much regret that the cancelation of the National Matches for the present year is announced.

Whether or not the abandonment of the National Matches this year will have an injurious effect on rifle practice remains to be seen. It is the opinion of those who are closely connected with the game that it will result in a set back, while on the other hand, a great many feel inclined to the view that it will result in more interest being taken in future contests. It is a hard matter to decide what influence it will have, and we do not believe that a proper forecast can be made.

We must not lose sight of the fact that next year at Camp Perry the greatest rifle shooting tournament ever held in America, is scheduled to take place. Riflemen from many foreign countries have been invited to compete and every kind of shooting now carried on in the United States will be on the program. It may be, therefore, that the intermission will have good effect and that the National Matches next year will receive the benefit of this year's inactivity.

ARMY APPROPRIATION BILL.

AS we go to press word comes to us that the Army Appropriation Bill has been reported out of the Senate Military Committee. Practically all of the new legislation put into the bill by the House Military Committee, is struck out, including the amendment which would reduce the cavalry branch of the Service by five regiments.

The Senate Military Committee not only eliminates the proposed new legislation, but adds \$7,537,454 to the total of \$87,777,257 as it passed the House. The total amount now carried by the bill is \$95,314,711.

The chief increases are as follows: Pay of officers of the line, \$806,792; additional for length of service, \$243,200; pay of enlisted men of the line, \$400,954; additional for length of service, \$100,000; foreign service pay for officers, \$266,000; same for enlisted men, \$750,000; equipment of coast artillery for the organized militia,

\$383,954; transportation of army and supplies, \$526,472; clothing and camp and garrison equipage, \$618,429; ordnance stores, ammunition, \$100,000; small arms target practice, \$135,000; manufacture of arms, \$100,000; automatic machine rifles, \$100,000; field artillery for organized militia \$480,000; ammunition for field artillery organized militia \$500,000.

The only reduction made is \$25,000 for the signal service.

A provision for bounty for discharged soldiers reenlisting when war is imminent is provided in the following terms:

"That in time of war or when war is imminent, and after the President shall, by proclamation, have called upon honorably discharged soldiers of the regular army to present themselves for reenlistment therein, any person who shall have been discharged honorably from said army, and who having been found physically qualified, shall reenlist, shall receive a bounty which shall be computed at the rate of \$8 for each month for the first year of the period that shall have elapsed since his last discharge from the regular army and the date of his reenlistment; at the rate of \$6 per month for the second year of such period; at the rate of \$4 per month for the third year of such period, and at the rate of \$2 per month for any subsequent year of such period, but no bounty in excess of \$300 shall be paid to any person."

THE FLAG UPON THE GRAVE.

BY CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

I was roaming—meekly musing—mid a city of the dead,
And King Sol was slowly setting in a valley just ahead.

I had passed a mausoleum where reposed a millionaire
And a score of stately tombstones rose in splendor ev'rywhere.

When beside my winding pathway lay the humblest grave of all,
Unpretentious, unprotected, unadorned by wreath or wall;

With its headstone scarred and broken, with no sign of wealth or fame,
Where appeared no graven record of its tenant's age and name.

But upon its grassy bosom was a small and tattered flag
That hung motionless and mildewed like some weather-beaten rag;

Yet I gazed upon this Emblem as on something great and grand,
For its majesty was deathless—'twas the Banner of my Land!

And that spot was wholly sacred where this Emblem's shadow lay
As yon sun's last rays shone o'er it mid the closing of the day;

When methought a bugle sounded and the shriek of shot and shell,
And I knew this Flag enshrined one that had bravely fought and fell.

ARMY'S "WAR" AEROPLANE A SUCCESS.

OFFICIAL trials of the Army's "War" aeroplane at Augusta, have been concluded, except as to the climbing test. The specifications under which this machine was built by Glenn H. Curtiss, are regarded as the most severe that have ever been drawn up by the United States Army, and by some, more severe than those governing the trials of aeroplanes in the foreign Military service.

In the matter of speed the big biplane made an excess of 2½ miles an hour above the requirements. The motor sustained an endurance test of 2 hours and 10 minutes in the air without a skip or falter and was prepared for transportation from flying shape, in thirty-three minutes; was re-assembled for flying in fifty-five minutes, and landed on and started from soft, mushy, ploughed ground, according to requirements.

The engine throttled to run at reduced speed, as required. It is equipped with a dual control, enabling either occupant to operate the machine. As to the climbing test, the machine ascended 1000 feet in 7 minutes, carrying 450 pounds and fuel for four hours' flight, making the total weight over 600 pounds. As the conditions at Augusta were not favorable to carrying out the climbing test, a further trial to meet this particular specification will be made when the Army Aviation School is moved from Augusta, Ga., to College Park, Washington, D. C., this month.

Peace Possible.

"Scientists tell us that the sea is gradually cutting the continents away."

"That being the case, I suppose the time will come when there won't be any land left above the water."

"It would seem so."

"Peace may some day be established after all."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

ARMS AND THE MAN

1502 H STREET NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EVERY THURSDAY

JAMES A. DRAIN Editor

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

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

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

THE ARGENTINA TEAM.

On consideration, all patriotic citizens, and especially those who are at all interested in rifle shooting, must feel chagrined at the failure so far of the people of the United States to subscribe the sum necessary to send a rifle team this year to the Argentine Republic.

More than a year ago the National Rifle Association accepted the invitation of the Argentina National Rifle Association to participate in the Pan-American tournament at Buenos Aires. The acceptance was put forth confidently. Now it appears that there is strong probability of our having to send regrets instead of a team. The impression that course will leave abroad will not be flattering.

Fifteen thousand dollars is the sum necessary to finance the Argentina and Olympic teams. Two thousand, four hundred and seventy-three dollars have been raised to date, of which seventeen hundred dollars was subscribed by business firms interested in promoting Pan-American trade relations.

Six thousand of the fifteen thousand dollars is the estimated cost of the Pan-American team. Now the National Rifle Association announces that unless four thousand is raised by Saturday, April 6—two days hence—it will be necessary to cancel plans for that team.

In the United States there are nearly five hundred military organizations and rifle clubs affiliated with the National Rifle Association. Their total contribution so far is less than eight hundred dollars. Only two State rifle associations have subscribed: Massachusetts giving fifty dollars and Missouri twenty-five. Total contributions from the one hundred and thirty rifle clubs affiliated with the association are thirteen dollars and fifteen cents.

ARMS AND THE MAN prefers to believe that carelessness and not penuriousness is the cause of this deplorable showing on the part of riflemen. They of all others should appreciate the patriotic purpose behind our participation in these international matches. In the interest of the nation and of the rifle shooting fraternity it is to be hoped that before Saturday what promises to be a regrettable mistake will have been corrected and that the money will have been raised.

AVIATION LEGISLATION.

Representatives Sharp, of Ohio, and Hardwick, of Georgia, with other friends of aviation legislation in Congress, are hopeful of securing some helpful laws before adjournment. Both the representatives mentioned have introduced bills providing increased pay for officers who win the title "Military Aviator." These are hardly likely to make much progress until after the report of the Secretary of War on the Sharp resolution of inquiry is received.

This resolution calls upon the secretary for all information possessed by the department on what other nations are doing in the line of military aviation; for a report on what this nation is doing, has done and is planning, for recommendations "for such legislation as will adequately provide for such service with reference both to increasing the number of Army officers of the Signal Corps who may be detailed for aviation service as well as the establishment of additional school of instruction and the building up of our air fleet commensurate with the necessity of maintaining our military status among the nations."

The report is now being prepared in the War Department.

It is recognized that the great need is more officers in the aviation school. A great many officers of the line are very anxious for detail to the Signal Corps so that they may get service at the school, but under existing laws and under the present distribution of the army it is held that they cannot be spared from their line duties. The shortage of line officers is notorious.

Some solution of the difficulty and some plan whereby more officers of the Army may be trained in aviation work is expected in the secretary's forthcoming report.

NATIONAL GUARD PAY BILL.

Objections to the National Guard pay bill may be summed up as follows: (1) that the expenditure would be useless because the nation would not get a sufficient *quid pro quo*, owing to the opinion of the Attorney General that the Organized Militia may not be used beyond the borders of the country; (2) that congresses may, in the future, cut down the expenditures for the regular establishment in order to secure money for the Organized Militia pay and thus cripple the first line of defense; (3) that the bill provides for taking into the national service the Organized Militia organizations as they stand, even to brigades and divisions, to which provision objection is made that the national government would best be left free to make its own brigade and divisional organizations and to appoint its own general officers and staffs; objection is not made to taking in regimental organizations; (4) that the bill gives preference in "fogy" pay to the militia officer entering the national service over the regular officer; (5) that the President, and not the Secretary of War and the National Militia Board, should make the regulations governing the Organized Militia.

All these objections have been dealt with in an earnest and frank manner by General Young and the several National Guard officers who have come to Washington to help the legislation. At the time this is written there seems to be very nearly a meeting of minds between the proponents of the measure and its critics.

In reply to the first objection, it has been clearly shown, not only by the expressions of the National Guardsmen here, but by others at home and by a very considerable section of the press, that the Guardsmen, relying on the amendment of 1908, have served in the full belief that they were available for duty beyond the boundaries of the United States, and that they are anxious to be so available.

An amendment, suggested by Secretary Stimson himself and worked out in accurate language by General Young, has been drafted to meet all objections on this line. Briefly it contemplates the use by the president of the constitutional power to draft in time of emergency, the proposed draft being not individuals, but organizations which have

been beneficiaries of the pay bill. Constitutionalists say that this covers the situation fully.

No full answer can be made to the second objection. Congresses may do anything, and no congress can bind its successor. However, leaders of the present Congress have clearly indicated in the hearings that it never has been their intention to cripple the regular establishment for the benefit of the militia.

The third objection is one on which there is still a wide difference of opinion. It has been demonstrated, however, that the fears of the critics that a flood of unqualified general officers would be imposed on the service is not well founded. For instance, there are but four militia majors general in the country who would come under the bill, and two of those are West Pointers. From many of states no brigadier general would come under any conditions.

Further it can be shown that the proposed legislation is an advance on the existing law. The selection of general officers from civil life in our past wars, too often by political influence, certainly is not to be cited as exemplifying a better plan than this.

Amendments are being prepared that will eliminate the fourth objection—that as to "fogy" pay.

The fifth objection has not yet been cleared away, but promises adjustment.

As it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, the Mexican situation has helped materially in giving public importance to the pay bill, and that is all to the good.

STORIES OF SOME SHOTS

OR THE CHRONICLES OF A GRATIFIED GUNNER.

BY JAMES A. DRAIN.

PART VII.

I SAW THE STAG I WANTED.

IT was glorious good fortune. A double on stags is not so easy under any circumstances. While the necessary attentions were being shown the stags by Donald and the gillie who accompanied us, I made my way down the hill and along the trail to where the ponies were waiting. These I sent up with another gillie in charge of them to bring down the game, while I trudged in to the Lodge. It was not more than half-past three o'clock.

When I got in at five-thirty I was, though wet and bedraggled from my stalking, not unduly tired, although I had covered only a little less than thirty miles since morning.

One incident of the double shot of the day is too good to be omitted. As I have said, Donald took the keenest interest in the sport; ever ready to excuse a bad shot, he was just as willing to praise a more lucky one. When I fired the first time from the hillock and the stag fell at the shot, he said, with satisfaction in his tones, "You got 'un, you got 'un! A good shot!" and that was all.

But when the gray fellow stopped at the imperative summons of my rifle, stopped in mid career to tumble down the hill, the stolid phlegm of the sturdy Scotchman was torn from him as a tattered garment. As the beast fell, with the sure evidence of a mortal wound, and upon the heels of the shot, Donald, in vibrant tones, cried, "Ah, a gran' shot, a gran' shot—" and here he stopped to gasp, "Oh, sir, I never thocht ye'd shoot at 'un runnin', ah—ah—ah—I thocht ye'd wait for 'un to stop! Ah, it was a gran' shot, a gran' shot!"

His face was suffused, his eyes protruded from his head, he quivered in every muscle as he lay, the picture of the most intense delight and satisfaction. He had not stopped smiling when I left him to send up the ponies. I am sure he got quite as much satisfaction out of my lucky shot as came to me.

The first stag was a five-pointer weighing 13 stone 6. The second, the gray fellow, a seven-pointer of 16 stone 10, or 234 pounds. Both were in prime condition.

WITH JOHN FOR A WILD CHASE.

Danny and Donald were with other sportsmen on the next morning and I had for my stalker John McIntyre, he of the black brows and seeming incapacity to locate grouse. John was keen enough on the deer; there could be no mistake about that, but his mind moved slowly; he was not a first class stalker. For the greater part he acted as a gillie, but this day it was necessary that he should be sent out with me.

With Donald, who had charge of the Warrior for the day, John and I with the accompanying gillies went along the same trail of many other days until we passed over the first high ridge and some of the

broken ground beyond. Then to the left not over three-quarters of a mile from the trail there was discovered a band of thirty-five or forty deer, among them a good sized stag.

Donald instructed John to stop with me in a sheltered ravine while he with the rest of the party moved on along the trail as if the deer had not been seen. They showed a little uneasiness as we observed them through our glasses, but did not take fright. After our companions had disappeared, John and I began our stalk. It was not a difficult one; there was a natural point of vantage from a hill in the immediate front, where two large stones made a sort of landmark which I had frequently noticed from the path.

We made our way to these stones without detection and from here I was able to perceive the stag now desired, lying facing me, entirely surrounded by hinds and smaller stags. There was no possibility of a shot at him under the conditions. There was nothing remaining for me but a wait.

Though the sun shone brightly this morning for the moment, and I was only wet, as one might say, on the lower edges, having performed but a stalk of half a mile or so, I did not find it possible to lie on the wet ground for more than half an hour without becoming too cold for comfort. When I had about given up the situation as a hopeless one, the deer, probably roused by some scent from the party ahead, rose to their feet, but by ill fortune the hinds nearest us got up first, then all of them in a big body moved away.

It was impossible to shoot, although I hoped and watched for an opening, without running a long chance of hitting a hind; so I was compelled to lie tight and watch my stag walk away.

Strangely enough, the deer changed their minds, after having gone four or five hundred yards, and began to feed; then they slowly worked back toward the point from which they had first been startled. In another hour they were back within 450 yards. Then John undertook to take me out of the place in which we were and by a round-about way to bring me out on the hillside at a new point which would be close enough for a shot.

We made the stalk, but from lack of experience or because he wanted that inborn sense for stealth and secret approach which is an indispensable part of a stalker's equipment, John, though he got me close enough to the deer, about 200 yards, did so only at the cost of disturbing them, so, when I moved into firing position, they were alarmed and on foot. That would not have been serious but for the stag being surrounded on all sides by hinds. There was no way I could fire at him without running the risk of hitting one of the others and that was not to be thought of.

I kept the rifle as near on him as I could and hoped for an opening through which a shot could be delivered. Finally, at a distance just short of 400 yards when all hope had begun to disappear, the deer strung out in a longer line to get through a narrow way and I chanced a long and hard shot at the stag, now moving at good speed.

I fired quickly, instinctively favoring the left a little, as my target was moving from right to left. The stag left the line of the others and made several bounds at a peculiar gait in a downhill direction. Then he went on, apparently quite as good as ever. I asked John, who was supposed to be watching the beast through his telescope, if he could tell where the shot had struck. He was unable to say.

I got my field glasses on the stag as quickly as possible and it seemed to me that not only could I detect a strangeness in his gait as he ran on with the others, but the right foreleg, the one which had been most distant from me when I fired, had the appearance of being broken.

THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN DONE BETTER.

I was greatly disturbed, and I blamed myself severely. I should never have taken such a shot. The distance was over-great, the time short, and the stag had been moving rapidly. I had been having such magnificent luck though, five stags in five shots, on two occasions, a double on stags, that I suppose I had grown over confident. Rather impressed, as one sometimes becomes, you know, with the feeling that it is impossible to miss.

From my experience with deer in other places I reasoned that this fellow, if he had a broken leg, would go on for some considerable distance, then he would lie down. If I could locate the spot where he stopped for his rest it might be possible to pick him up again, because if he were not disturbed quickly he would lie almost as close as a quail, and I could have a chance for a shot which would put him out of his misery.

I was, of course, distressed, because of wounding instead of killing the animal, but there was no use feeling too badly over it; it was done and could not be helped. The next thing was to get that stag if there was any way to do it.

We climbed quickly to a high point and saw the line of deer come out on a ridge further on, from which they disappeared into a great

corrie with lips a mile apart and which had a depth of near to a thousand feet. I felt sure the deer would be some time in getting out of that place, so we sat down here and lunched. Then we went on to further high ground which permitted us to command the corrie where the deer had disappeared and the exit from it.

Just as we came in sight of the way out we discovered, in a straight line perhaps a mile and a half distant, the herd of deer moving up the steep hillside across the short level space and disappearing, in turn, on the far side. I had John and the gillie put their telescopes on the herd and I watched them quite closely with my fine, clear little Warner and Swasey prism binocular.

I cautioned the men particularly to identify, if they could, the stag I had shot at for the purpose of seeing in what way he appeared to be wounded. They seemed in some doubt as the last of the animals disappeared, but John said finally he thought all the deer appeared to be unharmed, and he said he believed, although he was not sure, that the animal I had shot was among them. I could not credit that statement as the true state of affairs.

We were just about to get up and go on when, still gazing through my glasses, I spied a moving object traveling in the trace of the herd which had so lately gone from sight. I called, quickly, "John, there's my deer! Just going up where the others did. Look at him and see if his right foreleg is not broken?" It was true. It seemed almost incredible and I would never have believed it if I had not seen similar wonderful efforts on the part of three-legged deer upon other occasions; that this stag should follow the herd over the rough ground and be but some three or four hundred yards behind.

The three glasses glued to him seemed to give our hunted creature a new lease of life. He went on the way the other deer had traveled, disappearing in his turn. Then a portion of the original herd with our wounded one 200 yards or more in the rear came in sight, further along to the left toward the hilltop and again disappeared. We waited for a time sufficient to justify me in believing that the deer were not coming into our range of vision again, therefore, we must go to where we could see.

I told John we would have to run to the top of the mountain where we had last seen the deer, and I instructed him to go on as fast as he could, which would surely be at a greater speed than I could compass. When he came to the top he was to spy in every direction for the wounded stag. I would catch up with him as quickly as I could.

RUNNING UP AND DOWN MOUNTAINS IS GOOD EXERCISE.

Running and making one's very best speed over rock-strewn and precipitous ground is an exciting sport. I recommend it to those who suffer from a sluggish liver or an overpowering *ennui*. It was a windy day but no rain was falling. I had not noticed the wind particularly until I came out upon the crest well blown and with pulses which throbbed furiously, to find myself battling against a wind which almost took me from my feet.

John and I spied upon the herd, soon discovered moving further and further away from us, but neither his long telescope nor my good field glasses could find the hit stag in the lot.

We decided to work back along the mountainside in the hope of locating by blind luck the place where it seemed possible the stag might have lain down. Hunting for the proverbial needle in the hay stack would be an easy task compared to that which John and I had set for ourselves in trying to locate the wounded animal.

Not only was there available some square miles of broken ground offering much cover for this evasive beast to lie in, but fold after fold of the hill slope was invisible from the one on either side as this mountain did not go down in one straight line, but in successive folds.

We came at length to what seemed the end of all our resources, and stopped to talk it over. It did not seem possible the deer could be ahead of us. He might be anywhere behind us, down or up, the hillside. We might, I reasoned, have passed within fifty feet of him in the condition I imagined he then was, and he would be very apt to simply lie closer and pay no attention to us.

In search of a clue which might guide us, I requested John to point out the place where he had last seen the stag. He did so and I identified almost exactly the same spot. I reasoned from this that the stag might have turned back along the hillside instead of going further away from us. With this idea in mind, I told John that we would go on for another two hundred yards or so to the next shoulder which came down at right angles, and if we did not then see a sign of our quarry, we would give him up.

While I was talking to the stalker, I was filling my pipe. I stopped after he had begun the forward movement, to light it. I looked up from this important occupation, upon a startled exclamation from John, to see beyond him, not over fifty feet in his front, our wounded

stag making his way rapidly down the hill to our left front, his right foreleg showing plainly broken and useless.

John had the rifle; the rifle was in the leather scabbard and instead of rushing to me and at the same time drawing the weapon from its covering, John stood in apparent stupefaction and looked. I had to run to him, take the case from his hand and then drag the rifle from it with feverish fingers before I could think of shooting. Of course, while there was a cartridge in the chamber the safety was on; one touch of the thumb put it flat as I threw the rifle to my shoulder, but at that instant my deer bobbed out of sight behind a fold of the hill a hundred yards away.

I ran at my top speed to the place where I had seen him last, but he was out of sight. I thought he might have turned to the left and I ran in that direction to the next view point. No stag in sight. Then I turned sharply to the right and sprinted for all I was worth for a hundred yards or more, this time to see the stag nearly four hundred yards down the hill and making away at an incredible rate of speed. He literally seemed to fly through the air. It was marvelous how that deer could and did disappear on three legs.

We sat down upon the hillside, John and I, and I finished the operation of loading my pipe. I did not swear, although I felt like it. Meanwhile, through the glasses our stag could be seen making his way down into the bottom of a large corrie and then across toward the high wall which rose on the other side. Finally, he disappeared in a ravine two miles or more away. I gave John instructions to sit on the hillside and watch very carefully through his glasses the point where the deer had gone out of sight, while I, this time with the rifle uncased in my own hand, went across to see if I could, by the faintest possible chance, find him.

I did not expect to, because, if my recollection served me right, a deer which could run at all under such circumstances, and this one most assuredly could do something in that line, would continue to run until he fell if disturbed from his first rest, and that might be for miles and miles.

I made a fruitless search in the vicinity of the ravine. John came over and we beat out every inch of ground near the place possible for a hiding point, until darkness had closed around us. But no sign of the stag could we find. After dark we made along the shore of a small loch a mile in length toward the path. It was bad going.

The deep, sticky, peat gullies and hags, the loose, sharp cornered stones, the sudden breaks and falls in the ground made us go carefully, and even then furnished more than one tumble. We came out after a time upon the path none the worse for it except for the mud which never was yet known to seriously injure anyone.

TRIED A RIFLE WITH A TELESCOPE.

I attempted an experiment the next day and wished afterward I had not. There was a rifle in the Lodge fitted with a telescopic sight. I had never used this kind of a device for shooting game, and I thought I should like to try. It was said the telescope was accurately adjusted to the rifle. I asked about it because I knew from range experience how serious is the problem of attaching a telescopic sight to a rifle of high power in such a way as to insure no deviations from accurate sighting.

I showed forethought enough to attempt to sight the rifle in before I went into the deer forest, but I had only an opportunity for a few shots and while those all went wild except one, I thought the fault was my own and not that of the sight and rifle combination. Later I discovered my mistake.

John was my stalker again and we went in an entirely new direction. For the greater part our way lay over high grasslands under which the water spread everywhere and gave tokens of its presence by occasionally lapping over the tops of the shoes and always by the squish-squash which marked one's footsteps. The fall weather in these higher altitudes is not expected to be fine; one anticipates rain.

Anticipations in the present case were not disappointed and on the whole, I do not object to a certain amount of rain, but the sort of downfall that came this day and the way it assailed me did ruffle my temper somewhat. We were walking straight into a high wind. The rain slanted down with the moving air and pelted us squarely in the faces. That meant a blur over my shooting spectacles, which made it impossible for me to walk twenty feet without having the impression of marching bodily into a heavy fog.

Frequent applications of the handkerchief availed momentarily to remove the trouble, but after a time even that temporary relief was denied me, because the handkerchief became so wet it only smeared the glasses when I tried to use it. I was forced finally to put them down low on my nose and make the best of it, looking over the tops of them. And then the rain hit my eyes, which are none too strong anyway, and I confess to being just a little cross.

We lunched at half past one, where a very uncomfortable, wet, soggy bank only partly sheltered us from the storm, and then we went on

in a wide swing that brought us into Glen Muick, a mile or more below where I killed my first stag. Here John discovered deer and led a good stalk which brought us into a burn of no great size running between walls six to eight feet high. We went down this until we came within not more than 225 yards of a fine stag, lying down among a mixed lot of twenty or more youngsters and hinds.

When I poked the muzzle of my rifle over the bank through the grass in the direction of the unsuspecting deer, I had to move my head around for a time until my eye could accommodate itself to the scope. Then it was necessary to change the position of the tube to find the deer. When I did get the instrument pointing toward him, the magnification was such that I could actually see his eyes as he lay facing me, while his breast below the head seemed to me an ample mark for an accurate rifle fitted with the telescopic sight.

With this thought in mind, I carefully centered the cross hairs on a little lighter colored spot which seemed about the middle of his chest, and gently pulled the trigger. I was so astounded when the stag went up and ran away that for several seconds I failed to snap in a loaded cartridge and then again I was remiss because I forgot all about the open sight which lay alongside the 'scope, and frantically hunted for my stag through the lenses.

It was no use. I never found that stag through the telescope and I had to content myself with John's sympathetic remark that it was "always verra hard to shoot a staug lyin' doon."

(Continued next week)

Cash Not Kisses Required.

"I am sending you a thousand kisses," he wrote to his fair young wife, who was spending her first month away from him.

Two days later he received the following telegram:

"Kisses received. Landlord refuses to accept any of them on account."

Then he woke up and forwarded a check.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Hardly Satisfied.

"Well," said the Billville neighbor, "I reckon your John is satisfied, now that he's safe in Congress."

"No," said the old lady. "Just as soon as he gits his shoes polished, puts on a biled shirt an' takes a ride in a ortermobile he'll wonder why it didn't occur to him to run for President."—*From the Atlanta Constitution.*

Suites to the Sweet.

Maud—Miss Oldun thinks that hotel clerk just lovely.

Ethel—Why so?

Maud—He wrote opposite her name on the hotel register: Suite sixteen.—*Boston Transcript.*

Lonely Lad.

Willie (wearing father's coat cut down)—Can't I take this off, mother? I feel so lonely in it.—*Sketch.*

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT ACTIVITY.

Special reports of new work undertaken, of modifications in supplies for the service, and of experiments and tests made by the Ordnance Department during the months of January and February, 1912: *Frankford Arsenal.*

Sights for mobile artillery.—The alteration for illumination of reticule of all panoramic sights not previously modified has been undertaken.

The alteration of all rear sights in service to take up backlash in sight shank and seat for panoramic sight has been undertaken.

Rock Island Arsenal.

For Cavalry Equipment Board.—Experimental meat can. Experimental bayonet. Minor modifications of bacon, condiment and repair chests and field desk. Guidon staff. Saddles. Sabre scabbard. Sabre carrier.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

The District Guard Makes Good Showing.

The National Guard of the District of Columbia has made an excellent showing on the indoor ranges the past winter and Maj. Thos. F. King, Inspector of Small Arms Practice, has reason to be proud of the record. With an expenditure of ammunition less than ever before the general figure of merit has been increased to a figure where it points to real efficiency.

The Senatorial Trophy match will be held on Thursday, May 30, and is open to all officers and enlisted men of the National Guard who have qualified as expert riflemen. The shooting in this match will be as follows:

Ten rounds "surprise fire" at 200 yards, 2 sighting shots and 15 rounds for record at 600 yards, 2 sighting shots and ten rounds for record at 1000 yards and 2 skirmish runs, 20 rounds at each run, from 600 to 200 yards. This match is to be shot to facilitate the selection of members for the Brigade Rifle Team. The contestants

making high scores in this match, together with such other officers and enlisted men as may be deemed desirable, will be designated to continue practice under a schedule to be prescribed, and the members of the Brigade Rifle Team will be selected therefrom. The officers and men selected to practice will be placed on detached duty from their respective organizations.

The winner of the Senatorial Trophy Match, in addition to his eligibility for Brigade Team honors, will receive the Senatorial Trophy, which is a silver cup presented by twenty-one United States Senators, to be held for one year, and a gold badge designating him as the "Champion Rifleman of the National Guard of the District of Columbia."

The date of the match arranged to be shot on May 18th with the midshipmen at Annapolis, has been changed to the 11th. In this match 10 rounds "surprise fire" at 200 yards and 10 rounds each at 600 and 1000 yards will be fired.

Capt. Frederick H. Heidenreich and Priv. J. R. Fehr, both of whom are among the top notchers on the Brigade Team, will try-out for a place on the Argentina or Olympic teams.

DIVISION OF MILITIA AFFAIRS INFORMATION

The New Field Ranges Available.

The following information is given concerning the new model field ranges:

FIELD RANGE NO. 1.

Outside dimensions—33" long; 23¼" wide; 15¾" high. Weight—packed with utensils—238 lbs. Cost—with utensils—\$27.12.

FIELD RANGE NO. 2.

Outside dimensions—21" long; 21" wide; 15¾" high. Weight—packed with utensils—147 lbs. Cost—with utensils—\$16.20.

The No. 1 range is for the use of a company, and No. 2 range for a detachment. Both ranges have given satisfaction.

Date of New Equipment Issue Uncertain.

Infantry equipment, model of 1910, has been supplied by the Ordnance Department to only one regiment of Infantry in the Regular service, and it will be some time before all the Regular Infantry is furnished with this equipment. The date on which this equipment will be available for issue to the Organized Militia cannot be stated at present, although it is probable that some time will elapse before the 1910 equipment can be supplied to them.

Reclamation Service Employees May Attend Guard Encampment.

The following information is furnished with reference to the granting of leaves of absence to employees of the U. S. Reclamation Service, who are members of the Organized Militia:

The Secretary of the Interior has informed the Secretary of War that the matter of the refusal of an engineer in the Reclamation Service to allow his employees to attend a State encampment has been taken up with the Director of the Service, and an understanding has been reached to the effect that, unless it is impossible to replace the men ordered to the Militia encampments, they should be permitted to attend.

Marching Competition in Massachusetts.

The State of Massachusetts will hold a marching competition for teams consisting of 1 officer and 16 enlisted men from organizations of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. The distance covered will be approximately 20 miles, and points will be scored on (a) appearance; (b) attendance; (c) time; (d) duration; while suitable penalties are provided for violation of the rules of the contest. The service uniform will be worn, and the contestants will be equipped for the field with the exception of the blanket roll.

Sanitary Troops Increasing.

The interest and energy manifested by a number of States in the increase and reorganization of their sanitary troops is a matter of encouragement and gratification to the War Department. The records of the Division of Militia Affairs, January 1, 1910, show that there were in the Organized Militia of the United States but two Field Hospitals and one Ambulance Company Section. Since then, there have been organized sufficient of these units to bring the total up to eighteen Field Hospitals and thirteen Ambulance Companies. Additional Field Hospitals and Ambulance Companies are contemplated by several States.

In addition to these sanitary units, there are 120 detachments of the Hospital Corps. The sanitary troops of the Organized Militia approximately number 800 medical officers and 2600 enlisted men.

While this encouraging progress applies to the majority of the States there are a few whose provision for sanitary service is very inefficient, some States having no enlisted sanitary personnel at all.

High Enough.

"What's the height of your ambition?"

"Well, I don't know exactly; but she just comes up to my shoulder."

—*New York World.*

They Often Do.

"The host is not dancing this dance."

"Neither is the hostess."

"They're quarrelling it out," explained an observant guest.—*New York World.*

Rifle, Revolver and Pistol.

Headquarters of the N. R. A.
Washington, D. C.
Secretary, Lieut. A. S. Jones, Hibbs Bldg.

Headquarters U. S. R. A.
Springfield, Mass.
Secretary, J. B. Crabtree, 525 Main St.

The Autobiography of a Pistol Shot.

By H. E. WILLIAMS.

If all the world loves a lover, then all the sporting world admires a champion, wondering as to how he became such, his habits, environments, occupation, age, birth-place, size of hands and feet, whether vegetarian or meat eater, and various other data which might lead to a better knowledge of the individual.

Some years ago, when Alfred Morgan Pointdexter fired his first pistol shot in the east end of the cellar, I little thought I had a pupil who would ever create an indoor world's record of 100 at 20 yards with the pistol, for my pupil bore no earmarks of a comet at that time.

While awaiting the arrival of my wife from prayer-meeting a few nights since, a few stray thoughts of past pistol performances played through my mind and I felt it my duty in behalf of my protege to write up a little history of his progress with the "one armer," and I immediately busied myself in search among my curiosities and relics for a photo to better illustrate my subject, but being unable to find one which would meet the requirements, I resorted to my pen and ink and have endeavored to show how my pupil appears in the firing position.

Mr. Pointdexter was born many years ago in the "Show-Me" State, but has lived during the last eight or ten years in the vicinity of New York, where he has been interested in an insurance broker business.

Returning to the initial practice of my pupil in the cellar, I had arranged the back stop so that it was fairly safe and hung up a 20-yard indoor target at 12½ yards, (the cellar's length), and asked "Al" to be careful about pointing the gun, as my wife had canned fruit and other things which she prized most highly. He had no more than aimed when "Bang!" went the first .22 pill, and after examining the target with the scope and finding nothing, I instructed him to hold carefully and squeeze off again, but after ten or twelve more rounds and nothing on the target, I pinned a newspaper behind it and he proceeded again, but still could not seem to get on the paper, so I nailed up a regular 50-yard target with its 8-inch black looming up like a wash-tub and asked "Al" to try again. The target looked so big that my pupil assured me he could get in the bull surely this time, and after a deliberate hold, he let off the trigger, and with an air of confidence turned to me and said: "Did I get in the black, Doc?" "No," said I, "but you got in the blackberries on the swinging shelf about four feet out at 3 o'clock." And sure enough we found that a couple of quart cans of my wife's blackberries had been "shot up" and we immediately proceeded to get them out of the way and move our target away from the canned goods department near the coal bin.

Alfred Morgan Pointdexter was not a natural born shot, but by persistence and patient study and experiment he improved with great rapidity, and only a few weeks intervened between his first attempt and his ability to make a 90 with ridiculous ease.

In the illustration is shown Mr. Pointdexter's method which he calls the "pipe method for tyros." It consists of a gas pipe and funnel and is only used for beginners to get them in the habit of holding the bull, a habit which I must confess I have never acquired.

After the inventor of this method had become a fairly good shot, he disconnected the pipe, cleaned it thoroughly and attached it again, and fired 100 rounds as an experiment, and upon examination was unable to discover one particle of lead, showing that every bul-

let had passed through the exact center. I want it thoroughly understood that Mr. Pointdexter does not use this method in shooting his championships.

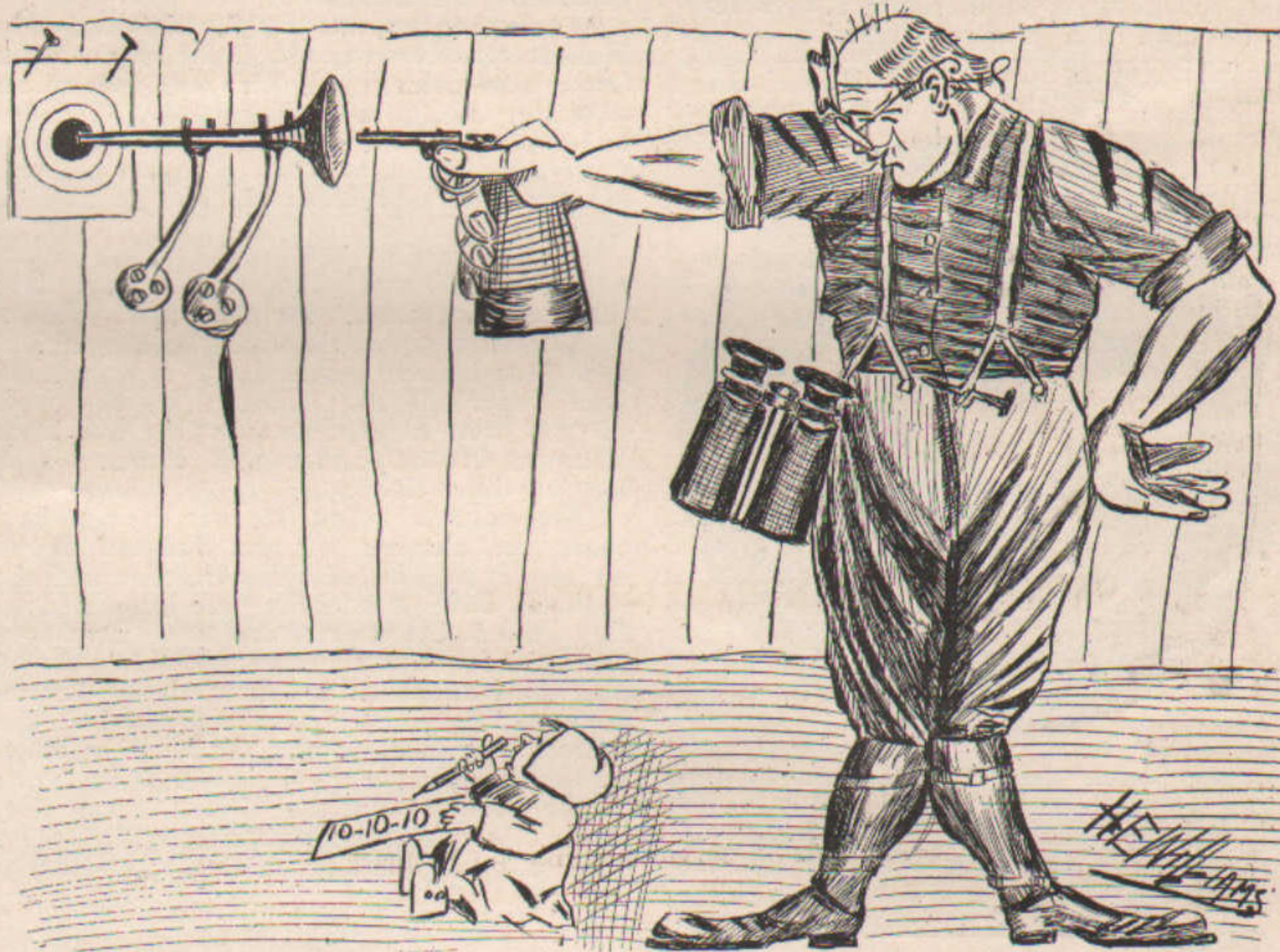
During the first month of his practice with his new system he scored so many 10's that the various members of his family organized a relay team scoring thirty minutes each, and in the picture I have shown his little girl taking her half hour trick with the pencil and pad.

On the other side of the fence the inventor placed an iron plate at such an angle that the bullets all ricocheted and landed in the middle of the Shrewsbury River in exactly the same spot.

For the benefit of "shooting stars" who might be interested in dairy pursuits, I might state that the cylindrical objects suspended from Mr. Pointdexter's waist are not a couple of forty-quart milk can, but his trusty and ever-ready binoculars which he always carries

member he was sure to have a handful and plenty left over for good measurement.

If I should say that Alf. Pointdexter was (is?) a great pistol shot and nothing more I should commit the great sin of omission for the talents of my protege are almost unlimited. One rainy Sunday, when he felt like side-stepping church service, he began to get his gray matter into circulation and schemed out an idea for a new patent diagonal cross-cut double action safety razor which he afterwards had patented in the United States, Hoboken, Great Britain and Germany. The dark spot on his cheek represents the exact place where he cut himself with his patent shaving device and in the absence of court plaster or tire tape, he moistened the shiny side of a black target paster and applied to the cut. When asked why he used a black paster he stated that since he had learned to shoot well he never had any use for white pasters.



THE PIPE METHOD FOR TYROS.

in his sojourn on the range, and I feel confident that shooters who have patronized the Sea Girt range will recollect having seen the big man and the big glasses on several occasions.

In the picture I have reproduced Mr. Pointdexter's idea of an ideal grip for his gun, which I think is not exaggerated, as he is the possessor of a very large hand, and when he first began to shoot and wrapped his fist around that pistol handle it seemed only a drop in the bucket for his generously constructed palm.

Knowing that the U. S. R. A. had certain hard laid rules regarding the handles, sights, trigger pulls, etc., "Al" read the conditions over carefully and noticed that spirit levels were not permissible, but could find nothing prohibiting the use of keels, so he designed a lead keel weighing about four pounds and attached it to his gun to prevent canting, thereby remedying the possibility of getting out at 3 or 9 o'clock.

The keel was attached to the large wooden handle which he constructed to measurement for his hand so that when he encircled the steering gear of the outfit with his digital

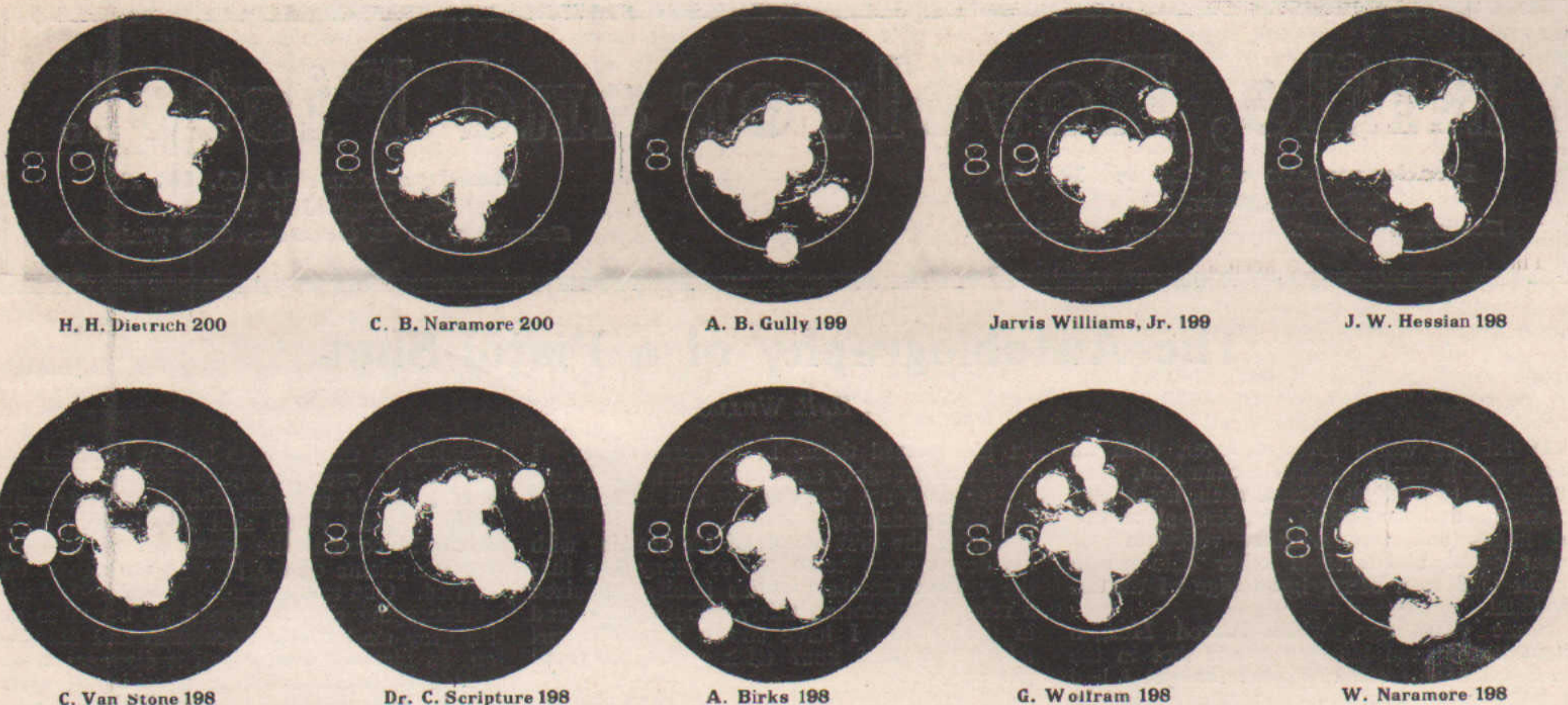
Persons of artistic temperament usually possess some practical ability, and "Al" is no exception, as evidenced by the following verses from his pen and appearing in ARMS AND THE MAN a few weeks since:

There's nothing, my boy, in long barrels;
There's nothing at all in "sweet" trigger;
There's nothing I ween in an arm blued or sheen,
Nor grips reduced, nor bigger.

For, the fellow who lands the "bacon" cup,
Other hardware, coin, or fobs,
Is the chap who heeds all the nerve that he needs,
And shoots with the grit of the gods.

—A. M. Pointdexter.

Few poets shine as humorists, but here is where Alf's versatility again comes into play. Some time ago he was identified with an insurance monthly periodical in New York and wrote jokes for the funny column, funny and otherwise, as it occurred to the reader, and on one occasion he mailed me a copy



H. H. Dietrich 200

C. B. Naramore 200

A. B. Gully 199

Jarvis Williams, Jr. 199

J. W. Hessian 198

C. Van Stone 198

Dr. C. Scripture 198

A. Birks 198

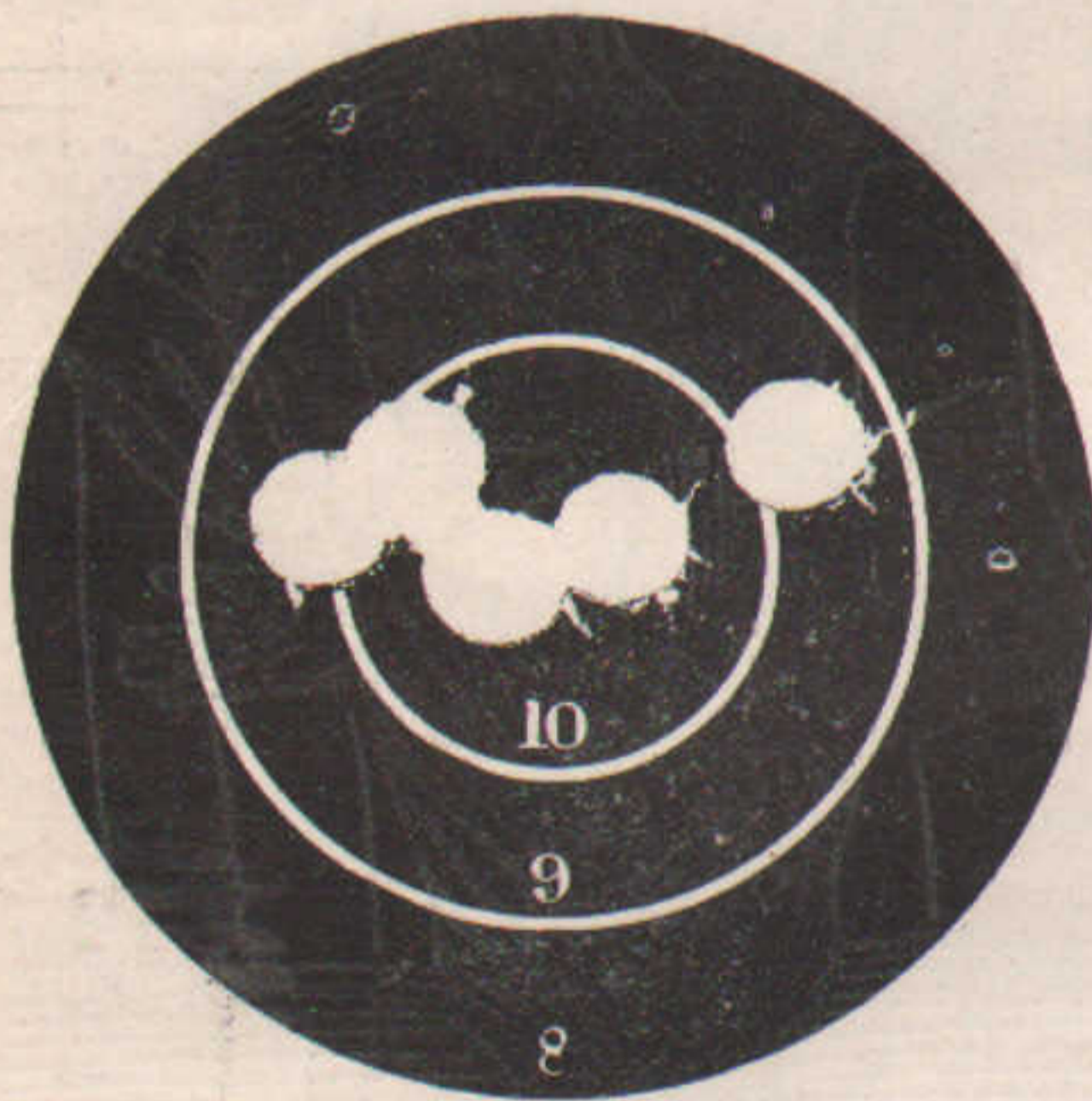
G. Wolfram 198

W. Naramore 198

The Bridgeport Inter-Club Targets which won the Indoor Rifle Club Team Championship of the United States and Broke the World's record for five and ten man teams. The team used Steven's rifles and Remington-U. M. C. long rifle Lesmok Cartridges.

with all the jokes underlined with blue pencil, making sure that I would recognize one when I saw it.

As this story comes to a close, I shall feel justly repaid for my effort if some pistol marksman should receive some benefit whereby his scores might be improved, always bearing in mind that even a champion at one time could not differentiate a bullseye from a can of blackberries.



Five-shot possible score of 50 by Capt. Sheridan Ferree National Capital Rifle and Revolver Club, shooting at 20 yards indoors with a 38 target revolver, 8-inch Pope barrel, Patridge sight and Remington-U. M. C. mid-range sharp shoulder ammunition.

Dallas has one of them. We found it the other night in its lair on Commerce street. "Here come two more," somebody said as we went down the steps into the basement where the range is located. He spoke because he saw two pairs of hesitant feet descending the stairs.

At the bottom was R. S. McBean. Mr. McBean was blowing imaginary specks off a long, slim-looking weapon with a caliber about the size of a darning needle. He had tied two small rods of brass along the barrel to give it weight and had wrapped chewing gum and tire tape about the butt to make it larger.

In the smoky background were other people, and beyond them was a long, dark alleyway, furnished at the end with a tremendous array of electric lights and a great steel box before which on a curtain hung three paper targets. Even a layman could tell they were targets, because they had black bullseyes in the center and couldn't have been anything else.

"The matches," some one was saying, "held under the auspices of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice and the National Rifle Association are restricted to the United States military and naval organizations and members of clubs affiliated with the National Rifle Association. Restrictions are also placed on the arms the competitors may use in the National matches, permitting only the regulation arms as issued to the service. In the United States Revolver Association matches, on the other hand, any arm that is suitable and complies

with the rules under the different classifications of military, target and pocket weapons is allowed. These rules—"

"Is it a lecture?" we asked. Mr. McBean shook his head.

"No," he explained. "It's Cragg. He's just talking." Then he drew us aside and gave us each a little book labeled "The United States Revolver Association, Supplementary Report 1908."

"On page seven," he whispered hoarsely, "you will find what he's saying. Take it home with you. You needn't listen."

"Who's up?" shouted a large, smooth-faced man, waving a huge purple pistol in the air. Then he suddenly answered himself. "I am," he said, and walked over to the firing line.

"Who is that gentleman?" we asked politely. Mr. McBean shook his head.

"Of course," he said, "you'll not blame me for having told you who he is. We never speak of him down here unless we have to. His name is Rogers, and he uses a 60-caliber cannon with rifle sights on it—quite unsportsmanlike. Otherwise we might tolerate him."

Then a large man with an expression part earnest, part humorous, stepped ponderously over to the side of Mr. Rogers and both began to shoot at the target, slowly and with deliberation.

"Boom!" would go Mr. Rogers' 60-caliber cannon.

"Pop!" would go the other man's little pistol.

Tracking a Revolver Club to its Lair.

The Dallas Rifle and Revolver Club, of Texas, is an active organization which bids fair to become one of the leading clubs in the West. George B. Cragg, formerly of Springfield, Mass., tells us that he is located in Dallas and is a member of the club. The local paper recently had the following story and cartoons with which to illustrate it.

This scheme of popularizing sport is a good one and could be followed to advantage by a great many of the organizations throughout the country. In a great many instances, if the local paper is properly approached, it is an easy matter to convince the city editor that a short write-up each week with a cartoon or two would help to boost the circulation.

A revolver club is a place where grown men assemble with pistols of divers sorts, shoot at paper targets and discuss the merits of A B C smokeless powder, special hand-loaded ammunition, and the annual indoor and outdoor championship contests of the United States Revolver Association.

Learning to Hit the Bullseye



P. A. ROGERS IN HIS MOST STRIKING ATTITUDE.

R. T. MOSELEY, POSING.

M. J. GARLICK ILLUSTRATING THE WRONG WAY.

CHARLES GUNNING WHO IS CONSIDERABLE CONNOISSEUR.

M. L. MARRINER THE FIRST LESSON.

R. S. McBEAN CHAMPION SHOOTER.

G. B. CRAGG.

"Who is that?" we queried. Mr. McBean peered through the stinging smoke.

"His name is C. A. Gates," Mr. McBean explained. "He's a sort of an amateur. Why, before 1827 he had never shot a pistol in his life, and when he gets up to shoot we hide behind the boxes. Take that one over there. He's only got seven shots more."

Behind the boxes members of the club were sprawling and talking of things connected with the club.

"The only proper way to keep ammunition," explained Charley Gunning, "is in a refrigerator—not an ice chest. Lifting the lid of the chest raises the temperature several degrees. I make most of my tens with cartridges that have been kept two weeks at five degrees below freezing. I tried some at freezing, but couldn't make over 90 on any target."

"I don't think as much about the temperature," disagreed Fred Moseley, "as I do about proper loading. You noticed the bad shooting I did tonight? Well, that is because I loaded with Zigzag powder instead of Prince of Wales Mixture, and my bullets lacked 1-132 of a grain of being as heavy as I like 'em. A man can't shoot unless he has proper ammunition."

"The sights count most," said S. S. Scotchorn. "I find that my best work is done with a front sight made out of an enameled iron door knob. I tried everything, but couldn't keep up my record without it. Of course, you have to allow for the windage in a place like this, with everybody talking."

"And who is the pale, sad, poetic-looking person with the Long Tom cannon?" was inquired. This young man was pointing and re-pointing the weapon at the blank wall, weighing it in his hand and shaking his head.

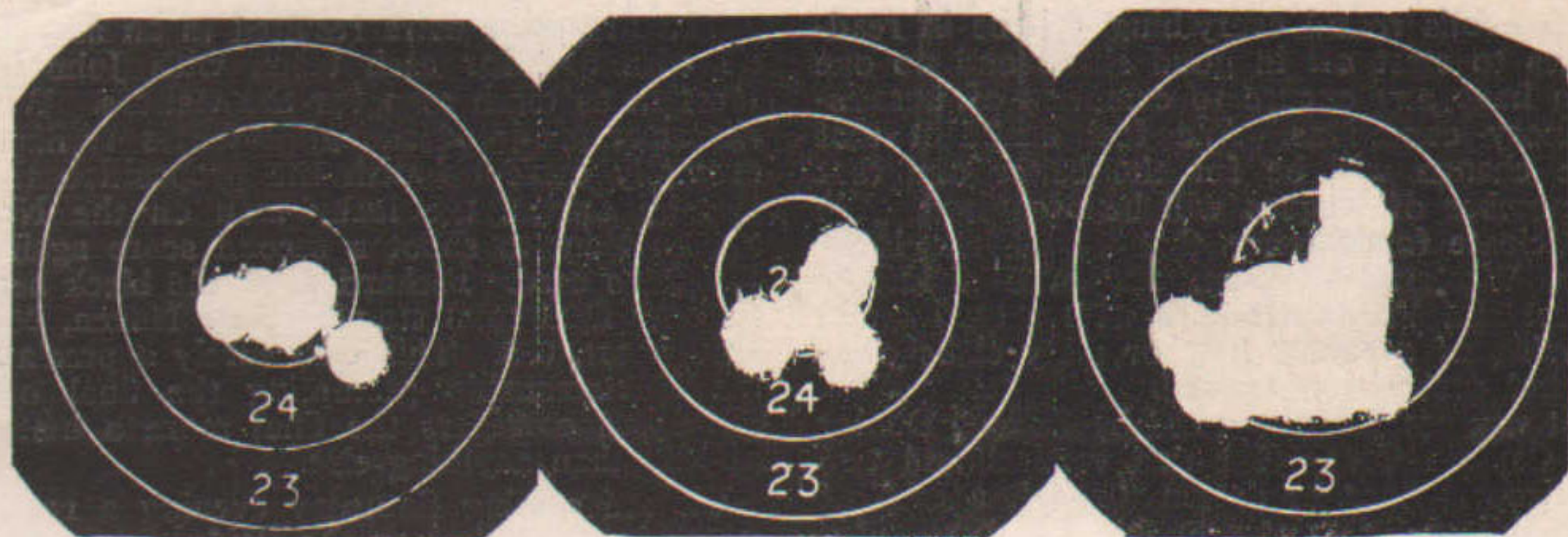
"It's our secretary," Mr. McBean said. "His name is Garlick—spelled with a K, remember."

Mr. Garlick turned pathetically to the assembled people and held out the long pistol with a gesture of despair.

"I've worked on it and worked on it," he said, "and just look at the drag it's got! I could tie a mule to the trigger and he couldn't make it go off. Try it, Charley. Try it, Fred. Try it, Cragg. Try it, Rogers." Eagerly he pushed the long pistol to one after another. Each sighed and tried it and handed it back.

"That's right," everybody said. The secretary sat down on a box and buried his face in his hands.

"Try mine!" chortled Mr. Cragg.



These very fine targets were made with a Stevens No. 414 Armory Model at 75 feet with muzzle rests. The ammunition was regular factory loaded. The targets were considered most excellent and a fine demonstration of the rifling on the barrel. This

new rifle is becoming very popular for indoor gallery shooting, and as it is specially constructed with an idea to fine grouping and adaptability to all requirements.

Home Made Pistols for Target Work.

The illustrations which accompany this article show two target pistols of home manufacture. The one at the top was made by Mr. Butter, a member of the Spokane Rifle and Revolver Team, which shot in the U. S. R. A. Indoor League last winter. It was mentioned in one of the reports that Mr. Butter had used this pistol and it was noticed that his scores were a little above the average. This excited the curiosity of some of our subscribers, who asked us to secure a story and photographs. Through the kindness of W. H. Whitney, Secretary of the Club, we are able to reproduce a few photographs and short description of the pistols. The one made by Mr. Butter is constructed out of a Stevens Little Krag Rifle, and has a 9-inch barrel. The rear sight is made on a spring ring which clips over the end of the barrel with a lug to fit in bolt slot in the top of the barrel so that it can not turn and get out of line. Mr. Butter has done some very good shooting with it and is well satisfied with its work.

The pistol shown below was constructed by Mr. Whitney out of a 1902 Model, Winchester rifle. It has a 9-inch barrel and the rear sight is a Winchester .22 automatic sight. Some other good scores have also been made with this pistol and we recently received from Mr. Whitney a number of excellent targets which were made consecutively and totaled 453 for the 50 shots. As Mr. Whitney says "this score is good enough for any man to make."

GOSSIP.

By "AL BLANCO."

The International Small Bore team has been chosen and consists of fifty shooting members and three alternates. We think it is a much stronger team than that put out two years ago. It is made up principally of those men who made the best averages in the Interclub league series last winter. There were enough men who shot an average of 192 or better to make the team. The average for the entire fifty men is probably 195 or 196. On this basis we have an excellent chance of keeping the Dewar trophy in this country.

The other day we received a letter from Louis Clausell, a strong shooting member of the Brigade Rifle Team, District of Columbia, who is now temporarily located in Panama helping to dig the big ditch. We do not mean by this that he is actually engaged in handling a pick and shovel—oh, no. Everybody who knows Louis will immediately come to the decision that he is holding down a fat job. He is.

It is interesting to note that he is well pleased with his new home and that the climate is very agreeable, the temperature being about 82° F. He says that there are no mosquitoes to contend with and that they have fine ocean breezes in the evening. The place where he is located he says reminds him of Sea Girt without the shooting and that he takes a dip in the ocean every evening. Despite his congenial surroundings, however, he reports that he has the "Glooms" which are brought about by the reason that he has not seen a copy of ARMS AND THE MAN for a long time.

In the same mail we received a card from John Cole, also a shooting member of the Brigade Team. He is temporarily located in Denver and reports that the Colorado boys are making things interesting for him. He says that there is a fine indoor club in Denver and considerable Schuetzen shooting is carried on. We would not be surprised to learn next season that Denver will be represented in either the N. R. A. Inter-Club League or the U. S. R. A. Revolver League.

There sure will be some indoor inter-club shooting next season, unless present indications point wrong. Only one thing is needed to make this game popular as it should be, and that is to allow any sights to be used. There is no reason in the world why a restriction should be placed on the kind or place where sights should be. If there really is one legitimate reason we would like to know it. When the question of sights was put up to the clubs last winter, it was after everybody had outfitted for the season and shooting was practically ready to begin. The result was that nearly all were in favor of the present conditions.

ARMS AND THE MAN is willing to take up this proposition now, so that the question can be settled once and for all to the satisfaction of everyone, so that when the indoor season



PISTOLS MADE FROM RIFLES.

again rolls round everything will be in readiness to start off in good shape and no one can have any excuse to complain of unsatisfactory conditions. We feel confident that the change will be for the better and that a number of leagues will be organized. We anticipate for instance, that a Southern, Eastern, Western, Northern and even a Middle West and Pacific Leagues with a total membership of probably fifty or sixty clubs competing could be organized.

It was recently suggested by Colonel Dooley or Captain Casey that two vertical and two horizontal lines be drawn through a map of the United States and in the sections divided leagues be organized. It was the idea that at the conclusion of the season, which should not be more than twelve weeks, the leaders in the various leagues could shoot as is now done for the National Championship, that is, the Indoor Rifle Club Championship of the United States. We are not too timid to assert that if this proposition is properly handled that in a few years there will be several hundred clubs competing in all sections of the country.

To be sure a careful study and systematic treatment of the subject is necessary, however, before much can be accomplished, but there are unlimited possibilities in the scheme and we honestly believe that if the proper methods are employed that there will spring up a healthy and vigorous growth of rifle sentiment, which by careful treatment will spread broadcast throughout the land where the sport is now struggling weakly for existence. It may be that we are optimistic to the point of recklessness, but we reason that if the club officials, the competitors, the National Rifle Association, and all others interested in the indoor game would be as optimistic as ourselves and put the same amount of energy into the project as do those pessimistically inclined individuals, who can see nothing but a gloomy outlook for the future of the sport, the question would solve itself.

My Dear Al Blanco:—

It was with a great deal of satisfaction that Osborn finished the season with four matches won, and we determined to go after those Orioles' scalps on the tie, and finish the game this time in a blaze of glory. Well—we gathered together and began wasting good ammunition in practice, but it was no use. Patterson set the pace by blowing up so high he has not yet come down far enough to even say shoot. The rest of the bunch had to follow the leader of course, and then it was decided we did not want to hurt Baltimore's feelings anyway and we let them have it.

If any of the secretaries can tell us how they get 10 or 15 men out to shoot in one night, we would like to have the formula. We average 6 men out to shoot during this series, and sometimes we had to scurry around and yank some fellow away from his fire-side or his best girl's side to make up the necessary 5.

We would like to hear from some of the captains of the successful teams about the sights used. Up here in the north woods we used the .22 pistol with sights as furnished from stock.

Osborn promises to be in the game next season, and in the meantime the secretary would be glad to hear from any of the brothers who can help us to garner the points after getting the men to try for them.

Patterson	39	39	43	46	45	212
Kirvan	42	38	46	42	39	207
Van Schaick	38	39	43	42	42	204
Finlayson	37	35	42	39	38	191
Hewitt	32	35	36	38	40	181

Grand Total ----- 995

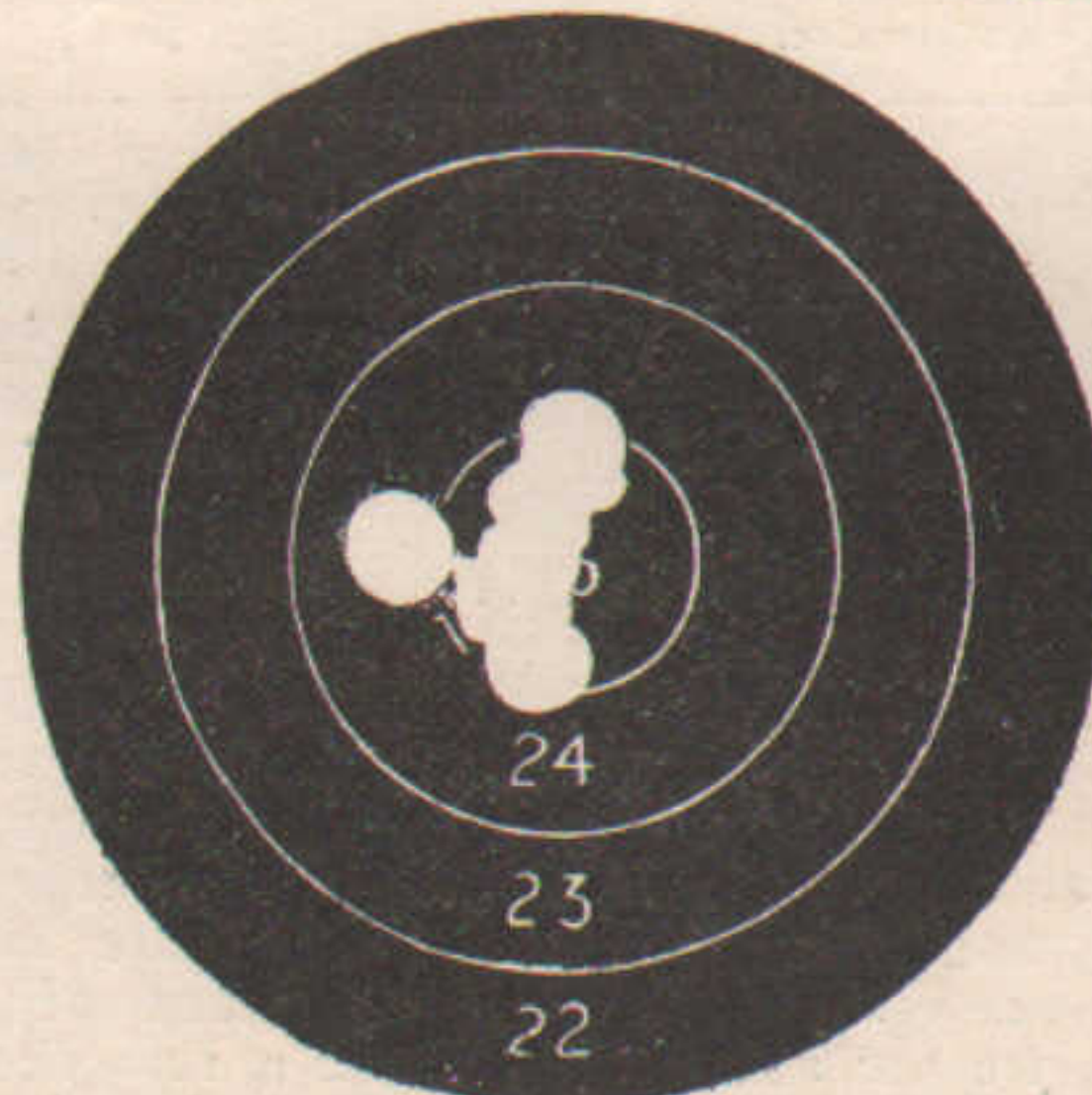
NEW HAVEN NIBS.

One of the prettiest matches of the year was pulled off on the range of the Winchester Rod and Gun Club on Saturday evening, March 30, when the Bridgeport shooters and rooters came over in full war paint. Ten men on a side was the program, but when the home team lined up it was found that one man was short in the person of Frank Haas, who was at home ill.

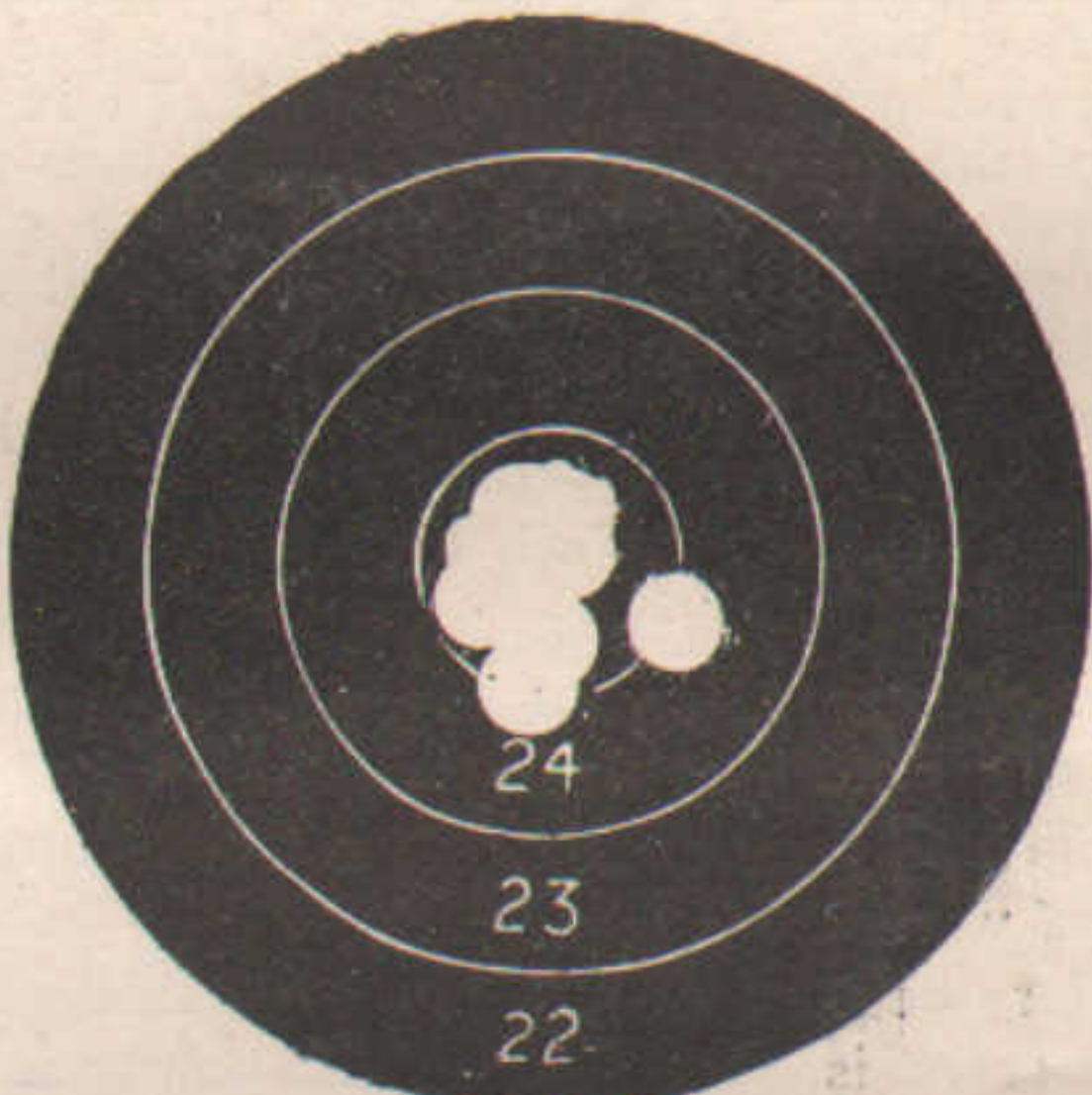
The first nine pairs resulted in an absolute tie with 884 for each team, with John W. Hessian as tenth man for the visitors. With characteristic goodfellowship Jarvis Williams promptly came up with the proposition that lots be drawn, the lucky man on the New Haven team to shoot a second score against Hessian's card. Richard drew the black bean and the final total stood: New Haven, 984; Bridgeport, 982. This club surely appreciates the sportsmanship prompting the final outcome and considers the final more a matter of luck than anything else.

On the coming Saturday evening a return match is to be shot on the Bridgeport range; that is, if we are able to get together the ten men necessary for the match.

RICHARD.



Possible score of 125 made at the recent Zettler indoor 100-shot championship match in New York by L. C. Buss, using a Pope-Ballard rifle, Stevens telescope and Peters .22 short cartridges.



Possible score of 125 made at the recent Zettler indoor 100-shot championship match in New York by L. C. Buss, using a Pope-Ballard rifle, Stevens telescope and Peters .22 short cartridges.

DEAR AL BLANCO:

The following scores were shot on the range of the Pittsburg Revolver and Rifle Club at West View, Pa., during the week of March 24-30, in the U. S. R. A. Indoor Championship Contest.

MATCH A.

Dr. D. A. Atkinson, West View, Pa.	447
J. Guy Royal, Allegheny, Pa.	426
H. G. Olson, Pittsburg, Pa.	421
T. C. Beal, Bellevue, Pa.	415
Dr. E. A. Waugaman, Pittsburg, Pa.	392

MATCH B.

H. G. Olson, Pittsburg, Pa.	439
J. Guy Royal, Allegheny, Pa.	437
Dr. D. A. Atkinson, West View, Pa.	433
T. C. Beal, Bellevue, Pa.	431
Dr. E. A. Waugaman, Pittsburg, Pa.	426
H. S. Freed, Allison Park, Pa.	421
Dr. C. L. Clarke, Allison Park, Pa.	410

MATCH F.

T. C. Beal, Bellevue, Pa.	201
Dr. D. A. Atkinson, West View, Pa.	176
H. G. Olson, Pittsburg, Pa.	170

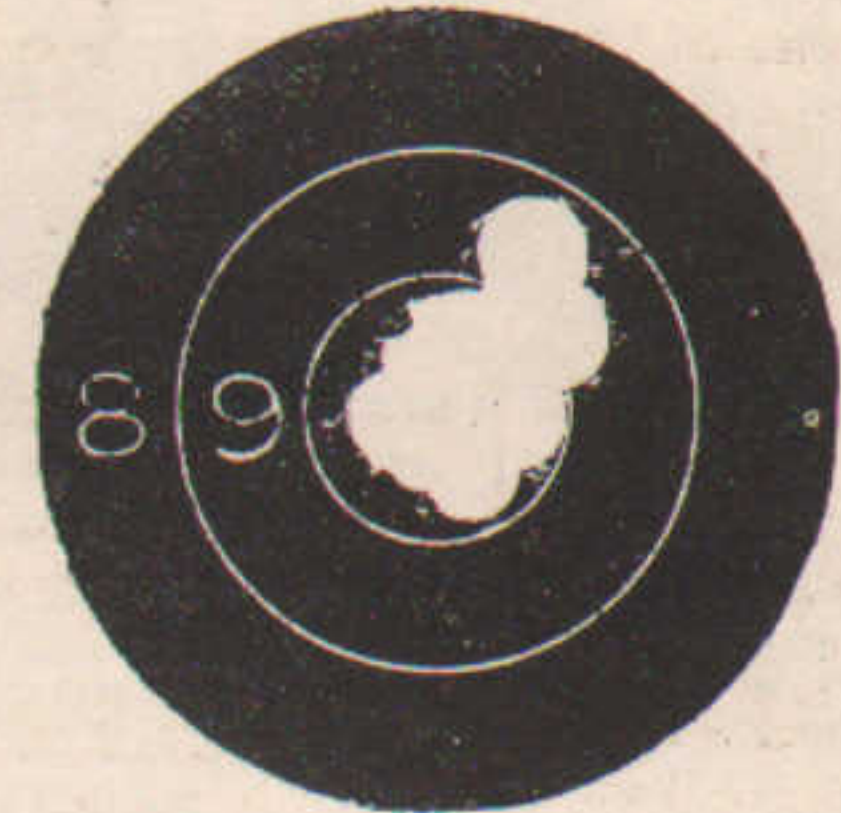
MEDAL TARGETS (20 YARDS SLOW FIRE.)

H. G. Olson	88	93	92	87	90	95
T. C. Beal	93	88	86	80	82	88
	90	91	89	83	79	
John O. Rolshouse	87	83	82	86	84	78
Dr. E. A. Waugaman	90	87	83	80	88	
Dr. J. R. Brown	91	92	86	84	83	80
	90	91	89	90		
Dr. D. A. Atkinson	87	94	90	93	95	86

Our outdoor range will open April 6, 1912,

in addition to our 50-yard range we will have 100-yards and 200-yard targets for rifles and also for those who wish to shoot revolvers at those distances. We hope all the revolver shooters in Western Pennsylvania will take advantage of our range this summer.

DUQUESNE.



Ten-shot score of 100 out of a possible 100 in the prone position by Mr. Joe Munkoff of the Iowa City High School Team in the National Rifle Association Interscholastic match, March 2, 1912, using Peters .22 short Semi-Smokeless cartridges.

Los Angeles Rifle and Revolver Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

We crawled out of our various hollow trees and holes in the rocks March 24th and went out to the range to see if it was still there. The excavations for the pits remained.

We're soured on the indoor game and clubs desiring to have us like them will kindly omit mention of it in their correspondence. There is absolutely nothing to the game but lying on your "tummies" once a week, endeavoring to ring a dodging black speck with a fool disc in the front sight, with the usual result of the other fellows proving the better ringers.

Sunday, we performed the usual stunt of 200, 300 and 500 yards to wear down the bores of the rifles to the original steel. After getting out the accumulated In-Bore, cosmoline and r—corrosion, we shot some surprise fire, a la the National Match this year.

We're ferninst it. It's a game thought up by some benighted trap shooter and an attempt to wean riflemen from their allegiance to the spiral tube over to the foolish gun with the choked neck. Next year in all probability, we'll see buckshot allowed and the target on wings.

We used the A target, both because we were too lazy to walk clear out to the 500-yard butts, and because we didn't want to give any other layout a line on our first attempts at the snap business. A fellow with a blooming sporting gun landed first place with 38. He and his gun are barred. We're going to win this match ourself if we have to legislate out every gun but that bearing the serial number of our own.

Commenting on how the game strikes us, there never has been a stunt that so enables the Springfield safety to display all its innate depravity. The Mauser safety works much easier, and has a bigger thumb piece and a better shaped one. The Springfield safety gets down into its last notch, where one would never pack it in the hunting field, and there she sticks. About the time it comes up, the target goes down. So does a zero on your score sheet. We're for a gun with a shotgun safety—an independent one in case the file closer is not looking too sharply.

The hammers of the lever guns work easily in this game, so do the safeties of the bolt guns if they can be pulled up a bit out of the final stage of depravity into which the rules compel them. The Springfields are of course locked against opening while we saw one lever gun with its lever sagging mournfully from the stock like a tired hound's ears. That's as safe as you can get that gun.

We were told by a certain individual who was mixed up in the working out of this surprise fire that it affords time enough for the soldier to lie down if he so desires. We've lost all confidence in his statements. You can't even say, now I lay me, let alone really lie down. We also find some heavy sarcasm in the rules to the effect that the sling may be adjusted but not slipped on to the arm until the target starts up. Huh! You take it from us, that by the time you haul that

Smith & Wesson HEAVY FRAME TARGET REVOLVER . Model 1911



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SPECIFICATIONS
 Caliber.....22
 Barrel.....6 inches
 Chambers...6
 Weight.....23 ounces
 Pull.....Under 4 lbs.
 Sights.....S. & W. Target
 Grip.....Checked Wood
 Made of Circassian Walnut, inlaid with S. & W. Monogram. (This arm cannot be furnished with any other specifications.)

Shoots .22 short, .22 long, .22 long rifle, .22 extra long Rim Fire Cartridges.

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Success on the range will depend upon your training, and you cannot get better, more economical, or more interesting preliminary training than by using the improved Hollifield Indicator.

Every feature of shooting is substantially simulated, and the practice can be repeated, using your own rifle, until every mechanical detail is understood and every muscle trained for the job.

You can step on the firing line perfectly familiar with the procedure and knowing approximately what you can do in three seconds.

Edward C. Crossman Says, "No use trying to deceive yourself as to your shooting and to tell yourself that such and such a shot would have been a bull. You've got to show this little Missouri device." (And it will show you.)

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safety up out of its lowest depths and get that rifle to your shoulder and catch a fleeting glimpse of the front sight and a momentary impression of the rear notch and a hasty impression of the target, you've got no time to fuss about with a sling. The best way to profit by the use of the sling in surprise fire is to persuade your rival to use it.

We hereby announce that we're framing up our schedule for this year, preparatory to annexing the Pacific Coast Championship and anybody desiring to get on the track and try to block our progress wants to write us early with a set of articles and agreements as to how the money is to be split. At this stage of the game we know that we have the goldarnest ten man team in the U. S. over 200, 300 and 500 yards. Anybody disagreeing with us communicate with the secretary E. C. Crossman, 3416 Glen Albyn Drive. Their mistake shall be shown them.

MARCH 24, GLENDALE RANGE, SLOW FIRE.

	200	300	500	Total
E. C. Crossman	45	45	49	139
C. B. Hubbs	42	44	48	134
G. L. Wotkyns	43	42	46	131
C. O. Wingren	39	44	45	128
R. J. Fraser	42	44	41	127
Dr. Packard	38	42	46	126
H. C. March	39	41	45	125
T. W. Smith	42	43	36	121
C. J. Dibbern	37	41	41	119
A. H. Dibbern	38	40	41	119
W. R. Jackson	29	43	45	117
H. C. Miles	38	38	41	117
G. T. Kellog (Unfin.)	—	46	43	—
John Siefert (Unfin.)	39	39	—	—

SURPRISE FIRE, 200 YARDS, "A" TARGET EXPOSED TO VIEW THREE SECONDS.

John Siefert	38
C. B. Hubbs	35
R. J. Fraser	35
Kellogg	32
Crossman	30
Packard	27
March	27
Wotkyns	23
Jackson	19

Providence Revolver Club, Newport.

Scores for Weekly Rifle Match held Mar. 13 were as follows:

	H'p	Net Total
Biesel	237	233 470 498
Easton	235	228 463 489
Almy	224	237 461 483
Thurston	229	220 449 483
Peckham	222	222 444 478
Brooks	245	232 477 477
Spooner	229	225 454 474
Chase	220	217 437 471

Scores for March 20:

Almy	224	240	464	486
Brooks	232	242	474	474
Biesel	229	216	445	473
Anthony	233	229	462	482
Spooner	228	226	454	474
Peckham	216	219	435	469

Scores of pistol challenge cup for last few matches:

20 yd. pistol—fifty shots—	
Spooner	88 81 93 90 88—440



VILLAGE OF TREE DWELLERS IN THE PHILIPPINES

paper to be shipped from the Mills BY EXPRESS. Now the editor, Major General Joseph Wheeler, is dead. The plates have been destroyed according to agreement and no more of these wonderful books will ever be printed again. The remaining Sets must be sold at once, and to make a quick clean-up sale these Sets will be sold at LESS THAN COST.

OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE

Consists of two sumptuous, royal quarto volumes, 12 by 16 inches, and contains 1,200 wonderful photographs taken expressly for this work by America's foremost Outdoor Photographer, Walter B. Townsend, on that famous Expedition through the wilds of Cuba, Porto Rico, Isle of Pines, Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, and the Philippines, which occupied more than a year's time and cost over \$35,000. Besides these marvelous photographs the work contains 800 pages of interesting narrative and descriptive matter of these far-away islands, written by the noted Author and War correspondent, José de Olivares, under the supervision and direction of our Editor, the late Major-General Joseph Wheeler. The subject matter is written in Mr. Olivares' most fascinating style and accurately portrays the manners, customs and characteristics of these peoples, and recounts fully the vast natural resources of the Islands themselves. The Philippine Islands are 20,000 square miles larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together and are a veritable "promised land," so wonderfully rich are they in natural resource. For 400 years Spain tried to civilize the Philippine Islanders. How Uncle Sam will deal with the Philippino problem must be decided by the voters of the United States, and in order to form a correct opinion, every American citizen should have at hand the best source of information regarding our Island possessions. Now is your opportunity. No more of these books will ever be printed again.

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Study at Home, in the Armory, and Field Service Instruction All Help, but nothing can teach you More than

Tactical Principles and Problems

By CAPT. M. E. HANNA,
General Staff, U. S. A.

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ARMS AND THE MAN

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY
HOUSTON, TEXAS

\$500,000 Paid Up Capital Stock

PAID ITS FIRST QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF 3%

The Company Commenced Business December 4, 1911, First Quarter Ended March 4, 1912. The Only GUARANTEE STATE FUND BANK in the City of Houston, and the LARGEST IN THE STATE OF TEXAS

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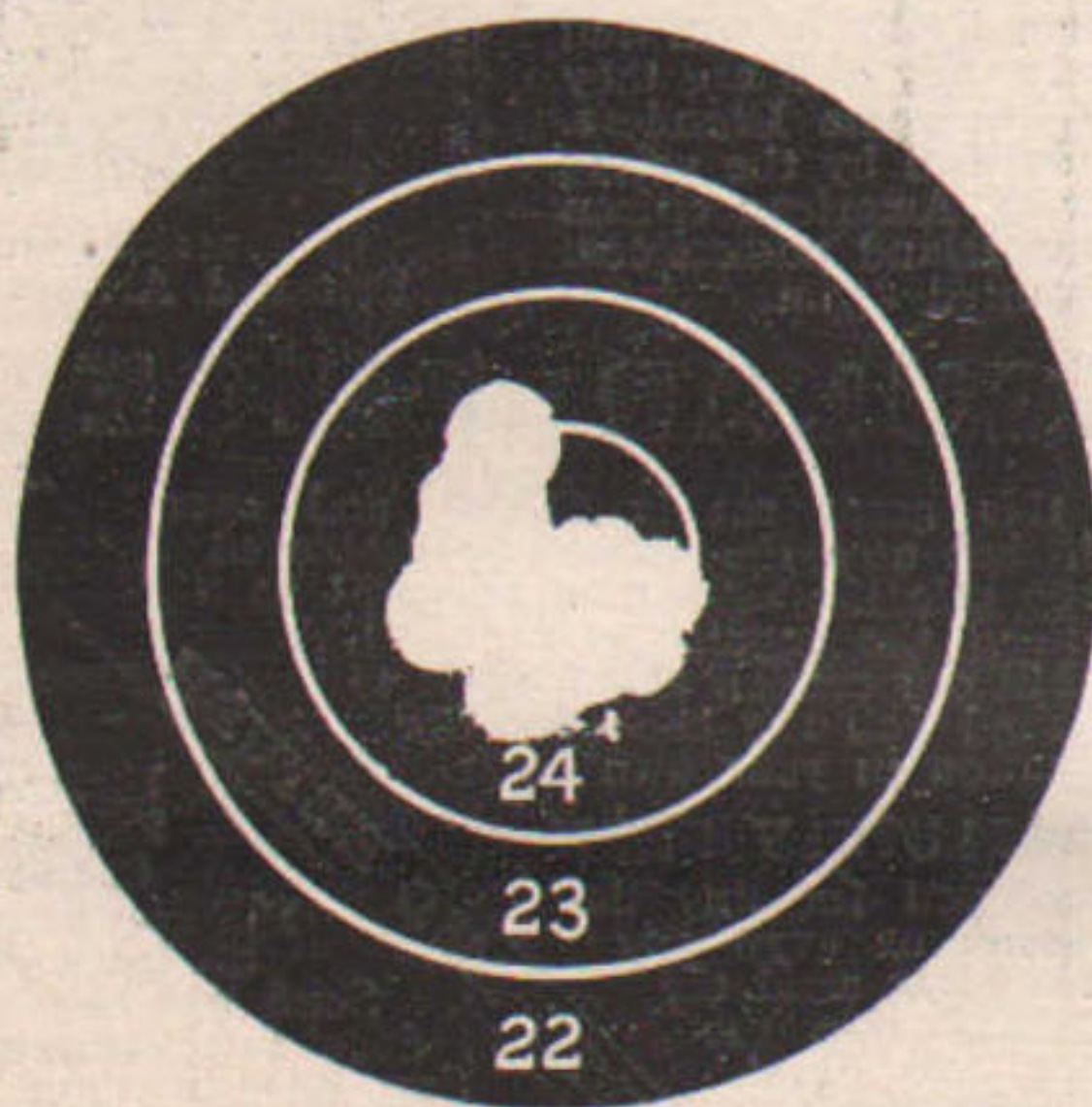
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Biesel	77 86 83 85 89	420
20 yds.—50 shots—		
Biesel	85 90 90 88 87	440
Spooner	88 80 88 89 78	423
50 yds—		
Biesel	84 82 91 93 84	434
Spooner	84 83 86 85 86	424

Practice scores:

German ring target, 25 yds, offhand—	
Thurston	244 235 235 237 242
	240 239 234 238 234
	239 240 236 240 239
	239 238 240 242 232
Spooner	235 241 241 238 238
	245 241
Chase	237 232 232 240 236

H. G. Olson	218
H. S. Freed	219
J. G. Royal	215
D. A. Atkinson	213
	1086



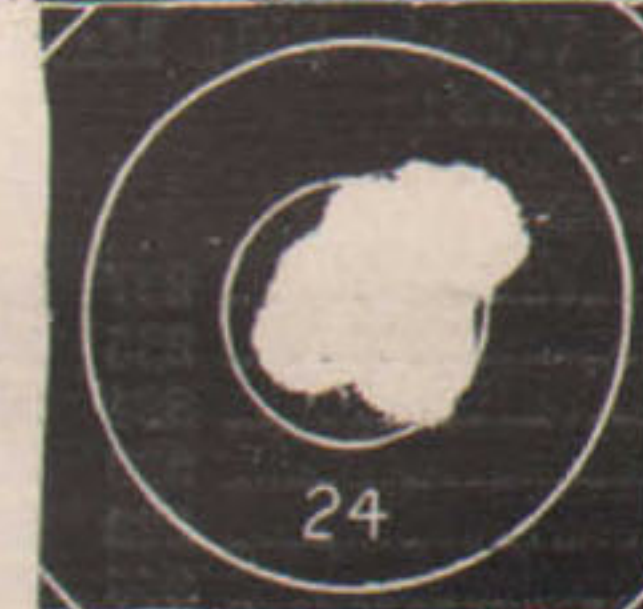
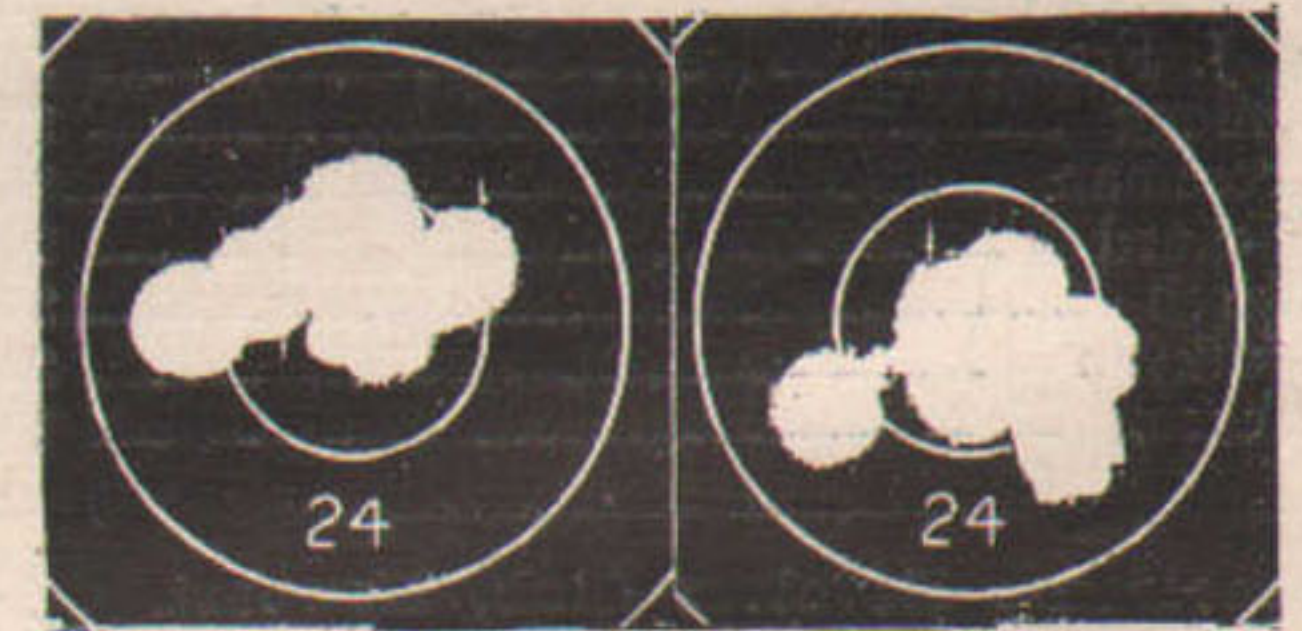
Ten-shot possible score of 250 by Mr. P. E. Brooks of the Providence Revolver Club, shooting at the Middletown range Friday evening, March 22, using a Winchester Schuetzen rifle, Winchester 5 power telescope and Winchester .22 short Lesmok cartridge. The weather conditions were poor, being cold and damp. Wind light, but puffy. Witnesses: A. A. Albro, F. B. Spooner and J. J. Peckham.

Enclosed find what will pass for a very nice group. Shot by P. E. Brooks on our Middletown Range, Friday evening, Mar. 22, using Winchester rifle, Winchester 5 power scope and Winchester .22 shorts Lesmok. Weather conditions poor, being cold and damp. Light fair. Wind light, but puffy. Score 250-250.

DEAR AL BLANCO:
Enclosed is the Pittsburg score in the tie-match with St. Louis.

MEDAL TARGETS—(U. S. R. A. 60 FEET).

Dr. E. A. Waugaman	83 87 88 90
T. C. Beal	80 82 78 90 88 88 87
	86 83 84 73 72
J. Guy Royal	87 86 90 92 84 83
Dr. J. R. Brown	91 92 90 88 87 86 92
	90 88 89 84 83
John O. Rolshouse	88 84 82 83 80 78
H. G. Olson	84 92 91 89 87 95 86
	93 94 94 87 83 76
D. A. Atkinson	88 91 94 93 86 95
Dr. J. R. Brown	221



SOME FINE SHOOTING BY A LADY

Target No. 1 shows five shots at 35 feet off-hand with a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, open sights. Target No. 2 also shows five shots under same conditions. Target No. 3 shows 25 shots off-hand at 50 feet with No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle and open sights. This wonderful shooting was done by Mrs. W. E. Grubbs of Laddonia, Mo., on March 18.

Peters

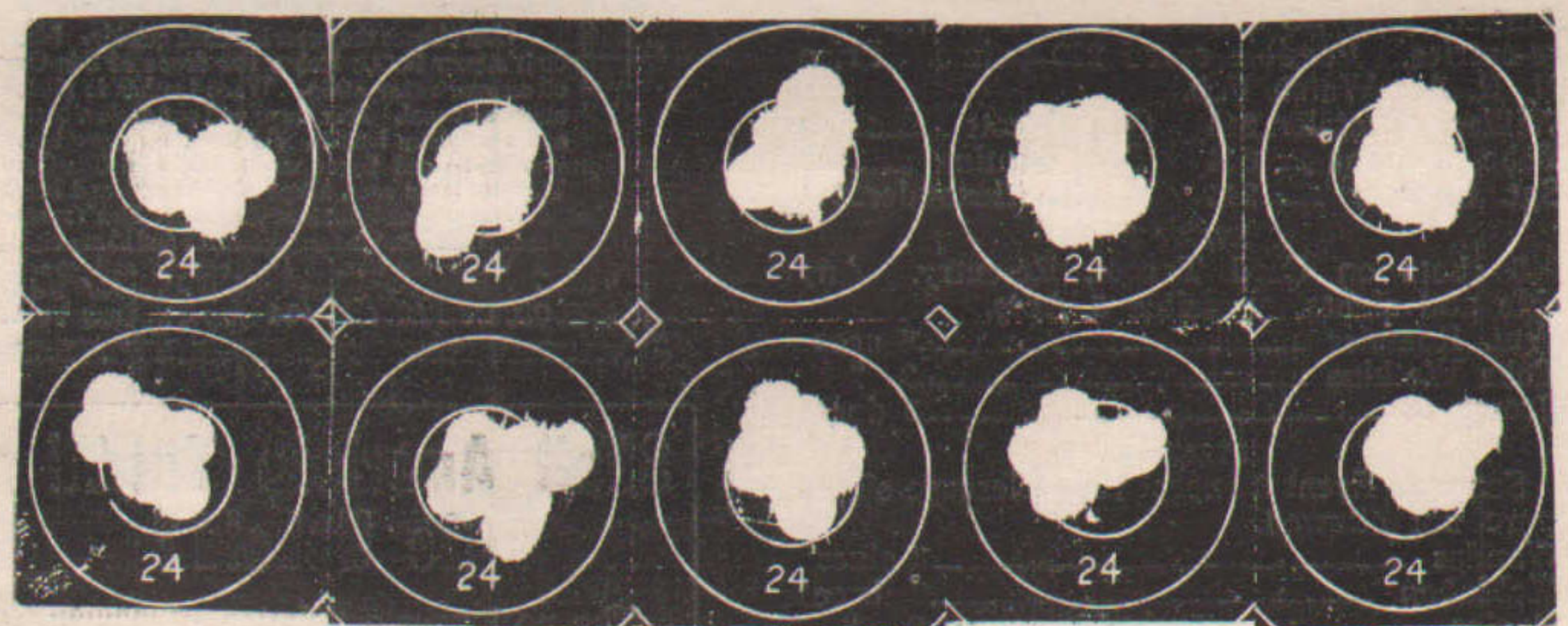
.22 Cal. Semi-Smokeless Cartridges

WIN A BIG SHARE OF THE HONORS AT THE
ZETTLER RIFLE TOURNAMENT, NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 9-16, 1912

- CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH:** L. C. Buss, second, score 2475 out of a possible 2500.
 FIVE of the TEN HIGH MEN and THIRTY-EIGHT of the SIXTY CONTESTANTS used PETERS SEMI-SMOKELESS Cartridges.
- CONTINUOUS MATCH:** L. P. Ittel, H. M. Pope, L. C. Buss and Wm. Keim tied with three other contestants for first place, with three perfect scores each.
 L. P. Ittel tied for Premiums, with five perfect scores of 75.
- ZIMMERMAN TROPHY:** M. Dorrlor won with total for 3 shots 19½ degrees.
 L. P. Ittel second, total for 3 shots 22 degrees.
 L. C. Buss third, total for 3 shots 25 degrees.
- BULL'S EYE MATCH:** H. M. Pope second, 6½ degrees.
 M. Dorrlor third (tie), 7 degrees.
- MOST BULL'S EYES:** T. H. Keller first, 80 bulls.
 F. M. Bund second, 62 bulls.
 Gus. Zimmerman third, 28 bulls.

ALL USING PETERS .22 CALIBER AMMUNITION. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY SEMI-SMOKELESS
THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio

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



100 SHOTS WITHOUT CLEANING.

Ten 10-shot groups from muzzle rest at 75 feet by Mr. F. L. Smith. He used the regular Stevens Schuetzen outfit, including telescope and fired the 100 shots consecutively without cleaning. In making these remarkable groups he used Peters .22 short semi-smokeless cartridges.



100 SHOTS, CLEANING AFTER EVERY 30 SHOTS.

Ten 10-shot groups from muzzle rest at 75 feet by Mr. F. L. Smith. He used the regular Stevens Schuetzen outfit, including telescope and fired the 100 shots consecutively, cleaning after every 30 shots. In making these remarkable groups he used Peters .22 short semi-smokeless cartridges.

Some Fine Groups from Muzzle Rest.

Quite recently Mr. F. L. Smith, of the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, perhaps better known as "Telescope Smith," while experimenting at the factory concluded to try some 10-shot groups from muzzle rest with his Stevens Schuetzen rifle and Stevens Telescope of six powers. In fact, the outfit is a duplicate of the one used by Arthur Hubalek in making his record score of 2484, excepting that Mr. Smith used the Peters short semi-smokeless cartridges.

The first 10 targets show 100 consecutive shots, without cleaning, and it will be acknowledged that the groups are as good as one could ask for. Understand, they were shot from muzzle rest and no cleaning between shots. Then to see what effect cleaning had upon the grouping, he fired another 100 under the same conditions and did not clean except after every thirty or forty shots. The results were rather surprising, in that the groups are fully as good as those made first except that the groups are perhaps a little closer. It will be noticed that in some cases the group is not centered, but this had no bearing on the tests because groups only were desired.

To say that Mr. Smith was delighted with the results would be putting it mildly indeed. To the writer he said that he could duplicate the stunt any time using the same equipment.

M. S. R. A. Prize Shoot.

On Saturday evening the members of the Missouri State Rifle Association held a merchandise prize shoot in the interest of the International Rifle Team Fund and a nice sum was raised to be sent the secretary of the National Rifle Association.

The program was divided into six events three of which called for the regulation rifles and sights used in the N. R. A. matches and the other three allowing any kind of rifles and sights. The shooting was done at 75 feet

THE BEST TARGET TRAP "CLAY PIGEON" PROPOSITION

THE "WESTERN" AUTOMATIC TRAP FOR SINGLES AND DOUBLES

THE "WHITE FLYER" TARGET FOR HIGH SCORES AND KEEN INTEREST

THE SOLD-OUTRIGHT PLAN FOR ECONOMY AND INDEPENDENCE

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HOPPE'S NITRO POWDER SOLVENT No. 9

For cleaning rifles, shotguns and revolvers where high power powders are used. Indispensable for cleaning .22 caliber Schuetzen rifles using black powder.

Sold by all dealers, and at post exchanges. No rifle-man or military organization can afford to be without it.

FRANK A. HOPPE
1741 N. Darien St., Phila., Pa.

PERFECTION RUST PREVENTING OILED WICK

as good for the sporting gun as for the service rifle.

Ready to use—out of sight—safe—lasting.
Singly, By mail—Rifle, 50cts. Shotguns, \$1.00

Capt. C. M. GALE, 3232 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Range Equipment

National, Standard or Pony target carriers for outdoor use

Mechanical amusement galleries and Steel indoor ranges for Armories, Colleges, etc., etc.

All Manufactured by

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PATERSON, N. J.

and the N. R. A. target was used in all events except event No. 2 when the reduced German Ring Target was used. In event No. 1 Sgt. Spencer took first prize with a perfect score, first place in event No. 2 was taken by a score of 244 points out of the possible 250, three men tying for first place. Events 3 and 4 were shot on a target having a full deck of cards printed on it in cards 1 inch square and the winner was decided by the best hand scored in five shots. Event 3 being for any rifle and any sights while event 4 called for any kind of rifles but barred the

telescope sights. Events 5 and 6 were shot on the N. R. A. Target each shooter getting but one shot and the closest shot to the center taking first prize the difference between the two events being that telescope sights were allowed in event 5 and not in event 6.

The events and winners are given below.

EVENT 1.

N. R. A. Match. 10 shots on N. R. A. Target. Any sights not containing glass. Any position. Prize, N. R. A. Silver Watch Fob. Possible score 100 points.

Sergeant Spencer	100 Points
Sergeant Olcott	97 "
Range Officer Engles	91 "

EVENT 2.

10 shots off-hand on reduced German Ring Target. Any .22 caliber rifle and sights. No re-entries. Possible score 250 points. Prize N. R. A. Watch Fob.

William Roessler	244	Geo. Olcott	243
Tobe Watkins	244	Ted. Bunting	242
Sgt. Spencer	244	W. A. Alexander	241

EVENT 3

5 shots on Card Target, Re-entry. Any rifle and sights. Possible 5 Aces.

Wm. Roessler	4 aces
Tobe Watkins	3 "
Brown	3 duces

EVENT 4.

Same as Event 3 except that telescope sights were not allowed.

Wandas	3 sixes
McMahon	3 threes
Duclos	3 "

William Roessler won King in Event 5 with Telescope sights. Mr. Beeler won King in Event 6 with telescope sights barred.

Cypress Hills Rifle and Revolver Association.

The scores of March 24th were shot during a heavy fog and must, therefore, be judged with leniency.

They were as follows:

McPherson	46 43 43 44 45
Otto	44 44 45 41 44
Gebhardt	42 40 46 42 43 43 46
Coler	42 44 40 46 43 43
Christiansen	46 44 37 41
Griffin	41 39

The fourth annual match for the 200-yard offhand military rifle championship of New York, which will come off April 14th, promises to become a well-attended affair. Aside from the price offered by the Cypress Hills outfit, the Marlin Firearms Company of New Haven, Conn., has donated an additional prize, making the total number of trophies available five in number.

Dealer in All Kind of Shooting Supplies

Telescopes, Shooting Bags, Rifle Covers, Gun Rests, Telescope Rests, Cleaning Rods, Brushes, Cleaning Patches, Micrometers, Mobile-Lubricant, Graphite, Barrel Gauges, Gun Wicks, Elliot Ear Protectors, Hoppe No. 9, Rear Sight Covers and Front Sight Covers, Rifle Trunks, Sight Black.

P. J. O'Hare - 33 Bruce St., Newark, N. J

KEEP YOUR RAZOR SHARP

Don't blame the razor if it dulls quickly. Maybe it's your fault. Rub a few drops of 3-in-One oil on your razor strap. When leather is pliable strap as usual. Any razor will cut easier, better and stay sharp longer. After using, draw blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One. This prevents rust, keeps edge smooth and keen, always sharp and ready for immediate use. Don't scrape your face. Use 3-in-One on your razor and shave right.

FREE Write for liberal free sample and special scientific circular. Try it yourself. **3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 104 New St., New York.**

Shall American Traditions Be Upheld?

Tho no longer a "Nation of Marksmen" we still hold three international rifle shooting championships. One is the "Olympic." Shall we defend the title? Genuine sportsmanship says Yes!

Six thousand subscriptions of one dollar each will do it. Will you be one of the six thousand?

The National Rifle Association of America
Woodward Building; Washington, D. C.

Scores of the Zettler Rifle Club, March 26.

A. Begerow	239 242 240 239 239	1199
L. P. Hansen	244 241 243 242 244	1214
F. Hecking	239 239 240 242 239	1199
A. B. Leavitt	236 238 244 241 244	1203
H. M. Pope	241 245 245 248 247	1226
G. Schlicht	245 246 246 246 244	1227
C. A. Schrag	239 235 239 244 233	1190
O. Smith	247 243 243 243 247	1223
W. A. Tewes	244 245 245 246 248	1228
J. Johnson	224 236 229 215 220	1124
B. Zettler	241 238 231 236 232	1178
C. Zettler	245 244 241 243 244	1217



**Visit Geyser-land
This Summer**



**Yellowstone Park
June 15-Sept. 15**

No place like it in all the world. Geysers, cataracts, canyons, hot springs, mud volcanos, beasts, birds and fish.

Regular Park tour consumes 5 1-2 days. Rate, including all hotel accommodations, meals, lodging and stage transportation for the 143 mile trip only \$55.50 from Livingston, Montana, Low Fares to Pacific Coast on numerous dates.

Write for details and enclose 6 cents for de luxe book "Through Wonderland."

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National Defense Trophy
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WILMINGTON, DEL.



A "dense" shotgun powder for trap and field shooting.

Unsurpassed for its waterproof qualities, and its perfect keeping properties.

Gives high velocities and excellent pattern.

Will not pit or corrode the gun barrels.

A trial will convince you.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY
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BADGES

Write for prices to

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**THE NIEDNER
FIREARM DOPE**

For Metal Fouling in high power rifles, 22 calibers, revolvers and firearms of all kinds.

This Dope will positively remove metal fouling and all smokeless and black powder residue without the use of a brush. It is not an oil, it is a cleaner. Will not injure the finest barrel. Reduces the work of cleaning 75%.

Price 25c. By Mail 35c.

Distributed by: J. H. FITZGERALD
281 Merrimack St., Manchester, N.H.

Leadville, (Colo.) Rifle Club.

The following scores were shot March 17th at 200 yards. German ring target. Strong changeable wind. Altitude 10,150 feet above sea level. Three feet of snow, badly drifted. Mercury 22° above.

Foster	139	147	139
Evans	168	154	189
Abbott	197	198	207
Mercereau	162	186	
French	208	214	230

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club.

On March 17, the club held its regular practice shoot on the 200-yard rifle range. The weather conditions were good and the scores were above the averages.

GERMAN RING.

E. Schierbaum	228	221	221	218	215	213
	209	207				
A. J. Brannagan	226	218	209			
C. M. Henderson	225	225				
M. W. Housner	223	223				
B. Jonas	218	218	217			
J. Williams	218	218	206	206	203	202
G. A. Pattberg	218	214	210	209		
C. W. Linder	210					
C. W. Seely	208	206	205			
E. N. Moor	206	199				
K. O. Kindgren	204	203	197			
Dr. S. B. Lyon	189	164				
H. Enge	199	198	186			
Chas. Barber	180	169	157	143		
E. Helm	172	161	150			
F. J. Povey	179	155				

PISTOL AND REVOLVER AT 50 YARDS.

STANDARD AMERICAN.

Robt. Mills	98	93	92	91	90	90	89
J. E. Gorman	97	97	96	95	95		
W. C. Prichard	94	94	93				
C. W. Linder	93						
W. F. Blasse	92	87	87				
Dr. R. A. Summers	90	89					
E. Schierbaum	89	78	77				
C. W. Seely	88	87	85				
Chas. Whaley	87						
J. Appleyard	86						
Dr. S. B. Lyon	85	77	73	72	67		

THE CALL OF THE CLAY.

May 14-16, Columbus, Ga. The Interstate Association's Seventh Southern Handicap Tournament, under

the auspices of the Columbus Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-treasurer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

July 16-18, Bradford, Pa. The Interstate Association's Seventh Eastern Handicap Tournament, under the auspices of the Bradford Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-treasurer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

August 14-16, Kansas City, Mo. The Interstate Association's Seventh Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Kansas City Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Western Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Treasurer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

August 27-29, Portland, Oreg. The Interstate Association's Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap Tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Treasurer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Shotgun Tournament at Sea Girt.

The organization of a gun club within the New Jersey State Rifle Association was perfected at a meeting held at 98 Chambers Street, New York City, the 29th day of March, 1912, and the following officers of the club were elected for the ensuing year:

- President, Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Passaic, N. J.
- Vice President, Col. William Libbey, Princeton, N. J.
- Treasurer, Col. Charles A. Reid, Trenton, N. J.
- Secretary, Henry G. Aspell, Passaic, N. J.
- Field Captain, Charles F. Silvester, Princeton, N. J.

It was decided that a two-day tournament be held in July, and that the annual trap shooting would be held in September at the time of the New Jersey State Rifle Association's meeting, Sea Girt, N. J. Application has already been made to the Interstate Association for membership of the club in that organization.

The lovers of the "Sport Alluring" (trap



BEST BY TEST


The National Rifle Association Committee of Ammunition Experts conducted at the U. S. Marine Corps Rifle Range, Winthrop, Md., on Monday, March 25, an exhaustive test of 30 caliber service ammunition to determine which of the five makes of ammunition submitted was the most accurate and best for the use of the Argentina and Olympic Rifle Teams.

THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT

"That the test having demonstrated the superiority of the United States Cartridge Co.'s ammunition, which was found most accurate at 350 and 600 meters, the same was accepted for the use of the International Teams."

THE RESULTS OF THE TEST

	U. S. Cart. Co.	Win.	Frankford	U. M. C.	Peters
350 Meters	2.550	2.691	3.146	3.222	3.201
600 "	3.965	4.951	4.822	5.131	5.618
Mean of Means	3.257	3.821	3.984	4.176	4.409

The above facts are indisputable evidence of the absolute superiority of  Ammunition

CAN ANYTHING BE MORE CONCLUSIVE?

THEREFORE  IS ABSOLUTELY

STANDARD OF THE WORLD



Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



**"The Proven Best
by Government Test"**

The **AUTOMATIC PISTOL** with an
EXTRA SAFETY

It makes the COLT take care of itself in preventing accidental discharge. No thought or attention required by the shooter.

SAVES WORRY!

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU
A COLT .25, .32 OR .380 HAMMERLESS
AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

**LOOK FOR THE AUTOMATIC
SAFETY IN THE GRIP**

which positively locks the action against firing until automatically compressed by the shooter *when he intends to pull the trigger.*

This allows you to put a COLT in your pocket, hand-bag or other convenient place **LOADED AND COCKED—READY FOR INSTANT USE** without risk of accidental discharge. The **SLIDE LOCK SAFETY** can be thrown on *if desired* making the COLT **DOUBLY SAFE**. This is an additional rather than an essential protective device. The COLT is always safe—it takes care of itself—*and you.*

The COLT HAMMERLESS AUTOMATIC PISTOL has no working parts exposed—no hammer to catch in the pocket. The COLT SAFETIES indicate whether or not the pistol *is* cocked.

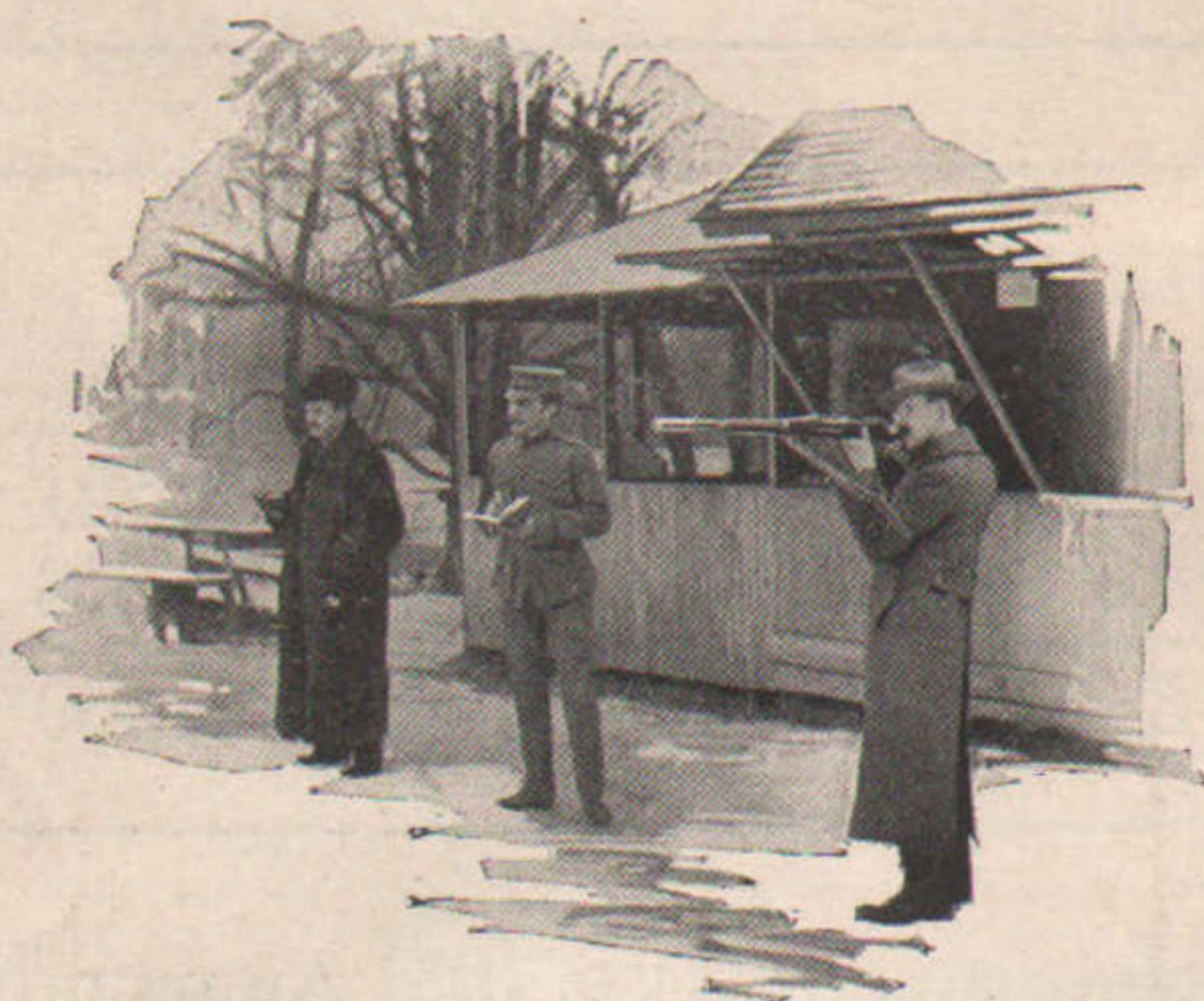
Remember COLTS have proved their superiority over all others. Catalogue No. 115 mailed free.

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MAKE IT SAFE"**



SPRING PRACTICE

That means the outdoor range, the same old recoil, noise, headache and general punishment incident to the firing of the high velocity cartridge. These annoying features go with it to those who will not take advantage of the greatest invention of modern times.

THE MAXIM SILENCER

Will add fifty per cent to the pleasure and profit of shooting. Be comfortable when you shoot, whether it be with the Springfield .30 or whatever rifle.

We all know that it reduces recoil, noise, and also a desire to flinch away off the target every time the trigger is squeezed.

EVERY COMPANY COMMANDER

Who has the welfare of his company at heart should have at least ten silencers in his possession for the instruction of the rookie private, and if the figure of merit of the company isn't increased by a goodly margin it will be because the men don't want to shoot anyway.

SEND IN YOUR REQUISITION

At once. The silencer is obtainable under section 1661 as a charge against the allotment of the state.

Write anyway for a booklet describing and illustrating this wonderful device.

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Zettler 100 Shot Championship

1910	2474
1911	2484
1912	2478

100 Shot U. S. Championship

1911	2482
1912	2479

Inter-club Team Match

1912	996
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PISTOL

50 shot record	479
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