

# ARMS AND THE MAN

Vol. LIII, No. 7

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**THE NATIONAL  
MILITARY AND SHOOTING WEEKLY**

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# ARMS AND THE MAN

FORMERLY  
SHOOTING AND FISHING.

VOLUME LIII. No. 7.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 14, 1912.

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## Fir-Lined Trails.

BY EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

IT is not a river to attract a self-respecting trout. With the color and the size of a small Missouri, it has the uncouth, frolicsome disposition of a mountain brook. One is reminded of an elephant doing the Highland Fling, or of mutton that thinks itself lamb.

In one place it flows along with the smoothness and the dignity of a real river, with only its unctuous whirls here and there to betray a disposition akin to that of a Tonto Apache. In another it is a drunken river on a celebration, whooping over the rocks in its bed, staggering around curves with the sound of a train on a far-off bridge, and belching drunken threats at those who walk along its banks.

We fished it, listening to the fascinating tales of Charley about the schools of rainbow that occasionally swept up and down the river, seizing bait and endeavoring to pull one more victim into the Klamath. We expected little from such a river and we were not disappointed.

We fished with salmon eggs, a procedure that we later learned from fishermen friends is akin to shooting a quail on the ground—asleep.

After two hours we agreed that it *was* sinful—as a waster of time. A stick of dynamite, a long fuse and dipnet for the slain appealed to us as being the proper tackle for that river. Then we quit. We had come to the Siskiyou for game, not for service as purveyors of salmon eggs to ungrateful fish.

Fishing with salmon eggs in the Klamath, in case you have the fishing bug, consists of trying a nasty mess of cold, clammy fish eggs to a sharp and ubiquitous hook with a bit of snarled thread. Then the mess is lowered into the roily water, where little fish sit on their tails and feast from the bait the gods send to them.

Occasionally one gets impatient and rudely jerks the bait. Then you derrick the mess out of the water with speed, but you never land anything. Once we nearly caught a measly little trout, but he perceived his peril and quit chewing the eggs before we could swing him onto the bank, where burning at the stake awaited him.

Far to the north and east of us the river crept out of the big lake, wound about through the mountains, emerged into the north end of the Shasta Valley and then, abashed at finding itself so near civilization, hurried past the site of the burned town of Klamathon, dived under the railroad and sought the handiest canyon of the Siskiyou where it might misbehave itself without the trammels of the white man.

Below us, where we were going, it crept deeper and deeper into the main range of the Siskiyou, always hurrying down its heavy grade of twenty feet to the mile and always alternating between smooth reaches that invited the lover of the canoe and quiet waters and stretches of roaring rapids with the fall and bed of a mountain stream and the flow of a big eastern river.

It is an irritable, treacherous, irresponsible sort of a stream with a list of killings longer than a score of the worst of western bad men, and ever setting traps for more victims.

Swim in it, and unless you be wary and cool a whirl will pull you down or its chill will paralyze your muscles. Row in it, and the nearest big rapid below will grasp hungrily for you and the boat. Ford it in its shallowest parts, and it will sweep you from your feet and batter you against its rocks and then finish you off in the deep, cold pools of the still waters below.

When the ranchers along its bank cross it they string a strong wire cable from bank to bank and tie their skiffs to the cable with a pulley to allow the halter rope to slip along.

The forty-niners, in their search for the little yellow grains, pushed and pulled and dragged the Klamath about by its tail. Possibly they spoiled its disposition by the liberties they took. It fought back and

acted as much like a wild cat as it knew, and drowned all the gold-seekers it could get its claws upon, but still they persisted.

They built wing dams and crowded the angry current away from some likely looking bar. Occasionally it broke in through the fence and did for the gold-seekers inside, but this does not deter men with gold in sight. They built derricks and hoisted out the stones the river had playfully rolled into its bed, then they took out the gravel and ran it through their rockers and scraped the bed rock with brooms and filled their little buckskin pouches with the yellow grains the river had torn away from the mother lode upstream.

Its course is lined with the great piles of stones taken from it by the Argonauts, while at every bar along it are the old huts of the gold-seekers.

Gradually it is getting even with the white man for the freebooting of the first ones to come into its valley. Sometimes its revenge is a rich one. But lately it caught two men driving a tunnel below its bed, scraping the rich bed rock below the gravel. Through an old '49 working, of which the two men knew nothing, it reached in a claw and got the two men burrowing under its waters. What is left of them is still out under the gray waters where the tunnel broke into the abandoned, water-filled workings of the first gold-seekers.

Incidentally, its fir-lined canyon, running always westward toward the Pacific, cuts through a hundred long miles of the best game country left in California.

Along every few miles of its length, cut in side—canyons like side streets opening onto a broad main one. Full of the dark, whispering pines, the canyons give shelter to deer and bear and mountain lions, the taking of which requires only the skill and the patience and the endurance of the hunter. In the mountaineer's synecdoche the canyons are never canyons—they are creeks. Let the gorge be deep and wide and long and majestic, and the stream in its bottom nothing more than the flow of an overturned bucket, the canyon is nevertheless known not as "Ten-Mile Canyon" or "Indian Canyon" or any other canyon, but as Ten-Mile Creek or Indian Creek. Judging by their system of nomenclature, the Siskiyou mountaineers are as much worshippers of water as ever Persian was of sun.

Twenty miles or more from the depths of the little Klamath gorge, to where they debouch upon the rocky, bare summits of the Siskiyou, not one of the "creeks" is without its big game—deer feeding along its patches of scrub and tan oak, bear waddling among its trees or lying snugly in its little side gulches, and mountain lions lying hidden in their rocky caves and taking biweekly toll from the deer around them.

The river, flowing westward just south of the southern boundary of Oregon, wanders through the main range of the Siskiyou for a hundred long miles before it turns south and finally reaches the Pacific, a couple of hundred long miles from where it is crossed by the railroad line from San Francisco northward.

Along the mountain-sides looking down on the river and its side creeks is the heaviest belt of timber remaining in California, untouched, and fated to remain so until the engineers figure a path for the locomotive down the Klamath's winding canyon.

For eighty miles below the railroad and the civilization of the Shasta Valley a rough wagon road parallels the river, slipping unobtrusively along its banks where there is room, climbing up and clinging to the sides of the gorge like a frightened cat when the river comes crowding over on it and demands to know what in blazes it is following it for anyway.

In the wide places of the gorge lie little ranches, rarely over twenty



acres, usually less, bounded on three sides by the hills crowding down to the water's edge, on the fourth by the boisterous river. Sixty miles from the railroad lies the little town of Hamburg Bar, a relic of the gold-seeking days, a mere wide place in the road, with a one story hotel, two stores, a bar and a blacksmith shop. Twenty miles below is another village, devoted to the Indians of the little reservation. Then the road quits, and the river flows on alone through the Siskiyou.

From the little ranches along the river the bears steal pigs and honey and apples and the ranchers' peace of mind. Some of them keep even by packs of dogs and the sale of the unhappy bruin's hide when the dogs get scent of his tell-tale trail, but the mountains are high, the country is big and bears travel fast. Deer trails are common along the road, regardless of the closeness of some ranch. The ranchers point out to you the place where two mountain lions killed and carried off the little son of a rancher living nearby.

When the young bucks of the ranches desire a little innocent sport to break the monotony, they walk a few miles into the nearest canyon with a couple of the most unpromising dogs ever dog lover gazed upon, turn them loose when they display extravagant signs of delight over certain spots on the ground, and then at the end of divers hours shoot a panting bear out of the tops of a tree where the snapping, dodging dogs finally put him.

#### CHARLEY—ALMOST—GETS IN BAD.

Charley picked up the reins, but the four still slumbered. He spoke impatiently, saying "G'up, Fan!" The off leader pricked up a brown ear, wig-wagged it slowly to show Charley she had heard, then dropped off to sleep again. He hadn't really told her to move.

Charley took a long breath. "Ge-e-up, you —!" he roared, then he stopped. The full sense of his deprivation came over him. The lady was along, and his vocabulary had as a consequence shrunk and become shorn of all its richness.

Fan looked back at Charley with astonishment on her face. Then she nudged Nip, the near-leader, and he gazed around to see who was driving with Charley's voice, but not his words. They moved off, doubtfully, feeling that something dreadfully wrong was back there on the driver's seat, but knowing from the swish of the long lash that the time had come to move.

Often have I envied the marvelous skill of the fly caster. Myself, I can hook a fly into the branches of the tree above me with the most unerring accuracy, nor do I yield the palm to any man for ability to insert a fly into the back of my trousers when I am endeavoring to make it hit a selected spot in the water before me, but it is not to this fancy casting that I refer.

There are men that can stand on the bank of a lake and hit a dinner-plate-sized circle with their fly right along. Nay, more, I am assured by a fisherman who is as veracious as any fisherman can be that he knows a man who can drop a fly into the open mouth of a trout rising to an insect on the surface of the water, and thus compel the trout to interest himself in the fly. I do not know this to be true.

Be it so or not, I claim the laurel wreath for my mountaineer friend, Charley Vann, bear slayer and driver of four-in-hands.

Day after day we watched, and watching, marveled to see him take deadly aim at the recalcitrant Nip's flank—and then swat the indignant and hard-working Fan across the neck with the flying lash. The effect was the same, the angry lunge of the outraged Fan woke up Nip into momentary action, but the justice was doubtful.

The extraordinary merit of the performance lay in its uniformity. I yearn for the day when I can introduce Charley to a fly-casting tournament and watch him win—provided they will let him aim at one target and hit some other one in the same vicinity.

Between times I climbed down over the wheel of the heavy wagon and played tug-of-war with some bush, with the lash of the whip as rope and prize all in one. What I needed was exercise for my legs in preparation for bear hunts to come at the end of the ride. What I got was practice in sheeting home the courses of a man-o'-war square-rigger.

#### WE BEGIN TO LEAVE CIVILIZATION BEHIND.

Along the Upper Klamath the pines stay bashfully away from the misbehaved stream, and only the undersized scrub and pin and tan bushes of the oak tribe clothe the hills along the course of the river. The first frost had nipped the leaves. The river ran through a riot of yellow and orange and reddish leaves, with the dark green of the higher pines as a background.

The morning air felt sharp and biting, strange to the denizens of Southern California, where only a damp, heavy chill represents the cold winter weather. We elected to climb down from the heavy wagon and walk in the effort to get the blood going. Soon the leaders were out of sight behind us, as we wound around the curves in the river-

dodging road, and we walked with only the roar of the river in our ears.

We trudged past the little ranch of the Bean brothers, a couple of acres tucked in the mouth of a little canyon, a bit of level land over which the Klamath had not been able to spread its usual carpet of white rocks and gravel. One of the brothers straightened up from his digging to watch us go by, a lank mountaineer with little of the hero in his appearance, yet one of the men who years before had gone out on the trail of the man-slaying grizzly terror of Pilot Rock—and had returned with the terror safely tucked away on a sledge, 1,800 pounds of mean b'ar and four pounds of .45-70 bullets, so ran the tale of the feat.

As we reached the bottom of a little glade and started up the winding road that again climbed away from the river the wind brought to our ears the sound of language—plain, strong, expressive Anglo-Saxon, carrying with it the fervent desire of someone that the eyes of someone else be condemned to the bulging walls of Gehenna. With it came the hearty rattle of a fast-moving wagon, and we knew that Charley and his horses again understood one another.

As we treked westward, the hills along the river turned to mountains and the pines began to crowd down among the little oaks. From the wagon we could get occasional glimpses of the white-tipped summits of much higher mountains, farther back in the range.

The road, trapped by the river against high, rocky walls, crept across the rushing waters on an old wooden bridge, and again took up its winding and twisting and climbing and descending in the effort to find room between the gray waters of the river and the mountain walls that bordered it.

From Charley's little place, near the railroad and the little town of Hornbrook, clear to Happy Camp, eighty miles down the river, where the road stops, the hills were redolent of bears in Charley's stories—true ones, too, we found.

#### MIGHTY BEAR HUNTERS.

In a little canyon but two hours' ride below Charley's the bear hunter had run to earth and killed the big cinnamon, with the bets even for a while as to which one would play killer and killed.

For three days he and his dogs trailed the big bear around Cottonwood Butte, the big mountain under the shadow of which Charley lived. Each night would find the bear back into the tangled thickets of Ash Creek, where darkness compelled the hunter to give up the chase.

Finally, on the third day, the dogs brought the big cinnamon to an accounting in the thickets of the creek, and Charley, crashing through the bushes into the arena, found the big bear earnestly endeavoring to run down his favorite dog, keeping after the dodging enemy with vicious pertinacity and sending in little short-arm swings of the big paws after the style of a thoroughly angry cinnamon. The other dog vainly sunk his teeth into the brown flanks and braced his feet in the effort to get the bear to interest himself in some other foe.

The space was scanty, hardly the room inside the roped square of the prize fight, and the place was not of Charley's choosing for an argument with the bear, but he had to shoot.

The big .40-82 roared, but the bullet went high and merely tore through an ear of the enraged bear. In a flash he had forgotten the dog and turned on the infinitely preferable man-enemy. Two more big lead bullets found the brown hair, but he didn't pause. The fourth pull of the trigger got only a click of the hammer—the rifle was empty.

The bear raised to his hind feet to strike. "Take him, Fearless!" called the hunter. The dog leaped straight for the throat of the brown terror and drove home his teeth in the loose skin and into the big throat.

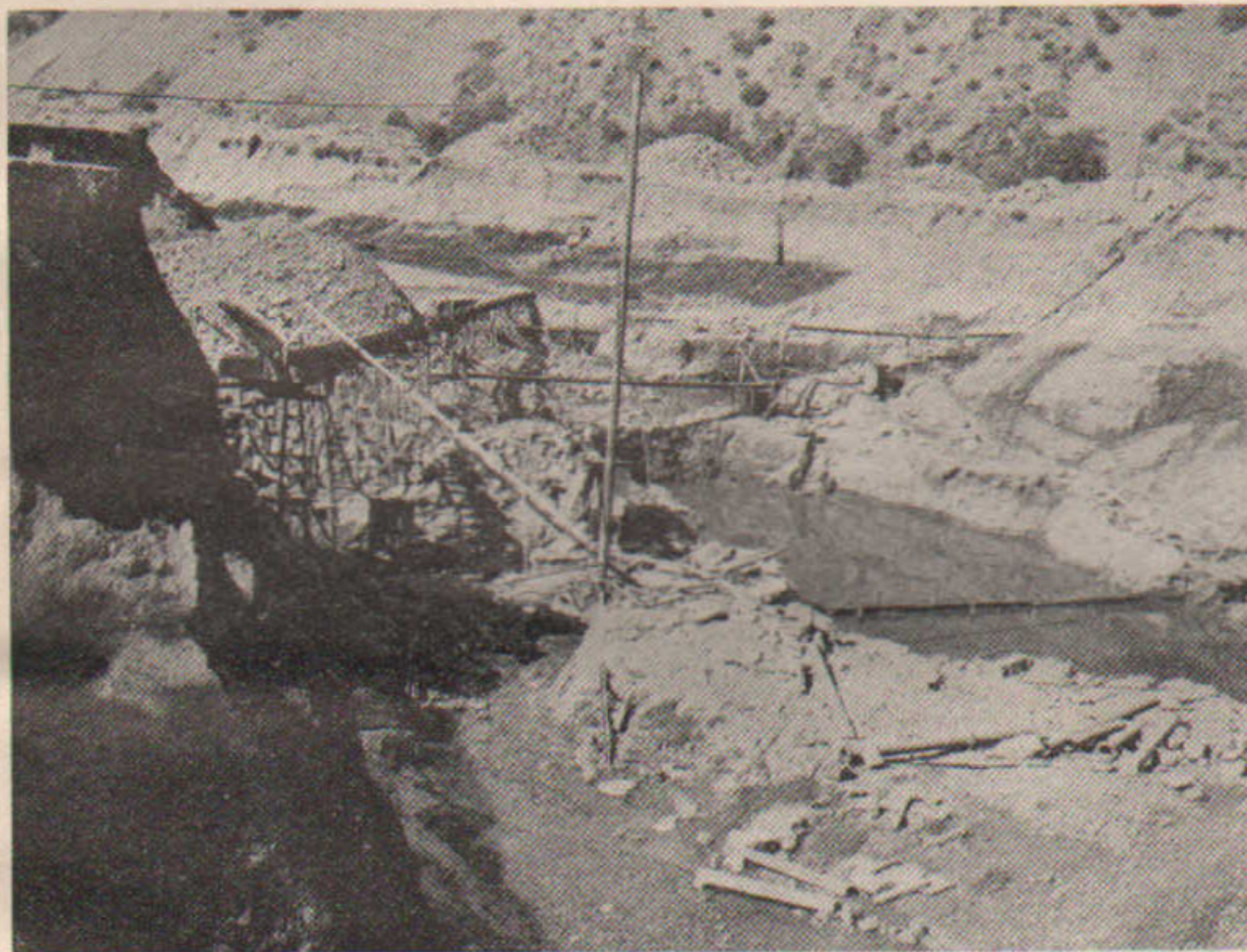
A single snatch of the big paws, and the dog was torn from his hold; another sweep and the dog flew through the air, to crash against a tree on the outside of the circle. Then the cinnamon turned to Charley to finish the argument, but he was too late. Another cartridge had gone into the rifle, and its bullet crashed into the little brain of the monster, with the flame of the powder burning the hair, so close was the muzzle.

Then Charley gathered up the old dog in his arms and tramped home in the vain effort to save the broken and battered fighter.

In another canyon by which we passed near the end of the first day's journey, shallow and filled with the gaily colored oaks in the portion near the river, Charley's 16-year-old boy had, with his younger brother, picked up the track of a huge brown bear, put the dogs on the scent, ran the bear into a tree after two hours' chase, and then shot Mr. B'ar out of the tree-top. With the help of their mother they hoisted the bear onto an extemporized sledge and dragged the 600 pounds down the canyon to the river. By the time the father got down to the fishing



camp, from where the hunt had started, the bear had been converted into bear's grease and the hide into thirty gold dollars of the realm. Thus do the tales work out of ferocious bears that waylay and attack tender youths.



Work of Modern Argonauts, a Cut One Quarter Mile Long and Seventy Feet Deep, Where the Dredgers Sought the Golden Grains Down on Bed-rock.

#### EVIDENCES OF THE SEARCH FOR YELLOW METAL.

Every mile along the river gave proof of the thoroughness with which the objecting stream had been curried and combed for the yellow gold in its bed. At every long turn great piles of boulders marked the locations of the old wing dams by which the water had been crowded away from the bars and the rich gravel exposed.

In the afternoon we rumbled around a sharp letter S curve, the road high above the river, and the leaders prancing merrily out of our sight around some of the sharp turns in the way.

Then we met the other wagon, a meeting that Charley had feared in just such a spot. The road, between its steep bank on the inside and the sudden drop to the river on the other, was just about a wagon and a half in width. Therefore, the two mountaineers proceeded to hitch and crowd and edge and squeeze the two heavy wagons by each other, blocking the wheels of the outer one with stones to stop a fall into the Klamath a hundred feet below, crowding the other up on the side of the bank until it threatened to turn over, and finally proving entirely false the old axiom that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. By tape line and eye could you prove its falsity.

#### ANCIENT GOTTVILLE.

Old Gottville lay toward the end of the day's journey, once a hell-roaring camp of the Bret Harte type, now faded to a few old tumble-down buildings. In the '49 days the camp had swarmed with the flannel-shirted Argonauts, pushing out their wing-dams, the remnants of which still stuck up here and there, hoisting out the boulders with their crude derricks and reaping the rich harvest that lay on the bed-rock and in the gravel of the bars.

Then when their impatient souls had been satisfied that nothing more worth while lay in the mouth of the gulch that opened out at the Gottville Bar, and when they had packed up and sought other fields, in came the patient Chinese, with their co-operative systems of labor and their skill, and their far-seeing methods of attacking the river bars. They had the white man float rafts of lumber down river at high water from the mills at Klamathon, they worked like beavers on the bars that the white man had discarded as worthless, and they took out more gold than he saw in all his hasty seizing of the surface riches.

#### WE CROSS THE RIVER.

Below Gottville we tied up the four-horse craft while Charley ferried over the river in a spot where hasty rowing would land a skiff not more than a hundred yards or so below where it had started. Then he disappeared up the canyon in search of an alleged wonderful bear dog that had gotten loose on his last trip after bear. Rumor had it that the dog was in the hands of a rancher up the canyon.

Two hours later, when we were debating whether to fire a few shots up the canyon to liven things up or to drive on down the river in search of a place for the night, the hunter came into sight. Behind him he towed a dog, or a very near approach to one. It traveled alternately on three legs and on four, like a gas engine that can't make all

four cylinders explode in their turn. It was a trifle larger than a big tom cat, but considerably less spirited looking. Its long ears seemed to betray a hound origin as part of its pedigree; its legs indicated that a spider had been some time or other mixed up in its family tree. It apologized with sorrowful mien to the trees under which it limped, to the brush by which it sneaked, to the sun for using up its light, and to the universe in general for existing. It made a Quaker resemble a game cock by comparison. And this was a bear dog. We thought of the two hours we had waited, gazed at what we had waited for, and wept.

On closer inspection it reminded one of the good old tale of the traveler in the mountains of North Carolina.

#### THE TALE OF A DOG.

He came to a little clearing, with a tumble-down shanty in the middle of it, some pumpkin-seed hogs running in and out through the cracks in the fence, a long, cadaverous mountaineer sitting on the stoop of the shack, and in the yard a very thin dog that seemed to be mad. He would trot a ways and then turn and snarl ferociously at his shadow. Then he would again start across the yard, to repeat the turning and snarling performance.

"Hi, stranger," called the traveler, "what's the matter with that dog, is he mad?" The mountaineer looked up, uninterested. "Reckon not," he drawled, "what's the matter with him that he looks mad?"

"Why, confound it," yelled the traveler, "look at him forever turning around and snapping at his shadow. What's he doing that for?"

"Shadder nothing," returned the dog's owner; "that ain't his shadder, that's another dog."

The newcomer was made welcome by our other two dogs, Fearless, a worthy but aged successor to a departed bear fighter, and Jake, the big half-breed Airedale, good natured and courageous of spirit. Grouchy old Fearless sniffed in bored fashion, took a sample bite that started the noise of a dozen coyotes from the horrified little dog, and then went off to sleep. Our dog equipment was thus made complete, according to Charley, over-abundant from our own standpoint, nor did we have reason to change our minds later on.

#### A GLIMPSE OF HYDRAULIC MINING.

Be it known that even as the canyons are all called creeks, the little hamlets are all known as bars. Not the sort of bars fought industriously by the W. C. T. U., but the sort frequented by gentlemen seeking the gold cure. The Argonauts faded into the past years before, although the hydraulikers still tear open the mountain-sides with their watery trowels, but the nomenclature of the forty-niners still remains. They were not interested in canyons, but they were in creeks. Those gave them water for their long toms and carried gold down from the high mountains. Therefore all canyons are creeks and all settlements bars, for the reason that only at the bars were their settlements built.

Two of them we passed before we reached the lower Klamath metropolis, Hamburg Bar, with its 100 population and its two stores. Near Oak Bar we came upon a great wound torn into the red side of the mountain. Across it stretched a crooked length of twelve-inch iron pipe, wet and glistening and not unlike an exposed vein. At its lower end was a great nozzle, like a giant fireman's equipment. It was swung up or down or across from side to side by a turn-table on which it rested.



The Bank and the Stream That Did the Work.



## THE BANK AND THE STREAM.

From it there leaped a great white jet of water that tore at the red bank a hundred feet away and crumbled the earth down in dozen-ton morsels. A great, splashing roar went up from the stream that steadily ripped down the bank. Below a red, muddy stream ran across the wound and into the sluice boxes, where the little yellow grains sank and were held against the cleats that covered the bottom of the box.

Little Giants and iron pipes were unobtainable luxuries in the days of the first gold-seekers. They left the richer, if less easily obtained harvest, for the better equipped latecomers.

I thirsted for a picture of the great stream striking at close range. Therefore I climbed across the mine and got it a dozen feet away. I managed to wipe the camera dry afterward. My clothes didn't matter.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE RECENT RADICAL CHANGES IN NEW YORK.

THE late sweeping changes in the National Guard of New York by which, after the retirement of General Roe, Major O'Ryan, of the Field Artillery, was appointed by Governor Dix major general and commander of the Division, followed by the order recently appearing in the columns of ARMS AND THE MAN by which General O'Ryan and the officers of the Division Staff were placed upon the supernumerary list, has naturally aroused much curiosity among National Guardsmen of other States and others interested in that excellent military organization.

ARMS AND THE MAN has endeavored to secure the facts of the case that they might be presented to its readers.

Governor Dix appointed as adjutant general Gen. William Verbeck, who is a very competent soldier. Capt. J. F. O'Ryan was a capable commander of a battery. He had attended maneuvers and service schools, was a military student and had won the commendation of Gen. Leonard Wood and other regular officers as a particularly efficient, up-to-date officer.

Governor Dix owed his election to Murphy and Tammany Hall, and seems to have done everything these interests asked. A number of months before the Retirement Bill was passed which legislated General Roe out of office Captain O'Ryan obtained Governor Dix's confidence. He and his friends claim that this was on account of the endorsement which had been given to him by General Wood and other regular officers as to his efficiency. Others say it was through the influence of Tammany Hall.

A bill was then introduced in the Legislature fixing a retirement age to correspond with that in use in the Regular Army. There were several brigadier generals and other officers who had passed or were approaching that age, some of whom were inefficient, but there were others who were efficient but whose positions were desired by subordinates. The Guard opposed this bill because it would retire General Roe, who, by reason of his being a West Pointer who had seen service in the field with the Army, and who had come into the National Guard and created an efficient organization there, seemed worthy of being retained, particularly as there was no question as to his ability, physically and mentally, to continue for years to discharge his duties as major general.

This bill was pressed by a number of those who wished to retire officers at a specified age—as is done in the Army—regardless of physical competency, and by others who wished to get positions that would be vacated by the retirement of other officers who would be affected by the measure, and the Tammany influence in the Legislature was exerted in its favor.

Captain O'Ryan was then mentioned as a candidate for the major generalship. Not being eligible as a captain, the Governor expanded O'Ryan's battery into a battalion and made him a major. The bill was then passed by Democratic vote against the wishes of a great majority of the National Guard, who considered that it was introducing politics into the system.

General O'Ryan has always insisted that as far as he was personally concerned he did not solicit any political support. General Roe, however, was retired and General O'Ryan was appointed. He appointed on his staff thoroughly competent officers, has taken an active interest in the Guard and has never indicated that he is in any way influenced by political considerations. Generally he has "made good."

The friction, however, which always existed between the adjutant general and major general commanding the division soon broke out between General O'Ryan and General Verbeck, and has since continued.

When the maneuvers were announced last spring, Governor Dix, it is stated by General O'Ryan's friends, agreed that the latter should receive pay during the two or three months in which he was required to devote himself very largely to the work of preparation. Subsequently, when the Governor was in Europe, the Lieutenant Governor issued an order to that effect. This was disputed by Adjutant General Verbeck, and resulted in General O'Ryan being simply allowed pay for about six days at the maneuvers.

Inasmuch as none of the other officers of the National Guard received pay for their services except for the actual period during which they were in service after the maneuvers commenced, some of them were not pleased, and this incident increased the belief previously existing of an understanding at the time of General O'Ryan's appointment that a salary should be attached to the position.

In the summer of 1912 the Governor issued an order creating the adjutant general Chief of Staff, although there was no staff in the Guard for him to be chief of. This was an indication that the Governor had become alienated from General O'Ryan and had transferred his influence in favor of General Verbeck. In addition, it is known that Governor Dix is greatly incensed against Tammany because it refused to support him for renomination. About October last he issued an order depriving General O'Ryan of the command of the Division and placing him and other officers on the supernumerary list. His right to do this is contested.

The Constitution of the State provides that the Governor is commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces of the State. It also provides that it shall be organized and divided into such forces as the Legislature may deem proper. The Legislature, in the Military Law, provided that the National Guard should consist of a division which should be under the command of a major general, and this law speaks in a number of places of "the major general." This officer is appointed by the Governor, but only with the approval of the Senate.

The Military Law authorizes the disbandment and reorganization of the various regiments and other organizations, and provides that any officers who are thereby deprived of their offices shall be placed upon the supernumerary list. This, it will be observed, is not a disciplinary measure, but simply because their commands have ceased to exist.

The Governor's order prescribes no changes in respect to the units composing the Guard, neither did it disband the Guard, and military lawyers are practically unanimous in the opinion that the Governor had no power to place General O'Ryan on the supernumerary list. It is stated from Albany that he considered the act of the Legislature to be unconstitutional as far as it limited his right to do this, because he possessed it through his constitutional power as commander-in-chief. In this it is generally believed that he is wrong. The Constitution authorizes the Legislature to prescribe how the Guard shall be organized, and its acts in doing this, as it did, are constitutional.

Knowing the opposition which existed among the Guard in respect to General O'Ryan's appointment, General Verbeck and the Governor generally expected that the officers of the Guard would support his retirement. The general feeling in the Guard is that General O'Ryan, having procured his appointment by introducing politics into the Guard—which they all deprecate—has received a dose of his own medicine and is not entitled to their sympathy.

At the same time they disapprove of the attempt to place the adjutant general, who is appointed by the Governor, holds office only during his term, is not even required to be a soldier, and, in consequence, is usually more or less of a political appointment, as practically the commander-in-chief of the Guard. This was the system which was in existence at the time the Division was created and General Roe placed in command of it, and its evils had been found so great as to induce the change which was then made.

Adjutant General Verbeck recently called a meeting of the Militia Council and another meeting of the leading National Guard officers, both of which recommended to the Governor "the immediate re-establishment of the Division." At the latter meeting a resolution was passed that "in their opinion in doing what he had done General Verbeck was acting for what he thought was for the best interests of the Guard."

General O'Ryan has announced his intention of disputing in the courts the legality of Governor Dix's action. In the meantime the Governor has issued an order, as noted in ARMS AND THE MAN of last week, which re-creates the divisional organization, but no major general commanding is named.

Brig. Gen. John G. Eddy, Second Brigade, as senior brigade commander, is therefore acting division brigade commander pending the filling of the vacancy caused by the placing of General O'Ryan on the supernumerary list.



**NATIONAL GUARD ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.**

**T**HE program for the fourteenth annual convention of the National Guard Association of the United States, at Norfolk, Va., December 2, 3 and 4, is an interesting one and promises a busy session for the delegates.

The convention will be called to order at 10 o'clock a. m., Monday, December 2, with an invocation by Chaplain Walter G. Parker, Fourth Infantry. Addresses of welcome will be made by Hon. Wyndham R. Mayo, Mayor of Norfolk, Va.; Hon. William Hodges Mann, Governor of Virginia, and Gen. William W. Sale, the Adjutant General of Virginia. An address by Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, president of the Association, will then be made.

The regular order of business—Receiving and acting on credentials, roll call, reading of minutes of previous meeting, reports of officers, collection of dues, reports of committees, unfinished business, new business, election of officers, selection of place of next annual meeting; adjournment.



**Brig. Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, N. G. Pa. President National Guard Assn. of the U. S.**

The Hon. Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War; Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff, and Brig. Gen. Albert L. Mills, Chief, Division of Militia Affairs, will be present and address the convention.

The following subjects will be discussed during the convention, and delegates are requested to take part in the discussions:

"The Proposed Plan for the Organization of the Land Forces of the United States," by Capt. Geo. V. H. Moseley, U. S. A.

**QUESTIONS AND DISCUSSION.**

"Target Practice," by Gen. Charles D. Gaither, Inspector General, Maryland National Guard, and Capt. James Ronayne, U. S. A., Lieutenant Colonel, Inspector General, Illinois National Guard.

"Joint Maneuvers—Connecticut," by Brig. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., and Col. Edw. Schulze, Inspector General, Connecticut National Guard.

"Joint Maneuvers—Sparta," by Maj. Carl Reichmann, U. S. A.

"Cavalry in the National Guard Service," by Col. Milton J. Foreman, First Cavalry, Illinois National Guard.

Subject to be selected, Maj. Waldo E. Ayer, U. S. A., detailed to Kansas National Guard.

"Federal Pay Bill," by Maj. Gen. Edward C. Young, chairman Executive Committee, National Guard Association of the United States.

The Hotel Monticello will be headquarters for the association. Other hotels are Lynnhaven, Lorraine, Fairfax and Atlantic.

Meetings will be called to order at 10 o'clock a. m. sharp. Delegates will attend business sessions in dress uniform.

The Governors' Convention, to be held in Richmond, Va., at the time of our convention, will visit Norfolk and our convention during one of the days of its sessions, and will be entertained on that day with our own delegates.

**PLANS FOR ENTERTAINMENT.**

Adjourn Monday afternoon's business meeting at 4 o'clock. Reception, 8 to 9 o'clock p. m., Monticello Hotel, followed by dancing, 9 to 12 p. m.

Adjourn Tuesday's business at 1 o'clock.

Boat trip to Jamestown and Fortress Monroe, observing Regular Army parade and target practice with big guns.

Adjourn Wednesday's session at conclusion of business.

Take boat at 1 o'clock for oyster roast at Cape Henry, Va., attended by visiting Governors.

The return to Norfolk on Wednesday will be made in sufficient time for the delegates to get all outgoing trains and steamboats.

The above plans for entertainment are tentative and subject to modifications. A full and complete, detailed program will be furnished delegates on their arrival at Norfolk.

Ladies accompanying delegates are invited to participate in the program of entertainment arranged above. Any special entertainment for the ladies will be announced at the convention.

Delegates are requested to register with Gen. Charles I. Martin, secretary, at the Convention Hall, on arrival, at which time official badges will be issued.

Gen. E. C. Young is chairman of the executive committee, and Gen. William W. Sale, chairman of the committee of arrangements.

A complete report of the convention will be furnished **ARMS AND THE MAN** by a staff representative, and the various subjects under discussion will be treated in detail.

**NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION NOTES.**

**W**ITH the approach of the indoor season there appears to be more activity along the lines of organizing new clubs than there was in the spring, when the outdoor season was beginning. During the last week applications for affiliation were received from four new clubs located at New Orleans, La.; St. Louis, Mo.; Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio. Clubs are also in course of organization at Charleston, S. C., and Montgomery, Ala.

The club at Toledo is composed entirely of employes of an automobile concern. Nearly all of the forty-odd members of the club are ex-Ohio National Guardsmen, or have seen service in the Spanish-American War. An interesting feature connected with the organization of this new rifle club is the interest being taken in it by Mr. Bennett, vice-president of the company, who has himself seen service in the British volunteer forces. Mr. Bennett has promised the unqualified support of his company for the rifle club and has pledged himself to equip an indoor range for the use of the club in one of the factory buildings. The example of Mr. Bennett may well be followed by other large employers of labor. There is undoubtedly a thorough understanding between employer and employe in this case. Evidently the Industrial Workers of the World have no foothold in Toledo.

The sight question for the indoor matches will not down. It is very evident that there is an active propaganda being carried on by the telescope adherents. As previously stated, the National Rifle Association of America is not unfriendly to the use of the telescope and would be very glad to form a special league for clubs so equipped if it is evident that such a league is wanted. It apparently would not be difficult to get ten clubs to organize a telescope league, and it would be very interesting to watch the comparison of scores every week between the clubs of such a league and those shooting without telescopes.

The suggestion is made by **ARMS AND THE MAN** that those organizations desiring to shoot in a league of clubs where the telescope sight only will be used send in their application at once. If ten or more are received, such a league will at once be organized. Action must be taken at once, however, as the time is short and there is much to be done.

**INCREASING THE ARMY OF GERMANY.**

**T**HE Army of Germany will hereafter have an annual addition of 50,000 men. On a peace footing the total number of men constituting the defense of the Fatherland for 1912 is 695,000. It is said that the change is welcomed by the officers as increasing the rate of promotion.

The average service of the senior officers of each rank is: Lieutenant, 17 years; captain, 27 years; major, 34 years, and colonel, 36 years. The 1912 law provides for 24 new generals as inspectors of Landwehr, 14 new battalions, absorbing 14 majors and 56 captains; one new cavalry regiment and 36 new batteries. Besides this, each regiment is to have one more lieutenant colonel or major, and each 12-battery brigade is to have one more lieutenant colonel and one more captain. Altogether the German officer is feeling pretty well these days, the more so that his expenses are being reduced by the abolition of the parade uniform.



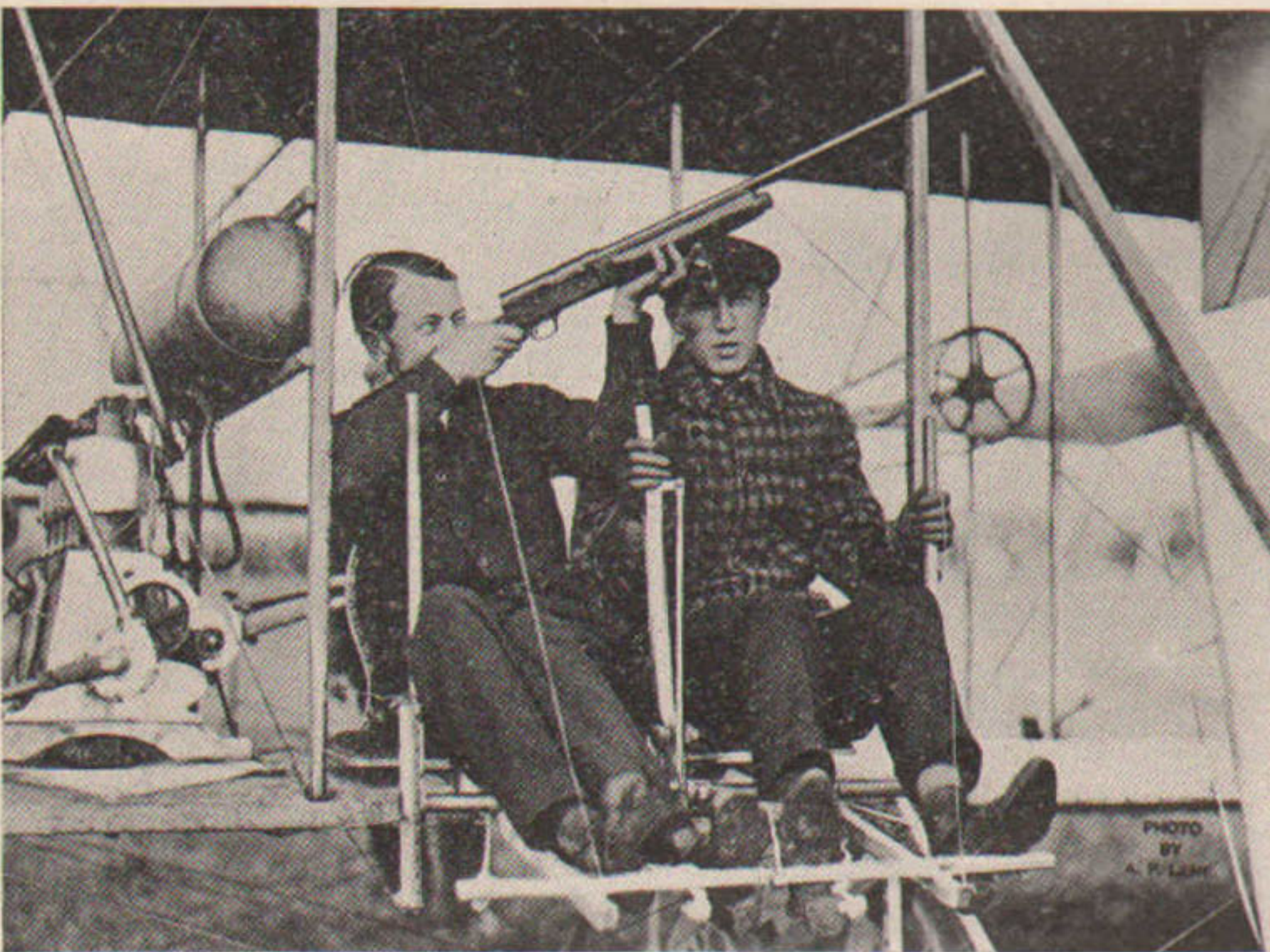
### THE WORLD'S FIRST AERIAL SHOOTING CONTEST.

HAVING tested the full joys of "the shoot" on old Mother Earth, the twentieth century marksman has finally taken his modern firearm into the heavens, on the wings of the torpedo boat of the clouds, there to battle in still more glorious conquests.

Through all the ages of history the world had waited until November 5, 1912, to see an actual shooting contest in the air. On that day Charles Lee Calder, borne in a Wright biplane by George W. Beatty, soared above a cheering crowd at Aviation Field, Oakwood Heights, Staten Island, and, with a shotgun, brought down three of seven balloons released after the big machine had left the ground.

Before taking wing Calder had shot five balloons from the ground without a miss as part of the contest, his opponent breaking two of his five. In the air Calder's rival, the first to go up, did not break any of the balloons, though his aviator worked skillfully in jockeying for advantageous shots.

Thrilling, indeed, was the spectacle from the viewpoint of the man in the grandstand. The balloons were sent up a few minutes apart from far out in the field and drifted up toward the watching throng.



A Shotgun Shooting Contest in the Air.

It was necessary for the aviators to work their machines into positions at right angles to the balloons, that the shooting might be done across the field and not toward the spectators. This condition, together with the uncertainty of the air currents, required much maneuvering, and the onlookers were treated to a rare exhibition of aeroplane manipulation.

There are undoubtedly elements of interest in aerial shooting stunts that are not found in even the most exciting contests on terra firma, and it is probable that the future will see many more such contests as the gathering at Oakwood Heights was privileged to witness.

Birdman Beatty, an experienced teacher of flying, believes that aerial shooting matches may readily be brought to a high state of perfection as an amusement and that this branch of air mastery is not without suggestions from the military viewpoint. Mr. Calder, who is prominent both as a journalist and aviator, says that there is no diversion to compare with "gunning in the clouds" for pure enjoyment, and predicts for it a permanent place among American sports.

### CHINA'S AMERICAN GENERAL.

THE death of Gen. Homer Lea, best known in this country as the author of "The Valor of Ignorance," says *Harper's Weekly*, was the end of an astonishing life—astonishing, that is to say, to everybody but the man who lived it. He himself, however, foresaw and announced, when he was still but a college boy, what it was going to be. He announced that it was going to be spent in freeing China and that he would probably hold high military rank in the Chinese service.

That was only some twelve years ago, and it is no wonder his fellows could not believe him, for he was delicate, undersized, deformed; and if there were any signs of a republic in China hardly anybody else in America had observed them. Nevertheless, China is a republic, and Homer Lea, though he did not quite live to be thirty-six, was one of the chief agents in her transformation and died a Chinese general.

Such a career would not do in a novel. It would be accounted untrue to life, impossible.

### THE FRENCH POWDER PROBLEM.

SEVERAL minor accidents have occurred since the disaster to the *Liberté*, due, no doubt, to the instability of the French powder. Recently a six-inch cartridge exploded when being placed in the breech, and another explosion took place at another gun during the same practice. Similar explosions have occurred in other places, resulting in killed and wounded.

It seems to be the opinion that the Amyl alcohol contained in the powder volatilizes and takes fire on contact with the heated walls of the powder chamber. The authorities have ordered several tons of powder from England and Swedish and Italian factories for experimental purposes. The annual consumption of powder in the French Navy is about 3,200 tons.

### A FOREIGN VIEW.

AN esteemed foreign exchange recently made the observation that "military affairs in the United States are ruled very largely by political considerations, and Congress is apt to take special views of its own, but there exists a strong sense in military circles of the necessity of bringing about a real reorganization of the Army, if it is ever to become effective for war."

We quite agree with this view of the situation. The Congress of the United States is becoming more cognizant with the need of army legislation as time goes on, which in part is brought about by those right-thinking, unselfish men who realize the necessity of safeguarding our wealth and happiness with an Army in fact as well as name.

### THE MACHINE GUN AND ITS SPHERE OF ACTION.

IN a recent issue we touched lightly on certain episodes in the late field operations which seemed to indicate that different opinions exist as to the best method of using these valuable weapons, says *United Service Gazette*, London: We made special reference to certain teams which, from their manner of taking up position, appeared to regard themselves as artillery or a substitute for artillery. This, it is needless to point out, is a serious error, and would be quickly so proved in real action.

It seems to be pretty well agreed that machine guns are to be regarded as an auxiliary to infantry or cavalry, and not as a separate "arm" in the tactical sense. They may perhaps be best described as a special form of infantry, enabling a commander, in case of need, to concentrate on any given points from a very narrow front, the equivalent of dense infantry fire. That they should co-operate in the closest possible manner with the infantry or cavalry on their side is now an axiom, but our experience in South Africa emphasized the necessity of allowing them a certain freedom of action and of relaxing somewhat the rule requiring them to maintain their exact position relatively to the unit.

In Germany, where infantry machine-gun companies of six Maxims are organized—in principle one machine-gun company is allotted to each regiment of three battalions—this partial independence seems to be recognized, and there is a great weight of opinion in favor of extending their sphere of action and employing them as a mobile reserve of fire. But whether employed as an "arm" in numbers, or as an auxiliary in sections, one of the most definite teachings of experience is the need of concealment, and it was the neglect of this precaution in at least one instance, to which we specially referred in our remarks. Such incidents seem to support the assertion that even now the best mode of employing these weapons is not thoroughly understood.

Other armies besides our own are not exempt from criticism in this respect. For instance, in the German maneuvers of last year it was observed that though the officers, who were specially selected to command the machine-gun units, were thoroughly up to their work and maneuvered their companies boldly and well, they generally took up positions that were far too much exposed and failed to take the fullest advantage of cover even when it was easily attainable.

It is significant also that the French, whose experience in the tactical use of machine guns is unsurpassed, should find it necessary in this year (1912) to issue amended machine-gun instructions; to inform the earnest military student that the weapon is unsuited for use against skirmishers firing from cover; that in such a case the expenditure of ammunition is likely to be out of all proportion to the results obtained, and that it should be employed against a living objective, presenting a compact front, such as troops in close order, etc., and not for the purpose of battering obstacles. We should have thought such teachings were fairly obvious.



# ARMS AND THE MAN

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EVERY THURSDAY

JAMES A. DRAIN, Editor

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

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**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 PENALTY OF RELAXED PREPAREDNESS.

The Balkan allies are beating the Turks. Whether Constantinople is won, whether it stands fast through its own strength, or whether it is saved by the intervention of the Powers, does not in any way affect the fact that the fighting men of the little Balkan States have driven the Terrible Turk down to that city by the margin of the Mediterranean which marks the last foothold of the Moslem in Europe.

Not alone have these elements, we say, co-operated to defeat the Turk, only the well-served artillery; the infantry bullets, which flew with some precision, and the terrific, blood-thirsty bayonet charges are responsible for a campaign of eighteen days rolling up the Turkish Army like a piece of soiled paper in front of a prairie wind.

Not alone have these element, we say, co-operated to defeat the Turk. More important factors have been active. The Turkish Army has been starving almost from the beginning of the campaign. Its men have literally died by hundreds from hunger. There has been a great lack of ammunition, and there has been a dearth of all of the munitions of war.

How a little confederation, quickly formed and composed of diverse elements, having at most 200,000 fighting men, should be able to so quickly defeat and ignominiously vanquish the armies of a nation which has 750,000 men under arms and many more in reserve, can only be explained by pointing to the legend which stands at the top of this article.

When Lieutenant General Miles visited Turkey some years ago he found, as he said in a book written thereafter, the Turkish Army to be the best he had seen in any foreign country. Other military observers have added their voices and opinions to his. Unless all of these experts were wrong in their estimates, there has come a change in the Turkish Army. From being very good it has passed to being very bad, and that within an extremely short time.

The reason? Nothing more than a relaxation of reasonable preparation. When the party of the young Turks overthrew the former Turkish Government in a successful revolution one of the directions—following the shibboleth of so many alleged reformers—in which the new government attempted to save money, was by reducing appropriations for the purchase of supplies and munitions of war and for training the Army. This fact perceived, no further explanation of the retrogression of the Turkish Army is required. It is nothing more than another illustration of the penalty of relaxed preparedness.

The lesson may well be taken home to us. A new party, the Democratic party, with President, Senate and House, is about to take charge of the affairs of this Government. The Democrats have not heretofore shown themselves unduly antagonistic to reasonable preparation for war's responsibilities, but they have upon occasion opposed appropriations favored by a Republican President and Congress for the up-keep

and improvement of an Army and Navy and National Guard in part adequate to the needs of the Nation.

It seems scarcely necessary to point to the deplorable condition of Turkey for justification of the warning that it is impossible to avoid the penalty for relaxed preparedness.

## THE NATIONAL GUARD IN CONVENTION.

The convention of the National Guard Association of the United States, which occurs December 2-3-4 at Norfolk, Va., will be a meeting of such considerable importance that no State can afford to be without full and adequate representation there. Conditions which confront the Organized Militia of the United States are such that every atom of force which can be put behind those measures which make for its betterment and the benefit of the country would be well accumulated and exerted.

The program of this convention, so far as it has yet been determined upon, appears in ARMS AND THE MAN. It is one which promises exceptional interest and profit.

Outside of other direct benefits which may flow from the conventions of this great Association, and not the least in value, is the increased breadth of view which the meeting with clever officers from other States will bring to every man who goes to this convention and attends its sessions.

It is well for the man in Florida to know what his comrade in Washington is thinking and doing, and a knowledge of the ideas of the adjutant general and officers of Maine is not without its value to those who have the honor to serve in that sub-division of the Organized Militia which represents the Golden State of California.

There will be amusement and diversion features in plenty after the business sessions of the convention are over, and it is now promised that Governor Wilson, President-elect, will be in Norfolk during the convention and attend at least one gathering of the National Guard Association.

Every State should be represented to the full number of delegates to which it is entitled.

## ELECTED.

The election is over. When William Howard Taft steps down from the President's chair on the Fourth of next March Woodrow Wilson will step up to take it.

Whether a majority of American men honestly desired Mr. Wilson for President; whether a considerable number voted for him to be sure of defeating another candidate; whether votes cast for Mr. Roosevelt were a partial or full cause does not concern us now. The thing of consequence is that under the rules of the game as we have agreed to play it, Woodrow Wilson has been elected President of the United States of America, and, barring the interposition of untoward events, he is entitled to hold that office, receive the emoluments, discharge the duties and labor under the responsibilities thereof for four years.

Whether you or I or the next man is best pleased by the choice is of no importance at this moment. In a country like ours, which must depend for whatever it has of national character upon the interest and helpfulness and disinterested assistance of its citizens, there can be nothing more vitally necessary than a devotion by those citizens to a high ideal of public service, without regard to personal inclinations.

It is believed Mr. Wilson brings to the Presidency those exceptional qualities of character and intelligence which should be a part of the equipment of every man honored by high place at the hands of his countrymen. We need not waste time in saying that all will not be satisfied with his administration. If the Divine Creator of All came to rule over this one Republic of ours there would be gentlemen ready to pick flaws in His policy and cast brickbats of opprobrium at his administration. Yes, plenty of them.



But team work counts in national affairs even more than it does in football. Let us look at it that we Americans are members of the team. We have chosen a captain who is to lead us for four years. If we pull together and play the game right we ought not to be ashamed of those four years when they have passed.

It seems a great pity that a presidential campaign cannot be waged in this country without the mass of filthy personalities which seem to be inseparable from these great contests.

Poisoning the public mind against a candidate because he disagrees with you is not the best way for a man to fight for his principles. Outside of not being the best way, it is bad for another reason, in that it poisons the public mind and time is required to remove that poison.

Some day, perhaps, we Americans can elect a President without crucifying upon the cross of perfervid opposition every man who dares to offer himself as a candidate against our personal choice. Either we shall have to come to that at last, or cut the deck with Providence and take a King or what other card the Fates may give us.

### ACROSS THE CONTINENT WITH AN INSANE MAN.

*When a man is as far away from one who takes advantage of him as the Island of Guam is from Washington, the aggressor need not feel much fear of immediate punishment. Without trepidation we therefore publish below a true story which was contributed to the "Guam News Letter" by Capt. R. E. Coontz, U. S. N., who is now the Governor of that distant possession of Uncle Sam, a small island in the far Pacific with a few hundred people upon it, but which, by reason of its location between Hawaii and the Philippines, might some day be of great use to this country.*

*The little paper, of course, is not one of general circulation, and it is not supposed that Captain Coontz expected his article to do more than amuse his friends in Guam. We take the greater pleasure, therefore, on account of its real excellence, in presenting it to a larger body of readers, among whom will be many warm personal friends of the Governor of Guam.*

BY CAPT. R. E. COONTZ, U. S. NAVY.

IN August, 1889, while an ensign in the service, I was attached to the U. S. S. *Pinta*, whose station was in Alaskan waters, but at the time in question the ship was at the Mare Island Navy Yard for repairs. I had been away from home for several years, and thought that during the stay of the ship at the navy yard the time was opportune for a visit to my home in Hannibal, Mo. I well remember that I had accumulated the large sum of two hundred and forty-two dollars, which looked big to one who had saved it in Alaska on an ensign's pay of \$109 a month. So I telegraphed Commodore John G. Walker, then Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, which Bureau I had left when ordered to sea, and requested a month's leave. I sat around with a packed trunk for four or five days awaiting a reply. One day during this wait, and while at luncheon, Assistant Surgeon W. F. Arnold returned from a visit to the Naval Hospital and related the case of a man who had twice escaped from the Independence while insane and had attempted to swim to Vallejo, and while on the second attempt had been picked up off the magazine wharf, about one mile south of the ship. He further stated that the Commandant of the yard was anxious to get the man to St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C., the Government Asylum for the Insane. About this time of day a telegram came from Commodore Walker granting me a month's leave providing it would not delay the preparations of the *Pinta* for sea.

I had made up my mind regarding the insane man as soon as I heard Dr. Arnold's story and went up at once to the Commandant's office to interview Commodore A. E. K. Benham. This efficient and genial gentleman of the old school inquired my business, and I told him I wanted to volunteer to take the insane fireman East. I had visions of a couple of enlisted men as guards to help me, of course, and was somewhat startled when the Commodore asked me flatly whether I thought I could take the man alone. Being only twenty-five and green to the handling of insane people, I boldly answered, "Yes." "Very well," said the Commodore, "I will make out your orders. You will start tomorrow night, will get the tickets in San Francisco and the man will be turned over to you at Port Costa Ferry." About an hour later I received this order:

"Sir: You will proceed to Washington, D. C., with Frederick Staade, 2d cl. fireman, an insane patient now at the Naval Hospital here, and deliver the said Staade to the officer in charge of the Government Hospital for the Insane in that city.

"Upon the completion of this duty, you will report to the Navy Department."

I was up early the next day and proceeded to San Francisco, and with the assistance of A. Frank Gomez got a round-trip ticket to Chicago and return leading back by Hannibal for \$135, got Staade's transportation to Washington and fixed a section in the sleepers through and no change in depot at Chicago. I took the 6 p. m. overland out of San Francisco, feeling in good spirits with practically a free trip East assured.

Up to this time I had not seen the man. When the train slowed up at Port Costa I went out and met a couple of petty officers and Staade, and they hustled him on board the sleeper in a hurry, placed one white clothes bag and one black one in the berth and then left me. The first question he asked me was, "Where is my thousand dollars?" To my amazement I realized that he had imbibed at least two drinks. His question rattled me for a second and then I unhesitatingly answered, "We are on the way to get it." He had on a white hat, a blue jumper and a pair of white working trousers. The sleeper was full of women and children, and I promptly gave him my traveling cap and linen duster, the latter being worn by travelers at that period. He was a stout-built fireman of sixteen years' service, with a muscle on him that was appalling. Any visions I had of handcuffing him if he got obstreperous vanished when I saw that with one blow of the handcuffs he could smash my skull. In the section opposite me was an Australian lady and her grown daughter, bound for England. She was watching us narrowly, and about the time we got to Sacramento she leaned over to me and whispered: "Excuse me, young man, but isn't there something peculiar about your companion?" Tired and hot in that August night, I blurted out, "Yes, madame, he is crazy." "Oh," she exclaimed, "you see, this is my first trip through your country, and I had read so much of the rough miners who had become wealthy, and I thought perhaps this was a case and your companion was a rich miner and you were his son."

I couldn't answer this question, but I was reminded of the words of Lieut. David Peacock's famous song, "For he looks just like a dog-house and much resembles me."

I had the porter put the cushions in the lower berth and some pillows there and turn the upper up, with the idea that my friend would sleep there and I could arrange with the porter to sit up and doze in the smoking compartment. Staade refused, however, to go to bed in any such place, and about 11 p. m. we both entered the smoker, and from then on until about 5 a. m. he told me the story of his life over and over again about forty-three times. He had three ideas in his brain, first that he was a Chinaman and his business was to dissect people, *i. e.* he cut them up into the smallest parts possible after they were dead; second, that he had saved up money on a vessel on the South Pacific until he had \$1,989 on the books, but when the end of a certain quarter came they made him sign for \$989 and somebody got the other thousand; third, that he had a saloon out on Georgia street, in Vallejo, and a wife and two children who lived over the saloon. Repeatedly and realistically he described this place to me, the rooms in the house, the personal appearance of his wife and children, until I began to think they must really exist.

I carefully explained to him that we would see the President and the Secretary of the Navy immediately upon our arrival in Washington.

The loss or supposed loss of the thousand dollars must have been the original cause of his insanity.

Somewhere about daylight I dozed off sitting upright, and was rudely awakened about 6 a. m. by the conductor, who said: "Say, mister, come and get that friend of yours. He has turned out all the people in the tourist sleeper and is giving them bits of paper and soap." I rushed in the tourist car and found he had carried his black bag in and had torn up some old German newspapers, sliced up a bar of salt-water soap and insisted on giving a piece of each to every passenger. On the plea of getting ready for breakfast I got him back in the proper sleeper, and about that time we stopped at Reno or Truckee for breakfast. We took a table and the waiter girl came up and asked him if he would have "coffee." He answered, "Yes, sir." "Ham and eggs?" "Yes, sir." The girl got mad, but I smoothed it over by telling her that he had seldom met women and so said "sir" to everybody alike.



When we finished breakfast and the conductor yelled "All aboard!" Staade grabbed all the oranges, apples and bananas in the fruit dish on the table and started out. The result was the proprietor came over and I paid him a quarter for the extra fruit. After that meal I had a private talk with each eating-house proprietor before we started eating. We worried through that hot August day somehow, and in the sleeper with me I found an Army lieutenant named Ord traveling East with his wife and children. He kindly offered to sit with Staade in the sleeper a few hours that evening while I slept in the smoking compartment. This was a fine chance, as I was now nearly dead for sleep. About 9 o'clock, however, I was aroused by a succession of yells, and on rushing in found that two of the Ord children had fallen out of the upper berth. The outboard one had seen her father talking to Staade and had leaned too far out, and in falling had grabbed the inboard child and down both came. No bones broken. Lieutenant Ord was game enough to amuse Staade until 1 a. m. Without that sleep I would have been desperate. We passed Ogden the next morning, changed sleepers and started on the thirty-six-hour run for Omaha.

In a chair car they attached there Staade found a sympathetic friend, and we sat there off and on until about 2 p. m., when we returned to the sleeper. As we passed the ladies' dressing room Staade made a break for it, got inside and locked the door. I took a seat nearby, expecting he would soon come out, but he didn't, and after an hour or so the conductor and porter tried to get him to open the door, but without avail. In the meantime we could hear him carrying on at a great rate, and began to get worried. About 5 p. m. he suddenly opened the door and came out. As he came up the aisle he exclaimed: "Well, that was the dirtiest, dustiest place I ever saw, so I cleaned it up." He had, there was no doubt of it. He had torn up his blue shirt and scrubbed the floor, windows and paintwork. The conductor demanded that we leave the car, but I showed him my orders and finally persuaded him that the road would have trouble with the Government about it, and he let us remain. By 11 o'clock that night I was dead for sleep and arranged with the porter that I was to pay him 50 cents an hour while he allowed Staade to talk to him. I sat down in the berth and was sound asleep in a second. About 2 a. m. I woke up and went into the smoking compartment, and the porter was sound asleep and my insane man was gone. I roused him up, and he admitted that Staade had talked him to sleep about 1 a. m. We got the conductor and brakemen and made a quick search of the train, but failed to find him. The last stop had been Ogallala. Visions of a general courtmartial for "neglect of duty in allowing an insane man in my charge to escape" came over me while I was getting my valise ready to leave the train and make a search for the missing man. About 3 a. m. we stopped at a cheerless station on the Platte River and I left the train. As I was about to start uptown I heard some excitement at the head of the train, and the fireman came running down the platform yelling, "We have found him in the tender!" It transpired that he had slipped the porter at the last stop, gone down to the engine tender and got on board and sat there in the coal surveying the prairie scenery along the Platte River. Well, we got on board and I determined never to lose sight of him again, and I didn't. I stayed awake the next sixty hours. We got to Omaha that night, Chicago the next afternoon and got on the Baltimore and Ohio limited train. When we finally rolled into Washington about 5 p. m., August 12, he insisted on going to the White House at once. I told him we must certainly go to a good hotel and clean up first. I hadn't shaved since we started and wasn't letting him have any razors. Out on the sidewalk I hired a burly hack driver for five dollars, explained the situation to him, and he bundled us inside and yelled, "All aboard for the White House Hotel." We drove across the river to St. Elizabeth's, entered the "hotel," and I got my receipt from the asylum authorities. Staade requested me to purchase him a necktie before we called on the President and the Secretary of the Navy, and I went out to get the neckties and never returned. About 6 p. m. the hack driver landed me at the Ebbitt House, and I got a room and bath. I got out of the bath tub and sat down on the side of the bed for a minute, and the next thing I heard was loud pounding on the door. It was 3 o'clock the next afternoon. Twenty-three hours had worried the hotel people. I determined next time to register from Antioch, so they would think I was one of the seven sleepers and let me alone. I had slept without a stitch of clothes on, but, being the month of August in Washington City, I didn't catch cold.

Well, I rushed up and reported at the Department, drew my mileage, went to bed for eighteen hours again, and then started for Missouri. I slept all the way out there in a dazed sort of a way. My leave was shortened by telegraph, and I returned to Mare Island early in September. As soon as I stood a tour of duty I took the first ferry for Vallejo and walked up Georgia street and down the hill, looking on the starboard side for the man's saloon and his wife and children. They were not there.

## THE HIKE.

(Third Paper.)

BY "TROOPER."

WE had been doing more than our share of work, it appeared, and Friday was to be a day of rest—our reward. We considered the prospect gingerly. We had heard of days of rest before. So we were not entirely taken by surprise when the order came for detachments to go out under non-commissioned officers to feel the enemy.

But we were to ride light and it was a cool, brilliant morning, so we were nothing loath. We saddled up our equine friends, a task that we had by this time grown proficient in, and rode away over the soft, shaded roads. We pushed on at a good pace, for we were still in the enemy's country, taking the fast trot or gallop along the level stretches and easing up on the hills. Our destination was a high hill which was supposed to overlook a considerable force of the enemy detaining in a small village. When we had reached it we found the tree too thick to make any observations, so we pushed rapidly on toward the next. Alas! climbing the brow of this we saw at our feet, a scant quarter of a mile away, the village. We were captured, for surely no enemy in his senses would leave so commanding a point unguarded.

Yes, by all the canons of war and common sense we were gobbled up, but why not take a fighting chance? We galloped away from the fateful spot, leaving our imaginary selves to a theoretical enemy who raised no objection. Circling back by a new road, our ancient map led us astray. We passed a cart path, which we decided later was the well-traveled road given on the map, and so went miles out of our way. And the road we took instead degenerated into a mountain trail which led us under overhanging bows, down precipitous pitches and up others equally steep, so that we could make but poor time.

Now, just the evening before we had been given a little heart-to-heart talk by the captain on the virtues of being on time—or, rather, the disadvantages of not being on time—and our instructions called for our arrival in camp at 12 o'clock. We came out on the main road and loosened bridles. By hard riding we could just make it. Then arose one of those vicissitudes of war which no man can foresee. One of the troopers had lost his hat! In the heat of the day he had hung it by its loop on his canteen, and now it was gone, and how far back it was no one could guess.

Now, in the militia war is one thing and lost property another. And you will find, also, instance after instance in all great wars where soldiers have taken their lives in their hands to obtain something to cover their nakedness. So, back into the enemy's lines rode this brave but careless trooper in search of his chapeau de guerre, and the squad rode into camp on time, but with a man, and not a theoretical one, either, missing.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Some of the men were down by the lake washing their clothes; some, I think, were washing themselves. Others were scattered about the camp on one duty or another and a few were in their tents. The morning of this "day of rest" had been utilized to pretty good advantage. To all appearance the men were to have the balance of the day to themselves.

Then came the startling notes of the bugle. "Boots and saddle!" The camp was like an anthill on which some careless foot had been planted. Scurrying from all directions, in all manner of apparel and lack of it, pulling on clothes as they ran, here and there a man with his face half shaved and the other half lathered, the troop assembled. The enemy was upon us.

In a surprisingly short while one platoon had double-timed off afoot to delay his advance while the rest of the troop gathered up the equipments and threw them on the beasts. Tents and wagons were deserted, for the enemy was coming on rapidly and it was a case of saving skins. All it needed was a bullet or two flying about to make the scare complete. Out of the camp the cavalcade filed, the skirmishers fell back, mounted the led horses as best they could, and the troop galloped away just as the theoretical bullets began to drop in the camp-ground.

And herein lies the advantage of playing at war over the real thing. Once we had convinced our imaginary foes that we really could escape them, had called their bluff, we were allowed to return to our camp and tents and go about our business. And plenty of this there was, for one man's bridle had been put on another man's horse on which a third trooper's saddle had been thrown, and guns and sabres were mixed up like jack-straws.

But at last the Chinese puzzle was solved, and like ducks the troopers hurried to the cool waters of the lake and promptly forgot the horrors of war.

Our outposts were being slowly driven in. The most we could do



was to keep in touch and delay the enemy as much as possible. The next day we spent in fast and furious galloping along his front; dismounting now to hold some road until he had arrived in force, then springing on our horses and galloping away. So real had the U. S. A. captain made his problem to us and so enthusiastically did the officers carry it out that actual conditions could scarcely hold the men to their work with more interest.

At noon a messenger met us with news that the troop (we were a patrol) had been attacked by three of the enemy's and were slowly retreating before them. There was nothing theoretical about the lather on this messenger's horse; that we could vouch for. We set off in a hurry lest we be cut off from our command. Through the afternoon we rode, men cramped and horses weary. It was the longest and hardest ride of the hike, and when at last we came out on the brow of a hill and saw the red standard of our troop at its foot we attempted something very much like a cheer in spite of the stern eye of the second lieutenant. They had "escaped," and so far as we were concerned the war was over.

We lazed into camp within sight of the spires of our native city and pitched tents for the last time. We were glad and sorry. Glad that the hike, which was to be more or less of a test for our green troop, had come to a successful end; sorry that those exciting rides along the beautiful country roads, the nights when we sang together under the stars and that comradeship which ripens so quickly under conditions such as these were to come to an end for a time at least.

Then, there were the horses. Patient, uncomplaining servitors of men, one has to live with them to appreciate their virtues. And then the fascination for them grows in leaps and bounds and a tyro wonders no more why the veterans will "talk horse" on every possible occasion.

Nearly every man who has not ridden in his youth has a certain timidity when he tackles it at an adult age. The very playfulness of the beast seems viciousness to him, and it is a long distance to the ground. He goes among them with fear and trembling when there is a fight on the picket line, and puts on a bridle as though he expected his mount might bite like a dog. As he comes to understand the brute better he learns to baby him instead of beat him, to ridicule instead of scold, and from then on his progress is rapid.

There are large numbers of young men in every city of any size who spend many dollars for sport they could have at Uncle Sam's and the State's expense, while at the same time preparing themselves to be of some use to their country if the need should arise. Not until one had joined an organization of this kind does one realize how all those seemingly useless athletic accomplishments which one acquired as a boy, can become assets of worth. And if it be his distaste of an enlistment that holds him back, let him reflect that if there is a war it will probably be a big one, and militiaman or not he may be called out. Then, why not for his own sake and his country's, be in a measure fitted?

#### NEEDS OF THE CAVALRY.

**A**N admirable article appears in the November issue of the *Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association*, by Capt. Roger S. Fitch, Second Cavalry, on the needs of our cavalry. There is much of interest in it, but lack of space forbids a more generous reprint. The following, however, sets forth some facts which will appeal to those who are familiar with the cavalry situation:

"In considering the proper strength of United States cavalry, it should be remembered that all great military leaders and the most eminent military authorities are agreed that the proper proportion of cavalry to infantry is at least one to six; also that it takes many months of hard work, constant training and strict discipline to make efficient infantry, longer yet to make good artillery and still longer, by very many months, to make cavalry that is fitted for the varied work that will fall to its lot in war.

"Although the proportionate peace strength of our regular cavalry to our regular infantry is practically one to two, it must not be forgotten that these proportions will be greatly changed on the outbreak of war, when, by law, the National Guard becomes part of the 'First Line.' There are over 100,000 completely equipped National Guard infantry and only about 4,000 National Guard cavalry, of which less than one-fourth are mounted. The rest have to hire untrained horses when they are called out for maneuvers or otherwise. As for cavalry operations, thoroughly trained horses are as essential as trained men, it can readily be seen that the regular cavalry must fight its first battles practically alone. Furthermore, cavalry, to be thoroughly efficient, must be cavalry all the while, and not mounted for but a week or two each year. The existence of several exceptionally fine National Guard squadrons that own and train their own mounts serves only to prove the rule."

#### THE BRAEUNING SELF-LOADING MILITARY RIFLE, MODEL 1911.

**T**HE Braeuning self-loading military rifle, model 1911, is a recoil-loader, having sliding barrel and rigid bolting. It is of calibre 7 mm. The magazine contains five cartridges, and is loaded by means of a clip similar to the one used in the Mauser, Mannlicher-Schoenauer and our Springfield rifle. The length of rifle is 51 inches; weight of rifle, 9 pounds.

The construction is very simple, the number of parts being 22. The arm is so constructed that it may be changed from a self-loader into a hand-loader instantly by setting a lever. The mechanism is completely enclosed, so as to hinder dirt or dust from entering. The safety is so constructed that it not only prevents the untimely release of the firing pin, but also locks the moveable parts. The dismounting of the lock, as well as of the entire gun, is very simple and easy and not any more difficult than the dismounting of the present modern military repeating rifles.

The rifle is the invention of Karl August Braeuning, Herstal, Liege, Belgium, and has been given considerable attention by military authorities abroad.

P. T. S.

#### PROTECTING OUR AMMUNITION AND OIL.

**T**HAT perfection which practice alone will bring is gradually being acquired by persistent work on the part of the naval and military airmen of Britain in the art of bomb-dropping. In all probability what is being done in this way here is also being done by air pilots in other countries, says the *United Service Gazette*. In fact, we know that foreign aviators are making very good progress in bomb-dropping.

Neither at home or abroad, however, has such skill been acquired in this new method of attack in war, on field and flood, to cause alarm; but sufficient progress has been made to show that it is time to think about providing against the danger that will eventually be present in a large degree at all points around our coasts and near our large arsenals, where ammunition is stored in magazines and tanks contain oil fuel for our war fleet. The turtle-back, armored, upper deck can be made to render all necessary protection to our warships, especially when the motor-driven ship is with us and smokestacks are abolished.

The warship will also be fitted with a suitable armament for counter attack on aircraft. Magazines and oil fuel storage can likewise be protected with tapering armored roofs of the necessary thickness, on which bombs would fall to explode without much injury or roll harmlessly to the ground. The war patrols which would be stationed at such spots could also be trained to work guns mounted for the purpose of firing overhead.

But there is little time to lose now in providing this protection for the old depots and arranging for the new works to be built bomb-proof by armored roofs or placing them well under ground, and we commend the point to the attention of the authorities.

#### Some Job.

"Mrs. Jipes, I think I have heard you say you have a cousin in the regular army. He is an officer, I presume?"

"Yes; he holds some responsible position, but I don't exactly know the nature of it. When he wrote to me last he said he was in the guardhouse—whatever that is."—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### ERRORS AND GRATUITOUS CORRECTIONS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., NOV. 5, 1912.

We are indebted to a gentleman signing himself "C. J. Baldwin" for an explanation of the discrepancy I pointed out in the figures for the 100-yard time of flight of the .22 Hi-Power Savage bullet. Mr. Baldwin is correct in his statement, and we are reminded that a figure, once set down wrongly, is quite likely to be passed over at a second checking, as any bookkeeper will agree.

Here the figure worked out .114, and through error the first "1" was dropped, making the result read .14, and the second checking did not discover the error, which is not particularly strange to the person who has checked over a set of figures for an evening to discover an error.

It is really unfortunate that after this brilliant feat Mr. Baldwin did not rest content with his glory. True, he is one of those who sat on the fence and waited for somebody else to do the work of getting out the bullet's behavior on paper, but even then, think of the glory of finding that a figure had been dropped.

But he wasn't satisfied; he thirsted for yet further glory, and thereafter committed himself to grievous errors that offset all of his good work. The net result to Mr. Baldwin is the same as that of the hole in the doughnut.

The tables from which the .22 Hi-Power figures were not given to me by the Ross Rifle Company, as Mr. Baldwin states. Error one.

The tables from which the figures for the .22 Hi-Power were taken were not given to me on my visit to the Ross factory last winter during a caribou hunt, but have been in my book case for a year and a half.



Inasmuch as the British Textbook of Small Arms and the tables cost the huge sum of 75 cents, including a description of an oiled case pressure gun, entirely unknown to our foremost pioneer developers of high velocity cartridges, it is difficult to see why a person interested slightly in firearms should not have a copy in his possession.

Therefore we apprehend that Mr. Baldwin, having corrected one error and made two, is still one point in the hole, and, judging from the peevish language in which he couches his correction and his mud-throwing as to the Ross official records of winnings on the rifle range, he is in the class of the farmer's critic—"feller who knows the ledest about the thing he is down on the mostest."

Why the peevish trend of Mr. Baldwin's communication is hard to see, unless in some other guise he had his pet corn interfered with. The error of "1" did not reflect upon his own running ability nor about his speed in throwing mud.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Baldwin did not turn earlier to the well-filled pages of his textbook, that he might enlighten the gentleman who inquired pathetically in another magazine as to what sort of a gun could take the pressure of two different cartridges. This was indeed an achievement—and his textbook would have enabled him to do it.

As to the best of our memory Mr. C. J. Baldwin has never printed a figure pertaining to ballistics in his recent life, he is safe enough in correcting others—so long as he avoids mis-statements that really have no bearing on the subject under discussion.

Errors in multiplication are easily made and hard to find. Remarks as to where Mr. Crossman obtained the tables used do not proceed from errors in multiplication, rather do they lead to the suspicion that Mr. Baldwin's toes got under heavy pressure at some earlier date. We trust he is not using, in his modesty, a *nom de plume*, nor allowing others to use him as a mouthpiece.

We might suggest to Mr. Baldwin that in future correction of the errors of others be made in a more gentlemanly tone of voice, lest he himself fall into error as he has done in this instance; and, second, that remarks as to the investigations of others come ill from a person who has never contributed a figure or a word of interest to the shooting public, and who, having apparently the tables that would enable him to work out the ballistic data of this .22 cartridge, failed to do so, either from pure laziness or from inability to handle his own tables.

The roar comes from the lion, Mr. Baldwin. Will he kindly step out and let us see his feet?

EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

## N. R. A. MILITARY SCHOOL LEAGUE.

### CONDITIONS.

**Eligibility**—Open to teams from rifle clubs in military schools, organized under the rules and regulations of the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice and affiliated with the National Rifle Association of America.

**Team**—Ten boys to shoot on team, the best five scores to count for record.

**Distance**—50 feet from end of rifle to target.

**Number of Shots**—Twenty for record, ten standing and ten prone.

**Target**—The N. R. A. competition gallery target (1 to 10 count). Officially stamped targets will be furnished by the N. R. A. No other targets will be received for record.

**Positions**—Standing, offhand; body and rifle must be free from all artificial support. Prone, head toward target; rifle, forearm and hand must be free from all artificial support. Use of strap allowed in the prone position only.

**Rifle**—Any .22 caliber rifle weighing not over ten pounds.

**Sights**—Any, in front of the firing pin, and not containing glass.

**Trigger Pull**—Not to be less than three pounds.

**Ammunition**—.22 caliber, short.

**Judge and Witness**—There will be a judge appointed by the N. R. A., who will take charge of each contest; he will be assisted by a witness appointed by him. Both judge and witness will certify to the scores made. All scores will be reported by mail immediately after the close of the match to the N. R. A. on a special blank issued for the purpose. The targets of the five highest boys will be sent in later to the N. R. A.

**Match, How and When Shot**—All the entries received will be divided up into leagues of not more than twelve clubs, so that the matches will not extend longer than three months. The winning team of each league will shoot off for first and second places. The matches will begin immediately after the Christmas holidays.

**Entrance Fee**—\$3.00 per team. One team only allowed to a club.

**Prize**—To the team winning first place, the "National Trophy," presented by the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, War Department; to be held by the school for one year or until the next contest. Ten silver medals to the ten boys taking part in the greatest number of matches during the series. Ten bronze medals to the team winning second place. The winning school will receive a "Certificate of Victory," which will be retained by the school.

**Entries**—Entries will close on December fourteenth, and should be made to Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Secretary, National Rifle Association of America, 1025 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

## ACCURACY AND PROPORTION.

In my review of Mr. Robert's article on the Neidner rifle I find one unintentional error of statement—that being "The well-known rule that the accuracy of a rifle varies with the squares of the distances."

In fairness it should be stated instead that this rule is accepted by many authorities, modified slightly by others.

We find Colonel Ingalls discussing the mean errors as proportional to the square of the range—with an eight-inch rifle. There is no

reason to think that this varies with smaller calibre arms.

Sir Charles Ross interprets this rule in this way, but says that his machine rest tests show a trifle bit better shooting than the rule would indicate. He writes:

"Applying this argument to our experiments with the .280, if the deviation or inaccuracy at 500 yards was 1, then at 1,000 yards, or twice the range, the inaccuracy would be four times as great, that is, 4. An angle of 6 inches at 500 yards would be 24 inches at 1,000 yards. (By angle here Ross means the angle that would include the group—E. C. C.) As a matter of fact, we do a little better than this with a rifle in practice, and my own rule is to multiply by a trifle over 3 instead of by 4."

Apparently this rule of the proportion of the groups to the distances is yet unfixd, but the true figure lies between 3 and 4 between the 500 and the 1,000 yard ranges.

It might also be noted that the discrepancy between the figures of Mr. Newitt and myself for the Ross lies in the fact that Mr. Newitt accepts 2,900 feet seconds as the Ross velocity, when with a bullet of .53 coefficient the Ross people have been getting 3,100 feet seconds. Sir Charles Ross writes that actual shooting shows the flight of bullets at the 3,000 feet seconds mark to be a trifle flatter than the paper calculations, which would possibly indicate that his C figure is too low.

EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

## "TIN SOLDIERS."

The foreword of the book of this name, written by Capt. George E. Thorne, Twenty-fourth U. S. Infantry, says:

"From the beginning of our national existence the militia has been very much maligned. This has been the logical result of our people failing to appreciate the true value of military training. Because the militia, lacking in organization, equipment and training, with empty stomachs and marched aimlessly about by *untrained leaders*, were not always able to withstand the onslaughts of a well-trained enemy, they were compelled to suffer, in addition to defeat, the further humiliation of being called by their unappreciative townsmen, and even by statesmen in the halls of Congress, that word which comes so readily to those who have never experienced the terrible strain of battle—cowards. To say that these patriotic men who volunteered to defend their neighbors' fireside and the honor of their country were as a class deserving of such an epithet is preposterous. It was simply a lack of organization, equipment, training (team work) and qualified *leaders*. Only by such an explanation is it possible to account for the action of the men who fought in the battles of the first Bull Run and at Gettysburg."

Lieut. Walter Merriam Pratt, Eighth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, is the author of the book, which has for its sub-title "The Organized Militia and What It Really Is."

The important subject to which the book is devoted is handled with an earnestness and conviction quite unmistakable.

A very considerable account of the recent activities of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia maneuvers and its service in aid of civil authority is included.

The book, which is excellently illustrated, is published by Richard G. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston, and sells for \$1.50.

### Pennsylvania News.

Brigadier General Logan, the new commander of the Second Brigade, National Guard of Pennsylvania, has announced his staff appointments: Capt. J. Clyde Miller, Quartermaster, Eighteenth Infantry, to be brigade quartermaster; Capt. Marshall Henderson, Company L, Eighteenth Infantry, to be major and commissary of subsistence; Captain and Regimental Adjutant E. Lowry Humes, Sixteenth Infantry, to be judge advocate; Captain and Quartermaster Richard W. Watson, Tenth Infantry, to be aide-de-camp.

The following is the result of the small arms practice season in the Fourteenth Infantry: Headquarters, 17; Companies A, 53; B, 57; D, 33; E, 53; F, 55; G, 46; H, 32; L, 52; K, 15; total, 413. This total will be increased when the complete figures of Company K are received.

The result of the small arms practice by the Eighteenth Infantry during the 1912 season is as follows: Headquarters, 27; Companies A, 53; B, 61; C, 56; D, 48; E, 60; G, 64; H, 60; J, 56; K, 69; L, 63; M, 55; total, 733. Last year the total was 701.

### Division Formation in New York.

The brigades and other military units of the National Guard of New York State have been reorganized, for purposes of administration and command, as a division, to be designated the Division, National Guard.

For active operations the mobile troops of the National Guard or such portions as the Governor may deem necessary will be organized as a tactical division or other field unit comprising two or more arms as prescribed in the Field Service Regulations of the United States Army.

The following designated organizations of the National Guard will hereafter be attached directly to the headquarters of the Division: Twenty-second Engineers, First and Second Companies, Signal Corps; First and Second Cavalry, First Field Artillery, Battery A, Field Artillery; Coast Artillery Corps; First and Second Field Hospitals; First, Second and Third Ambulance Companies.

The headquarters of the Division, National Guard, are established at No. 174 State street, Albany, and the office at No. 280 Broadway, New York City, will be continued.

An annual allowance at the rate of 130 rounds, ball cartridges, will be made to each officer and enlisted man who is required to practice with the rifle, and an annual allowance of 100 rounds, ball cartridges, will be made to each officer and enlisted man required to practice with the revolver. An additional allowance of ammunition will be made to each organization of 25 rounds for each qualification for each class above the marksman class for the previous season.



# THE BULL'S-EYE SCORE BOOK

FOR THE U. S. RIFLE, MODEL OF 1903

By Capt. E. N. JOHNSTON, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army

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## RIFLE, REVOLVER AND PISTOL

### GOSSIP

By "AL BLANCO."

There is a strange face in dog heaven. It is said on good authority that Secretary Jones, of the N. R. A., while spending Sunday night on a farm in Maryland, killed a big, black, vicious dog. It was a superb night that the above incident took place. The gloom of an early November evening had settled soon after the sun had disappeared behind the intervening hills, leaving roseate gleams of soft golden hue. An iridescent moon lazily hung above the scrub pines to the north, while to the south the reflection of lights from the Capital City of the Nation loomed on the horizon like unto the reflection of Northern Lights. It was a perfect evening with just a tinge of frost to still the noises of the night. Suddenly upon the quiet scene there broke the sharp, vicious bark of a dog. Nearer and nearer it came. The squawking of frightened roosting chickens told of marauding intentions of the prowling canine. Then there came a new sound, the hurried raising of a window, the appearance of a long, thin tube, followed by the outlines of the head and shoulders of a man. The black thing held still for a moment, then a flash of flame, followed by the report, gave evidence that a shot had been fired. Only a pair of shining eyes was the mark, but the bullet had gone true, although the firer at the time did not know it. Daylight revealed the form of the animal, and an examination showed that the bullet had struck plumb between the eyes. Who now shall say that the N. R. A. secretary cannot shoot?

Tom Davis, who formerly managed the Tonperweins, has taken advantage of a suggestion recently made to interest women in the art of shooting. Recently he began with four pupils at the Queens Club, Queens, L. I., and after he had overcome their fear of the kicking of the gun and given them a satisfactory light load they improved rapidly. He is now arranging a regular class, and any ladies wishing to join can do so by addressing Tom Davis, care of the Winchester Company, P. O. Box 1746, New York City, N. Y.

Tom has always been popular with the ladies.

The third annual Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Providence Revolver Club will be held this year, as usual, at the Slate Hill Range, East Main road, Middletown, R. I. The program is a most attractive one and there are numerous prizes. Match 1 is the 50-shot rifle championship; match 2, continuous bull's-eye match; match 3, bull's-eye match; match 4, Creedmoor match; match 5, pistol match, 10 shots to a target at 50 yards, three best tickets to count. The shooting committee consists of T. J. Biesel, Arthur Albro, Fred Spooner, P. E. Brooks and A. R. Anthony.

### PORTLAND PRUNINGS.

The big election here was not for President and Vice-President of the United States, but president, vice-president and secretary of the Portland (Ore.) Revolver Club. R. H. Craddock, better known as "Bob" Craddock, was the unanimous choice for the first office. As fearless and as progressive as one bull moose, the first move made was to break away from the quarters under an "oasis," where we sometimes hesitated in bringing prospective members of good families. Second move, pay our debts and look the world in the face. Third, made a 450 score with a .38 engraved Colt revolver won for being the best shot on the police force. For years he and Captain Moore, former president, vied with each other in a friendly way for this supremacy. Our new president wears a scalp scar made by a Missouri and Kansas outlaw some 20 years ago. Said outlaw and two partners were immediately "stopped" with Bob's dependable short arm. When Coontown gets in an uproar the better element send for "Mistah" Craddock, who would rather make a raid on a bunch of lawbreakers than go to a show. Roger Newhall, vice-president-elect, is a young shot, also a banker and promising in both lines. Captured a demented would-be robber of his father's bank two years ago. Our choice for secretary-treasurer is Maurice Abraham, silent partner of the firm of J. G. Mack, dealer in furniture. His only practice the past year has been with the pistol and revolver, and still he won third in the Pacific Coast Handicap with shotgun. This shows what physical condition will do. Following are our first efforts on the new range, Everett street between Fourth and Fifth street:

Hubbard ----- 452	Clifford ----- 427
Craddock ----- 450	Hood ----- 413
Sanders ----- 448	Newhall ----- 404
Moore ----- 443	Abraham ----- Unfin.
Hansen ----- 430	Hacheny ----- Unfin.

### TERRAPIN TINKLINGS.

The new system of lights recently installed in the Fourth Regiment Armory, where the Terrapins are wont to gather—or, rather, the part nearest the firing line—was voted a great success, though the scores made were a trifle below the average. This innovation consists of a bank of electric lights in a triangular box, faced with frosted glass, that sheds its radiance at an angle of about 45 degrees on the sights without casting a shadow or flicker. The illuminating power is sufficient for all ordinary purposes, though the gas jet at one side has to be used for reading the targets.

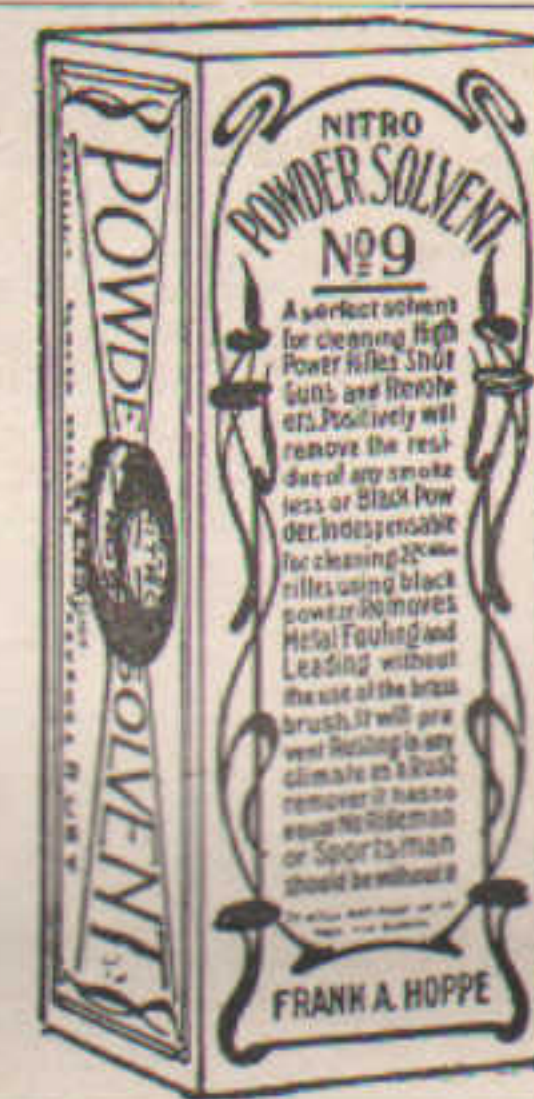
The amiable R. J. Mullikin was the first Terrapin to hand in his targets, and came across with 218. That gives him a death grip on first place for the team. R. J. is modest and unassuming always, but it is evident he enjoys driving the band-wagon. Major Fort pulled a 211 total and jumped into second

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# Peters REVOLVER AMMUNITION

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## WINS HIGHEST HONORS AT SEA GIRT

AUGUST 24 — SEPTEMBER 7

**REVOLVER GRAND AGGREGATE**—Won by Dr. J. H. Snook of Columbus, O. Dr. Snook led his nearest competitor by 57 points. He shot **PETERS** .38 S. & W. Special Smokeless and .38 Long Colt Smokeless Factory Loaded Ammunition.

### THE RED SUPERIORITY ABSOLUTELY PROVEN

<b>GRAND AGGREGATE</b> 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd.—Hans Roedder	<b>ALL-COMERS SQUADED RAPID FIRE MATCH</b> 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook
<b>ALL-COMERS MILITARY AND POLICE REVOLVER MATCH</b> 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 2nd—Hans Roedder	<b>NOVICE MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH</b> 1st—H. I. Ekerold
<b>ALL-COMERS RAPID FIRE MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH</b> 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd—Hans Roedder	<b>ALL-COMERS SQUADED MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH</b> 2nd—Dr. J. H. Snook
<b>ANY REVOLVER MATCH</b> 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd—J. R. Hicks 4th—Hans Roedder	<b>ALL-COMERS SQUADED REVOLVER MATCH</b> 2nd—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd—Hans Roedder 4th—J. R. Hicks 5th—F. J. Kahrs
<b>BOBBER MATCH</b> 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd—Hans Roedder	<b>ALL-COMERS SQUADED PISTOL MATCH</b> 2nd—Hans Roedder 4th—Dr. J. H. Snook
	<b>PISTOL MATCH</b> 3rd—Dr. J. H. Snook 4th—Hans Roedder

Thus **PETERS AMMUNITION** repeats its performance of 1911 when Dr. Snook, shooting at the Camp Perry Matches, won the Revolver Aggregate with 3,680 points out of a possible 4,000 and established a **NEW WORLD'S RECORD** on the National Revolver Match Course, 477 out of 500.

### 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., Lee Omohundro, Mgr.

place, passing Hebel, who was unfortunate and dropped far below his usual average. Harker and Naylor, both new men last year, have cinched fourth and fifth places, respectively, and the other five men who will make up the team are Renehan, Smith, Reese, Wilmer and Goddard.

Captain Duce, the well-known rifle shot, has been dallying with a 10-inch S. & W. for the last three weeks and put up a 199 total for his record this week, the last five shots counting 46, all of which looks like a new member for the U. S. R. A. and a strong shot for the team in the near future.

H. L. Palmer, now of Bridgeport, Conn., formerly of Baltimore, and a native son of that city, has been visiting relatives in the city, and naturally drifted in to get acquainted with the Turtles. He was armed with a .43 Colt, officer's model, and the fodder prepared for this cannon had a pug-nosed bullet in front of the powder that punched a hole in the target big enough to see a city block, and if you get five of them in the black you might just as well count it a possible, for there is little left to distinguish dividing lines.

Mr. Palmer believes in large sights, and has erected on the front end of his pet a block of iron as big as a sore thumb, with a gash in the rear sight proportioned to it. The muzzle reminds you of a tunnel mouth and the sights of the rear end of a freight car, but the blamed thing delivers the goods just the same.

Mullikin .....	218	Naylor .....	191
Fort .....	211	Wilmer .....	187
Smith .....	203	Reese .....	184
Duce .....	199	Harker .....	182
Hebel .....	192		

Five-man total, 1,023.

**Annual 100-Shot Match, Zettler Rifle Club.**  
Scores of the 100-shot championship match held under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club, November 5, at 200 yards.

J. Hunziker won the medal presented annually by the N. R. A. to the affiliated clubs with the score of 93 out of 100 in 10 shots on the standard American target.

A. Hubalek.....	22 23 23 23 22 21 23 25 24 24—	230
	22 23 22 25 23 22 22 25 23 24—	231
	21 21 21 25 25 24 23 22 25 25—	232
	22 23 22 24 21 25 21 21 24 23—	226
	23 24 23 25 20 24 24 23 22 22—	230
	24 19 23 22 22 23 23 24 23 21—	224
	22 24 21 24 25 24 22 23 25 24—	234
	22 21 25 22 22 23 20 19 24 24—	222
	21 21 21 25 25 19 21 21 24 25—	223
	23 24 24 23 25 25 25 25 18 23—	235

Total.....2,287

Dr. W. G. Hudson—	229 232 222 219 226 233 233 227 233 220—	2,274
H. M. Pope—	222 231 228 231 218 229 218 233 222 229—	2,261
F. C. Ross—	225 221 217 222 230 227 223 233 227 231—	2,256
W. A. Tewes—	225 226 228 215 221 221 222 227 225 223—	2,233
J. Hunziker—	207 222 223 227 226 219 220 214 224 227—	2,209
A. F. Laudensack—	213 215 222 221 229 227 218 211 225 223—	2,204
W. Keim—	223 230 211 188 221 227 221 225 219 224—	2,189

O. Smith, 2,158; G. Schlicht, 2,154; S. C. Buss, 2,152; P. Lahm, 2,103; F. Bund, 2,070; J. Kaufmann, 2,054; F. Fescharek, 2,051; A. Begerow, 2,042; E. Minervini (Springfield rifle), 1,999; C. A. Schrag, 1,951; R. Goldthwaite, 1,939; J. Muzzio, 1,912; B. Zettler, 1,894; F. Hagens, 1,731.

#### SEATTLE SIMMERINGS.

The second weekly shoot of the Seattle Revolver and Pistol Association brought out a jolly crowd, with two more prospective members, each of whom did very good work for the first trial. If this lick is kept up during

the season the club will certainly become one of the most active and virile on the coast, and we sincerely believe that they will yet show that right here in Seattle there are as many good marksmen as anywhere along this mighty shore. You can all demonstrate the fact that a little activity will bring the results in the way of new members. Although no large scores were made Monday night, there was some good, consistent shooting done. The scores:

W. R. Hinckley, .22 pistol.....	88	86	82	80
G. I. Royce, .22 pistol.....	85	84	83	83
R. O. Hall, .22 revolver.....	75	74	69	62
C. D. Meyer, .38 revolver.....	82	81	78	
W. S. Belding, .38 revolver.....	83	84		
Capt. F. T. Liggett, .38 revolver.....	80	75		
Geo. H. Tay, .38 revolver.....	79	79		
H. S. Reed, .22 revolver.....	81	75		
H. Tengya, .22 revolver.....	82			

G. I. R.

#### NATIONAL CAPITAL NIBS.

There does not appear to be as much interest taken by the members of this club as was the case last season. A few of the old stand-bys come through with a score as regular as rent, gas bills and the long sleep. But there are some who dilly-dally and sidestep the regular practice nights with a consistency which is remarkable. We are trying to concoct a mixture which will have the effect of bringing out the absentees on practice nights. At any rate, notice has been given by the president of the club that unless a more lively attendance is on hand in the future there will be some rifle range equipment for sale. The following scores were made on Saturday, November 9, at 20 yards, indoors, standard American target:

Frank J. Kahrs.....	41	41	42	43	44—	211
Ralph Alderman.....	40	39	40	42	47—	208
George W. Peck, Jr. ....	40	41	41	42	42—	206
Paul Bischoff.....	41	38	38	43	41—	201



**Colonial Revolver Club.**

Scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the shotgun squad follow.

Please remember, dear reader, that this is a new game for us. Some day we may do better. All conditions were good, all scores were—well, here they are:

	Shot at.	Broke.
Hill	100	84
Grund	100	81
Crossman	100	81
Rumsey	50	40
Olcott	50	34
Schueddig	50	27
Maxwell	50	23
Hyatt	50	21
Beede	50	17
Leake	50	14
Muhs	50	9
Weiss	25	12

SECRETARY.

**New York Schuetzen Corps.**

The first indoor practice shoot of the season 1912-1913 was held last week at the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street. The attendance was not up to expectations, although more than a dozen new recruits were initiated in the art of shooting. Probably owing to the fact that the hunting season is on accounts for it, but what was lacking in numbers was made up by the interest shown. Gus Zimmerman was high on the ring target with the fine score of 488 out of possible 500 in his two 10-shot strings. C. H. Meyer and H. C. Wohlers tied for first and second place on the bull's-eye target with 23½ degrees, winning the two prizes that are offered at each meeting in this event.

Owing to the death of the lamented Henry Decker, the official scorer, Captain Hainhorst appointed H. Hoenisch as his successor, a choice which was unanimously approved. This office is a difficult one to fill, for there is an enormous lot of work to do and it takes a keen eye to do it, besides a man in this position must be on the job from noon until midnight. Mr. Hoenisch is particularly well qualified, being an expert in this line, with many years' experience. The scores on the ring target, out of possible 500 points in two targets, were:

**RING TARGET.**

Gus. Zimmerman, 488; W. A. Lemcke, 485; F. M. Bund, 477; O. Schwanemann, 472; C. A. Niemeyer, 470; G. Amouroux, 469; J. C. Bonn, 468; C. H. Meyer, 468; B. Zettler, 468; H. Koster, 467; F. Busch, 467; F. von Roun, 465; J. R. Gute, 459; H. Mindermann, 459; C. Plump, 455; G. W. Offermann, 455; H. D. Meyer, 450; A. C. Poulsen, 448; A. Heins, 446; C. Heitmann, 444; L. Kovade, 444; W. Lohmann, 442; H. Rahe, 442; N. Wrede, 440; F. Facompre, 440; J. Doppel, 439; L. Haar, 439; Dr. C. Grash, 438; H. C. Hainhorst, 438; D. Ficken, 432; J. G. Tholke, 431; D. von der Lieth, 431; A. W. Lemcke, 430; C. Steffens, 430; W. Dahl, 428; L. Meyer, 427; G. Leopold, 426; F. Hitscherich, 425; J. Evers, 425; A. Ladiges, 424; C. H. Beckmann, 422; C. Mann, 422; A. Goetze, 420; H. Meyer, 420; H. H. Siegmann, 418; H. C. Wahlers, 418; H. D. Gobber, 415; H. Rugen, 413; F. Burdewick, 413; F. Buschhorn, 412; J. Harder, 412; C. F. Hass, 410; A. Sibberns, 410; F. Schultz, 408; N. W. Haaren, 403; L. Goldstein, 403; J. G. Tholke, Jr., 403; C. Roffmann, 402; W. Schaefer, 401; G. E. Schmidt, 396; J. H. Werdermann, 395; H. B. Michaelsen, 394; H. Evers, 393; N. C. Beversen, 392; H. Schillingmann, 391; G. Dierker, 390; C. L. Dreves, 386; F. W. Sullan, 383; A. H. Meyer, 382; D. Hellmers, 379; F. Muller, 378; G. Liebinthal, 378; H. Timon, 376; H. Osterholz, 372; H. Hoenisch, 370; H. Hadlen, 363; F. Michaelis, 351; G. Woltjen, 327; H. Cordes, 293; D. Wienberg, 194; F. Dikvogel, 191.

**BULL'S-EYE TARGET.**

O. Schwanemann, 24 degrees; C. H. Meyer, 24; H. C. Mohlers, 24; L. Korade, 27; G. Amouroux, 33; F. Buchhorn, 45; J. G. Tholke, 46; Gus. Zimmermann, 53; R. Gute, 55; F. Burdewick, 65; C. Mann, 66; I. Doppel, 73; A. C. Poulsen, 73; J. C. Bonn, 77; F. M. Bund, 78; G. W. Offermann, 78; W. Lohmann, 83; H. Hoenisch, 86; D. Ficken, 96; H. Cordes, 103.

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The only gun that fills the demand for a trombone ("pump") action repeater in .25-20 and .32-20 calibers.



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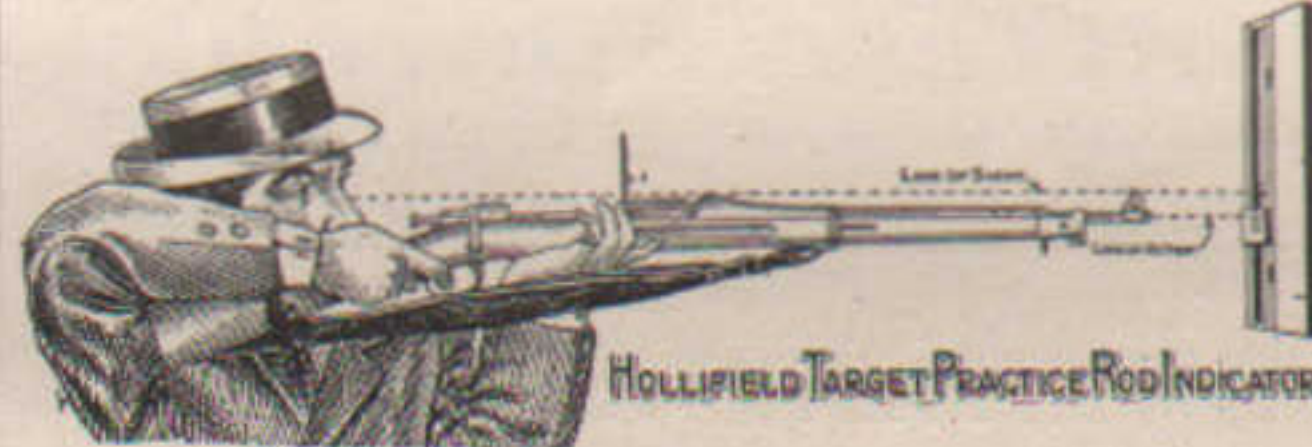
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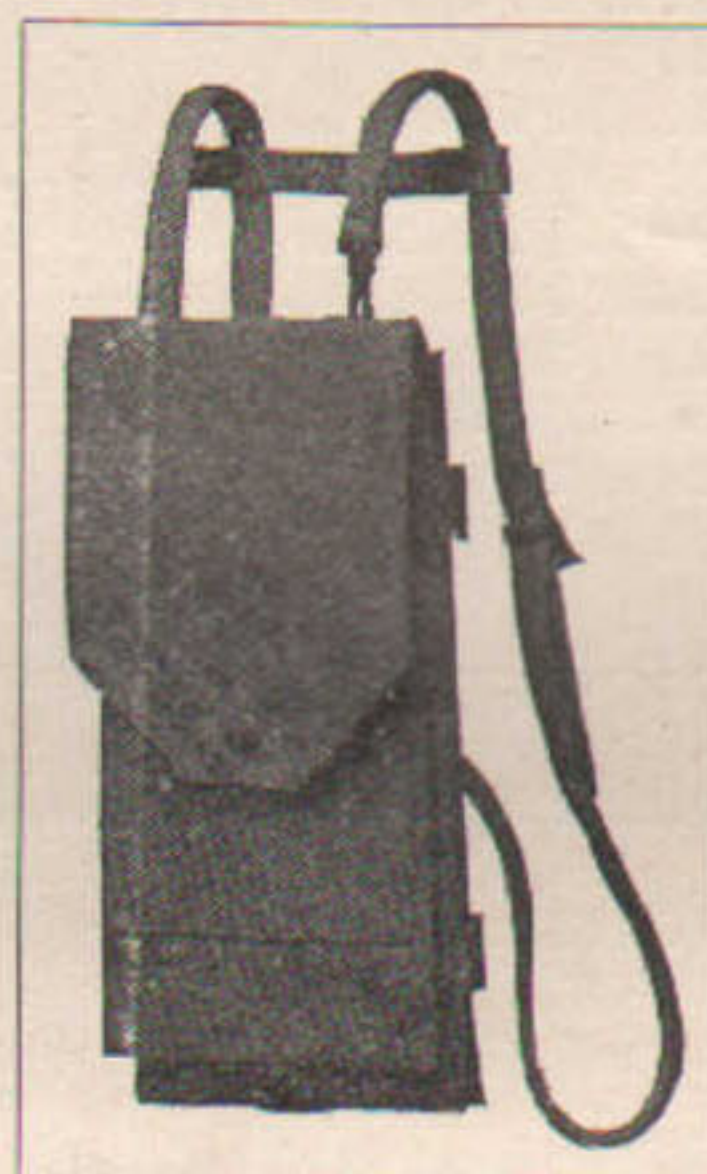
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# "Western Independent" Handicap Results

WILLIAM RIDLEY, at 21 Yards, and Henry Drews, at 16 Yards, tied for the Handicap, 94 x 100. Ridley won Shoot-off, 18 x 20

## HIGH AVERAGES

William Hoon, 1st 389 x 400      Bart Lewis, 2nd 385 x 400      Harry Kahler, 3rd 384 x 400      H. H. Hicks, 4th 383 x 400

Longest runs, Bart Lewis, 159, William Hoon, 148 unfinished

## WORLD'S RECORD (With a "Record")

By Riley Thompson, 95 x 100, in Wolf Event at (White Flyer) Targets Thrown a Distance of 90 Yards

Bart Lewis high on all targets as follows: Practice day, 100 straight; regular program, 385 x 400; Handicap, 22 yards, 92 x 100; Wolf event, 93 x 100. Total, 670 x 700

All Contestants Used WESTERN AMMUNITION in Both the "Western Independent" and Wolf Events

THE WESTERN CARTRIDGE CO. -:- Second and State Street, ALTON, ILLS.

### Cypress Hills Rifle and Revolver Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The following scores were made on the revolver range of the Cypress Hills Rifle and Revolver Association on November 10. Distance, 50 yards.

Elliott Duncan, .22 revolver—	82	81	83	87	83
Hans Roedder, .38 military revolver—	86	82	85	90	91
Cammon, .38 revolver—	89	82	82	81	81
.22 pistol—	83	83	87	86	87
A. Kallock, .22 pistol—	84	82	85	81	82
Dr. Philips—	85	96	91	87	82

### Denver (Col.) Revolver Club.

Practice scores of the Denver Revolver Club, November 7, indoor range at 60 feet on standard American target, possible 100:

Burgeson	90	91	92	89	92—454
Dreher	94	93	90	94	90—461
Macbeth	88	88	92	91	91—450
Poindexter	91	91			
McCutchen	92	87	84		

Thanks, Al, we are feeling normal, but anticipate oscillationitis of the knee joints pretty soon.

### Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, San Francisco, Cal.

I am sending you the detailed score of 238 made by W. F. Blasse on Sunday, October 27, 1912, as I think many readers of your valuable paper would be liking to think it a printer's mistake when they just see the total of 238 published.

23 25 23 22 24 25 25 23 25 23—238

This score was made in our regular re-entry match at 200 yards on the German ring target, with telescope sight.

### Providence Revolver Club, Providence, R. I.

The weekly matches of the Providence Revolver Club (Newport Branch) for the fall series came to a close this week, and resulted in A. R. Anthony winning the match and

series. The last match was close, and Biesel and Thurston tried hard to put it over Anthony, but could not succeed, losing out by one and two points, as follows:

Anthony	236	239—475
Biesel	237	237—474
Thurston	233	240—473
Almy	231	233—464
Brooks	238	242—480-20
Spooner	228	230—458

Bull's-eyes for series won by Brooks.

Sunday, our regular rifle practice and pistol match day, resulted in a slight change of program. A couple of the boys brought out their shotguns and thought they would take a crack at a rabbit or squirrel in the woods back of the range. Luck was "agin" us, as we only got a couple of rabbits and a few squirrels. But on our way back one of us—no names mentioned, but it was the fellow who afterwards put up a cracking good pistol score in the match—saw a squirrel run along the fence and put chase. In a few minutes, "Bang! I got him!" He did—three of our neighbor's hens. There will be chicken in his house for a week.

Rifle scores; German ring; 25 yards; 50 shots:

A. C. Anthony	1,175
A. C. Anthony	1,175
H. Chase	1,196
H. Chase	1,883
J. J. Biesel	1,192

Pistol scores:

H. A. Gray—	
Match 10—	81 90 85 94 90—440
Match 11—	91 90 93 93 97—464
Biesel—	
Match 10—	84 90 83 90 80—427
Match 11—	87 88 89 93 86—445
Practice	89 90 87 92 91—449
	96 94 86

Match 6—	Won by Gray	442
Match 7—	Won by Biesel	430
Match 8—	Won by Gray	455

### Taunton (Mass.) Indoor Rifle Club.

The Wampechos provided the feature of the sixth week's matches of the Taunton (Mass.) Indoor Rifle Club by raising the team total record to 431, the highest team total ever shot in a club match. A. T. Dean, of the Wampechos, had the high single string with 91, and MacKendrick, of the Union A. C., shot 90. This was pretty nice marksmanship for off-hand shooting at 75 feet. The results of matches were as follows: Wampechos, 431; Union A. C., 399; Spanish War Veterans, 404; Echos, 331; Y. M. C. A., 397; Ninth Co., 393; Ninth Co., 394; Spring Brooks, 341; Whitten-

## MARBLE'S NITRO-SOLVENT OIL

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Marble Arms & Mfg. Co., 502 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.



tons, 394; Mason Machine Works, 345; Highlands, 385; St. John's, 323; Highlands, 368; Spring Brooks, 343; St. John's, 349; Washingtons, 308.

### TEAM STANDING.

	W.	L.	P.C.	Points.
Spanish War Veterans	6	0	1.000	2,442
Wampechos	5	0	1.000	2,031
Y. M. C. A.	5	1	.833	2,339
Ninth Co., C. A. C.	4	1	.800	1,957
Highlands	3	3	.500	2,336
Whittentons	3	3	.500	2,261
Mason Machine Works	3	3	.500	2,082
Echos	2	4	.333	2,071
Union A. C.	2	4	.333	2,059
Spring Brooks	1	5	.166	1,994
St. John's	1	5	.166	1,939
Washingtons	0	6	.000	1,810

### The Pinehurst Midwinter Handicap.

One feature which has played an important part in giving pre-eminence to Pinehurst's annual midwinter handicap is the "resort" side. Not alone are the traps close at hand, but the attractions are diversified and the hotel accommodations cover a wide range, adaptable to taste and pocketbook.

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### U. S. MARINE CORPS SCORE BOOK

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International Printing Co., 236 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.



the rendezvous where shoots are shot again in the evening circle, but the entire village houses the contestants. The Berkshire and Holly Inn are very popular, while the Magnolia and Lexington claim others.

Alden B. Richardson, of Dover, Del., eldest son of United States Senator Richardson, made a remarkable showing recently on the grounds of the Dupont Gun Club in successfully defending his title of both amateur and open championship marksman of Delaware. He defeated J. H. Minnick, of Wilmington, the challenger, 97 to 91.

Each man shot at 100 targets. Richardson missed but one bird in his first 50. He also ended the match with a straight run of 30.

### NEWS OF THE TRADE.

#### Mould for .22 Soft-Point Bullets.

For the shooters who are using the .22 High-Power Savage rifle and want to avoid the wear of the metal packeted bullets and still get all of the killing power possible, the Marlin Firearms Company is now prepared to furnish moulds for casting the soft lead tip, as illustrated herewith. This tip is then inserted at the bottom of the regular bullet mould, and bullet metal of any desired consistency is poured in. The result is a perfect, hard-cast



bullet having a soft point which will mushroom large and increase the killing power, and a hard body which will take the rifling perfectly and insure extreme accuracy, with no appreciable wear on the rifling. There is also a tremendous saving in cost of cartridges.

While intended principally for use with the gas check bullet illustrated, for ranges up to 300 yards or more in the .22 Savage High-Power rifle, this soft tip can also be utilized in the 53-grain bullet with regular base in almost any .22-caliber rifle using center-fire cartridges.

Full information will be given any shooter upon request by the Marlin Firearms Company, 41 Willow street, New Haven, Conn.

At the registered tournament at Demopolis, Ala., on October 30, Mr. John K. Warren, of Birmingham, Ala., finished high over all, beating out some of the most notable professionals in the South. Mr. Warren's success with the Stevens repeating shotguns has been phenomenal.

#### The B. S. A. Military Air Rifle.

The great success which followed the introduction of the B. S. A. air rifle created a demand for an arm embodying the same sound system of construction and workmanship, but built up to resemble the actual service rifle. The need for such an arm is obvious. There are thousands of men—regular soldiers, territorial members of long range rifle clubs and so on—who, during the summer shooting season in England compete or practice with the Lee-Enfield service rifle, and to whom practice during the winter months is a matter of great importance. They very soon discovered that the B. S. A. air rifle was the exact class of arm required for the purpose, its strength and accuracy and the cheapness of its ammunition recommending it strongly. The military patterns of the B. S. A. air rifle were eventually evolved to meet this demand. They are now used in many drill halls for teaching recruits how to hold and aim the service rifle, and at the same time how to hit the mark aimed at. The regular marksmen and expert shots of the regiment also use them for keeping the eye and muscles in practice during the "off" season.

These models are also used extensively on ordinary rifle ranges, the main idea of the members of these clubs being to accustom themselves to the use of the service rifle whilst indulging in their favorite pastime.

The military pattern of air rifle thus becomes a valuable auxiliary to the other methods of giving shooting tuition in schools, colleges, territorial and cadet headquarters, and other centers where there is a demand for plentiful

### WANTS AND FOR SALE

#### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Each subscriber of ARMS AND THE MAN is entitled when his subscription is paid up for one year, to one free insertion of a half-inch want ad. in this column. All he needs to do is to send in the advertisement for insertion at the same time calling attention to the date when his subscription was paid.

FOR SALE.—.38 S. & W. Special Colt's Officers' Model Target Revolver, with Ideal Reloading Tool, mould dies and holster. Fine condition; used only slightly.

FRED H. MEARS,  
118 Kercheval Ave.,  
Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE.—.38 Colt Revolver, Army Model, 6-inch barrel; excellent condition, with holster and belt, \$10.00. Long focus Korona camera, 4x5, six plate holders, film pack adapter, case. Cost \$35.00, sell for \$10.00.

Captain C. E. STODTER,  
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

FOR SALE.—Stevens No. 44 Ideal 22 L.R. with 5 power scope and detachable mounts. \$20, cost \$30. E. A. K., 415 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE.—S. & W. .22 Cal. pistol, 10-inch barrel, single shot action, Pope sights, trigger adjusted and hammer lightened by Pope, extremely accurate, \$12.00. Winchester single shot, take down, .22 W. C. F. (22-13-45) 22-inch round barrel, plain stock, Lyman tang peep sight; with reloading tool, \$10.00. Both arms are perfect inside and out.

V. R. OLMSTEAD,  
203 Broadway, Room 510, New York City.

WANTED.—S. & W. Pistol; condition, unimportant; also .22 rifle barrel; percussion or flint lock pistol; Philipino Kris.

C. VONRICK,  
Box 37, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

FOR SALE.—Sauer-Mausier rifle, 8 mm set triggers; Lyman receiver sight and silver recoil pad; 18 soft-point cartridges, 100 empty shells, No. 10 Ideal loading tools; in fine condition, including leather case. \$40 takes all.

F. S. KEISTER,  
219 East 18th Street,  
New York City.

FOR SALE.—Winchester model '95 musket; Cal. .30 U. S. Gov't model '01 Krag sight, pull through in butt; good condition outside, perfect inside; some shells.

V. R. OLMSTEAD,  
203 Broadway, Room 510,  
New York City.

practice of a cheap but accurate nature.

It is not a cheap weapon to produce, but two of them will give continuous practice to a large number of persons at a reasonable cost for ammunition. Comparing the air rifle with other methods of providing miniature range practice, its purchase may be recommended as a sound commercial speculation, in that the original cost is covered by the saving effected on the first 7,000 rounds used. That is to say, roughly speaking, a B. S. A. military air rifle and 7,000 rounds of ammunition cost about the same sum of money as 7,000 rounds of ordinary .22 ammunition alone, or 4,000 rounds of Morris Tube ammunition.

#### A Fine Rifle for Indoor Work.

The Princeton University Rifle Club has just been equipped with Stevens "Armory Model" rifles No. 414. This organization won the non-military championship last year and tied for second place among all other American universities and colleges. Stevens' "Armory Model" rifles were also used by the American team at Stockholm, and are now the equipment of the Massachusetts Militia and prominent high schools in New York, Boston and Portland, Me. A descriptive folder of these popular indoor target rifles will be sent to any applicant upon request to the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, P. O. Box 3320, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

A string of good shots from the Sunflower State—John Moncravie, Tom Ray, Joe Bell and W. Patterson—made the October 27 shoot of the Arkansas City (Kan.) Gun Club interesting by carrying off all of the amateur honors, every shooter using Remington-UMC Nitro Club steel-lined shells. C. B. Wells completed the clean sweep by taking high professional with the same ammunition.

Frank Riehl, the Tacoma professional, found his way into the big headlines of the Coast papers by exceptionally good shooting at the first monthly handicap of the Portland Gun Club. Riehl made a long run of 107 and broke 98 out of 100 in defense of the Chingren trophy, which he won. In all events Mr. Riehl shot a Remington-UMC pump gun.

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**ARMS AND THE MAN**  
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Forty-four shooters participated in a lively four-day meet of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association at Phoenix, October 28-31. H. P. DeMund won the State championship, 50 straight, shooting Remington-UMC pump gun and Arrow steel-lined shells. Three high men of the winning four-man team, Chris. Raithel, high amateur, 544 out of 565, and second and third amateur average winners, shot the same world-beating ammunition. Mr. DeMund made a long run of 117, and Mr. Raithel recorded two long straights of 98 and 102, respectively.






# Indoor Target Practice

What are you going to do this winter for ammunition when practicing indoors?


Has your Company secured several of the .22 Cal. SPRINGFIELDS to keep up the interest in shooting during the winter?

Is your Armory equipped with a range in the basement? Shall we send information about constructing such a range?

You, Mr. Civilian, how about a 10-yard range in your cellar? Ever try it? If not, fix up a place where you can do some shooting with .22 Rifle or Pistol during the long winter evenings. You will be amply repaid for the trifling amount of work required to install an inexpensive ten yard range. Your outdoor shooting will show a decided improvement in the spring after the systematic practice during the winter.

The most important part of indoor shooting is a satisfactory Cartridge. We have it in the  .22 cal short and long rifle, loaded with Lesmok Powder. Its clean, accurate, sure fire does not readily foul the barrel—in short, does exactly what you expect of a well-behaved, highly-developed Cartridge produced by expert ammunition makers.

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and make your best scores

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**George Armstrong**, of the victorious Portland team, established a new world's record, making a still unbeaten score of 481 ex 500, shooting the champion-making cartridges.

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